

ROCHESTER HISTORY

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City Historian

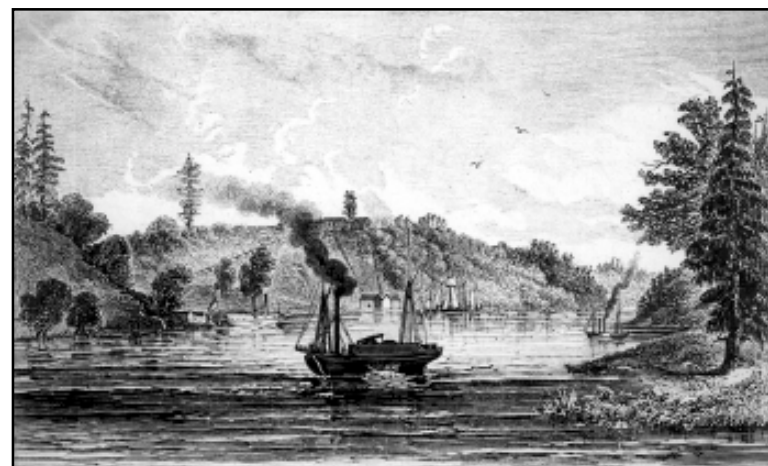
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No. 4

Diary of a Young Girl The Erie Canal in 1822 Part II

Diarist unknown





Rochester: Genesee Falls, 1838. By William Henry Bartlett, from *American Scenery*.

Cover: *The Port of Rochester* was busier in 1838 when this illustration appeared in Henry O'Reilly's *History of Rochester* than it was in 1822 when the diarist visited Rochester.

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

The Erie Canal

A Rare Glimpse at the Erie Canal

July 11th. visited the burning spring a mile above the falls. It rises in the bed of the river. There has been a rod sunk over it in the centre of which an iron tube is placed thro' which the gas which is sulphurated hydrogen, ascends. The smell is very fetid. It burns with a strong clear flame when a light is applied. The proprietor has built a crude hut over it and keeps it locked up from the gaze of the vulgar.

Saw the whirlpool 4 miles below the falls in which we were very disappointed. The water is said to be extremely deep, but the eddy is inconsiderable and the whole scene not half so interesting as the rapids above the falls. Queenstown heights are fortified. The town lies at the foot of them—a poor little place. It is here, 8 miles where they now are at, that they were supposed to have been formerly situated and the appearance of the banks of the river certainly warrants the supposition—at this place they become high, rocky and almost perpendicular, confining the river

within a narrow channel and continuing so all the way to where the falls are at least present. While below towards Lake Ontario they are level or sloping, wearing a totally different aspect.

I observed too that the falls had retreated furthest in that part over which the greatest body of water was precipitated, forming a complete horseshoe on the Canada side of Goat Island while on the other the stream being shallow, the rock remains much more firm and unbroken. We rode down to the mouth of Niagara River, saw Forts Mississauga and George, the last of which we visited—a miserable place. The soldiers dirty, careless, apparently quite undisciplined and disorderly. A disgrace to the British government. Afterwards crossed the river and entered Fort Niagara, which formed a perfect contrast to those of the British. We were escorted by our fellow traveler William Lee Harris, the young cadet who has continued with us since we first met at the Little Falls of the Mohawk. He being a military man, of course, ensured us every attention. We were politely waited on by the captain who led us to the top of the mess house from whence we had a beautiful view of Lake Ontario. This place certainly does great credit to the United States altho' there are only fifty men in [illegible] on here—everything is in the most perfect order.

[inserted note.]

Visited the village of Tuscarora Indians 8 miles from Niagara Falls. Twas the Sabbath and we found them assembled in church listening with profound attention to a young Episcopalian minister whose discourse was interpreted by an old Indian who stood by the pulpit. The sermon was on detraction. The style very simple and apparently well suited to the capacity of the audience. After it was finished the old chief of the village gave them a long exhortation in the Indian tongue. He was followed by one of their elders who made a long prayer in a very solemn and impressive manner. When the whole



Geneva, across Seneca Lake. 1840. Lithographed by Henry Walton, Geneva Historical Society.

congregation raised a hymn in a beautiful and masterly style. I think I never heard anything sweeter than some of the female voices. They were generally dressed with some neatness and a great deal of finery—finer looking than most Indians we have seen. Some of the men were quite handsome—they are said to be farther advanced in civilization than most Indian tribes.

The utmost neatness prevails. Recrossed the river—dined at Newark, a small town at Fort George 17 miles from the falls, to which we returned the same evening.

