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STORAGE  
NEW JERSEY



*A Knickerbocker Tour of  
New York State, 1822*

*“Our Travels, Statistical,  
Geographical, Mineorological,  
Geological, Historical, Political  
and Quizzical”*

Written by myself XYZ etc.

Edited, with an Introduction and Notes,  
By LOUIS LEONARD TUCKER

The University of the State of New York  
The State Education Department  
The New York State Library  
Albany  
1968

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## Preface.

In November, 1967, James E. Allen, Jr., Commissioner of Education, appointed a committee to develop a commemorative program for the sesquicentennial year of the New York State Library (April 1968 - April 1969). The committee proposed that one facet of the program involve publication of significant primary materials from the Library's extensive collection. In selecting these materials, the committee was guided by the consideration that they have value for scholars yet be of interest to the general reader. "Our Travels" was deemed a "natural." A member of the committee, I "volunteered" to serve as editor of the project.

Every primary document poses problems for an editor, but "Our Travels" has more than the usual share. It is not a conventional literary tract. Structurally, it consists largely of short, incomplete thoughts separated by dashes. Moreover, it is characterized by the usual nineteenth century superfluity of capital letters and other standard orthographic features.

In pursuing my editorial task, I kept in mind the fundamental tenet: Make necessary changes, but do not alter the meaning of the author. I have made the following editorial adjustments. Wherever possible, I have grouped related thoughts into a sentence pattern, substituting commas for dashes and replacing the final dash with the appropriate terminal punctuation. This was done to make the narrative more readable. I have refrained from tampering with the author's orthographic system. Initially, as much as possible I wished to preserve the integrity of the original account. Secondly, observation revealed that the orthography would not confuse the modern reader. Such words as "galloped," "waggan," "hyerglyphics" and "underweigh" offer no problem. Capitalization did present problems, at least to the editor. Frequently, I could not determine conclusively whether a letter was capitalized or in the lower case. At such times, I gave the letter a long, hard look and relied on my best visual judgment. The author followed the practice of adding a flourish to "justify" a line. I have deleted these. I have changed ampersands to "and." In positioning quotation marks, and in other basic editorial matters, I have conformed to the principles outlined in *The University of Chicago Press' A Manual of Style* (eleventh edition, 1949, sixth impression, Chicago, 1959).

My work on this project was facilitated by a number of kind people and I am pleased to acknowledge their assistance. I am indebted to my colleagues on the Sesquicentennial Committee (particularly its chairman

Hugh M. Flick, Mason Tolman and Peter J. Paulson of the New York State Library) for perceptive editorial comment and other favors. I owe a special debt of gratitude to the Secretary of the Committee, Mrs. Mildred Ledden, Reference Librarian in the State Library, who cheerfully accepted my long lists of reference works, disappeared into the stacks and moments later miraculously produced the books.

I also wish to thank the staff members of the following libraries and research institutions: New York State Library (especially Miss Juliet F. Wolohan, Jonas Olsoff, Kenneth J. Siple, Miss Ida M. Cohen); Columbia University Library (especially Donald Anthony, Ken Lohf, Miss Alice Bonnell); New York Public Library (especially Gunther Pohl); New-York Historical Society (especially James J. Heslin, Arthur J. Breton); New York Genealogical and Bibliographical Society (especially Kenn Stryker-Rodda); Albany Institute of History and Art (especially Norman S. Rice); Buffalo and Erie County Historical Society (especially Walter S. Dunn, Jr., and Lester W. Smith).

I offer profound thanks to the following individuals who provided aid on specific problems: Professor Lewis Leary, Columbia University; Professor I. Frank Mogavero, Niagara University; Blake McKelvey, City Historian, Rochester, New York; John K. Howatt, Metropolitan Museum of Art; Alfred Barragwaneth, City Museum of New York; Lloyd Goodrich, Whitney Museum; Miss Caroline Scoon and Richard Koch, New-York Historical Society; John G. Broughton and Donald W. Fisher, New York State Education Department; William N. Fenton, State University of New York at Albany; Cecil R. Roseberry.

I am also grateful to: Lester J. Cappon, Director of the Institute of Early American History and Culture (Williamsburg, Virginia) and one of the most accomplished historian-editors in the nation, who analyzed "Our Travels" and provided me with helpful hints on the editorial procedures I should follow; John H. Calam, Director of the Teachers College Press, Columbia University, who copy edited the introduction and all footnotes. Lastly, I am pleased to acknowledge the editorial assistance rendered by my wife.

LOUIS LEONARD TUCKER  
*Assistant Commissioner  
 for State History*

Albany, New York  
 August, 1968

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Perhaps there is no class of men to which the curious and literary are more indebted than travellers;—I mean travel-mongers, who write whole volumes about themselves, their horses and their servants, interspersed with anecdotes of inn-keepers,—droll sayings of stage-drivers, and interesting memories of—the Lord knows who. They will give you a full account of a city, its manners, customs, and manufactures; though perhaps all their knowledge of it was obtained by a peep from their inn-windows, and an interesting conversation with the landlord or the waiter. America has had its share of these buzzards. . . .

*Salmagundi*, Feb. 24, 1807

They [Knickerbocker writers] were our first crop—to borrow a figure—and very properly were ploughed in, and though nothing of just the same sort has come up since, and we may be permitted to hope that nothing of just the same sort will ever again come up, yet certainly they did something toward fertilizing the soil from the products of which we are getting a part of our food.

*Nation*, Dec. 5, 1867

## *Introduction to Our Travels*

LOUIS LEONARD TUCKER

## Introduction

Periodically during the seventeenth, eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, New York City was ravaged by a number of dread diseases. Yellow fever was one of these.<sup>1</sup> It was a rare summer—and most of these diseases flared up during the summer months—when no yellow fever cases developed. The disease almost always made its initial appearance in the squalid residential sections of the waterfront where life was “nasty and brutish”; where the garbage in the streets<sup>2</sup> (contemptuously referred to as “Corporation pie” by the residents) complemented the filth within the adjacent row houses; where it was common to have ten to twenty people residing in one-room hovels under primitive living conditions; where survival was a grim business; where death came so easily.

Because the city was concentrated in the southern tip of Manhattan Island (now the financial district), all residents were vulnerable when yellow fever appeared. There was no marked geographical separation between rich and poor. Even the fashionable residential enclaves located along Wall and Broad Streets and Broadway were within sniffing distance of the slovenly sections of the city. And when the pestilence struck, it showed no deference for financial status. Rich and poor alike fell victim as the disease moved relentlessly through the city, oftentimes in a street-by-street pattern. All too frequently, the disease achieved epidemic proportions, paralyzing business and bringing normal activities to a standstill for months on end. Such was the case in 1791, 1795, 1798, 1803, 1805, 1819 and 1822.

The epidemic of 1822 was especially serious.<sup>3</sup> As usual, the first cases developed in a grimy waterfront district, Rector and Washington Streets. On July 10, two sisters, ages nine and eleven, contracted the disease. Within days, numerous others in nearby homes were victimized. Within two weeks, the entire lower city became an infected area. The first death attributed to yellow fever occurred on August 1. By November 2, when the epidemic was beginning to abate, 1,236 deaths had been recorded.

As the disease began to spread, the public authorities took protective measures which had become customary in 1822. Quicklime and coal were burned in the gutters to “purify” the “contaminated” air. When these measures failed to check the malady, the officials ordered residents of the affected section to leave, whereupon they sealed it off with high wooden fences.

The general citizenry took additional precautionary measures. Some consumed an assortment of home-remedy medicinal concoctions which were intended to immunize them against the fever—or cure them if they were afflicted.<sup>4</sup> All remedies had their trial. Some people chewed snuff.

Some tried garlic, either chewing or putting it in their shoes. Upon hearing a rumor that camphor was effective against the disease, some hung a great bag of it around their necks. Some gulped down pills allegedly invested with like magical powers. Heavily advertised in newspapers, these miracle pills were peddled with abandon by a horde of quacks who suddenly surfaced as a main chance for profit developed. “Dr. Evans’ pill,” for example, which sold for fifty cents a box, was:

Warranted to prevent the YELLOW FEVER, if taken agreeable to directions. They are a very mild, Aperient and Deobstruent Medicine, and may be taken at any age with the most perfect safety. They are excellent in Dyspepsia or Indigestion, and for weak and sour Stomachs. They will be found of infinite service at the commencement of Yellow or Bilious Fevers, and for all Bilious Diseases, Obstructions of the Liver, Jaundice, etc. They are most admirably calculated for seafaring men in every climate, but particularly in warm climates.<sup>5</sup>

But neither pill nor potion nor fence could contain the disease. Its deadly tentacles reached out in all directions. Each day the newspapers printed a list of the newly afflicted and the deceased. Death superseded business as the main staple of daily conversation. When people mustered the courage to gather, they exchanged information on new victims. The practice of formal funerals was abandoned. The dead were heaped on hearses and wagons and committed to the earth without ceremony.

By September 1 the lower city was a virtual “ghost town.” While city health officials and learned gentlemen with an academic interest in medical affairs debated the causal factors of yellow fever, and the positive and negative features of a wide variety of alleged preventative and curative measures, lower city residents hastily packed a few belongings and fled. Some boarded any vessel capable of floating and sailed or rowed off to neighboring Brooklyn and New Jersey, or up the Hudson River. Most retreated to the northern fringes of the city and to nearby Greenwich. The once-bustling lower city was left to the cats, rats, a “nefarious band of robbers,”<sup>6</sup> indigent Negroes and bed-ridden yellow fever victims. Daily, a few brave nurses and doctors ventured into the area and ministered to the needs of the sick. The “only noise to break the terrible stillness were the rumbling of hearses and the footsteps of nurses and physicians.”<sup>7</sup>

By September 1, the entire city was in an unsettled state. Chaos prevailed. One resident described it in these words:

It [fever] has utterly desolated the lower portions of the city. Thousands have left, and other thousands, panic-stricken, are daily leaving. Stores and dwellings are closed and deserted. The custom-house, post-office, all the banks, insur-

ance offices, and other public places of business have been removed to the upper part of Broadway and to Greenwich village, the region round about being mostly occupied by merchants in buildings temporarily erected for their convenience. Such a motley scene as is exhibited defies description. There are carts, cartmen, carpenters, carriages, dust, and dry goods—to the end of the alphabet.<sup>8</sup>

Peter Neilson, a Glasgow businessman, arrived in New York City at the height of the epidemic and recorded this scene:

On going ashore, the bustle that prevailed was beyond description, nearly the whole of the business-part of the city being removed out to the fields which skirt the suburbs. An immense variety of temporary wooden buildings, such as may be seen at Glasgow during the fair, were speedily erected for the accommodation of the citizens; and the business transacted here during two months was prodigious: some of these buildings were fitted up as hotels, where 200 or 300 people were boarded, but the accommodations for beds, etc. at such a time, may easily be conceived to have been none of the best. For such accommodation, however, people were very happy to pay an extravagant price; and in many instances, in the first hurry of business, until a sufficiency of booths were erected, respectable persons were obliged for nights to bivouac in the fields. This may give an idea of what formidable terrors the first appearance of the yellow fever creates. . . .

In this irregular and temporary city in the field, you might find in one groupe, banking-houses, insurance offices, coffee-houses, auctioneers' salesrooms, dry goods, hardware, and grocery stores, milliners' shops, barbers' shops, and last, though not least, a suitable proportion of grog and soda-water shops. . . .<sup>9</sup>

In late August, an alarmed resident of the lower city resettled his family in the Bedford section of Brooklyn Village. With two male companions, he then boarded the steamboat *Chancellor Livingston* on August 28 and sailed up the Hudson River to Newburgh. There they boarded a stage and travelled across New York State to Niagara Falls and the adjoining area. They returned along the "psychic highway"<sup>10</sup> of western and central New York to Albany, thence down the Hudson to New York City by steamboat. In the course of the month-long trip, the gentleman who had fled the city maintained a journal. He titled it "Our Travels, Statistical, Geographical, Mineorological, Geological, Historical, Political and Quizzical."

To an editor, "Our Travels" is a classic literary enigma, a detective's delight. It provokes a multitude of baffling, seemingly unanswerable, questions. Its early provenance is the first area of mystery. The journal

was acquired by State Librarian Charles F. Gosnell in 1958 from a well-known rare book firm in New York City; the purchase was made possible by the Gotshall Fund. The rare book firm had obtained it from a private collector. The latter had purchased it "in about 1955" from a private party in Rochester, New York, who was "a little mysterious about the book. All he would say was that it came from an estate."<sup>11</sup> Both the rare book firm and the collector were unable to provide a shred of information on its early provenance. The former Rochester owner has since died.<sup>12</sup> The document is assuredly of early nineteenth century vintage, but how it came into being and what happened to it prior to 1955 are questions which beg for answers. The journal consists of 221 pages (6 $\frac{1}{4}$ " x 5 $\frac{1}{8}$ " in size) of text and ten striking water color paintings, and is bound in maroon straight-grained morocco, gold-tooled, with inside gold-tooled borders and olive green moire silk doublures.<sup>13</sup> The volume is hand-bound and is "unfinished" since it lacks headbands. There is an ornamental gilding on the spine; it apparently was applied by a machine press.

For an editor, the most perplexing and maddening mystery is the authorship of the journal. The document does not reveal its creator, nor do its contents yield sufficient evidence by which authorship can be determined. Some facts may be deduced from internal evidence. The author was a male resident of New York City. He was well-read, urbane and possessed a comic spirit. He was attuned to contemporary literary and intellectual trends. If he was not a full-fledged member of the Knickerbocker School of New York City<sup>14</sup>, he assuredly tilted in the direction of this group's intellectual outlook and manifested its literary values. In short, he seems to have been of the intelligentsia of the burgeoning metropolis, a "soul brother" of such fun-loving Knickerbockers as Washington Irving, James Kirke Paulding, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Gulian C. Verplanck, Charles Fenno Hoffman and Joseph Rodman Drake.

The starting point for the literary sleuth would appear to be the Knickerbocker circle. An intensive review of primary and secondary sources, however, has produced negative results. This writer could not discover a single reference to the journal, or to the trip it describes, in the extant personal papers or published writings of the major or minor figures of the Knickerbocker constellation.<sup>15</sup>

There are two significant clues in the *New York American*, a contemporary newspaper. The first appears in the August 23, 1822, issue in the form of an account of a trip to Bloomingdale, which was located on the upper reaches of Manhattan Island where Columbia University now stands. The account is of anonymous authorship and, as implied in a



prefatory statement, was written by a resident of New York City. It has the distinctive form and stylistic flavor of "Our Travels" and leads one to surmise that both writings were the work of the same author. A comparison of the following excerpts, selected at random, with any portion of "Our Travels" clearly reveals their marked similarity.

Left the city just at twilight. Good time to begin a journey. Prevents impertinent questions, where are you going? When will you return? etc. etc. Avoids still more impertinent detentions by creditors, etc. You are also presented with the delightful contrast between a lighted city and the surrounding country. Grand time for reflection. Digression about the several advantages of a city and country life. Very much like the old question concerning the savage and civilized state.—Apostrophe to the shade of Rousseau. Conclude in favour of savage life. Suburbs of a city full of misery and indigence. Applaud myself for humanity in passing them in the evening. Reminds me of Dr. Von Blonk of Gottingen, who used to perform all his surgical operations in the dark, that he might not witness the agonies his patients suffered. Try to find the 8th avenue, it being the shortest way. Unsuccessful. Find myself in Sandy Lane. Appropriate name. Wish the Corporation would pave it. Guess the reason is, that it is not on the road to the Alms House, where the Alderman dine. Query, Why are Alermen [*sic*] fat? Because they are fed at the public expense. Good jest. Don't know whether it is mine or not.

Ascend a hill. Beautiful prospect from the top. State Prison, Hospital, and Lunatic Asylum all in sight, when it is not dark. Never mind that—more exercise for the imagination in the description. Pass a farm-house, and a large bull dog flies at me. Keep him off with my stick. Confoundedly frightened. Change my opinion about the savage state, and think civilization with dog laws to be preferred. Cogitate about hydrophobia, skull cap, Dr. Coleman, and yellow fever. Delightful association of ideas. Don't know which I would rather take.

The second clue is both intriguing and downright frustrating. An abridged version of "Our Travels" appeared in the *American*, in serialized form, from August 23 through September 8, 1825; there were fourteen installments. It, too, is of anonymous authorship. The account follows the same general pattern of the document owned by the New York State Library, but it does deviate in some striking ways. Two of the deviations are of a factual nature and, coming as they do at the outset, serve to broaden a mystery that is already of large dimensions. The author asserted that he began his odyssey on July 20, 1825, and that he left New York City on the steamboat *James Kent*. If the *James Kent* adhered to the weekly schedule of sailings in the *Albany Argus* of July 19, 1825,

and there is every likelihood that it did, it left Albany, not New York City, on the twentieth. Does this variance indicate that the author took the liberty of updating his travel account of 1822 so as to make it appear contemporaneous? The suspicion is that he did indeed tamper with the original account. Even the title of the newspaper version deviates from that of the journal: "Our Travels, Statistical, Geographical, Mineralogical, Geological, Political, and Historical." The full extent of deviation—and of compression—can best be seen by viewing both accounts. The following comparison of the opening sections of each illustrates the point.

## Newspaper Version of "Our Travels"

Set out for New York on the 20th of July, Anno Domini 1825, on board the *James Kent*, steam-boat, amid "a vast concourse of spectators, with great eclat." Mem.—Be particular as to dates.—Fort Nonsense, a circular battery of free stone—name speaks for itself.—State Prison.—Moral Reflections on the increase of crime—will fill two pages—fort Gansevoort, half a mile above the prison—placed there undoubtedly, for its defence.—Glass-house in full operation—makes glass, at least was so informed.—Steeple, or to speak more poetically, "Gotham's far-farmed [*sic*] shingle spires" receded from our sight, "in a melancholy manner."

"My native land, good night."

## "Our Travels"

Among the number of inhabitants who were driven from their homes by the Yellow Fever, which happened in New York Anno Domini 1822, were "Ourselves," and bearing in mind the Scriptural text "Take up thy bed and walk." We accordingly transferred "our precious selves" on board the Steam Boat, Chancellor Livingston, and took our departure from our native city on the twenty eighth day of August of the year aforesaid, amid a vast concourse of "Spectators with great eclat." Fort Nonsense, a circular battery of free stone, name speaks for itself. Never has been of use and never will be. Saint John's square and church in the background, made a fine appearance. Only square in New York, although we have several places so misnamed. Videlicet, Hanover, Franklin, Chatham etc. Consult Walker about the difference between square and triangle. Petition Corporation to adopt the latter term. How magnificently would "Franklin Triangle" sound, twould puzzle Foreigners to discover the meaning, and moreover give them a high idea of our inventive genius!

Stopt at State Prison dock, for those passengers, who were afraid of the lower parts of the city on account of the Fever. Saw paupers peeping through the bars of Prison, an edifying spectacle. Anecdote about a "pair of spectacles." Good story to commence with. Fort Gansevoort with its white washed walls, half a mile above the Prison, placed there doubtless for its defence. Proceeded up the River at the rate of eight miles an hour, took a view of fellow passengers, discovered among them the great Mr. P, the famous comic, tragic and bombastic actor, who made his appearance on the Stage, not long ago, mounted on an Elephant, no doubt to the great edification and delight of the audience, or spectators, a hopeful disciple of Melpomene; were also acquainted with Mr. B, an intelligent, shrewd and acute observer of human nature, can turn up a trump with anybody. Day rather gloomy and spirits low, talked about yellow fever in the City to enliven ourselves. Glasshouse in full operation; makes glass, at least, were so informed. Steeples, or to speak more poetically, "Gotham's far fam'd shingle spires," receded from our sight one by one in a melancholy manner. Knickerbocker says, "Our stupendous, majestic, but rickety shingle steeples, will be toppled about our ears by some brisk North Wester." Think he'll prove a false prophet. "My native land good night!" Byron, ahem!

The appearance of the two travel accounts in the *American* raises the suspicion that the author may have been associated with the newspaper. The suspicion is heightened by the prefatory statement for both accounts. The foreword to the Bloomingdale trip, which is attributed to the traveler, explains why he had submitted the article:

In this season of idleness and *dearth of news*, to use a favourite expression, I perceive your brethren of the press have *endeavoured* to enliven their columns with the journals of various travellers. As I find you have not been favored with any of these precious morceaus, I send you the following account of a tour made on the 16th of August, 1822, to a village vcept Bloomingdale, in the neighbourhood of the city of New York, by ———.

Taken literally, the preface affirms that the account had been submitted by a loyal subscriber who was seeking to assist the editor because the latter had not been favored with interesting travel narratives. The preface, however, is patently satiric and would have been regarded as such by contemporaries. The article assuredly was not contributed by a concerned subscriber. More than likely, the author was the editor himself, or someone close to editorial circles. The technique of subterfuge or deception was a standard literary device of the period. It was frequently utilized by the Knickerbocker writers in particular.

"Author, author, who is the author?" was a favorite game of these wits who were well known for their jesting.

The classic example of this type of literary artifice was the chicanery Washington Irving practiced in 1809, just prior to his publication of *Knickerbocker's History of New York*;<sup>16</sup> the work was an audacious burlesque of Samuel L. Mitchill's *A Picture of New York*,<sup>17</sup> a guide book studded with pedantic lore and innocent pomposity. A series of notices in New York City and Philadelphia newspapers preceded the publication. Supposedly written by the landlord of the Independent Columbian Hotel in New York City, the notices informed the public that a stumpy little man wearing olive velvet breeches, a rusty black coat and a cocked hat, and answering to the name of Diedrich Knickerbocker, had rented a room and then suddenly and mysteriously vanished, leaving behind a bulky manuscript. The landlord inquired for information about Knickerbocker who had not paid his lodging bill. When none came, he sold the manuscript to a printer to offset his indebtedness—so wrote the landlord. Those close to Irving knew of the hoax but they remained silent. Months after the book appeared, the secret was revealed.<sup>18</sup> When James K. Paulding published *John Bull in America; or, the New Munchausen* (New York and London, 1825), a rollicking satire on English travel accounts, he wrote in the preface that the manuscript had been discovered in a hotel room vacated by two travelers, an Englishman and a Frenchman.<sup>19</sup> In works of this type, the preface was a significant section of the book.

The preface to the Bloomingdale travel account yields one bit of factual data which presumably did square with truth: the tour was begun on August 16, 1822. This was twelve days prior to the designated date of departure of the author of "Our Travels." The proximity of the two dates again points to a single author for both accounts.

While not explicitly stated, it is apparent that the preface to the newspaper version of "Our Travels" was composed by the editor. Yet, its words also bear a trace of subterfuge and manifest satiric overtones: "If our readers derive from the following as much amusement as they have afforded us, the progress of our traveller, with his consent, will be pursued." We can be certain that the editor had no intention of terminating the series before its conclusion, whatever the reaction of his readers or the decision of the "traveller." The account bears the characteristics of a "planted" publication. It may well have been written by the editor himself.<sup>20</sup>

As the literary sleuth analyzes the evidence contained in the *American*, and sifts and weighs other bits of information which crop up in various

sources, he is led to the conclusion that a prime suspect for the authorship of "Our Travels" is Johnston Verplanck.<sup>21</sup>

Johnston Verplanck was descended from one of the most venerable Dutch families of old New York.<sup>22</sup> His American lineage dated from Abraham Isaacse Verplanck who settled in New Amsterdam about 1635, married, produced nine children and became established as a farmer, fur trader and solid burgher. It was Abraham's first-born son, Gelyn (or Gulian) who made Verplanck a name to reckon with in colonial New York. Gelyn married Hendrika Wessels, daughter of one of the wealthiest men in New York City, and in time became a leading merchant, conducting trade with Holland, England and the West Indies. He also dabbled in real estate. Together with his business partner, Francis Rombout, he purchased 85,000 acres of land in what is now Dutchess County. In 1674, New York City authorities listed the two hundred wealthiest men in the community. Gelyn ranked twenty eighth.

Through hard work, shrewd business dealings and carefully arranged "marriages of convenience" with the sons and daughters of eminent English, Huguenot and Dutch settlers, Gelyn's descendants increased the financial base and social prestige of the Verplanck family. In the early eighteenth century, the massive Verplanck-Rombout estate was distributed among the heirs of the Verplanck, Rombout and Stephanus Cortlandt families. The Verplancks retained 35,000 acres and over a mile of Hudson River frontage. They established a family seat at Fishkill. It was designated Mt. Gulian.

Johnston Verplanck's father, Gulian, heaped additional honors upon the familial name. When Gulian was one year old, his father died, but this stroke of adversity had little effect on his life. Uncle Samuel Verplanck stepped in and assumed the paternal role. He carefully supervised his nephew's education and saw to it that he graduated from King's College. (Samuel held the proud distinction of being the first graduate of the college.) He next dispatched Gulian to Amsterdam where the young man received mercantile training under the supervision of another uncle. Returning to New York City, Gulian began a business career which developed into a conspicuous success. During the Revolution, he manifested Tory leanings, but because his support was more intellectual than active he did not suffer the effects of patriot revenge when the war ended. He represented New York City in the Assembly in 1788-89 and 1796-97. On both occasions, he was elected Speaker of the House. For the final ten years of his life, he held the presidency of the Bank of New York, the only bank in the city at the time. A man of wide cultural interests, he served as a regent of the University of the State of New York, and gave expression to his love of literature by composing poetry in his

moments of leisure. A most versatile figure was Gulian Verplanck. His marriage to Cornelia Johnstone in 1784 produced six children, fourth of whom was his only son, Johnston, who was born on January 18, 1789.

There are few known facts on Johnston's early years, but what evidence there is suggests that he was not a showcase of sound Dutch breeding, that he was a Verplanck in name only. Such characteristic familial traits as dedication and discipline never penetrated his genetic structure. Johnston had a different conception of life. In a carefully worded obituary notice on Verplanck, Charles King, a longtime friend and business associate, implied that Johnston's problems were rooted in the early death of his father, which resulted in a lack of paternal supervision, and inherent defects in personality and temperament. He limned the picture of a precocious young man who was never stung by the whip of necessity but who refused to act and live by rule.

Born to an honorable name, and to competent means, it was the first and great misfortune of Mr. Verplanck to lose in early life the father who might have directed and controlled his ardent nature. With high and generous feelings, a consciousness of talents improved by much though irregular study, and the noblest aspirations, without the steadiness and perseverance which alone could carry them out into useful and profitable results, Mr. Verplanck found himself, while yet a boy, the master of his own actions, and of the means of existence without the necessity of labor. The liberty and the fortune thus early acquired, were used with the improvidence of his years; and the impetuosity of a fiery spirit was left to its unrestrained career.<sup>23</sup>

What King seems to be saying is that the youthful Verplanck was a shiftless, spoiled, lazy, hot-tempered brat.

But a brilliant brat! Johnston entered King's College in 1801 at the age of eleven. He gave promise of duplicating the record-setting feat of his cousin, Gulian, a "steady, studious and spotless youth"—i.e., graduating from college at the age of fourteen.<sup>24</sup> But Johnston was not a "steady, studious, and spotless youth" and he did not graduate with his assigned class—or with any other class, for that matter.<sup>25</sup>

What happened? Johnston himself provided the answer in an eloquent letter to his Uncle Samuel on October 6, 1807, in which he requested a loan of \$250 so that he could purchase some books, place himself in isolation on Long Island and thereby "remedy the defects of my education."

Finding the allurements to idleness and dissipation in the City too strong to be effectually resisted by the resolution in my power to exert; I have prevailed on my Uncle Johnston to

consent to my passing the succeeding and probably the following winter, on Long Island, where I hope to find advantage united with economy.—The substance of the favor I have to beg, is this—The distance of the situation I have chosen (90 miles) will render any immediate communication with New York impracticable—and it will be necessary, I should carry with me, in a small library, the means of acquiring those objects for which I retire which are to remedy the defects of my education, and to fit me for the situation in Life. I shall enjoy as the only representative of my father—the books I wish to procure are, [*sic*] Many of the Classical authors, some works of Law and a few of the best French and Italian writers, to improve my acquaintance with those languages.—These, the small produce of my own property will not allow me to purchase—and I fear the means of my Uncle do not correspond with his inclinations, even did they—I should not wish to render his convenience altogether subservient to my necessities, and it would gratify me to lighten the burthen I impose on him. —for this purpose I address myself to your goodness, and venture to beg the loan of 250 Dollars—untill it be in my power to repay it. —for the performance of which the only security I can offer, is the respect I bear to my own Name. . . .<sup>26</sup>

“Finding the allurements to idleness and dissipation in the City too strong to be effectually resisted by the resolution in my power to exert”—these few words constitute the scenario of Verplanck’s early life.

When he reached manhood, Johnston was without profession or purpose. Thanks to his father’s estate, he was not under severe financial hardship. Following the path of least resistance, he moved to the lower Hudson Valley, to his inherited land holdings, and assumed the role of a country gentleman, much like his Uncle Daniel Verplanck who was situated at Mt. Gulian. But lacking the business acumen and basic “drive” of Uncle Daniel and other Verplancks, Johnston was not able to develop his sizable properties in a productive manner. He remained “land rich,” constantly in need of ready cash and living on the knife-edge of poverty. In a letter to Uncle Daniel on April 12, 1819, he bemoaned his long-standing “pecuniary difficulties” and attributed them to the impossibility of collecting what was due him from his father’s estate, and unproductive business dealings in land sales. Because of his mounting financial problems, he had decided to sell all of his property, at a loss if need be, leave his rural setting and return to New York City where he planned to undertake a professional career. The purpose of his letter was to borrow \$6,000 with which to carry out his plan.<sup>27</sup> It would seem that Johnston frequently found himself under the necessity of seeking the assistance of relatives.

Johnston did resettle in New York City and soon was swept up in the swirling currents of politics. A man of combative personality, he plunged into the activity. As King noted: the “excitement of hot, and it must now be admitted, somewhat intemperate, political discussion, was not unsuited to Mr. Verplanck’s ardent temper.”<sup>28</sup> He became allied with a coterie of young “high-minded Federalists” who were opposed to Governor De Witt Clinton.<sup>29</sup> This fractious element decided to broaden its campaign of opposition by establishing a newspaper. The journal would provide them with a forum from which they could launch more effective attacks upon Clinton. Their leading motive, as one of their number explained it, “was to expose the corrupt practices of a faction in the State of New York, known as Federalists, whose political control though very limited in the eastern was very considerable in the western, and absolute in a portion of the middle district of the State.”<sup>30</sup> On March 3, 1819, a new semi-weekly was founded. It bore the title *New York American*.

While the first issue of the *American* announced that “this Paper will be conducted by an association of young men,” three in particular were its “proprietors and editors”: Verplanck; Charles King, son of the eminent Rufus King; and James A. Hamilton, son of the equally eminent Alexander Hamilton.<sup>31</sup> These three shared prime responsibility for editorial decisions and operational detail. Their colleagues contributed articles and assisted in formulating editorial policy. The Clintonians mistakenly ascribed the editorship of the “little, meagre, drivelling, skewing Tammany paper” to a “knot of scribblers” numbering “not far from twelve or fifteen.”<sup>32</sup>

The *American* was an immediate success. Although a “violent party paper,”<sup>33</sup> it was characterized by a distinctive literary style and was “extensively circulated in the fashionable circles of society.”<sup>34</sup> A modern authority has designated it as “perhaps the most consistently ‘literary’ of the New York newspapers.”<sup>35</sup> Its rapid acceptance and rising circulation soon necessitated changes in basic policy. What had begun as a low-budget, literary exercise by dilettante political reformers had developed into a promising business enterprise.

For Johnston Verplanck, the *American* offered an opportunity for financial success as well as professional status. He could now redeem years of wasted living and assume a position in keeping with his familial heritage of active participation in public affairs. The *American* became his “main chance.” In March of 1820, the newspaper was converted into a daily; the semi-weekly was continued as a “country edition.” Verplanck and King pooled their resources and became business partners

of the new venture.<sup>36</sup> Verplanck was installed as "sole editor,"<sup>37</sup> while King, a merchant by profession, took on the role of an advisor. Hamilton dropped from the scene.

Verplanck functioned as editor until May 1, 1823, when "the Editorial management of the American, in the general details of that duty," were assumed by King.<sup>38</sup> Verplanck retained his half ownership and close interest in the paper. Two days after the announcement of the change in editorial responsibilities, Verplanck assured *American* subscribers that he was still actively involved in the operation.

To correct the misapprehension of many of the friends of the former Editor, as to his interest in the paper, he deems it proper to state, that he retains an equal share in the property of the establishment, and the same solicitude that the *American* should contribute to the advantage, and merit the support of the public. To effect this his continued exertions will be given, and he may hope with the greater effect from the diminished portion of laborious duty to be performed by him. The Editorial responsibility on general subjects, has been assigned to Mr. King to avoid the inconvenience of joint ownership in many particulars, and also because his personal superintendance [*sic*] is more immediately required by the particular department assumed by him.<sup>39</sup>

In the public mind, both men were regarded as editors.<sup>40</sup> Letters and articles sent to the newspaper were consistently addressed to "Messrs. King and Verplanck, Editors," or "to the Editors of the American."

The new arrangement continued until 1826. In May of that year, Verplanck offered for sale "one half of this Establishment."<sup>41</sup> On June 27, King announced in the *American* that he had purchased Verplanck's "rights, title and interest" and was now "sole editor and proprietor." Verplanck's action may have been occasioned by a rupture in his relationship with King.<sup>42</sup> Sometime between June, 1827, and June, 1828, Verplanck and his family (wife and two children) left New York City and took up residence in a sylvan setting near Belleville, New Jersey, where he again assumed the life of a patrician.<sup>43</sup>

Aside from his editorship and involvement in political affairs, Verplanck made little impact upon New York City. He did not achieve the measure of influence possessed by earlier Verplancks, including his father. His cousin Gulian became *the* Verplanck of that generation. Johnston neither held a public office nor assumed any responsibility in the general range of civic duties. Rarely is he mentioned in the correspondence of leading contemporaries, or in their published accounts relating to the history of the city. He did acquire membership in the New-York Historical Society, but he never served as an officer, presented

a paper before it, or published a learned treatise.<sup>44</sup> The Historical Society is his only known club affiliation. He was not invited into membership of James Fenimore Cooper's celebrated Bread and Cheese Club, a carefully selected, élite group of literati.<sup>45</sup> Verplanck seems to have operated on the periphery of the city's vibrant intellectual life. While his mental qualities were of a "robust order" and his "classical attainments entitled him to distinction,"<sup>46</sup> he did not develop a reputation as a "wit" or literary personality. With all of his professed interest in literature, he did not produce a single publication. One suspects that he contributed a number of the many original, anonymous literary items found in the *American* during his association with the newspaper, but there is no way of confirming this suspicion.

Verplanck's period of *otium cum dignitate* in New Jersey was of short duration. On July 8, 1829, at the age of forty-two, he died.<sup>47</sup> In an obituary notice on Verplanck, King wrote that the premature demise of his former partner was due in part to "the want of occupation consequent upon his retirement."<sup>48</sup> John Pintard offered another possible cause for his early death. In 1833, in a gossipy letter to his daughter, Pintard chronicled the "domestic unhappiness" suffered by Mrs. Hester Gouverneur. One of her married daughters died at a young age. A son was killed in a duel. Her eldest daughter, Pintard added, "married a Mr. Verplanck, one of the Editors of the *American*, who turned out a sot, died leaving her a widow with two children."<sup>49</sup>

The most persuasive point in favor of the theory that Verplanck was the author of "Our Travels," aside from the circumstantial evidence provided by the *American* and other sources, was his general outlook on life. All available evidence suggests that Verplanck was a "laughing philosopher," one who was capable of smiling at his own follies. He was a man of sunshine, not rain; a serenely self-radiant, gregarious soul who viewed life as a diverting adventure, not as a purgatorial experience. His attitude was consistent with that expressed by the "Croakers" of an earlier day in their poem "The Man Who Frets At Worldly Strife."

