



# ROCHESTER HISTORY

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City Historian

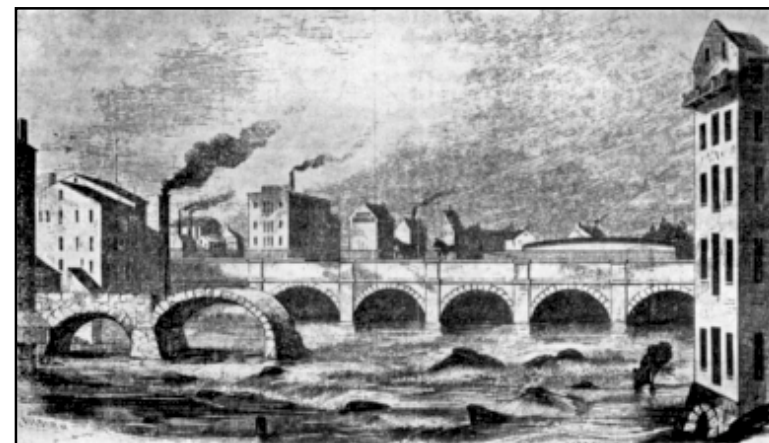
Vol. LXII

Summer 2000

No. 3

## Diary of a Young Girl The Erie Canal in 1822 Part I

Diarist unknown





*Little Falls on the Mohawk, 1839. By William Henry Bartlett, from **American Scenery**.*

*Cover: The ruins of the first Erie Canal aqueduct stand on the north side of the second aqueduct. The diarist saw the first aqueduct under construction the year before it opened in 1823. The last arches were carried away in the flood of 1865. From Ballou's Pictorial Drawing Room Companion, 1855.*

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*This diary is printed with permission of the University of Rochester, Rare Books Division, Rush Rhees Library. The University Library purchased this diary in 1938. The binding is broken and several pages are missing at the end. This diarist, who appears to be a young Quaker woman from Philadelphia traveling with four girls (including herself) and three "young gentlemen." The purpose of their 1822 trip seems to be to explore the new country and seek adventure-- and on both they succeeded. The Erie Canal did not open from Albany to Buffalo until October of 1825. She made observations that seem insightful beyond her years, reflecting a fine education. She observed the canal under construction and in some completed sections she rode and gave us a glimpse of early travel. She made her trip from Philadelphia to New York City along the Hudson to the Erie Canal and along its path to the Genesee River where she moved along the early road to Niagara through Batavia. She traveled into Canada only a decade after the War of 1812 ended.*

*The spirit of adventure, mature insights, observations and humor are what set this young diarist apart from others. From the rice pudding she thoughtfully saved for the landlady to the "savage Canadians" her humor comes through. Much of the country was falling for the first time under the plow and the ax. Farmers who settled alone were surrounded by neighbors before the year was out. Every settlement had aspirations of becoming the center of local commerce.*

## **The Erie Canal**

### ***A Rare Glimpse at the Erie Canal***

The distance from Utica to Rochester by the canoe is 150 miles. From Albany to Utica 98 miles. The expense in carrying a barrel of flour from Buffalo to New York, 390 miles by the canoe, 147 by the Hudson or North River will not, when the canal is finished, exceed 78¢. From Detroit, Sandusky and Erie to the same place, not more than one dollar per barrel. [This note inserted in margin.]



**June 27th.** Left Philadelphia at noon in the steamboat *Philadelphia* for New York and left it too with a feeling of melancholy almost amounting to sadness. Altho' with the prospect of a delightfully interesting journey and in company with some of my nearest and dearest friends. We know not how strong are the ties that bind us to home till we are about to sever them. The tide being low prevented the boat from reaching Trenton so we were landed 5 miles below on the Pennsylvania shore at 4 P.M. Enter'd the stage for Brunswick which we reach'd at 10 the same evening after a fatiguing ride of 34 miles thro' a dull uninteresting country over dusty roads. Pass'd a disturbed night. Embark'd the next morning on board the steamboat *Bellona*. On the Raritan River at past 5 and after a delightful sail arrived at New York 10 A.M.

**June 28th.** New York appears to me a much gayer city than Phila. The houses are larger and more ornamented and the inhabitants have advanced further in luxury and extravagance. The dark chocolate colour'd marble, so much used here, gives the city a gloomy appearance to the eye of a



*Albany from the Hudson, Jacques Milbert, 1828 - 29, Itineraire Pittoresque.*



*The Highlands on the Hudson River. William Henry Bartlett*

Philadelphian. It is well suited to the churches, giving them an air of venerable grandeur. St. Paul's Church which we visited is a beautiful building. I admire it, I think, more than the boasted city hall, that idol of the New Yorkers.

