THE ERIE CANAL

AND THE

SETTLEMENT OF THE WEST

By LOIS KIMBALL MATHEWS, Ph.D.,

Instructor in History at Vassar College.

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The story of the advance of the frontier in this country has but just begun to be told. So many factors, so many different peoples, so many routes are involved, that the necessity for many separate studies is obvious. At last some master will combine them all, and give us on an immense canvas a picture of the whole movement by which the frontier has been thrust on toward the west and the northwest until now it has disappeared. The building of the Erie canal was only one of the several factors operative between 1825 and 1840 in peopling the territory between the Hudson river and the Mississippi.[2] Moreover, it affected only insignificantly, if at all, the movement of population below a line cutting across the middle of Pennsylvania west of the Alleghany mountains, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. For our present purposes, then, the tract most vitally affected by the opening of this waterway lies west

1. Paper read at the Conference on Western History, meeting of the American Historical Association in New York City, December 30, 1909.

2. See "History of the Canal System of the State of New York," edited by Noble E. Whitford, I, 213, quoting a report of a committee of the New York Assembly, 1854. Too much stress is laid there by local patriotism on the effect of the canal.

of the Hudson river, east of the Mississippi, and north of the fortieth parallel. It is the purpose of this paper to show first, contemporary opinion as to the necessity for the canal; second, by contrasting maps of settlement in 1820, 1830 and 1840, to show the tract affected by its construction; third, the altered conditions in those tracts because of the influx of New Englanders and New Yorkers; and, fourth, the nature of the traffic and its bulk, with quotations of prices and rates.

It is not necessary here to take up the controversy as to who was the real progenitor of a plan for connecting the Great Lakes with the Mohawk river and the Hudson. At least as early as 1784[1], clear-visioned New Yorkers saw the necessity for better facilities to market those surplus products which were raised in central New York; and in 1791 Elkanah Watson put himself on record after a journey through the state of New York as to the necessity of "completing the work of nature."[2] Only in this way did he feel that any great and substantial development could come to the land lying back from the Mohawk and bordering on the Great Lakes. Timothy Dwight on a journey to Niagara Falls in 1804 confided to his diary that

"The *commerce of this country* has hitherto struggled, and for an indefinite period must continue to struggle, with difficulties." . . . [The distance from Canandaigua to Albany is 205 miles; from Buffalo 300.] "The transportation of goods over the whole distance, except seventy-five miles, must be by land. From Utica they may be conveyed to Schenectady on the Mohawk; but the navigation is so imperfect, that merchants often choose to transport their commodities along its banks in waggons. Notwithstanding this inconvenience, Albany is the port, to which they must hold, and probably for a long time hereafter, resort. Now their trade is wholly carried on in this channel. . . . The trouble and the expense of conveying the produce to New York, are always considerable; and, when the commodities are bulky, must ever amount to no small part of their price in the market. Thus grain of all kinds, their principal produce,

1. See Sparks's "Life of Gouverneur Morris," I, 497. The question is taken up fully in the "History of the Canal System . . . of New York," cited above, I, 16-47.

2. Elkanah Watson, "Summary History of the rise, progress and existing state of the grand canal," 78 (Ed. of 1820).

can be carried to market, only when it commands an extraordinary price."[1]

Dwight spoke of the route to Baltimore via the Susquehanna; but added that the swiftness of that river and its numerous rapids and shoals necessitated a long and tedious return overland, and thus condemned any great use of that market.[2] He was inclined to believe that Montreal would be the great port; and the large emigration of New Englanders to the lands lying between the northern boundary of the New England states and New York, and the St. Lawrence river for a quarter of a century after the Revolution, together with the gigantic plan for waterways, conceived by Albert Gallatin, makes one feel that many persons shared his view. James Flint, traveling in Pennsylvania and New York in 1819-1820, noted the large areas of fertile land in both these states which were either sparsely settled or passed over entirely, for want of easy routes for settlement and facilities to market surplus products.[3] Many other instances might be summoned to support the conviction of Governor Clinton and his contemporaries that the future prosperity of New York was dependent upon the building of the Erie canal.[4]

In 1820 the frontier line in the tract we are considering, lay as the map indicates.[5] The routes by which settlement was entering that tract were by way of the Hudson (to the north); the Mohawk river; up the Susquehanna and then branching out; up the Delaware, and spreading into the interior; by the Braddock road to Pittsburg; down the Ohio, and penetrating northward by its tributaries into Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, as well as southward into Kentucky; up from the southern states into the counties bordering the northern shores of the Ohio; and up the Mississippi to the lead-mining regions of Illinois and Wiscon-

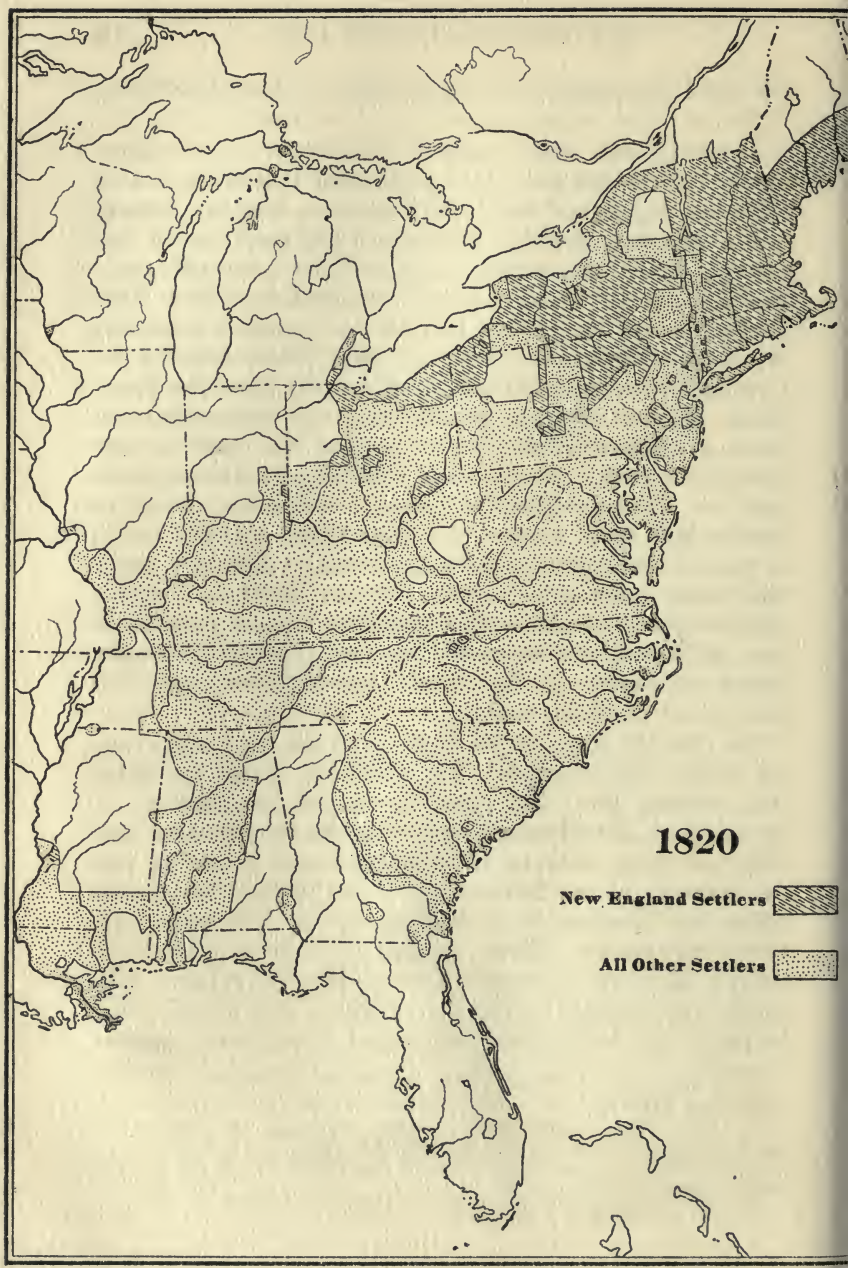
1. Timothy Dwight, "Travels," IV, 124, 125 (Ed. of 1822).

2. *Ibid*, 124, 125.

3. James Flint, "Letters from America," Edinburgh, 1822, pp. 26, 33; also in Thwaites, "Early American Travels," IX, 183.

4. "History of Canal System . . . of New York," I, 609, citing an Assembly committee report of 1824.

5. See accompanying maps.

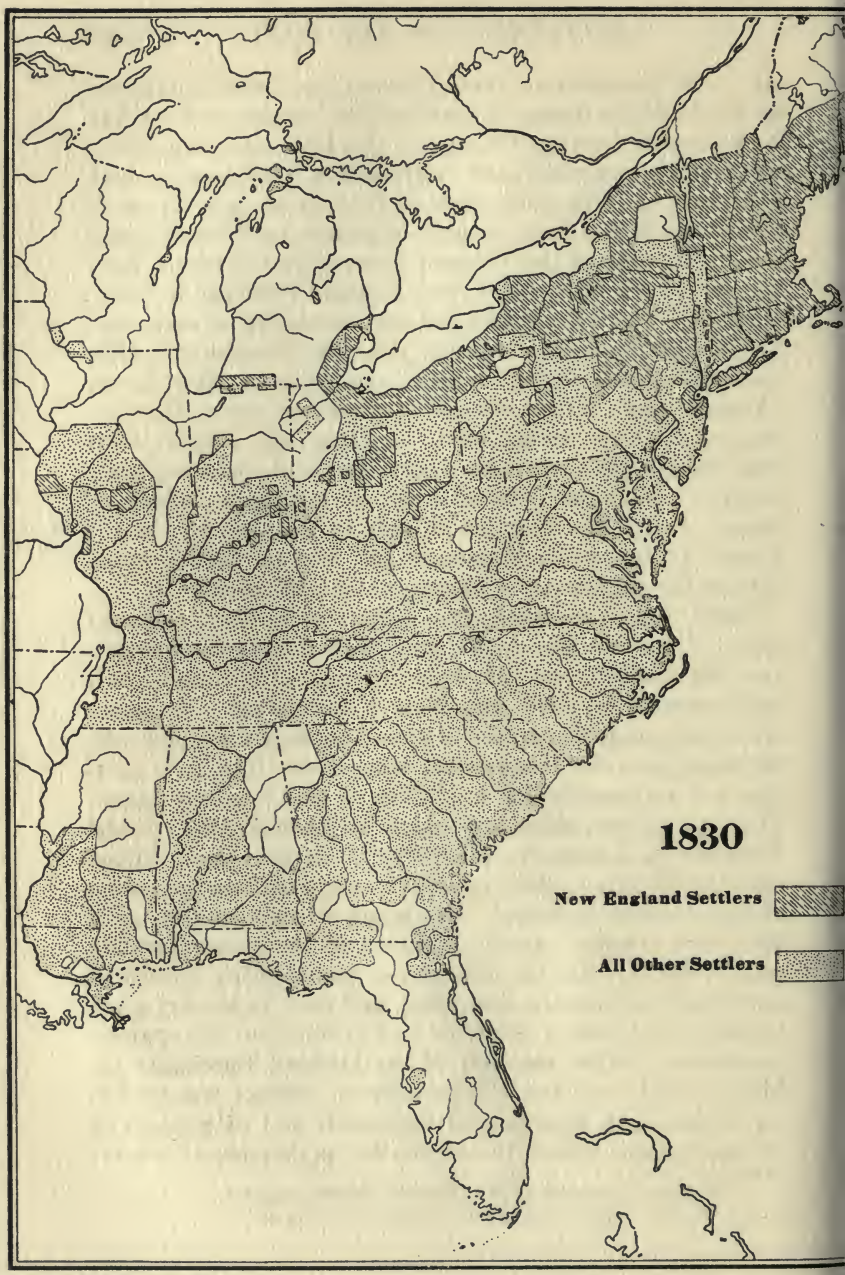


MAP SHOWING CHARACTER AND EXTENT OF SETTLEMENT IN 1820.

sin. The character of these districts had been determined by the available means of entering the country, and we find New England settlers flocking at this time into New York, western Pennsylvania and northeastern Ohio, along with their cousins from those parts of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, which had been peopled originally by New England stock. Outside of the Western Reserve and Marietta there was as yet but little direct New England influence in Ohio; Virginians and Carolinians had been crowding in ever since the bounty lands were opened after the Revolution, while Symmes' Purchase had drawn largely from New Jersey "Yankee stock," now several generations away from its original Puritan background. Indiana and Illinois were practically wholly southern, as the laws and customs plainly testified. Michigan was still almost unknown outside of Detroit and a few frontier villages to the west of the old French posts; while Wisconsin had not yet been invaded save in the southwestern corner, on the Illinois border.

Such was substantially the situation in 1825, the year when "Clinton's big ditch" was opened its entire length, and the historic cask of water brought from Lake Erie was solemnly emptied into New York harbor. A glance at the map of settlement in 1830 will show in a graphic way the changes in the frontier line since 1820. The Erie canal was not responsible for it all, but it was a potent factor. The rise of such cities and towns as Buffalo, Black Rock, Tonawanda, Lockport, Middleport, Medina, and Albion was due directly to their relation to the canal, as the names of two of them indicate.[1] But many villages sprang up in the "back country" as the adjuncts of increasing farming communities, where the difficulty of transporting household goods and food, in the first place, and later to market grain or cattle, had been a deterrent to anything but the sparsest population. What was left of the Holland Purchase,[2] the Morris tract, and the Phelps-Gorham district was picked up at once, and an influx of merchants and of artisans of all descriptions raised the figure for population of all the

1. O. Turner, "History of the Holland Purchase," 653-658.
2. "G. W.," in Niles's *Register*, 21 Dec., 1822, p. 249.



MAP SHOWING CHARACTER AND EXTENT OF SETTLEMENT IN 1830.

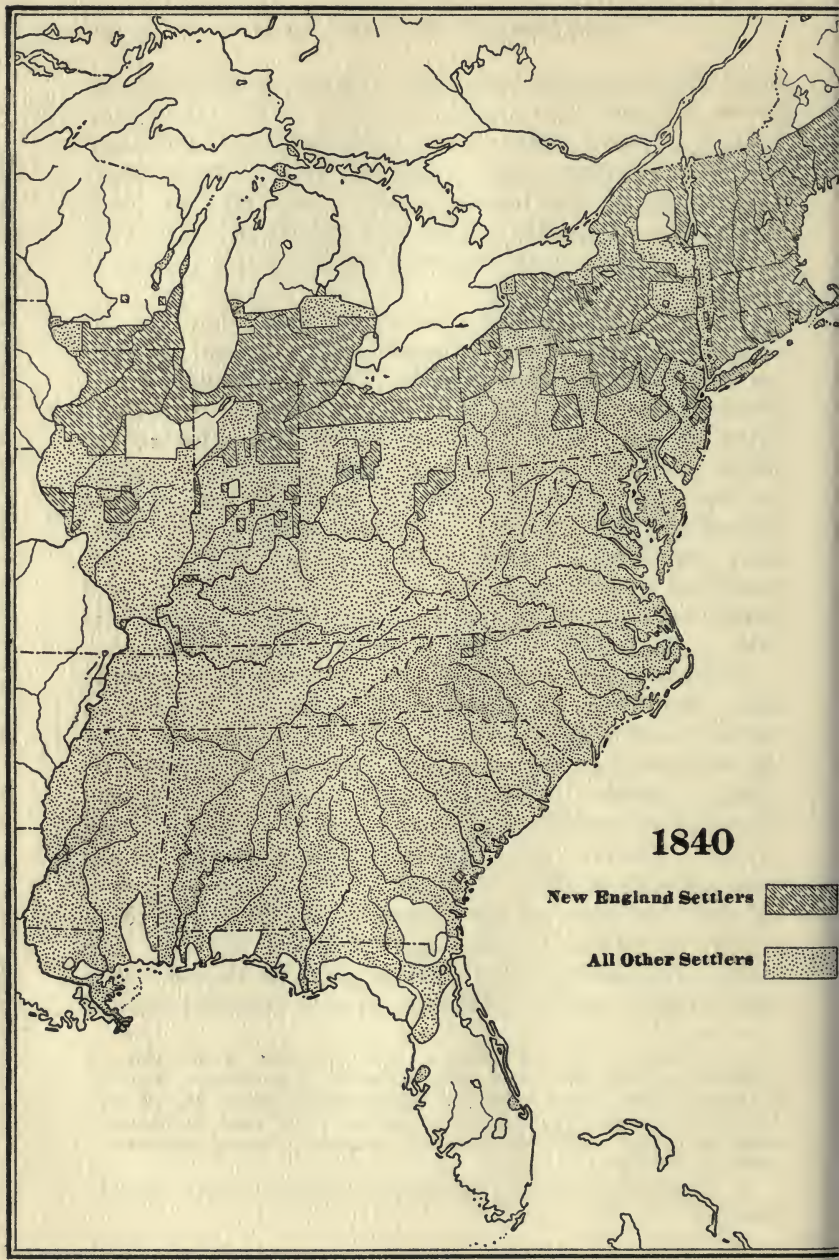
cities and towns along the canal.[1] The gain in Rochester between 1820 and 1830 was 421 per cent., of Buffalo 314 per cent., of Syracuse 282 per cent. Utica had 2,972 inhabitants in 1820; in 1830, 4,366. Lockport had 3,007 in 1825; 6,092 in 1835. The population of the state of New York jumped from 1,372,812 in 1820 to 2,428,921 in 1840. That the Erie canal was an important factor in this growth is certain.

Western Pennsylvania was affected also, but less directly. The map shows the growth of settlement, but does not record its increasing density. Crawford county, in the western part of the state, had but 2,346 inhabitants in 1800; 9,379 in 1820; in 1830, 16,030. The population of the whole state increased from 1,049,458 in 1820 to 1,724,033 in 1840. Here, as in New York, merchants and artisans flocked into towns already settled, and changed their character completely.[2] The Scotch-Irish and the Germans moved on to join the tide of emigration to the West and South, leaving to more recent comers the possession of the field.

In Ohio, the movement is more clearly marked, especially after 1815, when the Peace of Ghent opened up lands to the west of Cleveland. Here again the map does not show the increasing density of population. But such towns as Oberlin, founded in 1833, gave a distinct New England character to northwestern Ohio, as the peopling of the Western Reserve had to the northeastern portion of the state since about 1800. Here, again, the Erie canal played its part, for many of the newcomers of 1825 went from Albany to Buffalo by boat, and by steamer to Lake Erie ports. The lands along the south shore of the lake were settled rapidly, and by 1830 were so fully occupied that the

1. "History of the Canal System . . . of New York," I, 900, 901, 902. Authorities are cited there. Also tables at the end of the volume. Also Ellis O. Roberts, "New York" (American Commonwealth Series), II, 548, 549. Also Julius Winden, "The Influence of the Erie Canal upon the population along its course," cited fully by A. B. Hulbert, "Historic Highways of America," XIV, Pt. II, 152-177.

2. See authorities cited in L. K. Mathews, "Expansion of New England," note on p. 152.



MAP SHOWING CHARACTER AND EXTENT OF SETTLEMENT IN 1840.

homeseekers passed them by for cheaper lands in Michigan and Wisconsin.

Indiana was never a favorite stopping-place for emigrants from the East, and the typical Hoosier has always been a composite portrait of southern emigrants. Timothy Flint, writing in 1832, said:

"Nearly half the counties [on the upper Wabash] have been constituted within the last five years. . . . In consequence of the great change produced by the opening of the New York canal, and the canal connecting Lake Erie with Ontario, the north front of Indiana, along Lake Michigan, which a few years since, was regarded as a kind of terminating point of habitancy in the desert, has begun to be viewed as a maratime [*sic*] shore, and the most important front of the state."[1]

But he found the greater part of commercial intercourse from the old Northwest Territory was still "with New Orleans, by the rivers and the Mississippi, in boats." The population of the State, 147,178 in 1820, was in 1840, 685,866.

Illinois grew very slowly in point of population from 1820 to 1825. The tide of emigration from the states south of the Ohio river had been diverted across the Mississippi by the Missouri Compromise, and Illinois was, for a short period, passed by. Governor Coles, in a message of January 3, 1826, says that the tide of emigration to Illinois had been checked for several years, but had then set in, and 1825-6 had seen an influx greater than for the preceding years. From 1820 to 1825 the population of Illinois increased 17,655; from 1825 to 1830 it increased 84,628; from 1830 to 1840 it increased 318,738.[2]

With the opening of the Erie canal, however, New Englanders and New Yorkers began to arrive in such numbers as to dismay the inhabitants of the southern portion of the state.[3] Southerners opposed the Illinois and Michigan canal because of the fear that if completed "it would flood

1. Timothy Flint, "History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley," I, 385, 386 (Ed. of 1833).

2. Twelfth Census, abstract of, p. 32.

3. Arthur C. Boggess, "The Settlement of Illinois," 187, 188; see also 153-164.

the State with Yankees."[1] The influx of settlers increased steadily after 1825, and with 1830 a change in the character of the new state began to be evident. New Englanders came between 1830 and 1840 alone, in groups of two or three families, and by colonies as well, accompanied by emigrants from New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, oftener than not of New England stock themselves. The records are full of such stories as this: A colony from New Hampshire bound for the vicinity of Princeton, Illinois, set out in 1837, proceeding by canal-boat from Albany to Buffalo, by steamer from Buffalo to Detroit, and overland from Detroit by wagons to their destination.[2] Other colonies went down the Ohio and then up the Mississippi and the Illinois.[3] But the majority of those from New England seem to have followed the Erie canal, Lake Erie, and wagon roads onward. So great was the influx of Puritan stock, that the personnel of representatives and senators from Illinois had by 1850 changed greatly, and the revision of the State Constitution in 1847-8 provided for the adoption of the township system or the county system, as the majority of voters might decide.[4]

As late as 1830, Michigan was passed by for better known lands to the south and west of her boundary. The real "boom" for Michigan lands began in 1830, when the sale of John Farmer's map (first published in 1825) reached its largest proportions. Freight rates between Buffalo and New York had dropped from $5 a barrel in 1815, when the only competitors of sailing vessels were pack-horses, to $4.50 per hundred weight from New York to Detroit in 1818 by steamboat, to $2.50 per hundredweight in 1826 from New York to Columbus, O. The popular feeling with regard to the part the Erie canal

1. Ford, "Illinois," 281.

2. E. H. Phelps, in Bradsby, "History of Bureau County, Illinois," 127. See Patrick Shirreff on the future of Chicago as he foresaw it in 1833, ("Tour through North America," etc., Edinburgh, 1835, p. 226;) also in A. B. Hart, "American History told by contemporaries," III, 475, 476.

3. See "History of Henry County," 138; Carr, "History of Rockton," 39; Bradsby, "History of Bureau County," 619.

4. Peck, "Gazetteer of Illinois," 109; E. B. Greene, "Government of Illinois," 36; Albert Shaw, "Local Government in Illinois," 11.

played in peopling the Michigan prairies is well shown in a couple of verses of the song "Michigania," on every emigrant's tongue about 1837:[1]

"Then there's old Varmount, well, what d'ye think of that?
To be sure, the gals are handsome and the cattle very fat:
But who among the mountains, 'mid cloud and snow would stay:
When he can buy a prairie in Michigania?
Yea, Yea, Yea, in Michigania.

. . . . . .

"Then there's the State of New York, where some are very rich;
Themselves and a few others have dug a mighty ditch,
To render it more easy for us to find the way,
And sail upon the waters to Michigania.
Yea, Yea, Yea, to Michigania."

A pioneer moving from Woodstock, Connecticut, in 1835, took his family to Norwich, where they boarded a vessel for Albany, and then went out on the Erie canal to Buffalo. From Buffalo they went by steamer to Detroit, arriving a little more than three weeks from the day they left Woodstock.[2] Another pioneer started from Castleton, Vermont, in 1838, went by stage road to Albany, by train to Utica, by canal-boat to Buffalo, and by steamboat to Detroit.[3] The story might be repeated almost indefinitely. Lanman, writing in 1839,[4] said that the Erie canal "unfolds a new avenue to the prosperity of Michigan. . . . The territory [had been] . . . obliged to grapple with the obstacles springing from its remote position, and the want of convenient modes of transportation of articles of large bulk over the land between Albany and Lake Erie." . . . [With the opening of the canal] . . . "emigrants could . . . be provided with cheap and easy transportation for themselves and their merchandise, and this line of communication continued to be crowded with settlers who broke up their establishments in the less gen-

1. See Silas Farmer, "History of Detroit and Michigan," I, 335, 336.
2. Johnson, "Hillsdale County," 272.
3. J. P. Hinman, in Mich. Pioneer Society Coll., vol. XIV, 513-570.
4. J. H. Lanman, "History of Michigan," 231-2 (Ed. of 1839).

erous soil of the East, and were advancing to plant themselves in the land of promise on the Lakes." That the majority of the newcomers were from New England and New York, Lanman also testified.[1]

It was to these New England emigrants that Michigan owed its New England character. Of the first fourteen governors of the state, six came from New England, and six from New York. Its educational system was shaped largely by such men as S. F. Drury, a native of Spencer, Massachusetts; John D. Pierce, a graduate of Brown University, and Isaac Crary, born in Preston, Connecticut. The preponderance of Congregational churches in Michigan points to its New England character, as does the township system, more nearly like that of Massachusetts than is the institution of local government in any state outside of New England.

