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## **NOTES ON A TOUR THROUGH THE WESTERN PART OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK**

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[We have been politely favored with a manuscript journal of a very intelligent traveller, kept during a tour through the most thriving counties of the state of New York. We give an extract below, and shall continue to furnish others until the whole shall have been published. The journal will be found to contain the observations of a sound, practical farmer, and a lover of the works of nature as well as those of art. We recommend it to the attention of our friends in the country, and to readers generally; believing it well worthy of an attentive perusal.]

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*Extract No. 1*

*May 5th.*—Left Bristol Pa., at eight o'clock, in the Steamboat Trenton, for New York. About ninety passengers were on the way-bill, not one of which I knew. Amongst our number was the celebrated Miss *Clara Fisher*—famed for her aptitude in personating variety of character, having wonderful powers of mimicry. She is certainly a very interesting girl, and attracted much attention; but the gaze of strangers was evidently very disagreeable to her, and she apparently coveted not much scrutiny. Nothing occurred on our route worth notice. Having had a pleasant passage, we arrived at New York about five o'clock.

I took my lodgings at Mrs. *Man's* boarding-house, No. 61, Broadway. After making some improvement in my appearance, such as brushing up my hat and coat, and brushing off my beard, I issued forth into the splendid avenue, where all the beauty and fashion of this gay city daily promenade, to enjoy the pleasure of a walk. After walking and walking, and walking further, until my feet exhibited an alarming regiment of *blisters*, I wended my tedious way back to my lodgings—took a peep at the medley of boarders that thronged the house—looked at (but did no more than *taste*) the shaved dried beef and prepared bread-and-butter on the supper-table—for the former was cut in true Vauxhall style, one pound to cover half an acre, and the latter was only alarmed by butter—sipped a dish of tea, and made my escape to bed, ruminating on the horrors of an empty stomach tantalized by a New York supper.

[Pg 8]

*May 6th.*—Got up early, fresh and active—had a good night's rest, in spite of a slim supper—paid for that and my bed—*one dollar*—just four times as much as the whole was worth. Pushed off to the North America steamboat, and took passage to *Albany*—fare, two dollars. The night boats, as they are called, that is, the boats which go in the night, are some of them as low as one dollar, board included; but you lose the pleasure which even common minds must feel when gazing on the glorious scenery that fringes the borders of the mighty Hudson, and which, to a stranger, fully makes up the difference. The North America is a splendid and superior boat, far surpassing all others that ply upon the Hudson, and ploughs her majestic course through the waves at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. I should estimate the number of passengers on board to-day at *three hundred*, all of whom had the appearance of belonging to the higher order of society, as the low-priced boats are favored with the rabble, who move about here so often, and in such numbers, as to give those boats a good support. We left the wharf about seven: and again I looked around me, but in vain, to find in this dense crowd one familiar face with which I might claim acquaintance. I was therefore forced to look on, without having a single friendly bosom with which I might reciprocate those impressions of pleasure which the occasion was so aptly fitted to inspire. The grand Pallisadoes, the Highlands, and the abrupt sinuosities of this noble river, were calculated to awaken in my mind a sense of the frailty of my nature, and the greatness of a God. After passing Newburg, the scenery became entirely new to me, as that place had heretofore been the limit to my journeys. After leaving this spot, many very beautiful and highly cultivated *seats* are passed, on the east side of the river. They rear their captivating forms in the very bosom of apparently primeval nature, on some imposing point or eminence; and as the boat swiftly passes, are alternately hid and opened to the view. As we approached the Catskill mountains, which are much the highest I have ever seen, the celebrated mountain house, called *Pine Orchard*, was pointed out to me by a gentleman on board. It is located on one of the most elevated points, and is distant twelve miles from the river. Its appearance is very much that of a small white cloud in the midst of the heavens, and is in the highest degree wild and romantic. But I came to the conclusion, after gazing at it a considerable time, that the fatigue of climbing to the summit, (more than 2,000 feet high,) would be infinitely greater than the pleasure which its airy situation could afford.

[Pg 9]

[Pg 10]

After leaving the city of *Hudson*, the country gradually sinks, on each side, and appears in some places tolerably fertile—but I much prefer looking at, to living on, such a soil.

We arrived at *Albany* about eight in the evening: but, it being dark and rainy, I left the boat immediately, and took up my abode at Welch's Connecticut Coffee-House. As the rain kept me in doors, I went to roost early, and got a comfortable night's rest.

*7th.*—Got up with the sun, to allow time to survey the place, as my stay was limited. The first, and in fact the only object worthy of particular notice, (at least that I saw,) is the spacious Basin of the great *Clinton Canal*—improperly called *Erie Canal*. This is formed by a section of the river, taken therefrom by means of an extensive wharf running parallel with the shore, about one hundred yards from the same, and in length about three quarters of a mile, having a lock at the lower end, to receive and let out vessels of considerable burden. This wharf, if I may so call it, is about thirty yards wide, having extensive store-houses built upon it, from one end to the other. Several bridges are thrown across the Basin, opposite to some of the principal streets, in order to facilitate the communication with the wharf. It is truly astonishing to behold with what ease vessels may be loaded and unloaded.

[Pg 11]

Albany is certainly in a very thriving condition. But I did not see one building that could be called

a splendid edifice. Even the state Capitol is nothing more than a plain, and not *very large*, but substantial stone building. Yet its situation is very commanding, and embraces a fine view of the greater portion of the city. There is a very pretty representation of *Justice*, on the top of the cupola, holding a pair of scales in her left hand, and a drawn sword in her right. The other public buildings that may be thought conspicuous, are, the Academy, Lancasterian School, and several churches with handsome steeples. The beauty of the place is greatly lessened by the many old Dutch buildings, with their gable ends fronting the streets. But it is much larger than I had supposed, and upon a general view, is rather a handsome city than otherwise. The Hudson at Albany is about as wide as the Delaware at Trenton, but much deeper.