July 12 cross the Niagara immediately below the falls. The boat rocked delightfully, some of our party alarmed. The house on the Canada side kept by Mr. Chrystler, handsome, establishment fare excellent. That on the United States side poor.

Goat Island connected with the mainland on the United States side by bridges, one from the shore to Bath Island. The other connecting the two islands. Goat Island is a wild, romantic spot covered almost entirely with wood. We carved names on a large beech tree that overhung the rapids. There were a pair of deer placed on this island, one of which a short time ago, being chased by a dog sprung over the railing of the bridge and was instantly carried over the falls. The other followed it, but being alarmed and turned and succeeded in gaining the island where it has since remained solitary and desolate, pining for its companion. The poor little animal has become so tame that it followed us around the island like a dog, licked our hands and turned its large, black eyes upon us with such a mournful expression that it was quite touching.

July 14th. left the Niagara Falls for a day. Stopped to visit the Devil's Den 4 miles distant. This is a deep glen opening into the high banks of the stream, the sides of which are perpendicular to the height of 2 or 300 feet. It is said that during the French War a party of English conveying provisions were driven down this precipice by the French and

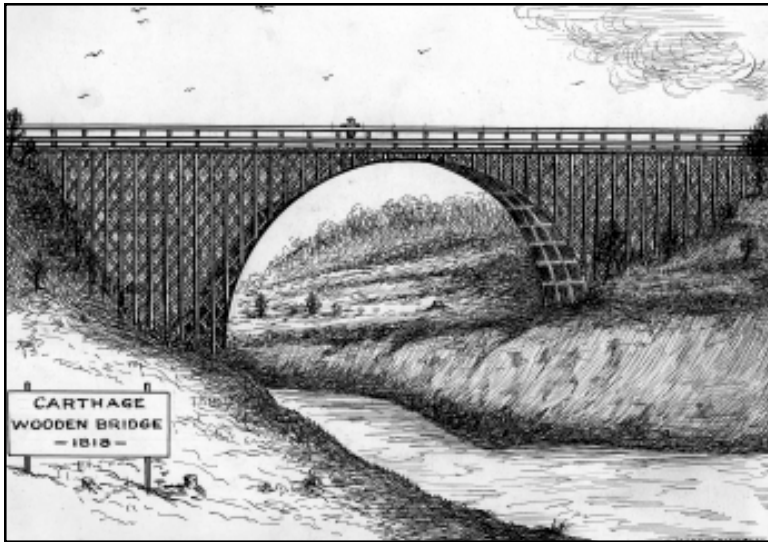
Indians, of which party only one or two escaped, who caught by the bushes in their descent. Reached Lewiston, a poor place to dine and at 2 P.M. took the stage for Rochester. Traveled the celebrated ridge road or natural turnpike. After riding a few miles entered the ten miles forest where the road for 3 miles lay over a causeway formed of logs of all sizes over which we were jolted without mercy—most of the company walked the greater part of the way as a relief from fatigue. Yet even this forest is falling before the hand of cultivation. We occasionally see a little cleared spot where a rude cabin is erecting while the household furniture consisting of a bed, kettle and chest were strewn upon the ground around it.

As we advanced, the country became more cultivated and the roads better. Lodged at Ridgeway, a miserable dirty tavern where we were placed in a large room used by the Freemasons in their meetings and ornamented with the insignia of their order. We burnt a dim light in the chimney which added to the effect and gave it the appearance of a haunted chamber. All the romances I had ever read passed through my mind so that from the novelty of our situation, together with the various disagreeables with which the place abounded in the form of rats, mice, bats et cetera, we passed a most miserable night and rose without regret at 3 A.M. to take the stage to Rochester.

July 15. reached Gaines, a village 17 miles from Ridgeway to breakfast. Passed Sandy Creek and Charleston, inconsiderable places and arrived at Rochester at noon.

Rochester, 9 miles from Lake Ontario, said to contain 3000 inhabitants—it has sprung up entirely within the last 8 years and is rapidly improving. During the last year there were more than 100 houses built. It is a very busy place. There are several manufactories and a great many mills erected just below the falls and supplied with water from above. The canal is to cross the Genesee River just above the town. They are now at work at the piers on which the aqueduct is to be constructed.