In Wisconsin, as in Illinois, the earliest settlers came from the south by way of the Mississippi river and its tributaries. Galena, in the heart of the lead-mining region of Illinois and Wisconsin, was important long before Milwaukee and Chicago had passed beyond the pioneer village stage of their history.[2] In 1830, the whole population west of Lake Michigan was less than 3,000; in 1840, it was 30,945.[3] These new-comers were for the most part from the East—from New England, New York, and the settled portion of what had been the "Old Northwest Territory." They made constant use of the Erie canal as far as Buffalo, proceeded by steamboat to Detroit, from there followed the old Chicago road around the end of Lake Michigan, and then went by the various trails to Wisconsin.[4] The early history of the territory was marked by the same development in local government that we have noted in Illinois—the southerners of the lead-mining region adopted the county system, the eastern emigrants around Milwaukee,

1. *Ibid.*, 295, 296. Also Judge Cooley, "Michigan" (American Commonwealth Series), 240 *ff.*

2. Tenney and Atwood, "Fathers of Wisconsin," 14.

3. *Ibid.*, 13.

4. Thwaites, "Wisconsin" (American Commonwealth Series), 246, 247.

Racine, Kenosha, and Madison adopted the township method.[1]

A few figures as to the tonnage of the Erie canal are significant:

1835	No. tons coming to tidewater from	No. tons[2] leaving tidewater for
Ohio	23,267.7	8,976.5
Michigan	588.6	7,225.9
Pennsylvania	15.6	769.5
Illinois	95.4	2,132.9
Indiana	.....	1,695.7

A table of prices at Cincinnati gives:[3]

	1826	1835
Flour, per barrel	$3.00	$6.00
Corn, per bushel	.12	.32
Lard, per pound	.05	.08

That there was a wider market, an increased demand, and consequent rising prices, is evident.

Figures concerning the character of the traffic over the canal during the years from 1824 to 1834 also repay examination. The tonnage of agricultural products increased greatly, especially of wheat and flour; of manufactured products, the quantity was small; but there was a large traffic going west,[4] of furniture and merchandise. The traffic of less than 100,000 tons passing West Troy in 1824 grew to about 500,000 tons in 1834, and increased steadily thereafter, in spite of the panic of 1837.

The influence of the Erie canal in directing commerce across the country instead of down the Mississippi and Ohio rivers was a decided one; the railroads which were later built parallel to its route probably only emphasized a movement already on foot. That this movement was accelerated by the fact that the new-comers by way of the

1. "History of Grant County," 507.
2. Whitford, "History of Canal System of New York," I, 909, Table 3.
3. *Ibid.*, I, 821.
4. *Ibid.*, I, 898, 899.

canal were from New York and New England was at once a cause and an effect: they knew their eastern markets as the southerner knew New Orleans and Baltimore, and they desired to send their surplus products to the former rather than to the latter. The effect of the canal in binding the old Northwest Territory, especially the parts last settled, to the East rather than to the South, had its effect probably by 1850, and certainly by 1860.

Moreover, the Erie canal played a large part in determining the New England and the New York-New England character of those same states. Had conditions continued and crystallized as they were in 1820, the stream of New England emigration would have poured into the uninhabited or sparsely peopled portions of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont; the eastern half of Pennsylvania and New York; and then have been diverted to Upper and Lower Canada. The New Englander has never been especially eager to expatriate himself; the situation has had to be desperate before he has done so. The tide which flowed over the northern border of the northern states just after the Revolution was stayed by the opening up of New York and Ohio, but the Erie canal settled, temporarily, at least, the question of diverting the stream to Michigan and the other states bordering on the Great Lakes.[1] The South might have received acquisitions along the Ohio and the Mississippi in far greater numbers, had not these lake states been opened to the New England stream in the decades between 1820 and 1840.

The Erie canal, then, was a very substantial aid in pushing the frontier farther to the west and the northwest. Owing its inception to a time when New York and Pennsylvania were on the frontier, its completion was the signal for making the more sparsely inhabited portions of those states as densely settled as the banks of the Hudson. It was by this route that the descendants of those Pilgrims

1. The Erie canal was used, however, by English emigrants bound for Canada. A family now living in Hamilton, Ontario, has the story of the mother and her parents arriving in New York, going to Albany and over the canal route to St. Catharines, Ontario, with other English families, about 1838-1840.

and Puritans who had been frontier-builders in 1620 and 1630, pushed on to build states on new lines in the old Northwest. Here they met descendants of that other line of pioneers who began their frontier-building upon the James river in 1607. Forced to yield in some points, the New Englanders could force their own standards in some other respect, and so preserve certain of their traditions, such as the free public school, almost in their original form. To the Erie canal, then, may be ascribed, in no uncertain measure, certain distinctive Puritan traits and characteristics which have entered into the making of what is today the northeastern portion of our great "Middle West."

FROM

NEW YORK TO NIAGARA

JOURNAL OF A TOUR, IN PART BY CANAL, IN 1829.

By COL. WILLIAM LEETE STONE.

FROM NEW YORK TO NIAGARA

JOURNAL OF A TOUR, IN PART BY THE ERIE CANAL, IN THE YEAR 1829.

By COL. WILLIAM LEETE STONE.

Now first published, in full, from the original manuscript.[1]

Thursday, Sept. 10, 1829. Left New York at 5 p. m. for Albany in the New Philadelphia, with between two and three hundred passengers; had an elegant run during most of the passage. She passed West Point before 9 o'clock, and Poughkeepsie before 11. The night was cold as November; but the sky being clear, and the moon nearly at her full, we had a glorious view of the Highlands, and the other beautiful and magnificent points of scenery along the Hudson. There were too many noses pealing forth nocturnal hymns, to allow much sleep to a nervous man. But still, after the stentorian cry of "Passengers for Hyde Park," I succeeded in lulling myself into a doze, which continued in fitful slumbers until about 3 o'clock this morn-

1. Courteously entrusted to the editor of this volume by the author's grandson, Mr. Wm. L. Stone of New York City. Extracts from the journal were printed in 1888 in the *Magazine of American History*, but with many omissions and changes. The journal affords an excellent view of the conditions of travel in this State, particularly by canal, three years after that waterway was first opened from the Hudson to Lake Erie. Of Col. Stone's long and distinguished career in political, editorial and educational work, it would be superfluous to speak here, with inadequate brevity, of what is fully set forth in many encyclopaedias and biographical works. We must add, however, an expression of our satisfaction at being able to include in these Publications this original journal of New York State travel by the author of "Wyoming," "Brant," "Red Jacket," and other works which fill a unique place in the annals of the State.

ing, when a loud and sudden crash brought every passenger in an instant to his feet—and in the next instant upon the deck. A thick haze, or fog, had come over the atmosphere, which rendered it impossible to discern objects at any distance. But the engine was instantly stopped, and it was immediately discovered that we had run down a small sloop, freighted with stone. In an instant afterwards she went to the bottom; but the hands on board, consisting of two men and a boy, were picked up and saved. It seems that this vessel was lying in the stream, without a light! No blame can, therefore, be attached to the captain or to any officer of the New Philadelphia. The violence of the shock was so great, that two of the paddles of the larboard wheel were broken off, some other timbers slightly shattered, and the axle of the wheels started out of place. The panic among the passengers was of but short duration. The ladies did not scream, and as Capt. Seymour attended to his duties with coolness and skill, the gentlemen soon retired to their berths and settees. The boat lay to until half past 7 this morning, when the fog began to break away; and the axle having been put into place, we resumed our way, and arrived here at a quarter before 9. The accident took place about half a mile above Coeymans.

Found my wife awaiting my arrival at the Eagle, and remained during the day. Attended the Circuit Court, Judge Duer [1] presiding, and heard an important trial for slander—Foot vs. Whipple. Connected with the murder of John Whipple by Strang in 1827. Verdict 6 cents for plaintiff—equivalent to a defeat.

This day (Friday) the anti-Masonic party celebrated the abduction and supposed death of William Morgan, who is believed to have been murdered as a punishment for revealing some of the secrets of Freemasonry. The procession was a shabby affair. The address was pronounced by Samuel Miles Hopkins, Esq., a gentleman of talents and character, who ought to be engaged in better business.

Saturday, Sept. 12, 1829. Left the Eagle Tavern at Albany at half past 5 a. m. for Cooperstown. The weather

1. Justice John Duer.

for several days had been uncommonly cold for the season. The morning was raw and chilly, so much so that it was uncomfortable for Mrs. Stone. A heavy hoar frost covered the ground, spangling the meadows with millions of gems, as the sunbeams glanced over the landscape.

After the sand-plains of Albany and Guilderland were crossed, the country opened beautifully. Had never travelled this road before. Duanesburgh struck me as being a very excellent township, occupied by thrifty farmers. Several pleasant country seats, and one or two elegant ones, met the view. Crossed the Schoharie Kill before noon, at the little village of Esperance, where there are some manufactories, and some artisans. This creek is an impetuous stream, between Esperance and its estuary in the valley of the Mohawk. Above this place, its current is more tranquil and the beautiful valley through which it winds its course, both picturesque and fruitful.

The country grew yet more hilly, on ascending from the vale of the Schoharie Kill. But the scenery of a hilly region is more varied and pleasing to the eye, than that of a level country, even though less beautiful. Many of the hills in our course swelled to the size of mountains.

The town of Sharon was rough, but well cultivated, and evidently possesses a healthy population. From the summits of several of the hills, very extensive and magnificent views of the country were presented, stretching into the valley of the Mohawk and far beyond.

Our fellow-passengers were not of the most interesting description. All were ignorant, and some dissipated. One of them had but one leg, and one arm. He had been a schoolmaster in Ohio, and the Jamaica-like odour of his breath, sufficiently indicated the divinity he most loved to worship. He said he had rather go to the State prison than again teach school. If the Ohioans have any more teachers like him, they had better send them there. Among other divertisements in this poor pedagogue's autobiography, he informed a boon companion by his side with great apparent satisfaction, that he had had his nose twisted. But, he said, it cost the fellow 36 dollars! One honest fellow from

Cazenovia, finding a schoolmaster on board, started a learned conversation upon the subject of ancient history. He had been to see the mummy, in Albany, and it brought vividly to his recollection divers and sundry passages of Josephus and *Rowland's* [Rollin's] Ancient History. The pedagogue had *to give it* up. He had never heard of *them there authors.*

At one of the postoffices on the way, the honest keeper of the keys of Uncle Sam's mail-bags read to the mail contractor who was of the company, a letter from the new Postmaster General,[1] by which it appeared that attempts were making to *reform* him out of office. "I don't think they ought to trouble me," said the worthy postmaster, with solemn visage, "I have not electioneered any, and I have always been with the strongest party!" Good reason enough. He should have electioneered, and cried "Hurrah for Jackson," with all his might.

One of our company was an honest anti-Mason, from the West. He inquired whether anti-Masonry was not gaining where I came from? I told him that sort of people were becoming scarce in my part of the country. He looked solemnly thereat, and heaving a long sigh, said, more secrets were now coming to light. Ah, said I, what are they? "Why," he replied, "one of my neighbors, a captain, and a man I have always looked up to—a good pious man, was last week on his death-bed, as we all thought. He confessed that he was a royal-arch Mason; and he said that in that degree, they used human skulls to drink out of." When asked where they got the skulls, he "didn't like to tell!" "But," said I, "are you sure, my friend, that he said they drank from skulls in the royal-arch degree?" He said he was; for a dying man had confessed it. "Then," I replied, "this dying man is the only royal-arch Mason who ever saw the skull, or used it, in that degree." My friend thereupon gave a look, as much as to say that he did not expect the truth from me. "Ah," said he, "it was a great secret. It was never known that they had skulls in lodges before." "But, my friend," I re-

1. William T. Barry of Kentucky, Jackson's first Postmaster General.

plied, "I have drank from a skull; and Lord Byron had one mounted with silver, and used it as a drinking-cup. And besides," I continued, "it never has been a secret; for here is a lady who has heard me state the fact that they are used in some of the degrees, more than ten years ago." I then asked him how he supposed the Masons got the skulls. He shook his head, and rolled up his eyes, and said, "the dying man could not tell that." "Do you, and the anti-Masons suppose then," said I, "that the Masons murder people to get these skulls for the lodges?" "Why," said he, "that is pretty much our opinion." Alas! When will the days of humbug and imposture cease!

The descent from the "hilly regions" into the vale of Cherry Valley is surpassingly beautiful. The village itself is a handsome one, and the residence of a number of genteel families. The houses are all, or nearly all, white with Venetian blinds at the windows. This place was a frontier post at the time of the American Revolution. There was a fort and a considerable settlement. But soon after the destruction of Wyoming, it was surprised by the Indians, under Brandt [Brant], and a general massacre ensued. But few escaped the dreadful slaughter. A small creek winds its course through the valley towards the south for several miles, until it mingles its waters with the Susquehanna. And the valley itself is one of the most beautiful and lovely sequestered spots that I have ever seen. We dined here; and towards the close of the day continued our journey through a fine variegated country of hill and dale, to Cooperstown, where we arrived soon after seven o'clock, and were greeted with a hearty welcome by our friends, who had, unknown to us, been apprised of our approach.

The evening was too far advanced for us to enjoy much of the wild and picturesque scenery which greets the traveller's eye on approaching the "sources of the Susquehanna," but as the dusky twilight saddened into darkness, a burning field of felled timber, on the side of one of the Middlefield hills, which swell almost into mountains, presented a beautiful and sublime spectacle in the dark dis-

tance. The terror necessarily inspired by large conflagrations in cities, and the awful certainty that even if lives are not lost, poverty and desolation must probably result to some of the sufferers, destroys those sensations of pleasure which otherwise would flow from the contemplation of such scenes of grandeur. But there is no cause of apprehension from the burning forest, when the flames, kept within their bounds, are lighted by the hand of the woodman in the regular process of subduing the primitive growth of timber. When therefore the dark forest, and the darker night are lighted up in this way, we can look out upon the ascending flames and the wreathing and curling smoke, and listen to the crackling of brush-wood and the crash of falling trees, with feelings of intense and elevated interest, unalloyed with painful or unpleasant emotions arising from extraneous circumstances. And few objects more grand and imposing than a night-view of a field of fire, can be presented to the human eye.

Cooperstown was the favorite spot of my boyhood. From childhood to youth, and even manhood, I grew up in the vicinity of this delightful village, which, until I was of legal age to become my own master, was the nearest approach to a city that I had seen. And my present visit to a scene consecrated by so many early recollections and endearing associations, was after an absence of fifteen years. I had left it a poor young man, without experience in the world, with but little knowledge, without means and without friends to aid or influence my destiny, or to push me forward in the great world. And through the blessing of a kind Providence, I now returned, accompanied by an intelligent wife, in prosperous, if not in affluent circumstances, and known for more than fifteen years in political life and ten years as the editor of one of the oldest and most respectable daily papers in our country. From a handful of village friends, my acquaintance was now co-extensive with the Union, embracing Presidents and Governors and gentlemen of every grade of public and literary distinction. When I departed, it was with the determination of one day reaching the head of

the profession I had chosen. I had now attained it; and a glow of pleasure thrilled my bosom, as I looked upon the change;—but if I know my own feelings, this pleasure was unalloyed with pride or vanity; on the contrary, such are my demerits and deficiencies that I cannot but wonder at my own success. And I am constrained to raise my heart in humble thanks to that God who has thus prospered my earthly career.

The village had undergone but little change since I last gazed upon it. And the general aspect of the scenery was the same. Many new and substantial houses had been erected upon the sites of less commodious and elegant wooden ones. But the size of the town had not materially increased. There lay the lake, bright, placid and beautiful as ever; and there rose the crest of the lofty mountain, its sides darkened by the tall evergreens as before; and there ran the rivulet which swells as it advances, into the noble and impetuous Susquehanna. In all directions I met with objects dear to my memory:

> ". . . Every copse deep-tangled,
> Each tree irregular and bush
> Were prodigal of harmony."

There stood the little Episcopal church in which I had first heard the Episcopal form of worship from my venerable friend, and my father's friend, the Rev. Daniel Nash. There, too, had I first seen the rite of confirmation administered by the late venerable Bishop Moore,[1] of New York, whose blessing I had received a few days before, on an introduction by Mr. Nash. And on that hill, stood the Presbyterian church, in which I had so often, twenty years before, listened with rapture to the glowing and impassioned eloquence of my late lamented friend, Dr. John Chester, who is now tuning his golden harp to the praise of that God in heaven, whose faithful servant he was on earth. O, may my latter end be like his!

1. Bishop Benjamin Moore, coadjutor bishop of New York, rector of Trinity church until 1811, when a stroke of paralysis ended his active service. He died in 1816.

Among the people, I found many of my old friends—many who were really delighted to see me. Many others had fallen asleep! Children, too, had grown to manhood; and little girls & infants, scarce from their nurses' arms, had grown up, married, and were now settled in life, staid matrons, with as many children as they could well attend to. Time's changes, when occurring daily around us, are passed by almost unperceived. But how numerous and how manifest do they become on returning to a community from which you have been absent for a few years only!

The changes most obvious in this place however were in the situation and prospects of the family of the late Judge Cooper,[1] who had been the first distinguished enterprising settler of this country soon after the close of the Revolutionary war. Judge Cooper was the original of the *Judge Templeton* of the novel of "The Pioneers," written by the distinguished novelist, his youngest son. He was the founder of the village and of the county likewise. He died towards the close of the year 1809, leaving five sons and one daughter, heirs of handsome estates. All these were living —and in affluent circumstances—when I was last in the village. Now, four of the sons were dead, and their families left all but destitute! One son, my friend James F. Cooper, distinguished as an author, is now residing in Florence (Italy). To him, the loss of property, has probably been of more real advantage, than the money ten times over would have been. It has called forth the slumbering energies of his mind, and given vigor and richness to his imagination, by the exertion of which he has acquired a proud name among the distinguished writers of the age, and added to the literary reputation of his country.

Sunday, Sept. 13. Attended the Episcopal church in the morning, and heard a sensible discourse from the Rev. Mr. Tiffany, a brother-in-law of my friend the Rev. Charles S. Stewart—formerly a missionary to the Sandwich Islands, and now absent on a missionary cruise in the Pacific ocean. I met Mr. Tiffany afterwards in society and was much

1. William Cooper.

pleased with him. In the afternoon I attended divine service in the Presbyterian church. Sermon by Rev. Mr. Smith, the successor of Dr. Chester, in 1810.

Monday, Sept. 14. Took a ride in the morning to Hartwick, with Col. Prentiss. Occupied the remainder of the day in the interchange of greetings with my old friends and acquaintances.

Sept. 15. Made a visit with my wife to Burlington, a town ten miles west, in which my father once resided, as the settled minister. Several years of my childhood were passed in this town, which was originally poor, and has held its own pretty well. Rode in a gig, and took a circuitous route by way of the Tunnicliffs, the family and settlement of which and whom I have spoken in "A Border Tale," written for the *Atlantic Souvenir* of the ensuing year. This plantation was settled long before the war of the Revolution; and within my recollection was a handsome flourishing place. But, alas! the old mansion was burnt some twenty-five years ago, and a poor substitute was erected. The family has run out, and the whole establishment looks ruinous and neglected.

Called at Exeter, at the residence of my old friend, Parson Nash, but he was absent. Since I have seen him (during one of his visits at New York) this old gentleman has lost his wife, and his family are in a great measure broken up and dispersed.

At Burlington found but few evidences of improvement. Lodged with my father's old friend and family physician, Dr. Richardson, who, with his wife, gave us a hearty welcome. In company with Dr. R. walked a mile to the ancient premises of my father, and strayed for an hour over the fields which I had assisted in clearing and cultivating, and looked with mingled emotions of pleasure and affection upon the mature and vigorous fruit trees which, many years before, my own hands had planted. Dear are the days of youth! Age dwells fondly on their remembrance through the mists of time. I visited the stump of the old oak, and the only one on the premises; and again stopt

beneath the shade of the only pine which within my recollection had ever stood upon the farm. Everything else had changed but that remained as in the bright and sunny hours of childhood. May the woodman's axe never be upraised against it!

Talked much with my friend the Doctor, of old times and old scenes; though of the neighborhood in which I was reared, but a few only remained here—many were already in the tomb, and many more were removed to different and distant parts. My father had been cruelly displaced as a minister here, and they have never had a prosperous society, or a well-established clergyman, since. And as to the "march of mind," it must surely have travelled on some other turnpike!

Wednesday, Sept. 16. Returned to Cooperstown and found the yeomanry "all furnished—all in arms"—that is, arms of some sort. But though it was a field day, and Gen. Morell was prancing about with a brilliantly arrayed staff, surely I never saw so forlorn a regiment on duty. Some had sticks, and some muskets, and some not even a corn-stalk. While many were "ragged as Lazarus."

In the evening we attended a small party at the house of John M. Bowers, Esq. Both he and his lady were absent, but the little entertainment had been got up by his daughters, of whom he has a most lovely and interesting group.

Received a letter from my friend John Cox Morris, Esq., of Butternutts, giving me a most kind and pressing invitation to visit him before leaving the county. Compelled, most reluctantly, to decline it.

Thursday, Sept. 17. Rode with my friend Col. Prentiss, with Mrs. P. and Mrs. S. along the eastern margin of the lake, to Springfield, and had an excellent external view of the magnificent seat and beautiful grounds of George Clarke, Esq., upon which I had promised to call, but who was now absent.

In the evening attended a brilliant party given in compliment to Mrs. S. and myself by Joseph Dottin Husbands, Esq., of Hartwick. Mr. D. Husbands is an English gen-

tleman of education and fine talents. He was formerly secretary of the Colonial Government at Barbadoes, but has resided here for about 12 or 14 years. His habits are retired, and his manners those of a perfect gentleman—a gentleman born and bred. His lady is a very amiable woman. They have a promising son, in the study of law, and two or three charming young daughters. The entertainment was sufficiently rich and various and served in excellent taste. The circle of ladies and gentlemen was numerous and genteel. There was much beauty among the ladies, and the circle of gentlemen embraced much learning and intellect. Among other literary gentlemen, was the Rev. Dr. Hazelins, the learned and excellent principal of the Hartwick Classical School. Mr. Husbands himself appears to excellent advantage in conversation upon every subject. The whole evening's entertainment, intellectual and otherwise, was of an elevated order and passed very pleasantly away.

Friday, Sept. 18. Spent the morning at the request of Col. Prentiss in writing an article for his paper—the *Freeman's Journal.* Dashed off something in the shape of a letter respecting my visit to the village, my reminiscences, &c.—and signed it *Hiram Doolittle, Jun.* Lounged the afternoon away, for I can never read to advantage, or write willingly or creditably to myself, when out upon a visit.

In the evening Col. Prentiss and his lady gave an elegant party in our honor, which was graced by a brilliant circle of ladies and gentlemen. To my regret, Mr. D. Husbands, for whom I have contracted a very strong partiality, was unable to come, though his lady and family were present. The evening passed delightfully off;—and as we were to renew our journey on the following morning, we bade adieu to our friends who were collected on this occasion.

Saturday, Sept. 19. Rose at 5 to take the mail coach for Utica. Our friends Col. Prentiss and his lady, who had most kindly and hospitably entertained us during the week, were up to bid us a hearty farewell, and we parted

with regret. The morning was cloudy and cold, and our stage route first westwardly upon the turnpike, over a most hilly and disagreeable region, and thence up the woody valley of the Oaks Creek, to the foot of Schuyler's lake, was cold and cheerless. After warming ourselves by a good fire, we proceeded on our journey, as the mist was breaking away. The sun now began to shine brightly over the hills, and the clouds disappeared as we crossed the outlet of the lake, over the bosom of which the mist yet hung thick and heavy, but white and beautiful as can be imagined. Half an hour afterwards, as we were ascending along its eastern margin, this beautiful cloudy pillow broke into many a graceful wreath, and rolled gently away, disclosing the clear bosom of the lake as brightly as I had often gazed upon it a quarter of a century before. This little lake is but six miles long, and has not the advantages of such majestic scenery as that which adorns and exalts the Otsego lake; but its shores are beautified by a fertile country, rich in farms and fruit-fields—woodlands and meadows; and is a very charming spot.

We arrived at Richfield Springs at 9 o'clock, and after watering our horses, passed on three miles further, over a fine road and beautiful country, to the little village of Monticello, where we partook of an excellent breakfast. Resuming our journey, we travelled to Bridgewater, through the town of Winfield, Herkimer Co. The country from Schuyler's lake to Bridgewater, is one of the finest regions inland, that I have ever travelled over. The farms were well cultivated and the orchards more numerous, and more heavily laden with fruit (apples), than any I recollect ever to have seen. Winfield, in particular, is a superb township.

At the Four Corners, in Bridgewater, I was surprised to find a thrifty-looking village of fifty or sixty houses, where, in passing, nineteen years before, I recollect to have seen not more than three or four. Found an old friend, Willard Crafts, Esq., prosperously settled here, as a lawyer. He was engaged in a neat little flower garden when I arrived. After passing some twenty minutes with him, the tin trumpet sounded the note of our departure, and we resumed

our way once more. From this place to New Hartford, the country is rich and beautiful; but God has done much more for it than man, under whose culture it has not visibly improved for the last twenty years. The environs of New Hartford appeared to be as rich and beautiful, and the valley of the Saquoit creek as luxuriant and charming as ever. But the village itself has been stationary these many years.

Between five and six o'clock we entered Utica, which, nine years ago, the period of my last visit to it, ranked only as a flourishing village. It had now grown as if by magic, to the dimensions of a large city; and it was with utter amazement that I beheld the long streets and rows of blocks of large beautiful country seats, stores and dwellings,' through which our coach conveyed us in driving to the lodgings I had selected. I had heard much of the march of improvement in Utica since the completion of the Grand canal. But I had no idea of the reality. Rip Van Winkle himself, after his thirty years' repose in a glen of the Kaatsbergs, was not more amazed than I was at the present aspect and magnitude of this beautiful place. Baggs' Hotel, to which I directed my driver, was in the very heart of the village, and the center of business at the period of my last visit. Now, it was quite in the suburbs. The houses were then scattered, excepting in two or three principal streets, though some were spacious and elegant. But now they are closely built, lofty and spacious; and the length of some of the streets, like New York, began to look like a wilderness of bricks. After dinner, sent my card to my old Hartford friend Elizur Goodrich, Esq., now settled in this place, and we were soon honored with a call from himself and lady.