The man who frets at worldly strife  
Grows sallow, sour, and thin;  
Give us the lad whose happy life  
Is one perpetual grin:  
He, Midas like, turns all to gold,  
He smiles when others sigh,  
Enjoys alike the hot and cold,  
And laughs thro' wet and dry.  
There's fun in every thing we meet,  
The greatest, worst and best;  
Existence is a merry treat.

And every speech a jest:  
 Be't ours to watch the crowds that pass  
 Where mirth's gay banner waves:  
 To show fools thro' a quizzing-glass,  
 And bastinade the knaves.  
 The serious world will scold and ban,  
 In clamour loud and hard,  
 To hear Meigs called a congressman,  
 And Paulding styled a bard:  
 But come what may—the man's in luck  
 Who turns it all to glee,  
 And laughing cries, with honest Puck,  
 "Good Lord! what fools ye be."<sup>50</sup>

Verplanck held no brief for a disciplined existence. His ideal was the leisurely, comfortable life of the country gentleman. In sum, he was, like the Knickerbockers, on easy terms with life. And so was the author of "Our Travels."

While Verplanck may have been the author of "Our Travels," he most assuredly did not write the journal now owned by the State Library. This fact is revealed by a comparison of his manuscripts with the journal. The handwriting represents two distinctive scripts. Experts who inspected the travel account judged it to be an early nineteenth century document, but they were of the belief that it is not the original journal.<sup>51</sup> They based their judgment on a number of factors. Initially, there is the factor of the neat, beautifully regular script. The near-perfect handwriting reflects studied concentration, and appears to be the work of a professional scribe or artist. The delicate character of the script led one authority to speculate that it may have been done by a feminine hand. All pointed to the consistency of ink impression and margin format as factors negating the theory that the journal was written by a "man on the move." It was common practice in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, they noted, for authors or travel writings to have their hastily scrawled journals copied and edited by scribes when they returned home. The striking variance between the extant journal and the newspaper version of "Our Travels" further strengthens the supposition that the State Library document, although contemporaneous, is not the original work.

The ten water colors represent another riddle. A battery of authorities on early nineteenth century American art judged them to be of high quality, reflecting the skill either of a talented amateur or of a professional drawing master.<sup>52</sup> The experts accorded them high marks for such criteria as perspective, delineation of detail, the blending and shading of colors, and firmness of line. As one commented, "these were not executed by an ordinary amateur out with a Sunday brush." All emphasized

the difficulty of painting with water colors. This particular medium requires a steady, trained hand and a skill that is rarely found in the dilettante. In the judgment of three of the experts, the water colors in "Our Travels" bear a strong affinity to the artistic efforts of William Guy Wall and William J. Bennett, two of the more accomplished water color painters of the period. This is high tribute indeed.

There is one curious fact related to this latter judgment. The two paintings depicting Niagara Falls are almost exact replicas of two renditions of the Falls done by Bennett; the date of Bennett's works is not known for certain, but it is believed to be 1831.<sup>53</sup> The similarity provokes a spate of questions. Were the water colors executed by the author, or by one of his two companions? (There is not a single reference to this type of activity in the journal, but the omission is not surprising.) Were they done after the trip, perhaps by someone other than the travelers? Are the Niagara Falls paintings copies of Bennett's works? Or did Bennett copy from these models? To attempt to answer these questions is to travel the road of madness.

A few points need to be underscored. Initially, all of the water colors in "Our Travels" relate to the narrative. They depict either experiences of the travelers (the stage breakdown, for example) or sights they observed (scenes of the Hudson River, for instance). Secondly, the detail of the subject matter is, in most cases, remarkably accurate. This is a significant point with respect to the water color depicting the travelers and Seneca Indians within the latter's cabin in their village near Buffalo. According to William N. Fenton, one of the world's leading authorities on the Indians of the Six Nations, the detail relative to the visible artifacts, the positioning of these artifacts in the cabin, and the dress of the Indians is consistent with the knowledge uncovered by historians and anthropologists.<sup>54</sup> In his judgment, it is unlikely that the painting was done by someone who had not been at the site.

There is no evidence that Verplanck engaged in water color painting, but his involvement in such an activity is not beyond the realm of possibility. He was an aesthete by nature, fond of the fine arts, committed to the "life of the mind." Moreover, the American gentry of the early nineteenth century—and Verplanck was of this social order—manifested a strong interest in this type of artistic expression.

Historically, the British had led the way in water color painting, developing it to a high degree in the later eighteenth century.<sup>55</sup> British artists specialized in landscapes. Their water colors were frequently reproduced as engravings and aquatints and sold on the American market. English productions thus became the models for the American amateur

artists of the early nineteenth century. As one authority has written, "the principal impetus, inspiration, and influence on American water color painting came entirely from English sources."<sup>56</sup> During the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, a number of English artists emigrated to the United States, locating usually in urban centers along the Eastern seaboard (Boston, New York City, Philadelphia, Baltimore, etc.). In New York City, in addition to pursuing their painting careers, they often-times established drawing academies for the young ladies and gentlemen of means, served as drawing masters for individual students, and published "how to do it" books. One of the immigrants to New York City was Bennett who arrived about 1826 and embarked on a flourishing career as an artist and drawing master. Therefore, it is entirely conceivable that Verplanck or one of his companions could have been the artist. Water color painting was consistent with the Knickerbocker "way of life."

Unlike most travel accounts of this era, "Our Travels" bears greater significance for its literary values than for its descriptive content. It was principally inspired by an artistic consideration. The author was more concerned with the manner of expression than with the sights and sites he observed. He consciously structured the work as a satire, as a learned spoof of the travel accounts then flooding America. In essence, it was a burlesque of the pompous, pedagogical style of contemporary travel writings, a flight of sheer nonsense gleefully run riot.

As noted earlier, "Our Travels" is cut from Knickerbocker literary cloth. While the Knickerbockers covered a wide literary spectrum, they had a special passion for satire. This was the genre in which they felt most at ease. The satiric form complemented their value structure and philosophical outlook.

Literary critics have pointed out that the satiric productions of the Knickerbockers slavishly adhered to English models of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Particularly in form and mood, they leaned heavily upon the works of Swift, Pope, Addison, Steele, Fielding, Sterne, Thomson, Cowper, Goldsmith, Wolcott ("Peter Pindar") and James and Horatio Smith. But Knickerbocker satire was restricted in scope. Whereas English writers utilized the three basic rhetorical patterns of irony, invective and burlesque in their satire, the Knickerbockers concentrated on burlesque. Moreover, their satire was devoid of malice and lacked a "cutting edge." It did not proclaim a moral mission nor consistently attack vice and promote virtue. There were no Swifts among the Knickerbocker group. They were not consumed with *saeva indignatio* because of man's inhumanity to man. They did not denounce, engage in cosmic speculation, or seek to "unmask" or expose evil.

The Knickerbockers were devotees of the "literature of pleasure." They were "laughing philosophers" who made fun of the follies of life and shook their heads over a madcap world. Their prime object was merriment, and their writings exhibited a spirit of kindness and ingenuous playfulness. If they informed in the process, all well and good, but this was a peripheral interest.

The focus was always on fun. Byron's stated purpose for writing his *Don Juan*—"to be a little quietly facetious about everything"—matched that of the Knickerbockers. The tone of high-spirited humor had been set for the Knickerbocker School by Washington and William Irving and James Kirke Paulding in their rollicking "Salmagundi"<sup>57</sup> essays of 1807-08, in which they scourged the fashions, pretensions and foibles of New York City's *haut monde*. In their first number, the three wits proclaimed the purpose of their genial satire:

In two words—we write for no other earthly purpose but to please ourselves—and this we shall be sure of doing; for we are all three of us determined beforehand to be pleased with what we write. If, in the course of this work, we edify and instruct, and amuse the public; so much the better for the public;—but we frankly acknowledge that so soon as we get tired of reading our own works, we shall discontinue them without the least remorse; whatever the public may think of it.—While we continue to go on, we will go on merrily;—if we moralize, it shall be but seldom; and, on all occasions we shall be more solicitous to make our readers laugh than cry; for we are laughing philosophers, and clearly of opinion, that wisdom, true wisdom, is a plump, jolly dame, who sits in her arm-chair, laughs right merrily at the farce of life—and takes the world as it goes.<sup>58</sup>

The "Salmagundi" essays took the city by storm.<sup>59</sup> With all of its structural and artistic weaknesses, this type of literature had a powerful appeal to local residents. As one authority has written: "its name became a synonym for sharp satire; salmagundi was a kind of hash, consisting of pickled herrings, oil, vinegar, pepper, and onions."<sup>60</sup>

For the next thirty years, the Knickerbockers produced a steady stream of serio-comic, satiric writings. Irving's *Knickerbocker's History* (1809); Samuel Woodworth's *New Haven* (1809), *Beasts of Law* (1811) and *Quarter-Day* (1812); Paulding's *Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan* (1812); Gulian C. Verplanck's *The Bucktail Bards* (1819); Drake's and Halleck's "Croaker" poems—these and many other works helped to establish the Knickerbocker tradition of contagious mirth.

It was an age eminently suited for satire. The gay, cosmopolitan metropolis was imbued with a bumptious, boisterous, patriotic spirit—a

zesty "town spirit." Local newspapers and magazines offered their readers a steady diet of skits, parodies, burlesques, travesties and caricatures. Verplanck's *American* was a principal purveyor of this type of "fun literature." And the learned elements among the citizenry gleefully devoured every satiric morsel that was offered. A Philadelphian, reviewing Halleck's *Fanny* in 1821, underscored the extent to which the cultural rival to the eastward had become enamoured with satire:

An excellent, amiable and intelligent set of people, they certainly are in that town, but ever since they have had to boast of 'Salmagundi' and 'Knickerbocker' as indigenous productions—a propensity to satire and burlesque has been their besetting sin; the passion has been a perfect *mania*, and they have laughed at their own caricature in every variety of shape.<sup>61</sup>

"Our Travels" fits within the general Knickerbocker framework. It is imitative to the core, reflective of the British literary tradition. But it does not conform to a specific English model. Rather, it takes after a Knickerbocker work. It is almost a carbon copy of the Jeremy Cockloft travel accounts which were threaded into the "Salmagundi" essays by the Irving brothers and Paulding. Like the Cockloft narrative, it is pure comedy that frequently spills over into farce. It, too, burlesques the inconsequences of savants, their endless digressions, and their love of dark allusions and learned references. Like the Cockloft account, it also exhibits the qualities of spontaneity, free imagination, a robust vitality in expression, and an occasional touch of license. The following extract from Cockloft's first travel essay<sup>62</sup> illustrates the heavily derivative nature of "Our Travels":

The man in the moon\*—preparations for departure—hints to travellers about packing their trunks<sup>T</sup>—straps, buckles and bed-cords—case of pistols, a la cockney—five trunks—three band<sup>boxes</sup>—a cocked hat—and a medicine-chest, a la Francaise—parting advice of my two sisters—quere, why old maids are so particular in their cautions against naughty women—description of Powles-Hook ferry-boats—might be converted into gun boats, and defend our port equally well with Albany sloops—Brom, the black ferryman—Charon—river Styx—ghosts; major Hunt—good story—ferryage ninepence;—city of Harsimus—built on the spot where the folk once danced on their stumps, while the devil fiddled;—quere, why do the Harsimites talk Dutch?—story of the tower of Babel, and confusion of tongues—get into the stage—driver a wag—famous fellow for running stage races—killed three

\* vide Carr's *Stranger in Ireland*

<sup>T</sup> vide Weld

passengers and crippled nine in the course of his practice—philosophical reasons why stage drivers love grog—causeway—ditch on each side for folk to tumble into—famous place for skilly-pots; Philadelphians call 'em tarapins—roast them under the ashes as we do potatoes—quere, may not this be the reason that the Philadelphians are all turtle heads?—Hackensack bridge—good painting of a blue horse jumping over a mountain—wonder who it was painted by; . . . mem. to ask the Baron de Gusto about it on my return; . . . Rattlesnake hill, so called from abounding with butterflies; . . . salt marsh, surmounted here and there by a solitary hay-stack; . . . more tarapins . . . wonder why the Philadelphians don't establish a fishery here, and get a patent for it; . . . bridge over the Passaic . . . rate of toll . . . description of toll boards . . . toll man had but one eye . . . story how it is possible he may have lost the other . . . pence-table, etc.\* . . .

One wonders if "Our Travels" represents a spoof of a spoof; if it is a parody of Knickerbocker travel accounts, particularly the Cockloft work.

While it lacks the vibrant description and penetrating insights and analysis of such classic travel accounts as Trollope's *Domestic Manners* and Hall's *Travels*,<sup>63</sup> "Our Travels" nonetheless has value for the historian. Embedded in its thick satiric crust are numerous nuggets of information bearing historical value. While traveling through the Mohawk Valley, for example, the author encountered a "Dutch farmer" and his wife and began discussing with them the impact of the Erie Canal on Valley residents: by late 1822, the canal had been completed from Rochester to Schenectady. The farmer was vehemently opposed to the canal, viewing it as a "serious evil." It bisected his farm and, more importantly, weakened his economic position by allowing farmers further to the west to compete with him in the remunerative Albany market. Previously, farmers in the eastern Mohawk Valley had a virtual stranglehold on this market. One of his neighbors, the farmer added, became so distraught by the new economic conditions created by the canal that he committed suicide. The few economic studies that have been done on the Erie Canal tend to emphasize the positive effects of this significant transportation network, and rightfully so. Yet, as the farmer indicated, the canal also had a negative impact. This facet of Erie Canal history has yet to be examined in depth. For the researcher of this subject, "Our Travels" will yield important evidence.

The journal provides the social historian with information on the topic of traveling in 1822. There is data on a variety of modes of conveyance,

\* vide Carr



the quality of facilities and fare at inns, the character and conditions of roads, and the attitudes and actions of those who serviced the needs of travelers. The information oftentimes is presented in an exaggerated, facetious manner and must be evaluated with caution. To the author, all stage drivers drank, chewed, spat, and swore to excess and drove like men possessed. Inn keepers were ill-mannered rascals who took delight in serving bad whiskey and tough steaks and gouging their guests. The roads were always one degree removed from a condition of pristine wilderness. The author's penchant for exaggeration is demonstrated by his account of a nocturnal experience in the Ridgeway Inn. Perhaps the snoring of the lodgers in the adjoining room did approximate the intensity of a "parcel of carpenters . . . in full operation with saws, hammers and chisels." Perhaps the author was stating truth when he wrote that he "could take no rest on account of the rats and mice, reminded us of the midnight orgies of the Methodists, from whom doubtless they had taken lessons." Perhaps the mice and rats were capable of hauling one of his socks across the floor to their point of entry into the wall. But the author strains credulity when he writes that these rodents had dragged one of his boots in the direction of their hole!

Historians traditionally have relished travel accounts because they have a twofold value as source documents. Initially, what the observer describes has historical significance. Secondly, the expressed attitudes of the compiler frequently represent a valuable body of data. The journals of Frances Trollope and Timothy Dwight are prime examples of travel accounts bearing such a dual value.

The satiric form of "Our Travels" represents a basic problem for the historian seeking to decipher the innermost convictions of its author. Conviction is often smothered under a blanket of farce. It seems apparent, for example, that the author was ardently nationalistic and harbored the traditional antipathy early nineteenth century Americans held toward the British. Yet, the negative comments he made about the British, while traveling through the Niagara Frontier and examining War of 1812 sites, are couched in such a farcical manner that it is often difficult to extract the author's real attitude. Taken at face value, the account projects a nationalist who froths at the mouth when he comes in contact with anyone or anything associated with John Bull. But it would not be advisable to take what the author says at face value.

In general, the author seems to reflect the standard attitudes of a sophisticated, early nineteenth century urbanite. He abhors slavery—yet has little liking for free Negroes. He is a liberal in religious outlook. At every opportunity, he gives the back of his hand to denominations

which exhibited an excessive zeal in their religious doings; the Methodists and Presbyterians are his favorite targets. He manifests a pronounced dislike of rustics, Canadians, British—anyone who is not a resident of New York City. He exhibits the type of haughtiness which in later years, Arthur "Bugs" Baer expressed in his classic statement: "Everything outside of New York City is Bridgeport." In experience, in feeling, the author is a provincial. The center of his earth is New York City. He is a man of the city, not of the world.

The social historian may find interest in the host of humorous characters who parade through the pages of the journal, but he will not find value in them. Practically all are gross caricatures. The pompous politician Bull who fancied himself an authority on all subjects; the cunning innkeeper at Canandaigua who tried to rent one bed to the author and his two companions; the inquisitive Dutchman who could converse in seven or eight languages; the married couple who performed the hilarious "hot drink" ritual at Ridgeway; the "dandy looking" English Quaker from "Brummagen," "Tristram Collywobble"—all are sketched larger than life, and their sole purpose is to provoke a chuckle in the reader. Even their names are contrived to heighten the humorous effect. What is a more fitting name for a know-it-all politician than "Bull"?

A few comments are in order on the purpose of the journal. Why was it written? For whom was it intended? We can be certain that, unlike traditional travel accounts, it was not inspired by a desire to communicate information. Its main purpose assuredly was to provide entertainment for the three travelers alone. Such a purpose was consistent with Knickerbocker convention. As a rule, the Knickerbockers had a natural dislike for anyone representing himself as a litterateur. They liked to think of themselves as "literary idlers," as gentlemen writing either for their own amusement or for that of friends. This had been the attitude of Washington Irving, the arbiter of Knickerbocker literary values.

The question then arises: Why was the journal reproduced in serialized form in the *American* in 1825? The most plausible answer is that author's pride all too frequently overpowered Knickerbocker idealism. The Knickerbockers did not always practice what they preached. They longed ardently for eminence in literature. Even Irving was not content to restrict his literary offerings to a few close friends. The fact that the author did not attach his name to the serialized version of "Our Travels" does not mean that his identity would have been unknown to contemporaries. On the contrary, one can say with reasonable assurance that he *was* known to those active in literary circles. New York City was a small community in 1825 and relatively unified in action and thought. It was not difficult to ascertain the authorship of the numerous newspaper

articles or political pamphlets written anonymously or under pseudonyms, usually of Greek and Roman derivation. Such items became the focus of coffeehouse conversation, and once authorship was determined, the "word" spread quickly through the city.

But at the time of creation, the journal was not intended for the general public. Nor was it conceived with future historians in mind. It was a personal document with a temporal value, designed to enliven the long hours of three congenial wits who were sharing an arduous physical experience. With a slight intellectual projection, one can see Messrs. "X, Y and Z," bouncing and lurching over the rutty roads of frontier New York, or comfortably seated in the musty tap room of a village inn with an ample supply of liquid "refreshments" on hand, roaring and writhing with laughter as the author recounted in the inimitable Knickerbocker manner their latest adventures and misadventures.

The modern reader would be well advised to join Messrs. "X, Y and Z" in their jolly literary "tea party" and enter into the spirit of the affair. Prepare yourself for a vicarious reading experience. Strip from your mind all serious thoughts. Seat yourself in a comfortable chair. Position your favorite liquid "refreshment" close at hand. Relax your facial muscles so that a smile will come easily. There, you are ready. Now read.

## Footnotes for Introduction

<sup>1</sup> Most of the general histories of New York City touch upon the epidemics and health problems of the early years. Two specialized works of value are: Charles E. Rosenberg, *The Cholera Years — The United States in 1832, 1849, and 1866* (Chicago, 1962); Claude E. Heaton, "Yellow Fever in New York City," *Bulletin of Medical Library Association*, XXXIV (April, 1946), 67-78.

<sup>2</sup> The garbage was consumed by the pigs which roamed through the streets at will.

<sup>3</sup> The New York Historical Society has innumerable primary materials bearing upon the "Great Plague of 1822." Aside from newspapers, the following works are of immeasurable worth. [New York City Board of Health], *A History of the Proceedings of the Board of Health, of the City of New York, in the Summer and Fall of 1822; Together with an Account of the Rise and Progress of Yellow Fever, Which Appeared During that Season . . .* (New York, 1823); Peter S. Townsend, *An Account of the Yellow Fever, As it Prevailed in the City of New York, in the Summer and Autumn of 1822* (New York, 1822); Felix Pascalis, *Address Delivered Before the New-York Medical Society on the Eleventh of November, 1822* (New York, 1822); Benjamin Romaine, *Observations, Reasons and Facts Disproving Importation; and also, all Specific Personal Contagion in Yellow Fever . . .* (New York, 1823); James Hardie, *An Account of the Yellow Fever . . . in the City of New York, in the Year 1822 . . .* (New York, 1822); William N. Blane, *An Excursion Through the United States and Canada During the Years 1822-23* (London, 1824), 8-13. Among secondary works, see: Henry W. Lanier, *A Century of Banking in New York* (New York, 1922), 3-6. The course of the epidemic can be followed in the newspaper extracts printed in I. N. P. Stokes' monumental study, *The Iconography of Manhattan Island, 1498-1928 . . .* (6 vols., New York, 1915-1928), V, 1623-1628.

<sup>4</sup> In describing the actions of a fictional Philadelphia resident, who left his home during the yellow fever epidemic of 1793 and ventured forth to purchase a special anti-yellow fever curative composed mostly of vinegar, John B. McMaster artfully captured the sense of fear that pervaded a city when this disease swept in:

If the purchaser of the vinegar were a nervous man and tormented with hourly fear of being stricken with the fever, the spectacle he presented as he sallied forth to buy was most pitiable. As he shut his house-door he was careful to have a piece of tarred rope in either hand, a sponge wet with camphor at his nose, and in his pocket a handkerchief well soaked with the last preventive of which he had heard. As he hastened along the street he shunned the foot-walk, kept in the middle of the horse-way, fled down the nearest alley at the sight of a carriage, and thought nothing of going six blocks to avoid passing a house whence a dead body had been taken the week before. If he were so unhappy as to meet a friend on the way, neither shook hands, but, exchanging a few words at a distance, each sought, bowing and scraping, to get to the windward of the other as he passed. When at last the shop was reached, nothing could induce him to enter while another stood at the counter, or was seen approaching on the street. No one being in sight, he would rush in, throw down his money, wait not for change, seize the package and, with the cold perspiration

starting from every pore, hurry home. There he would sprinkle the floor and his garments with the vinegar and restrict himself to a prescribed diet. His daily food was made up chiefly of water-gruel or oat-meal tea, clear whey, barley-water, balm-tea, or a vile decoction that passed under the name of apple-tea. If his head pained him, or his tongue felt rough, he instantly washed out his mouth with warm water mingled with honey and vinegar, or with a preparation of dried figs and barley-water.

McMaster, *A History of the People of the United States, From the Revolution to the Civil War* (8 vols., New York, 1883-1913), II, 128.

<sup>5</sup> This advertisement appeared frequently in the *New York American* during the epidemic.

<sup>6</sup> *Letters from John Pintard to His Daughter Eliza Noel Pintard Davidson, 1816-1833* (4 vols., New York, 1940), II, 133; see 131-132 for an account of the epidemic.

<sup>7</sup> Quoted in Mrs. Martha Lamb and Mrs. Burton Harrison, *History of the City of New York . . .* (3 vols., New York, 1877), III, 682.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>9</sup> Peter Neilson, *Recollections of a Six Years' Residence in the United States of America* (Glasgow, 1833), 3-7; see also 7-17. An extract of Neilson's account is printed in Bayrd Still, *Mirror for Gotham-New York as Seen by Contemporaries from Dutch Days to the Present* (New York, 1956), 103-104.

<sup>10</sup> Carl Carmer's apt designation of the route stretching through central and western New York along the Erie Canal. Many significant social and religious reform movements originated in this area. Carmer, *Listen For a Lonely Drum: A York State Chronicle* (New York, 1936), 115. Nowhere in the journal is it written that the New York City party consisted of three men. The author's statements on his fellow passengers during the journey from Lewiston to Ridgeway reveal this fact. There are other less direct pieces of evidence.

<sup>11</sup> Letter to the author, Dec. 28, 1967. The collector has requested anonymity.

<sup>12</sup> The paper of the journal bears the character of the early nineteenth century. On numerous pages, there appears the water mark of "J. Butler." A search of New York City directories, and the standard sources on paper making, revealed that there was no paper manufacturer by the name of "J. Butler" in the city during the early nineteenth century. There was, however, a "John Butler" in Hartford, Connecticut, who manufactured paper during this period. Butler was the owner of the Butler and Hudson mill which began operation in 1784. I am deeply indebted to Mrs. Mildred Ledden who zealously researched this seemingly trivial, but obviously significant, detail.

<sup>13</sup> Mr. Harold Hugo of the Meriden (Conn.) Gravure Co., and a member of the Grolier Club, believes that the binding dates from the Victorian era. He described it as a "typical Victorian binding."

<sup>14</sup> Literary critics date the Knickerbocker era from 1807 to about 1837. The movement is associated with the small but talented group of New York City writers who dominated the American literary scene. Washington Irving, the "father of American literature," is usually regarded as the founder of the Knickerbocker School. For an incisive, balanced analysis of the Knickerbocker era and a discussion of its secondary personalities, see Kendall B. Taft, *Minor Knickerbockers* (New York, etc., 1947), Introduction. Another reliable study is James T. Callow, *Kindred Spirits, Knickerbocker Writers and American Artists, 1807-1855* (Chapel Hill, 1967). A useful but less scholarly work is Hamilton M. Wright, *The Writers of Knickerbocker New York*

(New York, 1912). The biographies of Irving, William C. Bryant, James K. Paulding, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Gulian Verplanck, *et al.*, contain considerable information on the literary values and general outlook of the Knickerbocker group.

<sup>15</sup> A careful search was made in depositories in New York City, especially in the New-York Historical Society and the Columbia University Library, both of which have extensive holdings for the Knickerbocker era.

<sup>16</sup> The complete title of this remarkable satire is *A History of New York From the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty; Containing, Among Many Surprising and Curious Matters, the Unutterable Ponderings of Walter the Doubter, the Disastrous Projects of William the Testy, and the Chivalric Achievements of Peter the Headstrong — the Three Dutch Governors of New Amsterdam; Being the Only Authentic History of the Times that Ever Hath Been or Ever will be Published* (2 vols., New York, 1886); hereafter cited as *Knickerbocker's History*.

<sup>17</sup> Mitchell's work was published in 1807.

<sup>18</sup> Discussed in Stanley T. Williams, *The Life of Washington Irving* (2 vols., New York and London, 1935), I, 112-113.

<sup>19</sup> Numerous other examples could be cited.

<sup>20</sup> A portion of this newspaper account was reprinted in an anonymous contemporary pamphlet, *A View of the Grand Canal, From Lake Erie to the Hudson River . . .* (New York, 1825), 15-16. The author introduced the extract with the statement: "The editor of the New-York American made a tour to the great lakes during the last summer."

<sup>21</sup> Verplanck's given name was David Johnstone, but he came to use Johnston as a first name. In many contemporary documents he is listed as Johnson, but this is an obvious error.

In the course of my investigation, I drew up a list of prime suspects as the author. In addition to Johnston Verplanck, I considered: Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, Gulian Verplanck, Charles King, James A. Alexander, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Robert C. Sands, Anthony Bleecker, Henry Brevoort, John W. Francis, William and John Duer, James Renwick and John W. Jarvis. After reviewing all available evidence, I narrowed the list to Johnston and Gulian Verplanck, King and Sands.

There is a moderately substantial body of primary and secondary sources for Gulian Verplanck and King, yet this material does not contain a reference to the trip described in "Our Travels" or to the journal. King seemed to be the stronger possibility of the two, but there is a glaring variance between his character and personality and the stylistic quality of "Our Travels." King was not a "laughing philosopher," and he was not noted for writing burlesques. It is highly unlikely that he could have assumed such a "mask." He was a stodgy businessman type, best known for impeccable manners and dress—for which reason he was called "Charles the Pink." There is no parallel specimen to "Our Travels" among his extant literary works.

There are two intensively researched biographical studies of Gulian Verplanck (the July study cited in footnote 22, and the Harvey work cited in footnote 24) but neither refers to "Our Travels" or a journey across New York State in 1822. Verplanck was a prolific writer and his publication list is well known. It seems unlikely that he would not have been credited with authorship of the serialized version of "Our Travels" if he had written it.

Sands was a man of capricious humor whose fancy rambled from the imaginative to the ludicrous. Yet, in the corpus of his extant literary works, there is nothing that remotely resembles the distinctive style of "Our Travels."

After weighing all available evidence (and crossing my fingers), I have concluded that Johnston Verplanck is the likeliest prospect. This is not to suggest that my choice is correct, that the above-mentioned suspects are to be excluded from consideration, or that they are the only possibilities. It may be that none of these was the author.

I also considered the possibility that the trip described in the journal was a hoax. Some Knickerbockers, particularly Sands, had a notorious reputation for fabricating burlesqued travel accounts and having fellow wits supply sketches and paintings to complete the fraud. I am convinced, however, that the trip described in "Our Travels" was made by the three gentlemen. The internal evidence strongly favors this judgment. (Nonetheless, I still have my fingers crossed.)

<sup>22</sup> The basic genealogical work on the Verplanck family is William Edward Ver Planck, *The History of Abraham Isaacs Ver Planck and His Male Descendants in America* (Fishkill Landing, N.Y. 1892). The pertinent data on Johnston and his immediate family can be found on 162-166. For additional genealogical information, see: Robert W. July, *The Essential New Yorker, Gulian Crommelin Verplanck* (Durham, N.C., 1951), 3-10, passim; newspaper clippings in file on Gulian C. Verplanck, Columbia Room, Columbia University; Verplanck Family Papers, New York Genealogical and Biographical Society.

<sup>23</sup> *New York Evening Post*, July 15, 1829.

<sup>24</sup> July, *Essential New Yorker*, 11, 19. To this writing (June, 1968), Gulian was the youngest person to be awarded a Columbia degree. For additional data on this remarkable figure, see: Charles P. Daly, *Gulian Crommelin Verplanck; His Ancestry, Life and Character* (New York, 1870); William Cullen Bryant, *A Discourse on the Life, Character and Writings of Gulian Crommelin Verplanck . . .* (New York, 1870); Sara King Harvey, "Gulian Crommelin Verplanck, A Forgotten Knickerbocker," unpublished doctoral dissertation, U. of Chicago, 1934.

<sup>25</sup> [Columbia University], *Catalogue of Matriculants Who Have Not Graduated 1758-1897* (New York, 1897), 8.

<sup>26</sup> Manuscript in New-York Historical Society.

<sup>27</sup> Manuscript in New-York Historical Society.

<sup>28</sup> *New York Evening Post*, July 15, 1829.

<sup>29</sup> On political developments during the Knickerbocker era, see: Dixon R. Fox, *The Decline of Aristocracy in the Politics of New York*, Studies in History, Economics and Public Law, Vol. LXXXVI (New York, 1919), 194-228; Alvin Kass, *Politics in New York State, 1800-1830* (Syracuse, 1965); July, *Essential New Yorker*, 56-71.

<sup>30</sup> James A. Hamilton, *Reminiscences of James A. Hamilton; or, Men and Events, at Home and Abroad, During Three Quarters of a Century* (New York, 1869), 48.

<sup>31</sup> There is a surprising variance among contemporary, and usually reliable secondary, sources on the salient point of the founding agents of the *American*. Many sources ignore Verplanck and only cite King when they discuss the establishment of the paper. Compare: *New York Commercial-Advertiser*, July 11, 1829; *New York American*, Feb. 13, 1845 (a significant editorial of Charles King, announcing the end of the paper); *The Picture of New-York, and Stranger's Guide to the Commercial Metropolis of the United States* (New York 1828), 393; Hamilton, *Reminiscences*, 48; *Letters From John Pintard, I*, 264-266; Charles King, *Progress of the City of New-York, During the Last Fifty Years* (New York 1852), 63, 76; James F. Beard, ed., *The Letters and Journals of James Fenimore Cooper* (4 vols., Cambridge, Mass., 1960-1965), I, 433, footnote; Kass, *Politics in New York*, 115; Fox, *Decline of Aristocracy*, 209-210; Lamb

and Harrison, *History of New York*, III, 707-708; Bryant, *A Discourse of Gulian Verplanck*, 24; July, *Essential New Yorker*, 60; Taft, *Minor Knickerbockers*, Introduction, xxx; Allan Nevins, *The Evening Post, A Century of Journalism* (New York, 1922), 95; James G. Wilson, *Bryant, and His Friends: Some Reminiscences of the Knickerbocker Writers* (New York, 1886), 411; Charles H. Haswell, *Reminiscences of New York by an Octogenarian of the City of New York* (New York, 1896), 110; John W. Francis, "Reminiscences of Printers, Authors, and Booksellers in New York," *International Magazine of Literature, Art and Science*, IV (Jan.-April, 1852), 259; *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America — New York City Newspapers, 1820-1850*, XXI (1927), 11; Clarence S. Brigham, *History and Bibliography of American Newspapers, 1690-1820* (2 vols., Worcester, Mass. 1947), I, 607.

<sup>32</sup> Quoted in Fox, *Decline of Aristocracy*, 210.

<sup>33</sup> This was the biased judgment of John Pintard, a supporter of Clinton. *Letters From John Pintard, I*, 264-266.

<sup>34</sup> *Picture of New-York* (1828), 393-394.

<sup>35</sup> Taft, *Minor Knickerbockers*, Introduction, xxx.

<sup>36</sup> The financial backer of the project appears to have been Daniel Verplanck. In June 1820, he loaned \$6,000 to Johnston and King. Mortgage of Johnston Verplanck to D. C. Verplanck, June 1, 1820, Verplanck Papers, New-York Historical Society. See also, July, *Essential New Yorker*, 273, footnote 3; July thinks that Gulian Verplanck was instrumental in arranging the loan.

<sup>37</sup> This significant fact was revealed by King; *New York Evening Post*, July 15, 1829. In a letter to Rufus King on Feb. 27, 1820 (manuscript in New-York Historical Society), Verplanck wrote that he "left Albany some days since to make arrangements for publishing the American daily of which I assumed the direction."

<sup>38</sup> *New York American*, May 1, 1823.

<sup>39</sup> *Ibid.* May 3, 1823.

<sup>40</sup> That is, after the realignment of responsibilities. When King was away from the city, Verplanck assumed charge of the paper. See, for example: Johnston Verplanck to Rufus King, Feb. 25, 1825, manuscript in the New-York Historical Society.

<sup>41</sup> The announcement appeared in the May 10-19 issues of the *American*.

<sup>42</sup> That the two men were at odds was revealed by the *New York Morning Herald*, July 16, 1829, in which praise was bestowed upon King for demonstrating a charitable attitude in his obituary notice on Verplanck: "Circumstances within our knowledge, give to this tribute to the memory of a former friend and co-adjutor, by one from whom he was latterly estranged, that character of candid magnanimity which can overlook and forget the past, and allow the grave to obliterate all sentiment but those of justice and respect for the dead."

<sup>43</sup> Verplanck is not listed in the 1828 city directory, but his name does appear in the 1827 directory. The directories were usually published in June in this period.

<sup>44</sup> He became a member on April 10, 1821. Information provided by officials of the New-York Historical Society. See also, R. W. G. Vail, *Knickerbocker Birthday, A Sesqui-Centennial History of the New-York Historical Society* (New York, 1954), 475-486 (lists officers and trustees). According to James Heslin, Director of the New-York Historical Society, no social or intellectual implications should be read into a person assuming membership in the 1820's. The Society was not a flourishing institution. Indeed, it was usually one breath away from expiration.

<sup>45</sup> The club took its name from the ingredients used in selecting new members. Bread and cheese were used as ballots. If bread was placed on the plate when the applicant's name was announced, he was accepted. If cheese was placed on the plate, he was not admitted. See: A. H. Marckwardt, "The Chronology and Personnel of the Bread and Cheese Club," *American Literature*, VI (Jan., 1935), 389-399; Nelson F. Adkins, "James Fenimore Cooper and the Bread and Cheese Club," *Modern Language Notes*, XLVII (Feb., 1932), 71-79; John W. Francis, *Old New York; or, Reminiscences of the Past Sixty Years* (New York, 1858), 291-293.