The principle falls of the Genesee River are at this place. The perpendicular descent is 96 feet. The river falls over a



The Carthage Bridge stood 15 months before the heavy timbers imploded under their own weight, sending the bridge crashing to the river floor. With the bridge fell the hope of Carthage to become the center of commerce joining the east and west sides of Ridge Road.

straight wall of rock and is so small in volume that they appear insignificant after visiting Niagara. There are two other falls within a mile and half below the town probably of fifty feet each, the last of these is Carthage. They are very picturesque and beautiful. Here we saw the remains of the celebrated bridge whose highest point above the water was 230 feet. It fell from its own weight just two years ago. about two hours after a loaded team of wagons had passed over it. The timbers on which it was supported appear very slender and but slightly attached to the bank which they connect. The town of Carthage on the east bank of the river, which was improving rapidly while the bridge remained, is now declining as rapidly. Many of the houses being unoccupied.

July 16th. After much doubting, deliberating et cetera, we have concluded to bid adieu to the stage and take the steamboat which comes up the Genesee River to within 4 miles of Rochester for Sackets Harbor. This boat leaves Lewiston on the third day afternoon, reaches Rochester on



The village of Rochester by Basil Hall, 1827. From Forty Sketches Made With a Camera Lucida.

fourth day A.M., at 4 P.M. starts for Sackets Harbor where it arrives the next morning.

The banks of the river at Rochester Landing are probably more than 100 feet in height. Goods are carried to and from the river on little wheel carriages made to ascend and descend alternately on an inclined plane formed of timber work reaching to the top of the bank. At 6 PM. Entered Lake Ontario on the steamboat of the same name. It is smaller than our Trenton boats. Accommodations good. Ladies cabin on deck. Passengers few. Among them a Dr. Snowdon of Sackets Harbor with his lady and a Mrs. Sands from Brooklyn. We first met with them at the falls of Niagara and were pleased to renew our acquaintance. The Dr., who is originally from Philadelphia, is lively and animated, fond of conversation and displaying more liberality of sentiment than we generally meet with in gentlemen of his cloth. He is a Presbyterian minister. At Lewiston, cousin M. met with an acquaintance, a Mr. Morris who has joined our party. Our sail through Lake Ontario was delightful, for our boat hoisted sail, we were out of sight of land for some time, but the night was so dark we could distinguish nothing.

July 17th. passed in sight of Irondequoit Bay and of several islands among the rest. Stony Island 10 miles from Sackets Harbor whither the beaux and belles of that place relax on parties of pleasure in a light vessel called the *Lady of the Lake*.

Arrived at Sackets Harbor at 8 A.M. It is a small town containing from 1,100 to 1,500 inhabitants. There is not much to interest a stranger here except the military establishment which is extensive. The barracks are calculated to contain 5,000 men. By the politeness of Dr. Snowden we were taken to this post, where owing to his introduction and in consequence of one of our party being a military man, we were treated with the greatest attention, were escorted throughout the building by a train of officers, taken to the top of the magazine from whence we had a beautiful and extensive view of the lake and country on its borders. Entertained with martial music from [a] full band and following introduced to the lady of Colonel Brady, the commanding officer who proved to be a Philadelphian and who welcomed us with the utmost hospitality. It was delightful to observe the perfect order and neatness that prevailed throughout. The yard was smooth and clean as the floor of any common dwelling and the lodgings of the soldiers, models of neatness and cleanliness and even ornamented with green and flowers. All the officers on this



South view of Oswego, 1840. From Historical Collections of the State of New York by John W. Barber and Henry Howe.



Junction of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence Rivers.

station, except one, are married and many of the soldiers have their families with them.

In the afternoon, accompanied by Lt. Young, an acquaintance of Cousin W's and a captain of the Navy, visited the Big Ship as it is called. It is said to be the largest in the world, 230 feet in length on the deck, 160 feet at the keel, 58 feet 9 inches beam of one solid piece. 37 feet in height from keel to deck, 210 from the keel to the top mast to carry 130 guns and from 1,100 to 1,500 men, burden 2,940 tons. 257 men employed 33 days in cutting timber and building the vessel. In 19 days more she would have been launched. Peace being proclaimed it was enclosed in a frame building and left unfinished.

At 5 P.M. shook hands with Capt. Boardman, commanding officer in the absence of the Colonel. Bade adieu to the officers who accompanied us on board the boat and set out for Ogdensburg. The shores of Lake Ontario generally uncultivated, but improve as we approach Sackets Harbor.