Sunday, Sept. 20. A cold and cheerless day, during most of which the rain descended in torrents. Attended the Rev. Mr. Aikin's church in the morning, but heard the Rev. Mr. Frost, of Whitesborough, on the Unchangeableness of God. It would have been a good sermon, had the preacher stopt when he had done his best. But its effect was killed by its length. The church itself is a new

and noble structure, finished with great taste and elegance, and planned with the utmost convenience. A fine organ added its full rich tones to the music of an excellent choir; and considering the inclemency of the weather, the audience was a far more numerous and genteel one, than could have been collected on a similar day in the city of New York. Did not go out in the evening.

Monday, Sept. 21. Alternate showers and sunshine, rendering it quite too wet and uncomfortable to visit the different parts of the city, and impossible for Susannah to go out. Called upon a few friends, Messrs. Tracy, formerly of Lansingburgh, Dakin, editor of the *Sentinel,* Gen. Ostram, R. R. Lansing, Esq., Ezekiel Bacon, Esq., and some others; and talked of politics and anti-Masonry. Visited a new museum, containing one or two dried alligators, a few worm-eaten snakes, a number of wretched daubs in the shape of portraits, &c. Poor John Quincy Adams and Harry Clay! Never have the wicked cannibal Jackson men abused you half as much as the cold-blooded artist has done! The other parts of the collection were miserable enough. The baked sharks & turtles would have been ashamed of their present condition. From the top of the building, however I enjoyed a glorious view of the whole village and the surrounding country for many miles. What a beautiful country!

Heard from Trenton that the roads were so bad as to render a visit to the Trenton falls unadvisable for the present. Left Utica, therefore, at 7 in the evening, in a new and splendid canal packet boat for the West, called *The Superior.* She is truly a superior boat, fitted up with the elegance and taste of a North-river steamer, though on a smaller scale, of course. An excellent band of music was on board which had come by invitation from Rochester —it being the first trip of the Superior. The musicians were very respectable young men. But a few of the passengers were so exceedingly vulgar in the eyes of all but themselves, that all on board were rendered uncomfortable. Upstarts, of both sexes, who are innately vulgar, but who have seen just enough of the world to render themselves

pert and impudent, who, in the consciousness of inferiority are over-anxious to command respect, and who imagine money a substitute for manners, are the most disagreeable travelling companions in existence. The night continued dark and rainy; and nothing was seen of the country until the following morning.

Tuesday, Sept. 22. Arrived at Syracuse at half past 10 o'clock and had the unexpected pleasure of being greeted on landing by my old and intelligent friend Seth Hunt, Esq., a gentleman of extensive travel and vast general information. I looked about upon the village as I stept on shore, with still more astonishment than at Utica. Another enchanted city, I exclaimed, as I glanced upwards and around upon splendid hotels and rows of massive buildings in all directions—crowded, too, with people, all full of life and activity! Nine years before I had passed a day here, among some five or six scattered tenements, one of which had just been erected, and was then occupied by my friend Joshua Forman,[1] Esq.; the whole being surrounded by a desolate, poverty-stricken, woody country, enough to make an owl weep to fly over it. "Never mind," said Forman, "you will live to see this place a city yet." And truly this prediction is already realized. For if noble ranges of buildings, two or three large and tasteful churches, busy wharves and streets, and all the life and animation of a large commercial place, will constitute a city, then, most assuredly, Syracuse may be called by that name. And as the county buildings, now erecting upon an extensive scale, have been located midway between Salina and Syracuse, the two towns will be soon united, as Greenwich now is to New York. Within twenty years, therefore, Syracuse will equal the present size of Albany. Salt of the purest quality can here be produced, at the cheapest rate, for the whole continent. Dined at 1. In the afternoon took a walk with Mr. Hunt over the

1. Of Joshua Forman, founder of the city of Syracuse, there is ample and deserved record, in encyclopaedias, State and local histories. His early prominence as a projector and ardent advocate of the Erie Canal, especially in the Legislature as early as 1808, has been noted in these Publications (Vol. XII, pp. 71, 439; Vol. XIII, p. 334), particularly in Vol. II, in the canal papers of M. S. Hawley and George Geddes.

village, and among some of the salt fields in the neighborhood. These fields are of great extent, and are intended for the manufacture of salt by solar evaporation; many hundred acres being covered with vats into which the brine is brought from the springs at Salina, one mile and a half distant. As the sediment, which consists of iron sulphate of magnesia and sulphate of lime, are deposited in the upper chambers, the water is drawn off into successive lower ones, until it becomes a pure brine. It is then suffered to stand until it crystallizes in the sun, when it is raked up and taken to the warerooms for inspection and sale. A crop is produced in about two months of the warm season. In the wet and winter months nothing is done. The old process was that of evaporation by the application of artificial heat; nor has this process gone at all into disuse, as more than a hundred establishments for boiling salt, were in active operation on the following day, when, in company with Mrs. Stone and Mr. Hunt, I visited Salina, and the great salt fountains. Neither process of evaporation can be prosecuted in the winter, as there is not sufficient power in the sun when in the winter solstice, and the cold immediately condenses the steam as it rises from the kettles, thereby causing it to fall back in drops of water into the brine again. Attempts are now making by a Mr. Stagg of New York, to remove the difficulty, by boiling the water by means of steam, in wooden boilers, and carrying the steam generated in the several tubs, through the other tubs in pipes, and ultimately away. Whether this project will succeed, remains to be seen. Mr. Stagg has full confidence in the scheme.

The main fountain will furnish an abundant supply for all the existing works and probably for many more. The water is thrown up by machinery, after the manner of the Mount Fair[1] Water works, near Philadelphia. There are two lifts, or elevations to be overcome, the machinery of both being worked by water power, derived from the Oswego canal, which runs along the brow of the high bank

1. Fairmount.

above the Springs. There are other springs moreover, at Liverpool three miles north on the margin of the Onondaga lake, and also at the village of Geddes, two miles south of Salina. At the last mentioned place, a new spring has just been found by boring, the waters of which are said to be six degrees stronger than those at Salina. Should this strength continue, and the supply prove abundant, this will be a most valuable discovery.

The village of Salina has grown prodigiously since my last visit, in 1820. It now contains many large and well built stores and warehouses, handsome streets and dwellings, and three or four beautiful churches, including a neat edifice belonging to the Roman Catholics. I found here an old and valued friend—Mr. Hunter Crane, with whom I had no time to say much more than "how d'ye do." Large flouring mills.

Wednesday, Sept. 23. Last evening the inmates of our hotel were all thrown into confusion by the breaking open of sundry trunks while we were at tea. The trunk of my friend Lott Clarke, Esq., of Lockport, was robbed of $1800 in bank bills. No clue as yet to the robbery.

At 1 o'clock, I left this village, in a carriage, in company with L. H. Redfield, Esq., editor of the Syracuse *Gazette,* and his lady. As we wished to strike the mail stage road at Onondaga Hollow, to take the western stage that evening, Mr. R. kindly provided thus handsomely to facilitate our object. Between Syracuse and Onondaga Hollow the road passes through the marsh where the great battle between the French and the Six Nations of Indians was fought, in the old French war.[1] A field piece used on that occasion has recently been dug out of the marsh.

The village of Onondaga Hollow is pleasantly situated; and there is an academy here but it will never be greater. The same remark will also apply to the village of Onondaga West Hill, two miles west of this, where our friends parted

1. Probably Frontenac's expedition of 1696, which passed up Onondaga lake. But there was no "great battle" on that occasion, the Onondagas burning their own cabins and fleeing, leaving an uncontested field, where the French, with singular short-sightedness, destroyed the corn and precipitated a famine.

from us. For a long time the county buildings have been located here; but as they are now to be removed, the village must decline. There is a magnificent prospect from this hill, embracing the Onondaga lake, and all the villages around it, together with a slight view of Oneida lake, stretching away, in the blue distance, in a long line almost to the "gates of Rome"—but not the gates of that Rome called the city of the seven hills.

The mail coach came along in due season, and received us on board. We found it filled with agreeable passengers, several of whom were acquaintances. Wheeling rapidly over a rough but rich and beautiful country, we soon passed through the pleasant village of Marcellus, situated in a deep valley, through which runs the outlet of Otisco lake; and arrived, soon after the shades of night drew on, at the village of Skaneateles—by all allowed to be one of unsurpassed loveliness. Before we had finished a hasty though excellent meal, of which we were much in want, we were honored with the calls of Mr. Burnett, his son, and a brother, Mr. Bishop Burnett, lately from England, who came to New York with letters of introduction to me, and who soon proved to be a gentleman of great intelligence and much experience in the world—of extensive travel, and agreeable manners.

Thursday, Sept. 24. Rose at 7, and looked out of our window for the first time upon the Skaneateles, the lake of which we had heard so much. It is indeed a beautiful sheet of water, extending up for the distance of sixteen miles, through a charming country, well cultivated and variegated by farm houses, woodlands, orchards, country seats, &c. The village is very pretty, and many houses in that, and at a distance on the borders of the lake, are built with taste and environed with shrubbery, as houses in the country always should be. But there was one grand mistake made in building this village, which has marred its beauty exceedingly. The main street was laid out so as to sweep round upon the margin of the lake, at its foot. On the northern side of this street and fronting on the lake, the houses of the citizens were erected; and one would

have supposed that even the Goths & Vandals would have had good taste enough to have preserved an open view to the lake, by having a smooth lawn of green-sward, planted with locusts and the willow, between the road and the lake. But contrary to every principle of taste or beauty, one of the churches and several blocks of stores and artisans' workshops, have been erected upon the shore which in most cases entirely intercept the water-prospect! So that but for the privilege of taking now a sail, and now a mess of fish, the good people might as well have no lake at all. The stores should be burnt by the common hangman, and the church taken quietly down and reared in a more suitable place.

After breakfast we took a long and delightful walk upon the western shore of the lake; and on our return, found the Messrs. Burnett together with Mrs. and Miss Burnett waiting for us at our lodgings. We repaired home with them, and staid during the day, enjoying society that was highly agreeable, and such simple social unstrained hospitality as is always most pleasing. I spent a portion of the morning with the gentlemen, in fishing upon the lake, and took a turn with the gun in a neighboring forest, in the afternoon; but was most successful in the morning's sport. It was a clear and beautiful day; but night brought with it a tempest of wind and a deluge of rain.

Friday, Sept. 25. Two thunder gusts and much rain this morning. But the weather cleared up about 11 o'clock, and we resolved to proceed on to Auburn. Mr. Burnett, his lady, and brother, being about to proceed to Geneva, Mrs. Stone was kindly accommodated with a seat in their carriage, while Mr. B. Burnett & myself proceeded to Auburn in a chaise. As the sun came out, it shone with intense heat, which, with very muddy roads rendered the ride rather unpleasant. We arrived in Auburn just after a large portion of an immense stone bridge had broken in, and fallen with a tremendous crash. The arch, not being properly constructed, nor properly secured at its base, had given way. A large crowd of people had assembled and stood around the ruins in such numbers as to prevent our

seeing what was the matter. A fragment of the bridge yet stood, over which we drove, tottering, and gradually yielding as it was, and as we were strangers, nobody thought we were of sufficient consequence to inform us that we were perilling our lives. On arriving at the hotel we were informed of the catastrophe; and running back to look at the ruins, there was ample cause of felicitation at our own narrow escape, for a large additional mass was then sinking down.

Auburn is a large, and appears to be a flourishing village; but it is my intention to visit it on my return and speak of it more at large, than I have now time to do, since I can but pass hastily through it. The State prison, at a distance, wears a commanding appearance; & a large massive stone edifice, for the Western Theological Seminary,[1] is nearly completed. The Messrs. Sherwoods,[2] moreover, of the good old line of mail stages, have nearly completed a hotel, which will be one of the most extensive and elegant establishments in this country. The main edifice is fifty-six feet square, and four stories high, exclusive of the basement. From the rear a wing runs back ninety-six feet, which contains a long dining hall below, and single bedrooms in the several stories above. The main edifice is divided in the most convenient manner, into private parlours and bed rooms adjoining. The whole is massive, built of hewn stone; and three successive piazzas will afford most beautiful places for promenading, and surveying the neighboring country, which is rich and luxuriant as the

1. The original building of the Auburn Theological Seminary was erected 1820-21. The institution was not officially styled the "Western Theological Seminary," but may have been popularly so called, being the seminary of the Presbyterian Church of Central and Western New York.

2. In 1809 Isaac Sherwood of Skaneateles and Jason Parker of Utica, established a stage line which reached Auburn. In 1816 a line of stages left Canandaigua every week-day, and ran to Utica via Auburn, in 36 hours; the proprietors were Thomas Powell, J. Parker, J. Wetmore, Aaron Thorpe and Isaac Sherwood & Co. This "old line mail" had a monopoly of passenger transportation in the region until the canal era. In 1828, a few months before Col. Stone's tour, the "Pioneer Line" of stages was established, and a stage war begun, the records of which would make a long and lively chapter in the annals of transportation across New York State. The hotel referred to by the author was the American, afterward the St. James, built 1828-30 by J. M. Sherwood & Co.

valley of Egypt. We dined with our friends, at the private residence of Mr. Weed, a relative of Mr. B's and a former acquaintance of mine. We then reluctantly separated from our agreeable friends, and took a post coach for Weed's Basin, at which place it was promised that we should arrive in season for the canal packet to Lyons—our next point of stopping. But the road was intolerably bad—our harness broke—and on our arrival the packet had been past a full hour by Shrewsbury clock. The consequence was that after snatching a hasty supper, we were compelled to crowd ourselves into the narrow accommodations of a merchant's boat. We passed a night, uncomfortable enough for any body, but of absolute wretchedness for poor Susannah. The cabins were too small to turn round in, the beds dirty, and the passengers very good for *universal suffrage folks*—all Jackson men, as the color of their shirt collars abundantly attested. Fleas and bed-bugs are as fond of Susannah, as they are her utter aversion. And the moment she entered the cabin allotted to the females they collected to feast upon her blood from every part of the boat. Poor thing! she suffered as much penance as the holiest Catholic father could have imposed upon the veriest heretic in Christendom. But morning at length arrived, and we were safely disembarked at Lyons.

Saturday, Sept. 26. This village, too, was all but a wilderness, at the period of my last visit. Now it has grown into considerable importance. It is the shire town of Wayne county, and in addition to a number of shops and stores, and the county buildings, it contains many respectable and some elegant residences. Among the latter, is the seat of Myron Holley, Esq., formerly one of the leading and most notable and efficient of our canal commissioners, whose names will be perpetuated as long as the lakes and the ocean are connected by the golden commercial chain forged under the direction of the Great Clinton. Mr. Holley showed me through his grounds; and I was much surprised to find one of the richest and most beautiful gardens that I had ever beheld. It contains something like six or eight acres, which was woodland, I presume, at

the time of my visit in 1820. Now it was elegantly laid out and cultivated, and planted with fruit trees, plants, shrubs, vines, &c., &c., in rich variety, and profusion. The size to which cherry, apple, peach, pear, & plum trees, quince bushes, to say nothing of the beautiful shade trees in the lawn, had attained since this land was appropriated to its present purpose, was truly wonderful. Cherry and apple trees, planted eight years since, now measure ten and twelve inches in diameter, and every vegetable seems to flourish in this genial soil and climate, with the same unequalled vigor and thrift. The peach, pear and cherry season was over; but the yield of all had been proportionately great. And such a crop of quinces & so fair, I had never seen. A great profusion of melons of the most delicious variety, covered a portion of the grounds, and were decaying for want of consumers. Grapes, too, in thick and inviting clusters, were hanging most invitingly from the trellis-work upon which the vines were trained; while of flowers, of every variety, and flowering plants and shrubs, of countless varieties, indigenous and exotics, there was a profusion. Mr. H. is a gentleman of high intellectual powers, of fine education, and extensive scientific acquirements. Latterly he has turned his attention to horticultural pursuits, for his amusement. And already have his labors been most *fruitful.* Everything upon his premises is disposed in the most admirable order, and according to the most correct principles of taste and beauty.

After Mrs. S. had enjoyed a few hours of repose, which [was needed] after the *flea*-botomy she had endured the night before, and after I had made a visit to the Court House, where the Court of General Sessions was at work upon some rioters from *Swate* Ireland, we took our departure in a private carriage, over "a rough, ragged road," to the humble residence of my venerable parents, in the Parish of East Ridge, township of Sodus, where we arrived at 3 in the afternoon—finding the family all well saving my dear sister Rachel, who was languishing upon the bed of sickness. This visit to the paternal roof was after an absence of nine years.

Sunday, Sept. 27. Attended church this morning at East Ridge, and heard an excellent sermon from the Rev. Mr. Townsend. Meeting with this aged clergyman, at this place, is another instance of the mutability of human affairs. I had known him, slightly, and a part of his family intimately, some eighteen years ago, at Herkimer—he then being a well-settled clergyman in Madison county. Subsequently he and all the members of his family emigrated to, and commenced a settlement in the wilds of Illinois. Of course I never anticipated the pleasure of seeing him more. But our destinies are always uncertain to human ken; and he for whom I should have looked among the prairies of the Great West, I have now found as the humble minister of Christ in this new and obscure parish.

After service, paid a visit to the tombs of my two deceased brothers, Samuel Matthias, who died on the 11th day of October, 1818; and Ebenezer G., who died at this place on the 11th of December, 1828. I have caused a monumental stone to be erected to the memory of the former, and have ordered another to be executed for the latter. I was much affected while looking upon the narrow house which now contains their remains, and prayed fervently to be prepared for the solemn hour when I shall be called to lie as low as they!

Monday, Sept. 29. Spent the day chiefly within doors, at home. Took tea with my good mother and Susannah, at the Rev. Mr. Townsend's.

Tuesday, Sept. 30. Rainy morning. Clouds broke away between 11 and 12 o'clock, when Dr. Loomis called to invite Susan and myself to take a ride to Sodus Point, and spend the day at his house, which invitation was cheerfully accepted. After a pleasant ride of between four and five miles, we came suddenly upon a full view of Lake Ontario—its dark rolling waters stretching like a mighty inland ocean, farther than the eye could reach. The emotions with which I first looked abroad upon this wide sheet of water, now lashed almost into a tempest, were strange and undefinable. I had been familiar with many of the lesser lakes of our country; with our largest northern rivers; and with the

face of the ocean. But upon the *waters* of this lake I had never before gazed, as they were locked in the icy arms of winter at the time of a former visit to Sackett's harbor in February, 1813. Perhaps it was the circumstance of the prospect bursting suddenly and somewhat unexpectedly upon my view, that it brought with it more sublimity and grandeur, and inspired me with more elevated and inexpressible feelings than did my first view of the great Atlantic itself. Perhaps, too, the ocean was at first beheld with less awe and wonder because I was prepared for an illimitable expanse of waters; whereas I was now only prepared for the sight of *a lake*—without having reflected that such was its extent that it would appear equally boundless with the ocean. Be these things as they may, I was struck dumb and breathless with wonder, admiration, and amazement, at the first gaze upon Ontario.

Leaving Mrs. Stone at the house of my agreeable and hospitable friend, I proceeded with him to take a view of the great harbor and bay of Sodus. Our route for two miles to the old Point lay much of the way upon the high and precipitous banks of the lake, the waters of which now wrought into a billowy foam by an increasing gale from the northwest, came rolling onwards and dashed their white crests with great fury at our feet. At one point the prospect was so grand and truly magnificent, that I could not resist the inclination to spring from the carriage and stand alone and in silence upon the projecting brink of a precipice, while I contemplated for a moment the glorious scene before and around me. The shore, on either hand, indented with bays and inlets, clothed in most places with stately forests to the verge was picturesque and beautiful; while the view of the mighty expanse of heaving waters beyond, was full of majesty and grandeur.

The opening of the bay upon the view, as we arrived from the west, upon the point which on this side forms one of the chops of the inlet, was very beautiful. The point itself, which was settled and planted with orchards by my worthy and enterprising companion in the present excursion, is one of the most beautiful of spots on earth. The village

is small though pleasant; but probably it is by no means as well built as before the late war, when the principal houses were destroyed by the torch of the enemy. But the bay itself is charming beyond description and appeared peculiarly so now, as its placid surface lay calm and almost unruffled while the lake itself was tossing and heaving, and its waves breaking with angry and resistless force by the rude tempest without. The bay stretches back eastwardly to the distance of about six miles, and measures probably sixteen or eighteen miles in circumference. The shore is not much elevated, the lands descending towards it from each direction, in a pleasing slope. Several elegant farms have been cleared upon its margin; and towards its eastern section, the Shakers from New Lebanon have planted a colony, which like the present establishment, has already become a bee-hive of neatness, order and industry. But the greater part of the shore of this bay, and the two delightful islands, planted in its bosom, yet proudly wave with their stately and majestic forests.

For some distance westwardly of this capacious harbor, the banks wear rapidly away by the force of the waters wrought into action by the northwestern gales; and the soil thus washed away being deposited in the entrance of the harbor, has in the process of time formed an arm which stretches obliquely into the harbor like a peninsula to the distance of more than a mile; and the deposites without this peninsula threaten the formation of a bar which may greatly impede the entrance into the harbor—the most safe and commodious of any upon the south side of the lake. To guard against this, an appropriation was made by the last Congress, for the construction of substantial piers from the shores on each side of the channel, extending out into what is called deep water. Across the ends of these piers, others are to be constructed, defining the width of the channel, by which means the entrance into the harbor is to be so much narrowed as to create currents which it is believed will forever prevent the formation of bars to interrupt the navigation. This current will be caused by the north western winds, which will drive the waters and heap them up in the

bay, leaving them to flow out again as the winds cease. It is believed that by this flux and reflux of the waters, a current equal to a tide running at the rate of four miles an hour will be produced.

At the present time Sodus is not a place of much business; although before the completion of the Erie canal much was done in the flour and potash business, in connection with the Montreal market. In former times, moreover, when Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison were exerting what were called the *restrictive energies* of the Government, the smuggling business was believed to have greatly flourished at this place. Many were the cargoes of flour and ashes which were loaded at the docks here, and got well under way while the deputy custom-house officers were artfully detained by cards and the bottle in the little hells of the neighborhood.

It is intended, however, to increase the importance of this port by the construction of a canal from its eastern extremity to intersect the Great Erie canal at Montezuma. A charter for a company to effect this object, has been granted by the Legislature; and there can be little doubt that when the advantages of the route, and an investment of capital in such an object, are well understood by the public, the stock will be readily taken. Without making any invidious comparisons between this place and Oswego it may safely be asserted that this harbor is a better, a more accessible and a safer one than that of Oswego. The canal can be completed, such are the natural facilities for the work, for the moderate sum of 180,000 dollars. It will run through one of the richest sections of land in the United States, and the whole contiguous country is fruitful beyond the power of natural rivalry. Added to which circumstances, this canal will be an effectual measure for draining the Cayuga Marshes on the Seneca outlet, to effect which most desirable object so many abortive attempts have been created; and it's moreover believed that the water power to be created by this canal, will more than pay the interest on the cost of the whole work. Under all these circumstances, I cannot but believe that if the subject was under-

stood, there would be a struggle among capitalists who should be favored with the most of the stock. And from the moment that this canal is seriously commenced, Sodus will become one of the most important inland towns in the State.

Salt springs have recently been discovered on the margin of this bay, from which salt of an excellent quality is now manufactured. These waters, as yet, are not as strong as those of Salina, but still, even should stronger not be discovered by deeper boring, in the absence of the duties, which it is believed cannot be extended to private property, it is thought the manufacture of this article can be successfully prosecuted here. I returned from this excursion towards evening, highly gratified in all respects.

Wednesday, Sept. 30. Spent the day at home. In the evening took tea with Dr. Gaylord. Weather wet and uncomfortable, and both Sue and I had a sad time in getting home.

Thursday, Oct. 1. Left the residence of my father, and resumed my journey to the West, in the Oswego stage, for Rochester, where we were to have been set down at 7 o'clock. The preceding night and the morning, had been stormy. But the clouds broke away before noon; and at 3 P. M. when we started, the weather was fine. The road also was good, and we made the first stage with celerity. But soon after commencing the second stage, the clouds began to gather darkly up, and at twilight we broke down. A rail was placed under the body of the coach, and we dragged slowly along for many a weary mile—having exchanged the Ridge Road for one infinitely its inferior. The darkness concealed many of the terrors of the descent of the dangerous pass of the dug-way, into the gulf of the Irondequoit; but the flickering lamps of the coach occasionally disclosed more than we cared about seeing. However, we got through in safety, and reached the Clinton House at about 11 o'clock instead of 7.

Friday, Oct. 2. And this is Rochester! the far-famed city of the West, which has sprung up like Jonah's gourd! Rochester, with its two thousand houses, its elegant ranges

of stores, its numerous churches and public buildings, its boats and bridges, quays, wharves, mills, manufactories, arcades, museums, everything—all standing where stood a frowning forest in 1812! Surely the march of improvement can never outstrip this herculean feat. But I must leave a description for another day. It was my purpose to have proceeded on my journey this evening but the severe indisposition of Mrs. S. compels me to desist. Hope she will be better to-morrow.

Saturday, Oct. 3. The day being comfortable for travelling, and Susannah's health considerably improved, we recommenced our journey, and left Rochester at half past 10 o'clock, in a convenient mercantile boat on the canal. The general appearance of the country has appeared much the same, ever since we left Auburn, which seems to lie near the eastern margin of the great plain known by the name of *"The Genesee country."* The country appears almost a dead level in all directions. Not a mountain, even in the remotest distance, lifts its blue crest towards the heavens—not a hill swells the bosom of the landscape, which, robbed altogether of the sublime, reposes in quiet beauty. Every where as we proceed, however, the fields bear ample testimony of the unbounded fertility of the soil, while the forests yet standing in their native maturity and vigor, seem to bid defiance to the feeble arm of man, before which, however, so many myriads of the tribe of trees have already fallen. Those who have spent their whole lives in cities, or in the older parts of our country, where the primitive growth of timber has long since disappeared, can form no just idea of the majesty and grandeur of the native forests which clothe a luxuriant soil. The secondary growth of timber on our reserved woodlands, and the dwarfish productions of our sterile mountains, are mere brush-wood in comparison with the towering pines, the lofty wide-spreading elms, the gigantic maples, white-wood and sycamores of the West.