In this period, there were many clubs in New York City. One of the more unusual groups was the "Ugly Club" which praised ugliness in all its hideous forms. Ugliness was a prime criterion for admittance and only the more unbeautiful qualified as candidates for officers. See Nelson F. Adkins, *Fitz-Greene Halleck, an Early Knickerbocker Wit and Poet* (New Haven and London, 1930), 33-35.

<sup>46</sup> Francis, "Reminiscences of Printers, Authors, and Booksellers in New York," *International Magazine of Literature, Art and Science*, IV (Jan.-April, 1852), 259.

<sup>47</sup> *New York Evening Post*, July 10, 1829. His funeral was held in New York City on July 10. *New York Gazette*, July 10, 1829.

<sup>48</sup> *New York Evening Post*, July 15, 1829.

<sup>49</sup> *Letters From John Pintard*, IV, 181-182.

<sup>50</sup> Joseph Rodman Drake and Fitz-Greene Halleck, *The Croakers* (first complete edition, New York, 1860), 27-28.

<sup>51</sup> The document was examined by: Arthur J. Breton, Assistant Curator of Manuscripts, New-York Historical Society; Lewis Leary, Chairman of the English Department, Columbia University; Miss Alice H. Bonnell, Curator of the Columbiana Collection, Columbia University.

<sup>52</sup> The water colors were analyzed by: Miss Caroline Scoon, Assistant Curator of the Museum, New-York Historical Society; Richard Koch, Curator of the Museum, New-York Historical Society; Albert Barragwaneth, Senior Curator, City Museum of New York; John K. Howatt, Assistant Curator of American Paintings and Sculpture, The Metropolitan Museum of Art; Lloyd Goodrich, Advisory Director of the Whitney Museum, New York City.

The Albany Institute of History and Art has in its collection three water color paintings which appear to be contemporaneous with those in "Our Travels." They are similar in style and subject matter. Institute officials have not been able to identify the artist (or artists).

The water color showing a frame building bearing the sign "Canal House," a bridge and a packet boat gives every evidence of a Utica scene. The building is probably the Canal Coffee House which opened in 1820. This is believed to be the earliest known view of the canal at Utica. (My thanks to Peter Paulson for calling this information to my attention.)

<sup>53</sup> The two Bennett paintings are reproduced in color in Charles M. Dow, *Anthology and Bibliography of Niagara Falls* (2 vols., Albany, N. Y., 1921), I, 15, and II, frontispiece. Bennett (1787-1844) came to New York City about 1826.

<sup>54</sup> Mr. Fenton is Research Professor of Anthropology at the State University of New York, Albany. The silver bands which adorned the Indians' stovepipe hats were regarded as important status symbols by the Iroquois during the early nineteenth century. They were worn by "Indians of distinction." Known as "crowns," they were made by Albany silversmiths.

<sup>55</sup> For background on this subject, see Albert Ten Eyck's authoritative *History of Water Color Painting in America* (New York, 1966), especially 6-15.

<sup>56</sup> *Ibid.*, 6-7.

<sup>57</sup> The complete title was *Salmagundi; or, the Whim-Whams and Opinions of Lancelot Langstaff, Esq. and Others*. I used the third edition (New York, 1820). This poetic nonsense graced the title page:

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,  
Et smokem, toastem, roastem folksez,  
Fee, Faw, Fum

Psalmanazar

With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted;  
And fried, and boiled, and smoked, and roasted,  
We treat the town.

<sup>58</sup> *Salmagundi*, Jan. 24, 1807, 11-12.

<sup>59</sup> Eight hundred copies were sold on one day alone.

<sup>60</sup> Williams, *Life of Irving*, I, 78. The semi-monthly publication had a brief existence, vanishing in January, 1808, after twenty numbers.

<sup>61</sup> *New York Literary Gazette*, I [April 7, 1821], 209.

<sup>62</sup> *Salmagundi*, Feb. 24, 1807, 84-85.

<sup>63</sup> The complete titles are: Mrs. Frances M. Trollope, *Domestic Manners of the Americans* (fourth edition, London and New York, 1832); Captain Basil Hall, *Travels in North America in the Years 1827-1828* (3 vols., London, 1829).

*Our Travels,  
Statistical, Geographical,  
Mineorological, Geological,  
Historical, Political and  
Quizzical*

Written by Myself XYZ etc.

"OH! JUPITER . . . . .  
AMIDST MY TRAVELS, LET ME SOMETHING FIND,  
LITTLE OR MUCH, GOOD, BAD, OF ANY KIND."

PETER PINDAR

New York, 1822

## *Our Travels, etc.*

### Part I

"In the year then of our Lord 1348, there happened at Florence, the finest city in all Italy, a most terrible plague."

BOCCACCIO

Among the number of inhabitants who were driven from their homes by the Yellow Fever, which happened in New York Anno Domini 1822, were "Ourselves," and bearing in mind the Scriptural text "Take up thy bed and walk," We accordingly transferred "our precious selves" on board the Steam Boat, Chancellor Livingston,<sup>1</sup> and took our departure from our native city on the twenty eighth day of August of the year aforesaid, amid a vast concourse of "Spectators with great eclat." Fort Nonsense, a circular battery of free stone,<sup>2</sup> name speaks for itself. Never has been of use and never will be. Saint John's square and church in the background, made a fine appearance. Only square in New York, although we have several places so misnamed. Videlicet, Hanover, Franklin, Chatham etc.<sup>3</sup> Consult Walker about the difference between square and triangle. Petition Corporation to adopt the latter term. How magnificently would "Franklin Triangle" sound, 'twould puzzle Foreigners to discover the meaning, and moreover give them a high idea of our inventive genius!

Stopt at State Prison dock, for those passengers, who were afraid of the lower parts of the city on account of the Fever. Saw paupers peeping through the bars of Prison, an edifying spectacle.<sup>4</sup> Anecdote about a "pair of spectacles." Good story to commence with. Fort Gansevoort with its white washed walls, half a mile above the Prison, placed there doubtless for its defence.<sup>5</sup> Proceeded up the River at the rate of eight miles an hour, took a view of fellow passengers, discovered among them the great Mr. P. the famous comic, tragic and bombastic actor, who made his appearance on the Stage, not long ago, mounted on an Elephant,<sup>6</sup> no doubt to the great edification and delight of the audience, or spectators, a hopeful disciple of Melpomene;<sup>7</sup> were also acquainted with Mr. B. an intelligent, shrewd and acute observer of human nature, can turn up a trump with anybody. Day rather gloomy and spirits low, talked about yellow fever in the City to enliven ourselves. Glasshouse in full operation; makes glass, at least, were so informed. Steeples, or to speak more poetically, "Gotham's far fam'd shingle spires," receded from our sight

one by one in a melancholy manner. Knickerbocker says, "Our stupendous, majestic, but rickety shingle steeples, will be toppled about our ears by some brisk North Wester." Think he'll prove a false prophet. "My native land good night!"<sup>8</sup> Byron, ahem! Wish we were poets, would then write "Our Travels" in blank verse. Lunatic Asylum,<sup>9</sup> five miles from the city, finely situated. View from the roof said to be "very extensive." Fine prospect for crazy folks. Manhattanville landing, ancient name of the island "Manna-hatta."<sup>10</sup> Supper bell now announced, 'twas time to eat something, to keep ourselves from starving. Table well filled with proselytes in the eating way. Passengers "to a man" played their parts with energy and actually seemed as if they were devouring for a wager. Palisadoes, an extensive range of huge basaltic rocks, rather difficult of ascent, forming the West Shore of the Hudson River, reaching from Weehawken to the commencement of Tappan bay, varying in height from three to seven hundred feet. Passed a fleet of sloops and other river craft, all covered (as to their decks), with people running away from home to keep from dying. Mem. Nobody dies in the country, except of old age.

Tappan bay,<sup>11</sup> Nyack, Croton, Tarrytown, looked for Sleepy Hollow and Ichabod Crane's school house. Haverstraw bay, Passed in succession Sing Sing<sup>12</sup> or Mount Pleasant. Quere, How many "Mount Pleasants" are there in the United States? Think it would puzzle a host of Geographers and Gazzetteers to determine the question. Peekskill, Verplank's Point, Stoney Point nearly opposite, scarcely any appearance of entrenchments remaining. This point, is celebrated as the scene of one of the most brilliant exploits performed in our Revolutionary war. When under Wayne, "The banner of Freedom," waved in triumph over the blood-red flag of the "Mother Country."<sup>13</sup>

Entrance to the Highlands, fine star light evening. Scenery equal doubtless to Hohenlinden's, wished for some of Campbell's fires "to enlighten the darkness of the scenery." West Point, where they contrive to make officers out of little boys.<sup>14</sup> Ruins of Fort Putnam discernable, memorable as the position which Washington held, as the barrier to the advance of the British arms, and also as the scene of Arnold's treachery, the cause of the death of Major Andre.<sup>15</sup> Mawkish sensibility of many American writers on the subject, absurd. When scarcely any notice whatever, is taken of those of our own army, who unfortunately fell into the hands of our enemies in that same war. When in like service, many of whom doubtless met their fate with equal intrepidity, instance, that of Captain Hall, reference Paul Allen's history of the American Revolution.<sup>16</sup>

Anthony's Nose (a promontory so called after Governor Stuyversant's trumpeter, authority Knickerbocker)<sup>17</sup> is on the South side of "Breakneck

hill." Name very apropos as a man rolling from top to bottom, would to a moral certainty, break his neck in the experiment. Sent boat ashore with passengers. Queer operation. Swung them off by a rope. P.S., not by the neck. Quere, Some danger in this plan? Bugleman gave us a tune to lull us asleep. Hills now had the appearance of immense sugar loaves. Came in view of Newburg and landed at twelve o'clock at night "in good order and condition." Walked up to Hotel or Stage house, were told if we were going West, a fine opportunity presented, as the Stage would depart in a few minutes.<sup>18</sup> Held a consultation and concluded, "Nemo contradicente" to move onward, in preference to spending a stupid day in Newburg, as it was, "Neck or nothing," the Western Stage only leaving every other day.

Accordingly, took places for Ithaca. The few minutes were converted into a few hours, which had to spend in an uncomfortable bar room, filled with the fumes of tobacco, the smoke of which curling picturesquely from some two or three old, short, black, stumpy pipes, in the mouths of divers "non descript" characters, added to the "sombre hue" thrown out by a solitary rush light, behind which, the guardian of the bar presided. At length, heard the rattling of wheels, and immediately after, the snap of a whip, sure tokens of the approach of that vehicular conveyance termed a Post Coach, in which we were soon comfortably stowed. Drove through rough streets at full speed. Soon reached the open country and bade adieu to Newburg, in which we had remained two hours of "darkness scarcely visible." Therefore can not say much in its praise or dispraise. Most modern travellers, however, would give as good an account of the place as if they had lived in it half their lives. "One thing very certain" (as a learned friend of ours would say), The streets are steep, rough and badly paved.<sup>19</sup> Romantic scene, moonlight, dark clouds, trees, fences and bad roads. Passengers all went to sleep, and began to "discourse most eloquently," through their nasal organs. Stopt to water horses, wanted to find accommodations for wetting our whistles. Went into a Tobacco shop through mistake, and inhaled the fumes of "the weed" by way of a dram. Complained to driver of thirst. Told us to eat crackers; asked him, why he didn't water his horses with them? More healthy than cold water in hot weather, without brandy in it. So saith the Humane Society. Stopt again at some Post Office, detained half an hour longer than necessary. "Patience the only plaster," according to the old proverb. "Aurora now, fair daughter of the morn," told us 'twould soon be sunrise, "rushed on, kept moving," and took breakfast at Bloomingburg, a small neat village, but not very blooming in appearance. The bible says in some part of it, "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgement." Quarrel about stage fare between passenger



and proprietor, was settled without recourse to "Coffee and pistols for two." In Stage again. Driver a smart whip, trotted up hills and galloped down. Woman with two children got in for Oswego [*sic*],<sup>20</sup> wish they had staid out. Monticello, enquired for the "Great Philosopher,"<sup>21</sup> ascertained he lived farther South. Foolish question, since saw no negro drivers or tobacco plantations. Sublime Apostrophe on the slave trade, would help on very well, and fill at least a chapter or two. Most villainous thing to seize human beings and after stowing them like lumber, on board a slave ship, sell them to the highest bidder, as if they were of no more consequence than so many black cattle. Wilberforce,<sup>22</sup> Quakers and free negroes. Hope the time will come, when our country shall be entirely cleared of the smutty sons of Africa, as when at liberty they are too saucy, which we of N. York, know by experience. Natural effects of Manumission Societies and Negro churches.

Passed through Cochection, had no time to see much of the place. Name however, is principal part.<sup>23</sup> Damascus, on the banks of Delaware River. Mem. This is not the place famous for the manufacture of sword blades. Crossed bridge and found "Ourselves" in Pennsylvania. Easily perceived we were in another State, as Stage Drivers in New York say "gee up! and whoa!" to their horses, Whereas in Pennsylvania, they are as silent as Quakers in a "Dumb Meeting," merely giving them a touch or two, with the whip, as occasion requireth. Farm houses here, have an air of snugness and comfort, but there is not that lively appearance of things, we see in our own State. Stopt at a place to water horses, could get nothing for "Ourselves" stronger than milk, as being members of the Society of Friends, it did not accord with their principles to keep any kind of spirituous liquors. Were not enabled to ascertain, what title to give this watering place, whether it had been a Tavern originally, and the proprietors had been converted, or whether they had failed in their avocation or had determined to commence a crusade in the cause of Temperance, had to "give it up."

Crossed again into New York, and had to travel in an open waggon, as the Stage was broken down the day before. Driver, to comfort us for the mishap, said we only had thirteen miles to go, for that night. What a consolation! Thirteen miles through the night air and in open waggon. He might with more propriety have said twenty miles and have come nearer the truth. Nota bene, Stage drivers and newspapers remarkable for their veracity. Road led through a gloomy swamp, entered it about dark, and were obliged to ride ten miles before we could put up for the night. Longest ten mile ride, ever had before, seats in waggon without a solitary spring and so close, that at every jolt (and the Lord knows, they were not "like Angels visits few and far between") we were

in imminent danger of breaking our shins against the seat in front, and at each lurch (which were pretty frequent) were "within an ace," of being sent headlong into the middle of the road. Branches of trees, on either side extended across, in such a manner, as to scarcely leave a space sufficient for our crazy vehicle to pass. Water reflected through the leaves and under wood in a dismal manner, reminded us strongly of Virgil's description of the infernal regions, River Styx, Pluto, Charon and Cerberus, "the gentleman with three heads," a noble trio. Edifying reflections on the next world, at length, got rather dull, took a nap, or more properly; tried to take one. Passed through a wood, went down a hill at full gallop, and near upsetting by way of novelty. Discovered that country folks along this road, burn their wood in the open fields, to keep it from rotting. Mem. They first cut it down. It likewise answers the laudable purpose of lighting travellers on dark nights.

Put up at a house on top of a hill, called Pleasant Grove, or Pleasant Valley, or by some other very pleasant name. Landlord surly because the company wouldn't eat supper. The ride we had just been treated to proving a substitute, tho' not a very satisfactory one to either honest Boniface or "ourselves." Went to sleep, and had pleasant dreams of cutting throats, robbing mails, burning inns, et cetera. Called up at two o'clock, in Stage again with aching bones. Went on in silence for about three hours, day light, or in the words of the "Bard of Avon," "The grey eyed morn smiles on the frowning night." Ascertained we had in stage with us, a Doctor, Schoolmaster, collegian and member of the late convention, besides an old sea captain and travelling tinker. Intelligent and obstinate dispute between the Doctor and Collegian, about Virgil and the Yellow Fever. Coll. said "ara vacuum," was the "Welkin," but could not exactly explain the meaning of Welkin and maintained that atmosphere was air, in opposition to the opinion of the Doctor, that air was not atmosphere, referred to us, decided in the Yankee method, by asking whether a whale is a fish? Member of convention joined in the discussion, and talked more nonsensically than is usual for country members, even when assembled in a legislative body.<sup>24</sup> Gave us an oration two hours in length, concerning potatoes and the art of manufacturing maple sugar from pine trees. Stage gave a sudden jolt, and ended the dispute by breaking his head against the Doctor's.

Changed horses at Milton, or Milford,<sup>25</sup> not certain about the name. Saw hieroglyphics on the road painted on a post "4 Mt C." People in this part of the Country, must be of course, of Egyptian extraction, and by the way, stones are actually piled up in the fields in a pyramidal manner, which either proves the hypothesis, or clearly shows, that the Egyptians took the hint in the construction of their pyramids from our

ancestors. Shall not forget to talk with Doctor Mitchell<sup>26</sup> that "learned pundit" about the remarkable coincidence when we get home. Fences made in a herring bone fashion and houses out of logs. Queer country, all at odds and ends, in many places looks as if it had rained stones, instead of water. Bridges are made over "stony creeks," in every sense of the phrase (for the deuce of a thing but stones, are in these same creeks), in order to enable people to walk over without endangering their health, by getting wet feet.

Stopped at Chenango to dine. Had time to take a hasty view of the place, appears rather a thriving village, has the advantage of boat navigation. The Susquehanna river running through the town.<sup>27</sup> Bridge was repairing and Stage had to drive through the river. Water was very low, or might have been troubled in crossing by this method. Found our Member's name was Bull,<sup>28</sup> quite apropos, for he had a bullish appearance. Passed thro' Oswego [*sic*] village, left part of our load here, and saw an old acquaintance from New York, Mr. C. who had retired from the noise and bustle of the city, to enjoy "otium cum dignitate."<sup>29</sup> in a rural life. Took in two passengers at this village, genteel looking characters, but alas! ascertained 'ere long in their company, that one was a lawyer's clerk, and the other a broker. Great pity, as they had a respectable appearance. "Night shed her dusky mantle o'er our course." Saw light at a distance, proved to be woods on fire. Enlivening spectacle, as it was dark and gloomy, a little light was not amiss. Had to push through fire on either side of the road. Horses somewhat startled. Driver however, understood his business, and went through in safety. Entered a dark defile, very good place to rob the mail. Ought to be provided with guards for its security.

Dispute between Bull and Doctor about small boats coming from South America. Member Bull asserting that he had seen at one time in Albany, thirty, and that they were about fifteen or twenty feet in length, and brought cargoes of peanuts and oranges. Would insist that open boats could get through the Gulf Stream with greater ease and safety than large vessels, proposed having Steamboats on the Canal, was amazed that anybody could be so stupid as to imagine the Moon to be inhabited, talked of making six thousand pounds of maple sugar per year on his farm, said land was good for nothing unless it was near the Grand Canal,<sup>30</sup> would have talked until "doomsday" about the capabilities of his farm and his superior management of it, if he could have prevailed on us to give a "list'ning ear." Among other instructive facts, informed us "in confidence," that he had a tree on one of his lots, that was exactly suited for the keel of a 74 gun ship, and if he could only get it to N. York, it would bring him several hundred dollars. As the locks on the Canal

were only one third of the requisite length, wanted to devise some plan to convey it to the Hudson. Told him he had no other alternative than to ride it through the air by the agency of balloons, unless, he could contrive to do it up in triple folds! Erudite and instructive discourse about the Falls of Niagara. Member Bull hearing Doctor's opinion, as to the rocky bed of the river, having been gradually worn away, by the constant rushing of the water over it, laughed at the idea, and gave it as his sage opinion, that it would take 100,000 years to wear away a single foot.<sup>31</sup>

No wonder our Constitution was so miserably bungled, when we have an instance of such thick skulls managing state affairs, and see very clearly the cause, why one law so often contradicts another.

Turned discourse, by introducing political subjects, and set the whole company in stage at loggerheads, about Clintonians, Bucktails and Hartford convention.<sup>32</sup> The time thus passed in confusion and uproar (for the disputants would all speak at once) thus creating the confusion of Babel, until we arrived in Ithaca, about midnight.

Eat a hearty supper, went to bed, slept sound, arose early in the morning and enquired for curiosities. Took a walk to Cayuga lake, one and a half miles distant, about half way on the road crossed Fall Creek, on which is fall of water of about one hundred to one hundred and thirty feet in perpendicular height,<sup>33</sup> water in the creek, very low, on account of the dry season. The fall however had a very picturesque appearance. Stopped half an hour to admire it, and then made the best of our way to the lake. First lake we ever saw, charmed with the prospect before us, and thought of Scott.

"Where shall we find in foreign land;  
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand."

Stared at the houses or rather huts, at the head of the lake, found 'twas called Port L'Orient<sup>34</sup> (great name for a little place), it is composed of a Tavern or whiskey shop, boat builder's shed and two or three log huts, an old boat repairing at the ship yards, as it was called, and one man working on it. Discovered a ragged kind of a sail boat lying aground, hired a rednosed countryman to get her off, for a gill of whiskey.

Embarked in high spirits for a cruise on the inland sea, and commenced a series of "Nautical Experiments." Went across the lake before the wind with jib and foresail set, but mainsail halyards were out of order. Charming view, water, clouds and trees, made the shore, and landed at a log house to get something to eat, having in the first place moored our vessel alongside of a rustic, though very commodious dock, which projected into the lake, in front of hut aforesaid. Country girl washing by the door. Mem. She was washing clothes. Old woman reading with spectacles, that appeared to have no glasses. Habitation made of logs,

plastered with mud on the inside, no chimney, a hole in the roof to let the smoke out of. Fire place composed of a heap of stones laid loosely on the floor. Furniture consisted of a rickety bedstead, two broken chairs and a table with three legs and a half. Asked for something to eat, were told "they had nothing at all, at all." Asked what they lived on, were told "flour." Asked if we could not have some bread and cheese and a pitcher of cider. Were told "they had neither". Perceived that we would have to starve if remained, and therefore thought best to get back as soon as possible. Gave a little boy one shilling to climb up mainmast, and fix the halyards in proper order, had never seen silver before, and wanted us to tell him, what it was good for.

Shoved boat off, and attempted to beat against wind, in order to make our harbor, found it entirely out of our power, and just begun to discover some of the bad qualities of our vessel, rudder was secured with some pieces of rotten rope yarn, and a smart breeze blowing down the lake, together with a heavy swell, carried us rapidly out of our course. Took an observation, and to our extreme satisfaction, were convinced, that if we made shore at all, it must be at a considerable distance from our harbor and on a rocky coast. By this time, sprung a leak, the stern post getting loose, by the labouring of our boat, and opened one of the seams near her keel. Every flaw as the boat heeled, forced the water through the sheathing, over the lee gunwale, luckily found a tin bason on board, or should have been obliged to bale the water out, with our hats. Hauled down foresail and jib, and tried to sheer her head around by means of the mainsail and a broken oar. Couldn't succeed. Endeavoured to lay our course across the lake, somewhat in direction of our harbor, found it utterly impossible, in short, our frail bark, became utterly unmanageable. When we had given up every hope of seeing Ithaca for that night, the wind luckily veered a little toward shore, and blew us in that direction.

"Again she plunges, hark, a second shock

Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock."

Or, to speak in plain prose, the rudder gave way, and we grounded stern foremost on a rocky bottom, tried every means in our power to heave her off. But might as well have tried, to move a mountain. Had no other alternative, than to wade or swim ashore, or remain where we were, chose the former and deserted our unlucky vessel, expecting every minute to see a hole knocked in her bottom. Discovered to our satisfaction, that the water was not as deep, as we had reason to expect, from our distance from the shore, which was at least a quarter of a mile, and by wading along carefully, with the water at times above our waist, at length found "ourselves" on "terra firma." Thought we had performed "Nautical Experiments," enough for one day. To increase our troubles, discovered

that we must be at least eight miles from the harbor we had started from in the morning. And that we had no great chance of bettering ourselves, although we were safely landed. The shore in a great measure resembling the Palisadoes on the Hudson River, being composed of a continued range of perpendicular rocks, from two to three hundred feet in height, and a narrow beach formed by the slate, (of which substance the rocks are partly composed) crumbling from above, and mixed with what scanty soil is washed over the precipice, here and there a stunted pine tree, with rock of granite interspersed, completed the scene.

To increase our pleasant situation, the sun was not above an hour high, and from the appearance of things, did not by any means think it improbable, but that we might have to pass the night in rather uncomfortable quarters. Attempted to climb up the rocks, but soon desisted from the dangerous experiment. Saw cattle feeding along the beach on slate stones, concluded no grass was near, certain at all events that there must be some means of getting out of our confined situation, for the cows got down. Ergo, it was a safe presumption that we could get up the same way, but the great point was to find it. Walked along in the direction from whence we had started in the morning, and after getting on our way about four miles, were completely stopped in our career, by the rocks projecting so abruptly into the Lake, that we could proceed no farther except by swimming. Turned our way back in a disconsolate mood, began to think of the Antiquary Halkit head, Spring tides, craigs, craigsmen et cetera. Wished some one knew of our unpleasant situation and looked up to see if we could discover any chairs letting down over our heads, looked in vain. Couldn't see any!

At length discovered an outlet, by means of, what had been to all appearances the bed of a water fall. For great part of the way up, it furnished an ascent, as complete as a flight of stairs, it being a solid rock, worn by the constant rushing of water over it, into the exact form of a winding stairway. Were not long in climbing up it, but when nearly at the summit were put to a sudden halt, by a perpendicular break of what we may term our "accommodation ladder." At the risk of our necks, finally succeeded in climbing up into the woods. Children in the Woods, doleful story. The Sun was just setting as we reached the summit of cliffs, and after a short walk, by the barking of dogs found a hut in the centre of woods, often heard of people living "in the woods," but never before, saw it as clearly exemplified. Knocked at the door without ceremony, a woman appeared, and from her opening the door only space sufficient to shew her ugly head (by the bye, she was a scarecrow). Seemed to be somewhat startled at seeing company. Told her "we were in a starving condition." Answered "She had nothing for us to eat."

Prevailed on her to give us a drink of water, and were then directed by her in the route to the nearest house, a short distance farther, where, she said we might get something to eat. Thanked her for her information, and trudged forward with redoubled activity, having been somewhat refreshed by the salubrious draught. Mem. "Nothing better than pure water." Especially when nothing else is to be had. Found the "short distance," to be over two miles, the house proved to be a log hut of worse appearance than the one we had left. Made up to it, opened gate of yard or garden, but dogs barked, pigs squeaked, geese cackled, turkeys screamed and hogs grunted in so delightful a concert, that we were obliged to remain in "statu quo," until a little old woman, crooked as an Esop, came out and silenced them all by the utterance of divers cabalistical phrases.

Addressed ourselves to the "Lady of the Hut," and claimed the rights of hospitality. Told our "doleful story," and asked for some refreshments, adding that we would amply remunerate her for the same. The latter part of the phrase was not lost (although our hostess pretended to be a little deaf). Had a sumptuous dinner of coffee and maple sugar, with sweetmeats made of, the Lord knows what, and bread baked, the Lord knows when, but were informed by our landlady, "that if we would wait 'til she had time, to catch, kill and dress one of her 'old roosters,' she would give us something better." Thanked her kindly, but declined partaking of such substantial fare. Ascertained that maple sugar is made up in the form of a cheese, and pared off with a knife or any sharp edged instrument as it is wanted for use. Valuable piece of information for our Historical Society, as it shews in some measure that we are (that is to say the Aborigines of the American Continent), descended from the Welsh. They being great lovers of cheese, and we imitating its form, in shaping our Maple Sugar for domestic use. Mr. Southey in his invaluable poem of "Madoc," hints at the same thing and his corroborating circumstance, in a special manner tends to confirm the hypothesis.<sup>35</sup>

Enquired for nearest village, found it to be two miles or "thereabouts," which means any distance from one to five miles, as we in the course of "our Travels," found by experience. Engaged a guide, little boy six years old, charming lad, white hair and blue eyes. Concluded he came from the North of Europe. "Blue eyed myriads of the Baltic coast," so somebody says in poetry, who it is don't remember. Believe tho' 'tis "multo scribbling Southey," as Byron with some justice, calls him. Set out on our pilgrimage without delay, apprehensive of being lost in the woods, together with our young guide, as night was coming on with rapid strides. Crossed Salmon Creek, famous for trout, three times in less than a mile, had better been named "Zig Zag" mud gutter, for the

water was not an inch in depth, or half a foot wide. Saw manufactory of shingles. Horse boat, canal boats, skiffs and scows laid up in a "promiscuous huddle," or "elegant confusion." Guide directed us the way to Ludlomville, which was only half a mile distant and left us, saying he had to drive the cows home or he would go all the way with us, if we would give him "another Shilling."

Ludlomville, a flourishing village.<sup>36</sup> Entered the principal inn, and tried to engage a conveyance to Ithaca, wanted to charge too much, told them, we would walk in preference. Hailed a waggoner who was going in our direction and soon struck a bargain for our transportation to Ithaca. Had pleasant ride up rough hills to "Rogue's Harbor," a small village about half way between Ludlomville and Ithaca. Good place for State Prison, as there must be plenty of rogues here to inhabit it. Our waggoner cautioned us against using the term "Rogue's Harbor," in hearing of any of the villagers. From which, judged they were not proud of the elegant appellation, with which their place is honored. Understood they had taken unto themselves some more honest name, but it has escaped our memory. Innkeepers in this part of the country pass off whiskey, for every liquor that may be called for, and have the impudence to draw rum and brandy out of the same keg. Whiskey they say is healthy. Should like to know, why it might not be used as a preventative of Yellow Fever, don't doubt but that it would be of as much use as Dr. Evan's pills.

Had a pleasant time the remainder of the way to Ithaca. Waggoner, shrewd "chap." Understanding we were going on to the Falls of Niagara, wanted "to truck" his horse and waggon, (to truck means "to sell"), offered us a "great bargain," as he termed it, only twice as much as they were worth, dog cheap. Told us, "It was to an absolute certainty the cheapest way, and likewise the most pleasant in which we could travel." "Springes to catch woodcock." Told him we were from "York." Said nothing more about it. Met with no more adventures, and arrived at our lodgings in Ithaca at ten o'clock. Finished the bustling incidents of the day by eating "most ravenously," to make up lost time.

Arose in the morning, "in good health and spirits." Ithaca, fine village, all bustle and activity.<sup>37</sup> Hatters, milliners, lawyers, and cobblers. Banks and shaving shops, got shaved, but by a knight of the suds, a genius of the scare crow order, learned he was a Presbyterian, "true blue," had never read any other books, than the Bible and Seven Champions of Christendom. Always maintained the same grim, solemn looking "phiz." and to use the words of Hudibras, was,

"More peevish, cross and splenetic,  
Than dog distract or monkey sick."

Learned from indisputable authority, that he never would exercise the duties of his craft on a Sunday, while "Church was in," unless you tempted him with a double fee to "satisfy his conscience." Looked around, people stared, and we gazed, pretty girls, milk maids and rural simplicity.

Saturday night and Sunday morning. Felt rather at a loss for amusement. Concluded finally, to take a ride and look for our boat, instead of going to Church. Had another view of Fall Creek. The rock over which the water fell, appeared like, a huge mass of black marble, and the scanty stream that rushed down the precipice in a thousand fantastic shapes, seemed as veins of white and blue, caused by the reflection of the clouds. Concluded to stop at Port L'Orient and hire a man to go along shore after our boat, and then take a tour around the country. Saw sleds drawn by oxen. Quere, Wheelrights scarce? Trees looked green, and people for the most part, white. Houses made of wood. Took particular notice, that people altogether, walked on their feet, and wore clothes. Mem, set these last circumstances down, as a valuable piece of information for English travellers. Saw a Methodist meeting house, with a steeple attached to it. Would as soon have expected to find pea nuts on apple trees. Inn, we stopped at to water our horses had a curious sign, viz. A blue sun with yellow clouds. Shopkeepers advertise "salted oats." Returned to Ithaca, went to church in the afternoon. First time, ever were in a country church, and are somewhat of the opinion 'twill be the last. Congregation seemed to pay more attention to us, than to the parson, all eyes directed to our pew, took us, as we imagined for "Strangers of distinction," until we made the discovery, that one of "Ourselves," had omitted removing the hat from his head.

Monday, parade of Riflemen and Artillerists, queer sort of characters, manœvered to perfection. Captain rather a sheepish look, village turned "topsy turvy," elegant phrase, wonder how, when, where, and with whom it originated. Women, children, cows and calves. Soldiers mostly managed to get pretty comfortably drunk, to enable themselves to undergo the fatigue of training. Excellent sport for bruizers, black eyes, bloody noses, broken ribs and shins. Mem, All the confusion originated in an election of officers, the candidates of course, supplying the liquor, to brighten the discerning faculties of the voters. Abstruse contemplation, on the glorious results, and wonderful efficacy of our Militia laws!<sup>38</sup>

Tired and disgusted with the "hubbub" of the village. By way of "relaxation and refreshment," took a walk along the meandering banks of a muddy mill stream, during an "intellectual feast of the mind," got knee deep, in mire and water; and returned to our hotel. Weary, wet and dusty, as wise as we went. Saw a flock of yellow butterflies, with

"chrystal wings and leather breeches." Boxing match between hog and dog, interesting fight, after "a few rounds," dog took the purse by seizing hog by the ear. Origin of the saying "Make a purse out of a sow's ear." Geese performing military evolutions in imitation of the doughty train bands, whom they far excelled. Lounged round about the village until bed time, and as Peter Pindar says,

"Sleep is an article we want  
Although it looks like death."

Retired to rest in good season, with the determination of proceeding on "our Travels," in the morning.

## *Our Travels, etc.*

### Part 2

"Now launched once more; the inland sea  
They furrow with fair augury."

WALTER SCOTT

Took passage in Steam Boat on Cayuga Lake, from Ithaca to the bridge, distance forty miles.<sup>39</sup> Embarked at Port L'Orient. Steamboat at anchor some distance from shore, and passengers were conveyed on board in a leaky boat, rather unpleasant mode of transportation. Were soon underweigh. Crossed the lake for a supply of fuel, detained about half an hour in taking on board less than ten cords. Recrossed the Lake. Mouth or outlet of Salmon Creek. Were giving the Captain a detailed account of our "Nautical Experiments," and describing the boat, we had managed to lose in such a clever manner, When "mirabile dictu," we discovered her close under shore in the same position, as when she was deserted by "Ourselves." Engaged the Captain to tow her back to the birth we had taken her from, on his return. Thus removing a heavy charge from our minds; for we indubitably did think, that the owner was entitled to some consideration, as in the course of conversation with the Captain, ascertained that those who had given us permission to use the boat, had no more right to do so, than Melchisedec. Excellent breakfast on board, only, had no milk for the coffee, used vinegar instead thereof, a very good substitute. Shall not fail reporting the discovery to the Academy of Arts and Sciences, and claim the reward of a gold medal, or some other trifle. Took a survey of boat in which we were embarked, could find no fault, were in reality surprised to find a Steamboat navigating this "inland sea," in as "good order and well conditioned," as this. Captain's son, a fine lad, only six feet high and sixteen years old, according to his own statement; weight, two hundred and fifty pounds. Fruitful country for "live stock." Could not avoid remarking, that every mare had a colt running after her, and at every log hut we passed, discovered around its door, a tribe of whiteheaded urchins, either playing in the mud, or basking in the sun like so many tadpoles. Quere, what is a tadpole? Ask the Horticultural Society, if they are at a loss, consult Buffon, or the Edinburgh Encyclopedia. Made Crowbar point, bearing N.W., Shape, like a shoulder of mutton. Goodwin's landing shortly afterwards, discovered two boats building in the woods.