July 18th at 1 A.M. anchored at the approach of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence. Owing to the darkness of the night, at 3 the boat proceeded and we rose to enjoy the scene. The day dawned and the sun arose as we pursued our winding way through these multitudes of

islands of every variety of size and from a few feet to several miles in circumference. Some steep and rocky, others level and vacant, again rising in bold slopes, crowned with wood. On one of the wildest and most picturesque of them a party of Indians were assembled with their little bark canoe drawn close on shore. Their wild and savage appearance added considerably to the interest of the scene. Passed Brockville, Morristown and reached Ogdensburg. One hundred miles from Sackets Harbor at 11 A.M.

Prescott, a handsome village opposite Ogdensburg. Fort Wellington, a large fortification at this place. Stopped at Warner's Tavern, the neatest, cleanest, and most stylish house we had met with for some time—were promised by the Captain of the steamboat, a handsome boat neatly fitted up with carpets [illegible], to convey us down the St. Lawrence—but as there was no freight the proprietor thought he could not send us. Mr. H, determined to sail thro' the rapids took his passage in a Durham boat loaded with flour. We expected to be obliged to take the stage. However, after a great deal of difficulty we succeeded in procuring a small Canada boat of 8 feet in breadth and 30 or 40 in length—twas fitted up in very rough style. A slight frame work erected and an old sail thrown over it by way of



An aerial view of the reconstructed Fort Niagara. It was founded in 1678 and was the scene of two centuries of conflict involving France, Great Britain and the United States which successively held it. Restored in 1934. Rochester Public Library



View from Fort Lee, Benson J. Lossing.

awning. A board put up for a table in the center and rough benches formed along the side. Our provisions were taken on board with us and on 7 A.M. July 19th we set sail accompanied by Mr. M. There was a small square sail raised and we had three Canada boatmen as wild and savage looking as we could desire. We were delighted with the commencement of our journey. There was so much of novelty and wild adventure in it.

Passed the Gallook Rapids 7 miles from Ogdensburg, 2

miles in 28 minutes. The boat rocked very much and the waters curled and foamed like the breakers of the ocean on a calm day. 11 miles further, rapids [illegible] 3 miles in 14 minutes. While passing the Long Saulte Rapids were overtaken by a thunderstorm that made the scene more awful. Landed at the foot of the rapids 44 miles from Ogdensburg at a miserable tavern. Took our provisions and after a great deal of searching on the part of the landlady were provided with 2 or 3 knives and forks and a plate or 2 for 7 of us. We were treated to some new milk. I was handed a glass filled of, I supposed with this beverage, but upon examination found it did not reach the bottom by about inch owing to the thick coating of dirt with which the glass was encrusted. Took boat at past three and passing Charcoal Cocoon and St. Regis, an Indian village whose tall spire we saw in the distance—entered Lake St. Frances 6 P.M. and reached Kirktown in its north bank at 9 P.M. in a heavy shower. The landing very poor. Scrambled up a steep, muddy bank and walked some distance in the darkness to a miserable tavern where we were glad to seek the kitchen fire. They gave us a tolerable supper, but our accommodations for the night were poor enough. The gentlemen of our party slept on the floor with a blanket to cover them and we four girls were placed in a little room like a closet. There was one bedstead with a bed on it but S. [Sidney] and myself lay on a thin bed, spread upon the floor with no bolster or pillows—a coverlet and one sheet as we presumed, which proved to be a dirty tablecloth, probably the one we had supped off of. This was bad enough, but not equal to Rochester where we found a dirty sheet on the dinner table. So we comforted ourselves under the thing, went fast asleep and awoke not during the whole night.

July 20th at 3 A.M. set sail in our little boat went 16 miles to breakfast to a plain, but neat tavern on the border of the lake. Lake St. Francis 36 miles in length and 7 in width. Very little current here. Our men obliged to row for several miles. Reached the narrows at the extremity of the lake at past 12 at noonday when fearing the approach of a thunder-

storm we resolved to put in shore—but we were not able to accomplish it. The wind sprung up suddenly. The thunder roared tremendously, the rain fell in torrents and to complete the scene a sudden gust of wind took the side of the boat. The awning acting as a sail, the vessel leaned on her side til I was level with the water. Our boatmen for the moment lost the management of the vessel, but after some difficulty succeeded in running her on a little marshy island where we waited cold and drenched til the storm abated. Our boat was flat bottomed without keel, drew but 5 or 6 inches of water. Our savage Canadians, unmoved by all we could say, were determined during the storm to proceed through the rapids at which we were just at the commencement and it was with the utmost difficulty that we could control them. We were obliged to pass through a part of these rapids, which are call Coteau du Lac, to reach the tavern on the bank of the river where we bade adieu to the boat. Some of the company being very much alarmed were delighted with the attentions of the landlady and her daughter who showed so much kindness and interest in us that she quite won our hearts. They were a French family and could scarcely speak a word of English.