We had a strong head wind which prevented our horses from *beating* ahead as fast as we could have wished. It was therefore past 5 o'clock before we reached Brockport,

a goodly-sized new and flourishing village, twenty miles west of Rochester. This village is well built, and appears to be the center of some considerable business.

After a stoppage of 20 minutes, we resumed literally "the even tenor of our way," and did not reach Albion, fifteen miles farther, until 11 o'clock at night. This travelling by canal boats, save when the roads are excessively bad, is but a tedious process. The charm of novelty is soon lost, and the sameness becomes overpoweringly wearisome. Even good company, or an excellent author, will scarce serve to charm away the irksome hours. I tried the experiment of both to-day—talked about the crops—the trees—the weather—General Jackson and antimasonry—and read 100 pages of the captivating author of "Pelham," in his "Devereaux," his latest work. But all to little purpose.[1]

Sunday, Oct. 4. This is Albion, the shire town of the county of Orleans—the last created county in the State.[2] It much resembles its sister village of Brockport, save that it it not quite so large. As in that, the main street runs north and south, crossing the canal at right angles. The country is rich and very beautiful. But here, as in most if not all the villages which have sprung into existence with the canal, every thing looks raw and naked. In most of them not a shade tree is to be seen. Even in Rochester, scarcely a green bough greets the eye, weary with burning brick and white paint. The mistake, however, made in cutting away all the trees, has at length been discovered by some gentlemen, who are beginning to plant saplings, the grateful umbrage of which may perhaps be enjoyed by another generation. This is a fatal error in the clearing up of new lands, more especially as in the cases of this line of villages, where the trees were removed for the very purpose of erecting houses in their stead. Every woodman seems to regard each and every tree as an enemy to be vanquished, and when a forest is assailed, without regard to lawns or building lots the whole mass of timber is forthwith levelled

1. Bulwer-Lytton's "Devereaux" was first published in 1829, "Pelham" in 1828.

2. Orleans Co. was set off from Genesee, Nov. 11, 1824.

with the earth. Whereas by a little forethought and a little care, the most vigorous and beautiful ornamental trees, of suitable sizes and variety, might be spared at once to adorn the courtyards and pleasure grounds of the citizens, and mitigate the fervid rays of a vertical sun. But according to the present practice, people only think of shade trees after they are gone, and they are consequently compelled to go without for some twenty or thirty years, until they can cultivate others.

Attended church to-day, the services being conducted in the courthouse. The Rev. Mr. Cheeseman, a young man full of ardor and zeal, officiated. Both as to matter and manner, his discourses reflected more credit upon his heart, than his head—upon his feelings than his discretion—upon his zeal, than his knowledge of the simple truth as the Gospel, the attributes and the government of the Deity. The congregation was quite respectable as to numbers, and attention. There was not an old person of either sex in the house. This is a most striking feature in the character and the appearance of our newer settlements and villages. Let a stranger visit a New England church, or public assembly, and he will be astonished at the disproportion between the aged and the middle aged and young—the former greatly preponderating over the latter. Let him then make a like visit in our newer, but still well peopled districts of country and he will be equally astonished to find the whole population comparatively so vigorous and young—but very rarely finding an old man, with whitened locks, and not very frequently those which are even slightly frosted with age. Emigration is the cause of these differences—the aged remain at home, to lay their bones with those of their ancestors, while the young & vigorous swarm forth to make their fortunes by subduing and cultivating the wilds of the West. The tide yet rolls on, wave succeeding wave, like the heaving ocean. When it will be checked, or what barrier is to form the boundary of the West, time alone will determine.

Monday, Oct. 5. Called up at half past 4 o'clock, to take the packet for Lockport. Found the boat a very comfortable one, with an attentive and obliging captain. The

morning was clear and very cold for the season—the frost lying heavily on the ground, and the surface of the smallest pools of water congealed with ice. The day, however, came mildly on, and proved to be remarkably fine. The general aspect of the country to Lockport, 28 miles, continued the same as latterly described. We passed two or three small villages, but no place requiring particular notice, unless it be Oak Orchard creek, and the village thereat. For a few rods before reaching the creek, the canal is formed by deep cutting through a rock. It passes the creek by a large stone aqueduct, firmly built; and the creek itself descends over a rocky bed towards the lake, through a deep dark and wild-looking ravine, sufficiently romantic without having been rendered more so by the *romance* relative to the body of Morgan having been found in its estuary, but which proved to be the harmless corpus of one Mr. Timothy Monroe.[1] The village contains some clean buildings and one or two large mills or other manufactories. Stepping ashore a moment, while the boat stop't to water the horses, in order tc look more at the village, I was surprised to find on turning round that the boat was off, and a bend in the canal had thrown it out of sight, as if by magic. I lost some moments in the vain endeavor to procure a horse, to follow on; but was compelled to test my own speed, which, hindered with a heavy overcoat and an asthmatic affection, was none of the fleetest. However, after running about a mile, I came near enough to hail the boat, at the moment I was so much exhausted that I could not have run another rod for an estate. We arrived at Lockport at half past 12 o'clock. The approach to this place is rather imposing. It is here that by a succession of double locks, of massive structure, the canal climbs to the summit level of lake Erie; and it is here that the deep cutting through the compact limestone of the Mountain Ridge, commences. This work is here a splendid monument of the ingenuity and enterprise

1. William Morgan of Batavia disappeared in September, 1826. The body of a man was found near the mouth of Oak Orchard Creek, in the autumn of 1827. As to the identity of that body see Thurlow Weed's "Recollections of the Abduction of William Morgan," etc., Chicago, 1882; also Mr. Stone's "Masonry and Anti-Masonry."

of man, in surmounting obstacles seemingly insurmountable. Before reaching the locks, the canal penetrates the elevation several rods, by means of a natural ravine or glen, along the sides of which large flouring mills have been erected, and other mills and manufactories are in process. The water power is abundant for a hundred mills. It is taken from the canal, which at this end has for its feeder, lakes Erie, Michigan, Huron, Superior, and I know not how many more. The principal village of Lockport stands on the hill and is much larger than I had anticipated. A new village, on the plain east of the first, has been commenced, and those engaged in the enterprise confidently predict that it will speedily rival or exceed it. This is the shire town of Niagara county, and here stand the public buildings of the county. It was in the jail here, that the unfortunate Morgan was for a short time confined by his blind and bigoted Masonic kidnappers. There are four newspapers published here, which no. is at least three too many. One of them is entitled *"Priest Craft Exposed"*— and the sign is painted upon the broadside of a house in letters so large, that the O in the last word is large enough for the head of a rum-barrel!

We left the canal-boat here, and dining at the hotel (where we had a very good dinner), we met a pert half-Quaker-looking sort of a man, very well dressed, with whom a conversation ensued. Mrs. S. rallied him about the Priestcraft sign, and the poor fellow colored to the tip of his ears. He was doubtless the editor, from the warmth of his defence, and he was genteely roasted.

We left Lockport in a mail coach at half past 1. Our travelling companions hence to Lewiston, were a boisterous gang of Universal Suffrage Jackson men, on their way to attend the exhibition got up by the hotel-keepers at the Falls, to collect a crowd of customers in a dull season. Our road was across to the "Ridge Road," which we did not reach until within two miles of Lewiston, was over a new country, some of the way almost entirely unsettled. The land was higher than for the last hundred miles, and the soil apparently somewhat inferior. But the forests were

yet more lofty and imposing. Oaks and occasionally sycamores of immense size, now mingled with the towering maples and elms. We passed through a section of the Indian reserved lands, partially settled by a portion of the Tuscarora tribe of Indians. These improved lands, with a very few exceptions, appeared in a sad state of neglected cultivation. For several miles, while traversing the northern verge of this mountain ridge, our admiration was engrossed by the prospect of one of the most glorious uncultivated landscapes upon which the eye of man ever reposed. Beneath our feet on the north, and extending from east to west as far as the eye could reach, was stretched a belt of woodland, apparently perfectly level, from the base of the mountain to the southern shore of the lake. Although the whole of this tract of land is sparsely settled, yet the forest so far predominates over the occasional spots of cultivation, that the latter were entirely merged in, and lost in the former. To the eye, the tops of the trees presented the even surface of a parlour floor; and the forests having changed the verdant foliage to those numberless bright and beautiful hues which are the peculiar mark of our American autumn, rendered the whole surface far more beautiful than the most gorgeous carpet ever imported. All the colors and hues which Nature can paint, were here blended together in the sweetest harmony; and had the whole extent been covered by a grand collection of all the blossoms that ever bloomed since the gates of Paradise were closed, glowing in their richest and brightest tints, they could not have constituted a richer flower garden. But

". . . expression cannot paint the breath of Nature and her endless bloom!"

Beyond this, the most delightful region that "fancy's footsteps ever trod," rolled the dark waters of Ontario, bounded on the north by the azure hills of Upper Canada, which rose dimly in the distant horizon! Soon after we descended upon this lovely plain, we came in sight of Lewiston beyond which the monument which Canadian patriotism has erected to the memory of Gen. Brock, upon Queenston

Heights,[1] rose loftily in view. Lewiston is a very pleasantly situated, and pretty town. We did not stop at the spacious and inviting hotel, but as the sun was yet shining brightly upon us, we rode directly down to the ferry. And here, for the first time did I behold the troubled waters of the Niagara—the mighty river, the name of which of all others was the most deeply implanted in my memory in my school boy days! the grand outlet of the great inland seas of the still greater West! The banks on either side above and on either hand, on the American shore, were high, rocky and precipitous; and the river itself is confined by its massive barriers, to a narrower space than I had supposed. The current is rapid, and it boils and whirls, and in some places breaks into a surf, as though not yet restored to tranquility after its angry leap over the great cataract seven miles above. None but a small row-boat was plying upon the ferry, into which we should, as strangers, scarcely have ventured, had we not seen it safely rowed across the river by a single hand, for our accommodation. We passed over the dark and troubled current, however, speedily, and in safety; and for the first time I found myself in a foreign country, and under the power of one who "a kingly crown has on." I am as decidedly a *Republican* in *principle,* as any man. But I am no Jacobin—no democrat. I hate the mob: and I have such an utter loathing of the character of Jackson—such a thorough and hearty detestation of his scurvy administration, that it was a relief to me to get beyond his jurisdiction. I seemed to breathe a purer air; and although I love my own country best, and its institutions, yet I regretted that my circumstances were such as to compel me to return within the United States, until the people shall have returned to their senses, and this disgraceful state of things terminated. At the tavern, near the ferry, I was detained nearly an hour, for the want of a carriage to take us over to the falls; and here I fell in with

1. This was the first monument to Maj.-Gen. Brock, erected 1824, blown up and ruined April 17, 1840, supposedly by Lett, a refugee from Canada because of his share in the Upper Canada Rebellion. The present stately monument to Brock on Queenston Heights dates from 1853.

an old friend, who had removed to the province, from Otsego, seventeen years ago, and whom I had not seen since.

The village of Queenston stands at the foot of the heights, and is not a town of much consequence, though rendered memorable during the last war with England, by the brilliant, though in the end unfortunate, expedition of Gen. Van Rensselaer, in 1812. I gazed for some time upon the heights, and upon the steep ascent up which the gallant Solomon Van Rensselaer led his troops, cutting his way through a line of British troops, with his sabre, as he fell covered with wounds. I gazed also, but with feelings of mingled shame and indignation upon the opposite shore, where our own recreant militia stood, refusing to pass over and secure the victory which Van Rensselaer and the brave Col. Fenwick had won—refusing to cross even to save their brethren, who had gallantly carried the heights in the morning, from the tomahawks of a savage foe, which they were brandishing with hellish delight.

We rode on to the Falls in a light open waggon, drawn by a pair of Canadian ponies. The sun sunk to his nightly rest, as we ascended the heights, tinging with his golden hues the top of the noble column of granite, reared to the memory of Brock, the British commander, who fell in the battle to which I have just referred. Not a stone yet marks the spot where the ashes of a Washington repose[1]—the Father of his country is denied the poor boon of a block of marble—but the British captain of a distant and humble province, is honored with a massive obelisk piercing the skies. Night shut in upon us before we passed the seat of Sir Peregrine Maitland, late Governor of the Province, which is said to be very pleasant; and the hazy atmosphere deprived us of the pleasure of even a moonlight view of the grounds. The premises are now for sale. Sir Peregrine expended £5,000 in beautifying these grounds; and I was

1. At the time Col. Stone wrote this, the body of Washington was in the old family vault at Mt. Vernon, where it had rested since his death in 1799. In 1831 it was removed to the brick tomb where it has since reposed.

assured that they could now be purchased for £2,000.[1] The country is very level to the falls.

During the last mile of our ride, we passed over the ground memorable as the scene of the bloody battle of Bridgewater, as it is called in our annals—in the British it is called the Battle of Lundy's Lane. It was here that Brown and Scott, and the troops and commanders on both sides, covered themselves with renown; for never was a battle more fiercely and obstinately contested, and both armies claimed a brilliant victory!! The moon shone out, though rather obscurely, as we reached Forsyth's Hotel, near the Falls, for some time previously to which our ears had been filled with the heavy sound of the rush of mighty waters. Without looking at the river, however, we took supper, and retired to our apartment, which we found to overlook the far-famed cataract. I repressed my curiosity and did not lift a curtain, being resolved not to dissolve the charm of a first look upon the mighty, the glorious whole! But the roar of the tumbling torrent long banished sleep from my pillow; and when all was quiet and still in the house, I could distinctly feel that the earth, and the building and my own body trembled. And when some fitful slumbers stole over me, it was only to dream of whirlpools, cliffs, crags and cataracts.

Tuesday, Oct. 6. Breakfasted at 8, and after surveying the rapids above the principal proemption from the veranda of the pavilion, we descended the high and steep bank to the Table Rock, from which the best view of the Great Cataract, on both sides of Goat Island is obtained, unless it be from below. It was fortunate for us, perhaps, that while surveying the rapids, from the piazza of the Pavilion, the heavy and dense clouds of vapour which arose from the cauldron into which the torrent pours, effectually obscured the broken view of the main fall which otherwise would

1. Sir Peregrine Maitland, Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, 1818-1828, built a residence, grand for the time and region, at Stamford, in a romantic location not far from the Whirlpool of the Niagara. The residence burned, but the lodge at the entrance to the grounds, and some fine trees marking old avenues, long recalled the pretentious establishment.

have been presented from that situation. Meantime the rapids themselves, where the torrent rushes impetuously onward, leaping in foaming billows from rock to rock for a distance of more than a mile, during which period it descends more than 140 feet, afforded a prospect sufficiently interesting to render the senses keenly alive to the more sublime and glorious spectacle that was to come. Arrived at Table Rock, we were struck silent and breathless for some moments, with wonder and dread admiration of this stupendous monument of almighty power. It seemed, indeed (to borrow the metaphor of my lamented friend Brainard), as though

"God poured the waters from his hollow hand!"

And the evident ravages which the heavy and resistless torrent has made in the crumbling rocks, at once illustrated the fitness of the other figure of the same beautiful bard, where he speaks of these waters as

"Notching the centuries in the eternal rocks."[1]

It is not my design in this loose diary to attempt a description of this mighty cataract. Such an effort must be a work of thought and labor. No just picture can be elaborated at a sitting. In this place, therefore, I shall content myself with recording a few memoranda, for future reference, or use, should I ever attempt a more finished and perfect sketch. Many descriptions of this greatest of cataracts have been written, and some of them by men of far loftier powers and richer treasures of language, than I can ever hope to possess. Several of these I have read.

1. John Gardiner Calkins Brainard, the young Connecticut poet whose lines on Niagara have often been styled the finest poetic tribute to the cataract, died in 1828, never having seen the great fall that had so inspired his imagination. Col. Stone does not quote him accurately; the lines he seeks to give occur in the following extract:

"It would seem
As if God formed thee from his 'hollow hand'
And hung his bow upon thine awful front;
And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Savior's sake,
'The sound of many waters'; and bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks."

That of Chateaubriand,[1] though I have not seen it in many years, strikes me as being the most glowing and picturesque which has fallen under my observation. President Dwight's[2] account is highly spoken of, but it has escaped my attention. A very animated description was published some eight or ten years since, by, I think, a Lieutenant Hall,[3] of the British Army. I read it at the time it appeared with much interest. The last I have seen is the elaborate account of Capt. Basil Hall,[4] which, though probably correct in respect of its facts, is neither graphic nor animated, but on the contrary very tame. His comparison of the deep-toned thunder of the mighty torrent, to the noise of a grist-mill, is supremely ridiculous.

Persons unaccustomed to measuring heights and distances by the eye, are often disappointed in the apparent height of this cataract, at the first view. And doubtless there are many whose feelings and perceptions are no more awakened by the prospect, than were those of the tailor whose notions of the sublime were indicated by the significant exclamation—"O, what a fine place to sponge a coat!" But to one who has an eye alive to the glorious works of the Creator, as manifested in this beautiful world; who has a heart to feel his power and his goodness; and perceptions to admire and appreciate their vastness and magnificence; I can think of no other spectacle in nature more calculated to thrill the bosom, and call all those faculties and percep-

1. There are numerous passages descriptive of Niagara in the writings of Chateaubriand. One much-quoted passage, probably that to which Col. Stone alludes, occurs in the "Essai Historique . . . sur les Revolutions," etc., and is repeated, in part word for word, in the "Genie du Christianisme," under the title "Deux perspectives de la Nature." The description of Niagara in "Atala" is strikingly like that in the "Essai Historique."

2. Timothy Dwight's visit to Niagara, described in his "Travels; in New England and New York" (New Haven, 1822), was in October, 1804.

3. "Travels in Canada and the United States in 1816 and 1817," by Lieut. Francis Hall (London, 1818).

4. "Travels in North America in the years 1827 and 1828. By Capt. Basil Hall, Royal Navy" (3 vols. Edinburgh, 1829). Hall's comparison, to which our author objects, is as follows: "The sound of the Falls most nearly resembles that of a grist-mill, of large dimensions. There is precisely the same incessant, rumbling, deep, monotonous sound, accompanied by the tremour which is observable in a building where many pairs of millstones are at work."

tions into elevated and delightful action, and to lead the mind from the contemplation of Nature up to Nature's God, than this wonderful cataract.

> "These are thy works, Parent of Good Supreme!
> Thine this universal frame, thyself how glorious then!"

From the numerous drawings of these falls, which have been published by various eminent artists, and particularly from the model lately constructed from actual surveys and admeasurements of heights and distances, by my ingenious friend Mr. Geo. Catlin, I had conceived a very correct idea of the position, form and extent of them. But I had no adequate notion of the overpowering sensations an actual view of them would produce upon the mind. The channel being upon the British shore, and separated from the American shore by Goat Island, the column of water which is here precipitated into the deep abyss, is vastly greater than upon the American shore. And in the lapse of ages, the rocks forming the bed of the river have been worn away so much more rapidly than on the other, that the line of the verge of the cataract now runs diagonally across the river—and this line is broken or worn into the deep curve called the Horse Shoe, by the increased action of the water at the deepest point of the channel. By the estimates of scientific men, it is computed that the depth of water when it breaks over the verge, is fifteen feet. The action of such a prodigious column of water, must of course have worn for itself a cauldron of amazing depth—but how deep it will forever baffle the power and skill of man to determine. The colour of the descending torrent for several rods across the channel, is of a rich emerald green, but the sheet is soon lost in the thick volumes of spray which are continually rolling up from the chasm into which it is impetuously plunged. These ceaseless clouds of spray, white, and in the glancing sun-beams glittering as liquid silver, ascending in heavy masses continually—now rolling up to a majestic height, and now borne along like a pillar of cloud—now curling and wreathing around in every beautiful and fantastic form, among the shelving rocks below, or floating

gracefully among the contending currents of air which sweep gently over the bosom of the gulf, form one of the most striking beauties of the spectacle. These appearances are ever changing, so that the view of the falls can never be precisely alike at any two visits, or for even a single instant of time. Hence no painter will ever succeed in giving a perfect or satisfactory representation of this wonderful work. The task of the artist represented in a beautiful fable by the venerable author of "M'Fingal,"[1] as attempting the portraiture of a cloud, varying and changing in the breeze, and alternately reflecting at different points the vermil-tinctured hues of the sun sinking to rest in glory, would be easy in comparison. Another very striking feature, equally beautiful and terrific, is the foamy whiteness of the waters as they boil up in ceaseless agitation from the bottom of the chasm into which they are precipitated with such unmeasured force and velocity. The whole body of water over an area of several acres, seems beaten into a perfect foam, boiling and whirling about with appalling fury, until, removed from the immediate vicinity of the cataract, the waters assume their natural color, and are hurried off in many an eddying and contending current, over their dark and rocky bed in the direction of Ontario. The sensation is sufficiently overpowerful as beheld from above; but when contemplated from below—at the foot of the spiral staircase standing at the base of the Table rock, impending fearfully over the head of the beholder—it becomes intensely and awfully sublime. No passion contributes more to the sublime than terror. And he who can unmoved look up from the dread gulf, and gaze upon hanging rocks and rushing waters above, and the dizzying whirlpools beneath—upon the clouds of ascending vapour, now dense and humid and now light and fleecy, and reflecting the melting and beautiful tints of the rainbow, must be made of sterner stuff than I.

But I am becoming too prolix and must draw this imperfect outline to a close. I spent the greater part of

1. John Trumbull.

three days in viewing this wonderful curiosity from different points of observation—above and below, on both sides of the river, upon Goat Island, and at its base, and from the Terrapin rocks on the northern side of the island, at the brink of the proemption; and each moment so occupied was of still more thrilling interest—of more special wonder—of higher and more elevated enjoyment. And when at last I had the last, and yet another, and still another last look—my desire for another visit was far stronger than for the first.

It was during this sixth of October, that the landlords, on both sides of the river got up a variety of shows, by attempting to add such interest to the natural glories of the place, as it was supposed would collect a multitude of people together upon both shores, and thus give them some additional business in the way of their vocation. For this purpose several rocks were blasted off at various points of the rocks overhanging the gulf. But it was a sorry affair. The gun-powder explosions, in comparison with the majestic roar of the waters, might be likened to the report of so many pop-guns mingling with the thunders of Jove—the tumbling fragments like pebbles cast into the valley from the brow of Olympus—the smoke, like a capful of fog compared with the volumes rolling up from the crater of Vesuvius. Indeed the whole affair was as contemptible as it would be to attempt to add to the majesty of the cataract the pouring of a bucket of water by its side from a tea-kettle. Several thousands of people, however, collected on both sides, many of whom probably had never before had curiosity enough to see the falls themselves—if even they saw them now. The descent and wreck of the vessel among the rapids, was an interesting spectacle, however. I have written a full account of the whole affair, and sent it to the *Commercial* for publication under the signature of *Hiram Doolittle, Jun.*[1]

1. This account will be found at the end of the journal. The Buffalo *Journal* of Oct. 13, 1829, has the following:

"Niagara Falls.—The *fete* at this place, on the 6th inst., was little short of a failure. The vessel that was to descend the cataract struck upon the

I had the pleasure to-day of forming some acquaintance with a Canadian gentleman, by the name of Stuart,[1] now engaged in the practice of the law, at Niagara. He is a great-grandson of the late Sir William Johnson, and is a gentleman of intelligence and genteel address. He was an officer during the late war, in the Canadian service and was engaged in all the active affairs along this frontier, while it was the seat of the contest. He communicated many curious and interesting facts and anecdotes to me touching the events of that unprofitable contest. But few Canadian *gentlemen* attended the *fête* to which I have referred above —to their credit be it spoken.

Wednesday, Oct. 7. Spent the day in studying the cataract. Crossed to the American side, visited Goat Island, and descended the new stairway at the northern extremity.

1. This was Alexander Stewart (not "Stuart," according to records at Niagara, Ont.), the second of that name at Niagara. His father, Alexander Stewart, was an officer in a British regiment, and afterwards was one of the ten who, in 1797, formed the first Law Society in Upper Canada. At his residence Sir Isaac Brock was often entertained. He died in 1813, as stated in St. Mark's parish register at Niagara: "Alexander Stewart, Barrister." His home was at the corner of Prideaux and Regent streets, and was burnt in the destruction of the village by the Americans in 1813. On the same site his son Alexander, also a lawyer, built the brick home still standing. The first Alexander Stewart married Jemima Johnson, a grand-daughter of Sir William Johnson and Molly Brant. The second Alexander Stewart, to whom Col. Stone refers, was buried in the Mohawk burying-ground near Brantford.

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rapids, where she still remains; Patch, the Jumper, did not jump and the blasting off of the rocks was but partially successful. There were about three thousand persons present, and the only accident we believe, connected with the affair befel the Steam-Boat Pioneer, while on her return to this port. In passing Black Rock this boat ran upon an ice breaker, beat a hole in her bottom and sank, in about twelve feet of water. The people were all safely landed upon the pier and the boat has since been raised. Patch jumped on the following day, from a height of eighty-one feet into the pool below the falls."

The Buffalo *Republican* thus reports subsequent exploits of Sam Patch:

"Steam-Boat Niagara, 1-2 past 12 o'clock
October 17th,—Niagara River

"Preparations were made to enable Mr. Patch to amuse the passengers by leaping into the river. The Boat was stopt.—The foreyard was raised about 50 ft. from the water, on which the intrepid Sam Patch appeared precisely at 12 o'clock.—The jumper took his leap, and a beautiful leap it was. When he came up, the passengers gave three hearty cheers.—From the manner of his striking the water, it was feared by some that he had hurt his back; but he came on board in fine spirits, perfectly sound.