**July 1st.** Embarked in the steamboat for Albany at 6 A.M. We were called on board by the lively tune of "Come Haste To the Wedding" played on the Kentish bugle and clarinet which sounded delightfully over the water instead of being summoned by the dull jingling of a cracked bell as we were in Philadelphia<sup>1</sup>.

We met with very agreeable company in the boat among whom were the widow of John Murray with her daughter Mary Perkins, who has been a cripple for several years. I believe in consequence of a spell of the rheumatism and who is going to Saratoga for the benefit of her health escorted by her mother, her two children and her brother, Lindley Murray, whom we found very intelligent, agreeable and gentlemanly. His wife, formerly Elisa Cheesmond, with her child, accompanied them as far as Poughkeepsie.

Friend Murray inquired our names and family and claiming relationship with some of us soon introduced

sociability among the whole party. We were particularly pleased with M. Perkins, who not withstanding her severe and continued affliction, is cheerful, animated in conversation, fond of society and apparently very happy. She is so lame as not to be able to walk without two supporters and even then with the greatest difficulty. Her hands are almost useless to her.

We also met with a young man of the name of [illegible] who introduced himself to our acquaintance without ceremony. He appears to be a good humored, easy creature, fond of society and determined to be sociable with all he meets.

Our sail up the Hudson was deeply interesting. The scenery on its banks is most enchanting; although I heard so many descriptions of the Highlands and had so often visited them in imagination. Yet they equaled and even surpassed my highest expectations. The music played at different intervals and its fine tone echoing from the surrounding mountains produced a delightful effect. The sites of the Forts Lee and Washington were pointed out to us ten miles from New York. Further up the river after passing the Tappan Zee; so celebrated by Knickerbocker<sup>2</sup>, Haverstraw



*The house of the Dutch Governor, Albany, 1820. by Jacques Milbert Itineraire Pittoresque.*

Bay those of Stony Point and Verplank which command a narrow pass of the river as the commencement of the boldest mountains in the Highlands. And still further crowning one of the huge cliffs that tower above West Point, the ruins of Fort Putnam that still frown proudly on the scene below “Like some bold veteran, gray in arms and marked with many a seamy scar.”<sup>3</sup>



*Fort Putnam, from the West.*





*Crow's Nest, Benson J. Lossing*

The situation of the village of Tappan which lies on the west side of the river, a little back from the shore at the distance of 22 miles from New York and which is celebrated as the burial place of André was show to us and also Tarrytown, a little further up on the eastern bank of the river, near which he was taken prisoner<sup>4</sup>. We were told by a young gentleman from West Point that he had frequently measured the Crow's Nest, the highest point of the Highlands and that its height was 1,345 or 50 feet.

Passed Newburgh a neat little town at about 2 o'clock P.M. and had not long left the Highlands when a thunder-gust arose and we were all driven to the lower deck. The wind blew a stiff gale, the waves were capt with foam and the lightning played vividly in every direction. Twas a beautiful sight. I only regretted it had not occurred sooner as a thunder storm among the Highlands was what of all things I most wished to see. [Near West Point is a mountain named Storm King.] Buttermilk Falls were completely dried

up. We saw nothing but the black and rugged rock over which they broke.<sup>5</sup>

Arrived in sight of the Catskill Mountains about 5 P.M. The dense white clouds hung round their sides or floated up their summits in some places, resembling fields of snow; and in others calm lakes of still water reposing in their bosom. We were opposite to them just at sunset when the clouds assumed every variety of coloring from the deepest crimson and gold to the roseate hue which the Alps are said to wear at sunrise.

We passed Hudson by brightest moonlight at 11 P.M. where we were entertained with fireworks from the shore. Reach'd Albany between 2 and 3 in the morning of the 2nd of July. Remained in our berths til five when we bade adieu to the steamboat and repaired to Rockwell's Hotel, Market Street, considered one of the best in the place. Crittendon Establishment is conducted so poorly that some company



*Storm King Valley, Benson J. Lossing.*



*Buttermilk Falls, Benson J. Lossing.*

who had put up there were obliged to leave it.