Spoke several boats laden with plaster, surprised to see them so heavily laden, their gunwales being even with the water. Were informed by our Captain, that in heavy swells (which are frequent on this Lake), the waves washed completely over their decks, leaving no part of the hull visible but the stern, which is somewhat in the manner of a quarter deck, as on board our North River sloops. Accidents are in consequence by no means unfrequent. Reeder's ferry. Horseboat plying across the Lake, which is here not more than two miles in width. Stopt a few minutes at Aurora, an extremely neat looking village on the eastern shore.<sup>40</sup> Spires of two or three churches conspicuous, which together with the houses, mostly painted white, made a fine show from the water.

Two Yankee peddlars came on board at this place, long sanctified faces as was to be expected from the land of "steady habits." Had a concert on board the Steam boat with, Flute, jews harp and clamshells. Dinner soon afterwards, good and cheap. Two very strong recommendations. Came on to rain. Passengers scudded below to keep dry, wind changed in our favor, made rapid progress. Soon came in view of Cayuga bridge, the "ultima thule" of our peregrinations, by this pleasant mode of travelling, viz. a Steam Boat. Bridge at a distance, looked "passing strange," is a mile and an eighth in length; made of wood.<sup>41</sup> Landed some passengers at the east end, and were "Ourselves," put a shore at the other end. Walked to Oliver's inn, famous for ripe peaches in September, and a wine said be of foreign origin, have tasted better made of vinegar and honey.

Village of Cayuga not as flourishing as Ithaca, tho' as large, is divided by the Lake and connected by the bridge, we have just spoken of. Longest bridge in the United States,<sup>42</sup> pays an income of twenty five per cent, good stock. Were informed that it belonged to the Manhattan Company in New York.<sup>43</sup> Remarked there were as many inns at Cayuga, as dwelling houses. Wonder how the landlords all make a living, worthy of inquiry. Philosophical disquisition on same subject. After sitting on stoop of our inn about half an hour, took the stage that was passing for Canandaigua. Before we set out, Landlord recommended his peaches so highly, that were obliged to buy some. Found them excellent. Refer to Linnaeus for the history of the Peach tree.<sup>44</sup> if he cant satisfy you, ask Prince of Flushing. Again in company with the two Yankees who came up the Lake with us. Ascertained by close surmising and "guessing," that we had mistaken their craft, when they made their first appearance on board the boat. They proving to be journeymen, shoemakers or cobblers, travelling for information or work. Talked with them about the flourishing aspect of our new settlements, neat appearance of our churches, and houses, shingle majesty of the rolling pin spires, with

which said churches most commonly are decorated, cheating disposition of landlords and fruitful abundance of produce and live stock. The Western part of our country should be styled the "Hive of America." Nota bene, The North of Europe, was anciently so denominated with respect to that continent, from the hordes of barbarians it poured forth, Goths, Vandals etc., "Decline and fall of the Roman Empire," a very excellent work of Gibbon's. Recommend it, to all those fond of "light reading."

Arrived at Junius. "Stat nominis umbra." Passed through Waterloo. Battle of Waterloo, did not take place here, but in another quarter of the Globe. Most readers may consider this information, "unnecessary," but must "beg to be excused," in thinking to the contrary, and moreover, it is the duty of travellers, or hath become so of late, to give any matter that will tend to swell the size of their volume, Whether to the point, or not. Horsemen training on foot, that smells of a "bullism." No consequence however, as it was a fact. Mem, Horses are scarce in this part of the country. Roads on this route, pretty good. Came in sight of Geneva, has a highly picturesque appearance, when seen from a distance, is situated at the head of Seneca Lake, a beautiful sheet of water. This village 'tis said, bears a great resemblance to city of same name in Switzerland, rather think the only similarity is, that, they both are situated on the high banks of a lake.<sup>45</sup> This place is said to, be uncommonly healthy, i.e. People do not die faster here than elsewhere. Houses mostly of wood and painted white, two or three churches, Court house and Academy. The latter, a large stone edifice, gloomy looking pile, with battlements in the ancient style of architecture, from its heavy, dismal appearance, would have taken it for a State Prison. Wonder who the Architect was.<sup>46</sup> He ought to have a "leather medal" for the design.

Paid three shillings for a poor supper, to a rogue of a Landlord; looked like a Methodist newly converted, or deacon of some conventicle, privileged deceivers from time immemorial. Set him down for a "sly one." Passed through Gorham, and arrived at Canandaigua<sup>47</sup> late in the evening, put up at Hotel, beds nearly all engaged, wanted us to sleep three in a bed. Told Landlord, "Twouldn't do, and would go to some other inn," this settled the business at once. Frightened at the thoughts of losing a stage load. Gave us a good supper and pretty comfortable lodgings, second supper eaten that evening by us, the one at Geneva having proved so unsubstantial, that we were obligated to stop the cravings of Nature by a "second edition as aforesaid."

Morning. Shaved by a negro barber, by his repeated bows au congees, took him to be dancing master to the village. Mem, Set down all the people of Canandaigua for accomplished dancers. Prove them to be of

French extraction, by the lightness of their heels. Dancing mania, at one time, worse than any other mania; which, it has pleased Heaven to visit us with. Quote Salmagundi, as to the origin of dancing, when introduced, and by whom.<sup>48</sup>

Walked down to the Lake which gives name to the village. Wanted to hire a boat. Could get one, that had a mast, but neither sails nor oars. Did not fancy trying any more "Nautical Experiments" in that trim. Saw a man going a gunning, asked him "what game he was in pursuit of?" Answered, "Such as the Lord was pleased to send him." Took him for a man endowed with one of the greatest virtues, videlicet, Patience. Thought of Nimrod, fox hunters and country squires. Ascertained, there were in this village, two banks, three churches, and as many score of grog shops, alias, Taverns or Inns.<sup>49</sup> Canandaigua is pleasantly situated, on high ground, and about half a mile from the Lake abovementioned. The main street is very wide, and over a mile in length, on which the principal buildings are erected. Remained one day in this village and then engaged stage for Buffalo.

Found "Ourselves," in company with a green-eyed-spectacled man, Dutch dandy, with a bunch of half a dozen seals and as many keys, attached to a chain, to all appearance strong enough, to form part of a cable to a line of battle ship, a woman, and three men from New York, (as we afterward ascertained), all dumb. "An awful pause was there" from the time we left Canandaigua, until we were within sight of Bloomfield. Two villages of the same name, East and West. Passed through both, and also Lima, Lima in South America, celebrated for its Silver mines and great riches. Imagine the inhabitants of this village took the same name in hopes of making a discovery of the hidden treasures of the Earth, and thus rival their lucky prototype. Arrived at Avon,<sup>50</sup> a village on the banks of the Genesee River, where Shakespeare was born, for which reason he is called the "bard of Avon." Put up for the night, rather cold, had good fire in the sitting room. Folks of the house, a long while in preparing supper. Bell at last rang an "awful peal," and were ushered into a large room without fire. Suppose they imagined we could keep warm, by eating of the "good things of the land." Were confoundedly mistaken. At length "The long agony was o'er." Curious bed chamber, Went one into another, partitioned off like the galleries in a Jew's synagogue. Went through a dozen at least, before we could get to our own. Short bed, dirty bed clothes, no blankets, but some non descript substitute pillow, about the size of an old fashioned pin cushion, and from the number of holes in it, judged that it had probably served in that capacity in the "days of auld lang syne."

Bed composed of porcupine's quills, or something that bore a pretty strict analogy to them, very uncomfortable. Travellers should on no account, omit carrying with them clean sheets and pillow casings. Thought of Shakespeare, possibly he might have written some of his plays in this same "veritable house," as it seemed the oldest in the place, P.S. which meaneth "Post scriptum," Latin words, signifying "written afterwards," that is to say, "on reflection." Have been led into rather a strange error, by the "Nomenclature" of this place we are sleeping in "Avon." For on referring to the life of the "immortal bard," find he was in reality born at "Stratford-on-Avon," (which means Stratford (a town village or any other collection of houses) situated, or built on the banks of the River Avon) which is in England. Claim some credit for our candour, in thus exposing our own ignorance or blunders. Mem. "Sub-rosa." This is intended as a sop for the critics, most excellent plan. Advise all book manufacturers to give it their gravest attention.

Landlord awoke us early, were soon packed in stage closely and snugly. Crossed bridge over Genesee River. Introduce Jeremy Cockloft's explanation of what a bridge is good for.<sup>51</sup> Saw an Indian and his squaw with a papoussé ("papoussé," is indian for infant) squaws sling them on their backs as an easy mode of conveyance, in much the same manner as soldiers sling their knapsacks. All three were on one horse, a fine looking animal. Learned disquisition on the different breed of horses. A grave inquiry, who first tamed them for domestic use? Would puzzle greater Antiquarian than "Myself." However set down Nimrod, he being the first hunter mentioned in history. Could not make much of a figure in the sporting world, unless on horseback, as a "mighty hunter," in these degenerate days would think. These Indians were of the higher class, if we were to judge from their dress and "appointments," very probably a chief and his "Lady." Good looking characters for savages, had an air of dejection in their countenances. Female, quite interesting, blanket embroidered at the bottom and wrapped with a "negligee" air, around her delicate limbs. Head dress, in the style of the ancient Greeks. Quere, From whom are the Indians descended? Some say one thing, some another, and some quite the contrary of either. Noah, Adam and the Man in the Moon. Doctor Robertson, Abbe Raynal, Buffon and Dr. Mitchell, all good authority. For our own part, suppose they may claim Adam for their grandfather. If the hypothesis is wrong, can't say who's right. Must not omit in this place the sage opinion of our worthy and illustrious friend Ensign Blunt of that "Free School of Glory, the New York State Militia." Who very plausibly supposes "The Indians to have sprung up like mushrooms," and "that they are an entirely distinct race of the human family, who probably were in existence as a Nation, at least



four thousand, three hundred and thirty three years, before the Mosaic account of the Creation." Digression to the beginning of the world. Chaos, Creation, Sun, Moon and Stars. Music of the Spheres easily accounted for. "The morning stars sang together, and the Sons of God shouted for joy." Refer to Milton, who in his *Paradise Lost*, gives a very beautiful description of the manufacture of a world. Which is the oldest people? Ans. "those that live longest." Pshaw! the most ancient? Chinese or Egyptians, Hottentots, or Ethiopians. Turn back to "Our Travels." Breakfasted at Le Roy, dined at Clarence and arrived at Buffalo by "early candlelight." Stage set us down at Caryl's,<sup>52</sup> agreed to take a walk toward the Lake, while supper was preparing. Road steep, night dark, heard roaring of surf on the beach, and mistook the noise for that of the Falls of Niagara.<sup>53</sup> Walked along a dirty sort of a pathway, up to our ankles in mud. Learned on our return to the house, that it was the line of the Grand Canal, which was in a state of excavation; too dark to make any discoveries and returned. Had a comfortable supper. Dutchman wanted eggs, called for "ecks." Quere, Why cant Dutchmen talk good English? Tower of Babel, Confusion of tongues, might introduce discourse on the number of languages spoken in consequence of that stupendous dispensation of the Omnipotent. Which was the original language, as spoken by our first parents? Chaldaic, Syriac, Coptic, Arabic, Ethiopic or Hebrew. Leave the task of discussion to any Society of Literati, who may feel disposed to solve the knotty point. Our opinion in unchangable, the "Congese."

Retired early to bed in order to recruit our exhausted spirits and "arose with the Lark." Fine morning, sunshine, saw Indians on the hill not far from our inn and made up to them. Commenced a very interesting discourse, or "long talk," with them. The principal characters could speak English very fluently, "Split logs, Walk-in-the-water, Twenty canoes, Red Jacket, Blue Nose etc." all of them extremely polite, would shake hands with the whole of our party, and then wanted us to pay for the ceremony.<sup>54</sup>

Saw men digging an enormous mud gutter, on enquiry found it was the "Grand Canal." great ignorance on our part, although it must be confessed that the "Big Ditch"<sup>55</sup> does not present a very grand appearance when in an incipient state. Crossed Buffalo creek and ascended to the top of the light house, built like other light houses, a round or octangular tower, surmounted with a balustrade, and lamps to shew vessels the way home by night. Superb view from this place of trees, sandy beach, dead squirrels, and fresh water. Long pier projects into the Lake, serving as a breakwater, and thus affording a safe entrance into the

harbor of Buffalo. By the bye we have omitted mentioning the name of this Lake, a very extensive body of water. Land, "in the distance invisible."

It was that inland sea on which our eyes were then directed, that Perry gained the decisive victory over Barclay, and confirmed the superiority of the Americans over the British in naval warfare, by capturing the whole squadron of the enemy on this lake with an inferior force.<sup>56</sup>

"Illustrious Erie! where the great and brave,  
Gave to Brittania's hopes a hasty grave."

"Battle of the Nile," Wooden walls of old England, Queen of the Ocean etc. Shorn of the glory acquired by a thousand bloody fights on the element she arrogated to herself the entire control, by a few "fir built frigates, with a bit of striped bunting at the mast head!"

Made up a party to visit the Indian village of the Seneca tribe, four or five miles from Buffalo.<sup>57</sup> Engaged a coach for that purpose. Landlord told us the road was "only pretty good," and that we could ride more comfortably in an open waggon, than in a post coach. Might with more propriety have said, that we could travel with more comfort on foot, as it would have saved us broken shins and have removed a lie from his conscience. "To rise up against him in judgement at the last day." So saith Bunyan or Wesley. However, followed landlord's prescriptions, and set out in great glee. Roads most horrible, composed of logs laid loosely, crossways, through a woody swamp, or swampy wood, called it "rolling pin causeway," or "Corduroy road," either appellation can with strict propriety be applied. After proceeding about half a mile jumped out of waggon and sent it back, determined to make the best of our way on foot.

After a fatiguing walk of two hours discovered the village, consisting of about twenty or thirty log huts, only one or two having brick chimnies. Went into the one nearest at hand. Two young squaws at home pretended not to understand English, although we were convinced to the contrary. No furniture in hut, a bundle or two of straw on a machine intended for a bedstead, composed of a few rough boards. Indian corn piled up in one corner. Squaws pointed to another hut, at a distance, and we bent our course for it. Opened the door and walked in, could see no one, came out and looked around. Nobody stirring. Every object indicated laziness, negligence and filthiness. Some of our company began to be frightened. One was for returning thought Indians might scalp us and said he did not relish the idea of "being pickled and sent home, with an ounce or two of lead in his brains." Shamed him out of his fright, and recommenced our search after Indian antiquities. Went up to another hut that betokened some superiority over the others, by the magnificent appendage of a brick

chimney at either end.<sup>58</sup> Looked through the window and perceived it was deserted. In crossing the field in rear of the hut, saw a stout looking Indian, brought him to, and began a conference by asking him, in which wigwam Red Jacket<sup>59</sup> resided, his own name, how many were the number of his tribe, whether he had a wife, and how many "papousses?" Answered the enquiry as to his name, by pointing to some squirrels that he had been killing. Asked if his name was Squirrel, answered "Yes." "Black Squirrel,"<sup>60</sup> very sentimental name for a brown savage. Told us there was another village of same tribe, two or three miles farther on, much larger and where Red Jacket their celebrated warrior and Chief lived. Too far to walk and road too bad to ride. Left our Indian to his meditations, which did not appear to be of a pleasant nature. Melancholy reflection on the "mutability of human affairs." This Indian we had just left, might have been descended from warriors and statesmen, that could boast a long line of ancestry, perhaps equal to any monarch in Christendom, yet now, his race is fast disappearing from the lands of their fathers, and he is among the least in those places, where they should hold the sovereignty. "Alas poor Yorick!"

Discovered two Indian boys, making bows and arrows, ingenious artists, had no other tools than a common jack-knife. Should be installed members of the "American Institute." Dutchman gave four shillings for a bow, worth about three pence in N. York. Thought he had made a great bargain. Mentioned his determination of taking it with him to Europe, and presenting it to the National Museum at Amsterdam,<sup>61</sup> imagining he had a most remarkable curiosity. Was offended at our talking lightly of his purchase, and would hold no converse with us all the way, on our return, but marched on in advance, some distance. The Sun "declining low in the horizon" told us 'twas time to go back. Arrived at Buffalo by eight o'clock, after a long walk, in a dark night and through unfrequented forests. Enquired of the people of the house, what places of amusement their place afforded. Directed us to a billiard room, "hard matter to find" in the cellar of a wooden building that served in the four-fold capacity of Riding school or Circus, Methodist meeting and room as aforesaid, dark hole of a place, Table lit with tallow candles, had the appearance of a "pandemonium," according to the description of that venerable place by Milton. Poor amusement, soon retired in disgust.

Remained some days in this village and its vicinity. Buffalo is rapidly increasing and from its advantageous position, being situated at the junction of the Lake and canal navigation, must advance to a high rank among the Cities of the Union.<sup>62</sup> Amused "Ourselves" with playing ten pins, most healthy exercise. Olympic games, where, when and on what occasion instituted. Victors rewarded with a garland of olive. Isthmian

and other games of antiquity, useful in causing a communication and intercourse between different states. Return to "ten pins," game usually called "nine pins," origin. Nine Muses, a pin for each muse, and as much as they are worth to us, prose writers, "Curious to know" the "why and wherefore," they had ten pins instead of the usual number. Answer, very much to the point, to wit, "They were prevented by law from having a nine pin alley." "Sublime apostrophe on the grand science of Jurisprudence, comparison between legislators and tinkers, quere, whether it requires greater ability to mend a law, than to mend a kettle? inquiry into the utility of making laws, that are broken a hundred times a day with impunity."

Engaged stage to take our party (seven in number) to the Falls. Set out immediately after breakfast, misty morning, fog on the lake, and every prospect of a comfortable fall of rain to prevent the dust from rising to our annoyance. Passed on the road a house building in a marshy hollow, enquired what could be the meaning of such an "out-of-the-way" location? Could not be satisfied. It was of a considerable size. Whoever lives there one year, will have the fever and ague the rest of their lives, consoling reflection. Arrived at Black Rock,<sup>63</sup> so called from the number of green stones in the vicinity, couldn't discover any better reason.<sup>64</sup> Crossed the ferry to the Canada shore and found

"Ourselves" in his Majesty's dominion; amazed to discover no material difference in the aspect of things. Fences, it must be admitted are a little different, saw some ten bars high, never discovered more than seven or eight "at home." Distinction sufficient, in this circumstance to determine, we were out of the "Great and Powerful State of New York." Canadian inn. Landlady wished to know whether we would have whiskey in our milk punch, told her, "No," but a part brandy and part spirits. Seemed astounded, curious to know the reason, and ascertained, 'twas by reason of her having neither of the ingredients ordered. Plains of Chippewa. Made driver stop at "white house," and wanted to ascertain every thing concerning the celebrated battle, that was fought here.<sup>65</sup> Man with a most noble red nose came out, to tell the story. Dissertation on red noses, and noses in general; altitude amplitude and other properties of the nose. First thing to be learned in the study of Physiognomy, consult Lavater, dip into the new theory of Craniology or Cranioscopy (where they study the "bumps" on a man's skull), and return to "our travels." Red Nose was exceedingly communicative, told us he came from Connecticut, two or three years since. Said that Brown was a liar and a scoundrel and that Englishmen were a set of clever fellows, had the impudence to say, "That altho' the English army ran away, the Americans were defeated," and was in the act of eulogising the heroic conduct of the "Wellingtonians."

when one of our company, who was sitting on the box with the driver, seized the whip and applied it very scientifically to Red Nose's back, telling him to speak more civilly when he addressed citizens of the United States. Knight of the flaming countenance looked foolish and begged our pardons most submissively. Mistook us indubitably for liege subjects of his "Brittanic Majesty." Then gave us another account of the battle with variations and additions. Knew more concerning it than anyone engaged, although he was many miles away when the action took place. Jumped out of the stage to take a look round. Could see nothing strange or "passing strange," corn growing where men were buried. Were shewn in what part of the field "the tug of war" commenced and all about it. Saw enough, returned to the stage. Passed through Chippewa village and over Chippewa bridge across Chippewa creek, without stopping. Village, small, nothing of consequence to be seen. Fortifications of dirt decaying, no appearance of business or improvement. Kept moving at a snug rate, and were set down at the Pavilion<sup>66</sup> at "Niag'ra" Falls, (as the driver called it) about noon, the intended "ultimatum" of our destination and grand point of attraction for all travellers to the Western parts of the State of New York.

## *Our Travels.*

*Statistical. Geographical,  
Mineorological. Geological,  
Historical, Political and  
Quizzical.*

*Written by Myself N. Y. L. G.*

*"Oh! Jupiter .....*

*"Amidst my travels, let me something find,  
"Little or much - good, bad, of any kind."  
Peter Pindar.*

*New York - 1822.*



*NIAGARA FALLS*



*HUDSON RIVER*



*CAYUGA LAKE*



*THE SENECA INDIANS, NEAR BUFFALO*

-sertation on the use and abuse of cold baths,  
warm baths, steam baths, shower baths and  
every other description of baths.

Very much pleased with the  
prospect - new views of the Falls in every di-  
-rection. Made a circuit of the Islands, foot-  
-paths through the woods. Soil appears cov-  
-ered with a very thick moss, which gives un-  
-der the feet, as if you were treading on the ri-  
-chest carpets of the East. By the time we had  
-completed our ramble - the Sun declining be-  
-yond the Western hills - gave us warning to  
-take up our line of march, homeward.

Recrossed the Ferry with-  
-out much difficulty - although the boat was  
-rather full - came near being cast on a rock,  
-that extended some distance from the shore,  
-Oarsmen strained hard and weathered the



NIAGARA FALLS

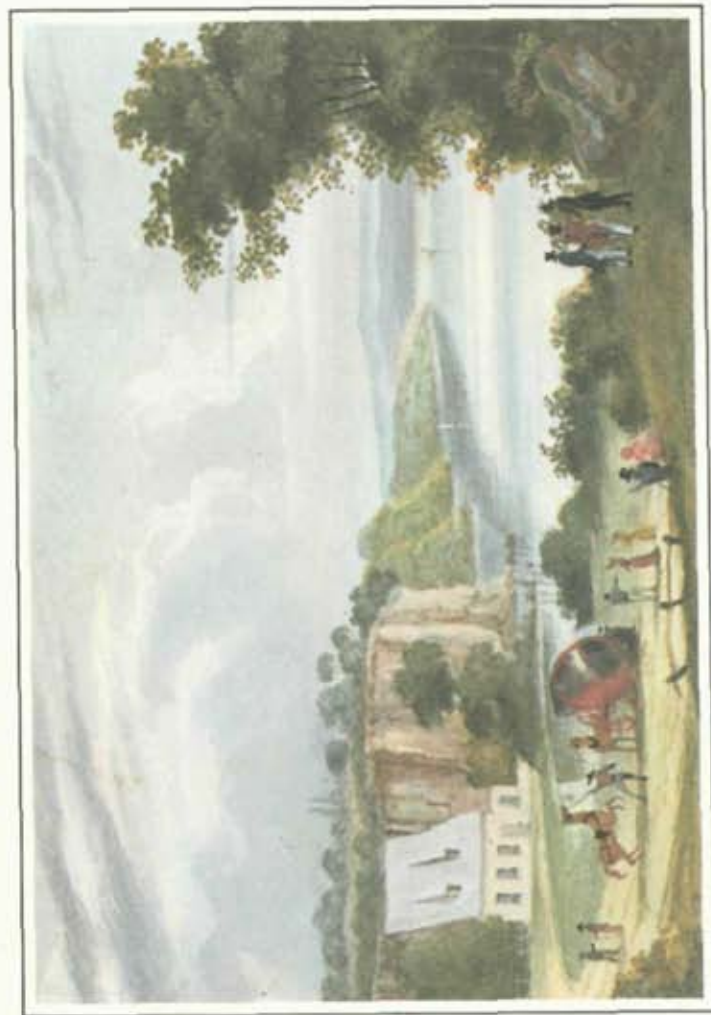
van. chariot in centre and baggage waggon:  
bringing up the rear. 'Astonished the natives'  
and entered Quinceston, without meeting with  
any adventures of moment. excepting throwing  
a couple of bad pennies to a lame negro. Who  
would not pick them up. Poor encouragement,  
to charitable persons. Digression to Benevolent  
and Philanthropical Societies. Compare them  
to 'Churchwardens stuffing their bellies for the  
'good of the Poor'. Helped the paupers along a-  
mazingly. Anecdote of the chimney sweep di-  
-ning on the effluvia from a cook's cellar, and  
decision of the crazy man, that the cook should  
be paid by the jingling of money between two em-  
-pty platters. quite to the purpose. Charitable-  
-dinners not quite so frequent in the United  
States as in England. Quere. What's the rea-  
-son. N. B. Cant tell. Story of the Churchwar



UNIDENTIFIED SCENE, POSSIBLY GENESSEE RIVER

of deep research into the fathomless pools of  
--- Phew!-- We are running entirely out of  
our latitude, almost forgot, we had just extricat-  
ed ourselves from 'stage wreck': and were congrat-  
ulating each other, on a lucky escape from broken  
necks and cracked skulls - a species of fractures  
not very easily cured.

Were obliged to put up with  
an hours delay, while they sent back to  
Geneva - for another stage. Had a fine view of  
the Lake from its head, as far as the eye could  
reach. Picturesque scenery. Banks, bold  
and covered with verdure. There is not to  
all appearance, as much navigation on this  
Lake (Seneca). as on Cayuga. Much of the  
same size, and scarcely any difference to other  
views. Stage made its appearance, and we  
were soon on our journey--



SENECA LAKE, NEAR GENEVA



bottom. tried every means in our power to heave her off. But might as well have tried, to move a mountain. Had no other alternative, than to wade or swim ashore. or remain where we were, chose the former and deserted our unlucky vessel, expecting every minute to see a hole knocked in her bottom. Discovered to our satisfaction, that the water was not as deep, as we had reason to expect. from our distance from the shore, which was at least a quarter of a mile and by wading along carefully, with the water at times above our waist, at length found ourselves on terra firma. Thought we had performed Nautical Experiments. enough for one day. To increase our troubles. discovered that we must be at least eight miles distant from the harbor we had started from in the morning. And that we had no great chance of better



HUDSON RIVER

## Our Travels &c.

### Part 5.

"Away o'er the wave, to the home we are seeking,"

Kalleck.—

According to our arrangement the evening previous, sailed, rode or were towed (the last phrase is doubtless most proper, although each term is promiscuously used), from Utica, on board the canal boat, at eight o'clock. A.M. Packet boat in which we were embarked, was about fifty feet in length, by about fifteen in breadth, with a clever cabin, as all the boats for passengers have, drawn by two horses, tandem fashion. comfortable sort of travelling, for old women and children, go at the rate generally, of about four miles

## *Our Travels, etc.*

### Part 3

"We ne'er before saw such a fall,  
And such another, never shall!"

ALBUM AT THE PAVILION

The Pavilion, as it is styled, kept by a Yankee looking Canadian, very accommodating character, ushered us into the sitting room, then up stairs through the range of bed chambers, in order to make our choice of apartments. "Wouldn't be able to have dinner on the table, until two of the clock, usual time was one P.M., but as so many gentlemen, had been pleased to honor his house, with their company would be obliged to defer it for that space of time."

Finished his long speech with a couple of low bows. Suspect he was at least a Member of the Canadian House of delegates. Asked us, if we would like to take a short view of the Falls, while dinner "was being" in a state of preparation, ordered his "Maitre de hotel" (as he was called), to attend us, and shew the way. Easy descent down hill, by a platform of boards, and steps occasionally; reached the Table Rock in a short time, and had a grand view of the Falls.<sup>67</sup> They at first sight fell far short of our expectations, probably from having perused many high coloured descriptions of them by enthusiastic travellers. But the more familiar the scene becomes to an observer, the greater and more interesting they appear. Were obliged to hurry back after having been a short time on the rock, in consequence of the dinner bell ringing "loud and long."

Made up our minds to cross the Ferry below the Falls to the American side immediately after dinner. Arrived at the staircase and discovered below, our Dutchman, dripping wet. At first, thought he had, by some accident, tumbled into the River, and been luckily fished out, but were soon undeceived. He had been under the sheet of water, to enjoy a romantic prospect, was wet to the skin in consequence of the spray rising in every direction, from the immense fall of water. Had seen enough and advised us not to go, imagining that we had set out with the like foolish intention of perigrinating under the fall.

Parted from him and bent our course down stairs, scrambled over rocks and crags, and reached the ferry boat, small row boat, did not think we could all stow ourselves in the "pigmy vessel."<sup>68</sup> Moreover the view was somewhat alarming: had to cross within less than half a mile

of the principal fall of water. Waves ran pretty high, occasioned by the wind, rapids etc. Hesitated as to crossing. Ferryman assured us there was no danger. Entered the boat, which shot off from the shore, with the swiftness of an arrow. Soon crossed and by taking advantage of the eddies etc., it is by no means, an arduous task for the rowers, or (by any thing we could observe) attended with danger. Landed at American shore, ascended stairway, and soon on its summit. Fine view in every direction. Grand in the extreme, rainbow and showers of mist, bubbles and lather, rapids, rocks and whirlpools. Passed over bridge to Goat Island,<sup>69</sup> noted for squirrels. Delightful prospect. View from Canada shore, perhaps the best, but more variety on our own side. A village of considerable size and rapidly increasing is situated in the immediate neighbourhood of the American Falls. Name dont remember, believe however, it is baptised by some English appellation, Manchester, Birmingham, or something like it.<sup>70</sup> Quere, Why not give original names to our towns, villages etc. instead of crossing the Atlantic for that purpose? This village contains several factories, shops and foundries, saw and grist mills. Went through iron works, viewed the whole process of manufacturing iron. All done by water power, not even excepting the fire, which is kept in operation by means of a bellows worked through the agency of water. Eternal clang, hammers, and sledge hammers, fire and smoke. "Brontes, Steropesque nudus membra Pyracmon." Names given to blacksmiths in Vulcan's factory, by Virgil, when he introduces us to the depths of Mount Etna or Vesuvius, to see the handy work of the husband of Venus, Vulcan the ugliest of the Gods. Why should he have had the Goddess of Beauty for a wife? Cant tell, unless marriage goes like dreams, by the rule of contraries. Know no better reason.

Dark by the time we returned to the ferry. Wind had changed and blew down the river, carrying the spray along with it, were completely wet in crossing and glad to get back to enjoy the luxury of dry clothes, a comfortable fire and good supper. Bed rather exceptionable no very great consequence in this instance, for after the fatigues of the day the "leaden influence" of that sleepy God, Morpheus, soon overtook us. Sunday morning, took an early view, Mist very thick. Fell on the Table Rock like a shower of rain, did not remain long, as a wet jacket has no very comfortable sensation. One of our party attempted to go under the fall of water, but only succeeded in getting himself completely wet, and "caught no eels." His nerves were not sufficiently braced, and very wisely desisted, from the attempt. Another went under with a guide, and came out after about five minutes, as wet as if he had been under water as many years as minutes. Rocks in the immediate vicinity of the Falls, extremely soft. Project over head in a threatening manner, for seventy

or eighty feet, looks rather dangerous. Dont fancy these things at all. Went down and followed the rude pathway that is formed for all those, who wish to hazard their lives for the gratification of a foolish curiosity in the search of Quixotic adventures. Saw "quite sufficient" to be enabled to describe "the general aspect of affairs," without endangering our necks. Jefferson tells us in his "Notes on Virginia," that the Natural bridge is worth a voyage across the Atlantic.<sup>71</sup> Admitting this, a view of the Falls of Niagara, is worth a circumnavigation of the Globe.

No pencil can give an adequate view of this stupendous work of nature, although (as we have already remarked) that from perusing the extravagant and high wrought descriptions of it, the mind is apt to be, on the first view, disagreeably disappointed.<sup>72</sup>

We read accounts of the noise being heard forty or even fifty miles in clear weather, of its shaking the earth for many miles round, and that birds in the act of flying over the Falls, are frequently stunned by the terrible noise, and fall lifeless in the abyss below. All these are, as far as we could judge, entirely fabulous.<sup>73</sup> There was scarcely, when we arrived at Chippewa village, only three miles from the Falls, a breath of air stirring. It was a fine clear day, and the mist arising from the Falls was distinctly seen 'ere we entered the village, and yet no noise was heard, although what little wind there was, blew directly towards us. Indeed at the "Pavilion," not more than a quarter of a mile from the nearest and greatest fall of water (the "Horse shoe") and where a complete view was had from our bedroom window, there was scarcely heard (the door of the apartment being closed) that "thundering noise," which is so much spoken of by different travellers, and as to its shaking the Earth, at the distance spoken of by many of them or even one hundredth part of the distance, it is either a wilful misrepresentation, or the coinage of the brain of some sickly admirer of the works of nature, who wishes to astonish the ignorant by striking out something, out of the usual track.

But, to return to the Falls as they really appear at the present day, on descending the stairway. We observe huge fragments of rock, which without doubt, originally formed part of the bed, over which the River rushed to the Precipice, and along the banks of the River from Queenston on the Canadian, and Lewiston on the American shore, the same view presented itself. The banks of the stream are one continued range of solid rock the whole distance to the Falls (seven miles), from two to three hundred feet in height, and evidently worn by the constant friction of water, which at once corroborates the idea of the River having gradually worn its way to the place where the Falls now are and confirms the supposition of the great fall of water, having originally been as

low down as Queenston. There are now, people residing in its vicinity who can recollect very considerable changes within the space of ten or fifteen years.<sup>74</sup>

The distance from the base of the staircase, to the point where adventurers go under the sheet of water, is about one tenth of a mile, and leads by a winding pathway over rocks and pebbles, close to the side of the precipice. On looking overhead, you perceive the rock hanging or projecting in a threatening manner, presenting somewhat the appearance of a broken arch. The cracks (and many of them of a frightful size) occasionally interspersed, by no means add to the apparent security of your situation. The spray increases, the nearer you approach, and in a few seconds, you are completely wet through. The footing becomes less secure, as the perpetual moisture renders the road slippery, and unless you have a guide used to the scene, the danger is considerable. When you approach the gap to enter between the falling water and solid rock, the wind rushes with great force through the aperture, and the farther you enter the more difficulty is experienced in breathing, altho' some who have been under maintain that the only difficulty as to breath is on the first entrance, and that after the mouth is passed, the danger is over. While you are under the water, and have recovered from the sensation of the somewhat dangerous novelty of your situation, you will notice with surprise the immense number of "eels," which are in such abundance, that you can scarcely put down your foot without treading on them, and the rock close touching the pathway, is rendered so soft and porous by the action of the "eternal moisture," that you may amuse yourself by picking it to pieces with your fingers. Mem, A good subject for one of the labours of Hercules. It may be "perhaps," possible to pass over to Goat Island by this subterranean and "aquean" route, but as yet, no knight errant has been found, sufficiently daring. Sixty feet is the extent that any adventurer has pretended to penetrate, which is just a distance of as many feet farther than "Myself" is by any means ambitious of proceeding. The adventure below being completed have now leisure to ascend to the regions above. Went back to the Pavilion, to exchange clothes that were wet for some that were dry and then concluded to take a walk of observation.

Saw two red coated officers. Natural history of lobsters and red herring. Sir Joseph Bank's experiment of boiling fleas. "Fleas are not lobsters, damn their souls," a pleasing result of the Philosopher's labours. Old story of "nothing at all about any thing." Came in view of Bridgewater mills, were burned by the Americans in the last war "ruins still smoking!" Absolute fact. Leave it to any one, who saw them at same time with "ourselves." Stopt at a farmhouse to get some milk. Girl

said "had none." Take it for granted, there are no cows in Canada, climate dont agree with them, at least judge so from this circumstance. Anecdote of milk maid hatching chickens for Christmas, good story, recollect something about it when went to school, but the "Cream" of the fable has slipped our memory. Heard something about burning spring in the vicinity. Found it out and gave one shilling each (there were a "baker's dozen" of us) to see fire come out of a rusty gun barrel. "That's the way the spring is fixed." A little hut over the water, cask of sand sunk down through the floor, old gun barrel stuck in it. Boy applied a torch to the muzzle, and pop! it blazed like a "shooting star," or a meteor streaming its fiery course through the expanse of the heavens, on a "murky night."<sup>75</sup> There's a simile "sublime and beautiful." Consult Burke, he has written an extensive work on the subject. Lien Chi Altangi on the art of book making. Story of a man writing a folio volume on the dissection of a catterpillar, wing of a butterfly, or brain of a musquito. Turn over to Weld for information on the best breed of Musquitoes, "Newark gallynippers," bite through a boot with ease.<sup>76</sup> Authentic anecdote of Gen. Washington's boots being "honey-combed" by these identical "gallynippers." The breed is degenerating very fast, great pity, as we might by an improvement in the art of war, train them as a very cheap "materiel" of munition, in case of an invasion would prove an invaluable "elite" of our "light corps." Report this project to the Secretary of War, it has one very strong recommendation, "Economy." Man in the Moon, Congreve rockets, balloons, Pompey and Colonel Burr and Caius Marius.