"Whitney's Eagle Hotel, 1-2 past 4 o'clk.

"Sam has just made his great jump.—The day was lowering and rainy. However, the number of 300 persons assembled on the Island, to witness the

It is surprising how near to the falls themselves, the adventurous watermen will ply their boats upon the surface of these angry whirlpools, and with perfect safety. The day was dark and rainy much of the time. In the afternoon the celebrated Sam Patch, of jumping notoriety, leapt from a ladder 110 feet high, into the abyss, at the end of Goat Island, and picked himself safely up. The village of Manchester, the seat of the Hon. Augustus Porter, is a brisk and thriving village, with several mills and manufactories. There is no lack of waterpower!

Thursday, Oct. 8. A clear sky and warm sun rendered it an inviting day for a ride, and we availed ourselves of it to visit what is called the Whirlpool, at the distance of five miles below the falls. This is a very wild and romantic spot, and second only in interest to the cataract itself. The whirlpool is formed by the full torrent of the Niagara rushing through a pass narrowed to the toss of a biscuit, into a bay or cove, bounded by high precipitous rocks, and covering perhaps the space of six or eight acres. The river rushes into this cove, with great impetuosity, towards the northwest; and after whirling round in the basin, escapes through another narrow pass, towards the northeast—thus turning an acute angle. The walls of the river are here as lofty, as wild, and as picturesque, as at the cataract; and it

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fete: the Canada shore was crowded. To view the platform, erected for the fearless Patch, from the Biddle Stair-Way, did not appear so grand as the platform reached only about two thirds the height of the bank; but to descend to the margin of the water, in the gulf beneath, and then look up at the perpendicular ladder, made you imagine that it would require superhuman powers to accomplish such an enterprise. Sam ascended the ladder and remained on the top, about ten minutes, resting himself and adjusting his position, for the leap; during which he was repeatedly cheered by the spectators.—At length he rose,—every eye was bent intently on him—he waved his hand, and kissed the star-spangled banner, that floated gracefully o'er his head, and then precipitated himself 'like an arrow' into the flood below! 'Twas a matchless and tremendous leap. He very soon reappeared, and swam to the shore with great ease. Then it was, that a painful and unpleasant, yet indescribable sensation was driven from each breast, by the flood of joy which succeeded, on seeing that he was safe. Then it was that the benumbing spell which had reigned a minute or two, from the moment he arose on the platform, was broken by the burst of the voice of congratulation—all rushed forward (who were below) to take the Jumping Hero by the hand: and the intrepid Sam spoke to the first: 'There's no mistake in Sam Patch!' And by the waving of handkerchiefs and the huzzas of the company, there *was* no mistake. For with one consent they exclaimed, 'This is the Real Sam Patch!'

"A gentleman present, who ascended to the top of the ladder, is of the opinion that but few could imagine or appreciate the sublimity of the scene, without they ascended the ladder, which was rising of 120 feet high. Mr. Patch crossed the gulf in the evening, to see his Canadian friends."

is altogether a scene of peculiar grandeur. The waters boil darkly up in the bay, as if in great volume, and from immense depths; and some have conjectured that soon after tumbling over the falls, the bulk of the waters are driven through a subterranean channel, from the mouth of which they boil up in this place. The ride through Lundy's Lane and Drummondsville to and from this wild and rarely visited spot, was delightful. We returned to the Pavilion to dinner; and in the afternoon took the stage for Buffalo. The ride to Chippewa thence to Buffalo, three miles,[1] was by moonlight.

Friday, Oct. 9. After breakfast this morning we ascended to the cupola of our excellent hotel and had a fine view of the village, the foot of Lake Erie, and of the surrounding country. In the course of the forenoon we likewise walked pretty extensively over the town. It is a very large village, regularly laid out, and handsomely built, and appears like a place of some commercial importance. The harbor is an artificial one, formed by running out a pier of massive stone, in such a direction with the shore as to form a perfectly secure roadstead for the largest vessels of the lakes. It is computed that there are upwards of one hundred vessels engaged in the commerce of this lake, and this number will be increased from year to year, as the rich countries bordering on the lakes become peopled. The United States Bank has recently decided in favor of locating a Branch of that Institution at Buffalo, in preference to Utica or Rochester, at which the inhabitants are much elated, as hitherto they have been quite unfortunate in their banking undertakings. Buffalo is the shire town of Erie County. There is a seminary for the education of young ladies at this place and also an academy in which a military feature is incorporated. The examination was now in progress and the principal, Mr. M'Kay,[2] politely invited me

1. An obvious slip; the distance is about 12 miles.

2. James McKay, who in 1829 founded in Buffalo the "Literary and Scientific Academy," afterwards continued by Silas Kingsley as a boarding and classical school, with fair success for several years. Mr. McKay was also a member of the first board of trustees of the Buffalo Female Academy, 1851.

to attend. I was glad to find that the military instruction is only intended, however, to relieve the other, and principal studies, so far as exercise is necessary. Rathbun's hotel is decidedly the best ordered, the best arranged, the neatest and best kept, of any public house or hotel I have been in since leaving New York. It deserves to be received as a model; and the land-lady ought to establish a seminary for teaching new beginners in this important branch of the science of Political Economy.

At half past 2 o'clock we left our elegant quarters, though not without much regret, and took the canal packet boat for Rochester. The afternoon was uncommonly fine, and the sail was truly a delightful one along the margin of the river, through Black Rock, to the mouth of the Tonnewante Creek. In passing Grand Island, we were shown the site of the famous city of Ararat, founded by Mordecai [Noah] the Governor and Judge of Israel. Like Thebes and Palmyra, Troy and Babylon, however, those mighty monuments of human glory and power, not a vestige of this ancient capital now remains. Its palaces have disappeared, its towers and battlements have tumbled into ruins; tall trees now choke up its beautiful streets and avenues, and even the corner-stone, once consecrated by a great Rabbin, now lies in the cellar of a distinguished Gentile in Black Rock. Historians have neglected all notice of this great city and its illustrious founder.[1]

At the distance of 13 miles from Buffalo, the canal leaves the margin of the Niagara, and ascends for eight or ten miles in the bed of the Tonnewante creek. This is a

1. For a full and true account of this "city" of Ararat, see Buf. Hist. Soc. Pubs., I, 305-328. Maj. Noah's visit to Buffalo and famous cornerstone laying had occurred only four years prior to Col. Stone's visit. As they were both active in New York newspaper work, and undoubtedly acquainted, the above passage obviously is not to be taken seriously.

He is usually styled "Col." McKay, but is not known to have had military rank or service; the "colonel" was perhaps given to him because of the military features introduced in his school. He built the quaint stone house known as the "castle" which for many years has served as the commandant's residence at Fort Porter, Buffalo. He was father of the distinguished playwright Steele Mackaye, who was born in the "castle" in 1844.

deep sluggish stream, and the lands on both sides low and marshy, and consequently unhealthy. This distance was mostly passed in the evening—and a beautiful evening it was. Shakespeare might truly have exclaimed—

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps on yonder bank."

The air was mild, and the silvery light of the moon played upon the surface of the waters, causing them to reflect the sparkling stars from above and every surrounding object with the accuracy and clearness of a mirror. Leaving the Tonnewante the canal now entered the deep cutting of the mountain ridge. This work appeared if possible still more formidable, by moonlight, than when we had surveyed a part of it at the other end, a week before. The evening was so beautiful, and the scenery so interesting, that we enjoyed both upon the deck of the slow-sailing vessel, until we had passed across the mountain, and descended to the plain below towards the east.

Saturday, Oct. 10. Arrived at Rochester from the west at half past 12 o'clock P. M., and took lodgings at the Rochester House, where I was exceedingly gratified to fall into the company of my old and valued friend Simeon Ford, and his family, formerly of Herkimer county. Mr. F. is a lawyer of eminence and character.

Sunday, Oct. 11. Rain in the morning, and a cloudy unpleasant day. Attended church with our friend Mr. H. Ely,[1] with whom we took dinner. The preacher was the Rev. Mr. Eddy, an able and eloquent young man, settled at Canandaigua. His subject in the morning, was the duty of the Christian world to diffuse the gospel among the heathen. In the afternoon he preached an able and deeply interesting sermon, upon the means of regeneration, and the freeness of the Gospel to *all* mankind. Our personal intercourse with the preacher, at the house of Mr. Ely, was of the most agreeable description.

1. Hervey Ely. It was to him that in 1831 was consigned the first cargo of wheat ever brought to Rochester from Ohio, passing through the canal by the old Hudson & Erie Line.

Monday, Oct. 12. Spent the morning in a lounge at the Athenæum, and went through the spacious flouring mill of General Beach.[1] It is the largest establishment of the kind in the United States, being calculated for 16 runs of stones, 10 runs of which are now in motion. It is not so compactly built, however, as the new mill of Mr. H. Ely, which I examined during my short visit 10 days ago. An immense business is transacted in the flour trade, and manufacture in this business [*sic*]. Mr. Ely's mills grind from 12 to 15 bushels per hour, from each of the six runs of stones, and the flour is cooled and packed as fast as it is made. And the mills of Gen. Beach afford an average of 500 barrels per day. But these, though the largest, are by no means the only ones. There are a great number of large milling establishments here besides, besides those of the Messrs. Strang's, and Mr. Atkinson's, at Carthage, two miles below. Visited this morning, also, in company with Mr. Johnson and Dr. Ward, the new Episcopal church in St. Paul's street, called, also, St. Paul's. It is a noble gothic structure, of stone, but not yet completed. The cost is estimated at 16,000 dollars. In New York it would have cost 50,000. Dined with my friend, Mr. H. Ely, with Mrs. Stone, and some other female guests.

In the afternoon, Mr. Ely politely took Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Simeon Ford (the lady of an old and valuable friend of mine, now settled at Rochester), and myself in a carriage to visit the falls of the Genesee river at Carthage, and also the falls just below the village of Rochester. The water was very low, and the cataracts were both consequently divested of a portion of their interest. The Carthage fall is perhaps the most imposing, though the actual plunge of the water is not so great as the fall above. But the gulf into which it leaps, is deeper from the high precipitous banks. The water falls 76 feet in a single leap, after a very rapid descent above of some 10 or 15 feet, within the space of a rod. The rocks upon the west side hang shelving over

1. E. S. Beach, who with John H. Beach and Henry B. Williams, under the style of Henry B. Williams & Co., carried on the Eagle Mills.

the abyss, as at Niagara. The water breaks into a spray, and after falling and lingering for a moment in a dark basin, runs off through a narrow rocky channel to the lake. It soon descends to the level of the lake, when it becomes navigable; and within a mile from the falls, is an inclined plane, by means of which the articles of export and import are lowered to, or raised from the river. It was over the gulf of this cataract, that the celebrated Carthage Bridge was constructed, by Elisha B. Strong and Levi H. Clarke, Esq. It was a noble structure, passing by a single arch, a gulf of 300 or 400 feet in depth. But it fell within a few years of its completion, by reason of the insecurity of the bases of the arch, and has not been rebuilt.[1] Some of the timbers yet remain standing upon the eastern side, at a dizzying height from the bottom of the precipice which they overhang. The upper falls are 96 feet perpendicular descent. The bed of the river is here much broader than at Carthage; and when the river is high, the cataract must present a spectacle as grand and imposing, as it is now beautiful. The water now descends the falls at several places, in thin sparkling & silvery sheets; whereas in time of freshets and floods, it must thunder down the precipice in one broad impetuous torrent. The formation of the rocks, and the scenery generally at this spot, is beautifully picturesque; and as you stand gazing at the chasm from the eastern verge, the cascades issuing from the long line of mills and other manufactories placed upon the western banks, to supply which the water is conducted from above the falls in race-ways, present a beautiful spectacle as they

1. Carthage was on the east bank of the Genesee near the lower falls; afterwards absorbed in Rochester. The bridge referred to, built 1819, was a wooden single arch, "the chord of which was over 352 feet, the entire length of the bridge resting upon this being 718 feet, 30 in width and the roadway 196 feet above the surface of the water. Its span was longer than that of any other bridge in the world at the time, and, though it was built in less than nine months, its strength had been so carefully tested that it was expected to last for ages, but there was fault in its construction, for in a year and three months it was destroyed by the springing upward of the arch. It was succeeded immediately by a bridge built on piers a little further down the river, and that by still another, which stood till 1835."—"Landmarks of Monroe Co., N. Y.", p. 73.

tumble in foam into the deep bed of the river. From its peculiarly advantageous position, and the exhaustless advantages of water power, Rochester must always be a place of extensive business as long as wheat grows and water runs. The village was commenced in 1812, when Col. Rochester and two friends, from Maryland, perceiving the natural advantages of the place, purchased 100 acres of land, at 17 dollars an acre, and at once began building a village, which is already a city in size and opulence. Spent the evening at Mr. Ely's, with a few friends.

Tuesday, Oct. 13. Left Rochester in a coach for Canandaigua, after a very agreeable visit. Passed on the way, the pleasant village of Pittsford, built principally of brick, and the celebrated Irondequoit embankment of the canal—an Herculean labor. We arrived at Canandaigua to dine. The weather being fine, I chartered a horse and gig, and took Mrs. S. out for a ride over the village, and round about the suburbs, and a most lovely ride it was. Canandaigua is principally built upon one long street, extending from the foot of a sweet lake, westwardly, upwards of two miles. The easternmost half mile of the street is the business part of the town. Then come the hotels, the public square, the county-buildings, &c. And above these we came upon the residences of the citizens, nearly all of which are handsome —many spacious and elegant, and some splendid dwellings. These houses are not crowded together in imitation of city style, but stand at goodly distances apart, with pleasure grounds, gardens, etc., etc., delightfully shaded with flowering shrubs, fruit and ornamental trees. I met a number of my friends here, but Mr. Granger,[1] who occupies the princely mansion, erected by his late eminent father, [was] absent. In the evening I took a long and pleasant moonlight walk with my eccentric friend, W. Wood, over the pleasure

1. Francis Granger, second son of Gideon Granger. The latter, who was the first of this distinguished and influential family to make his home in Canandaigua, died there Dec. 31, 1822, aged 55. Francis Granger, born 1792, served in the State Legislature, 1826-'32, in Congress, 1835-'41, was twice nominated and defeated for Governor of New York, was an unsuccessful candidate for Vice-President, 1836, and in 1841 became Postmaster General under Harrison. He died Aug. 28, 1868.

grounds of Mr. Gregg,[1] a gentleman of taste and fortune, who lives as such a gentleman should. I had a pleasant call at Mr. Gregg's and passed a very agreeable hour at the house of John C. Spencer, Esq. For retirement, and a life of elegant leisure, Canandaigua presents more attractions than any other place in the circuit of our travels. The principal citizens are wealthy—there is much refined society, and several eminent professional gentlemen located here.

Wednesday, Oct. 14. After breakfast took another walk through the Main street of the village, up to the academy, a rude old-fashioned, large and tasteless edifice, and in company with my *queer* friend Wood, visited the church, upon the rough side of one of the rude basement stones of which he has caused the words *"Heber, of Calcutta,"* to be inscribed, in letters of gold. A marble tablet, with an inscription in memory of the same eminent and lamented prelate, was shown me in the portal of the church, which is to be erected within the body. Mr. Wood has recently caused the windows of this church to be painted, in imitation of the stained glass of former ages, which yet adorn the old abbeys and cathedrals of Europe. Mr. W. is a gentleman of leisure, yet always busy. Are charities wanted for public or private objects, to relieve individual distress, or to soften the rigors of a prison, Mr. W. is always the first to know the fact, and solicit the contributions. And in the getting up of useful institutions, such as apprentices and mercantile libraries, he has done more than any other individual in the United States. Mrs. Gorham, the lady of N. Gorham, Esq., one of the founders of the village, is a sister of this eccentric gentleman, with whom he has passed most of his summers for more than thirty years; and I was told that it was chiefly to his exertions, and his good taste, that the village is indebted for its nice clean gravel walks and its ornamental trees. The grounds of many private gentlemen have moreover been beautified in these respects by his influence, and under his superintendence.

1. Probably John Greig, a prominent citizen of Canandaigua at the time of Col. Stone's visit. He was eminent as a lawyer, served a term in Congress, was president of the Ontario Bank, and succeeded DeWitt Clinton as Regent of the State University.

At 10 o'clock we left Canandaigua, with regret, for Geneva. In the coach was a Scotch gentleman by the name of Gibson, to whom I had the evening before been introduced as the guest of Mr. Gregg. We found in him a very intelligent and well-bred travelling companion. After dinner, at Geneva, I took a ride with an old friend, Mr. Haskell, through the village, and around its outskirts. Subsequently I had the pleasure of enjoying a similar ride with Mrs. Stone, in the carriage of my friend. Geneva, or at least the trading part of it, is much larger and built more city-like than Canandaigua, and in some respects is still more beautiful. The Seneca lake, at the foot of which it stands, is much handsomer than that of Canandaigua; and the street of private residences, extending southwardly upon the elevated bank of the lake, is one of the most lovely places I ever beheld. But the beauty and richness of the dwellings are surpassed by those at the former place. The Episcopal college[1] stands upon this last mentioned street, and is a substantial edifice of stone. In the course of the afternoon, I had a pleasant interview with Bowen Whiting, Esq., an old and intimate friend, and called with him upon Col. Bogert,[2] Editor of the Geneva *Gazette*—an old political associate, but now an apostate among the warmest friends of Gen. Jackson, and the bitterest foes of his old friends. The Mr. Haskell, of whom I have spoken above, is brother of the late president of the Burlington College, Vt.[3] He has

1. In 1821 the theological school under Protestant Episcopal auspices at Fairfield, was transferred to Geneva. A full charter under the title "Geneva College" was granted by the State, Feb. 8, 1825. In 1852 the corporate title became Hobart Free College, modified in 1860 to Hobart College, the present style.

2. Col. James Bogert established the *Expositor* at Geneva in 1806, renamed it the *Gazette* in 1809, and continued its publication until 1833, when it passed into other hands. Originally a Federalist, at the time of the War of 1812 Mr. Bogert became a Democrat. He was on the frontier in 1812, with a captain's commission, and was afterwards commissioned colonel.

3. The University of Vermont, at Burlington. The "late president" referred to was the Rev. Daniel Haskell, third president of the institution (1821-'24) which he was doing much to build up, when fire in 1824 destroyed the college building and library. The calamity unsettled his reason, but after some years his health improved, and he engaged in authorship and lecturing, dying in Brooklyn Aug. 9, 1848.

been deranged several years, and is now here. His derangement is of a very extraordinary character. He believes that the world and everything around him, is unreal and unsubstantial. He supposes that he has passed into another state of existence, and is not living in this world. And yet, when he speaks of former events, he dates them as having occurred *"when I lived in this world."* His wife lately made a visit to him here, with his children. But he would not have any intercourse with them; and only believed them to be very excellent representatives of those who were his wife and children, when he was in this world. He draws maps, and applies himself to the mechanic arts, and manufactures many articles—believing that all is delusion, and that every thing is unreal!

We left Geneva at twilight, and had an evening ride to Auburn. The moon being but just past her full, the evening clear and weather mild, we had a charming time of it. We had a very good view of the village of Waterloo, the shire town of Seneca county, founded in 1815, by the valuable and eminent friend Elisha Williams, Esq., of Columbia County, and now grown to a large and handsome town. It is said that Mr. W. is about to leave the bar, of which he has so long been one of its most brilliant and eloquent members, and settle down for the evening of his life in this his favorite spot.

We had also a tolerable view of the thriving manufacturing village at the Seneca Falls, and nothing could be more charming than the moonlit waters of the Cayuga lake, which we crossed at a rapid rate upon a bridge of more than a mile in length—the longest in the United States. We arrived at Auburn late, and retired to rest much fatigued.

Thursday, Oct. 15. On coming down to the breakfast table was greeted by Mr. Dwyer, formerly of the Theater Royal, Drury Lane, now on a tour giving recitations and lectures on elocution. Called upon several friends, and afterwards occupied the morning by a most interesting visit through the State prison, the admirable arrangement and

discipline of which has become so extensively known, and elicited so much applause. Our visit was rendered agreeable by the polite attention of the keeper, Gersham Powers, Esq., and the chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Smith. Among the convicts, I recognized a man, once a gentleman, and an editor, now an inmate for a second time. A lawyer was also pointed out to me, and also one who had once been an eminent mathematician. After going around the workshops, we saw them called off to dinner, to the number of 600, and marched in squads, with the lock-step—the heavy tread of which yet sounds in my ears. It was a most painful and humiliating spectacle—yet a necessary one. After dinner we rode over to Skaneateles, and had a pleasant call from our friends the Burnets.

Friday, Oct. 16. The weather yet continuing mild and pleasant, a morning visit to Lieut. and now acting Governor Throop[1] at his seat on the Owasco lake—a distance of eight miles. The elder Mr. Burnett and lady, Mr. B. Burnett, of London, Mr. Pearsons, of London, Mr. Charles Burnett, and Mrs. S. and myself made up the party. We found the Governor and his lady at home, engaged in their domestic duties, and enjoyed an agreeable visit of above two hours. The Owasco lake is not quite so large, but equally as beautiful as the Skaneateles; but as no great road runs along its borders, it is less spoken of than its neighboring fountain. Gov. Throop's situation is a delightful retreat, upon the margin of this lake. His apple orchards abounds with that fruit in great profusion, variety, and perfection. Returned to Skaneateles, and dined with the Burnetts—took a twilight sail upon the lake and went to hear Mr. Dwyer's recitations in the evening.

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1. Enos Thompson Throop. It was before him as circuit judge, in 1827, that the alleged kidnappers of William Morgan were brought for trial. In 1828 Judge Throop was elected Lieutenant Governor of New York, Martin Van Buren being elected Governor; the latter being appointed Secretary of State, Judge Throop became acting Governor, and at the next election was made Governor, serving one term (1831-33). He subsequently was naval officer at the Port of New York—a Jackson appointment—and when Van Buren became President was made Charge d'Affaires to the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. He died at Auburn, Nov. 1, 1874.

Saturday, Oct. 17. Left Skaneateles at 5 in the morning for Utica, in the mail coach. In turning our backs upon Auburn, we also turned them upon the level region of the West; and the ride was a very hilly one to Vernon. It had been our intention to stop for the Sabbath at Chittenango; but on arriving there, we learned that our friends were absent; and we were so little pleased with the place, that Mrs. S. preferred proceeding onwards. In passing through the Oneida reservation, we found but a few Indians, the greater portion of this tribe having emigrated to the western shores of Lake Michigan. It was late when we arrived at Utica. The principal villages through which we passed to-day, and which have not before been noticed, were Manlius, Chittenango, Vernon, and Manchester, on the Oriskany creek. The two former need not be mentioned to be praised; the third is a snug little busy-looking town; and the fourth we could not see because the sun had gathered up his rays and departed, and the moon was lingering behind the eastern hills.

Sunday, Oct. 18. A wet drizzling morning. As I feared, the length of yesterday's ride has quite done Susannah up, and she is compelled to keep her room. I attended church morning and evening, and heard two excellent sermons, from the Rev. Mr. Aiken.[1] The last was from the Apostle James—"The fervent, effectual prayer of a righteous man, availeth much." And it was incomparably the best sermon upon that subject which I ever heard. It is subject of regret to us, that our most intimate friends whom we expected to meet here, are all absent.

Monday, Oct. 19. Rose early, having a second time travelled myself out of money, and it being of course necessary for me to "raise the wind" before I could proceed on my journey. Succeeded in obtaining cash for a draft, very readily, and felt relieved; for, unpleasant as empty pockets are at any time, it is particularly disagreeable to have "pockets to let," when on a journey, and among strangers,

1. Rev. Samuel C. Aiken, whose ministry in Utica, over the First Presbyterian Society, was from 1818 to 1835, when he went to Cleveland, O.

or friends, whose friendship you would much rather not bring to the test by a direct appeal upon such a subject.

Immediately after breakfast, we resumed our homeward journey in a canal packet-boat, which we soon found to be uncomfortably filled with passengers. Beautiful as we had found much of the country, over which we now passed, none was more so than the delightful vale of the Mohawk through which we now commenced winding our way upon the bosom of the canal. Soon after leaving Utica, or rather immediately after leaving it, that most luxuriant and delightful little section of New York, known as the German Flatts, opens upon the river, bounded on all sides by hills of gentle elevation, most of which are well cultivated, and enriched, like Egypt from the Nile, by the periodical overflowings of the stream which tranquilly courses its way through its fruitful bosom. After skirting the town of Frankfort, leaving the still richer town of Schuyler on the left, the canal enters the township of German Flatts—so called from the name of the valley which comprises parts of several towns. One of these, upon the north side of the river, is Herkimer, the shire town of the county, the village of which is built upon a stony ridge which rises in the midst of the broad sweep of alluvial bottom, lying northwardly of the Mohawk, and westwardly of the Canada creek, a noble stream which here intersects the former. The rich bottom-lands of the town of German Flatts, are situated south of the Mohawk, and extend from the estuary of the Canada creek to the Little Falls, seven miles. The canal runs through the midst of this beautiful tract of country. Directly east of the before-mentioned creek, north of the river, a high point of land runs down almost to the junction of the two streams, from which a charming view is had of nearly the whole valley. It is all in a high state of cultivation, and when clothed in the splendid and grateful attire of vegetation—"the spreading woodlands," on the hills and "the garniture of fields" below—I think it decidedly the most beautiful landscape of its size I ever beheld. The views of the valley of the Connecticut river, from Talcott Mountain, near Hartford, and from Mount

Holyoke, are very fine, and considerably more extensive. But Herkimer and its environs rival them in all respects. This delightful region was settled at a very early day in our American history, chiefly by the Germans—and the German population yet predominates, and that language is yet generally spoken. The Mohawk Indians once inhabited this garden, and it has been the scene of several battles, both in the American Revolution, and in previous wars. There is yet an ancient stone church in German Flatts, which served as a refuge and a fort during some part of the revolutionary war. It has been repaired within a few years; but twenty years ago, I have seen and examined many marks of British violence, perpetrated by cannon balls. About a mile southwest of the church, upon a pine plain, the trees yet bear many marks of the shot by which they were struck, and in some instances shattered. Several settlements have been massacred in former times, by the Indians, in this valley, and there was an instance of desperate heroism by a female, which occurred at Shell's bush, 4 miles north of the river, which deserves to be recorded, but the particulars of which I do not distinctly recollect. Col. Guy Johnson, I believe, or one of the Butlers associated with Brandt [Brant], was killed in the valley of the Canada creek, soon after the massacre of Cherry Valley.[1]

Upon the village of Herkimer, I gazed to-day with much interest, as we passed it upon the opposite shore of the river. It was in this romantic spot, that I commenced my political life as an editor—having taken charge of the Herkimer *American* in February, 1811—nearly 19 years ago. Formerly, it was a place of much business and much good society, it having been the ancient seat of justice for the sparse settlements of the great West, before other western counties were set off. Now, however, it has sunk down to a poor, dull, third-rate village. Still, however, many of the most interesting and lively associations of my early life, are associated with this place, and it was with

1. The allusion is to Walter N. Butler, who was killed by an Oneida Indian, Oct. 24, 1781, on the West Canada creek, some fifteen miles above Herkimer, at a point still called Johnson's Ford. Maj. John Butler died at Niagara in 1796, and Col. Guy Johnson died in London, March 5, 1788.

much regret that I now found myself unable to make it a visit, as I had purposed to do.