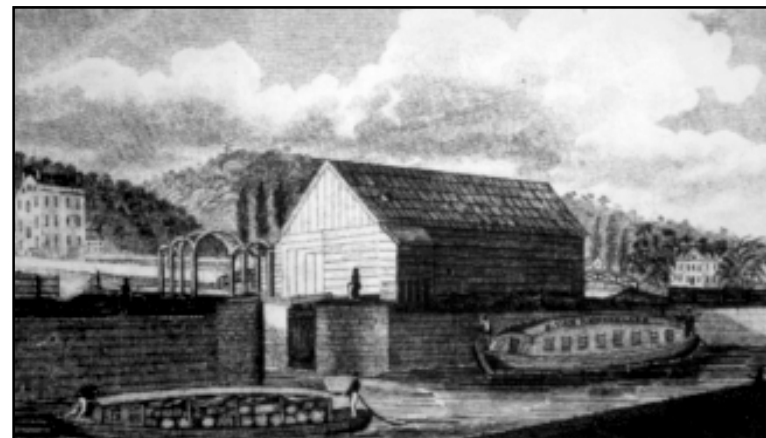
Albany City contains 13,000 inhabitants, 12 churches, some of them handsome and most of them ornamented with spires and three banks, one neatly built of white marble. The Capitol and Academy are fine buildings and many of the dwelling houses tasteful and elegant. This is said to be a busy place. It is the depot for all the produce of the country to the north and west.

There are 3,000 vessels of different sizes [that] navigate the Hudson 2,100 of 50 ton burden upward of which 1,100 belong to Albany and the places above. Opposite to Albany on the east bank of the Hudson are two small villages, Greenbush and Bath between each of which and Albany, a steamboat plies continually .



*Canal Basin at Albany, Benson J. Lossing.*

Left Albany for Schenectady at 4 P.M. The road level, very sandy and uninteresting, bordered on each side by pines, many of which owing to fires are left nothing but bare and blackened trunks. Yet, amid this scene of desolation, wild-flowers bloomed in profusion, roses peeked from beneath every fence and blushed amid the scorched and withered pine trees. Ended our journey at dusk in the rain.



*Erie Canal entering the Hudson River in Albany. Amos Eaton, Geological Survey, 1824.*





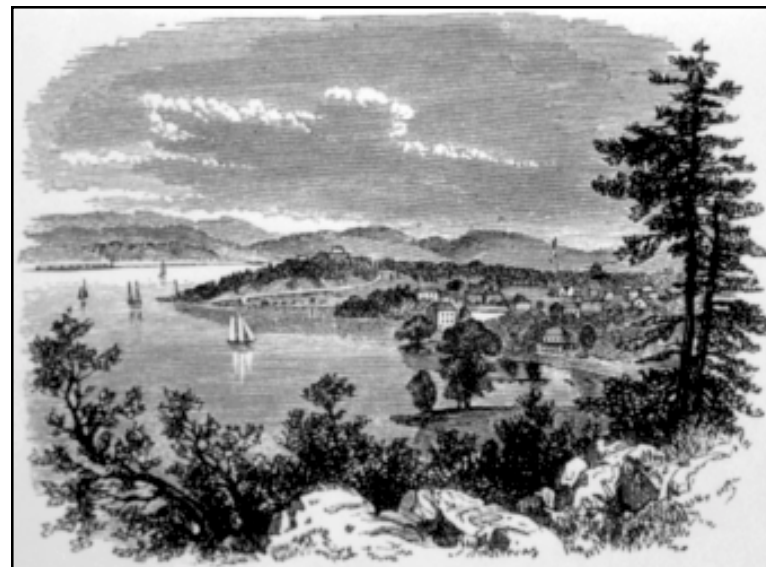
*Utica in 1838 by William Henry Bartlett.*

Schenectady contains between 5 and 6,000 inhabitants, four churches and a college, called Union College. It is a very dull town. No business doing. The grand western canal passes thro this place. It will be opened as far as here this fall.

**July 3rd.** Left Schenectady at 1 half past 7 A.M. Crossed the Mohawk at the town and rode along the north side of the river. Its banks are picturesque and beautiful, rising in bold [illegible] now crowned with wood.

Now cultivated to the very summit, sometimes abrupt and rocky, almost overhanging the river and then again receding and forming beautiful green meadows and pasture lands; among which the river flows smooth by reflecting the whole scene on its glassy surface. Passed the village of Princeton and Amsterdam where we took a passenger into our private stage who proved a most agreeable and intelligent companion, a Mr. Averill of Cooperstown, Otsego Lake. He travelled with us to the end of the day.