Cousin W. procured calèches [small carriages] to convey us 12 miles to take the Cascade Rapids where we could meet the steamboat that plies in Lake St. Louis. Our gentlemen kept to the boat and we were conveyed along the river's side in [illegible] curious little vehicles which are very much used here—they resemble one of our old fashioned chairs without a top with two huge unwieldy ears that stand out on each side. They contain two persons and a driver who sits on the box in front. They travel very rapidly. The little sturdy Canada horses go in kind of a half trot half gallop that jerks the vehicle to which they are attached up and down to one side and the other with a short quick motion that threatens to throw you out of your seat every moment.

Rode through the village Cedus, a neat place but very different in the style of building from that we see in the United States. The houses are principally of one story with

wide fronts and very high pointed roofs, covered with tin and ornamented with several rows of dominant windows, one above the other. There is a Catholic church here with a priest's mansion adjoining much the largest, finest buildings in the place. The people here are French and the French language is universally spoken. They look poor and their dress reminds me very much of the dress we have of the peasantry in France. The girls, with their little round straw hats and bunches of ribbons at the side, look quite [illegible], but a crook to give them completely the air of shepherdesses.

We were objects of great curiosity to the natives here. I heard one gentleman as he pointed us out to his companions observe, "Those are Quaker people. They don't belong to these parts." I questioned my little driver to see what he knew of them. When asked if there were any Quakers here, he looked up with the greatest simplicity and replied,



Anthony's Nose and Sugar Loaf, Benson J. Lossing.

"Crackers, madam?

No, no. Quaker people." He had never heard of such things.

Arrived at the tavern at the Cascades where we met with a kindhearted landlady who, finding our dinner had been forgotten, in our alarm, soon provided us with a comfortable one. The more acceptable as it was then 5 P.M. and we had taken nothing since breakfast. We found great difficulty in detaining the steamboat until the arrival of our company for whom we had to wait $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour. The captain was disposed to be very obliging and behaved like a gentleman, but felt as if he was hardly doing justice to the rest of his passengers by delaying his departure.

At length to our great joy they made their appearance and at 6 P.M. entered the steamboat congratulating themselves on their escape from those savage Canadians who had given them a great deal of trouble.

Lake St. Louis is 12 miles in length and eleven in breadth. The banks are cultivated and interesting, sprinkled with villages whose glittering roofs and spires, when seen from a distance, had a very pleasing effect.

The sunset was uncommonly brilliant. We hoisted sail



The Eight-Spring Calèche - Resembling a barouche, the calèche was a French importation: an open carriage with long, sweeping lines. Note the intricate springing, with straps to prevent excessive swaying of the body when in motion.

and moved very rapidly. Several islands in this lake, one called Châteauguay between which [illegible] and the southern shore. It is a small town, so called near which a stream of the same name empties itself into the lake. Arrived at LaChine at 7 P.M. A considerable village on north bank of the St. Lawrence. Here we left the boat as the stage was full mounted [illegible].

It is 9 miles from LaChine to Montreal. The road was rough and narrow and the night dark. So that our journey was somewhat perilous—but our entry into the city was ludicrous in the extreme. Someone having attempted to pass our cavalcade, our spirited little drivers were determined not to be outdone and set off in a full gallop, our gentlemen keeping close in the rear and then was dashed up one narrow dark street and down another. Our vehicle clattering, the dogs barking, children screaming while occasionally some poor Frenchman all aghast stood motionless as we flew past him. Or with uplifted hands uttered and ejaculating, “Mon dieu,” as he crept closer to the houses for safety.

At length we plunged suddenly into an alley and drew up before a handsomely illuminated building which we understood was the place of our destination, when just as the landlord with the waiter came out to receive us, our little [illegible] finding the gentlemen of our party had not followed us, turned short around and carried us out of the alley on full gallop, heedless of our endeavors to stop them, although we tried them with both English and French, nor ceased their haste till they joined the rest of our company at the distance of two or three squares.

Here we met with a polite stranger who offered to conduct us to Pomeroy's where we wished to go and who brought us again to the place from whence we had so suddenly departed. Upon inquiry we found ourselves again wrong. So after a civil bow to the landlord we took our departure in the same style as before—and without further difficulty reach Pomeroy's totally exhausted with fatigue and laughter. The accommodations are excellent here and

the landlord very attentive.