Dinner over, we arrived at the Little Falls of the Mohawk—the village bearing that name being built chiefly of stone and situated upon the north side of the river, directly in the gorge of the mountains between which the river rushes down to another steppe of this charming valley. This is one of the wildest and most romantic places with which I am acquainted. The rapids of the river, the descent of which is probably eighty or one hundred feet in the course of half a mile, furnish water pressure for mills and manufactories to any extent. And this is the only reason that could have induced the founding of a village upon such an inhospitable spot, for the whole area of the town consists of solid rock. The houses, many of which are large, and several of which are elegant, are built from the stone excavated in digging the cellars; and earth is brought from a distance for the gardens. The rocks in the bed of the river are rough and of a very unequal surface, over and among which the water dashes with much violence. For the distance of half or three quarters of a mile below the village, the mountains approach so near as to form but a narrow pass, and rocks piled on rocks, hang fearfully from above, many of them standing out in bold relief, with even surfaces, like so many battlements and towers of rocks hewn out and raised by the labor of giants. On the north side of the river, the turnpike threads its way among the rocks and glens; while on the southern brink of the tumbling stream, the channel of the canal has been cut with prodigious labor; and a succession of locks brings this artificial river down to the level of that which was made to feed it. Geologists opine that the vale of German Flatts was once a lake, which in some great convulsions of nature, burst through this rocky barrier, creating in "the wreck of matter" a scene of wild magnificence and grandeur, unsurpassed by any combination of rocks and woods and floods this [side of the] river of the Great Father of Cataracts.

From the Little Falls to Schenectady, the country continues equally pleasing, with an agreeable variety of hill

and dale upon either side, but as night shut in upon us before we had advanced many miles farther, nothing particular of a descriptive character occurs for entering upon this hasty diary. The day had not been very pleasant, and before night it commenced raining. I performed a heavy job of reading, by perusing a large volume presented me by my friend Bishop Burnet, giving an account of his travels from 1820 to 1825, at the Cape of Good Hope, with Lord Charles Somerset, and the subordinate officers in the Government of that Colony. Mr. B. seems to have been the victim of persecution, in some respects; but he probably acted hastily, and impetuously, in some instances; and he has very clearly shown Lord Charles' government to have been as corrupt and rotten—*as that of Gen. Jackson!*

I have already intimated that our boat was much crowded and to speak the truth, the majority of the company was not the most select in the world. Every berth and settee, and all the space upon the floor, was occupied before 10 o'clock, with horizontal exhibitions of the human frame divine; and a squalling child in the lady's cabin, and a bull-necked snoring man in the other, kept up such a duet between the lungs of the child and the nose of the monster, that refreshing sleep was banished from the eyes of all others. It was a sad night for all—especially the ladies.

N. B. Little children, and people who snore, have no business on board of a packet-boat.

Tuesday morning, Oct. 20. Arrived at Schenectady at 5 o'clock. Went ashore and breakfasted in this Dutchified city, at half past 7. Took a carriage, and started for Saratoga Springs—calling at the college by the way, upon Mr. Prof. Jocelyn, and Mrs. Yates (a bride), late Miss Henrietta Cobb, an intimate friend of the young ladies of Mrs. S's family. The weather from mild and genial temperature of the Indian Summer, suddenly changed this morning, and a cutting northwest wind rendered our ride to Saratoga Springs chilly and rather unpleasant. We arrived just in season for dinner and found our father's (Wayland's) dear family all well, and our welcome was most cordial.

COL. WILLIAM L. STONE'S

VISIT TO NIAGARA IN 1829

THE FATE OF THE SCHOONER SUPERIOR—EXPLOITS OF SAM PATCH—A NOTABLE EPISODE

In the memoir of Col. William L. Stone, printed with the "Life and Times of Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, or Red Jacket," it is stated that on his return to New York from the tour to which the foregoing journal relates, Mr. Stone published a series of articles "which confirmed more strongly than ever in the public mind, the forecast and wisdom of the originators and executors of the Grand Erie Canal." Careful examination of the files of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, with which Mr. Stone was connected, fails to find any articles dealing particularly with the canal. Of the letters signed "Hiram Doolittle, Jr.," which he sent to his paper during the trip, two are reprinted in the "Red Jacket," with some short extracts from the journal. The letter referred to in the journal (see p. 247), and which apparently has not been reprinted, is as follows:

DIVERSIONS AT NIAGARA FALLS IN 1829.

PAVILION, NIAGARA FALLS, Oct. 8, 1829.

You will have seen by the frontier newspapers on both sides of the border, if not by the numerous handbills scattered in all directions, that "several gentlemen," not the least interested, and in the most liberal manner possible, "lately associated for the purpose of giving *a treat* to the ladies and gentlemen of the United States, and of the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada." This "treat" was not to consist of *eatables*, or *drinkables*, unless they were paid for extra, but was intended as a mental "treat," for the mind's eye.

The design was to embellish a very tame spot in the map, formerly an object of some interest to the curious, and the lovers of the sublime and beautiful, known as the cataract of Niagara. It is called a cataract, because the waters of Erie, Michigan, Huron, Superior, the Lake of the Woods[1] and a few other small ponds out here, trickle over a ledge of rocks just below Mr. Forsyth's piazza, and *drop* down after a while into Lake Ontario. Charlevoix, Chateaubriand, President Dwight and several other humbugs have made a wonderful ado about these falls; but it was left for an intelligent gentleman by the name of Capt. Basil Hall, an Admiral, I believe, in the Hungarian Navy, whom, I am told, you have recently been poking fun at, to undeceive the world and tell them exactly what sort of a place it is. Capt. Hall had travelled all over the universe, and had seen the two falls of Bonaparte, the falls of Tivoli, Kinderhook and Melsingah, and who so well qualified as he to give an opinion?

Well: having been here a week, as you will see by his book, after ranging over the wide world for a simile, he could find nothing in the storehouse of universal Nature whereunto befittingly to liken the noise of this cascade, but the rumbling of a big grist-mill! Now, as I have remarked above, it was for the purpose of ornamenting and beautifying the water-works of Capt. Hall's grist-mill, that the benevolent gentlemen referred to, resolved upon serving up this great entertainment, for the mutual benefit of the loving subjects of George the Fourth and Andrew the First. But do not suppose, good Messrs. Editors, because I happen to be here just at this time, that I came from an idle curiosity to see the exhibition. Like a good many other gentlemen from the provinces on both sides of the Niagara rivulet, I was called here upon pressing business; and being here, I must either shut my eyes, or see the show.

The arrangements contemplated the blowing up of a large projecting rock, near the Indian Ladder, at half past 12 o'clock on Tuesday the 6th; the blowing off, of a part of Mrs. Dawson's island, on the margin of the British falls, 1 o'clock; and the bursting of the outer Terrapin Rock, at half past 1 o'clock, on the margin of the American Falls, near the termination of the bridge, which projects out to the verge of the precipice, from Goat Island, towards the Canadian shore. It was originally intended to have made a still greater blast, by throwing off near a quarter of an acre of the surface of Table Rock, immediately below where the large fragment fell some two years since. There is a fissure of 60 or 70 feet long,

1. The Lake of the Woods finds outlet in another direction, as the writer no doubt knew. The facetious vein of his letter must be kept in mind by the reader.

by more than 100 deep, which seems now almost to separate this immense block from the mighty rampart o'er which it fearfully impends. And to tell the truth, from the rapid disintegration of the shale at its base, it already hangs but insecurely, and threatens, ere long, to tumble into the abyss by its own specific gravity. And it is feared that some rash and inexperienced young travellers may be standing upon its summit at the time of its separation, unless it should chance to fall in the night, as others have fallen before it. Under these circumstances, Mr. Forsyth had determined to shake off this crag, by an artificial earthquake, on the 6th. But the Colonial Government heard of the project; and Sir John Colborne, fearing perhaps that the whole cataract would be blown up, and the upper lakes let out to drown his beautiful capital of York, leaving the Welland canal high and dry, issued an order at once to prevent the explosion and avert the dire catastrophe.

However, the other gunpowder attractions, added to the intended descent over the Horseshoe Falls of the schooner Superior, to all of which was to be appended the jumping of the illustrious Mr. Samuel Patch of New Jersey, and the exhibitions of a forlorn corps of equestrians, and a ragged company of strolling players, it was supposed would be sufficient "to call the folks together," as the old Yankee song has it.

As the day approached, handbills were issued from time to time, to keep the gentle public on the tip-toe of expectation. The last of these winged messengers appeared on the evening of Monday. announcing the arrival at Whitney's, on General Jackson's side of the water, of the Mighty Jumper. For several days before this event, however, numbers of gentlemen began to cluster together in this region, all brought hither, like myself, on "special business," but who thought that they might as well, now that they were here, stay and see the show. But not until Tuesday morning did the universal suffrage subjects of both nations pour forth and line the borders in countless numbers—not as in days of yore, with eyes flashing with fiery indignation at each other, but with feelings of mutual friendship and curiosity.

Booths were erected on both sides, with flags streaming, bearing mottoes as full of liberty and patriotism on one side as on the other —just as though King George's subjects were as free as Gen. Jackson's. As the lazy hours for serving up "the treat" drew on curiosity rapidly increased; and many were the spy-glasses pointed towards the brave fellows, who like insects seemed to hang upon the beetling cliffs which they were charging with villainous salt-petre. But few of the crowd, if any, as it is supposed, were foolish enough to lose

their time by gaping and gazing at the falls themselves. These they could see at any time; and all that they cared about them now, arose from the fear that the confounded roaring they made, would prevent the hearing of the gunpowder.

However, the time arrived—the explosions took place, and the rocks went off—to the infinite delight of the multitude. I know not whereunto to liken the sublime effects of these displays, being as much at a loss for a simile as Capt. Hall was in describing the falls themselves. But I'll try. Imagine, then, a volley of popguns interfering with the thunder of Jupiter; or, that when the giants had done piling Pelion upon Ossa, some of Gulliver's Liliputians had been seated upon the loftiest cliffs firing off pocket pistols, and dropping pebbles into the valley below. Suppose also that while with an eye keenly susceptible of the grand and glorious, you were gazing with wonder and admiration upon the huge volumes of vapor which roll majestically upwards from the cnasm of this cataract, curling and wreathing in every beautiful and fantastic form that a poetical fancy can imagine, you should discover with a glass half a dozen German smokers puffing the vapors of their tobacco-pipes into the ascending pillowy masses of mist! For this part of the exhibition, these are the most apposite comparisons I can give you. But the good people, the sovereigns of our country, and the subjects of the other, were marvellously delighted.

The next treat was to be the descent of the schooner, at 3 o'clock. Punctually to the hour, she was towed to the foot of Grand Island, and left to her own guidance, a few degrees north, northwest of the celebrated city of Ararat, founded by a great rabbi of ancient times, but the numerous spires and turrets and the frowning castles of which I could not see, on account of the dense and beautiful forests with which the suburbs of the city are ornamented. This was truly a beautiful spectacle. At first the Superior looked like a little dark spot upon the water, increasing in size as it was borne down the current. The waters above the rapids were as smooth as a sea of glass, and the sun shone upon them as upon the surface of a polished mirror. How deceitful the calm! And here I might moralize, if I had time. It was intended that the schooner should be swept down the main channel near the Canadian shore. Her velocity became quicker as she glided gracefully onward, running like a youth in the smooth sea of pleasure, to swift and certain destruction. By and by, her masts were discernible; and then the streaks upon her sides. And now she approached the rapids. It was a moment of breathless interest. Now she plunged into the breakers, and with a loud crash away went both masts in an instant. Now she was

lost in the surf; and now again she rose proudly upon the surge, and though dismasted, plunged gallantly among the successive breakers, like a noble war-steed in battle. But her struggle was short. She had entered the rapids at too great a distance from the shore; and wheeling round in an eddy, broadside to the current, she struck upon a flat rock, about midway between Goat Island and the shore, where she now lies, the hull entire, bidding defiance to the impetuous torrent which comes dashing against and rushing by her.

Thus ended the aquatic amusements of the day; for the Americans, who had promised to illuminate the falls, by a beacon, which was to float down from Judge Porter's bridge, failed of the engagement, probably fearing that it would set the river on fire, and thus give cause of war with his British Majesty; though we ought clearly to have the right of burning up our half of the river, if we have a mind to do it. The preparations of Mr. Sam Patch to jump, were, moreover, incomplete, and the people on both sides went home heavy and displeased. Indeed, they began to think it was all a hoax, the moment the schooner refused to travel any farther down the falls. On the Canadian side, however, his Majesty's colored and Killarney subjects added to the divertisement of the evening by sundry displays of pugilism, which were enacted to the life. Whether the sovereigns, on our side, did any damage to each other's knowledge-boxes, I have not heard. Thus closed the memorable 6th of October, 1829, on the Niagara frontier—with a promise which nobody believed would be performed, that Mr. Samuel Patch, Gent., should leap the cataract on the day following, at 12 o'clock precisely.

Yesterday morning came, and with it a succession of heavy showers. But Sam was determined to have his jump. His reputation was at stake. True, the people were gone; but Sam was to jump for glory, not for filthy lucre. It was arranged that he should leap from a ladder, erected at the foot of the precipice below Goat Island, midway between the British and American falls. A boat was to be manned, to ride among the whirlpools, and pick him up, i. e., if he did not go off subterraneously, after the manner of poor Morgan. At about 11 o'clock the ladder, 125 feet in length, was completed, and half erected, when down it came by the parting of a chain, with a crash which broke off fifteen feet of its length. This was a damper—to say nothing of the rain. Mr. Patch wept. This is no joke. Mr. Patch was visibly and very sensibly affected, insomuch that the big tears did roll down his manly cheeks in pearly drops. Indeed it must be conceded that Mr. Patch carried himself

well throughout. I have somewhere read of a sentimental tailor, whose perceptions of the sublime were almost equal to those of Capt. Hall; and who, after the first emotions on beholding these stupendous falls were over, broke silence by the eloquent and memorable exclamation—"Oh, what a fine place to sponge a coat!"[1] In like manner did Mr. Patch, after a solemn pause when he first beheld this tremendous cataract, exclaim in an ecstacy of delight: "What a darned fine place to jump!" But I am digressing.

The friends of Sam—and he was the lion of the day—declared he should not be disappointed; and if he would jump, he should. The hour was changed from 12 to 4; and the ladder was mended, and erected before the appointed time. At 4 o'clock, precisely, he was there; and both shores were sprinkled with people, while the trees and cliffs of Goat Island bore respectable testimony to the public curiosity. It now came on to rain furiously, and Sam, who is more of a wag than most people take him to be, concluded that it was not prudent to jump in the rain, lest he should get wet. But with the most good-humored patience the audience endured the peltings of the pitiless storm for an hour, until they were all as wet as so many drowned rats.

It now broke partially away, and Sam crawled out from a cleft in the rock, dressed in white, and quickly ascended the ladder, amidst cheers so loud that they would have been heard far abroad, had it not been for the roaring of the turbulent Niagara. At length he reached the pinnacle, where he sat for a moment like a seagull upon the corner of a cloud. Now he stretched himself to his full length, bowed as gracefully as he could to the gentlemen, kissed his hand to the softer sex, and made his fearful leap.

"What a fall was that, my countrymen." He sank down genteely, and disappeared in the whirling cauldron, which closed upon and boiled over him. "He has made an everlasting leap," said an old man, wiping away a tear. "I wonder if he was told to look for the bones of Morgan," inquired a little old man who looked as though he wanted to go to the Assembly. And some said one thing and some another. But Sam heard none of them—he being "full

1. An allusion to a Niagara Falls classic, the origin of which is lost in antiquity, but which occurs in the old "Table Rock Albums" in the following form:

"To view Niagara Falls one day,
A parson and a tailor took their way.
The parson cried, whilst wrapped in wonder,
And listening to the cataract's thunder,
'Lord, how Thy works amaze our eyes,
And fill our hearts with vast surprise!'
The tailor merely made this note:
'Lord! what a place to sponge a coat!' "

five fathom deep, down below." It was indeed a wonderful, a prodigious jump, such as mortal man had never made before; and the fishes must have stared some, I reckon, when he popped in so suddenly upon their unvisited kingdom—a province which even Neptune himself, nor any of his tritons, had ever yet dared to visit.

It was now time to look about for the new messenger to the deep; and the boat plied briskly round the eddy, to seize him by the crown as soon as he should rise to the surface. But Sam didn't choose to favor them with his custom, as he continued to scull himself ashore unperceived by anybody, and the next that was seen of him he was discovered clambering up the rocks like a soaked muskrat! He was received with hearty cheers, and the people all scampered home to dry their clothes and talk grandiloquently of the hero of the day. At our house, it was voted *nem. con.* that *Sam Patch* is but a scurvy name for the hero who was the first to leap the cascade and lave in the basin of the Niagara, and that henceforward he shall be known by the more appropriate cognomen of SAMUEL O'CATARACT, ESQ.[1]

N. B.—There is to be a hanging at Niagara next Tuesday week; and Mr. O'Cataract is to jump the day afterwards from an elevation of 200 feet.

I am, gentlemen, yours, etc.,

HIRAM DOOLITTLE, JR.

P. S.—No accident of moment, save the breaking of the ladder, occurred during all these transactions, except the sinking of a steamboat. It was the Pioneer. She came down from Buffalo to Chippewa with passengers; so did the Henry Clay. In returning up the river, it is said the Pioneer attempted a race with the other boat; but struck a snag near Black Rock harbor, and went down. Being a Jackson man, I don't like this *sign* at all. I fear that it is the sign of an omen, or the fore-end of a runner, I don't know which. It is plaguey hard that Henry Clay should always run ahead thus. However, the Pioneer has been got up today. Good-bye.

H. D., JR.

Following Sam Patch's exhibition which Col. Stone describes, the famous jumper issued the following Proclamation:

TO THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF WESTERN NEW YORK AND UPPER CANADA:

All I have to say is, that I arrived at the Falls too late to give you a specimen of jumping qualities, on the 6th inst., but on

1. As early as 1818 John Neal had published his "Battle of Niagara" under the pen-name of *Jehu O'Cataract.*

Wednesday I thought I would venture a small leap, which I accordingly made of 80 feet, merely to convince those that remained to see me, that I was the true Sam Patch, and to show that some things could be done as well as others; which was denied before I made the jump.

Having been thus disappointed, the owners of Goat Island have generously granted me the use of it for nothing; so that I may have a chance, from an equally-generous public, to obtain some remuneration for my long journey hitherto, as well as affording me an opportunity of supporting the reputation I have gained by aeronautical feats, never before attempted either in the old or new world.

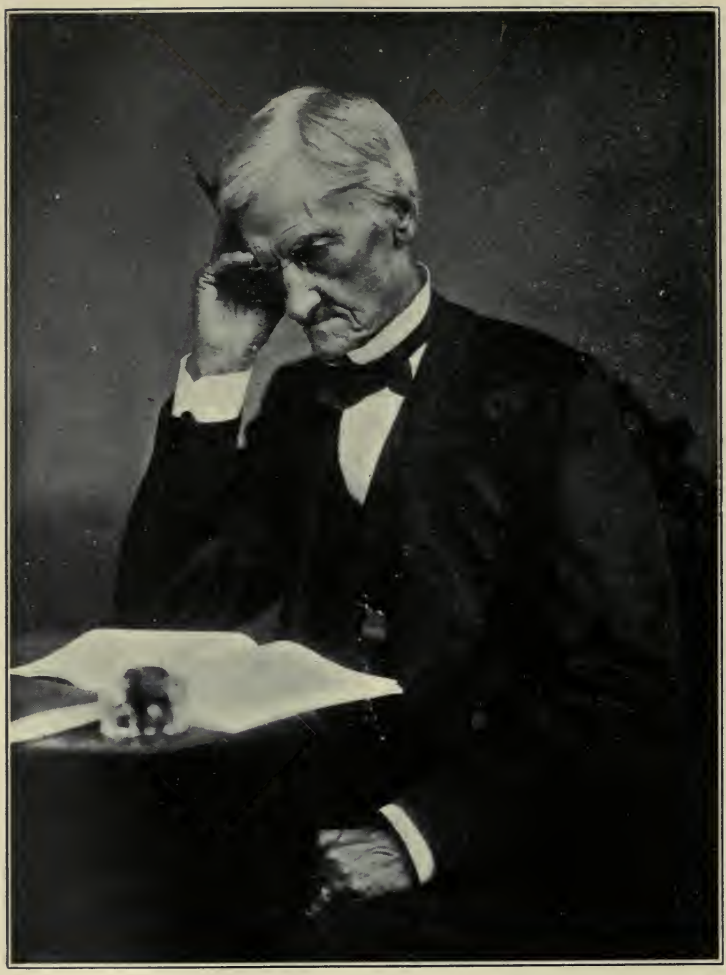
I shall, ladies and gentlemen, on Saturday next, the 17th inst., precisely at 3 o'clock p. m., leap at the falls of Niagara, from a height of 120 to 130 feet, being 40 to 50 feet higher than I leapt before, into the eddy below. On my way down from Buffalo, on the morning of that day, in the steamboat Niagara, I shall, for the amusement of the ladies, doff my coat and spring from the mast-head into the Niagara river.

SAM PATCH *of Passaic Falls, N. J.*

This drew out the following challenge, which was printed in the papers of the day:

SAM. PATCH, who has immortalized himself by his leaps at Passaic Falls, N. J., from sloops' mast-heads at New York, and more recently at Niagara Falls, may now oppose his skill to that of W. P. Moore, who is willing to jump with him any distance, from 60 to 170 feet, for a small pecuniary consideration. He will "doff his coat" and follow Sam Patch from the Niagara steamboat into the river. W. P. MOORE.

On Oct. 17th Patch carried out his programme. To make his jump from the steamboat "for the amusement of the ladies," "the foreyard was raised about 50 feet from the water," and the hero jumped from it and regained the boat without harm. Nothing further is heard of Moore. Patch's last jump below the falls has been noted (p. 248, *note*). He made his first jump at Rochester, Friday, Nov. 6th, and his last jump—to his death—on Friday, Nov. 13th. A long "Monody on the Death of Sam Patch," 171 lines of verse, in the New York *Commercial Advertiser* of Dec. 2, 1829, was probably written by Col. Stone.



HON. GEORGE W. CLINTON.

From a Portrait Owned by the Buffalo Historical Society.

JOURNAL

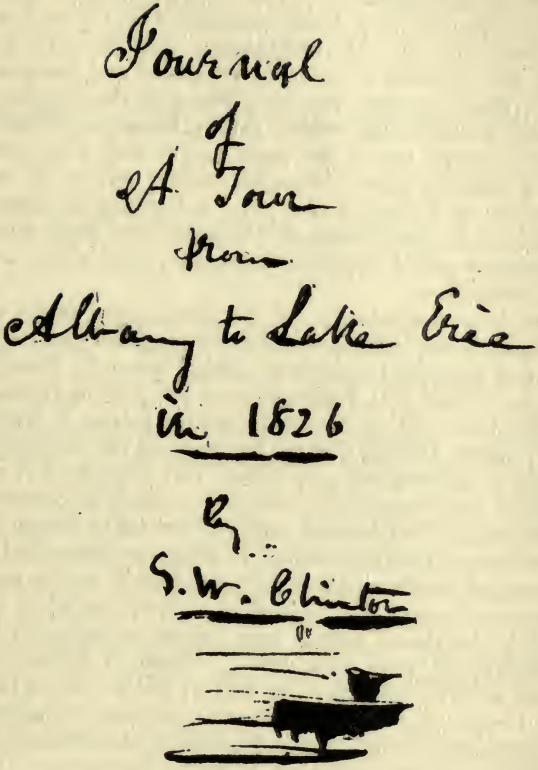
OF A TOUR FROM

ALBANY TO LAKE ERIE

BY THE ERIE CANAL

IN 1826.

By GEORGE W. CLINTON.



FACSIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE OF CLINTON'S JOURNAL, 1826.