Dined at Caughnawaga, (23 miles from Schenectady), so called from a settlement of Indians of this name, formerly in this neighborhood, at a very dirty tavern. In turning over



*West Point from the cemetery.*

a piece of rice pudding which was handed me, I thought I discovered amidst the dirt, a piece of fish probably what remained from breakfast, so left my share of the dessert for the landlady to finish her dinner with.

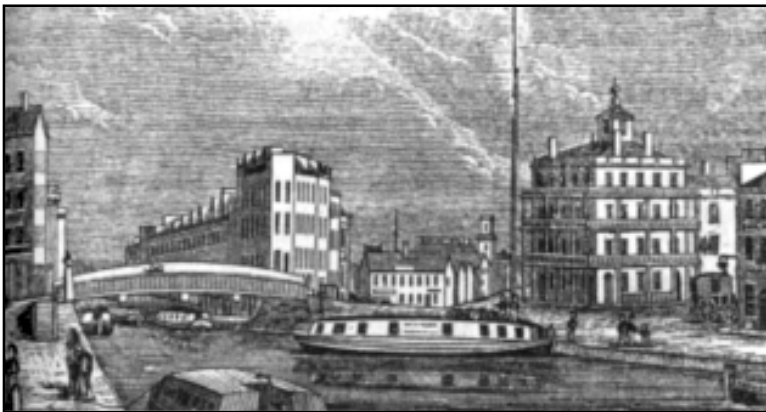
Reached Palatine bridge 38 miles from Schenectady, just at sunset. This bridge crosses the Mohawk in a most romantic and beautiful spot. On one side of it stands a handsome hotel at which we put up and on the other a neat little village with its white church and spire peeping through the trees.

**July 4th** a 7 A.M. The Palatine bridge for the Little Falls of the Mohawk distant 14 miles. Our road still lay along the bank of the river. The country for some miles has a rude and sterile appearance with out much to excite interest save occasional views between the hills on the opposite sides of the stream. As we approached the Little Falls the scene changed and became [illegible] in the extreme. "Rocks upon rocks in wild confusion hurled." The decent of the river is said to be not more than 12 feet at this place forming rather a rapid than what we should call a fall, as it

extends perhaps for a hundred feet, foaming and dashing over the rocks which form its bed. Dined at a village on the shore amidst a concourse of people engaged in constructing the canal locks.

At 4 P.M. embarked aboard the canal boat for Utica. This boat is not more than from 12 to 14 feet in width and from 60 to 70 in length. There were two horses attached to it by a rope of 50 yards in length who drew it along at a rate of rather more than 3 miles an hour. We arrived at Utica [a] distance of 22 miles at 11 at night. There is a descent in the river of 100 feet between Utica and the foot of the Little Falls. We passed through 8 sets of locks under 84 bridges and over 3 aqueducts, formed not of stonework and arched, but of wood and support on timber props. I should suppose they would be very frail, but was told by one of the canal commissioners that they would last at the very least 12 or 14 years.

This gentleman a Mr. [*crossed out*] with whom we met on board the boat, and to whom cousin W had letters, was very polite and intelligent. Here also we met with a Dr. Ludlow, a very unpromising looking man of a tall awkward figure and a face whose retreating forehead, large prominent nose, wide mouth projecting upper lip and small gray eyes seemed to indicate nothing either very intelligent or inter-



*The Erie Canal in Syracuse in 1840. From Historical Collections of the State of New York by John W. Barber and Henry Howe.*

esting. But never was our skill in physiognomy more totally set at naught—for this Dr. notwithstanding his little eyes, large mouth, he soon proved himself to be a man of superior talents and information and withal possessed of a fund of wit and humor that rendered him a most entertaining companion. He had an impediment in his speech which amounted to a slight stutter and served to give the more effect to all he said. He's quite a scientific character now out on a mineralogical excursion. His companion, a cadet from West Point, an intelligent young man of mild, gentlemanly manner, who is traveling for his health, joins our party to Niagara.

The Canal is generally 40 feet in width at the top and 24 at bottom, in depth from 4 to 5 feet of water. It passes in most places close alongside of the river. In one spot the bed of the river has been contracted to afford it a passage. Passed the German Flats and the village of Herkimer which stands on the north side of the river. The canal is carried on the south side. There are many small clusters of houses springing up at intervals along the canal. The nuclei probably of future towns. The canal itself is full of large flat bottomed boats loaded with flour which is carried down in immense quantities and stored under long sheds erected on its bank at different places.