I had contemplated taking my passage at Albany, on board a canal boat; but was dissuaded therefrom in consequence of the tediousness of the passage, to *Schenectady*, having to surmount an elevation of *forty* locks, in a distance of twenty-eight miles, and occupying twenty-four hours. I therefore took my seat in the stage for Schenectady, distance fifteen miles by turnpike, fare sixty-two cents. There are now running between the two last-named places, upwards of *thirty* four-horse stages, (quite a match, if not superior to the Philadelphia and New York Union line stages,) which go and return daily, generally well crowded. This may serve to give an idea of the trade of Albany with the west. I left the city about ten A. M., making one of nine tolerably large men, of which, by the way, I must confess, I was rather more than the average size. Our course was west, along Washington street, which extends not much short of two miles, thickly set with houses. After leaving the suburbs of Albany, we entered what are called the *Pine Plains*, but which in justice should be called the *Albany Desert*—for, of all miserable, sterile, sandy, barren wastes that ever I beheld, not even excepting *Mount Misery*, it caps the climax. Nor is there a single object to relieve the eye, to interest the traveller, or to merit attention, until you arrive at Schenectady, save the uniform straightness of the turnpike, (which is very good,) and a row of large, towering Lombardy poplars, about forty feet apart, on the north side of the road, in a direct line for the whole distance of fifteen miles. An interesting looking little boy, who was on the outside seat with the driver, enumerated them until upwards of 1000, when he grew somewhat tired, and gave it up as dull sport. I inquired of a passenger the object of planting them. He replied that he supposed their roots would be some security to the road, and prevent its being blown away!—and, indeed, there was some reason in his strange solution, as the open spaces on either side were drifted in large banks.

[Pg 12]

[Pg 13]

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## ***Extract No. 2***

[Pg 15]

We arrived at Schenectady about one o'clock. As *all* the passengers in our stage were bound to Utica, one of the number proposed that he be appointed to bargain for our passage in one boat, as the opposition run very *high*, or to speak more correctly, very *low* on the canal, and it required some policy, as we were soon convinced, to avoid imposition. As soon as the stage stopped at the Hotel, even before the driver with all his activity to undo the door, up stepped a large muscular fellow, and bawled out at the highest pitch of polite etiquette, "Gentlemen, do you go to the West?" "We do." "The packet starts at 2 o'clock, gentlemen; you had better take your passages and secure your births; only 3-1/2 cents a mile, gentlemen, and two shillings a meal, with best accommodations, and a very superior boat, gentlemen." "Hang his boat, gentlemen, don't take passage in her," said a second fellow. "I'll take you for less than half the money in a devilish fine boat, and charge you but a shilling a meal." By this time there were at least half a dozen more, all anxious for us to engage our passage with them at almost any price we pleased. But our *Contractor* very properly remarked, that he must see the boats himself before he would take passage in any. We therefore all sallied forth to the canal, which passes at right angles through the town. We selected a very superior boat of the Clinton Line, calculated to accommodate thirty persons. This boat is calculated for carrying freight, and the cabins are furnished in good style. The Captain actually engaged to take us to Utica, a distance of 89 miles, for one cent and a quarter per mile!! a York shilling for each meal extra, and to make no charge for births, which are a very necessary accommodation, as the boats run day and night. "Thinks I to myself" this will make up for the shaved dried beef, and prepared bread and butter. I had only time to take a casual peep at Schenectady, but it appears to be a thriving, pleasant town, and is located principally between the Mohawk and the Canal. Very few persons take the boats between this place and Albany, on account of the delay occasioned by the numerous locks. We "set sail by horse power," as the Irishman has it, about 2 o'clock P. M., the horses being attached to a rope about 30 yards long, made fast to the boat amidships, with our ideas pleasingly elevated at the thought of traveling on the *Grand Clinton Canal* for the first time. The afternoon was cool and pleasant, and never was I more delightfully situated as a traveller than on this occasion. A majority of my companions were Western merchants, well informed respecting the localities and prospects of the country we were passing through, and ready and willing to give the required information. The Canal, this afternoon's passage, has been for the most part immediately on the south bank of the Mohawk, which flows through a narrow valley of good land, but the hills on either side, unlike the Chester county high grounds, have a poverty-stricken appearance.

[Pg 16]

[Pg 17]

At the close of the twilight we arrived at Schoharie creek, distant 23 miles from our place of embarkation. This is the first place of danger I have yet observed. The creek is about 30 yards wide at this place, and is crossed by means of ropes stretched across the stream, which ropes are your only security; should they give way, you must inevitably go down the current and pass over

a dam immediately below, of several feet perpendicular descent. In times of a freshet it is very dangerous. Two or three boats, like the Indians over the falls of Niagara, have already been forced involuntarily over it, and so far in safety. The horses are ferried over in scows, pulled by the same ropes. As darkness soon covered the face of nature, I retired to the cabin, and after sketching my observations, and enjoying a pleasant confab with my fellow travellers, retired to my berth, while our boat skimmed its peaceful way along this artificial and wonderful water communication.

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### ***Extract No. 3***

[Pg 19]

*8th.*—I arose early, having but a disturbed rest during the night, owing to the continued blowing of trumpets and horns at the approach of every lock, and now and then a tremendous jar received in passing a boat; but there is the strictest caution and observation of rules respecting the mode of passage, &c., a precaution highly important, or, owing to the immense number of boats, great confusion and no little danger would be the consequence. The boats on the canal have a beautiful appearance at night, being each illuminated by two large reflecting lamps on either side the bow, which has much the appearance of a street brilliantly illuminated. I endeavored to count the boats which we passed yesterday, but I soon gave it up for a troublesome job. On going on deck this morning, I found a cold air and heavy frost; we were just passing the village of Conojoharie, being the most considerable place since leaving Schenectady. I shall not attempt a description of all the numerous villages growing along our route, but will in another place give a list of their names, and distances apart. We are still in the valley of the Mohawk, which is narrow and fertile, but the surrounding country has nothing to boast of as to soil. The river at this place is not, I should suppose, over 50 to 70 yards wide, and is, wherever I have seen it, chequered with little islands, which give it a pleasing appearance. The locks and bridges are very numerous, and it requires great attention and care in passing them, or you may be knocked down, and rise up without your head on your shoulders, which, before you can say "look out," may be in possession of the canal fishes. The bridges being low—the highest of them not more than 10 feet above the water, and some not even over 8 feet, while the boat is full seven, we have occasionally only one foot between the two objects, which hardly admit a boy to pass under them. The bridges are cheap structures, being nothing more than two stone abutments, having sleepers thrown across the canal covered with planks, and a handrail on each side. The main width of the canal at the water line is about 40 feet, and the locks 25. The captain informs me that six persons have lost their lives by being crushed between the bridges, which is a greater number than have been killed during the same time by the bursting of steam engines in the waters of the middle or eastern States.