Description of the battle of Bridgewater, best fought action that ever took place on the American Continent. The "Wellingtonian heroes of the Peninsula," no match for Yankee warriors.

"Never rose the astonished Sun  
On so obstinate a fight."

The "astonished sun" did not rise on this fight however, although he set on it. The action commencing in the afternoon and continuing until midnight. It is commonly termed the "Battle of the Falls," instead of Bridgewater, as mentioned above. Considering the number of men engaged, the most bloody battle, since the introduction of fire arms, on record. Although the Americans atchieved the victory over an army at least one third their superior, yet had to retrogade on the ensuing day. The British having been greatly reinforced, and the Americans having one third of their men killed or disabled in the action. The retreat was ably conducted by Gen. Ripley, on whom the command devolved, Generals Brown and Scott, having both been severely wounded in this memorable battle.<sup>77</sup> Loitered about the field until dinner time, "pretty

considerable" of a company at dinner. Ceremony in abundance. Were detained an hour and a half with the various courses, that came one after an other in endless variety. Negro waiter somewhat awkward. Spilt decanter of brandy on the table, and by way of finish, emptied the remains of a roast pig into the lap of a lady. Very glad when 'twas over, i.e. the dinner. For at one time imagined, we were to be detained "in position," (as military folks would term it) until sunset.

Dutchman wanted to cross over to Goat Island, or "Coat Island," as he called it. Thought we would see him on his way and went down to ferry with that intent, but as nearly all the company were for crossing again, determined to go with them. Had pleasant passage over the River, through clouds of mist, "Children of the Mist." Tales of my Landlord. View of the Falls very fine from the river. Sun shone out in all his splendour, saw three rainbows in succession. Appeared, as if the Ocean was emptying its "mountain waves" into the river. We were in such apparent security, crossing. Went thro' lots "of lather and suds." Water kept in a continual foam. Fine place for barbers and washerwomen, plenty of soap suds ready for use. Proposal for having a grand washing and shaving establishment on the Niagara River, brilliant scheme. Baron Munchausen, Baron Trenck and Tom Thumb safely landed on American Shore. Had another very excellent view of the Falls from the top of the staircase. Made best of our way for Goat Island. Crossed bridge again, good view from the middle of it. Pretty sight, to observe the water rushing down over the rapids, which are greater on this shore, than on the Canadian in the immediate vicinity of the Falls. Roar, tremendous, tho' when below the falls on the other shore, the noise is greater, and reverberating against the curved rocks, produces a most astounding effect. It was at that place; and that place only, that the noise was so great, as to prevent your hearing one another speak. But to follow with our observations on the American shore. For a second time, Paid a visit to the Island of Goats, and took a "social glass," at the house thereon built for the accommodation of travellers, very snug situation. Erected and kept by a person of the name of Hooker, a very polite and accommodating host. Recommend to every person visiting the Falls, to give him a call. Very industrious and ingenious character. Had a billiard table made of the wood that grew on the Island, a beautiful specimen of work, and of his own manufacture, various descriptions of wood, variegated and joined with great nicety. Bathing houses attached to the establishment. Took a warm bath, and can say "We laved in the waters of the Falls."<sup>78</sup> Bathing, a very wholesome and healthy exercise. Romans and Greeks, Russians and Turks, very fond of the luxuries of the Bath, conclude the subject with a luminous dissertation on the "use and

abuse" of cold baths, warm baths, steam baths, shower baths and every other description of baths.

Very much pleased with the prospect, new views of the Falls in every direction. Made a circuit of the Island, foot paths through the woods. Soil appears covered with a very thick moss, which gives under the feet, as if you were treading on the richest carpets of the East. By the time we had completed our ramble, the Sun declining beyond the Western hills, gave us warning to take up "our line of march" homeward.

Recrossed the Ferry without much difficulty, although the boat was rather full, came near being cast on a rock, that extended some distance from the shore, oarsmen strained hard and weathered the point of difficulty. Fire burning on the beach. Kindled by somebody to aid themselves in catching eels. Valuable piece of piscatorial information. Men in boat spearing them. Confounded fools to take so much unnecessary trouble. For if they went under the Falls, might get as many as they could carry home, merely for the picking up. Thought we would give them a helping hand and accordingly, all hands went to work with great alacrity. Rolled down entire trees, that had been loosened from the precipice above, and in a short time, made a most noble blaze. Night had set in "troubled and dark," and began to think it most time to eat supper. Had some difficulty in clambering over the rocks, and up stairway in the dark. But by perseverance, at length succeeded and reached our lodgings somewhere about the hour of nine, too much fatigued to remain a long time out of our beds.

In the morning took as we thought, a "long, last, lingering look" at the Falls from Table Rock. Wonder where all the water comes from. Mem. Doctor Mitchell can tell and so can Solomon Lang, that "prince of petty paragraphs, red notes and signal poles." Stood a long time without moving from the position. This last view seemed most interesting of any we had yet taken, and believe if a person was to see it every day for the space of a month or two, he would still be reluctant to leave the spot.

Returned up hill slowly, to take our departure from the "Plains of Bridgewater." However had taken the precaution of transmitting our names to Posterity. By an insertion of them "one and all" in the "Red Book," as the Album for the register of names of the visitors at the Pavilion, is called.<sup>79</sup> It contains a precious collection of the poetical effusions of some of the "fair daughters of Columbia." "Sample" of the quality of said poetry have already given, in the quotation placed at the head of this part.

Engaged conveyances for the purpose of taking a small tour in the dominions of the "Defender of the Faith." Left "Pavilion" without

regret, uncomfortable accommodations. "Maitre de Hotel," (as he was pleased to dub himself), an obtrusive, prying, saucy, character, drunk half the time. The bar keeper, an idiotic looking numscull, and all the other servants on a par with the above. Travellers should put up at the American side and cross over occasionally, as they may feel disposed.

Stopped at Lundy's lane, asked driver, why he did not move on? Said "Folks always wanted to stop there, to see the battle."<sup>80</sup> See the battle! Why you fool we see no battle. "That may be Sir, but nevertheless the battle was fought here, the last war, for all that." Nothing to be seen, worth a moments attention, but it is fashionable, to waste time at this spot by getting out of your carriage, to view trees, fences and muddy road. Did not allow driver to make any delay, and proceeded on our "peregrinations." Dusty travelling, poor horses, one cantered and the other trotted. Ruins of houses burnt during the war still observable, desolating consequences of war.

Saw Queenston heights at a distance, and carriages, soon deposited us at their base. Ordered drivers to proceed into the town, while we pursued our observations. Began to ascend the hill, "plaguy" steep. Interesting view from the summit. Lake Ontario spreading its waters in the distance. In the foreground, pickets and intrenchments, remaining, same as they were left in the late war.<sup>81</sup> Commanding position, highest land within a considerable distance, has complete command of Lewiston on the American shore, directly opposite. The river at this place is not more than three quarters of a mile in width. There is a ferry established between Queenston and Lewiston, the boat in middle of the river appeared about half the size of a bathing tub, and people in it, like grasshoppers. Complete bird's eye view of the country around. Hills and vallies, trees houses and fields. River winding through rocks and mountains, scene, "Magnificent." Turned our attention to the spot on which we were standing. Mounted the breast work without opposition. Entered the citadel by gate which had been left open. Interior of battery covered with weeds. Places where men were buried visible. No monuments of any description, to denote "past events," to be seen. Bones in every direction, scattered about the heights. Mem, Ascertained they were not human bones, although our Dutchman wanted to convince us they were. Persuaded himself that he discovered a thigh bone in one place, a jaw bone in another, here, a part of an arm, there, a leg from the joint of the knee to the ancle. Was actually in an extacy at the appearance of a bone which bore a slight resemblance to part of a scull, and in short, perfectly succeeded in convincing himself of the inhumanity of the English in suffering them to remain unburied. Entertained us with quotations from Homer and Virgil, as to the superstition of the ancient Greeks and Romans with respect

to the funereal ceremonies, they thought themselves strictly bound to perform in the disposal of their dead. And would have given us a full recitation in the original, of the funereal rites performed over the dead body of Patroclus, if he could have obtained our attention.

Flag staff on which the banner of Britain, once proudly waved, was yet standing, but "tottering to its fall," rather ominous. Saw all we could, and then, took ourselves down hill, with greater ease than we had brought ourselves up. Found our carriages waiting at the Hotel, and the drivers impatient at the delay. Gave them "a sop," which had the magic effect of restoring them to perfect good humour. As there was nothing interesting to be seen in the village, got into our vehicles and were soon on the road. Dutchman in the pursuit of his enquiries at the Hotel, we had just left; discovered to his mortification, that the "human bones" he had seen in such abundance on the heights, once appertained to divers four-footed animals, which had served as "provant" to the bipeds, who during the war, had formed the garrison. Had a hearty laugh at him, which he stood good naturedly. Advised him to commence the study of anatomy, as soon as he had sufficient leisure.

Passed through Queenston. Could not avoid remarking, the great contrast in the appearance of our Settlements, when put in comparison with those of "our very good and valued friends," the British. Ours, all life and activity. The stir of business seems to pervade them without an exception. On the other hand, theirs, seem to exist in a lingering manner, no improvements, very rarely a new building erecting [*sic*]. Every thing in fact, seems to have been in the same state for years. Houses for the most part, old fashioned and dirty, and to sum up the whole, with the remark of a fellow traveller, which is sufficiently to the point, by the bye, "Every village presents the picture of wretchedness, pauperism and helplessness."

Passed Fort George and entered Newark. Walked down to Fort Messesauqua, situated on the point of land, formed by the junction of the Niagara River with Lake Ontario. Marched up to gateway, but the centinel would not allow us to enter, and the commanding officer was not at hand. Consoled ourselves, with walking around it, and saw as much as we desired. Videlicet, a mud breast work and dry ditch. Learned that it was built, or rather, "thrown up," to command our fortress, Niagara which is immediately opposite, and which, in the event of another war with Great Britain, could render this fort untenable in a very short space of time. The ground on which Fort Niagara is built, being of greater elevation than the land on the Canada shore, and consequently the advantage is such, that it is very questionable whether a fort can be constructed on the Canada shore, that would be able to withstand the fire of its opponent.

Newark is of some extent, but by no means in an improving condition. It was destroyed by our troops under General McClure, in the late war, and not a house left standing, it has been mostly rebuilt. The burning of this town, caused the retaliatory system of plunder and destruction, which took place in the winter of 1813-14, and eventuated in the total annihilation of the villages of Buffalo, Lewiston, Black Rock and other of our frontier settlements, by fire, and devastation.<sup>82</sup>

The tinkling of a bell in the hands of a little dirty negro, now announced that it was time to attend to the duties of the table. Had a pretty good dinner and paid pretty well for it. Fort Niagara has an extremely neat appearance, when viewed from this place. Its white walls shewing to great advantage.<sup>83</sup> A little above the Fort, is Youngstown, has indeed an extremely young appearance for a town, there not being, from what we could judge in viewing it from the Canadian shore, over half a dozen houses. Found some difficulty in crossing from Newark to Niagara. Determined in consequence to return to Queenston and at that place cross the ferry to Lewiston. As we were in the act of stepping into our carriages to drive onward, discovered a horse and waggon coming with all the speed the driver could urge his "crazy" horse towards us, proved to be our baggage, which had ordered to be sent on from the Pavilion, there not being a place where we could stow it, about the tasty vehicles, we were travelling in. Had to give the driver his dinner, which delayed us sometime longer than we wished; and then ordered him, to fall in behind with the baggage.

Started off in order, and travelled in style "a la militaire." Barouche in van, chariot in centre and baggage waggon bringing up the rear. "Astonished the natives," and entered Queenston, without meeting with any adventures of moment, excepting throwing a couple of bad pennies to a lame negro, Who would not pick them up. Poor encouragement to charitable persons. Digression to Benevolent and Philanthropical Societies, Compare them to "Churchwarden's stuffing their bellies for the good of the Poor." Helps the paupers along amazingly. Anecdote of the chimney sweep dining on the effluvia from a cook's cellar, and decision of the crazy man, that the cook should be paid by the jingling of money between two empty platters, quite to the purpose. Charitable dinners not quite so frequent in the United States as in England. Quere, What's the reason, N.B. Cant tell. Story of the Churchwarden's feast on a child. Peter Pindar.<sup>84</sup> Examine his works and you'll know all about it, have forgotten the pith of the joke. Remember 'tis a very facetious story tho'.

Crossed to Lewiston glad to find ourselves once more on our native shores. Canadians are great rogues, take them for "all in all," never want to have any thing to do with them again, cheat whenever they have an

opportunity, and charge as much again for a thing as it is worth. Take pattern from their parent country, Great Britain. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." "A word to the wise," as the strolling player said to the Methodist person. Quere, Wherein consists the difference between an itinerant actor and a strolling minister? "Spiritual Quixotte." "Sir Geoffrey Wildgoose." Camp meeting, where they train converted individuals to learn the tactics of a "Christian Soldier," and, (stare not gentle reader) "Take heaven by storm!" Love feasts, very clever things, drink water at them for "pure love." Excellent plan. Origin of Temperance Societies may be ascribed to the tribe of Methodists, a hem! hallo! Where have we been running to? Will give "a liberal reward" to any one, who will discover to us, the road back to "Our Travels." True, we are in the United States of North America, just landed at Lewiston, and want sadly to get into comfortable quarters. Agreed with ferryman to take our baggage up to Lewiston about three quarters of a mile from the landing place. Waited at ferry until he went to bring a horse and waggon for that purpose, waited a longer time than was pleasant. Came at last, of all the decrepid animals ever cast our eyes on, this horse would bear away the palm, dont believe there were two ounces of flesh on his carcase. Don Quixotte's Rosinante, no comparison. Crows seemed to have a mortgage on his body for they followed him in flocks. Waggon as the horse, "like master, like man," well matched. Advised the ferryman to place stones behind the wheels while he was loading on the baggage to prevent the waggon drawing the horse down hill, backward into the river. Answered with an offended air, that, "His 'stud' was a fine piece of horse-flesh, although his looks were a little against him." Lord have mercy on the man, thought we, for he's as crazy as his establishment. Wished our baggage was out of the waggon for the hill, was very steep, and the load a sufficient one for a good horse. Thought it would be utterly impossible for them ever to ascend the hill. The animal however succeeded to admiration. Such a horse should be put in the Museum. Carried his head and tail in a curve downwards, so as to describe a semicircle, hip bones protruded six or eight inches, ribs could be counted as plainly, as if the skin (for flesh there was none) had been stripped clean off, tail looked as if it had been gnawed by a colony of rats into its present elegant shape. Affronted the owner of this noble animal by asking "Whether he usually fed his 'stud' on hoop poles or shavings?"

Put up at Hotel in Lewiston, and engaged seats in stage, that left for Rochester next day. This village appears pretty nearly in a stationary condition and partakes in a small degree of the aspect of a Canadian settlement. Saw a stone building, that had been commenced prior to the war, and not yet completed. Funds fell short (suppose). Came across

an old fat farmer feeding hogs with corn cobs, in the vicinity of a log hut; held conversation with him. Learned he had come from Connecticut some years since, and settled or rather, squatted here, for he allowed himself to belong to that honorable fraternity, so highly eulogised in Knickerbocker's famous and true history. Among other historical information, gave us a "long winded" account of the burning of Lewiston. British, in company with their very good friends, the Indians, burnt his miserable hut and took his family, prisoners to Montreal. Kept them in confinement for some months. Said he was glad when he got back, did not doubt him. Went into a house to light a cigar. Saw two of the "fair daughters of Columbia" engaged in quilting. Girls shy and skittish, could draw no valuable information from them altho' we told them we were travellers 'errant,' and in quest of information. Continued on our rambles until sunset.

Sunday, hired horse and waggon to visit the Indian tribe of the Tuscaroras, three miles from Lewiston.<sup>85</sup> Had a very high opinion of their civilization from a conversation with the Innkeeper, who among other things to "their credit," said they were the principal money lenders about Lewiston. Met along the road several Indians, armed with bows and arrows, at a loss to conceive what use they made of them. Were soon satisfied, for perceiving an Indian taking aim at a small bird. Stopt horse to observe his luck. To our astonishment, he brought down his game, at the distance of at least fifty yards apparently without the least effort.<sup>86</sup> Soon came to the point where the road turned off toward their village, wound up a very steep hill for some distance, hard work for our jaded hack. Were obliged to lighten the waggon of our weight, to help our horse along, in due reason reached the summit. Indian boy driving cows. Enquired the way from him, directed us onward in a strait line, followed our noses and entered the village. About forty log houses well built, and some few frame buildings. Every thing bore the appearance of comfort and convenience. The land in a high state of cultivation. Well fenced, Indian corn, rye and wheat in abundance. Rode about in various directions. Discovered their Church Door was open, but were told that divine service would not commence, until after the space of an "hour or thereabouts," therefore wandered about to the different habitations, ostensible purpose to buy mockasons,<sup>87</sup> as a curiosity to take home with us, could not get any. Indians wear mockasons or go barefoot. Discussion on the merits of shoes and mockasons, difference between them, who first used the one or the other, digression to cordwainers and cobblers, in what essential point is the variance Origin of the word "cobbler." Consult Shakespeare or Ben Jonson. Cordwainer, the most polite appellation that can be applied to a manufacturer of shoes, is derived from that "most

polite nation," the French. This subject naturally leads us to the consideration of the important question, Whether, small or large feet are best calculated for speed. Chinese, Hottentots and Indians all celebrated for "lightness of heels," and fingers, affinity between fingers and heels, greater than is imagined by most philosophers. Vide, the luminous essays of "Con-fut-see, vulgarly called Confucius," and Linkum Fidelius<sup>88</sup> on this point.

Perceived a good looking savage approaching us, commenced a conversation with him. Spoke English fluently, very polite gentleman, as all Indians naturally are, when civilized, rather "bullish" expression: for "civilisation" is not "a State of nature." Let it pass however. Only wished to start the opinion which "Ourselves" entertained, that the Indians might have been descended from the ancient Gauls, both nations, or more properly speaking their descendants, being great dancers, and a dancing nation should be considered "a polite one." At all events "One thing is very certain" (as an intimate friend of ours very frequently observes). The Indians maintain a most imperturbable silence, when questioned to the point. A lodge of Freemasons could not exceed them in this particular. Quere, Why may not the "ancient order of Masonry" have originated with the "Sons of the Forest?" We have taken infinite pains during our sojourn among the "Red Men." (as they are called by some) to ascertain their origin, but must admit, our researches to have been almost fruitless. We have already touched on the subject in Part 2 and "although we say it, who should not say it" have doubtless astonished the literati of this "sublunary sphere," by our luminous treatment of the "point in question." But some few days since: mentioning our hesitations, doubts and uncertainties to our erudite and highly esteemed friend, Professor Von Mierbeke, A.Q.F. etc. late of the University of Gottingen. He most conclusively put the question for ever to rest, by asserting without hesitation, "That the Indians" (meaning the Aborigines of this country) "he, himself was convinced" (and if he himself is convinced, who can remain in doubt?) "were descended from the 'Fallen Angels,' as their pride taciturnity and indifference, can only be equalled by those *same amiable qualities, with which the 'Angels of the Lower House,'* are so largely endowed." As authority to support the above position, to the full satisfaction of any Philosopher, who may have the impertinence or inconsideration to dubitate. The worthy Professor refers them to Milton, Herodotus and Dio Cassius, or, to any of the Fathers of the Christian Church, with the solitary exception of Paullus Orosius.

Indians excel in the war dance; wanted this "polite savage" to give us a specimen, laughed, and said "if it was not Sunday, he would try." Asked if we could buy any mockasons, said there were plenty but that



"it was contrary to their religion to traffic on the Sabbath. Keep holy the seventh day." Surprised to hear an Indian quote Scripture, and astonished at the strictness with which they observed the "Lord's day." Whereas in Lewiston you could trade with any shopkeeper on this day.<sup>89</sup> Detained our communicative Indian in conversation, until Church was going in. Walked in that direction with him, to see the copper coloured ladies and gentlemen, as they entered the door of their meeting house. Were introduced by him to all his acquaintance i.e. the whole village. Shook hands very ceremoniously, all well dressed, especially the squaws. Remarked, that they all assumed a devout air, as they entered the door, very rarely seen among their white neighbours. Who only go to church to see one another, "Especially the Fair sex, who only go to be admired." Nota bene, That last remark about the women and their reasons for going to Church is not made by "ourselves," or "Myself," but by a crusty old batchelor, who happened to be at our elbow, when we were inditing this part of "our valuable and interesting observations," and who insisted "nolens, volens" that this ridiculous opinion should thus be immortalised by an insertion in "Our Travels." Indian invited us to go in the church with him, and complied with his request, quite full. Divine service commenced with singing, they sang correctly and in good time, but in their own language. Shall never forget the air of wildness, and at same time melodiousness and simplicity united, with which they went through the performance of the music. Males and females sang alternately and then joined in chorus.<sup>90</sup> Wanted to procure a copy of the music, but had not time to wait until service was over, the stage in which we had engaged our seats leaving Lewiston at two o'clock.

Therefore set out on our return. Delightful view from this village, is built on very high ground and gave prospect of the country many miles in every direction. Fort Niagara quite distinct, with the two British forts of George and Messessauqua, opposite. Lake Ontario in the distance. Indian told us that "the naval skirmish," which took place on this Lake, during the last war between Geo and Chauncey was plainly seen from this spot. As the distance at a moderate calculation, must have been thirty or forty miles, "Reckon as how," it would require an excellent pair of "peepers," to see so far.

Were sorry we had no more time to spend with this interesting tribe. There was something striking as to their general appearance. The females, tricked out in all their finery, shewed to peculiar advantage. Some of the men were nearly in our dress, but others did not relinquish the blanket, and we did not observe one of either sex, without mockasons. The Indian costume prevailed most, with the squaws and children, particularly the young ones. Bade adieu to the Tuscaroras, and [ . . . ]

Reached our "head quarters" in Lewiston, about one o'clock. Had scarcely time to get dinner "buttoned under our waistcoats" when the Stage came to the door. Driver in a very great hurry, and we were not. Made him wait, and as he was not blessed with the patience of Job, began to curse and swear most eloquently, by way of mending matters. We laughed at him, and advised him to set up a "swearing academy" instead of driving stage. On our way at last, six in all. Parted here from our friend the Dutchman, regretted leaving him, had become quite intimately acquainted, from having travelled so long in his company. He was a very entertaining character, held a Captain's commission in the Danish service, could converse in seven or eight languages, spoke English very well, for a Foreigner, and was without dispute, one of the most inquisitive persons, ever fell in company with. He made a number of queer mistakes while with us, and always bore a joke exceedingly well, except in one instance, and that arose out of the magnificent purchase of the bow, made by him, when we paid the visit to the Seneca tribe, near Buffalo.

However, bade him farewell, a long farewell! and our hands clasped, perhaps, for the last time. Melancholy reflections. Meditations among the tombs. Elegy on a country church yard. Ditto, on a mad dog. Doctors of medicine and Doctors of Divinity, comparison between the two. Hydrophobia, scull cap, and Doctor Coleman, "poppy, mandragora and senna." "Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it." Anecdote of dispute between doctors and apothecaries as to precedence, nothing at all to the purpose, and conclude this part of "Our Travels" with a sublime apostrophe to "Common sense."

## *Our Travels, etc.*

### Part 4

"On with the horses! Off to Canterbury."

BYRON

Went forward at a smart rate, new coach and young horses. Stage proprietors in this remote part of the State, are certainly entitled to credit, for the attention they pay to the comfort and convenience of travellers, by procuring careful drivers and fine horses.<sup>91</sup> Turned our attention to fellow travellers, among them was a famous "pedestrian," who according to his own stories, had been in every corner of the North American Continent. Told us interminable and tough stories of his sleeping on the ground, with no other covering, than the "canopy of Heaven" for months at a time. Had traversed "impenetrable forests," crossed "inaccessible mountains," travelled on foot to the Northwest coast, and was an agent for the Fur company in that quarter, was inexhaustible in his description of the nature of the country, adventures among the Indians, wonderful escapes from imminent dangers and in short was a second Munchausen. A gentleman with his lady from Poughkeepsie, and "we, ourselves," completed the company.

Passed through Cranberry, a village, famous for pigs and pears, and, also the town or village of Hartland. Most miserable road for about seven miles of this route; leads through swampy woods, and over a causeway of same construction as that already described in the journey from Buffalo, to the village of the Seneca tribe of Indians, logs, logs, and nothing but logs! Came on to rain with the accompaniment of thunder and lightning, which prevented our walking alongside of the stage, for any alteration, was for the better. The road being in such a wretched state from the looseness of the material, (the logs rolling and cutting all manner of capers) that it was impossible to proceed at any other rate than a slow walk. Night set in "dark and dismal." At length arrived at Ridgeway, a small village, so called, and put up for the night at a miserable inn kept by a Mr. Murtoch. From his brogue, judged him to have sprang from the land of potatoes. "Erin go bragh." Irish melodies, Tom Moore, and "Tooleywhag O'Shaughnashane."

Poor supper, from the taste and flavor of the tea, judged that it was made from cammomile flowers, half a roast pig in the centre of table of an enormous size, which appeared, as if it had been used to the situation

in which it was placed, for some "few days" must have elapsed, since it had undergone the culinary operation. Paddy "brought his pig to a bad market," for no one at table would eat of it. Every thing on a par with the roast pig and "cammomile tea."

Arose from table in disgust and called for a gin sling, worse still. Seemed as if sweetened with something, that bore a strong affinity to the flavor of tobacco, and fancied we were quaffing a potent decoction of the "virginian weed." Threw tumbler and all out of the window and had to pay precisely as much as if we had been comfortably accommodated.

Bed chamber from its appearance, seemed to serve in double capacity of court room and Methodist meeting, was adorned with a pulpit and tin chandelier. Found a law book and two empty glasses on the chimney piece. Examined pulpit, and discovered a bible, book of Methodist hymns and an empty bottle, which smelt "most villainously" of whiskey. From this circumstance; clearly see why the Methodists make such a drunken noise in the performance of their religious ceremonies. "The Spirit," that is to say, the spirit of rum or the spirit of whiskey (as the matter may be) moving them to commit excesses in a sacred way, which would be considered disgraceful to a set of the ancient worshippers of Bacchus.

Could take no rest on account of the rats and mice, making such a confounded noise, reminded us of the midnight orgies of the Methodists, from whom doubtless they had taken lessons. Imagined a parcel of carpenters were in the next room in full operation with saws, hammers and chissels, and dreamt of nothing in our dosing moments (for a sound sleep was out of the question), but pulling down old houses and building new ones. Were called up by our fat landlord at two o'clock, half frozen with cold, our bed clothes laying on the floor where they had been pulled, of course by our accommodating four legged neighbours, the rats and mice. Troubled in finding one of our stockings, finally discovered it sticking out of a rat hole, and one of our boots drawn in the same direction. Thought ourselves lucky in being called up so opportunely, or we might have been obliged to take the house to pieces, in order to have obtained our garments, for by day break, they would have indubitably disappeared into the different rat holes, with which the room was so plenteously furnished.

Morning cold and damp. Rejoiced to find ourselves in a fair way to quit this abode of trouble. Were detained most shamefully by the married couple. All of us being comfortably seated in stage for a quarter of an hour before they made their appearance and were amused another quarter of an hour by the following matrimonial scene. Enter, Gentleman with a

glass of something in his hand (we all impatient to set off, they apparently determined to delay us, as long as lay in their power). Well, Enter Gent." as aforesaid, Lady already in her seat.

"Pray my dear" (keeping the door of the stage open, and letting in the damp, cold air, which we were desirous of excluding), "Pray my dear, wont you take something this cold morning, before we proceed on our journey?"

"Oh no my love! 'tis too early to begin drinking. What's that you've in your hand?"

"Some milk punch my dear, do try a little." "Oh dear! No, no, no, no, no."

"Well my dear, if you decline, I believe, hem! a hem! I'll take it myself, for we must at all events pay for it."

But before the complaisant husband could apply the salubrious draught to his lips, the extended hand of his "better half," betokened, that if his persuasions had not succeeded his example at least, had all due effect with his gentle helpmate.

"Oh my love! I believe I'll just sip a little, by way of an antifogmatic," pronouncing the last word with a peculiar accent. When lo! the delicate lady soon emptied the pint tumbler of its contents, with "I declare my love, I didn't imagine they could make any thing so good, in such a miserable place as this."

"Oh my dear! How you flatter me," responded the Gentleman, with a chuckle of self satisfaction. "Flatter you my love! What would you mean? law me! I suppose you took the trouble to make the antifogmatic yourself," rejoined the lady. "Yes my dear!" quoth the Gent. "and it rejoices me, that it was made to your satisfaction. Shall I make another glass my life!"

"No Sir! Why you really astonish me, what will people think? No, I dont want any more of the vile stuff. Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! it has made me quite sick. What could put it in your stupid head to tempt me to drink so early in the day." (It was two o'clock A.M.) "I vow, but come, get into the stage Mr. P.... a'n't [*sic*] you ashamed to keep the passengers so long waiting." And in obedience to the mandate of his "fair rib," he took a seat beside her. When "in the twinkling of a bed post," as Lord Duberly so elegantly expresses it, We were on our way, with as much speed as four horses could carry us. Thus ended a discourse, which had commenced so lovingly, and the sullen lady with her "hen pecked spouse" were silent as a couple of mice in a sack of wheat, very pretty simile that, by the bye.

All our companions tried to worship Morpheus, and forthwith, began their invocations to the "leaden eyed God," by divers nods and dosing. Roads very bad on account of the rain that had fallen during the night. Driver was obliged to stop his horses to feel the way, at a loss to know, whether he was or was not in the right road. The Darkness was the most awful ever experienced, equal to "Egyptian darkness." Therefore were obliged to go at a "snails pace" until dawn. Could only perceive we were in motion by the wheels occasionally passing through puddles of water, in somewhat like manner as paddles of a steamboat.<sup>92</sup> Day light at last, began to streak the east with purple lines, and the "fiery footed steeds" of Phoebus sported their "brazen hoofs," or, in other words, The sun arose in all his splendour and the morning turned out pleasant tho' rather cool. Passed village of Oak orchard, odd name. First time ever heard of orchards of oaks, suppose they have peach swamps and apple woods in the neighbourhood. Looked sharp for oak trees, but they all turned out to be maple or birch, as paddy would say. Breakfasted at Gainseville. Crossed a bridge over Sandy Creek, no water in it as its appellation signifies. Parma four corners. Saw, at this place a parade of militia, great number of people looking at them. Mem, Set down people of Parma for a pack of idlers. Militia looked quite warlike: had drums and colours, and about a musquet for every third man.

Passed by Carthage<sup>93</sup> situated on the opposite shore of Genessee River. Quere, which shore is that? Mem, the right. N.B., This is not the "Carthago est delenda" of that patriot of antiquity, Cato the Censor. Houses all painted white. Driver pointed out the place where the famous bridge crossed the river to this village. Nothing but old timber to be seen, where the wonder of the Western District once threw its stupendous arch over the Genessee River.<sup>94</sup> Falls on this river a very short distance above the site of the quondam bridge, appeared very insignificant. We, no doubt saw them under every disadvantage, as the water was uncommonly low. Arrived at about two o'clock in the afternoon, at

Rochester, busiest looking place for its size, ever cast our eyes on.<sup>95</sup> Every body doing something. Houses building in all directions. Waggon and carts in operation. Labourers on canal. Inns and stores without number. Took a walk over the bridge that crosses the Genessee River at this place. Village of Rochester, is situated on both shores of the river, and connected by bridge just mentioned. To the view, is about the size of Utica perhaps not quite as large, has only been settled between ten and fifteen years. Stumps of trees are visible in the midst of the town, at once denoting its recent origin. Houses are built in a compact manner, indeed more so than is necessary in a country town. The inhabitants

already are anticipating its incorporation as a city, at no late period, and in all probability their wishes will not be disappointed. Two churches are erecting, besides three already finished. Court House, a neat building of stone. Aqueduct to convey the water of the Grand Canal across the River is in a great state of forwardness, will be, when completed, a beautiful structure. It is composed of cut stone and embraces six or seven arches. The material being principally taken from the bed of the River, which consists of solid rock at this place. The free stone for facing is, brought from Carthage, about two miles distant, at first sight it has somewhat of a stupendous look, and a nearer inspection, in a degree increases the impression. It is not however as neatly finished as the Aqueduct by which the canal will cross the Mohawk, at the little Falls, nor is its elevation from the level of the River by any means as great.

This Aqueduct will lead the waters of the Canal through the center of Rochester, and will, when completed be one of the most interesting views a traveller can have on the line of the "Grand Canal."<sup>96</sup> On the east side of the town, there are several flour and other mills, and there can scarcely be a doubt, but that eventually, Rochester will be a large manufacturing place. The water power being very considerable, and the facilities for applying it to manufacturing purposes, great.<sup>97</sup>

After a walk of about an hour returned to the Stage house, recrossing by the side of the Aqueduct, on the bed of the River, which was rendered dry, by means of a dam a few rods above it, thus enabling the workmen to pursue their labours with much success. Observed a machine for raising stone from the bed of the River, as it is blown or quarried, and immediately incorporated with the structure by the workmen.

Left Rochester at four P.M. for Canandaigua,<sup>98</sup> passed through Pittsford, Mendon and Victor, three considerable villages, and entered Canandaigua for the second time during "Our Travels," in the evening. Found the Hotel in an uproar. There having been a parade, and an election being about to take place for officers of a militia company. As usual in these cases, the men were noisy and "groggy." Quere, Why can not an election be conducted on sober principles? Fine opening for the discussion of political questions, but too sleepy to undertake the subject. Only remained part of the night in this village, and at two o'clock A.M. were again in stage, for Manlius. Day break commenced with a light fall of snow, did not last long and by no means sorry. Eat breakfast at Geneva, and had not proceeded more than a mile from that village, when stage broke down. Accident was occasioned by a waggon running against the leading horses, frightened them, sheered stage off the road and broke the pole short off in the tongue, and one of the forewheels, horses

plunged, reared and kicked. Driver held on the reins, perfectly cool, passengers all scrambled out in safety, by "smashing" the glass and breaking the door. The only accident happened to one, who was riding with the driver, who in jumping from the box, sprained his ankle and broke his nose. Ought here to introduce a learned treatise on the use of the Nose. It is in the Greek, "vnoos," Latin, "nasus," Italian "naso," French "nez," Russian "nos," from whence in all probability is derived our "Nose." The various kinds, may be divided into five classes, viz, long, short, pug, snub and bottle. It is an important feature in the human face, and should be taken infinite care of inasmuch as, it has in charge one of the Five senses. It is the organ of smell, and also of vast use in the elegant and noble accomplishment of "snuff taking." Story of "my aunt Charity," and another concerning my lady Bountiful. Valuable recipe for curing a bloody nose or black eye, put brandy on one or apply a rotten apple to the other. Cure dog cheap. Talk of Galen, Hippocrates and Doctor Ollapod. Chinese Physicians, deserve encouragement, their rule being no cure, no pay. Doctor Horne and Doctor Simers, latter Esculapian, of noble origin. Puts his coat of arms on pill boxes and ratsbane. "A baboon rampant and Gules, bearing a goose and a monkey." Heraldry, a science of importance to Quacks and sign painters. Equal to that of Craniology. Fundamental rules of last mentioned science or theory of no consequence, until you know the meaning of "Cranium," and shape of the "Occiput." Hard words of vast use to Travellers in a description of their adventures; amazes the reader, and carries an air of importance; as well as of deep research into the fathomless pools of . . . Phew! We are running entirely out of our latitude, almost forgot, we had just extricated ourselves from "stage wreck," and were congratulating each other, on a lucky escape from broken necks and cracked skulls, a species of fracture, not very easily cured.