Utica, the handsomest town we have yet seen—it contains between 4 and 5000 inhabitants—several handsome churches and many neat and even elegant dwellings. Here we first met with Indians. One of them, a female, was excessively intoxicated lying in the open street while her husband hung over in distress and tried to rouse her, but in vain. Then finding he was obliged to leave her, he went into a large store before which she lay and in a very hideous manner offered the storekeeper a sixpence, probably his little all, if he would take care of his wife. We afterwards saw him going through the street carrying an infant strapped to a board in the Indian manner. Bagg's Hotel at which we lodged, considered the best in Utica.





View at Cohoes Falls, Benson J. Lossing.

Took boat on the canal at 8 A.M. This boat called the *Oneida Chief* 14 feet in width and 70 in length, was provided with a range of berths on each side of the ladies cabin which left a space about 4 feet in width and 16 or 20 inches to contain 20 ladies. There were between 40 and 50 passengers on board who were almost all obliged to remain in the cabin, as the day was extremely warm and heat here was intense and suffocating.

Not a breath of air to be felt. The canal was on a dead level for nearly 60 miles. The waters green, turbid and stagnant and the banks generally uninteresting and covered with wood. At sunset we crowded on the little deck in hopes of finding it cooler when we were attacked by swarms of mosquitoes of gigantic size, the sons of the forest, which rendered our situation doubly disagreeable. At midnight with heartfelt rejoicing, we finally bid a final adieu to the canal. Landed at Syracuse, a small village near Onondaga Lake and took lodging at Magnus Hotel, a large building and, promising it its appearance. Shown to our chamber by the landlord, a wondrously polite man, but oh such beds. They had probably not been changed for the last month and were so plentifully provided with every et cetera to render them uncomfortable, that after passing several disturbed and restless hours, I threw myself on the floor with a blanket and found the change a delightful one.

While on the canal we were told that [when a] boat was passing through a part into which the water had been newly admitted, the bank gave way. The canal emptied itself into the river and the boat was carried along by the torrent and sent a considerable distance down the Mohawk without the least injury either to the passengers or itself. One of the horses I believe was killed.

**July 5th or 6th.** Syracuse. Visited Salina, the village near the Onondaga Lake, celebrated for its salt springs. There are extensive manufactories here in which we were told they produce 50 bushels of salt per day. 80 gallons of water will yield a bushel. They simply boil the water down til it crystallizes. There are portions of several salt solutions in this water, but no pains are taken to separate them. The ground in the neighborhood of the springs is low and moist, but formed of a tough clay that quakes under you without suffering you to sink. By digging to a depth of 30 feet, salt water may be found in almost any spot in the neighborhood of the springs. Went to the village of Onondaga Hill where we dined in the neatest cleanest tavern we have met with since we left P [Philadelphia]. The

landlady looked like a Tartar. Rode through Marcellus, a neat place and reached Skaneateles at sunset, one of the loveliest and most beautiful spots I ever beheld. The village, which is small, stands at the head of the lake of the same name. The houses, many of them very neat, painted white and built in a handsome ornamental style; and the grounds laid out with a great deal of taste. The lake stretches 14 miles from the town. Probably from a mile to a mile and a half in width, so clear pure and calm as to form a perfect mirror brightly reflecting its own beautiful banks, now mixing in gentle cultivated slopes, now in bold wooded hills glowing in the last rays of the sun. 'Twas so lovely, so calm and so peaceful a scene that we left it with regret to mount our lumbering vehicle at the shrill summons of the stageman's horn. Here we parted with our fellow traveler, Dr. Ludlow.

Arrived at Auburn at 10 P.M. a beautiful town containing from 3 to 4000 inhabitants, many handsome buildings—a large state prison newly erected.

**July 7th.** Entered the stage at 5 A.M. Reached Cayuga to breakfast 10 miles. Crossed the lake on a bridge more than a mile in length, passed Seneca Falls which are [illegible], Waterloo which has a handsome jail and courthouse, but no church. The only village, however inconsiderable, we have yet passed without seeing one or more spires rising from the midst of it. Rode along the head of Seneca Lake. It is a considerable extent and great beauty more than equal to Skaneateles. Geneva, a beautiful and large village finely situated in its banks. 'Twas on Sunday, the bell was ringing for church as we passed through it. Dined at Canandaigua. It is a large village situated near the lake of the same name. It is said to be the handsomest town in New York state. It contains 2,500 inhabitants. The landlord of the Inn, a very civil intelligent man, rode with us some miles. He stated that this part of the country was first settled 32 years ago by a Mr. Phelps [Oliver Phelps, and Nathaniel Gorham of Phelps and Gorham Purchase], proprietor of an extensive territory who sold lots where the village now stands at a



*Buffalo on Lake Erie by Basil Hall, 1827. From Forty Sketches Made With a Camera Lucida.*

dollar per acre and that now lots in the neighborhood of the place back from the principle street would bring at the rate of \$150 per acre.