[Pg 20]

The locks I shall not attempt to describe, as almost everybody is familiar with their construction; they are simple, very strong, well built, and permanent, being uniformly about one hundred feet long. Our boat, which is of a superior class for freight boats, is about 80 feet long by 20; the bow and stern are 4 feet lower than the middle section, which is divided into three apartments—the two end ones for the accommodation of passengers, the stern to eat in, and the bow to sleep and sit in, each about 23 feet long, and sufficiently high for a six-footer to stand erect with his hat on. The roof is in the form of the back of a tortoise, and affords a handsome promenade, excepting when the everlasting bridges and locks open their mouths for your head. The centre apartment is appropriated to merchandize. The only difference between this and a passage or packet boat, is, that their centre cabins are also for the accommodation of passengers, and in some instances a little more expensively finished, and travel at the rate of 4 miles an hour, while we rarely exceed 3-1/4, they with three horses, and we with only two. It is evident the freight boats very much injure the packets by the cheapness with which they run, but as they go with freight, their passage money is clear gain, and competition is the result. The packets pay heavier tolls, and of course levy it on their cargo of live stock. We really live *well* in our little house, and have an obliging captain and steward, with every convenience, but short necks, that we could ask or desire.

[Pg 21]

It takes 5 hands to manage a boat of this size: they are the steward, the helmsman, and two drivers, who relieve each other as occasion may require: we have relays of horses every 20 miles, and thus we are gliding to the West. At 12 A. M. we arrived at the little falls of the Mohawk, distant 88 miles from our place of embarkation, and this being the wildest place on the canal, I shall notice it particularly. The river falls in less than half a mile 50 feet, by one continued rapid, which is surrounded by five locks, one directly above the other. There has evidently been a terrible effort with the little Mohawk, in days of yore, to break through the crags of the mountain barrier, which it evidently has done by the appearance of the rocks, which are worn away in a variety of forms on all sides. There being about 20 boats waiting to pass the locks, which would occupy some time, the captain very politely offered to accompany me to the village situated on the opposite side of the river, which is crossed by a very handsome aqueduct of hewn stone, to supply the canal as a feeder. The village is of considerable size, with several very pretty buildings, located amongst the rocks and crags not unlike Mauch Chunk, being quite destitute of soil. There is a splendid water power at this place, but the most interesting sight was to see the fountains which are before almost every house, supplied from a rivulet led from the mountains, and which are spouting in all directions.

[Pg 21]

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## ***Extract No. 4***

[Pg 23]

The rapids at the Little falls are divided just below the village by an elevated island of everlasting rocks, which arrests its progress and causes an incessant roar and foam. The canal for a mile below this spot is a perfect encroachment upon the bed of the river—the wall which divides it from the river is powerful and strong, that the labor and expense attending its erection must have been immense. I was shown on the village side of the river, the old canal and locks by which this rapid was passed, before the great modern improvement was projected. It was constructed more than 30 years since by a company of Englishmen, and was considered at that time a wonderful production of genius. But when contrasted with the present improvement, it dwindles into insignificance; the upper section is still used to supply the feeder, and crosses the aqueduct. The country still continues poor on both sides, while the narrow valley of the Mohawk presents very fine land. The passenger can supply himself with provisions and grog at all the lockhouses along the line at a very low rate. We arrived at 5 o'clock at the long level commencing at the village of Frankford; the canal is now one entire uninterrupted sheet of water for 70 miles, without a solitary lock; we have passed enough however to suffice for a while, having ascended upwards of 40 since leaving Schenectady, a distance of 80 miles. Very soon after entering the long reach, which is the summit level of the canal, the country begins to assume a different appearance, and the view is not so confined as heretofore. As the afternoon is a very pleasant one, the prospect is truly delightful.

[Pg 24]

We arrived at Utica just at sunset, and found our water course literally choked up with boats, and as there was considerable freight on board of ours to be discharged here, we were notified that she would be detained about two hours, of which space we determined to avail ourselves by taking a peep at the town, all agreeing to continue our voyage with the obliging Captain and steward. Accordingly, we stepped on shore, and took a bird's eye view of the attractions of the place. As I never had heard much said respecting this same town of Utica, I was truly astonished, and not a little pleased with it. Setting aside delightful Philadelphia, New York, and Baltimore, (I always place *Philadelphia* first on my list of pleasant cities,) I never saw so many fine buildings in any other town. It is really a beautiful place, and to my apprehension is not much smaller than Albany; I doubt whether the famed Rochester will equal it. The streets are many of them very wide, being at right angles, nearly in a direction North, South, East and West, with the exception of State street, which runs in an oblique direction, and appears to be the Broadway of Utica, and truly for two or three squares it is in no respect inferior to that celebrated avenue of New York. There is an elegant church in the place, with a handsome steeple of great altitude, observable from a great distance. The Mohawk runs immediately on the north side of the place, and the canal directly through the centre. Nothing can exceed the facility with which boats are loaded and discharged. There is a walk on each side of the canal about 10 feet wide: a boat stops opposite a store, a tackle descends from an upper story, which by means of a rope and windlass within the building, managed by one man, can raise and lower heavy weights with wonderful despatch. I should have wished to have remained in this charming place for a longer period, but was propelled forward by persuasion. We left Utica at 10 P. M. and the ear was saluted from a great distance up and down the canal by the music of bugles, horns and trumpets, some of the boatmen sounding their instruments most sweetly. After enjoying these sounds for some time, I tumbled into my berth to partake of the necessary blessing of a nap.

[Pg 25]

*9th*—I awoke about sunrise and ascended our deck; there had been another heavy frost. We were just passing Bull fort, and had entered the *Black Snake*, so called from the serpentine course of the canal. We have passed, during the night, Whitesborough, Oriskany, and Rome, three mushroom villages, which, with many others, have sprung up as with the magic of Aladdin's lamp. We had now before us, with a few exceptions, one uninterrupted white pine and hemlock swamp for something like 20 miles, and really it looks to me as if you might cut and haul wood and logs to eternity without exhausting the supply. The country looks perfectly level, and in many places judging from the white clover and blue-grass which cover the shores of the canal, must be fertile, though its appearance would not indicate a healthy location for man. As we approached Canistoto, which by the way is but three years old, and a considerable place, we observed the country to be settled partially on both sides, the soil being dark and deep, was thickly covered with stumps and rich grass. In the course of the last 10 miles, we have passed several squads of Onondaga and Oneida Indians carrying baskets, brooms, hunting apparatus, &c. I could not but think of their once numerous hordes, now no more, save a few scattered remnants of their wandering tribes, having scarcely a spot which they can call their own. Placing myself for a moment in their situation, it made me feel sad, and I could but exclaim with Burns, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn!" Among these numbers were frequently seen little children, and we diverted ourselves for miles together in making them run after the packet, by occasionally throwing out a cent, which made great scratching and scrabbling to see who would get it. We could not prevail on them to converse by the offer of any bribe whatever.