July 21st A wedding company passed our window mounted in calèches as is customary at this place. Second day is the only one which they marry. The company assembled in the church in the morning and after the ceremony is performed spend the day riding through the streets in public to publish their marriage. The cabal consisted of 10 or 12 calèches led by the bride herself with her husband's father, while the groom closed the procession accompanied by the father of his bride.

A funeral procession passed soon after. The priest led the way with his prayer book in his hands accompanied by the person bearing the crucifix. The body followed on a bier covered with a white pall on which were strewn bouquets of flowers. On each side of the bier walked two old women carrying lighted tapers. They were followed by a motley crowd without any order who closed the procession.

In the afternoon visited the convent of Gray Nuns. Most of the sisters were out walking or visiting the sick. This place is a mere hospital for the sick, aged and infirmed and for orphan children to the care and attendance upon whom the nuns have devoted themselves. The children, most of



Ballston Springs 1838 by William Henry Bartlett, from American Scenery



Lake George, 1838 by William Henry Bartlett.

them, look very healthy. 'Twas supper time and they were assembled around a nun who was feeding them with a most unsavory looking mess resembling rye paste. There is a large room appropriated to elderly women where there are a great many employed in different kinds of needlework which is sold for the benefit of the institution. A room downstairs was filled with old men whom we heard at their evening prayers. They were seated sideways at the supper table at the head of which a nun presided and led their devotions which consisted of the Lord's Prayer and Ave Maria repeated alternately ten times.

Visited the church which has two small chapels attached to it, all profusely ornamented with gilding and bad paintings. The different paintings near was [a] prescribed form of prayer which was to be used in addressing them. We saw several nuns at their devotions who appeared quite insensible to the observation to which they were subjected. One of the sisters, however, the oldest in the place, who was very infirm, we saw from the window of her chamber that look'd into the chapel; and in whom curiosity seemed to struggle hard with devotion for the mastery. She would commence her prayers with great earnestness and the most solemn countenance, but in a few minutes her attention would be

attracted, her voice cease, her lips remaining parted and her little gray eyes twinkle at us with the most eager inquisitiveness.

Saw the funeral service performed over the bodies of two infants who had died in the place. It consisted of diverse prayings and sprinklings with holy water, laying on of the crucifix and without anything of solemnity in it.

The porter of the convent amused us very much. An old bald headed man with a wooden leg, very communicative and possessed of considerable shrewdness, fond of sport and willing to indulge even at the expense of the religion he professed.

In the different rooms there are images of the Virgin Mary set up in glass cases. She is represented as a fat chubby round face little figure of wax, dressed in crimson, satin, velvet, et cetera and profusely ornamented with tinsel. There are but 23 Gray Nuns, so called I believe, from the dress they wear which is of that color. They have several novices among them dressed in calico, [illegible phrase] our porter observed. Quite good looking young women—the time of novitiate is 4 years.

We did not visit the convent of the Black Nuns which is



Saratoga Springs in 1820 by Jacques Milbert From Itineraire Pittoresque.

open only one day in the week. The sisters themselves never make their appearance and converse with you only thro the grate.

Montreal said to be a correct picture of a French Provincial Town. It is interesting from its foreign appearance, but has no other attractions. The streets are narrow and dirty—pavements scarcely wide enough for two persons to walk abreast, the houses frequently but one story high with steep roofs, covered with sheet iron or tin. The doors and windows covered with sheet iron. The buildings themselves of dark gray stone and the whole place gloomy and prisonlike. A bank, a Methodist chapel, the new English Church and two or three dwelling houses in the upper street are all the tolerable buildings Montreal can boast. The inside of some of these churches is splendid. The old French church has a great deal of gilding, but the altar, the pillars that support the canopy, are of green and gold, the dome above it spangled with golden stars.

There is a colorful figure of [illegible] savior on the cross carved in wood and very well executed that was quite painful to look up at.

July 22nd Rode around the neighborhood of Montreal. Several fine seats in the English style. The country [illegible] in its appearance—a range of mountains rises back of the town richly wooded. Rode thro' an opening between them from whence had an extensive view of the St. Lawrence and its banks. Montreal lay beneath our feet with its glittering roofs and spires, almost too dazzling to look upon.

Left this place for La Prairie, 9 miles on the river. There were, I suppose, 60 persons on board with a corresponding number of horses, dogs, et cetera. Such a motley group I never before saw, [illegible] composed of peasantry of the neighboring country whose appearance and manners would bespeak them far behind us in civilization and refinement.