NOTE ON THE CLINTON JOURNAL

The Journal of George W. Clinton, in the following pages, is now first printed from the original manuscript, courteously placed at our use by the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences, which owns it. It tells the story of a school excursion across New York State by the Erie canal, in 1826. Although it says but little about the canal, it has its value in recalling conditions and features of the time. In the party were men who shared in the founding of the Rensselaer School—long famous as the Rensselaer Polytechnic—and several youths who in this same year of 1826 were members of its first graduating class. It touches various matters of some historic interest in Western New York: the naming of Gasport; the entertainment by Gen. Porter at his mansion at Black Rock; and the association with Constantine Rafinesque, most ardent and unreliable of naturalists.

As to the author himself, and the distinguished family to which he belonged, it may suffice here to refer the reader to the comprehensive and appreciative sketch of Judge Clinton, by David F. Day, printed in Volume IV., Publications of the Buffalo Historical Society. We may recall in this connection the journal in which Judge Clinton's father, DeWitt Clinton, has recorded the incidents and observations of his own tour across New York State in 1810, as one of the commission charged with reporting on the best location for the proposed canal. This journal, published in 1849 in Campbell's "Life and Writings of DeWitt Clinton," is unique and unrivalled in value as a record of conditions along the canal route a century ago. Here we learn, for instance, that in Buffalo in 1810, "the whole village is supplied by hogsheads from a great spring, as tea water was formerly distributed from New York." Again of Buffalo (Aug. 5, 1810), he wrote: "There are five lawyers and no church in this village"! It was this tour of 1810, beyond question, that gave DeWitt Clinton that minute and accurate knowledge of conditions that later contributed to his rare efficiency as canal commissioner. The same habits of inquiry, and an even greater love of nature, characterize the journal of his son. It should be added that, in printing, the peculiarities of the author's style have been adhered to. He was 19 years old when the tour was made. The botanical nomenclature is that of Eaton, now much modified, but readily understood by any one familiar with our native flora.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR

FROM

ALBANY TO LAKE ERIE IN 1826

By GEORGE W. CLINTON.

Some time in April, 1826, Dr. James Eights informed me that Dr. Eaton,[1] with some of his scholars, intended to make a tour from Troy to Niagara for the purpose of collecting specimens in natural history, and that he was empowered to give invitations to whom he pleased—and gave me to understand that if I chose I might accompany them. I likewise understood from him that Professors Cleaveland, Dewey and Silliman[2] might be expected. Being highly desirous of obtaining a practical knowledge of the natural sciences, I could not possibly be otherwise than delighted with this suggestion, especially as I was thus to be brought in contact with men so celebrated for their attainments.

Upon more minute inquiry I found that they intended to charter a canal-boat, so that they might not be subject to the caprice of those whom the interests of science did not affect. This plan was preferable to almost any other that

1. Amos Eaton, botanist and geologist, senior professor of the Rensselaer school, and author of a "Geological and Agricultural Survey of the District adjoining the Erie canal," Albany, 1824. He died at Troy, May 6, 1842.

2. Parker Cleaveland of Bowdoin, eminent mineralogist; Chester Dewey of Williams; and Benjamin Silliman, "the Nestor of American Science," who at this time was editing the *American Journal of Science and Arts* which he had founded in 1818.

could have been adopted, on account of its permitting us to carry a larger quantity of clothing than would otherwise have been possible consistently with the objects of the expedition, and leaving us at liberty to examine at our leisure any objects worthy of attention.

On the evening of the 27th, Mr. Eaton being in town, I called upon him; from that interview (which, however, was very short) I consider him as a man of strong mind and of great observation. I am told that he is very inquisitive and has an extraordinarily retentive memory. His person is of a middling height; he is very fleshy and apparently incapable of enduring much fatigue. He informed me that the boat would leave Albany on Saturday for Troy and start from thence on Tuesday the 2d May; and that his colleague in the Rensselaer School[1] (Dr. L. C. Beck) would join us before we reached the termination of our journey, which would consume about six weeks. He likewise shewed me a letter from Professor Cleaveland stating his inability to accompany him on account of an attack of the influenza. Professors Silliman and Dewey had likewise declined, the former on account of the precarious state of his health, the latter on account of his business.

Thus the party was reduced to Dr. Eights and myself from Albany, and Dr. Eaton and 16 or 18 of his students. There was a probability, however, of Mr. Joseph Henry of Albany joining the expedition, and also, as before mentioned, of Dr. Beck's overtaking us.

On Saturday the 29th I visited the boat. It is very handsome and convenient, having (judging from appearances) been built for the accommodation of passengers; it is called the La Fayette, and had uncommonly large decks behind and before, and the cabin was roomy. On this day I was informed that Mr. Cassidy had volunteered a barrel of beef and Mr. Fidler a barrel of beer towards the expedition—a most kind and generous action and peculiarly deserving of

1. The Rensselaer School was founded at Troy by Stephen Van Rensselaer, last but one of the patroons, Nov. 5, 1824. It had opened for instruction, Jan. 3, 1825. It became the Rensselaer Institute in 1832, and the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in 1849.

gratitude on account of the hearty good will with which they were tendered.

The boat departed for Troy. My accoutrements are at present as follows: 3 or 4 shirts, 1 pair blue broadcloth pantaloons and 1 summer coat, 1 black and 2 or 3 white cravats, 2 waistcoats, 4 pr. stockings, 1 pr. shoes, 1 pr. boots, 1 pr. stout cowhide laced boots, to which I expect to add a pair of stout corduroy breeches and a gray coatee. My headpiece is of that kind commonly known by the name of a "student's cap." Besides clothing I carry with me a small trunk and a carpet-bag, in the latter of which the greater part of my goods being stuffed will make it a comfortable pillow, while my blue camblet cloak will serve as a bed—the former will contain my hammer and chisel, my few books (Testament, Eaton's Geology, Eaton's Manual of Botany, Bell's anatomy 1st vol., &c.), my press (consisting merely of two very thick cards of pasteboard tied together by tape) for plants, my portfolio containing writing materials, and a trout-line;—so that I can place minerals, &c., there. I likewise have the latest map of the Erie canal done up in a very small compass and which I expect to be useful. Being desirous of having a fowling-piece along for reasons which will readily be imagined, I wrote to a friend of mine in Hamilton College, who had in his keeping a gun of mine, to send it to Utica so that in passing I might take it, and likewise to send there some minerals which he had promised me.

Dr. Eights told me that the expense of the jaunt would not exceed $20. My Father, however, being desirous to avoid even the possibility of my being in want of the root of all evil [1] gave me $30, and free permission to draw upon him for more if that should be exhausted. I had the precaution to get my money entirely in one dollar notes of the Albany Mechanics and Farmers Bank—thus precluding the

1. Not even the exceptional precision of the young Clinton kept him from the error of misquoting this most misquoted of sayings. The reader of course now recalls that it is not money, but "the love of money," which, according to Paul's observation to Timothy, is "the root of all evil." Moral philosophers assure us that there is a difference!

possibility of my being imposed upon by spurious or uncurrent bank notes during my dealings with our western brethren.

Monday, May 1st. At 3 A. M. myself and brother (who was going to Salem to school) left Albany in the stage, having passed the night at a tavern in order that our early departure might not inconvenience the family. The road was good and we arrived in Troy at 5. My bed cost 25, my passage 35. Breakfast 3s. Called at Mr. Eaton's who received me very kindly. His house is 1½ miles from the city. In returning to the town with Dr. L. C. Beck, Emmons & Eights we found *juniperus communis, j. virginiana, j. sativa* (Q.), *Arabis lyrata, Saxifraga virginica.* On our return we stopped at Titus's tavern where we had a long conversation on chemical subjects but elicited no before unknown truths.

Tuesday 2d. Bought a jackknife for 3s. Bill $1. Started across the river at ½ past 12. Travelled very slowly on account of the locks and no. of boats by which they were thronged. I took advantage of this circumstance and walked as far as the Cohoes. During my walk I observed the *Sanguinaria Canadensis* in great abundance on the banks of the river and of the small streams; the *Erythronium dens-canis* in nearly the same situations and on the hillsides; the *fragaria Virginica;* on the low grounds the *equisetum arvense* (female), *Hepatica triloba, anemone thalictroides, carex varia and C. plantaginea, Thlaspi-bursa-pastoris, aronia botryapium.*

I put up at the locks some specimens of glazed slate which at the falls embrace graywacke and metalliferous limestone. It goes under the graywacke about 4 miles beyond the falls and is seen no more.

In the evening we stopped at the first acqueduct where we received a *speech* from Dr. Eaton on the subject of the government of the expedition. He said that it was better on such an expedition to be governed by a fool than to have no government. The laws that he read were characterized by the greatest wisdom, and if adhered to will certainly render

the issue of this expedition favorable. I shall set them down as soon as Mr. E. furnishes me with the means. After some confusion we finally succeeded in arranging ourselves for the night.

Wednesday, 3d. Near our stopping-place near a swamp we found the *viola blanda.* We started at about 7. The banks for some miles were composed of Bagshot sand and marly[1] clay—two strata which have always been found together under which plastic clay resides.

About — miles below Alexander's bridge the grauwacke twists and turns in every possible manner, now being nearly vertical, now horizontal, now gently undulating. In this formation we observed some *ferns* (antennæ?) and I picked up an *orthocerite* and a few quartz crystals. Eights gave me a specimen of the *Unis purpureus,* of the *Helix tridentata* and *H. alternata.* The *Corydalis cucullaria* in flower was likewise brought in.

The *ante-diluvian* formation is always stratified.

Diluvian, irregular, for which we cannot point out a sufficient existing cause.

Post-diluvian, unstratified, for which a sufficient existing cause can be pointed out.

We arrived at Alexander's bridge at ½ past 10, and started from there at ½ past one. Mr. Arms (one of the Rensselaer students) gave us an exposition of the principles of geology before we arrived at Schenectady, where we halted some time. Anchored in the evening between 7 and 8 miles from Schenectady. The rocks on the banks of the canal for all the distance gone today were common grauwacke and its varieties, generally covered with a diluvial formation. I observed the *Leontodon taraxacum* in flower today. In the evening Mr. Arms was appointed assistant *vice* Mr. Henry, who held that office during this day. Mr. Eights was appointed purveyor when our constitution was first read.

We halted for the night 9 miles above Schenectady.

1. Marly clay always effervesces with acids—plastic clay never.—*Note in original MS.*

During the day Mr. Eaton remarked that he could prove that before the deluge America contained fewer animals than Europe. This opinion he supported by the fact that a far less variety of organic remains have been found in our alluvia.

Thursday, 4. We arrived at Flint Hill at about 6 o'clock a. m. Here the calciferous sandstone of Eaton (transition sandstone of Werner) makes its appearance. It lies or is supposed to lie directly upon the gneiss of the Macomb range on which 8 strata are wanting that exist on the Green Mountain range, but, they are at any rate very confused at their junction. Imbedded in this rock are found at this place carb. lime of white, black and some of a red tinge; hornstone passing into semi-opal and chalcedony agate, quartz crystals. On the hill I observed a *trifolium erectum* almost in flower, and picked up the *Helix albolabris.* A small specimen of solid horn-stone of a whitish color containing carbonate of copper was picked up by one of the party.

Before we reached Schoharie Creek a lecture was delivered by Arms on the class *Syngenesia,* having a particular reference to the *Tussilago farfara,* large quantities of which were growing on the banks of the canal. Specimens of the *Caltha palustris* and of the *Claytonia spathulata.*

About 1 mile above Caughnawaga on the canal side we found some petrifactions (among which were two very small *trilobites*) in calciferous slate, which there makes its first appearance. It lies directly above the metalliferous limestone. Professor Eaton expressed some doubts as respects it. A short distance above the metalliferous limestone makes its appearance. At lower Root's Nose gneiss makes its appearance covered by the calciferous sand rock. Here we obtained specimens of that rock and of oxide of iron embedded in it. At upper Root's Nose it is confined to the lower corner. Here we found the *Hepatica triloba* var. *acuta.*

We stopped at Spraker's for the night. I was appointed assistant for the following day.

Friday, 5. In the morning we crossed the Mohawk and examined the calciferous sand rock on that side. We found in it quartz crystals, one or two of which were rounded on part of their sides as if they had undergone fusion; coarse agate, semi-opal hornstone (with carb. copper), ox[ide] iron, coal. On Spraker's side, brown and rhomboidal spars are disseminated. In digging on the opposite side I observed a very strong scent of phosphorus. My hands retained it for some time.

Copy of the laws:

1. Professors Eaton and Beck or either of them are to conduct the expedition, and to have the same authority over every individual of the party, whether student or not, as they had over students of the school during the last term, or by the laws of said school, as passed April 3d, 1826.

2. Assistants may be appointed in the same manner and with the same authority as at the Rensselaer school. A daily assistant shall be appointed daily, who shall, for the time being, cause the morning bells to be rung, control the whole party as it respects order and decorum, and perform the duties hereafter mentioned. The professor or professors present, being the only persons having control over him.

3. The captain shall have uncontrolled authority, as to the method of managing the boat, so far as respects its safety, he alone being responsible for its safety. But in all other respects the captain and all hands employed are to be subject to the orders of the professor or professors; which orders shall be given by themselves or by the daily assistants. Any member of the party may make *requests* to the captain and hands, but no one shall give *orders* excepting professors and daily assistants.

4. No member of the party shall whistle, sing, or make any loud noises or be guilty of any ungentlemanly or uncivil conduct. If boatmen or other persons address any of the party with vulgar or abusive language no reply shall be

made, and no one shall hail or speak to (in a voice above that of common conversation) any person on the canal or near it; but any person wishing to hail a boat or call to a person, may apply to a professor, assistant, or captain, whose duty it shall be to make such call if it be decent and reasonable.

5. Every member of the party shall immediately resort to the cabin whenever the bell is rung, and shall come on board at the sound of the bugle, and put up his bed in order for the hands to pack up at the ringing of the second morning bell.

6. A purveyor and paymaster shall be elected by a majority of the party, to hold his office during the pleasure of the party or until he resigns; but no one shall resign without the consent of a majority of the party in a less time than two days. He shall perform the common duties of steward, but no labour shall be required of him.

7. There shall be no conversation in the cabin above the breath, on the following occasions: From the ringing of the bell for a lecture, or for examination, until the close of the exercise. From the ringing of the bell for writing notes, until the end of the period assigned to that exercise, which period shall be announced by a professor or daily assistant.

8. Every member of the party shall collect and label a complete set of the geological specimens of the canal line, and of such other natural substances as he can conveniently obtain, and shall keep a complete journal of every important occurrence, with a description of every interesting natural or artificial object.

9. Each member shall pay his daily ratio of expenses to the purveyor when called upon.

10. Any member of the party may be expelled and compelled to leave the boat, not to return to it, by a professor, with the consent of half the members of the party, for vulgar or ungentlemanly conduct, for intoxication, or for any other conduct which is calculated to degrade the character of a gentleman or of a scholar.

About ½ mile south of the village of Fort Plain, Town of Minden, we saw the calciferous sandstone overlaid by metalliferous limestone, which last was capped by the calciferous slate. The lower strata of the limestone contained very few or no petrifactions besides *stylastrites*. The upper layers were made up almost entirely of organic remains, among which I distinguished the *madrepore nodosa*.

Near Little Falls the gneiss again made its appearance. It may be considered as of two varieties: 1 containing a large quantity of black minutely laminated hornblende, the other deficient in hornblende and with red feldspar. The latter mineral is sometimes found green. Granite in small veins and sometimes in small beds is found in it. A short distance above the village the calciferous sandrock overlays it again.

Saturday, 6. We started from Little Falls at about 8 o'clock. We stopped for some time about 12 miles above that place. Here we saw the bodies of the *anadonta marginata* swimming on the canal in great abundance. Some had the shell on, but all were perfectly dead. My father mentioned to me that he had seen the same phenomenon. [Small fish were swimming about in considerable numbers and some of them as well as some larger fish (I did not see them myself) were floating dead. One of the larger fish (the only one I saw) was a small sucker, but one of my companions said that he had seen catfish in the same condition. The small fish is a very common one, much resembling the spawn-eater in appearance, but much smaller and his side marked with a dark instead of a silver streak.][1]

Flowers found within the few days past are *Viola cucullata, Xylosteum ciliatum, Thalictrum dioicum, Uvularia lanceolata, Trillium erectum, T. e.* var. *album, Asarum Canadense, Caulophyllum thalictrum, Trillium pictum, Panax trifolia, Acer saccharinum, Aronia botrychium, Viburnum lantanoides, Taxus Canadensis, Arabis rhomboidea, Fragaria Virginica, Viola rostrata, Mitella diphylla, Corydalis formosa, Laurus Benzoin, Panax trifolium, Ribes —?*

1. Matter in brackets has a line drawn across it in the original manuscript.

We stopped for the night about three miles south of Utica.

Sunday, 7th. We arrived in Utica in the morning and attended divine service. In the afternoon we went to Whitesborough.

Monday, 8th. About one mile beyond the village of Oriskany, near the battleground, we procured specimens of the millstone grit from immense boulders scattered around. Some of it contained small fragments of grauwacke slate. We stopped for the night in Lennox. In examining the swamps we found some salamanders and *Helices,* but no new plants. We had a geological lecture in the morning and a botanical one in the afternoon.

Tuesday, 9th. We went up Chittenango Creek and visited the Polytechnic Institution, where we were kindly received and treated kindly by the professors who gave us a dinner. The great "water-lime" locality is about three miles from the village and gypsum abounds in its vicinity. About 50 or 60 rods from the village on a side hill we found the remnants of trees converted into calc. tufa, exhibiting wood, bark and gum as perfectly as their living prototypes, and often embracing snails and leaves. The shells were apparently very recent—one of which was the *Helix albrolabris.* On the timbers of the locks the ——— *Campanulatus* was adhering in great abundance.

We stopped for the night at Manlius Centre. The hills behind it yield large quantities of gypsum embedded in a variety of calciferous slate called *vermicular* slate. This last is by some considered as oölite, the holes being in most cases nearly spherical; but others say it cannot be as the holes are generally empty and in many cases vermiform. Some of those specimens that I saw were filled by gypsum. In the evening a *gold-finder* brought in for inspection a finely powdered mineral of *great weight.* I thought it anhydrite,—Prof. Eaton fluor spar.

Wednesday, 10. In the marl above Salina we obtained some shells, most probably recent. At Nine Mile creek we went ashore and obtained some water lime. The speci-

mens that I got I found on the roots of some trees that had been blown down, as I could find none in place. We stayed in Canton.

Thursday, 11. At Jordan the lock and acqueduct are made of a very coarse grained limestone containing fine terebratulites. The saliferous rock was found in place near this village. At Montezuma we stopped and collected some shells from the marl on the west side of the Seneca river; they appeared to me to differ in naught but size (being much larger) from those procured in a similar situation at Salina. We put up for the night at a lock about six miles beyond Montezuma. During our journey we observed several water-snakes, one of which had a small catfish in his mouth, and although chased about for some time preserved his hold until being knocked on the head by a pole, he sunk.

Friday, 12. As our beds are generally ready to receive us at 10 o'clock, and bed-making commences immediately or at least very soon after our supper (which meal is taken between 6 and 7) we have had recourse to fishing in order to pass away pleasantly this tedious period. The thing once commenced, of course it was not long confined to such narrow limits. Our success has never been sufficient to add to our resources, but has been sufficient, generally speaking, to kill the evening pleasantly. The fish heretofore caught consisted of suckers, dace, and a small fish exactly resembling in everything but size the one called *shiner* by the Albanians. This day I caught a yellow perch. We stopped for the night at Palmyra. During the day we observed large numbers of the *Anadonta marginata* floating on the canal, differing in naught but size (larger) from those before observed.

Saturday, 13. Stopped at Bloss's within 5 miles of Rochester.

Sunday, 14. Remained at Rochester.

Monday, 15. In the morning before breakfast, walked back on the canal about 1 mile to examine some lime rock that had been thrown out of it in excavating. Some cubical

crystals of fluor spar were found, the largest of which was ½ inch. In the afternoon, visited the falls and procured specimens of the saliferous rock, gray band, ferriferous slate, iron rock, ferriferous sandrock, and of the minerals imbedded in the overlying calc. slate, as shell limestone. Is not Mr. Eaton's ferriferous sandstone rather poorly characterized. Some of the layers resembled shell limestone, containing petrifactions, and effervescing strongly with acids; others exactly resembled in external appearance the calciferous sandrock obtained at Nose Hill, and contained the same imbedded minerals, viz., hornstone, chalcedony, semi-opal, and agate. Is he right in considering shell-limestone, vermicular limestone and gypsum as mere beds in calciferous slate? In the secondary limestone in some part of Vermont a large tract is almost entirely made up of fish. This might with equal propriety be termed *pisciferous* limestone and considered as a distinct bed, for the calciferous slate varies so greatly in composition in the same layer that its becoming nearly pure limestone is by no means improbable in the same continuous layer. Will this reasoning hold? Do not gypsum and coal render his opinions almost certain?

In the shell limestone I observed that the shells often crossed each other apparently in the greatest confusion, i. e., one would be cut by another without an alteration of the plane of its position. How can this be accounted for?

In the evening Professor Eaton was seized with a fainting fit brought on probably by fatiguing himself so much during the day. He was delirious for nearly 1 hour, during which time the soundness of his remarks proved that his mind although uncontrollable, was by no means defective in strength. The physicians called in administered repeated doses of sulphate of zinc and ipecacuanha. As soon as their operation had ceased, his reason returned and he is now (10 p. m.) enjoying an apparently sound slumber.

A specimen of the shell limestone that I procured contained in a small geode wavy blende in cubical crystals. In some specimens a reddish tinge is observable which is

produced by the dissemination of minute portions of a mineral which I suppose to be blende. Rocks in meeting seldom meet abruptly, but in most cases pass into each other by almost imperceptible degrees, or at least in some degree mutually communicate to the contiguous strata their most distinguishing characteristics. Thus at this place where the geodiferous limerock and calciferous slate meet, the latter becomes geodiferous. The two rocks which meet the most abruptly in our section are the millstone grit and the graywacke, but even in this case there is something of this kind observable as the former rock contains imbedded fragments of the subcumbent stratum.

Good resolutions are so easily forgotten that we cannot take too numerous precautions to establish them in our memories; hoping therefore that if I should neglect to fulfil the intentions which I shall now record, this page may have the effect of bringing me back into the path of improvement. I here declare that I have been too remiss in taking notes, neglecting to set down many things of importance from sheer laziness, and that I will reform in this particular.

Tuesday, 16th. We started from Rochester at 7 o'clock a. m., I being captain for the day. Mr. E. is much better although still very weak. 2 or 3 miles beyond Rochester the ferriferous sandrock makes its appearance for a short distance in place in the banks of the canal. Mr. E. mentioned a curious formation which existed at Montezuma, viz., after penetrating through the soil above you came to disintegrated rock retaining its correct relative position. He was somewhat in doubt as to a term to comprehend this and all soils formed directly from the rock upon which they recline. I proposed that he should divide all earthy substances into stratified and unstratified, the latter comprehending the diluvian and post-diluvian. This he objected to, not liking to innovate upon a system so well established as that of Conybeare and Buckland. He likewise objected to considering it as belonging to a new class of formations to be called the unalluvial, in opposition to the alluvial, or

to its being simply distinguished as permanent soil, or permanent rock soil. It is evidently distinct from any formation before named, and is well worthy of the attentive study of the geologist, being in reality that branch which has most reference to agriculture.

New fish caught in the canal within the few days past, are the chub, the red fin, and some small Otsego bass.

We stopped for the night at Holley *(Wednesday, 17)*, about 6 miles beyond which we found in a loose mass of saliferous rock on the bank of the canal the *mytilus* (?) in considerable perfection. Within about 1 mile of Oak Orchard Creek myself and Eights found the Mytilus in great perfection in Grey Band which likewise contained fragments of ferriferous slate.

At Oak Orchard Creek we stayed for some time, it being perhaps the best place on the whole route for the examination of the saliferous rock, which here contains an abundance of *stylastrites* (?). A variety picked up by Mr. Henry had the appearance of numerous small members which rose apparently from the torulose ridges. Another found by myself was of nearly an oval form. About 30 rods below the acqueduct is a small fall of about 20 or 30 feet; it would possess but little to interest, however, were it not for the fact that it is entirely formed of a grey sandstone, effervescing very strongly with acids, coarse and rather pulverulent, which Mr. E. considers as a mere bed. We stopped for the night at Middleport.

Thursday, 18. About 6 miles west of our last stopping-place the ferriferous sandrock of Eaton made its appearance in place. On examination the greater part if not the whole was an imperfect limestone embracing shells, and hornstone passing into chalcedony. Mr. E. accounted for this by saying that we are near the meeting of the sandrock and of the calciferous slate. All of this rock that we have heretofore seen has been exactly the same as that in this locality. May it not therefore be considered as a calciferous rock—Mr. Eaton having been deceived by an examination too partial? This would account more readily for the beds

of shell and water limestone embraced in the calciferous slate?

About ½ mile further on in a small basin on the left hand considerable quantities of gas bubbled through the water. It was inodorous and burned with a pale flame. The name of the place is James' port. Although there can be no doubt respecting its being carburetted hydrogen, we collected two decanters full for experiments. Finding upon inquiry that "James Port" was not the name of the place, but had been put up without authority, and that it was destitute of a name, we proposed for it the appellation of "Gas Port," and prevailed on one of the principal inhabitants that it should be adopted. In order to test the gas for sulphuretted hydrogen water was introduced into one of the bottles and violently shaken. No sensible absorption ensued. The water was poured into a glass and ammonia added, but nitrate of silver produced no precipitate in it, so that it may safely be concluded that it is the carburetted hydrogen.

In looking over and comparing the petrifactions mentioned on the 17th, they appeared to Eights and myself to approach the *pinnite* rather than the *mytilite*.