[Pg 26]

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## ***Extract No. 5***

[Pg 27]

As we passed Manlius, the canal runs on the North side of the high bank for near two miles,

which opened to view many apparently inexhaustible quarries of plaster, which is said to be of superior quality. We also passed, soon after, Green Lake, a pretty sheet of water, which has been sounded for 400 feet without discovering bottom.

At six o'clock we arrived at what may be called one of the wonders of this part of the world—the extensive salt establishment, belonging to the state, situated immediately at the head of Onondaga Lake. Here are located the villages of Syracuse, Salina, and Geddesburg, all within a mile of each other; the first and last are on the canal, and Salina a little to the north, but fairly in view, connected by a short feeder. Syracuse is in a very prosperous condition. It was a very agreeable and novel sight to me to behold at this place upwards of 200 acres actually covered with vats filled with salt water in the act of evaporation. The process is very simple, and I shall not therefore attempt a description. The quantity of salt sent to market from this shop is immense. The salt water is obtained from two springs or wells, and is pumped by water power obtained from the canal, carried through horizontal logs in every direction for a half a mile to a mile and a-half, to supply the vats. As we passed the lake we had a fine view of it, which was very beautiful viewed from our elevation of 50 feet above it. Soon after leaving this place it became dusk, and I took to my couch.

[Pg 28]

*10th*—The Captain called me at peep of day, to say I was near my place of landing. I had scarcely time to equip myself before it was necessary to jump ashore, and I soon found myself on the road to Auburn, distant 9 miles—stage fare 25 cents only. The country is rather hilly and stony for easy culture, but tolerably improved. I arrived at Auburn just in time to take stage for Canandaigua, distant 40 miles—fare \$1.50, which is an extensive town, but the canal route has drained it of considerable business. Here is located the state prison for the western section of New York—an establishment for the study of Theology, and a handsome building called the Western exchange, for the accommodation of travellers. Twelve of us left here *on* our stage, myself and another small man sitting *outside*, which in fine weather, is considered, by universal consent of all stage jokes, the best seat in the coach. Cayuga, nine miles, was our first stage; it is 3 miles above the outlet of the lake, and is a smart village. We here crossed the Lake by a bridge a mile and a quarter long, supported by piles, being one of the longest, but not the handsomest, bridge in the Union. On passing this famous bridge, over which some of us walked, we had a fine view of the South, as far as the eye could reach over this fine expanse of water, which was as clear as chrystal. Three miles further we arrived at Seneca, where is a smart town. Five miles beyond is Waterloo, a considerable place. Our route has been on the Seneca river, affording several fine scites for mills. Nine miles further brought us to the outlet of the Seneca Lake; the last two miles being on the beach at its termination, being in the form of a semi-circle, or half-moon; from which we had a most delightful view of the town of Geneva, which is situated on the Western side, on the declivity of a fine, commanding eminence. We arrived at Geneva, which is second in beauty to any yet seen. After dinner, as the stage did not immediately go, I went to different positions of the town, to look up the delightful Lake, and enjoy, I hope not for the last time, the charming view. Here is located another Theological Seminary, and other public institutions. We left at half past two, and arrived at half past five o'clock. It is situated at the outlet of the lake of the same name, and resembles Geneva, which having just left, bore the palm away from Canandaigua, which is, however, a handsome village, being the county town of Ontario. We stopped at a spacious hotel, from which there is a commanding view of the Lake. I never saw half so much good land in one day; in fact that which we have passed is all good. I did not pass in the whole distance of 50 miles, from Weeds' Basin, a solitary piece of woodland nearer the road than from one quarter to a half mile, and saw very few stumps. This is called the back-woods, out-of-the-world, society, and so on, and I am told it will continue thus to Buffalo, a succession of well-improved farms, with some of them having quite elegant buildings. It is a fact that wood has become scarce. At Canandaigua are two fine churches, two banks, (one too many at least,) two fine hotels, a court-house, jail, large steam-mill, &c. &c. It resembles Princeton, situated principally on one wide street, and is about as large.

[Pg 29]

[Pg 30]

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## ***Extract No. 6***

[Pg 31]

*11th*—I was awakened about midnight by the landlord, and informed that the great Western Mail, which was to carry me to Buffalo, was ready, on which I rose, paid my fare—\$3—and was crowded as usual, with eight others, into a comfortable stage. I had not much opportunity of seeing the country, but was informed it was as highly improved as what I had seen yesterday. At Avon Post Office we crossed the Genessee, by a substantial covered bridge, and entered upon the Indian reservation, extending three miles, being the first land since leaving Weedsborough, distant 75 miles, which was not improved and thickly inhabited. It is held by a tribe of Senecas, and with the exception of partial clearings, is almost in a state of nature. Le Roy, on our route, is a very sweet place, nearly new. Batavia is the capital of Genessee county, and is a fine town, having much taste about it. After leaving this town, we passed the Tonewanta Creek, and passed Pembroke, at the distance of fourteen miles. This is not much of a place. At 8 miles further, we passed Clarence, pretty much of the same stamp. The country since leaving Batavia to this place, is low meadow land, in the possession of the Pioneers of the land, and looks more like what is generally supposed in my county, to be the appearance of this clime generally, than any I have seen; but there is no mistake about the soil's being good—tho' I should rather suppose it to be unhealthy, as the Natives are very dirty and beastly. After leaving Clarence at the distance of 8