Lodged at La Prairie, a considerable French village. There is a nunnery here.

The English government talks of uniting Upper and



The Pallsades. Benson J. Lossing.

Lower Canada under one head to prevent the difficulties that occur from their being governed by different laws and being swayed by different interests.

July 23rd I rose at 3 and a half, rode 18 miles to breakfast at St. Yohas, a very rough ride through an uncultivated country. At 9 A.M. Took the steamboat *Progress* and rejoined Y., West and sisters whom we had met at Montreal. The banks of the Sorrel River, flat and uncultivated. The

lower part of Lake Champlain uninteresting. Passed a larger fort on the western banks of the lake, built by the Americans which by the late determination of the boundary line is shown within the British territories.

Stopped at Plattsburgh and walked thro' the town, a neat place near which was pointed out the [illegible] of battle wherein McDonough was the Hero of the Island on which the brave fellows who fell in battle were interred. There is no stone of memorial. Nothing to mark the spot where they lie.

As we approached Burlington the wind blew a gale. A shower came up and the waves, black as midnight, were crested with foam. A range of mountains runs along the Vermont side of the lake, very varied and grotesque in their appearance. As we crossed the lake to B the swirl was excessive. Reached Burlington after dark which we regretted, as it is said to be the handsomest town in the United States. July 24th at 7 A.M. reached White Hall, passed Ticonderoga and Crown Point in the night. Near the head of the lake the vessels in which McDonough and the British commander led their fleets to battle lie rotting side by side on the water.

Breakfasted at White Hall a very wild and romantic spot. Reached Sandy Hill to dinner after a rough ride of 21 miles in the rain. This village, one of the prettiest we have seen since we left Niagara Falls. Visited Baker's Falls on the Hudson 3 miles below Glens Falls, the descent 68 feet. The rocks so broken and irregular as to render them very beautiful. Lodged at Sandy Hill, a good house. The landlady very attentive and communicative and one to use her own expressions went "horsing about and seeing to everything."

July 25th visited Glens Falls, more of grandeur here than at Baker's Fall, the rocks bolder, the fall itself less beautiful.—Reached Lake George to dinner and here I must confess myself more disappointed than I have been with anything since I left home. We have seen so much of the grand, magnificent and sublime that the scenery on this lake so universally admired, appeared almost tame and

monotonous. There are no rude, craggy rocks rising almost perpendicularly from its surface to give it grandeur and sublimity or of soft, sunny cultivated slopes to give it beauty.

July 26th—sailed up the lake, visited Diamond Island where after delving for diamonds for an hour or two, we returned to our boat poorly compensated by the possession of a few small imperfect crystals. Afterwards [illegible] at Long Island where we met with better success, dined in our boat, spent the rest of the day upon the lake and returned in the evening fatigued as is generally the case in the eager pursuit of pleasure. First day went to church at the village of Caldwell where we stayed. Heard miserable singing and a still more miserable discourse; yet found an attentive audience who appeared to feel deeply what the minister was saying—A good deal of company at Lake George. Visited the sites of Fort William Henry and Fort George.

July 27th left Lake George for Saratoga where we arrived in the evening. Stopped at Union Hall, called the Sick House, from the number of invalids there. The plainest house at the springs; music and dancing not permitted.

July 28th completely [illegible]. All we meet seem in want of amusement. Tasted all the springs—found them excessively disagreeable. "Were pleased to meet with Friend Murray and M. Perkins here."