At Lockport the calciferous slate is overlaid by the geodiferous lime rock, a pretty thick bed of shell limestone containing immense quantities of encrinites of a reddish tinge being interposed. Among the various interesting minerals which are found here the sulphate of strontium and anhydrous gypsum are most scarce, $10 having more than once been given for a single specimen owing to the folly of collectors. The persons who excavated this section of the canal did not know how high an imaginary value was attached to these productions of nature until it was more than half completed; consequently many of the best specimens are hidden in the immense piles of stone that line the banks of the canal for more than 3 miles. Petrifactions of gypsum are generally scarce; here the favosite and encrinite abound, their substance being it is said a species of anhydrite. Also the fibrolite of Rafinesque. Almost im-

mediately upon our reëntrance upon the marly clay, magnetic iron sand was found in it. We stayed for the night within 4 miles of Tonnewanta. Some of us fished around and caught about 20 fine catfish.

Friday, 19. We breakfasted at Tonnewanta. It is said that an abundance of fish can be caught by going to the mouth of the creek in a boat and making a noise with the paddles, as in jumping about in all directions some must jump into the boat. After our morning meal some of us started on foot for Niagara falls, the rest intending to come on in a wagon, until they should overtake us; we were then to ride and they to trudge on foot; but finding that there were too many applicants for the privilege of riding to be gratified, I and three others walked the whole distance (11 miles). In the evening we returned to Tonnewanta, part in the wagon and the rest in a stage.

I have now seen the greatest fall (all circumstances considered) in existence, and must confess that it did not make a durable impression on me. I have stood on the point of Goat Island, on Table Rock, and have viewed it from every point. I have hung with my body partly on Table Rock and gazed at the rage and turmoil below, and have felt that nought that I had ever witnessed could so powerfully have affected me. I recollect but little of it, now, and would most probably speak but coldly of its beauties. Such things affect me only when present.

Only two strata are visible at the falls—the calciferous slate and the geodiferous lime-rock. At Devil's Hole, 5 miles below, the rest are visible, in the same order in which they are at Genesee falls. This place we intended to have visited, but want of time prevented it. During the excursion two porcupines *(Histrix dorsata)* were slain. Their quills were not more than 3 or 4 inches in length.

On Goat Island (by some called Iris) we were shown a piece of a grapevine about six feet long, which must have averaged six inches in diameter. The *podophyllum peltatum* was in flower, and vegetation seemed to be far more forward

in the immediate vicinity of Niagara than at points more remote, owing probably to the continual moistness of the atmosphere. They say that they are exempt from the late frosts which are so injurious to the agricultural interests of this section of our country.

The bridge to Iris was constructed under the direction and at the expense of Augustus Porter. Every pier is protected by an eddy or by an immense rock there placed by the hand of nature, a circumstance which was particularly remarked by Red Jacket, and drew from him the exclamation, "The damned Yankees take advantage of everything!"

On the island and on the shore we were shown some of the Lockport specimens which were for sale at the moderate price of $3 apiece—that is, common ones—the better ones sometimes rising much higher (one he asks $25 for) and the worst being rather lower. They were handsome, but any man can procure as good ones for the trouble of detaching them from the rocks at Lockport. On inquiry I found that this rascally attempt to impose upon the public originated as usual from the ignorance and extravagance of our Southern brethren, those pigeons for every knave to pluck. At the foot of the American stairs once was a large block of stone containing considerable sulp. of strontium, but the greediness of collectors has demolished it. I picked up a little coarse agate, snowy gypsum, brown spar, dog-tooth spar and blende.

Saturday, 20. In the morning we had a thunder-storm which prevented our departing until the sun had ascended to some height in the heavens. When we were within about 6 miles of Black Rock, we were accosted by Capt. Ransom, an officer in the division removing from Sackett's Harbor to Green Bay, requesting us to convey himself and family (wife, mother, 3 little girls, 2 boys and a maid servant) as far as Black Rock. We of course complied. The cabin was immediately in a bustle and in less than ½ hour dirty shirts were scarce and disorder resigned the throne he had so long occupied. At Black Rock they left us.

B. R. stands in the corniferous limerock. I was here introduced to Mr. Tracy,[1] a distinguished botanist, formerly of Albany. From him we learned that the rock here often contains large quantities of true water limestone. Major Fraser [2] presented to Mr. Eaton for the Rensselaer school a specimen of the *Menobranchus lateralis* preserved in spirits. He says that a belief here maintains that this animal cannot be injured by fire. It is asserted by Mr. Sill, a very respectable man, that one got off after having been kept for 2 or 3 minutes in a red-hot potash kettle, and other stories of the same kind are in circulation. Mr. F. very politely offered me a sight of his curiosities from the Lakes—an invitation which I shall surely make use of on my return. We spent the night in Buffalo, and on

Sunday the 21st, attended divine service there.

Monday, 22. We engaged a small sloop-built vessel of 10 tons to convey us to Eighteen-mile creek, the fare for the whole party being 20s. We were however disappointed, the captain declaring that on account of the strong head wind it would be impossible to leave the harbor. We then engaged two wagons: The distance to the place of our destination was 16 miles, the first 8 of which passes over the beach and of course is a most abominable road. Five or six of us, tired of waiting for our vehicles, started ahead and accomplished the first half of our journey. Here we found *Floerkea uliginosa.* Here the pyriteous rock makes its appearance and extends as far as we proceeded. It varies, as we found upon examination, considerably in external appearance, being sometimes massive, sometimes slaty, sometimes inodorous, and sometimes so strongly impregnated with iron pyrites and bitumen as to smell strongly. In the latter case it varies from a blue to a dark black, and is perfectly well characterized bituminous shale. It contains embedded nodules of a roundish form, varying from a few inches to 18 in diameter. They in some cases consist of concentric layers enveloping as a nucleus a petri-

1. Cyrus Mason Tracy.
2. Major Donald Fraser of Black Rock.

faction or a rounded pebble; they burn into good lime; in others they are massive, fetid, and containing minute crystals of carb. of lime blackened by bitumen (?) Iron pyrites abound in this rock, and the sulphate is frequently seen efflorescing on the slate. It is said to occur in cubes, and often constitutes the substance of petrifactions, it occurs in beautiful mammillary masses, on the exterior of the blocks—never on the shale. We found a little coal. Petrifactions noticed there, were *encrinites, anomites, terebratulites, mytilites, favosite, cornumadreporite, celleporite, trilobites* and *orthocyritite.* Their substance generally consists of the rock itself, sometimes of carb, of lime, sometimes of *pyrites* and often of a mixture. Anomites are by far the most abundant. The *pyrites* petrifactions were very scarce.

Our quarters were taken at a tavern ½ mile from the mouth of the creek. For want of beds I and another were obliged to lie down before the kitchen fire, where we enjoyed the most refreshing slumber.

Tuesday, 23d. On our return we noticed marly clay jutting out on the beach in several instances. Magnetic iron sand was likewise scattered about, and likewise a reddish-colored sand, which on examination proved to be composed of transparent grains. We went as far as Black Rock this day.

Wednesday, 24th. We examined before breakfast a meeting of the cornetiferous and geodiferous rocks, which takes place a few rods above the village. Between them is interposed a layer of about 8 inches in thickness, consisting of white and dark-colored stripes, sometimes without any order. The dark is lime. The white adheres to the tongue and *may be cacholong,* proceeding from the decomposition of hornstone. This layer is often colored by a greenish substance (carb. of copper?) which likewise sometimes makes its appearance in the cornitiferous limerock above. The rock near their junction is called (and I believe used as) water limestone by the inhabitants. Why should this rock be considered a distinct one? All the specimens of the

main body of the rock that I could meet agreed perfectly with the geodiferous limerock. Mr. Eaton says that it contains hornstone, and therefore ought to be separated; but the quantity of this mineral varies extremely, some parts being almost entirely destitute of it. He says it is in *some* cases almost entirely made up of shells. The geodiferous l. contains them often, and even were it not so, the reason would be insufficient, for acting upon the same principle the metaliferous limerock (see May 5!) might with propriety be considered as two distinct rocks. In these rocks we found botryoidal, mamillary and fibrous carb. copper (?); brown spar, sulphate of strontiam, and found a layer of bituminous shale. This last seems to form a strong argument against the admission of the cornitiferous limerock into the list of our rocks, as, it proves that it cannot at most be more than a few feet in thickness. The petrifactions were madrepores, corallinites, and some shells.

Gen. Porter having sent an invitation by Professor Eaton to every individual of the company, we went to his house at 11; we were treated very handsomely.[1] Major Fraser took me to his house after our collation at Mr. Porter's and presented me with some specimens in mineralogy, among which were strontian from Strontian island, porphyritic conglomerate and conglomerate from the Sault of St. Mary, and various petrifactions from Lake Erie, among which were several madreporites contained in a block found in the loose sand in digging the Erie canal at its very termination. He accompanied us across the river to Fort Erie, and explained to us the various manœuvers which there took place during the last war—especially the sortie, in which he was wounded, being shot in the leg while spiking a cannon of the enemy's.

Thursday, 25. Major Fraser, to whom I was before so much indebted, to use a vulgar expression, capped his kind-

1. This was in the fine house which Gen. Porter had built, overlooking the Niagara, in 1816. The Erie canal had passed through his grounds, on the river side; and in later years, as all Buffalonians know, the beautiful premises were to be still more invaded. The house, absorbed by a factory, was finally torn down in 1909.

ness by this morning presenting me with a fine *menobranchus lateralis*. We started from Black Rock at about 6 p. m. In passing through the Tonnewanta creek we picked up large quantities of a very large *unio* (?).

From the marly clay a few miles beyond Pendleton we saw brownish petroleum exuding in considerable quantities. We stopped to examine the rocks at the western extremity of the Lockport ridge, and collected specimens of geodiferous limerock, passing into very perfect stink-stone. The rock contains very thin seams of apparently perfect bituminous coal, and drops of bitumen are in some places seen exuding from it. A curious fibrous petrifaction abounds in this rock. I found it in some cases partly formed of sulphuret of zinc, and even of a beautiful pink fluate of lime. In this place we found the rock externally of a botryoidal appearance, but not distinct enough to form a petrifaction—retaining the same appearance, however, on breaking. A man gave me a specimen of galena contained in this rock. We likewise collected specimens of a reddish sandy clay (the professor called it brick-earth) imbedded in the marly clay, the appearance of which induced the professor to suppose that some of it might be plastic, but the application of mur. ac. soon undeceived him. We moored for the night at Lockport.

Friday, 26th. At the eastern extremity of the ridge is the meeting of the geodiferous limerock and calciferous slate; and beds of a shell limestone containing an abundance of red encrinites were there cut through in excavating the canal. Mr. Smith gave us the pick of his collection for the Rensselaer school. The slate here exactly resembles in external appearance the pyritiferous rock on Lake Erie—like it contains bituminous coal and shale, and its petrifactions are the same. Mr. Smith gave me some specimens of a petrifaction called echinite by Eaton—the *cariocrinitus lociratus* of Say. About six miles from Lockport we came to the little village mentioned Thursday, 18th, and had the pleasure to see painted on the bridge *Gas-Port*. We found in the woods here *stellaria media, hydrophyllum virginicum,*

Orobanche Americana, orchis spectabalis, and *uraspermum Claytonia* (see Eaton's manual), the latter having both general and partial involucres. Some distance further on I found the *corallorhiza hiemalis;* the *rubus villosus* everywhere in flower. At Oak Orchard we collected some more *mytilites* and a coarse-grained rock (mentioned Tuesday, 17th, Albany) which evidently passes into the calciferous rock in the same stratum, and is a sandstone with a calcareous cement. From the recent appearance of the shells I imagined that they might belong to the *Conservata* of Martin, but on applying an acid I found that none of those I tried effervesced more than the rock in which they were imbedded.

We stopped for the night at Newport. The only rock in the district through which we have passed today is the saliferous, which has made its appearance at intervals.

Saturday, 27. Found the *convallaria bifolia* in flower. Slept in and spent the next day in Rochester. Found in shell limestone sparry anhydrite.

Monday, 29. Before breakfast we went about one mile east on the canal and examined the geodiferous limerock. We there obtained the same minerals as when here before. Dr. Eights supposes a white substance scattered indiscriminately over the various minerals to be *calamine.* Is not this incorrect?

After breakfast we visited the Genesee falls. I collected *vicia cracca,* a *lathyrus palustris, convallaria racemosa,* and the *houstonia purpurea, geranium sanguineum.* Below the lower falls I obtained a few nodules of radiated sulphate of barytes(?). It was embedded in the saliferous rock, probably near its junction with the millstone grit, as it was much coarser and contained more gravel than usual. The mineral was separated from the rock by a soft reddish substance.

We started at 5 p. m. Mr. Rafinesque, formerly professor of natural history in the University of Transylvania, Kentucky, proceeded with us, having joined us on Sunday evening. He is French to the backbone, a great enthusiast,

a truly scientific man, but rather flighty. Common report says that he has written a little in a great deal.[1] In the afternoon we showed him the skin of a fish that was shot in Buffalo creek. He was much delighted, said that Mitchell had described it, but imperfectly; then said it was a new genus and called it *Osteognathus chloripterus,* the generic name (boney chin) from a remarkable boney plate below the jaw; the specific (green fin) from the greenness of its fins.

We stayed for the night at Bellinghurst's, 5 miles west of Pittsford.

Tuesday, 30. About 9 miles beyond Pittsford I collected specimens of the *orchis spectabilis, arum triphyllum, viburnum acerifolium, actaea rubra, viola canadensis,* a *senecio,* a *cornus* and *viburnum oxycoccus.* A few miles further on we found the *cypripedium parviflorum, ranunculus bulbosus,* and a single specimen of the *orchis dilatata.* In a swamp still further on we found *Xylosteum ciliatum, lysimachia capitata, iris versicolor, phlox divaricata, geum rivale, saxifraga virginica,* and a *ranunculus* in some respects resembling the [*R.*] *palustris* of Beck.

The saliferous rock commencing at Palmyra lines the canal for a considerable distance. It is of a marly nature and very soft—almost a clay. We stopped for the night at Newark. During the day the only rock seen was a very soft variety of the saliferous rock which pierced the alluvial in some places. At Newark the marl commences. It contains numerous shells, and is used by the inhabitants for whitewashing and for mortar. In the latter case it is used *without being burned.* The tufa on the bottom of the Watertown caves likewise is (as I was told while there) also used for the same purposes in the same manner. Does not our theory of mortar need some alteration in order to account for this fact?

Wednesday 31. In the morning I picked up under old

1. Not an unjust criticism on the work of this eccentric naturalist, whose many adventures and misfortunes are given in the encyclopaedias. His "Life of Travels and Researches in North America and South Europe" (Philadelphia, 1836), contains a meager account of his visit to Niagara Falls.

logs 2 salamanders, one with a red back, the *S. erithronota* of Green; the other brown, and named *S. fuscata* by Mr. Rafinesque, who claims the honor of first describing it. We have met with both of them in great abundance in every place that we have examined, especially the first. Farther on we found the *triosteum major (perfoliatum?)* and also a *Salamander punctata.* At Clyde I picked from under a log a *Triturus miniata,* so named by Mr. Rafinesque, its discoverer. The genus *Triturus* consists of salamanders with tail flattened and adapted for swimming, and was first separated by Dumesnil under the name of Triton, which having been appropriated to a genus of *mollusca* was altered by Mr. R.

The new plants here found were the *anemone aconitifolia, barbarea vulgaris, nuphar advena,* and an *utricularia.* I obtained a *Triturus punctata,* erroneously called salamander, this morning. We stayed within a few miles of Montezuma.

Thursday, June 1. All the shells found in the marl here are (we were told by the inhabitants) found recent in the lakes and Seneca river, except the largest of the *Limnia;* and therefore as it is probable that accurate research will discover this likewise, we are warranted in considering this as a very modern formation. At Montezuma I found the *vaccinium stamineum, vicia cracca* and *asclepias quadrifolia.* [At] Weed's Basin, *acer spicatum, medeola virginica.* The common bluish black *Iulus* is the *tinctorius.*

At Jordan we stopped and examined the stone of which the lock is made. In going up (*vide* Thursday, 11) I was told by Dr. Eights that it was a coarse-grained limestone, he having dissolved it entirely. Seeing him so confident and not having an acid by me, I was fool enough to take it upon trust, maugre the evidence of my senses. It is nothing more or less than a sandstone (approaching very near the millstone grit), not even in the least effervescing with muriatic acid. Mr. Eaton inferred that it occurred here imbedded in calciferous slate, from having observed a stone of similar character, with the same petrifactions, in that situation at Seneca lake.

Friday, June 2d. We stopped a few miles from Nine Mile Creek to collect specimens of the marl. At the creek I picked up two leeches—olivaceous green on the back, with yellow spots; belly red. Mr. Rafinesque considered it as new and called it *hirudo-chloronotus* (green-back). Some of [us] struck off to the Onondaga lake when opposite to it. On its beach (a mixture of sand and marl) the same shells found throughout the great swamp were found. It was likewise strewed with recent petrifications and incrustations of water plants. A new *ranunculus* was found near the beach which in some places was covered with tufts of the *Triglochin palustre.* We went by the side cut to Salina. In the swamp between Salina and the lake we found the *ranunculus* mentioned this morning, which Mr. Rafinesque calls *R. Cymbalaria,* the *lathyrus palustris, potentilla anserina,* and the *gymnocladus canadeusis,* the last not in flower. We picked up living shells on the shore exactly the same as those found in the marl, excepting the *cyclus* and the *planerbis.* The vermicular limestone of Eaton is brought here and used in constructing their furnaces. The rock here Mr. Eaton calls the saliferous rock; it is soft, slaty and variegated. Here however there is nothing like grey-band, the thing so named by him being nothing more nor less than the green variegations, as we find the red above it again. In it I and Eights found particles possessing a metallic brilliancy, and likewise in holes in the rock frustums of quadrilateral pyramids, apparently composed of the substance of [the] rock. They exactly resemble the hopper-shaped crystals of salt—are they not pseudo-morphous, being formed in the mould of that mineral? During the evaporation of the salt water a hard white substance settles and is removed every fortnight. It is called Bittern. Professor Eaton supposes that it is entirely or at least consists essentially of sulphate of magnesia. This I think is correct, because that salt is obtained from the water remaining after the salt has been extracted from sea-water.

At Salina we saw a curious *lusus naturae,* which was found about two weeks ago loose in the soil: having it is

supposed received a little assistance from art it might appear to a person of a lively imagination what it was represented to us as being—a *petrified monkey's head.*

We returned to Syracuse at about 6. In this place, so intent are they on gain that a deserving young man by the name of Arms from the Rensselaer school was unable to collect a respectable class in chemistry and botany.

Saturday, 3d. At Manlius we stopped and again examined (*vide* Tuesday May 9) the formation here, and were well rewarded for our trouble by the discovery of the same pseudo-morphous crystals found at Salina. They were imbedded in the calciferous slate (which approaches the water limestone in appearance) which lies directly over the gypsum. Some of [them] were large varying from 2 to 6 or 8 inches in diameter. We found in the slate and vermicular limestone on the top of the hill striæ (generally superficial) bearing some remote resemblance to the strange petrifaction found in the geodiferous limestone of this region. May it not be the same with this? On the shore we found the *symphytum officinale* (?).

About two miles from Manlius on the south side of the canal ¼ mile from its banks lies the Green lake. It is a beautiful little sheet of water, receiving its name from the predominating color of its waters; it abounds with fish, some of which are said to weigh 20 pounds; its banks on the north side (the only one we examined) are composed of shell marl; a sulphur spring is said to exist near it; in it we caught an immense number of salamanders, agreeing exactly with Mr. Rafinesque's descriptions of his *Triturus viridescens*, found in Lakes George and Champlain. Mr. R's. genus *Necturus* is distinguished from *Triturus* by having teeth, four toes to all the feet, and the external gills persistent to a very late period. This he says must of course form a peculiar sub-genus, and he names it *Dicm..tylus* [*ms. blotted*]. He says that he has not seen a single reptile (Turtle, lizard, salamander, Necturus, Triturus, frog, snake) in America similar to any one in Europe.

We stayed during the night at Oneida Creek, 15 miles from Rome.

Sunday, 4. We arrived in Rome at 12 and attended divine service in the afternoon. One of our party here left us, so that our party, besides the hands, now consists of Professors Eaton and Rafinesque, Dr. Eights, myself; Cady from Johnstown; Fitch, McManus, Weston, Pelton, Hale, Hanks, and Danker of Johnstown, the Rensselaer school.[1] Feeling a great desire to visit Trenton falls, all of us excepting the professors and Fitch started on foot at ½ past 5 and reached Trenton village (14 miles) at 10 o'clock, having left Hale and Weston 4 miles behind at Holland Patent; they came up the next day (*Monday, 5*), at breakfast-time, after which meal we walked to the falls (2½ miles) where we were kindly treated by Mr. Sherman. In his collection was an *orthocerite* embracing in its siphuncle a perfect *nautilis.* I afterwards picked up a *nautilis,* within which was a limb of an *encrinite,* and a *trilobite* embracing an . . . ., a *madrepora nodosa*(?) formed in a portion of the shell of a trilobite. All the orthocerites that I saw terminate in calc. spar.

Having viewed the falls and collected some petrifactions we left the falls for Utica (14 miles) at ½ past 3. After proceeding four miles all but McManus, Danker, Hanks and myself stopped in order to inquire for a conveyance to Utica; 2 miles further McManus and Hanks stopped; myself and Danker (having made trifling stops) arrived at Utica at ½ past 8, where we were rejoined in about ½ an hour by our party who had procured a wagon.

Tuesday, 6. We left Utica at 7 o'clock, having procured specimens of ferriferous sand rock that was brought for building stone from Whitestown. During our absence Professor E. visited Starch Factory creek and discovered that, contrary to his supposition, the graywacke and millstone grit did alternate, and that several times.

1. Of these boys of the Rensselaer school, the Register of the institution records the following as graduate members of the class of 1826—the first class: Stillman E. Arms (mentioned above, p. 281), physician, Elizabethtown, N. J.; Albert Danker, civil engineer, Troy; Philip C. W. T. McManus, farmer, Brunswick, N. Y.; William S. Pelton, physician, Ithaca. Asa Fitch, Jr., class of 1827, became a physician and New York State Entomologist; and Charles L. Weston, '27, became a lawyer at Davenport, Ia. The others mentioned do not appear in the list of graduates.

We stopped within about 7 miles of Little Falls and obtained pudding-stone and blue marly clay of the crag formation. Myself and Eights left the boat when within about a mile of Little Falls, in order to examine large quantities of the calciferous sandrock that had been thrown out of the canal. We were well rewarded for our pains by finding imbedded in it, anthracite, quartz crystals, brown spar, rhomboidal calc, spar both black and white, brown spar, iron pyrites, lamellar sulphate of barytes, and sulphuret of zinc. We remained at the falls.

Wednesday, 7. Near the village we found the *cypripedium humilia, cornus canadensis, viburnum pyrifolium* and *Sorbus Americana.* Seven and ½ miles from it, we examined an excellent locality of Eaton's calciferous slate: the thicker varieties of it have a very conchoidal fracture and in everything but smell strongly resemble the bituminous shale of the pyritiferous rock at Lake Erie; the resemblance between it and the rock at Trenton that contains the petrifactions is such as to induce me strongly to suspect their identity. The petrifactions here formed were principally *trilobites.* Mr. Rafinesque considered them as forming a new genus. I found a few *orthocyrites* and shells. We stopped some time and examined the metalliferous limerock at different points. From what I have seen I feel confident that no more of this substance is visible at Trenton than what might with propriety be considered as embraced in beds. The shell-limestone is in beds (according to Eaton) in the calciferous slate west of the Little Falls—why should it not be in the same state on the east side. We halted for the night at Sprakers.

Thursday, 8. On examination of some surplus specimens of calciferous sandrock, collected at Sprakers for Mr. Eaton, I found one containing some of that supposed petrifaction abounding so much in the geodiferous limerock at Lockport, Rochester, etc. Mr. Rafinesque calls it *fibrolite,* a name inadmissible, it being bestowed upon a mineral. I did not find a particle of barytes in any of these specimens.

We stopped to examine the calciferous sandstone once more at Flint Hill; Mr. R. says that it is the *gres calcaire*

of the French. In it we found no barytes; black, brown, greenish and reddish rhomb spar. Small quantities of iron pyrites, green specks of carb. of copper. We stayed during the night at Putnam's, 8½ miles from Schenectady. The *rubus odoratus* was here in flower.

Friday, 9. We found at Alexander's Bridge the *pentstemon pubescens* in great abundance. In the gray-wacke a trilobite was found. About 1 mile further on we found the *menispermum canadense* and the *cornus paniculata.* In this rock and in the calciferous slate at Trenton and other places, petrifactions supposed by Mr. Rafinesque to have been the antennæ of the trilobite or some other insect are found. Further on I found the *Erigeron Philadelphicum, polygonum fagopyrum, oxalis stricta, erigeron heterophyllum, Agrostemma githago* and the *asclepias quadrifolia* with only 2 leaves; likewise the *Heracleum lanatum.* At the 6th lock from Alexander's Bridge, within 2 rods of the boat, I found the *apocynum androsaemifolium, cornus circinata, stellaria longifolia, Achillea millefolia, cicuta maculata,* and *sparganium ramosum.*

We stayed for the night at the lower acqueduct.

Saturday, 10. Arrived at Troy at ½ past 4. On the way thither I picked up the following plants: *potamogeton natans, var, Americana* (Rafinesque), *hieracium venosum, galium strictum, juniperus communis,* var. *depressus, J. Virginiana, J. Sabina, diervilla humilis, geranium sanguineum.*

Mr. Hale gave me a collection of silicious conglomerated spheres much resembling *pisolite,* found on an island opposite the school in great abundance.

Sunday, 11. Started from Troy at ½ past 2, and having experienced considerable detention, reached Albany at about 8 p. m.

N. B. I assert naught but what I have seen.