[Pg 32]

miles, Williamstown makes its appearance. Here is a good water power, on a stream that I did not ascertain the name of, running into the Tonewanta. After leaving this place, the country assumes a fine, rich, pleasant aspect, devoid of trees or stumps, and ornamented with fine, well cultivated farms, with rich waving fields of grain, and elegant orchards in full bloom; but there must be, judging from the number of orchards, no scarcity of fruit in this country. Further, 6 miles—which is short of Buffalo 4 miles—we ascended a considerable eminence, and from the summit, I, for the first time in my life, had an extensive view of king George's dominions in the Western World. *Erie* was distinctly seen on the left, and *Niagara* on the right, and the town of Buffalo full in view before us. From this point the road ascends by a beautiful slope in a straight line till we arrived at the town of Buffalo, which we effected about 5 o'clock P. M. I cannot say that I admire the country, speaking generally, for the last forty miles after leaving Batavia—nor do I think it is sufficiently watered, and, by the by, that which I tasted, I never wish to taste more, as it set my bowels in an uproar prodigiously, to my great inconvenience and pain. And now for Buffalo, the Frontier town entirely destroyed during the late war. It is fully as large as Burlington, and finished in the finest style. It has (so it is said,) the finest Court House and house of entertainment in the state—and from viewing them, I have no reason to doubt the saying. The said *Inn* is the one at which I put up; and the Hall and apartments are really finished and furnished superbly. Yet, like most such houses, the eating is nothing to boast of—and the charges are certainly *fine*. This place supports six extensive Hotels and a Theatre. There are three Churches—one of which is an ornament to this, and would be to any place. Its situation is certainly pleasant, being at the head of the *Great Lake*; but nothing to compare with Geneva. Here the Grand Canal terminates by another spacious Basin, filled with boats.

[Pg 33]

I took a walk, as it was a pleasant evening, the wind blowing fresh up the lake—down to the Buck. But instead of the smooth and beautiful expanse of the Cayuga, Seneca, and Canandaigua, was heard the roar of the Atlantic. The surf dashed against the shore with violence, and the breakers advanced and receded in rapid succession—and it was to me almost irreconcilable that it was nothing but Lake Erie. I counted something like 30 vessels of considerable size at the wharves, for navigating this fresh water sea. And to make the matter short, Buffalo is a brisk and pleasant place. And now, whether I am credited or not, I state it as a fact, independent and absolute—that the distance from Weedsport to Batavia is 100 miles—that it is as thickly settled on each side of the road as far as can be seen, as is the road from New York to Philadelphia, being about the same distance—that the towns and villages are as much finer and neater, as the land is better—and that there are 10 trees and stumps along the latter, where there is one along the former,—and as to scenery, the odds are so much in favor of the former, that I cannot, nor will not, attempt to compare them.

[Pg 34]

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## ***Extract No. 7***

[Pg 35]

I left Buffalo on the 12th in the stage for Niagara Falls, or Manchester, distant from Buffalo twenty-three miles, fare one dollar. For the first time since I set out, I had plenty of room, as there were but six in the stage. We came to Black Rock in one and a half miles—it is a smart place, but never can equal Buffalo. I was here informed that a passage could be procured to Waterloo, in Upper Canada, on the opposite side, whence a stage runs to Chippewa. But as the current flows at the rate of nine miles an hour towards the great falls, I declined the experiment. The canal passes directly by the side of the river, until you arrive at the village of Tontawanto, distant twelve miles, where it takes the creek, by being dammed at its mouth. This place is near the Indian village of the same name, and is truly a low, dirty, and savage-looking town—so the sooner I leave it, the better. Our road has been, and still continues along the banks of the rapid Niagara. But of all the roads I have ever seen, travelled, or heard of, this comes nearer to shaking soul out of body than any other.

Grand Island commences six miles below Buffalo, and continues twelve miles, by seven wide. This is the spot that Major Noah purchased of the state to settle all the wandering Jews—a project which has not yet succeeded. Below Grand Island is Navy Island, about three miles in length; after leaving which you have a splendid view of the great river just preparing to make the lover's leap and wed Ontario—and shall I, like many others, and as certain to fail, like them, attempt to describe this mighty cataract? But let me first see it.

[Pg 36]

When within four miles of Manchester, we distinctly heard the troubled waters, and saw the ascending clouds of spray. At last we came opposite the rapids, one mile above the pitch, when I had enough to do to sit still and stare in mute astonishment and admiration. Having arrived at the inn at Manchester about 11 o'clock, taking no notice of the village, I immediately called for a room, deposited my trunk, clenched my umbrella, (for it rains here eternally,) and sallied out to see that which is truly said to be worth a voyage across the Atlantic to behold. I first went to the great pitch, then down the steps to the bottom of the great abyss, and gazed with wonder and astonishment—got pretty wet, and ascended in a fine perspiration. This was the first time in my life that I thought my eyes too small. However, I stretched them as wide as they would well bear, and they partially answered my purpose. Next I started for the bridge across to Goat Island, about two hundred and fifty yards long, under which the mighty waters dash and roar as if heaven and earth were invited guests to the great marriage of waters, so soon to take place. The thought was irresistible, that if the bridge beneath me were by any sudden mishap to give way, I should certainly go to the wedding also. But I got over safely, and found the island quite a

[Pg 37]

pleasant promenade. I was not long in crossing it to take a peep at the great Canadian Horse-shoe. On this side of the island is also erected another bridge, to the distance of about sixty or seventy yards in length, from rock to rock, on the very verge of the terrible precipice. By what unearthly magic this bridge was erected at this awful spot, is not to my purpose to inquire—but there it was, and again the thought passed across my mind, whether I should venture to its further extreme. For a moment, fear caused me to pause—yet in another I resolved to try my fate. Alas! should a foot have slipped, (and it was very wet,) I must have bid farewell to earth, if not to water. When I reached the further extreme of the bridge and looked below, Almighty Heaven! before thee, in all thy unspeakable grandeur, and in this awful situation, what a poor, dependent, finite being did I feel myself to be! and, to be serious—for no man can feel otherwise here—I defy all the painters—all the poets—all the tourists—and in fact all mankind, to give to one who has not already seen this awfully magnificent scene, the most faint impression of its sublime and terrible reality. It is far away beyond human apprehension to delineate, however imperfectly, its bare profile. It is one of the few objects which cannot be proportioned; and nothing short of actual observation of the awful reality, can afford any satisfaction to the inquiring mind. It is indeed the work of *God*.