We learned from him that the schools in this country are supported by state taxes. The different counties are divided into districts. The number of persons in each between the ages of 5 and 15 is ascertained and the public money handed out in proportion to their need; which means for 6 months of the year at least every child rich or poor has an opportunity of receiving instruction. There are commissioners appointed to inspect the schools and to select the teachers who are allowed a handsome salary. None are admitted, but such as have undergone a strict examination from the inspectors. These counties, it is said, were chiefly peopled from Connecticut. They are certainly a very intelligent, active and enterprising people and they have carried so much cultivation, elegance and refinement of taste into these western wilds that they have literally “made the wilderness to smile and blossom as the rose...” As we advance further west we occasionally see one of the rough log huts of the original settlers, but we almost invariably find beside it a new and often stately mansion painted white, surrounded with neat enclosures and adorned with flowers and shrubbery. There is something very enlivening and animating in passing thro’ a country in the full vigor of youth and



advancing with such rapid strides towards maturity.<sup>6</sup> One thing I have observed, perhaps in some measure characteristic of the people; that all the stores we have passed, and they are numerous, we saw printed in large letters frequently extending along the whole form of the house, *Goods cheap for cash or cash stores*. Lodged two miles from Avon on the Genesee River.

**July 8th.** Part of our company set off for Buffalo 63 miles distant. Sidney and myself, detained by fatigue and indisposition, dined here at Avon and at 1 P.M. entered the stage for Batavia, crossed the Genesee River and at about a mile from the tavern, stopped at an Indian village. The settlement consists of 15 men and 20 women with tribes of children. They have a reservation of land of two miles square. The chief, who was absent, is called Hotbread. His son Billy Hotbread, we saw a tolerably good looking youth, said to be addicted to drinking. We were shown the place by Henry O'Bail who is called Colonel here, having had the command of a few men in the late war [War of 1812]. He took us to their plantation which contained a field of the finest corn we have yet seen. He observed, "Now you can tell news when you go to P [Philadelphia]. Say that you seen Indian settlements. Got corn very good. Got water-melons. Got chickens too. Got pigs too many, not know what to do with them. Cattle Plenty." We passed Caledonia, a small village, and LeRoy a considerable one 14 miles from Avon and arrived at Batavia 25 miles from Avon at 7 P.M. Batavia is quite a town. There is said to be more commercial business doing here than in any place west of Albany (exceptions, Rochester, I suppose). It is situated on Tonawanda Creek.

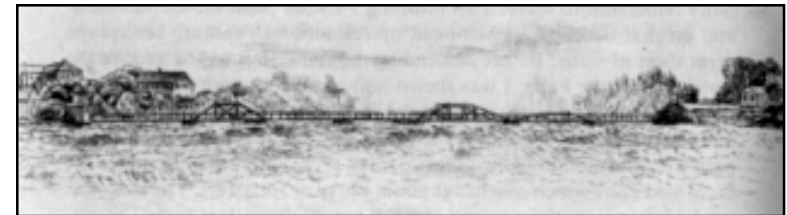
The country through which we have passed today looks more like a newly settled country than any we have yet seen. The road for several miles passed at intervals over a causeway formed of rough logs on each side and a narrow strip of land partially cleared where we might see log cabins of the wildest construction and simplest forms, generally containing but one room, from the doors and windows of

which crowds of white headed urchins peeped forth to gaze at strangers or made their best bow or curtsy as we passed. In many places the inhabitants were busily employed in burning the stumps of trees out of their fields or in clearing away the rubbish to prepare them for cultivation while occasionally a rich field of wheat or corn gave proof of the fertility of the soil. In this country you meet with no round unmeaning Dutch faces with heavy staring white eyes. Almost all you see have small, sharp, bright sparkling ones whose quick intelligent glance is turned upon you and withdrawn instantaneously.

The Tonawanda village of Indians on the creek of the same name 14 miles from Batavia is of considerable extent. The Indians are said to be very honest and are trusted by the inhabitants of the country freely. Batavia contains 812 inhabitants. The first house was built in this place only 20 years ago. The country was then a wilderness; not a house from the Genesee River to Buffalo.