Were obliged to put up with an hours delay, while they sent back to Geneva, for another stage. Had a fine view of the Lake from its head, as far as the eye could reach. Picturesque scenery. Banks, bold and covered with verdure. There is not, to all appearance, as much navigation on this Lake (Seneca), as on Cayuga. Much of the same size, and scarcely any difference to the view. Stage made its appearance, and we were soon on our journey.

Saw a girl peeping through a broken pane of glass, in a log hut, looked a little wild; judged she had not been long out of the woods, from the air of surprise, with which she gazed on our coach and horses. Digression to the "fair sex," hacknied epithet, black beauties claim the same "complimentary classification." "Fair is foul and foul is fair." Have not much time to spare, therefore pass them over for the present

with the fact, that according to the Mosaic history, Eve was the first woman and sorry are we that we cannot give her a good character. One of the passengers was eighty years old, had served in the army from a boy. Had been on duty in the old French war, the Revolutionary, and the last hopeful war with Great Britain. Was with that precious character General Hull,<sup>99</sup> being a captain of scouts or guides, in his army, when he surrendered. Gave us the whole history of the operations in that quarter, and stunned us with a noisy speech in favor of Gen.<sup>l</sup> Harrison.<sup>100</sup> Told us Revolutionary anecdotes of Washington, and set us all asleep, with an endless narration of marches, counter marches and skirmishes (or, as our pleasant acquaintance Sir Dugald Dalghetty would say) "leaguers, storms, onslaughts and outfalls."

Went through Centerville, and passed Seneca Falls, on the rivulet that connects Lake of same name with Cayuga, but cannot conceive, why they have dignified the rapids on this insignificant stream with the sounding epithet of "Seneca Falls." Arrived at Cayuga village, and passed over the long bridge, before mentioned in Part 2<sup>nd</sup> of this "inestimable work," and stopped at East Cayuga, to change horses, had time to look around, nothing to be seen, either strange, queer, curious or inexplicable. Left our veteran at this village, and glad to get rid of him, for he was too noisy. Came in view of a very flourishing village of a considerable size. Saw a large stone building near it, at a loss, what it could be used for, or for what purpose it was intended. Enquired from one of the passengers if it was a college. Said he believed it was a college, where they endeavoured to make honest men from rogues (hopeless task), but that it was usually termed a State Prison.<sup>101</sup> Were not much out of the way in our conjectures, for their [*sic*] certainly is no great difference in the utility of either. For in a College, they too often make mischievous rogues out of clever boys, and here, they make clever men (or try to do so), out of mischievous rogues. The Village proved to be Auburn,<sup>102</sup> and is truly the epitome of a city, handsome churches and public buildings, houses of entertainment, houses of trade and domicils, or dwelling houses, changed horses here, and reached the village of Scenekoless,<sup>103</sup> seven or eight miles distant by dinner time, were set down at "Old Sherwood's," for that important business.

Sherwood is stage proprietor, consequently, makes the passengers eat dinner at his house, instead of dining at Auburn, which many travellers would prefer, as then, they would have some little time to look around and examine the flourishing state of that beautiful village. Sherwood gave us an excellent plain dinner, money making old gentleman. Every thing about his premises remarkably neat. Most beautiful view from his house It fronting on Scenekoless Lake, most magnificent body of

water, about half the size of Cayuga Lake. The scene was, to our eyes one of the most picturesque we had yet viewed. This large sheet of water, its surface unruffled by a single zephyr seemed an immense mirror, reflecting the blue sky and verdant banks of the Lake. The distance receding in a bluish tint, that reminded us strongly of the back grounds in the Landscapes of D'Artois. In short the "coup de ceil" was in our opinion unrivalled. Enquired from a lame negro the derivation of Sceneokoless. Took his pipe from his mouth with a knowing "phiz," and blowing forth a volume of smoke, told us, "He had heard his great uncle by his mother's side, say that it was a name given by either the Indians or the Dutch, couldn't say exactly which, but that his name was Goff," and then held out his hand, with the expectation of being rewarded for his information.

Passed in succession, through Marcellus, Onondago Hill and Onondago Hollow, three villages, with churches and taverns as usual. Fine prospect from the hill, view of Salina, Syracuse, Salt Lake, Manlius etc. Shortly after leaving the "Hollow," sun set went through Jamesville, passed the church on the left, and stopped at the Tavern on the right. Took at this place an "antifogmatic" (as the woman at Ridgeway called it). Derivation of the word, if you cant find it in the Dictionary, make a "shrewd guess." Saw lights at a distance, thought we were in sight of our port of destination, and were not mistaken. Entered the village of Manlius. Stage deposited us at the Hotel (every village has a hotel or two). Jumped out with alacrity, marched into bar room. Saw baggage taken care of. Walked into sitting room, took a seat by the fire, and read news a month old. Girl came in, to tell us supper was ready, best news had heard for last twenty four hours. Made our entry into supper room. Effected a lodgement near the head of the "smoking board," substantial repast. Commenced a vigorous and well directed attack on the contents of the table, were right nobly supported by the rest of the company, And finally moved up stairs to enjoy the comforts of a good bed and excellent quarters.

Arose early next morning (that is, if eight o'clock may be termed "early"). Hired a two horse "barouche sort of a raze" waggon and driver, to take us to some part of Cicero township. Wanted to know "what part?" Told him, "didn't exactly know," and accordingly set out on a sort of "wild goose chase," were certain however, that the great point of our destination, was to find a relation of "our family" who, had settled in some "hook, nook, or corner" of said township, some five or six years ago, and whose farm, was in the neighbourhood of a grist mill owned by a "Mr. Somebody Something." To be candid, our direction, was certainly none of the most particular, nor our hopes of finding the

abode of our friends, very sanguine. Yet trusting to Providence, and enlivening our spirits with a cigar each, We set out without delay on our tour of discovery.

Town of Orville, or village, dont know which, inclined to the latter opinion, there only being a Post office, church and two or three ragged looking houses, with a mean looking inn to be seen.<sup>104</sup> View of canal. Entered Syracuse, is divided by the Canal, which runs through the main street, rather on the decline if we were to judge of the appearance. Stopt a few minutes to water horses, and set out for Salina, soon there. Looked duller than Syracuse. Ascribed the unfavorable aspect of these two last mentioned villages, to the epidemic that then prevailed. By the accounts we heard, it was as fatal as the Yellow fever, ever was at the South. Salt works, saw the process of manufacturing salt,<sup>105</sup> too much trouble to tell how, therefore "let that pass." In too great a hurry likewise. Two very excellent reasons. Canal boats with wood. Hotel in a ruinous condition, a large substantial brick building, but scarcely a window in the establishment, which had not glass broken. Panes of glass mended by stuffing old rags in them. Economical in the extreme. Shores of Salt Lake in the distance where the water is fresh. This paradox, easily explained. The water of the Lake is fresh, but by penetrating to a certain depth on the shores, Salt water in abundance, is produced.

Soon made our entrance into the township of Cicero. Passed through "impenetrable woods," or what's the same, woods nearly so. Roads most villainous "mud puddles" with no bottom; near upsetting half a dozen times, in a less number of minutes. Once in a while discovered a log hut or two, completely surrounded with woods, and inhabited by coopers, as the hoop poles etc. around them indicated. Passed several waggon loads of empty barrels, going to Salina, for the salt works. Had considerable difficulty in getting by many of them, on account of the narrowness of the road. People in this part of the country, all get their living by the manufacture of barrels. Woods in every direction. Road became worse and worse, began to think seriously of turning our waggon (which was almost impossible, without unharnessing our horses), and retracing our way. Came across a party of Indians, learned they were travelling to Buffalo. "A short journey and a pleasant one, my masters." At length met a "Christian looking man," asked him "how far to Cody's?" (The principal inn, in the township and post office "to boot," where we had determined to dine, and also calculated on obtaining the necessary information, as to the pursuance of our quest.) Told us "three miles," directly after, accosted a man on horseback, who said, in answer to our enquiries that "it was at least four miles to Cody's." By Saint Patrick! "thinks I to myself." The nearer we approach, the farther we're off.

Met a waggoner, with a load of salt barrels, or barrels to put salt in. Repeated the question? "Three miles and a half." Oh! by Jupiter, thinks we to ourselves, getting on most famously. Have at the least calculation, progressed a half mile in an hour. The only remedy for our slow progress, was "to grin and bear it," and tried by smoking cigars, to drive away "ennui." Discovered a village of log huts, or rather cooper's shops. A village in this part of "the woods," being composed of a few log buildings and a whiskey shop, dignified with the appellation of Tavern, Inn or Hotel. To which is annexed a most splendid sign, apparently of greater value, than the rest of the Establishment.

"In course of time," to our great joy, Drove up to Cody's door. Neat frame building painted white, and the only comfortable looking habitation we had as yet seen in the township. Landlord, "a jack of all trades." Postmaster, Tavern keeper, Grocer, Land agent and captain in the Militia. Carpenter by trade, Commission merchant, by occupation. Sold pigs, butter and shingles on commission, which indubitably entitles him to the title above named. Gave us a good dinner and charged reasonably. Directed us to the place we wanted to find, and assured us "the road all the way was as smooth as a dollar, and good as a turnpike."

Soon discovered that our good host had exaggerated, for it was, without exception the "most rascally road," that four wheels ever travelled over. Now and then a log hut or two. Dogs barked, and children stared, no wonder, for verily believe, they had never seen a four wheel machine drawn by a pair of horses, before. Chimnies are, here made of lath and plaster, ingenious and cheap mode of building those necessary apertures for the expellation of smoke. Cant say whether the fire places are composed of the same material but when next in the neighbourhood, will make it a point of enquiry. However, must admit, that we are rather inclined to dubitate, for according to many (and we believe, we may assert without fear of contradiction most) of our eminent philosophers, the necessary result of a connexion of fire with laths, and plaster, is a blaze. Natural and just conclusion.

Came to an opening in the woods, and discovered at a distance, a large body of water. Boy that drove our establishment, said it was Oneida Lake. Very knowing young one. Will be in State Prison before he is twenty years old, or we're no philosophers, ran over pigs and dogs, and maimed half a dozen ducks, geese and fowls, with his whip, (which he managed with great dexterity) in the course of the days ride.

Saw a small village situated on the banks of a lake. Sign post of a tavern, had nothing but water and whiskey. Gave our horses some of the one and our driver a little of the other. At length ended our "wild

goose chase," by finding what we were in pursuit of. Detained two hours or thereabouts, and set out on our return to Manlius, about sunset. Ascertained to our inconceivable satisfaction, that we had to ride thirteen miles of an unknown road in the dark, and moreover, our imp of a driver, seemed to be inexpressibly rejoiced to find, that he was going over new ground, for he acknowledged, that he knew no more of the road than "ourselves." Were also informed that we had travelled at least, forty miles by the circuitous route, we had taken. When if we had followed the direct road, we would, of course have saved "thirty miles or near," of that distance. This valuable piece of information, unfortunately came too late for us to profit by, and were obliged to comfort ourselves with the reflection, that if we returned in safety to Manlius, we would have no more adventures of this kind to encounter.

Night set in with fogs and clouds, dark as the Devil himself could have wished, for the achievement of deeds of darkness. Came near running over a man on horseback, took the object for anything else than what it proved to be. Fog increased. At times, we would penetrate a thick vaporous exhalation, which seemed to be in detached currents, and was of a perceptible heat. This however we only experienced when in the lower grounds. Give it as our opinion, that a young earthquake is breeding in this neighbourhood. Strong smell of brimstone, good place for a Presbyterian meeting. Prophecy, that in the course of three thousand years, a volcano will exist in this section of the country.

By this time our horses could hardly move, stopped at a tavern which we luckily discovered, by a solitary light placed in one of the windows. Landlady had nothing, but new cider in a thick state and apple jack (as she called it). Wanted her to give us some sort of a supper. Had served up a sumptuous banquet, composed of milk and dried apples. Bad country for hungry travellers. Cant conceive the reason, that no better accommodations, can be procured for "Man and horse," than was to be had at the two last places, we had honored with "our presence." Must make some allowance for the country being newly settled; but at same time, if people have sign posts, with the cabalistical words in staring characters, "Rip Rap Hotel," Union Inn, Pig and Whistle Mansion House, etc., It must be expected that they can accommodate guests, with something better than "thick cider and dried peaches." Left our great inn and accommodating landlady, and proceeded onward, with all the expedition, our jaded horses and the "darkness visible" would allow. At our last place of stopping, bought an old lantern, for three shillings, and had a candle (or more properly, an apology for a candle) gratis. After travelling a short distance; found the lantern of no use, for it cast

such a gloomy circle around us, that it seemed as if we were enveloped in. . . . What? in the tail of a comet! commentator, "splendid idea truly, Will o' the wisp would be more apropos."

Saw light at a distance ahead, were shortly after, hailed by a waggoner Who told us, we had better turn back, as the woods were on fire, on both sides of the road, and it would be almost impossible for us to proceed. Asked if there was no other road to Manlius, told us "there was, but it was a 'bye road' and in no very good state," and to gain it, would have to retrograde "some three miles or thereabouts." Would not do, for if it had been a pleasant night, so as to make travelling comfortable, our horses could never have accomplished the task. Therefore determined on venturing through the fire. Waggoner paid us a compliment because we would not take his advice, by calling us "a parcel of d----d fools." Soon came to the "scene of the action." Driver swore the horses never would go through and came to a full stop. Told him, he might take his choice, of being treated "a la mode" the Prophet Jonas, or drive on, for unless he did, we would without ceremony lighten the waggon by throwing him "overboard," last argument, conclusive. It appeared (as we afterward ascertained) that, the farmers in the vicinity, had been celebrating "a bee." Quere, What is a bee? "Listen and you shall see." When a new settler arrives on his farm, he finds it nothing "more or less," than a complete wood, and necessarily the first thing to be done, is, to make "a clearing." His neighbours all turn out to assist him in the commencement of his labours, and in building a log hut, The wood is cut, then collected in piles and set fire to. In this instance, the piles were made too near the standing wood either by carelessness or design (very safe conjecture!). Our "handy backwoodsmen" always consider "a bee," as very fine sport, and one neighbour generally strives to out-work the other. Consequently a vast deal of work is done in the course of a day (for the ceremony scarcely ever lasts more than one day) and generally ends in fun, frolic and conviviality.

The woods were on fire, for about one eighth of a mile, but only on one side of the road, although on the other side, some of said piles were ignited, and added to the grandeur of the scene, by throwing forth large volumes of smoke. Prepared for our adventure, by blinding the horses with our hankerchiefs, and then by keeping as close as possible, to one side of the road, succeeded in our attempt. Had a pretty hot birth, for a few minutes, it would have been excellent sport for firemen. No air stirring, and were nearly suffocated with the dense smoke. The greatest danger in our opinion was, in the event of any of the trees falling across the road, In which case, we might another time follow waggoner's advice.

The road in this place (immediately after we had passed the scene of conflagration) wound down a gentle declivity, and at the bottom of the hill took a sudden turn. Driver by paying more attention to the burning woods, than to his horses, came near sending some of us into futurity, by a transition over a precipice, but seeing the danger, just in "the nick of time," by a dexterous management of whip and reins, avoided the catastrophe, that might have ensued. Horses, for the first time, since we had left "Cody's," shewd that, they still had some mettle left, for to our wonder, they set out on a full run, and became almost unmanageable. The road was lit by the glare of the fire we had left behind, and was pretty level. Told driver to give them the reins, for the horses could not be in a greater hurry to reach Manlius than we were. Let them run, until they were satisfied. Came to the line of canal, and stopped at a small village, at the intersection of the road. Here, to our great satisfaction, learned we had only four miles farther to go. Crossed canal, and rode some distance along its side. Were near having a taste of the waters, to wind up the pleasant incidents of the day's travels, one of the forewheels getting off the road, and partly over the bank. Narrow escape, for waggon, horses and all, were "within an ace," of sousing in. Went on rejoicing and entered Manlius late in the evening.

Learned that stage for Utica was full, so being pretty certain we could not get onward, made up our minds, to sleep long and sound on our fatiguing expedition. Took a walk after breakfast in order to become better acquainted with the village. Not a great deal to be seen of a novel character. Three churches, Mills, cotton factory etc. Hired private conveyance to Utica, distance forty miles, same driver that we had day before, hopeful colt. Came from Marcellus, as he told us, take him as a sample of the people of that place, and they must be a precious set. Road pretty good, led up hill and down. Saw a blue Lion on a sign with yellow grass and red trees. Looked very imposing. Enquired for the Artist; could neither find him or his name. Great pity as would recommend him to the patronage of the "Academy of Fine Arts," who doubtless would be proud of such a promising pupil.

Village of no name, rare thing indeed, crossed Chiciningo creek and stopped at village of same name.<sup>106</sup> Odd name, would puzzle a Dutch Antiquarian. Suspect its derivation to be from chitterling, which have heard our grandfather say, is a frill or ruffle, appertaining to, adorning and forming part (and with the French of the "ancient regime," a very important part), of a shirt. As thus, chitterling, chitning, chittining, chittiningo, and finally, Chiciningo, from the fact of the original inhabitants, wearing them to excess. Passed several waggons laden with



families moving to the "New Countries" as they are called. Went through "Canachaurangua" hollow, on top of a hill, and crossed creek of same name, somewhat farther down. "Phoebus, what a name!"<sup>107</sup>

Quality hill,<sup>108</sup> stopt again to give our horses some water, and "Ourselves" something stronger. Landlord of Inn, on this hill, a very polite man, name, "Webb," indeed he may be set down as the "pink of politeness," and phoenix of courtesy. Asked, why the place took its appellation (Quality Hill). Whether it was so named on account of the number of "people of quality" that resided on it? Answered, "Not so; but that it was so called from the number of people of quality and condition that usually made his Mansion, their general place of resort." Enquired whether he had any Spanish cigars, were answered by this paragon of politeness, in the following set speech, from which judged, that he was either Member of Assembly, or a village trustee. "No Sir! I really am sorry that I have none (a low bow). I generally avail myself of a supply through the mediocrity of the Canal, and the last boat did not bring an invoice as I had anticipated, either through the negligence of the Captain, or my agent in Albany, which? not knowing, cant say. But if it would correspond with your feelings, Sir! (another low bow) to try some first rate American cigars, I'm proud to say they're at your service." (another low bow, and "finale" flourish of the hands) When about leaving his Mansion (as he term'd it) comfortably seated in our vehicle, and in the act of giving orders to our Driver, to "move on," were detained half an hour, by this most complaisant of all innkeepers, who would not suffer us to depart, until the bearskins, which hung over the backs of our seats, were put exactly square and from the time he took to arrange them, actually thought it was his intention to delay us until bed time, in order that we should sup and sleep at his "mansion." Would insist on or getting out of the waggon, while he was putting things to rights, or "titivating" as he expressed it. Finally concluded with another specimen of declamation. "It really would not correspond with my feelings, that gentlemen honoring my mansion with their patronage, should leave it, with their carriages in an untitivated state." *Anonymous Annotator*. "Enquired whether his politeness was natural or acquired." Answered, "Natural as life Sir!" Wish we knew him, i.e. A.A. "sharp as a needle." Delapierre's bridge, over a creek of stones. Saw several Indian huts, Oneida Reservation. Crossed Oneida creek, and ascended hill into the village of Oneida Castle.<sup>109</sup> Mem. No castle to be seen in any direction. Saw an inclosure of large butternut trees. Were informed that it belonged to Indians of the Oneida tribe and was held by them for their place of meeting, and was the council chamber, where all their deliberations and "long talks" were held.

Dined at Vernon, curious weatherecock on one of the Churches, asked our host, whether it was intended to represent a grasshopper, or "devil's darning needle." Seemed surprised at our ignorance, and told us with a supercilious air, making a preliminary flourish with his right hand, like Vapid in the play, that, "It was the Angel sounding the last trump!" Answered him, that it was the last trump, any body but an angel would think of sounding, unless per chance, there should happen to be a scarcity of musical instruments, at that eventful crisis. Came across a "lot" of Indian squaws, Vernon is a flourishing village, has two churches and a third one building. Manchester creek, village and mills. Entered the village of New Hartford. Houses and stores, a goodly row of them, each painted a different colour, reminded us of the witches' song in Macbeth.

"Black spirits and white,  
Red spirits and grey  
Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
All that mingle may."

Arrived at Utica in the evening and put up at the Canal House. There certainly seemed the confusion of Babel, at this place. Stores and houses building, Canal horns, canal horses and canal boats with canal passengers arriving, passing through and setting out. Streets paving, stages, waggons, men, women, children, hogs, dogs, cattle, poultry etc., etc. Every thing denoting the rapid growth of the would be capital of the state. Indeed many of the people of Utica are perfectly wild as to the future, size, influence and wealth of their thriving village. They are entirely too sanguine; although in time, it must be one of the largest inland towns in the United States, from its eligible and central situation giving it many advantages in a commercial point of view.<sup>110</sup>

Took a ramble round about, dark and no lamps, stumbled about two dozen times, and came near making our exit to the "shades below," by means of an opening to a vault of one of the new buildings being left uncovered. Thereupon concluded to return to our lodgings, and engaged passage in the canal boat that left next morning for the village of Little Falls, and from thence by Stage to Albany. As we sagely concluded, it would be too tedious and monotonous to take the whole distance of the canal to Schenectady, one of "Ourselves" having had some experience in that sedentary species of travelling.

## *Our Travels, etc.*

### Part 5

"Away o'er the wave, to the home we are seeking."

HALLECK

According to our arrangement the evening previous, sailed, rode or were towed (the last phrase is doubtless most proper, although each term is promiscuously used), from Utica, on board the canal boat, at eight o'clock A.M. Packet boat in which we were embarked, was about fifty feet in length, by about fifteen in breadth, with a clever cabin, as all the boats for passengers have, drawn by two horses, tandem fashion, comfortable sort of travelling for old women and children, go at the rate generally, of about four miles an hour, too monotonous.<sup>111</sup> One recommendation however is, that there is no danger or risk of broken bones, by this mode of "vehicular" conveyance. Horses cant run away with you, and, if per chance, you tumble overboard, water is too shallow to drown you.<sup>112</sup> Proceeded two or three rods and stopped to take in two more passengers, a Dutch farmer and his wife, odd looking couple, both dressed in an outlandish costume. Judged it was derived from some of the first settlers of Communipaw: who came over in the "Goed vrow." Could neither talk good English, altho' born and bred in the United States. From conversation with them learned their farm was situated on the Mohawk. Talked about "the canal." No favorite topic with them. Said it was a serious evil, cut up their farm, by passing directly through it, and gave facility to the farmers in the interior of bringing at a trifling expense, (compared with what they formerly would have had to pay) their produce to market, thus enabling them to compete with the farmers on the Mohawk, who before the opening of the Canal, had the Albany market to themselves.<sup>113</sup> Informed us, that a neighbour of his, had put an end to his existence "through mere spite" because the canal passed through his grounds. Enquired what mode of suicide he had adopted, ascertained, by that genteel mode, so much in fashion of late, "to wit," he severed the "carotid artery," or vulgarly, cut his throat. Quite a philosophic character, was determined not to survive. "The wreck of matter and the crush of Worlds."

We also had on board a snug party of Englishmen, one of whom, a dandy looking quaker from "Brummagen" (a man of great pomposity in his "dress," or rather address, and a "fancy one" in every extent of the

phrase), was "a queer one," had a voice that seemed to come out of a penny whistle, so thin and delicate that its sound was like that of a child's three years old. Dress, remarkably neat, brimstone coloured "unmentionables," white top boots and red silk umbrella. Face, "round as an apple," and of a florid hue, took snuff to excess, was a second Paul Pry, and before he had been in the boat an hour, could address every one by name, except the Dutch farmer and his wife. Brimstone breeches' name was Tristram Collywobble, had been five months and seven days in this country, but could not discover by what ship he came over in. For an Englishman, was a "clever sort of a body," was very much pleased with the United States, (what a wonder!) and had it in serious contemplation to settle in some part of it. Only things heard him find fault with; were the Yellow fever and folks not wearing breeches and white topboots.

Saw a water mill, one of the "cocknies" called it a wind mill, passed boats laden with plaster, two horses can draw thirty or forty tons with ease. Every ten or twelve minutes went under a bridge. Stood in the bow of the boat, and were obliged to make to each of them a "circumbendibus" of the body, in other words an obeisance, as if we wished to pay salute to each of these said bridges. Excellent school for politeness. Wonder whether Chesterfield ever travelled in a canal boat. If the bow was not made in duckason, sure to be knocked on the head. Were wrong in asserting there was no danger, travelling on the canal, for if, the instances just mentioned, a "quaker stiffness" was persisted in, you risked having your head taken off, by the bridge coming in contact with the top of the boat, and truly, they seem as if calculated with the intent of "doing the deed." Quere, Good substitute for the guillotin? There are eighty five bridges between Utica and Little Falls, a distance of about twenty five miles.<sup>114</sup> Went through two locks in succession, each has a fall of eight feet,<sup>115</sup> and there are ten in this same distance, cost from eight to ten thousand dollars each. They are faced with cut stone and joined with Roman cement, which is found to answer "excellently well." The delay in passing through one is from three to five minutes.

Little John's tavern, a short man indeed, only six feet two inches. German Flats, Herkimer, Dutch negro, with a face as black as his prototype, Satan's, shone as if it had been polished with Day and Martin's blacking. Philosophic inquiry, Why is Satan commonly supposed to be a "gentleman of colour?" Only because white people wont acknowledge him to be of same complexion with themselves. Negroes say, "the Prince of Darkness is white!" Fine opportunity for introducing discussion on the variety of colour in the human race. Cain and Abel, to commence with. But, we will spare the patience of our readers (if we have any) and finish the subject in the next edition. Saw ducks and geese swimming

in canal, Tune, "The ducks and geese they all swim over." Farms in the neighbourhood of the "Big Ditch," finely calculated for raising poultry. One objection, author, Dutch farmer, The Boatmen cant resist the temptation, and break the commandment by "abducting" them too freely, for their own subsistence, a luxury dearly bought, for as John Bunyan says, "They risk their eternal happiness." Fine field for missionaries to exert their zeal, and why not choose their own country in preference to seeking Foreign climes? Mohawk River, parallel with the line of Canal. Flats, fine ground, soil very rich, never wants manuring. Hills that bound the Flats, covered with grass, discovered horses, sheep, cows and oxen grazing on them, "bundle of truths," charming prospect, Romantic and rural. Read Mitchell's notes, as to the region through which the Mohawk flows; will instruct you amazingly, haven't read them as yet, but purpose so to do, when we have leisure and inclination. Hills lofty and rounding, much the appearance of waves running "mountains high," as the phrase is. Day was gloomy and the "clouds hovering o'er the mountain top," threatened rain from the time we had left Utica. Prospects not deceiving, for just as we were within sight of Little Falls, it commenced raining most charmingly. Retired to the cabin, and looked over the books for something amusing. Could find nothing but religious tracts and a worn out copy of Hoyle's games, clever sort of light reading. Returned to the deck and under shelter of an umbrella, enjoyed the scenery. Thought of the deluge, which led to a "lucubration" on the regions we were then passing through.

The singular "aspect of the countour" of the hills, tends to support the theory of Mons. Buffon, who supposes the earth (when in a state of "Chaos") to have been a huge mass of heated matter, rolling about in confusion in a fluid state, being nothing "more or less" than an immense quantity of batter, or for instance, very like an enormous Indian pudding! It, (the earth), having been descended from the Sun, by the conjunction of a Comet; and as the creation proceeded, "all the various bodies and particles of this heterogenous mass cooled, and took their places as we now find the different strata," thus leaving the world in a proper manner constructed, a most excellent piece of work.

Came to a Dutch village, name German something.<sup>116</sup> Saw an old stone house of a very respectable character as regards age. The walls, full of cracks, and do not believe it will stand much longer. Dutch farmer, gave us a very long history of this venerable ruin: but made use of so many "hard words" that he might as well have talked Hebrew. Old fashioned meeting house in the Dutch style. Steeple looked like an old pepper box stuck in a huge "salt cellar." Houses around, as "outré," as the church. Ragged children running about and playing in the mud.

Soon arrived at the Village of Little Falls, situated on the left shore of the River, had to leave the boat, and walk over the bridge to the village, by the side of an elegant Aqueduct, which is building at this place, to convey the water of the canal across the Mohawk. It is in a great state of forwardness, cut stone arches well turned, and when finished will be a superb structure, and partake of the "magnificent."<sup>117</sup> Had no time to spend in examining it, as the "rain fell fast," and stage for Albany was about starting. After a walk of half a mile, up to our knees in mud and clay, entered stage house in village aforesaid. Had dinner, and were soon on the road for Albany. Continued raining. Scenery, indescribably grand.<sup>118</sup> Water on the Mohawk looked "dark and troubled." Huge rocks on either side of the road, in various places, could perceive holes evidently worn by the friction of water. Look at Mitchell again. He will tell you, how big the Mohawk once was; where, when and how an immense lake, which covered all the country, now known as the German Flats, "Thaw'd and resolv'd itself into a dew." When the Hudson broke through its rockbounded barrier in "the Highlands," and formed its present course to the Ocean, and indeed, will give you more information on any subject, than any philosopher "past, present or to come." The Doctor, a very great man, "member of forty nine societies."<sup>119</sup> Equalled only by Sidrophel, "in Hudibras."

"He knew what's ever's to be known,

But much more than he knew, would own."

Road, very muddy; deep sloughs now and then would give the stage a sudden jolt, which would send the passenger's heads against the roof, at the imminent risk of breaking either one or the other. Passed some solitary looking houses on the road, and put up for the night at Palatine, a village on the banks of the Mohawk, very much fatigued with the day's jolt, (for it can scarcely be termed a ride), from Little Falls. The weather cleared off, during the night, and to our satisfaction had a fine morning for travelling, although "pretty cold for the season," as the saying is.

Village of Palatine, a flourishing place, was settled by the Dutch some ninety years ago;<sup>120</sup> is in the township of same name. Superb view of the flats on the Mohawk, which are here perhaps the broadest, between Little Falls and Albany. Small hamlets on the opposite shore, with church steeples peeping between the trees or lifting their aspiring heads above the houses. Here and there a bridge, or a rope ferry. Boats poling up the river against wind, with their masts lowered, surprised to see, with what apparent facility they shoved the boat along, against a considerable current. Generally five or six men to a boat of about twenty to thirty tons.

The superior facility of the canal, should suppose would soon do away with the boating on this river, as the nature of the stream opposed many obstacles to navigation.

View of the canal as it extends along the opposite shore, very distinct in some places, close by the banks, and again, at others, a short distance back. Where the locks intervene, clearly perceptible, by the sudden fall of the embankments. This must have been one of the most expensive parts of the canal, from the number of the locks, and also great obstacles of the route, for in many places the workmen were obliged to cut their way through the solid rock for a considerable distance.<sup>121</sup>

Breakfasted at Cochnawauga.<sup>122</sup> Landlord, an antiquarian, was well acquainted with all the wonders, antiquities and legends of the region around. Ascertained from him, the name of the village was derived from the tribe of Indians, who originally had their residence, or "hunting grounds," at this place, prior to the War of the Revolution, and at the termination of that struggle (having joined the British) they emigrated to Canada, where they still remain, under their ancient name. The orchards of apple trees, originally planted by this tribe of Indians, still remain. Landlord wanted us to go, and see them, had no curiosity.

Would much rather hear original names for our places, as in this instance, than borrowed appellations from the "old world." Although the "sapient surveyor of the Western plains" (De Witt) thought otherwise, and accordingly the Heroes of antiquity, jumbled in confusion with Sages and Statesmen of a more modern date, salute the wondering traveller, at every new settlement he comes across.<sup>123</sup> The "Godfather of the christened West," as he is humourously termed in an ode of Croaker's<sup>124</sup> (which holds up to the reader in a ludicrous and pleasant manner the absurdity of the nomenclator) must have been sadly in want of that "necessary article," common sense, if he could not have selected more appropriate names for the unlucky places he was doomed "to baptise."

Watered horses at Amsterdam, a small village situated on pretty elevated ground on the shore of the Mohawk. New bridge building. The people of this village mostly Dutch, as the name indicates, although of late years, considerable numbers of Yankees have emigrated hither.<sup>125</sup> Went through several small villages, and entered the City of Schenectady by long wooden bridge, that here crosses the Mohawk.<sup>126</sup> Canal will run through this city. Labourers busy in the work of excavation, and only one passage left to cross the city. Ancient name of Schenectady, "Durip."<sup>127</sup> "In Durip, when the Sun was low". . . . Old song. Appears rather on the decline. Remarked that ruins of houses destroyed in the great fire, which took place four or five years ago, were still visible, very few rebuilt. This fact alone, speaks volumes. Canal when completed will

in all probability be a final stroke to the increase of this city. Will never be equal to what it "once was." It is situated at the bottom of navigation on the Mohawk, which was formerly a great advantage, but the boating having diminished so greatly, and that too, even before the projection of the canal, is one great cause of its remaining stationary; although its inhabitants pretend to imagine that "trade is increasing."<sup>128</sup>

The streets are mostly well paved and have side walks as in New York, many of the houses of brick and well built, several churches and public buildings, among which, is Union College, took its name from the union of various religious denominations in its establishment.<sup>129</sup> Barber who shaved us, a great historian, told us among other things, the important fact, that the city of Schenectady is one of the most ancient Dutch settlements in the State, and that in 1690, the town, which was then "pretty considerable," was taken by surprise and entirely destroyed by a party of French and Indians from Canada, and nearly all the inhabitants massacred.<sup>130</sup>

In stage for Albany, had only gone a short distance, when one of the leading horses broke his collar, had to send back for a new harness, and delayed some time. Road between Schenectady and Albany in a most wretched state, sandy and heavy.<sup>131</sup> Remark of a fellow traveller, "It seemed all up hill, whether you was going one way or coming the other." Workmen were repairing it in some places, should be an entirely new road. The only way in which it should be done, so as to remain for a time, must be after the example of the ancient Romans, a completely paved military road. Stopped at a "Halfway house." There are three or four "Halfway" houses,<sup>132</sup> wonder which is the "real Simon Pure." Passengers not in a talkative humour. Expect they all wanted dinner, which was the case with "Ourselves." Dangerous talking on empty stomachs, for which reason, Legislative bodies should always hold their debates after a hearty meal. At last had a glimpse of Albany, and in half an hour after, entered it by the street, which terminates on the hill between Capitol and Academy.<sup>133</sup>

Put up at Skinner's Mansion house,<sup>134</sup> had dinner and supper at one meal and then sallied forth to reconnoitre the City. Went along the docks and on board the Steam boat Fire Fly, having a passage down the river in contemplation, enquired as to the births. Finding we had the choice; engaged to go with the boat on Monday morning. Museum in Market street, far exceeded our expectations. Wax figures, dogs, cats, squirrels, birds and monkeys, Indian gloves and mockasons. Oil paintings, "most wretched daubs," curiosities and endless variety. Indian mummy, snuff boxes, bows and arrows, rusty screws, etc.<sup>135</sup> Sunday morning, continued our rambles. Amazed at the number of taverns, inns and public houses

of divers grade and pretensions, and astonished at the number of barber shops and poles. Mem. Set it down as a fact, that one third of Albany is composed of Inns and shaving establishments. Most of the streets, narrow. Ascended a steeple that "was being" erected to a church in State street.<sup>136</sup> Good birdseye view of the city, smaller than we had an idea of, appears to most advantage when viewed from the water. For being built on rising ground principally, a view from the river gives it a more extended aspect. Do not recollect seeing a building constructing in any part of the city, and from our pergrinations in every quarter, if there had been such a novelty, it could hardly have escaped our notice. The canal when completed will be of no advantage to this place, and many of the inhabitants have already fearful forebodings on this same subject, anticipating its completion as the first stroke to the prosperity of the second city of the State. Strong attempts have also been made for a removal of the seat of government, which event at some future day is pretty certain. The increase of the bar at the "Overslaugh," which seems gradually filling up, will, in all probability, in time prevent vessels of any burden, from approaching the city. Sloops frequently ground even now, and with the Steamboats, Richmond, and Chancellor Livingston, it is of common occurrence. All these circumstances being taken into consideration, leave scarcely a doubt but that the time will come, when Albany shall cease to hold her present rank among the cities of the Union. Many attempts have been made to clear the bar at the "Overslaugh," but it seems almost impossible to prevent the channel from closing. Perhaps the most advisable plan, would be, to construct a sloop canal around this shallow part of the River, and thus in a measure remedy the evil.<sup>137</sup>

Spent part of the afternoon in an examination of the Capitol, and other public buildings.<sup>138</sup> The Capitol would answer the purpose of a City Hall, but when viewed as the building appropriated for the use of the government of the State of New York, it dwindles at once into insignificance. Quere, Derivation of Capitol? Mem. From the Latin "Capitolium." Consult Sempriere or ask any Architect of your acquaintance.