[Pg 38]

To account for the source of the vast stream of water which is constantly tumbling over the falls, seems extremely difficult. It never varies, but is eternally the same. You cannot change your situation twenty rods in any way, but its features vary materially. Hence arises the difficulty of making a good general likeness. I had heard and read a great deal of the Horse-shoe falls, but there is now no similitude of one to be seen. Its appearance is more in the form of a flat-iron, or the letter V, with the point up stream. It is said, and I have no doubt of its truth, that the view of the Horse-shoe falls is by far the grandest and most imposing; but it requires some nerve to venture thereon and look below. Goat Island contains about seventy acres, is very heavily timbered, and belongs to Judge Porter, who bought it at \$10 per acre. Between it and the American shore are several other small islands; and the Goat-island-bridge, as it is called, is thrown first on one of these, and thence to the island itself. A very extensive paper mill is built upon the island on which the bridge first rests. If Judge Porter were disposed to sell out his purchase, he could doubtless realize a profit of a thousand per cent upon his seventy acres. You are charged twenty-five cents for the use of the bridge during your stay, for which you cross as often as you please. On the island is kept a collection of minerals, petrefactions, &c. being a sort of museum, of which the toll-gatherer is proprietor. 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—and as every person wishes to carry home some trophy of his visit, I presume the museum is a very profitable concern.

[Pg 39]

Having enjoyed an excellent night's repose, lulled by the roaring of the cataract, I rose early on the morning of the 13th, and hoisting my window, enjoyed a beautiful view of the rapids, which, independent of the falls, are a sublime spectacle. After breakfast I made up my mind, in spite of a heavy rain, to cross over and drink a health to old King George, and for other purposes. I therefore again descended the almost perpendicular staircase, paid my ferriage, entered a small boat, and in a twinkling was in the midst of the waters, enveloped in the surrounding spray. The waters here, like a violent, angry man, having vented all his fury, become comparatively tranquil, and susceptible of social and agreeable intercourse. The river, which, above the falls, is nearly a mile in width, becomes suddenly contracted to about a fourth of that distance. While crossing, the story of the Indian having descended the cataract in safety, occurred to me; and I at once pronounced the author destitute of truth. It is utterly impossible.

[Pg 40]

The view, while crossing the river, is obscured in a considerable degree by the surrounding spray; but the sound is almost deafening, and on placing my thumbs to my ears, and shutting my eyes for a minute, then suddenly opening them, and unstopping my ears, the effect almost amounted to stunning. Our landing on the opposite shore was soon effected, when the first thing I did was to take off my hat and drink, from a little mountain spring, a health to King George, but accompanied with various important qualifications. I ascended by a rough road, nearly completed, for the purpose of having a ferry to cross by a horse-boat, and after pulling and blowing, attained the top of the eminence, whence I proceeded to the Table Rock. I gazed, as usual, with astonishment, paid a shilling and went down the perpendicular ladder, or rather winding staircase, to the dreadful abyss below. I must here confess, that although I was yesterday heroic enough to go to the extreme of the Horse-shoe bridge, actually on the very verge of the precipice, and in the midst of the descending torrent, a spot terrible in comparison in point of danger, with that now before me, yet I was now afraid to venture under the sheet. The situation of the bridge on which I had so recently stood, hung, as it were, over me, and until that moment I had no conception of its dangerous location. Having satisfied my curiosity, I ascended the tedious staircase, and proceeded, conducted by a guide, to the spot on which was fought the memorable battle of *Lundy's Lane*, distant a short half mile. But there was nothing remarkable to be seen. The ground was free from the stain of blood, though the grass waved in rank luxuriance, fertilized, no doubt, by the blood of those brave men who perished in that sanguinary struggle. A sigh involuntarily rose to their memory, as I thought upon the ravages of war—cut myself a cane from the well contested field, and returning to the boat, bid farewell to Canada.

[Pg 41]

Before I leave the Great Falls, I may observe, that, having seen them from every accessible situation, I am satisfied that the best *general* view of them is from the Table Rock; though the finest and most terrific view of the Horse-shoe falls is from the bridge on the north side of the island, and the line and periphery of the pitch is best seen from the precipice of the island. Below, all is roar and deafening sound, while the spray, constantly rising, obscures in a great



measure the sight. Manchester is one of the finest water-powers upon earth. Several manufactories are already established, and more are building.

While seated on a bench, taking my last look of the Falls, "Farewell," said I, "magnificently grand and awfully sublime Niagara; although I never shall never behold thee more, yet will the appearance of thy remarkable visage, and the thunder of thy agitated waters, never be forgotten while existence remains." And the reflection of having seen one of the grandest works that nature's God ever produced, will be at least comfortable. I arose, ascended the summit, and left the scene.

[Pg 42]

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### ***Extract No. 8***

[Pg 43]

I had left Niagara on the afternoon of the 13th, and took stage for Lewistown, distance seven miles, fare thirty seven cents. After leaving this place, you pass near by the great gulf, which is torn from a level country to an immense depth, all the way to Lewistown. Its course is very winding, and the rapidity of the current is wonderful. There is no doubt in my mind but that the original scite of this huge water-fall was at the latter town, for here terminates very abruptly the high table land through which this deep-cut is rent and torn. The country between these two places is level—and nothing more can be said in its favor. The road is intolerable, and the people look savage. Just before we arrived at Lewistown, as I observed before, we descended a very high hill, down which the road is truly dangerous, and at whose base the town is handsomely situated. On the Canada side, directly opposite, is Queenstown, full in view. It forms a pretty cluster of houses, all built since the late war, as the town was burnt by the British, as well as Buffalo. From the inn at which we stopped is a fine view of the colossal monument of General Brock, situated on the heights of Queenstown. It is formed of a round column, rising 130 feet high, terminated by an appropriate emblem. It is erected within a few rods of the spot where this brave officer fell, and must have cost no small trifle to the king.

[Pg 44]

We arrived at this place about half after three in the afternoon of a rainy and disagreeable day. There is something truly grand all along the *frontier* as far as I have seen it. But great nations should have great landmarks. Towards evening I walked down to the river, which is but a short distance, but having spent its wrath, and left the upper region, as it were, it gradually expands, and flows quietly to wed its destined bride, *Ontario*. I could distinctly see the very spot on which poor Brock fell, for it was pointed out by a white-painted post, standing a few rods from the monumental column. It was from this height immediately opposite where I stood, that the British troops surprised our brave soldiers while taking a refreshment, and rushed upon them with such terrible fury as to cause them to leap the precipice, the first pitch of which is nearly 100 feet, surrounded by huge crags and rocks. But there was no alternative—for death behind them, by the bayonet, was sure. Many of these poor fellows were killed by the leap, while others clung to the rocks and there received the balls of the enemy, who, with deliberate aim, amused themselves by sending them into the dreadful abyss below. The thought that the theatre of this dreadful carnage was before me, caused me to shudder and cry aloud, "O the merciless horrors of war!"