**July 9th.** Took the stage at 10 A.M., passed several small towns, Williamsville the last of them, where we saw a pair of elk and reached Buffalo after a rough ride of 40 miles. Delighted once more to rejoin the rest of our party who had waited for us here. In the evening had a peep at Lake Erie swelling and foaming under a heavy gale.

Buffalo burnt during the last war rebuilt since 1814.<sup>6</sup> The principle street extends for almost a mile. The houses, all scattered and irregular—there are several hints of buildings. We saw a great many Indians, who having just received their quarterly pay, had come into the town to spend it. They were a miserable looking company. Among them was



*The bridge across the Rapids at Niagara Falls, 1827, Basil Hall. From Forty Sketches Made With A Camera Lucida*



*Detail of Erie Canal at Little Falls, City Historian from early print.*

Red Jacket, a chief of the Oneida Indians, then on a visit to the Buffalo tribes who have a large settlement near the town.<sup>7</sup> He was a very much intoxicated and *reeled* as he went.

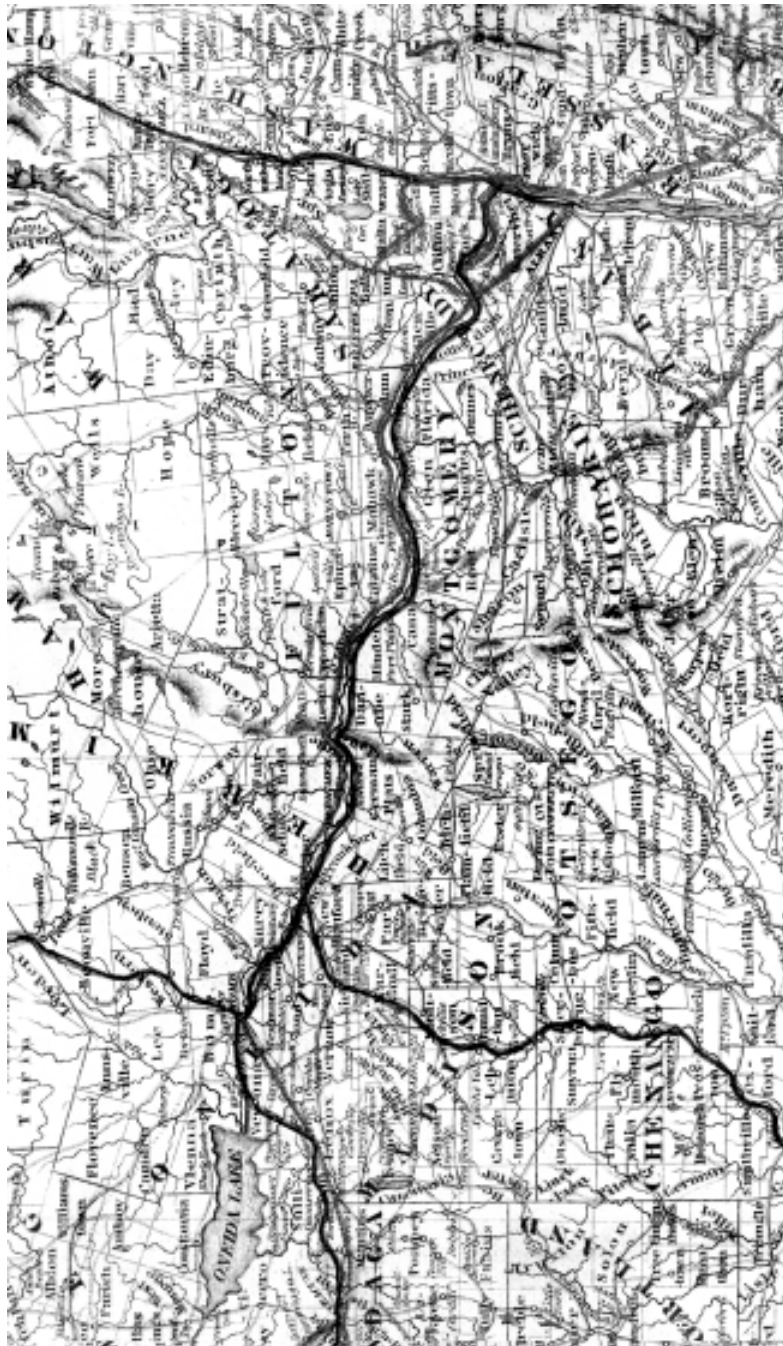
**July 10th.** Left Buffalo for black rock two miles down the Niagara River where we crossed it and first set foot in the British dominion. The current in the river here is said to be 7 miles an hour. We stopped at the paltry little tavern where we met with the landlady, an old woman of perhaps 80 years of age who had lived for 20 years, almost with in sound of the falls and had never visited them. She observed "Some people thought them a great curiosity, but for her part she would not give sixpence to see them." She had frequently rode past them but would not get out of the wagon to look at them. This worthy old lady had a tame bear to whose wonderful qualities and extraordinary virtues she bore eloquent testimony. Tho I believe the sum total of them was that it could eat and drink and mount to the top of a stake. We left the good woman descanting on the merit of her favorite [illegible] and pursued our journey along the Canada bank of the river, passed the plains of Chippewa which were pointed out to us and reached Niagara Falls