Ascertained by an arduous and never-before-heard-of research into the archives of the City (for a free accession to which, we have to return our never-to-be expressed acknowledgments to that indefatigable Antiquarian and "learned Theban" Doctor Von B———). That Albany, is the oldest settlement in the United States, with the exception of Jamestown in Virginia.<sup>139</sup> Was founded by some Dutchmen as early as 1612. Original name, Fort Orange. Name was changed when the colony of the "New Netherlands," was taken possession of in the name of the Duke of York, to whom it was granted by the King of England in 1664. What

generous personages Kings have been from time immemorial, in giving away property belonging to, other people! The two first cities of the State, are highly honored by having their names derived from the Duke afore-said, whose titles at that period were, "Duke of York and Albany."

The Albanians, seem to pride themselves on their steeples, of which they have a goodly number for the proportions of Churches. Nay, not content with the usual allotment of one steeple to a church, they have, egad! put a couple to one of their houses of worship.<sup>140</sup> This "steeple-mania" hath albeit a good effect when viewed at a proper distance, and carries an air of importance. The spires being mostly built in a shewy style.

Monday morning, left Albany in the Fire Fly, on our return to the city of "our fathers." Melancholy anticipations of the appearance of New York, suffering under the desolating ravages of the "Epidemic." Meditations tinged with a "sombre cast." Were actually "obligated" to go below, and ask for a "cheerful glass." "To drive dull care away." Poor remedy, but in some instances must plead guilty of this practice. "More honored in the breach than in th' observance." Came on deck, quite renovated in "spirits." Morning very pleasant, boat full, great many spectators on the Wharf. Took a last look at the Capital of the State.

"Long has proud Albany elate,  
Rear'd her two steeples high in air;  
And proudly boasts, she rules the State  
Because, the Governor lives there!"<sup>141</sup>

A "very good and sufficient reason," for a city's holding the reins of government.

Went below to pay our fare and learned the boat could not accommodate more than thirty with births, and there were between sixty and seventy on board. Captain a little boy, fifteen or sixteen years old. Boat and Captain well matched. Glided along against wind and tide. Wonderful effects of steam. Apostrophe to the Genius of Fulton. Story of the "man of the Fly market ferry." Annotation thereupon, The "man" had been drinking to excess over night, and awaking in the morning, to remedy his parching thirst, drank carelessly of cold water. The result was inevitable, he was blown into a "thousand atoms," and the Coroner's jury brought in their verdict accordingly, "Died of an ignorance of the expansive power of steam."

Passed New Baltimore on the right hand side of river. Stopt at Coxackie. The City of Hudson next appeared in the distance "came up all standing," and landed a passenger, took back five or six to increase our troubles. Saw a sloop building at Hudson, and a Steamboat laying "high and dry" on shore, repairing. Immediately opposite Hudson is Athens. Could discover neither the Parthenon nor Temple of Minerva, owing

probably to the distance. Passed by Catskill landing. Village partly seen. Mountains of same name in the back ground. Curious name for a chain of Mountains, literal meaning "Cat's creek" Mountains, from "Kaats" and "Kill."<sup>142</sup> The day being fine and atmosphere clear, had a very pretty view of them. Their "cloud capt summits" free from clouds. Went through a "fleet of river craft." By this time the "tocsin" sounded an "alarum" to dinner. Had some difficulty in fighting our way down the narrow stairs into the cabin, through a crowd of valiant trenchermen, who on the alert, sprang forward to their stations at the first sound of the bell. By a glorious perseverance succeeded in "effecting a lodgement," in the neighbourhood of a noble sirloin of beef, which seemed to tremble for its fate, amid the thundering din of knives and forks on empty platters, as if the disciples of Ceres,<sup>143</sup> were encouraging one another to persevere in the good cause they were about to engage in. Our little captain bustled about, and did all he could to make room. But there were too many candidates by half, for the enviable situation around the "smoking board." One party was obliged to sit down, after the first comers were served, and thus, finally, all were accommodated.

Passed Esopus landing. Villages and towns on the Hudson, are most generally built some short distance back from the shore, and having landing places attached around which store houses and buildings are necessarily erected, are mistaken by many people for the settlements. At Poughkeepsie took on board ten more passengers, if they knew what comfort was, might better have waited for the next boat. By the time we arrived at Poughkeepsie, it was eight o'clock, and soon after concluded to "turn in," in order to take what repose was possible on board of our small boat, which was crowded to excess. Birth was in the forward cabin in which was the "bar," a circumstance we unfortunately neglected noticing, when choosing births.

"Many a time and oft," when in the act of dosing, as a preliminary to a sound nap. The hacknied phrases of a gin sling, glass brandy and water, gin cocktail, whiskey punch, etc., etc. uttered by some of the worshippers of Bacchus, with peculiar emphasis, would arouse us from our troubled slumbers. At last, fell asleep, but were soon awakened, by what seemed to be some considerable weight falling on us. Thought the deck of the boat was claiming acquaintance with the cabin floor, and we were in a fair way of going to "Davy Jones." Proved to be a boy, who in putting in the "dead lights," slipped down, carrying with him the curtains attached to our births. Found water had been forcing its way through the frame of the window, in one of the small apertures, placed in each of the upper births, for the accommodation of air or light, as it may be required. Very agreeable situation, wet bed clothes, obliged to have them

changed, and after this amusing incident, could get no more sleep than if we were in the cave of those pleasant fellows, "the Cyclops." Consequently determined to arise, and give some other person a chance for a bed. Very many could get no birth of any kind, size or denomination. In getting out of bed came near jumping on the head of a man below. Floor was completely covered with mattresses and occupants were laying "helter skelter." "higgledy piggedly," in every direction. Encountered considerable difficulty in threading the labyrinth, in which we were entangled without treading some human being to death.

Rejoiced at breathing the pure air on deck. Sun was just peeping above the horizon and gilding the eastern hills with his radiant beams. Found we were opposite Manhattanville landing. Steeples of the "fairy city of my heart," soon began to appear in nearly the reversed order, in which they had disappeared about a month ago. Quere, Whence does the "Emporium of Commerce," derive its pompous appellation of "Gotham?" Nursery tale of the "Three wise men of Gotham," who "went to sea in a bowl," only authority to the purpose, can bear in mind. Islands in the Bay, with the fortifications present quite a formidable and warlike appearance.<sup>144</sup> N.B. At a distance.

Soon came to, at State Prison, where our boat moored alongside of the Dock. Ominous landing place. Hired a boat to take us, "bag and baggage and all" around to Brooklyn as we did not wish to land at Greenwich, accordingly embarked, were rowed by two negroes. One of the black oarsmen, very communicative. Said he had been in every part of the city, since the sickness had commenced, at which information one of "Ourselves" turned pale, and putting his handkerchief to his olfactory regions, directed the rowers to keep more toward the middle of the river. "For as the wind blew directly towards us, we might stand a chance of catching the Fever!" Guard boats rowing near the wharves in the lower part of the city. No persons to be seen in the streets of the "infected district," except here and there, a solitary individual, which we imagined to be the guard. We now found ourselves in the bay, and were carried by the tide, somewhat out of our intended course, altogether owing to having kept too much in the stream. Gave us however, a very beautiful view, second only (as travellers say) to that of the celebrated Bay of Naples.

On one side, we viewed the land of Pannonia, now modernised into the less euphonious name of New Jersey. To which appertaineth Pawles Hook, whereon is situated the "would be city" of Jersey,<sup>145</sup> and then Communipaw famous for clams and Dutch negroes,<sup>146</sup> and formerly for oysters of delicious flavor, but alas! the beds of mud, on which this luxuriant shellfish, whilom recumbed, awaiting in patience the "deep

searching" rake, which was to tear it from its native home, and transport it to the markets of Gotham, are almost deserted! And the abstemious burghers of that renowned city, are now obliged to look to more distant shores, for their wonted supply. Next, the Islet of Bedlow or "Gibbet," (so called from its being the scene, where that humane ceremony of execution, vulgarly termed "hanging" is occasionally performed) and that of "Ellis," bristling with tremendous fortifications, met our eyes. Those two last islets, according to the authority of that veritable Historian, Diedrich Knickerbocker, having been descended from Anthony's Nose, they formerly being warts or excrescences on that celebrated promontory, and brought down to their present location by the Hudson River, when it so furiously made its breach through the "Highlands," in order to attain a more commodious passage to the Ocean.<sup>147</sup> Farther in the distance, the Island of Michael Paw<sup>148</sup> (now Staten Island) raised its blue "mountains" in the morning sun, forming a boundary to the bay of our "renowned" City. Then, nearer to view as we turned our direction, to gain the Estuary of the Ocean, commonly called the East River, but more properly speaking "Long Island Sound," Governor's Island, abounding with poplar trees and great guns, citadels and forts, barracks and soldiers, presented its verdant soil. In "whatsoever direction we turned our eyes," the extended sails of ships and brigs, sloops, schooners and "river craft" whitened the surface of the broad expanse of water. And while lost in meditation, anticipating the climax of magnificence that will be displayed by our famous city, when she shall have become "The pride boast and glory" of this Western Hemisphere! were suddenly aroused from our "dream of prophecy," by the startling remark of one of our negro rowers, "Golly massa! guess you fall in de water, if you no wake up!"

Looked around, found "Ourselves" in the neighbourhood of the battery, no one on it, two or three negroes fishing at the end of the Long Wharf, at Whitehall slip. Old slip and Fulton Market, deserted, not a solitary person to be seen from Whitehall to Flymarket Slip, (with the exception of the Negroes). Turned our eyes from the ill fated city, perceived we were near Brooklyn,<sup>149</sup> and soon the prow of our barge struck the ferry stairs. Engaged conveyance to Bedford, where our family had retired, on account of the Fever, thus ending our pilgrimage, and to conclude in the words of Walter Scott, we will finish "Our Travels" with a cordial wish.

"To all, to each a fair good night  
With pleasant dreams and slumbers light."

"Complere paginam volui."<sup>150</sup>  
CICERO

## Footnotes for Text of Our Travels

<sup>1</sup> The *Chancellor Livingston* was one of two North River Steamboat Co. vessels on the New York City to Albany shuttle in 1822. A vessel left each city six days per week; there was no service on Sunday. The *Livingston*, known as the "skimmer of the river," held the record for the 150-mile trip: 19½ hours. See: Steamboat Co. advertisement in *New York American*, Aug. 22, 1822; Haswell, *Reminiscences of New York*, 43, 84. The *Livingston* was the last of the fifteen steamboats built by Robert Fulton. It was built in 1816, weighed 526 tons, was 156 feet long, and had 118 sleeping berths for passengers. It was named for Robert R. Livingston, a close friend and business associate of Fulton. For illustrations of the vessel, see Seymour Dunbar, *A History of Travel in America* (4 vols., Indianapolis, 1915), I, 335.

<sup>2</sup> An obvious reference to Fort Clinton which had an unusual history for a military structure. The installation was constructed during the Napoleonic era when New York City was afflicted with "fortification fever." It was begun in 1808 and completed in 1811. Originally called West Battery, it was later named in honor of De Witt Clinton. It was generally circular in shape, had eight-foot-thick walls of red sandstone and contained twenty-eight guns in one tier of casemates. It was located about 200 feet from the Battery, to which it was connected by a bridge. During the War of 1812, it was manned and made ready for action when it appeared that New York City was a likely target for attack. No attack took place. In 1822-24, it was taken over by the city and converted into a public amusement center; its name was changed to Castle Garden. This section of the Battery soon became a popular promenade area: "Ladies could visit it with impunity, even when unaccompanied by a gentleman." For a contemporary description of Castle Garden, see Beard, ed., *Letters and Journals of J. F. Cooper*, I, 114-119; Cooper described General Lafayette's visit to New York City — and Castle Garden — in a newspaper article. See also: Rufus R. Wilson, *New York, Old and New — Its Story, Streets and Landmarks* (2 vols., Philadelphia, 1909), II, 17-26; *Report of New York City National Shrines Advisory Board* [New York, 1957], 15-16, 22-23, 40-48; contains excellent illustrations.

<sup>3</sup> For descriptions and location, see: Charles Hemstreet, *Nooks and Corners of Old New York* (New York, 1899), 45; James Hardie, *The Description of the City of New-York* (New York, 1827), 209, 211. *Picture of New-York* (1828), 436, noted: "There are several expansions of streets that are incorrectly called squares, such as Hanover Square, Franklin Square, Chatham Square; this appellation becomes ludicrous, when, by looking on the map, these squares are found to be triangles."

<sup>4</sup> The prison, located in Greenwich, was a formidable structure of Doric design. The building and grounds covered four acres. For a description of the prison and an account of prison life, see: Peter Neilson, *Recollections of Residence in U.S.*, 58-60; *Picture of New York* (1828), 442-444; Hardie, *Description of New York*, 193-195. Hardie noted in 1827 that paupers were confined in the Debtor's Apartment near City Hall, so the author may have been incorrect in his statement that he saw "paupers peeping through the bar." As indicated in David M. Schneider, *The History of Public Welfare in New York State, 1609-1866* (Chicago, 1938), 142-148, there was a strong humanitarian movement in New York City in the early 1800's against the imprisonment of debtors.



<sup>5</sup> Because of its whitewashed walls, Fort Gansevoort was called the "White Fort." To the south, at Hubert St., was another "water fort" which was built of red sandstone. It was called the "Red Fort." Haswell, *Reminiscences of New York*, 21.

<sup>6</sup> "Mr. P" was either Aaron J. Phillips or James Pritchard, both of whom appeared in "The Grecian Captive" on June 17, 1822. The play featured a "Living Camel, and an Elephant." George C. D. Odell, *Annals of the New York Stage* (11 vols., New York, 1927-39), III, 28.

<sup>7</sup> Melpomene was the Muse who resided over tragedy.

<sup>8</sup> "Adieu, adieu! my native shore  
Fades o'er the water blue;  
The Night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild seamew.  
Yon Sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight;  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My native Land — Good Night!"

Lord Byron, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Thomas Moore, ed. (Boston, 1860), 12.

<sup>9</sup> This was the Bloomingdale Asylum located in Manhattanville. It was set on a seventy-two-acre plot and stood 150 feet above the Hudson River. *Picture of New York* (1828), 311-315; Hardie, *Description of New York*, 260-263; Lamb and Harrison, *History of New York*, III, 518.

<sup>10</sup> From Henry Hudson's oft-quoted statement: "Manna-hata, the handsomest and most pleasant country that man can behold."

<sup>11</sup> Hudson was puzzled by the width of the river in the Tappan area. Believing that it was a lake and the source of the river, he called it "Tappaan Sea." He later discovered that his theory was in error.

<sup>12</sup> The village of Sing Sing was incorporated in 1813. The prison was established in 1824; it was thought that the convicts could be used as a labor force for the marble quarries in nearby Mount Pleasant. Tiring of the jokes associated with the prison, Sing Sing's residents changed the name of their community to Ossining in 1901. [Works Project Administration], *New York, A Guide to the Empire State* (New York, 1962), 581-582 (hereafter cited as *New York State Guide*.) For an illuminating contemporary account of prison life in Sing Sing, see Hall, *Travels in North America*, I, 51-72.

<sup>13</sup> "Mad Anthony" Wayne's victory at Stony Point in July, 1779, is regarded as a turning point of the Revolutionary War. It provided the American cause with a powerful psychological boost. See George F. Scheer and Hugh F. Rankin, *Rebels and Redcoats* (Cleveland and New York, 1957), 355-364.

<sup>14</sup> During the Revolutionary War era, such leaders as Washington, Hamilton and John Adams called for the establishment of a military academy at West Point. Congress finally took action in 1802 and passed the organic act of the United States Military Academy. For the early history of the Academy, see Sidney Forman, *West Point, A History of the United States Military Academy* (New York, 1952), 3-19. For a summary history of West Point, see S. E. Tillman, "A Review of West Point's History," *Proceedings of the New York State Historical Association*, XV (1916), 112-125.

<sup>15</sup> André was captured near Tarrytown while returning from a visit to Benedict Arnold, Commander at West Point. André's plight invoked the sympathies of the American patriots but he was hanged nonetheless, primarily as a reprisal for the execution of Nathan Hale. That the Arnold-André affair made a strong impact on the

Revolutionary generation is evidenced by the fact that many travelers made comment upon the incident in their journals when they passed the site. One of the best analyses of the Arnold-André episode is found in Carl Van Doren, *Secret History of the American Revolution . . .* (New York, 1941), 143-390, *passim*. See also, Willard Wallace, *Traitorous Hero: The Life and Fortunes of Benedict Arnold* (New York, 1954), 201-259. Papers found in the boots of André at the time of his capture are in the New York State Library.

<sup>16</sup> The author seems to have confused "Captain Hall" with "Captain Huddy." In 1782, a group of New York loyalists captured Captain Joshua Huddy, a patriot, who had been in command of a blockhouse. A month or so later, a group of New Jersey patriots killed a loyalist, Philip White, who had been captured and then attempted to escape. The New York loyalists were enraged and, in an act of revenge, transported Huddy to New Jersey and summarily hanged him. At the moment of execution, they exclaimed "with shouts of savage joy, 'Up goes Huddy for Philip White!'" Paul Allen, *A History of the American Revolution . . .* (2 vols., Baltimore, 1819), II, 490-491.

<sup>17</sup> Governor Stuyvesant's "trumpeter" was "Anthony Van Corlear," a "jolly, fat trumpeter . . . famous for his long wind." Irving's humorous episode on the naming of Anthony's Nose is related in *Knickerbocker's History*, II, 100-101. According to Horatio G. Spafford's *A Gazetteer of the State of New York . . .* (Albany, 1824), 31, the name of Anthony's Nose was derived "from a ludicrous resemblance to a huge human face, as seen from the river. The rock which has this appearance, exhibits a tolerable profile of a face of 32 feet, aided by a little fancy and a relish for the marvelous."

<sup>18</sup> This was the Newburgh to Ithaca line. In 1822, a stage left Newburgh every Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday morning at 3:00 A.M. It traveled to Ithaca by way of Bloomingburgh, Monticello, Cohecton, Mount Pleasant, New Milford, Great Bend, Chenango Point and Owego. Using this route, it was possible for one to travel from New York City to Buffalo in three days. See: Advertisement of Newburgh Line in *New York American* (in many issues during summer of 1822); Oliver W. Holmes, "The Stage-Coach Business in the Hudson Valley," *Quarterly Journal of the New York State Historical Association*, XII (1931), 247-249; Oliver W. Holmes, "The Turnpike Era," *History of the State of New York*, Alexander C. Flick, ed. (10 vols. New York, 1933-37), V, 284; E. M. Ruttenber and L. H. Clark, comps., *History of Orange County, New York* (Philadelphia, 1881), 111-113; Phineas G. Goodrich, *History of Wayne County* (Honesdale, Pa., 1880), 186-187; Emily Blackman, *History of Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania* (Philadelphia, 1873), 510; Le Roy W. Kingman, *Owego* (Owego, N. Y., 1907), 429-430; Henry E. Abt, *Ithaca* (Ithaca, N. Y., 1926), 51; Joseph A. Durrenberger, *Turnpikes — A Study of the Toll Road Movement in the Middle Atlantic States and Maryland* (Valdosta, Georgia, 1931), 62.

<sup>19</sup> In 1822, Newburgh was a bustling river city, with a population of 3,566. See: Zerah Hawley, *A Journal of a Tour Through Connecticut, Massachusetts, New-York . . .* (New Haven, 1822), 138-140; E. M. Ruttenber, *History of the Town of Newburgh* (Newburgh, 1859), 140-141.

<sup>20</sup> This is the first of two references to Oswego. The author apparently means Owego.

<sup>21</sup> Thomas Jefferson. The Monticello to which the author refers is in New York. Note to Virginians: When in Monticello, New York, say Monti-sello, not Monti-chello.

<sup>22</sup> William Wilberforce (1759-1833) was an English philanthropist who became an ardent abolitionist.

<sup>23</sup> Another of New York's intriguing place names. Of Indian derivation, it appears on early maps as Cush-nun-tunk, Kussitchuan, Cashiektunk and Cashiegtok. See William M. Beauchamp, *Aboriginal Place Names of New York*, New York State Museum Bulletin, 108, (Albany, 1907), 227.

<sup>24</sup> Many English visitors shared the author's judgment on American political bodies in general and New York State's Legislature in particular. Captain Basil Hall attended a legislative debate in Albany in 1827 and commented: "The whole discussion, indeed, struck me as being rather juvenile." Hall, *Travels in North America*, II, 30-40. See also the unflattering description of the New York State Constitutional Convention of 1821 in Simeon D. Bloodgood, *An Englishman's Sketch-Book; or, Letters from New York* (New York, 1828), 49-57.

<sup>25</sup> Contemporary maps and stage line advertisements designate it: New Milford.

<sup>26</sup> Dr. Samuel Latham Mitchill (sometimes Mitchell) was an American savant and an intellectual giant of Knickerbocker New York. He was described by Thomas Jefferson as the "Congressional Dictionary" and by John Randolph as a "Stalking Dictionary." De Witt Clinton referred to him as a "Delphic Oracle." See: Courtney R. Hall, "Samuel Latham Mitchill, A Queens County Polymath," *Proceedings of the New York State Historical Association*, XXXI (April, 1933), 113-124; Lamb and Harrison, *History of New York*, III, 512-514; Eleanor R. Scott, "Early Literary Clubs in New York City," *American Literature*, V (March, 1933), 4.

<sup>27</sup> The "thriving village" of Chenango, along with its sister village of Chenango Point, later developed into the city of Binghamton (named after pioneer settler William Bingham). The village of Binghamton was incorporated in 1834, the city in 1867. See William Foote Seward, ed., *Binghamton and Broome County, New York, A History* (2 vols., New York and Chicago, 1924), I, 1-95; early stage lines servicing Chenango Point are discussed on 71-73. See also, William S. Lawyer, ed., *Binghamton, Its Settlement, Growth and Development* (2 vols., Binghamton, 1900), I, 1-111.

<sup>28</sup> No Bull is listed in the official documents of the Convention. A David Buel, Jun., of Rensselaer is listed. Buel served on one important committee and took an active part in the debates. [New York State], *Debates and Proceedings in the New-York State Convention, for the Revision of the Constitution* (Albany, 1846); delegates are listed on p. 2. See also, [New York State], *Reports of the Proceedings and Debates of the Convention of 1821 . . .*, Nathaniel Carter and William L. Stone, comps.. (Albany, 1821), *passim*. The name obviously has satiric implications.

<sup>29</sup> Peace or repose with dignity.

<sup>30</sup> The Erie Canal was frequently called the "Grand Canal," the "Great Western Canal," or the "Big Ditch."

<sup>31</sup> See footnote 74 for a discussion of the geology of the Falls.

<sup>32</sup> "Clintonians" refers to the supporters of De Witt Clinton. The "Bucktails" were Clinton's opponents. They derived their name from the practice of hanging deer tails in their hats at political gatherings. During the Revolution, the Whigs had adopted this practice to distinguish themselves from the Tories. The Hartford Convention was a secret gathering of New England Federalists (Dec. 1814-Jan. 1815) who were opposed to President Madison and the War of 1812. The Federalists proclaimed their adherence to the principle of states' rights and formulated a set of resolutions which was designed to countermand Madison's policies. Jackson's victory at New Orleans and the Treaty of Ghent undercut the work of the Convention and those who attended became the butt of popular ridicule.

<sup>33</sup> Fall Creek begins about twelve miles northeast of Ithaca. As it nears Cayuga Lake, it descends about 438 feet in the space of one mile. There are five falls in this area. The highest, known as Ithaca Falls, drops about 116 feet. See Spafford, *Gazeteer* (1824), 250; *The Traveller's Pocket Dictionary and Stranger's Guide . . .* (Schenectady, 1831), 24-25; Abt, *Ithaca*, 8.

<sup>34</sup> According to Spafford's *Gazeteer* (1824), 251, Port L'Orient was 2½ miles from Ithaca.

<sup>35</sup> Maurice H. Fitzgerald, ed., *Poems of Robert Southey . . .* (London, New York, Toronto, Melbourne, 1909), 460-608.

<sup>36</sup> Actually Ludlowville, seven miles north of Ithaca. Spafford, *Gazeteer* (1824), 273, 520.

<sup>37</sup> Spafford's *Gazeteer* (1824), 250-251, notes that Ithaca's population was 2,886. The village had five grist mills, nine saw mills, one oil mill, three fulling mills, six carding machines, one paper mill, one iron foundry, one trip hammer, four asheries — and six distilleries! Spafford predicted prosperity for Ithaca. See also: Horace King, *Early History of Ithaca: A Lecture* (Ithaca, 1845); Abt, *Ithaca*, 5-66.

<sup>38</sup> The militia muster, or "training day" exercise, was a source of amusement and disgust to sophisticated English travelers in particular. One such traveler witnessed a militia gathering in the village of Oak Orchard in 1823 and was appalled. In his judgment, the group constituted a drunken rabble. The colonel in command sought to restore order but was unsuccessful. He turned the command over to a captain who promptly entered a nearby tavern and returned with a large bottle of whiskey in each hand and a wine glass positioned between his knees. He then delivered a rousing speech to the men, dwelling on "their constitutional privileges, their heroic achievements during the late war, and their happy deliverance from the yoke of British bondage." He concluded by pouring a "goodly glass of John Barleycorn, and drank it to the health of his brave comrades." Edward A. Talbot, *Five Years' Residence in the Canadas . . .* (2 vols., London, 1824), II, 316-318.

<sup>39</sup> Steamboat service to Cayuga Bridge was an extension of the stage line from Newburgh. The *Enterprise* sailed from Ithaca four times each week. See: Newburgh Line advertisements in *New York American* (summer months of 1822); Kingman, *Owego*, 429-430; Holmes, "Stage-Coach Business in Hudson Valley," *Journal of New York State Historical Association*, XII (1931), 248-249.

<sup>40</sup> In 1824, Aurora had an academy, an "excellent" Female Friends' Boarding School, a small library and about fifty houses. Spafford, *Gazeteer* (1824), 481.

<sup>41</sup> This was the second bridge. The first bridge, which opened in 1800, was destroyed by ice floes about 1808. The second bridge was begun in 1812 and finished in 1813. It lasted until 1857.

Numerous contemporary travelers were impressed by the size of the bridge. Timothy Dwight of Yale College called it a "stupendous erection" and judged it to be "probably the longest work of the kind in the United States; the planking being no less than a mile in length." Dwight, *Travels in New-England and New-York* (4 vols., New Haven, 1821-22), IV, 44. To Basil Hall, it was the longest bridge he had seen. He walked its length at a "smart walking" pace in fifteen minutes and twenty seconds. He took 1,850 steps and set its length at one mile, eight rods (16½ feet to the rod). Spafford's *Gazeteer* (1824) 35, has it as 316 rods in length. The history of the bridge is recounted in John W. Wells, *Cayuga Bridge* (second printing, Ithaca, 1961).

<sup>42</sup> According to Richard Sanders Allen, a noted authority on New York as well as early American bridges, the Columbia-Wrightsville Bridge over the Susquehanna

River was the longest bridge in the United States in 1822. A wood trestle structure, it was about 5,686 feet in length. Allen points out, however, that Cayuga Bridge was the longest wooden bridge ever built in New York State and "the longest pile and trestle bridge built in America during the first half of the 19th century." Letter to the author, March 22, 1968.

<sup>43</sup> According to Wells, *Cayuga Bridge*, 3-4, Aaron Burr and other members of the Manhattan Company bought up most of the shares of the first bridge company. The second bridge did exceedingly well, taking in tolls of \$500 on some days. The company's ledger books for the 1828-1857 period indicate a healthy profit for shareholders. There was a sixteen percent dividend return in 1828, for example. See *ibid.*, 11, *passim*.

<sup>44</sup> For the history of the peach tree in New York State, see U. P. Hedrick, *The Peaches of New York* (Albany, 1917), 131-177. This work can satisfy you. The illustrations look "good enough to eat."

<sup>45</sup> Geneva's physical beauty impressed numerous travelers. Mrs. Frances Trollope wrote that "the town may rival its European namesake in beauty"; *Domestic Manners*, 311. Timothy Dwight described the setting as "the most beautiful eminence, I think, for the site of a town, which I ever beheld." "The lake is the most beautiful piece of water, West of the Hudson." *Travels in New England*, IV, 47-48. On the history of Geneva, see: George S. Conover, *Early History of Geneva (Formerly Called Kanadesaga), From the Geneva Courier* (Geneva, 1879); Joel H. Monroe, *A Century and a Quarter of History, Geneva . . .* (Geneva, 1912).

<sup>46</sup> The architect of the Academy is unknown. The structure was begun in 1821 and completed in the spring of 1822. George S. Conover, ed., and Lewis Cass Aldrich, comp., *History of Ontario County, New York . . .* (Syracuse, 1893), 282-285. Information on the Academy also was provided by officials of the Geneva Historical Society.

<sup>47</sup> Canandaigua was a main junction for travelers moving west. From there, they could travel to Buffalo by way of Rochester and the Ridge Road, or by way of the Great Western Turnpike (now Route 20). The history of the village is recounted in J. Albert Granger, *The History of Canandaigua . . .* (Canandaigua, 1876).

<sup>48</sup> Apparently refers to the invasion of Gotham by the "Hoppingtots," who were noted "for being right valorous in all exercises of the legs." This broad farce is found in *Salmagundi*, November 11, 1807, 444-454.

<sup>49</sup> While Horatio Spafford made many positive comments on Canandaigua, he too thought that it had a superfluity of taverns. See *Gazeteer* (1824), 81-82.

<sup>50</sup> Mrs. Trollope made these uncharitable comments on Avon: "A dreadful road, through forests only beginning to be felled, brought us to Avon; it is a straggling, ugly little place, and not any of their 'Romes, Carthages, Ithacas, or Athens,' ever provoked me by their names so much. This Avon flows sweetly with nothing but whiskey and tobacco juice." *Domestic Manners*, 310-311.

<sup>51</sup> According to Jeremy, a bridge was "a contrivance to get dry shod over a river or brook. . . ." *Salmagundi*, Feb. 24, 1807, 87.

<sup>52</sup> There is a hand-drawn map of Buffalo for the 1816-22 period in the Buffalo and Erie County Historical Society. The map was done from memory in 1862 by a long-time resident of Buffalo. It pinpoints a Landon's Tavern which later became Caryl's. Confirmation of this fact is provided by Samuel M. Welch, *Home History — Recollections of Buffalo During the Decade From 1830 to 1840 . . .* (Buffalo, 1891), 102. I wish to thank Professor I. Frank Mogavero of Niagara University who assisted me in analyzing the map. The Historical Society owns two more contemporary maps of the

village (for 1820 and 1825); copies of these may be seen in Henry H. Baxter and Erik Heyl, eds., *Maps: Buffalo Harbor, 1804-1964* (Buffalo, 1965), 11, 13. I wish to thank Walter S. Dunn, Jr., Director of the Buffalo and Erie County Historical Society, and Erie County Historian, for checking my footnotes on the Buffalo section of the Journal.

<sup>53</sup> At least one other traveler made this mistake. See [Michael H. Jenks], *Notes on a Tour Through the Western Part of the State of New York* (Philadelphia, 1829-30), 33.

<sup>54</sup> According to William N. Fenton, the Indians mentioned above are often cited in annals of the period. As for the shaking of hands, Mr. Fenton noted: "Yes, the Indians are great on shaking hands, and it is an Indian custom that when you put up a feast, you pay for the kettle."

<sup>55</sup> Opponents of the Erie Canal (and Governor Clinton) contemptuously referred to it as "Clinton's Big Ditch" or "Clinton's folly."

<sup>56</sup> Perry's victory at the Battle of Lake Erie (Sept., 1813) was one of the military high points for the Americans during the War of 1812. Captain Robert Barclay actually had the inferior force, in terms of vessels (six to Perry's ten), but he had sixty-five guns to Perry's fifty-five. In a bloody three-hour battle, Perry defeated Barclay. Later, Perry sent his celebrated message to General Harrison: "We have met the enemy and they are ours." The battle is recounted in detail in George L. Hawkins, "Perry and His Victory," *Proceedings of the New York State Historical Association*, IX (Albany, 1909), 23-32.

<sup>57</sup> The Senecas established permanent settlements along the Niagara Frontier after the mid-seventeenth century. Two settlements developed in the Buffalo area, the most important one being Buffalo Creek. The Senecas at Buffalo Creek remained there until 1844 when they resettled on the Cattaraugus Reservation. See: Frederick Houghton, "The History of the Buffalo Creek Reservation," *Publications of the Buffalo Historical Society*, XXIV (Buffalo, 1920), 3-181; Frank J. Lanke, *Reservation Supplement, A Collection of Memorabilia Related to Buffalo Creek Reservation* (West Seneca, N. Y., 1966), 11-17, *passim*; Blane, *Excursion Through United States and Canada*, 407; Blane estimated that there were 2,200 Indians in the Buffalo area.

<sup>58</sup> In the judgment of Mr. Fenton, this was the Council House.

<sup>59</sup> The Buffalo and Erie County Historical Society has at least six oil paintings of the celebrated Seneca chief, including the well-known John M. Stanley work, "The Trial of Red Jacket." The Society also owns the Chief's famous silver medal that was presented to him by George Washington. The Chief proudly wore it to the day of his death in 1830. See William Stone, *The Life and Times of Sa-Go-Ya-Wat-Ha or Red Jacket* (New York and London, 1841).

<sup>60</sup> Mr. Fenton reports that "Black Squirrel" was a familiar figure along the Niagara Frontier.

<sup>61</sup> According to Mr. Fenton, the Museum of Ethnology in Leiden, Holland, has an extensive collection of American Indian artifacts.

<sup>62</sup> This opinion was also held by Spafford, *Gazeteer* (1824), 164: Buffalo "will by-and-by rival in commercial importance, and population, the great cities of the seabord [*sic*]." For other contemporary descriptions of Buffalo, see: Hawley, *Journal of a Tour* (New Haven, 1822), 20-21, 96-97; William Darby, *A Tour From the City of New-York to Detroit . . .* (New York, 1819), 155-157 (contains excellent map of Niagara Frontier); Trollope, *Domestic Manners*, 309-310 — "Of all the thousand and one towns I saw in America, I think Buffalo is the queerest looking; it is not quite so

wild as Lockport, but all the buildings have the appearance of having been run up in a hurry, though every thing has an air of great pretension; there are porticoes, columns, domes, and colonnades, but all in wood."