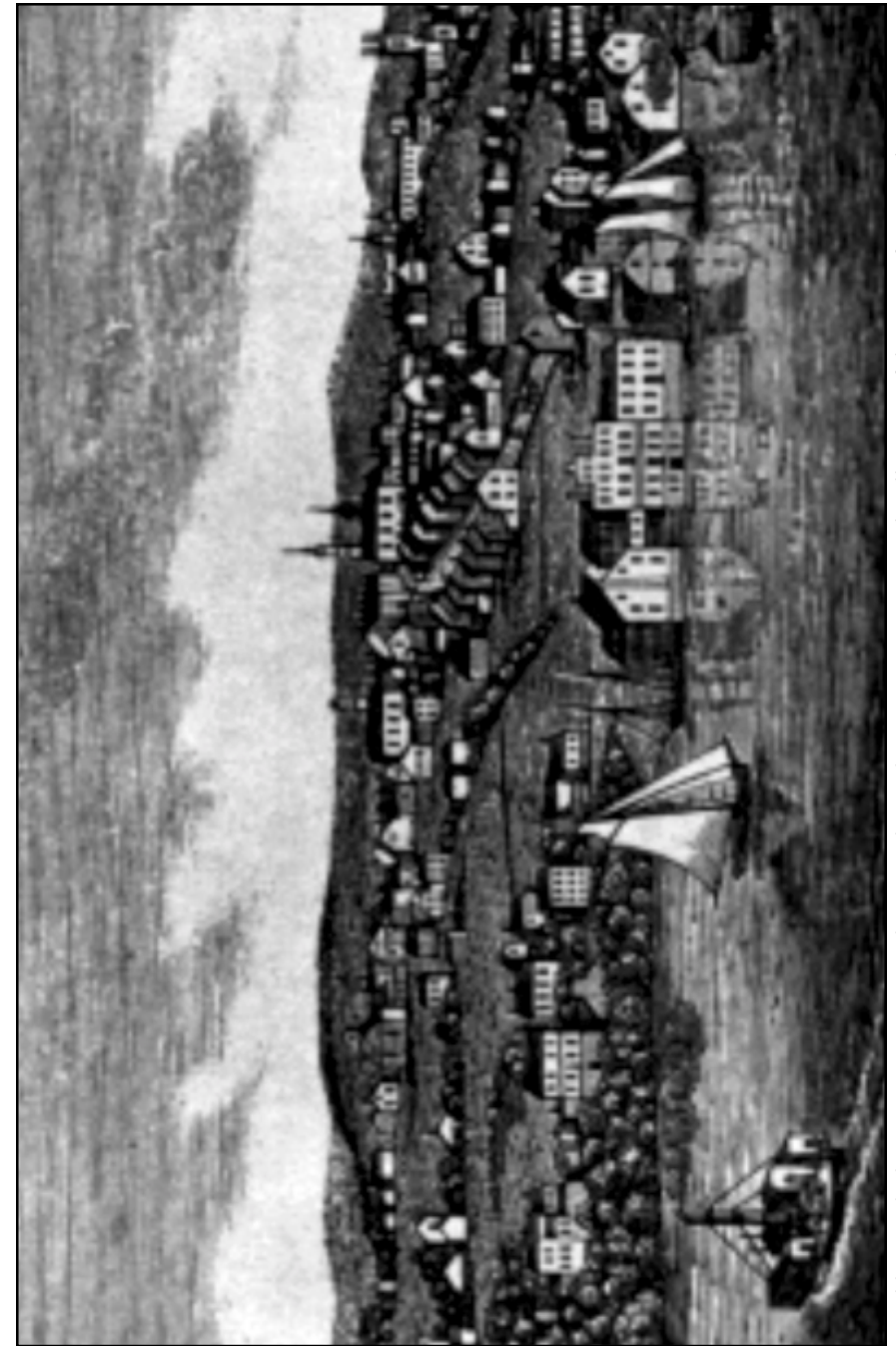
July 29th bade adieu to Saratoga 6 A.M. Stopped at Ballston to breakfast—found it almost deserted—not more than 20 or 30 boarders. At San Souci the town more beautiful than Saratoga, the country more interesting. Here are sulphur chalybeate waters beside the shore containing the carbonic acid.

Crossed the Mohawk and visited the Cohoes Falls. Dined at Waterford. In different parts of our journey saw the workmen employed on the canal that is to connect the Hudson with Lake Champlain.

Passed through Landingburg, Troy and reached Albany at 6 P.M.

July 30th visited Lebanon one of the most delightful

spots we have yet seen—its bold hills rising in very varied form cultivated to the very summits and surrounding a beautiful and romantic valley. The settlement of the Shakers is situated on a gentle descent near the bottom of these hills containing from 150 to 200 souls. The most perfect neatness prevails throughout their establishments...; We're shown their principle dwelling, the dairy, where we saw two pretty black-eyed girls whose glance seemed to belie the simplicity and artlessness which their general appearance bespoke. By the politeness of a party of strangers, obtained admission to evening service performed at their dwelling houses. At a given signal the folding doors were thrown open between two large rooms. The Brethren entered first two by two followed by the sisters. They placed themselves in rows one behind the other, the two parties facing. They then all join in a hymn bending their bodies backwards and forwards with gentle motion. The principle merit in their singing appears to consist in expecting their voices as much as [Journal ends. Pages are missing. The binding is broken and the last several pages are loose.]



Poughkeepsie, looking west, 1840. From John W. Barber and Henry Howe, *Historical Collections of the State of New York*.
Back Cover: Map of Canadian portion of the travelers' route.