[Pg 45]

On the morning of the 14th I was called up early to take stage for Rochester, distant eighty miles, fare \$3.25. We started at 5 o'clock, six of us, and arrived at the wonderful mushroom of the west at 5 in the afternoon, over the great ridge road, the finest I have ever travelled. This road is truly remarkable. It seems to me that when old mother Nature, after having perfected the gigantic cataract originally begun at Lewistown, 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 swamp and clay—and said to the children of men, "Travel, behold and wonder!" But, to speak seriously upon the subject. I should say that when the falls were at Lewistown, this remarkable natural turnpike was the shore and beach of Ontario, as the whole of the land lying between it and the lake is low and swampy. Its direction is in form of a curve, and parallel to the lake shore. Its elevation above the land on either side is from ten to thirty feet, and is perfectly hard, and free from stones and ruts.

This indeed seems to be the country of the *greats* and the *grands*. Here we have the Grand Clinton Canal, the Great Western Turnpike, the Great and Grand Falls of Niagara, the Great Lakes, the scites of the Great Battles, the Great Ridge Road, and many others that I have not seen.

[Pg 46]

After leaving Lewistown for some miles, for the first time in my life I saw some *woodland*—all that I had heretofore seen, when compared to this, was brushwood. In the first place, there were thousands of trees of all sizes down and rotting, while those that were standing, were many of them 100 feet high, and from 6 to 8 feet in diameter, with occasionally a sapling of 3 feet in diameter by 80 feet high! Taking the whole of this road, it presents pretty nearly what I had supposed this country to be generally, as it was for the most part in possession of the pioneers, chequered with stumps, log cabins, and towering girdled trees, with fine wheat growing in the middle. It was matter of surprise to me how any person could winter in some of their rude dwellings and wretched hovels. The villages on this road are Hartland, Oak Orchard, Gaines, and Clarkson, all thriving little places.

*Rochester.*—I arose early, as usual, and found a delightful morning. After breakfast I spent

several hours in rambling through and about this town of rapid growth. There is no great beauty about it, and at this time I consider it a dirty place. All the streets are filled with mud and rubbish. Building is the order of the day, but there are few houses in the place which can be called handsome; and even the best are nothing to what I have seen in the other towns. Yet when its natural advantages are considered, I know no place which can compare with it. Patterson and Brandywine are very far behind it. It is calculated for as many mills as there are spots to place them, and the water can be used five or six times within the distance of a mile. Water seems to be made to do every thing here. The blacksmiths have become so lazy that they even make it blow their bellows. There is an oil mill at this place, calculated for sixteen runs of stones, eight of which are now in operation; with many others having six, seven and eight, all in complete operation. Several manufactories and mills for different purposes are now building; and I have no hesitation in saying, that although Rochester can never be a handsome town, owing principally to its low situation, yet I believe it will see the time, perhaps very soon, when no place in the Union can exceed it in point of variety and manufactures. I shall say no more of the town, but will endeavor faintly to describe the water power.

[Pg 47]

The Genessee river falls, making a deep cut from what may be called the upper to the lower country, as there is no hill on either side of the river, as at Niagara, two hundred feet in less than a mile. The first fall is a perpendicular pitch of fifteen feet, above which is an artificial dam, whence all the water now used is taken. This is succeeded by a rapid for a short distance, when the whole bed of the river makes a tremendous leap of ninety feet perpendicular, forming a splendid rainbow, after which there is a gradual current for half a mile. Then, as if determined to make another desperate effort, it suddenly becomes much agitated, gives another bound of sixty feet perpendicular, becomes quiet and good-natured, and smoothly flows to Lake Ontario. Had I not just seen Niagara, I should have considered this a wonderful spectacle. The river is about as large as the Schuylkill at Fair Mount. But the most wonderful work of man I have yet seen in one spot since I left home, is the aqueduct crossing the river at this place, supported by eight stone arches. This must have been a work of time, and patience, and immense cost. There are also three bridges crossing the river, but they are nothing uncommon. The land around Rochester appears to be of the very first quality, and every thing is in uproar and confusion.

[Pg 48]

I left Rochester about dark for Montezuma, sixty-five miles, fare one cent and a quarter per mile, and a shilling a meal.

The morning of the 16th was fine and clear, and the country we were passing when I came on deck, was wild and but little settled. We had passed in the night the villages of Pittsford, Bushnell's, and Fulman's. The land some miles before we arrived at Palmyra, which is a considerable place, assumes a fine and fertile appearance, being considerably cleared, and looking flourishing and healthy. About noon we passed the village of Newark, thirty-seven miles east of Rochester. It is a very interesting and thriving place. After passing it there is a great sameness until you arrive near Lyons, the county town of Wayne. Lyons is finely elevated, and looks well. There is no other place of much size until you reach Montezuma, which is situated on the east side of the great marshes of the Seneca river, which are about six miles wide. The canal is here made to correspond in height with the river, which is about a mile wide, having apparently no current. The tow-path is composed of a bridge supported by piles, over which the horse passes. This place though transacting much business, can never, in my opinion, be either healthy or handsome, owing to its low, marshy situation. We arrived here about midnight—when I found my way, as speedily as possible, to the first tavern, glad to retire to a comfortable bed.

[Pg 49]

There is a very pretty eminence near Montezuma, on the top of which is built a pleasant seat, commanding a fine prospect of the adjacent country. I took passage in the hack which runs from this place to Cayuga, on the east side of the lake of the same name, at the *Long Bridge*. Distance seven miles, fare thirty seven cents. In traveling these seven miles you go pretty much on the bank of Seneca & river canal. The river is the outlet not only of the Seneca, but also of the Cayuga lake, and the canal answers a common purpose for both. Along this river is an immense body of marsh, which if ever drained, will be equal to any meadows in the world.