which were more grand, magnificent and sublime than I had formed any conception of. Yet I was not struck with that awe, almost amounting to terror of which many speak. In fact, I wished more than once that my nerves were weaker or my feelings more excitable that I might have enjoyed the scene more intensely. On the second evening after our arrival, a heavy thunder cloud passed over the river. The spray from the falls rose in [illegible] while a mist of a conical form blended with the cloud above from which the lightning flashed intolerably bright [to] present the whole scene to our view. The cataract roared with redoubled fury, answered by the long and heavy peal of thunder. It seemed as though the terrible genie of the place was holding communion with the Demon of the Storm and determining in high conference the plan of some dreadful devastation.

We spent several days on the Canada side of the river. Sarah P, cousin of Y. Davison [or Dawson] and myself, attempted to pass under the sheet of water. We succeeded after a great deal of difficulty in reaching the edge of the cataract where the current of wind was so powerful as to cause us to lose our breath so that after several desperate attempts and a complete drenching, we were obliged to relinquish our design. Lundy's Lane pointed out to us about half a mile from the falls.

*Continued in Fall issue, book 4 of the Rochester History series.*





## Endnotes

1. Song traces back to 1767 when it was used in a pantomime to a men's ceremonial dance and other folk dances in the British Isles. In America, the tune often became a breakdown and was used in the countryside to accompany sets and reels. *Old Time Music Makers of New York State*. Bronner, Simon J., Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 1987, p.11.
2. Author is referring to Washington Irving's *Kinckbocker's History of New York 1809*.
3. Fort Putnam was erected by the Americans in 1778, for the purpose of defending Fort Clinton, on West Point below, and to more thoroughly secure the river against the passage of hostile fleets. It was built under the direction of Colonel Rufus Putnam. *The Hudson From the Wilderness to the Sea*, Lossing, Benson J., 1866. Reprint. New Hampshire Publishing Company 1972, p. 224.
4. John André, a British officer, was hanged as a spy by the American Revolutionary Army in 1780. In 1832 his remains were removed, under instructions of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, by James Buchanan, the British consul at New York, and deposited in a grave near a monument in Westminster Abbey.
5. "About three miles from Cape St. Anthony's Nose is another beautiful cascade called 'the Buttermilk'. This is formed by a rivulet which flows from a lake on the top of a mountain, this lake we are told abounds with trout and perch." This is one mile below West Point on the right of the bank of the river in the present community of Highland Falls. *Chronicles of the Hudson, Three centuries of Travelers Accounts*, Van Zandt, Roland, Rutgers University Press 1971, p.82, 315.
6. Lewiston, near Buffalo, was burned during the War of 1812 and scores of frightened refugees traveled the Ridge Road to the Genesee River area with stories of horror that set off alarms in the new settlement that was to become Rochester.
7. While this young American traveler is invigorated by the rapid cultivation of the wilderness, the Indians were mourning the loss of the land as wilderness. In his address on Red Jacket, Chief Strong said, "I have no nation, no country, and I might say, I have no kindred. All that we loved and prized, and cherished, is yours. The land of the rushing river, the thundering cataract, and the jeweled lakes are yours. All these broad blooming fields, those wooded hills and laughing valleys are yours- yours alone. I wish I had the

eloquence of 'Red Jacket' that I might fitly speak of the wrongs and sorrows of my people. O, let your hearts be stirred with pity toward them, and when the spring violets blossom over my grave and that of the last of the Senecas- as soon they will- let not our memory perish with us." *Rochester Historical Society Publication Fund Series, Vol. 2*, p 276. Red Jacket was a Seneca Indian chief was born near Branchport, New York about 1750 and residing at the Tonawanda Reservation.

*Back Cover: Route of the Diarist on the Hudson River.*