The bibliography on the early history of Buffalo is extensive, but this work has special value: Robert W. Bingham, *The Cradle of the Queen City, A History of Buffalo to the Incorporation of the City* (Buffalo, 1931). The Buffalo and Erie County Historical Society has an outstanding collection of primary and secondary materials on the history of Buffalo and the Niagara Frontier.

<sup>63</sup> Black rock was then 2½ to 3 miles from Buffalo. It derived its name from the black chert stone which bounds the Niagara River at this point. In the post-Revolutionary period, Black Rock was a bustling commercial center for eastern salt merchants, as well as a ferry terminal for Canada. Traders from Pittsburgh flocked there to transact for Salina salt. Ferry service to Canada began about 1802. See Charles D. Norton, "The Old Black Rock Ferry," *Publications of the Buffalo Historical Society*, I (Buffalo, 1879), 91-109.

<sup>64</sup> Professor Mogavero of Niagara University, who reviewed only the section of the journal pertaining to the Buffalo area and was not aware that the document was a burlesque reflecting Knickerbocker literary values, was astounded when he read the reference to green stones. He remarked: "If this man saw only green stones at Black Rock, he must have been 'stoned!'"

<sup>65</sup> The Battle of Chippewa was fought on July 5, 1814. A force of 3,500 Americans crossed the Niagara River and captured Fort Erie on July 3. The British, 1,500 strong, drew up a defensive line along the north bank of the Chippewa River, about sixteen miles north of Fort Erie. A 1,500-man force of Americans engaged the British and won a resounding victory. After a 30-minute fight, the British line disintegrated. After this engagement, the British did not defeat a force of American regulars. See Louis L. Babcock, *The War of 1812 on the Niagara Frontier* (Buffalo, 1927), 145-157.

<sup>66</sup> There were two large hotels on the Canadian side of the Falls. Then, as now, many travelers viewed the natural wonder from Canada, which offers a panoramic and spectacular view of the entire scene.

<sup>67</sup> There is a mammoth bibliography on the subject of Niagara Falls. Since 1678, when the Recollect missionary friar Father Louis Hennepin followed a "sound of thunder and a pillar of mist" to their source and discovered the Falls, those who have seen the great cataract have sought to describe the scene in words or picture. A key work is Dow's two-volume *Anthology of Niagara Falls*; it contains maps, illustrations, extracts from travel accounts, poems, songs, a comprehensive bibliography — in sum, it is an encyclopedia of Niagara Falls history.

<sup>68</sup> One traveler of 1822 crossed in a rowboat which he called the "Charon." It was propelled by a single rower. [author unknown], *A Summer Month . . .* (Philadelphia, 1823), 70.

<sup>69</sup> In the early nineteenth century, several wooden bridges were built from the mainland to Goat Island. But after a few years' service, they were either swept away by the "leaping water" or crushed by ice floes. Travel narratives of the late 1820's indicate that, for a time, it was necessary to cross two bridges to reach Goat Island. One connected the mainland and Bath Island; the second connected Bath Island and Goat Island. The author of "Our Travels" apparently crossed directly to Goat Island on a single span. Compare: Lieutenant Frederick De Roos, *Personal Narrative of Travels in the United States and Canada* (London, 1827), 162 (excellent map of Falls area in 1826 opposite p. 154); [Karl] Bernhard, *Travels Through North America During*

*the Years 1825 and 1826* (2 vols., Philadelphia, 1828), I, 75; Frances Wright, *Views of Society and Manners in America* (London, 1821), 239-240; Blane, *Excursion Through United States and Canada*, 402; Hall, *Travels in North America*, I, 190-191; Auguste Levasseur, *Lafayette in America in 1824 and 1825* (2 vols., Philadelphia, 1829), II, 188; [Jenks], *Notes on a Tour*, 38.

<sup>70</sup> It was Manchester; now known as Niagara Falls.

<sup>71</sup> When Jefferson made this point, he was referring to a broad geographic area of Virginia, not to the Natural Bridge alone. See William Peden, ed., *Notes on the State of Virginia* (Chapel Hill, North Carolina, 1955), 19, 24-25.

<sup>72</sup> The abundance of hyperbolically descriptive accounts of the Falls by travel writers led to this sage comment by Mrs. Basil Hall: "How absurd it is in travellers to make an attempt to describe the scene where we now are, and as far as we have seen their attempts, the efforts of painters are about as fruitless." Una Pope-Hennessy, ed., *The Aristocratic Journey, Being the Outspoken Letters of Mrs. Basil Hall . . .* (New York, 1931), 56.

<sup>73</sup> There are conflicting claims by contemporary travelers on the distance of the "sound carry" of the Falls. Some insisted that the noise could be heard 50 miles away. Compare: Dwight, *Travels*, IV, 91-92; Theodore Dwight, *The Northern Traveller* (New York, 1825), 85-87; De Roos, *Personal Narrative of Travels*, 152. See also, Henry C. Carey, *A Complete Historical, Chronological, and Geographical American Atlas . . .* (Philadelphia, 1822), text for plate 16; the roar "can sometimes be heard at the distance of 40 miles."

<sup>74</sup> According to John Broughton, Assistant Commissioner for the State Museum and Science Service, and Dr. Donald Fisher, State Paleontologist, it is difficult to theorize on the relationship of the time factor to the corrosive effect of Niagara River on the gorge because of the many variables involved. It is an incredible fact of history that, at one time, the Niagara River poured over the rim of the Niagara escarpment above the present site of Queenston! A seven-mile gorge has been carved out of the escarpment. How long has the process taken? Through the use of the Carbon-14 test, geologists date the beginning of recession about 10,000 to 11,000 B.C. The average rate of recession has been about 3½ feet per year. The Canadian (or Horseshoe) Falls recede at a faster rate than the American Falls. For the geology of Niagara Falls, the layman should consult Walter M. Tovell, *Niagara Falls: Story of a River* (Toronto, 1966); this refreshingly lucid booklet contains a table on the rates of recession in feet per year since 1842. It also has excellent diagrams, and a bibliography of the most authoritative works on the geology of the Falls.

<sup>75</sup> "Burning Spring" was located ½ mile north of Lundy's Lane. According to the *Traveller's Pocket Directory and Stranger's Guide* (1831), 32, "the spring is enclosed by a small building. A barrel is placed over the spring, which has a cover with a tube in it, through which the gas (sulphurated hydrogen) escapes: when a light is applied, it ignites and burns brilliantly. The keeper of the spring requires a small fee from visitors [*sic*]."

<sup>76</sup> "Jeremy Cockloft" called attention to Newark "Gallynipers" in his farcical travel account in *Salmagundi*, Feb. 24, 1807, 86.

<sup>77</sup> Now commonly known as the Battle of Lundy's Lane. The bibliography for Niagara Frontier history has many works relating to the War of 1812. The following are especially useful: Babcock, *War of 1812 on Niagara Frontier*; C. P. Lucas, *The Canadian War of 1812* (Oxford, 1906) — reflects Canadian point of view and has excellent maps; Ernest Cruikshank, ed., *Documentary History of the Campaign Upon the Niagara*

*Frontier in the Years 1812, 1813, 1814* (8 parts in 7 vols., Welland, Canada, 1899-1905) — a superb collection of source materials; Julius W. Pratt, "The War of 1812," Flick, ed., *History of the State of New York*, V, 217-253; Irvin W. Near, "The Causes and Results of the Failure of the American Campaigns on the Niagara Frontier in the Second War with England," *Proceedings of the New York State Historical Association*, IX (Albany, 1909), 91-102.

<sup>78</sup> In his travel account for 1825, Bernhard (*Travels in North America*, 75) wrote that there was a bath house and billiard room on Bath Island. De Roos (*Personal Narrative of Travels*, 163) noted that there was a man on Goat Island who sold owls, walking sticks and fossils: "He calls himself a mineralogist [*sic*], but mountebank would perhaps be a more appropriate appellation." Jenks (*Notes on a Tour*, 39) wrote that the toll keeper of the bridge maintained a museum on Goat Island in which he exhibited salable mineral specimens: "He makes it a matter of conscience to charge pretty roundly for any you may purchase, as they are *said* to be collected under and about the falls. . . ." See also, David M. Prall, "Journal of a Jaunt From New York to Niagara, 1821," manuscript in New-York Historical Society.

<sup>79</sup> An exhaustive search was conducted for this register in historical societies along the Niagara Frontier, but it could not be found. It may have been destroyed when the Pavilion burned in 1839.

<sup>80</sup> The Battle of Lundy's Lane (July 25, 1814) was the most sharply contested land action of the War of 1812. A force of 2,600 Americans engaged 3,000 British troops in a 5-hour battle. The clash ended in a stalemate, although the Americans did withdraw from the field. See Ernest Cruickshank, *The Battle of Lundy's Lane* (third edition, Welland, Canada, 1893).

<sup>81</sup> The Battle of Queenston Heights took place Oct. 13-Nov. 28, 1812. An American force of 600, led by General Stephen Van Rensselaer of New York, defeated General Isaac Brock's British defenders and occupied Queenston Heights; Brock was killed in the encounter. The British regrouped and crushed the Americans, now under the command of Winfield Scott. The Americans had expected assistance from the New York State militia, but the latter refused to cross the Niagara River, affirming that they were not required to leave their State! An eyewitness wrote: "The name of Indian, or the sight of the wounded, or the devil, or something else, petrified them, not a regiment, not a company, scarcely a man, would go." See Lucas, *Canadian War of 1812*, 46-56, especially 49-50. The "comic opera" campaign is also discussed in Jacques W. Redway, "General Van Rensselaer and the Niagara Frontier," *Proceedings of the New York State Historical Association*, IX (Albany, 1909), 14-22.

<sup>82</sup> The Americans levelled Newark and Queenston in early December 1813. The British retaliated by capturing Fort Niagara and Lewiston, and then unleashing their Indian allies upon Lewiston and adjoining settlements. On Dec. 29-30, the British completed their campaign of revenge by sacking Buffalo and Black Rock.

<sup>83</sup> Fort Niagara has been restored and is operated as an historic site; it is open to the general public.

<sup>84</sup> Pindar's tale relates to a lavish dinner held by a group of churchwardens and their friends at a tavern in Knightsbridge. After the meal, one of the churchwardens, "Mr. Guttle," took the landlord aside and confronted him with the fact that his former servant girl had stated that she was large with child as a result of the landlord's indiscretions. The landlord, a married man, vehemently professed innocence. Mr. Guttle, a clever rogue, argued that the landlord was due to suffer, innocent or not — unless! The landlord quickly got "the message." He not only waived the bill for dinner, but also gave

Mr. Guttle a twenty pound note to "contrive another father" for "brassy" Betty's unborn child. The accusation was, of course, all a hoax. See *The Works of Peter Pindar, Esq. With a Portrait* (Philadelphia, 1835), 91-93.

<sup>85</sup> The Tuscaroras were originally from North Carolina. They migrated to the Lewiston area in the early eighteenth century and joined the Confederacy as the Sixth Nation. See Spafford, *Gazeteer* (1824), 282.

<sup>86</sup> Mr. Fenton reports that the Indians were astonishingly proficient with bows and arrows, a fact confirmed by numerous contemporary observers, notably Isaac Weld.

<sup>87</sup> According to Mr. Fenton, the Tuscaroras made moccasins and pin cushions for the tourist trade well into the nineteenth century. Many European travelers purchased moccasins and, as a result, "they are the most frequently encountered Indian articles in European museums."

<sup>88</sup> Linkum Fidelius was "that unheard of writer of folios" who contributed such "learned quotations" to the *Salmagundi* papers as: "Style is . . . . . style." — and:

"Now is the tyme for wine and myrthful sportes,  
For daunce, and song, and disportes of syche sortes."

Linkum's quotations served as "leads," setting the tone for the subject under discussion in the essay. The couplet above, for example, introduced an essay relating to the beginning of the winter social season. See *Salmagundi*, Jan. 24, 1807, 8; Dec. 31, 1807, 495, *passim*.

<sup>89</sup> The profound Christian outlook and pious practices of the Tuscaroras surprised many travelers. Their attitude had been conditioned by an intensive missionary effort, especially by the outstanding work of the Rev. Elkanah Holmes.

<sup>90</sup> A visitor to the village in 1818 witnessed nearly the same type of events and was equally glowing in his comments. He was surprised and delighted by the clean, neat appearance of the Indians, their quiet, polite demeanor, their musical competence and their highly motivated religious attitude. See [author unknown], *A Sabbath Among the Tuscarora Indians* (second edition, Glasgow, 1821), 17-64 (pamphlet in Buffalo and Erie County Historical Society). One nonreligious element of the tribe, known as the "Pagan Party," left the village and settled among the Mohawks in Upper Canada. Spafford, *Gazeteer* (1824), 282.

<sup>91</sup> Horatio G. Spafford asserted in his *A Pocket Guide for The Tourist and Traveller Along the Line of the Canals . . .* (New York, 1824), 51, that the stage line between Lewiston and Rochester was "one of the best in the State, as the road also is." The stage covered the eighty-mile span in seventeen hours. I am profoundly grateful to Blake McKelvey, City Historian of Rochester, who checked my footnotes for the Lewiston-Rochester portion of the tour.

<sup>92</sup> The author's critical comments on the Ridge Road are difficult to understand. While it did contain a few "cruel miles," this natural highway was a remarkable road, one of the best in the young Nation. One traveler called it "Nature's Grand Turnpike." Another wrote in 1829: "It seems to me that when old mother Nature, after having perfected the gigantic cataract originally begun at Lewiston, was so tickled and delighted with her production, that she resolved to make a pathway for the children of men to come and see her prodigy — accordingly, she went to work and made this beautiful turnpike of from eight to twelve rods wide, of hard gravel and sand, through a low country of swamps and clay — and said to the children of men, 'Travel, behold and wonder!'" On this "road of history," see: Ann O. Peet, "The Ridge Road," *Rochester Historical Society, Publication Fund Series*, IX (1930) 263-273; Blane.

*Excursion Through United States and Canada*, 393-394; Hawley, *Journal of a Tour*, 103; Wright, *Views of Society and Manners*, 233; [Federal Writers' Project], *Rochester and Monroe County* (Rochester, 1937), 298.

<sup>93</sup> Like many frontier communities, Carthage appeared to be destined for greatness at its founding, but the Golden Age never materialized. See Susan H. Hooker, "The Rise and Fall of Carthage," *Rochester Historical Society, Publication Fund Series*, II (1923), 205-232.

<sup>94</sup> The Carthage Bridge was completed in 1819. It was a single wooden arch based upon solid rock and rose 196 feet above the water. Considered one of the "Wonders of the World," it stood only for fifteen months, collapsing on May 22, 1820. Peet, "Ridge Road," *Rochester Historical Society*, IX (1930), 263-265; Hooker, "Rise and Fall of Carthage," *Rochester Historical Society*, II (1923), 209-210.

<sup>95</sup> Founded in 1812 as a milltown at the falls of the Genesee, Rochester was a classic boom town by the 1820's, especially after the completion of the Erie Canal. It has often been called "the first boom town in America." Travelers were convinced that the "Young Lion of the West" was destined to become an urban metropolis. As Mrs. Trollope noted: "Rochester is one of the most famous of the cities built on the Jack and Bean-stalk principle." *Domestic Manners*, 299-300. See also the positive judgments of Talbot, *Five Years' Residence in Canadas*, II, 337; Hawley, *Journal of a Tour*, 105-106; Bernhard, *Travels in North America*, I, 70-71. The best secondary treatment of early Rochester is Blake McKelvey, *Rochester, The Water Power City, 1812-1854* (Cambridge, Mass., 1945), 71-135. The Local History division of the Rochester Public Library has a strong collection of primary materials on the history of the city and county. Of special value for this study was David H. Burr, "Map of County of Monroe" (Albany, circa 1821).

<sup>96</sup> The Grand Canal Aqueduct was completed in 1823. It was 802 feet in length and had eleven Roman arches. At the time, it was the largest stone arch bridge in the United States. McKelvey, *Rochester, Water Power City*, 91; there is a picture of the Aqueduct facing 81. See also, [Federal Writers' Project], *Rochester and Monroe County*, 97-98.

<sup>97</sup> Noted one traveler: "Water seems to be made to do everything here." [Jenks], *Notes on a Tour*, 46-48. Almost all of the mills were located on the west bank of the river.

<sup>98</sup> In the summer of 1822, there was daily stage service from Rochester to Canandaigua. McKelvey, *Rochester, Water Power City*, 94.

<sup>99</sup> General William Hull, who surrendered Detroit on Aug. 16, 1812, without the firing of a shot.

<sup>100</sup> General William Henry Harrison, hero of the Battle of the Thames on Oct. 5, 1813, and President of the United States in 1840.

<sup>101</sup> The Auburn State Prison, which has had a fascinating history since its establishment in 1817. It was the second State prison established in New York and the first in the Nation to institute the "cell block" system. The front gate of the original prison is still in use, and "Copper John," a striking 8-foot statue of a Revolutionary War soldier that was erected atop the front wall in 1823, continues to "stand guard." For contemporary descriptions of the prison and accounts of prison life, see: John Fowler, *Journal of a Tour in the State of New York, in the year 1830 . . .* (London, 1831), 90-94; *Summer Month*, 36-37; Dwight, *Northern Traveller*, 114-116. Two valuable

secondary sources are: Elliot G. Storke, *History of Cayuga County, New York . . .* (Syracuse, 1879), 154-161; Henry Hall, *The History of Auburn* (Auburn, N.Y., 1869), 341-369.

<sup>102</sup> Auburn was named in 1805. It was based on Oliver Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*.

<sup>103</sup> This is one of the most unusual place names in New York. Contemporary maps usually designate it: Skaneateles. Spafford's *Gazeteer* (1824), 490-491, has it as Skaneateles and Skeneateles, and notes: "Skaneateles, in the dialect of the Onondaga Indians, signifies Long; and the lake had its name from them. It is very deep, fed by springs, and is late in freezing over. The inhabitants say I must write this Skaneateles, but why, they do not tell me." Some contemporaries insisted that Skaneateles was a Mohawk word for "beautiful squaw." In 1862, two chiefs of the Onondagas stated: "We would here distinctly state that we have never known among the Indians the interpretation of Skaneateles to be 'beautiful squaw,' nor do we know of any tradition among the Onondagas, connected with Skaneateles, that has any allusion to a 'beautiful squaw,' or 'tall virgin,' or any 'female of graceful form.' The Onondagas know the lake by the name Skeh-ne-a-ties, which, literally rendered, is 'long water.' Nothing more or less. We have inquired of several of our chief men and women, who say that it is the first time they have ever heard that Skaneateles meant 'beautiful squaw.' They, as well as ourselves, believe such interpretation to be a fiction." Quoted in Beauchamp, *Aboriginal Place Names*, 151.

<sup>104</sup> Spafford's *Gazeteer* (1824), 304, lists it as a "Post-Village" in the township of Manlius.

<sup>105</sup> The Salina salt deposits were the "strongest and most abundant in the United States." A gallon of water yielded from 16 to 27 ounces of salt. In 1810, 435,840 bushels of salt were produced in Salina. The salt industry and the Erie Canal converted the village of Syracuse into a flourishing urban center. See: Joseph H. Murphy, "The Salt Industry of Syracuse—A Brief Review," *New York History*, XLVII (1949), 304-315; Joshua V. H. Clark, *Ondondaga; or Reminiscences of Earlier and Later Times* (2 vols., Syracuse, 1849), II, 138-158; Hawley, *Journal of a Tour*, 116; Bernhard, *Travels in North America*, I, 68; [Jenks], *Notes on a Tour*, 27-28. Carey's *American Atlas* (1822) stated that the Salina area produced about 500,000 bushels of salt annually; text for plate 16.

<sup>106</sup> Now Chittenango; in Madison County.

<sup>107</sup> Must refer to Canasara. See Spafford, *Gazeteer* (1824), 510.

<sup>108</sup> Contemporary maps show a Quality Hill. See, for example, S. Mahon's "Map of the Grand Erie Canal, With the Stage Roads from Albany to Buffalo . . ." (Albany, 1830).

<sup>109</sup> The Oneida Reservation and the main settlement, Oneida Castle, were located in Vernon township in Oneida County. In 1824, there were about 1,100 Indians in the township and 600 white families. Spafford, *Gazeteer* (1824), 536-537.

<sup>110</sup> Many travelers predicted a bright future for Utica. Compare: Dwight, *Travels*, IV, 131; [Jenks], *Notes on a Tour*, 24-25; Bernhard, *Travels in North America*, I, 65-66; Wright, *Views of Society and Manners*, 178-179. For the early history of Utica, see: T. Wood Clarke, *Utica for a Century and a Half* (Utica, 1952), 22-37; M. M. Bagg, *The Pioneers of Utica: Being Sketches of Its Inhabitants and Its Institutions, with the Civil History of the Place, From the Earliest Settlement to the year 1825* (Utica, 1877).

<sup>111</sup> The bibliography of the Erie Canal is extensive. One of the best recent works is Ronald E. Shaw, *Erie Water West, A History of the Erie Canal, 1792-1854* (Lexington,

Kentucky, 1966); note the excellent bibliographical essay on 419-432. Other key works are: Noble E. Whitford, *History of the Canal System of the State of New York Together With Brief Histories of the Canals of the United States and Canada* (2 vols., Albany, 1906); Noble Whitford, "Effects of the Erie Canal on New York History," *The Quarterly Journal of the New York State Historical Association*, VII (April, 1926), 77-95; Cadwallader Colden, *Memoir, Prepared at the Request of a Committee of the Common Council of the City of New York . . .* (New York, 1825), especially 49-98, contains excellent maps and illustrations. A highly recommended study of the social history of the canal is Marvin Rapp, *Canal Water and Whiskey; Tall Tales From the Erie Canal Country* (New York, 1965).

<sup>112</sup> The depth of the canal was four feet.

<sup>113</sup> There is a dearth of analytical economic histories of the canal. One of the better studies is Nathan Miller, *The Enterprise of a Free People: Aspects of Economic Development in New York State During the Canal Period, 1792-1838* (Ithaca, 1962).

<sup>114</sup> Numerous travelers were annoyed, if not infuriated, by the many low bridges along this stretch of the canal. Like Basil Hall, they grew tired of the repeated call of the steersman: "Bridge! Passengers!—mind the low bridge!" *Travels in North America*, I, 120. Mrs. Hall also deemed the bridges a nuisance. See Pope-Hennessey, ed., *Aristocratic Journey*, 46. A traveler in 1829 reported that six people had been crushed to death by low bridges; [Jenks], *Notes of a Tour*, 20. Problems that they were, the low bridges nonetheless gave a distinctive character to the Erie Canal. "Lo-o-w bridge!" became a national rallying cry for canallers. It also inspired a famous song. See the informative and entertaining account of Lionel D. Wyld, *Low Bridge! Folklore and the Erie Canal* (Syracuse, 1962), 102-106, *passim*.

<sup>115</sup> There were eighty-three locks along the canal, with lifts ranging from six to twelve feet.

<sup>116</sup> This must refer to German Flats of Herkimer County; sometimes cited as German Flatts.

<sup>117</sup> For an illustration of the aqueduct, see *Little Falls, New York . . . Sesqui-Centennial Celebration* ([Little Falls], 1961), 9.

<sup>118</sup> Many travelers were moved by the spectacular beauty of the Mohawk Valley. Even the redoubtable Mrs. Trollope was impressed. She described the terrain east of Utica as "some of the loveliest scenery in the world," and went on to say: "I have often confessed my conscious incapacity for description, but I must repeat it here to apologize for my passing so dully through this matchless valley of the Mohawk. I would that some British artist, strong in youthful daring, would take my word for it, and pass over, for a summer pilgrimage, through the state of New-York. In very earnest, he would do wisely, for I question if the world could furnish within the same space, and with equal facility of access, so many subjects for his pencil. Mountains, forests, rocks, lakes, rivers, cataracts, all in perfection. But he must be bold as a lion in colouring, or he will make nothing of it. There is a clearness of atmosphere, a strength of *chiaro oscuro*, a massiveness in the foliage, and a brilliance of contrast, that must make a colourist of any one who has an eye. He must have courage to dip his pencil in shadows black as night, and light that might blind an eagle. As I presume my young artist to be an enthusiast, he must first go direct to Niagara, or even in the Mohawk Valley his pinioned wing may drop." *Domestic Manners*, 315-316.

<sup>119</sup> Fellow Knickerbocker Joseph Rodman Drake, amused by Mitchill's penchant for joining learned societies, called him a "Fellow of forty-nine societies"; the expression caught on quickly in New York City. See Drake and Halleck, *Croakers*, 23-24.

<sup>120</sup> On early Palatine settlements in the Mohawk Valley, see Walter A. Knittle, *Early Eighteenth Century Palatine Emigration* (Philadelphia, 1937), 190-201, 204-209; Nathaniel S. Benton, *A History of Herkimer County* (Albany, 1856), 41-49.

<sup>121</sup> One of the most difficult engineering problems was experienced in the Cohoes area. Twenty-seven locks were required to bypass the Cohoes Falls. Serious engineering problems were also encountered in the Montezuma Swamp and west of Lockport.

<sup>122</sup> Cahnawaga or Caughnawaga, a village in Montgomery County, thirty-nine miles west of Albany. It was once a prominent Mohawk site. Compare Spafford, *Gazeteer* (1824), 258, and Beauchamp, *Aboriginal Place Names*, 121-122, on the meaning of the name. Spafford states that the name signifies "a coffin."

<sup>123</sup> Surveyor-General Simeon De Witt has been scourged both by contemporary and modern critics for allegedly shaking his "classical pepper-pot" over central New York. A few modern scholars affirm that De Witt has been falsely maligned, that he was not the "Godfather of the christen'd West." They argue convincingly that Deputy Secretary of State Robert Harpur and members of the Land Board were the real culprits. See: Charles Maar, "Origin of the Classical Place Names of Central New York," *The Quarterly Journal of the New York State Historical Association*, XXIV (July, 1926), 155-167.

<sup>124</sup> The ode was published in the *New York Evening Post*, June 17, 1819. A preface, probably written by Editor William Coleman, lambasted De Witt: "Finding the Indian appellations too sonorous and poetical, and that his own ear was not altogether adapted for the musical combination of syllables, this gentleman hit upon a plan. . . . It was no other than selecting from Lempriere and the British Plutarch, the great names which these works commemorate. This plan he executed with the most ridiculous fidelity, and reared for himself an everlasting monument of pedantry and folly." Quoted in Adkins, *Fitz-Greene Halleck*, 69. A few years later De Witt was attacked by an editor for these place names. He wrote "a quiet note to the editor, stating that he knew nothing of the obnoxious names until they were communicated to him." Maar, "Origin of Place Names," *Quarterly Journal of New York Historical Association*, XXIV (July, 1926), 159; the entire Croaker ode is on 157-158.

<sup>125</sup> German settlers were the first to enter the Amsterdam area in the early 1700's. The heavy Yankee influx came at the turn of the nineteenth century. For the early history of Amsterdam, see W. Frothingham, ed., *History of Montgomery County* (Syracuse, 1892), 172-215.

<sup>126</sup> This was Theodore Burr's renowned wooden suspension bridge, perhaps his most unusual engineering feat in New York State. (Burr, a New Yorker, later achieved international fame through his arch-truss design.) The Schenectady bridge was built in 1809 and remained operational until 1873 when it was dismantled and sold at auction. For illustrations and an account of the bridge, see: George S. Roberts, *Old Schenectady* (Schenectady, 1904), frontispiece, 121-134; Roberts erroneously identifies the bridge designer as Aaron Burr. See also: Richard S. Allen, *Covered Bridges of the Northeast* (Battleboro, Vt., 1957), 80-82 (excellent for technical aspects of bridge building); Austin A. Yates, ed., *Schenectady County, New York, Its History to the Close of the Nineteenth Century* (New York, 1902), 145-149.

<sup>127</sup> Or "Old Dorp," in honor of its Dutch background. Long before the Dutch came, Schenectady was a prominent Mohawk site. As usual, there are conflicting explanations for the origin of the city's name. Compare: Spafford, *Gazeteer* (1824), 474-475; Beauchamp, *Aboriginal Place Names*, 23, 199-200; Roberts, *Old Schenectady*, 17-21. Old documents reveal seventy-one different spellings of this place name.

<sup>128</sup> Business elements in Schenectady were not overly excited by the canal because they feared that Albany, as the terminus point on the Hudson, would reap the greatest economic advantages. Their fears proved to be unfounded. Many travelers to the west refused to board canal boats in Albany, preferring to stage directly to Schenectady and thereby avoid the long journey across the Cohoes Falls with its twenty-seven locks. Similarly, travelers coming east (like the author) left the boats in Schenectady and transferred to the Albany stage; the fare was about sixty cents. Thus, Schenectady became a key transportation center for passenger service and shared in the general prosperity. In the late 1820's, there were more than thirty stages shuttling daily between the two points.

<sup>129</sup> Chartered in 1795, Union College was the second institution of higher learning to be incorporated in New York State. It has had a notable history and produced a host of distinguished graduates (for example, William H. Seward, Lewis H. Morgan, Chester A. Arthur, at least thirteen governors, and nearly one-hundred college presidents, including the founders of Vassar, Smith, and Elmira College for Women). See Dixon Ryan Fox, *Union College, An Unfinished History* (Schenectady, [1945]). Of lesser value is [Union University], *Sesquicentennial Celebration, September 15, 1945* . . . (Schenectady, [1946]).

<sup>130</sup> In a two-hour attack, the French and their Indian allies burned the village, killing sixty and carrying off twenty-seven residents to Canada. See: C. E. Bennett, "The Burning of Schenectady," *Proceedings of the New York State Historical Association*, XXX (1932), 413-419. See also, the fascinating collection of primary documents in J. Munsell, *The Annals of Albany* (10 vols., Albany, 1853), IV, 240-274.

<sup>131</sup> The distance between the two cities was about fifteen miles. Most travelers found the scenery boring and the trip exceedingly dull. One referred to the scrub terrain as the "Albany Desert" for — "of all miserable, sterile, sandy, barren wastes that ever I beheld, not even excepting Mount Misery, it caps the climax." [Jenks], *Notes on a Tour*, 12.

<sup>132</sup> Hawley wrote that "almost every house [on this route] is a tavern." *Journal of a Tour*, 11.

<sup>133</sup> The Albany Institute of History and Art has an impressive collection of materials on the history of Albany. The collection encompasses books (both primary and secondary), manuscripts, maps and art works. The New York State Library also has a wide assortment of primary materials on Albany. The standard secondary accounts for the history of Albany are: George Howell and Jonathan Tenney, eds., *Bi-Centennial History of Albany. History of the County of Albany, N.Y., From 1609 to 1886* (New York, 1886); Joel Munsell, comp., *Collections on the History of Albany* (4 vols., Albany, 1865-1871); Cuyler Reynolds, comp., *Albany Chronicles* . . . (Albany, 1906).

<sup>134</sup> Skinner's was a leading hotel of Albany. There is an engraving of this large, handsome structure in the Albany Institute of History and Art.

<sup>135</sup> An English traveler described the Albany Museum as "one of the best in the country." Fowler, *Journal of a Tour*, 61. Southerner Anne Royal, on the other hand, had a low opinion of the museum and thought it inferior to the museum in Philadelphia. *Sketches of History, Life, and Manners in the United States* (New Haven, 1826), 278. For a picture of the Museum building, see Reynolds, comp., *Albany Chronicles*, facing 498.

<sup>136</sup> It is noted in Reynolds, comp., *Albany Chronicles*, 436, that on May 29, 1822, the vestry of St. Peter's Church advertised to build a steeple. St. Peter's was located on State St.

<sup>137</sup> The evil was remedied in 1823 with the construction of the Albany basin which could accommodate 1,000 canal boats and "50 vessels of a larger class." In September of 1823, the sloop lock gates were opened and the first water rushed into the basin. Spectators lining the banks were disappointed when the water level in the basin did not rise. They left when it became dark. When they returned on the following morning, the basin was still nearly empty. Why? In the words of Albany's chroniclers: ". . . the pier having been built in parts of cribs filled with clay and other soils, together with loose stones where rock bottom was found, and resting in other places on piles, permitted the water to escape into the river under the cribs and between the piles." The defect was later corrected and Albany reaped enormous benefits from the canal traffic. See Howell and Tenney, eds., *Bi-Centennial History of Albany*, 499-501. See also the 1825 "Map of the Albany Pier and Basin" by Evert Van Alen (copy in New York State Library).

<sup>138</sup> Practically all of the important public buildings in Albany of 1822, including the Capitol, were designed by Philip Hooker, one of the most accomplished American architects of the nineteenth century. Hooker also designed some of the more significant churches and private residences of Albany. As of this writing, only one of Hooker's more impressive buildings, the old Academy, remains in its original form — although it has undergone a number of structural changes since construction. The State Bank of Albany has preserved the front façade of its original building which was designed by Hooker. Another Hooker structure, the First Church, has been altered to such an extent that the original design is no longer distinguishable. For an account of Hooker's political-architectural career in Albany, plus illustrations of some of his better buildings, see Edward W. Root, *Philip Hooker, A Contribution to the Study of the Renaissance in America* (New York, 1929). See also, William L. Lassiter, *Philip Hooker and the Old Albany Academy* (Albany, [1950]).

<sup>139</sup> Founded in 1607.

<sup>140</sup> The First Church in Albany Reformed; also known as the North Dutch Church. For an illustration of this unusual architectural feature, see Root, *Hooker*, facing 14; Reynolds, comp., *Albany Chronicles*, between 354-355.

<sup>141</sup> Taken from the poem "A Lament For Great Ones Departed," in Drake and Halleck, *Croakers*, 37-39.

<sup>142</sup> According to Spafford's *Gazeteer* (1824), 90, 260-261, the mountains were called either the Kaatsbergs, the Katsbergs or the Catskills, all of which were Dutch names.

<sup>143</sup> The Roman goddess of agriculture and the fruits of the harvest.

<sup>144</sup> New York Harbor bristled with fortifications. Most of the forts had been established just prior to the War of 1812. See Stokes, *Iconography*, III, 495-507. This volume of Stokes' classic work contains some magnificent illustrations of New York City for the 1820's.

<sup>145</sup> Jersey City.

<sup>146</sup> This is a reference to Irving's *Knickerbocker's History*, I, 106-113, which discusses the founding of Communipaw and refers to the "Dutch Negroes." "Nay, it is a well-known fact, which I can testify from my own experience, that on a clear, still summer evening, you may hear, from the Battery of New York, the obstreperous peals of broad-mouthed laughter of the Dutch negroes at Communipaw, who, like most other negroes, are famous for their risible powers." Reflecting on his youthful days in New York City, James Fenimore Cooper's grandson and namesake recalled a Negro waiter



named Charles who was born in Communipaw and "spoke negro Dutch better than English," Cooper, ed., *Correspondence of James Fenimore-Cooper* (2 vols., New Haven, 1922), I, 55.

<sup>147</sup> Knickerbocker only designated Gibbet Island as an "offshoot" of Anthony's Nose: "... Gibbet Island was originally nothing more nor less than a wart on Anthony's nose." *Knickerbocker's History*, I, 126-127.

<sup>148</sup> "Before the end of January, 1630, patroonships in New Netherland had been registered by Pauw for Sickenames, east of the Connecticut River, and Pavonia, in New Jersey opposite Manhattan Island and including Staten Island. . . ." Flick, ed., *History of the State of New York*, I, 264.

<sup>149</sup> Brooklyn was rapidly being settled in the 1820's. In 1820, the population of the village of Brooklyn was 5,210; the Town, 71,775. See Ralph F. Weld, *Brooklyn Village, 1816-1834* (New York, 1938), 274.

<sup>150</sup> "I wanted to finish the page."

L A K E O N T A R I O

FALLS of NIAGARA

AND ADJACENT COUNTRY