[Pg 50]

We arrived at Cayuga about ten o'clock, when I was obliged to wait for the Ithaca steamboat, which plies up and down the lake daily. It did not arrive until I had ample time to look round and enjoy the interesting place. On board the steamboat I had the most interesting passage for about twenty-five miles that can well be imagined. The scenery on either side of the lake is indeed beautiful. The land rises with a gradual slope from the water's edge, until it attains the height of perhaps 600 feet, when it becomes pleasantly uneven. Farms in high state of cultivation, add greatly to the beauty of the prospect. Ten miles from our starting place we passed the village of Aurora on our left. It is one of the sweetest little spots that can possibly be imagined, and reminded me of Moore's description of some of the eastern Cashmerian villas. At night I was put ashore at Keeder's Ferry, a wretched place, twenty-five miles from Cayuga.

On the morning of the 19th I crossed the beautiful lake in a skiff. Its bosom was smooth as a mirror, and the water clear as the surrounding atmosphere. The lake is here three miles wide; and for the whole distance it seemed as if we were suspended in the very air. On the 20th, after having visited a relative in Northville, about two miles from the spot where I crossed, I got into the stage for Ithaca, distance twenty-one miles, fare seventy-five cents. For the first four miles the country is fine; it then becomes stony, hilly, and less productive. The village of Ludlow, distant ten miles from Northville, is situated in a very deep hollow, through which runs a mountain stream of singular beauty, and creating a fine water power. It makes a perpendicular pitch of about fifty feet, just above the village, and has a very wild and angry appearance. Ludlow

[Pg 51]

is a charming place, possessing a most captivating society. Here are several mills; and, though situated as it were, in the depths, and entirely out of the way, it does considerable business. After leaving this place, it was nothing but up and down hill until we reached Ithaca. Just before we entered the town, we passed a very wild water fall of sixty feet, produced by the Fall Creek emptying into the lake.

Ithaca is situated at the head of Cayuga lake, surrounded on three sides by high hills, and ranks at least second in point of business, and fourth in size, among the towns of this western world. But it never can become a handsome place. It has a valuable water power from Fall Creek, already occupied by several mills and factories. The village is about as large as Trenton, and appears to be growing rapidly.

[Pg 52]

On the 21st, at daylight, I left Ithaca in the New York line, crammed as usual, with eight others in the coach. Immediately after leaving Ithaca, we ascended a hill nine hundred feet in height, and, strange as it may seem, we entered a hollow, and descended all the way to Owego, distance twenty-nine miles, with uncultivated hills on both sides. The land in this narrow valley appeared tolerably good, but principally in the hands of pioneers. We reached Owego, the capital of Broome County, at 11 o'clock. It is handsomely situated on the Susquehanna, which is here crossed by a bridge, and is a thriving little place. We now crossed the river, and started for Montrose, distant thirty-one miles—and now I may safely say we arrived at the *back woods*. All that appears to have been done here by man, is the making of a very bad road up and down tremendous hills—the rest is nature in her roughest and most repulsive appearance. There are but few houses on the road, (and those scarcely deserve that name,) until you approach Montrose. For the greater part of the distance it is an immense forest of white-pine and hemlock, looking in the highest degree savage and uncivilized—so that I was glad to reach Montrose, which we accomplished about five o'clock, distance sixty miles. Montrose is the county town, and indeed I may safely say it is *all* the town of Susquehanna County worth any notice.

[Pg 53]

On the morning of the 23d, at two o'clock, I took my seat in the U. S. mail stage for Nazareth, distant one hundred and five miles, fare five dollars and a half. The country for the first twenty-two miles, until you reach Tunkhannock, is very similar to the last day's ride, very hilly and sterile. After passing Tunkhannock, the road for about fifteen miles is mostly along the Susquehanna, on the side of the mountains, running on a shelf, which, in some places, is four hundred feet above the water, and is rather dangerous. After leaving this narrow road, we opened into the fair Valley of Wyoming. This is by far the most delightful valley I ever saw, being exceedingly fertile and highly picturesque. Mountains surround it on all sides, and cultivated farms are constantly occurring, while the noble river meanders through the very centre. It is the spot on which so many brave fellows were massacred in the revolution. We passed the battle ground; and the identical spot was pointed out to us by a passenger who resided in the neighborhood, where the unfortunate individuals were interred, within fifty yards of the road. We arrived at Wilkesbarre at two o'clock. This place is located on the east bank of the Susquehanna, near the foot of the mountain, and though celebrated even in song for its romantic beauty, I was disappointed in its appearance. It is not so large as I had supposed; yet it is a clean little place, having many good buildings, and a very interesting society. Immediately on leaving it we plunged into a wild and desolate mountainous region, extending thirty miles—and yet there are many beautiful lakes on the very summit of the hills, said to be permanent. About ten miles from Wilkesbarre we came to the *Shades of Death*, a hideous place, calculated to awaken feelings of the gloomiest kind. We passed Stoddardtsville, composed of a few desolate looking houses on the terrible height. At the Lehigh, which is here quite small, there is a mill, though now partly fallen down. How it is supplied with grain in that dreary region, I am utterly unable to conjecture. At length over this mountainous country, and its intolerable log roads, we put up at Pokono for the night, distant eighty miles from Montrose.

[Pg 54]

We descended the Pokono on the morning of the 24th, at two o'clock—and I can truly say I never had a ride which caused me so much uneasiness; for it was steep as a house-roof, and I could not see the road for the fog, so gave myself up to the mercy of the driver. We got down safe, passed the Wind Gap, and arrived at Nazareth, distant twenty-five miles. Nazareth is a pleasant little place, peopled by a most amiable community. I left it next morning for Easton, distant seven miles, and by night was at my own door.

Annexed is a list of places through which my journey lay, with their distances—which may possibly be useful in directing some who are desirous of spending three weeks in traveling over the most interesting portion of the Union.

[Pg 55]

*Outward.*—New York, 90 miles. Albany, 160; Schenectady, 16; Amsterdam, 16; Schoharie Creek, 7; Canawaga, 4; Sparkers, 3; Canajoharie, 3; Fort Plain, 16; Little Falls, 12; Frankford, 10; Utica, 4; Whitesborough, 3; Oriskany, 8; Rome, 7; New London, 4; Oneida Creek, 5; Conastota, 4; New Boston, 4; Chittinings, 8; Manlius, 9; Syracuse, 8; Nine Mile Creek, 6; Canton, 6; Jordan, 6; Weedsport, 3; Auburn, 10; Cayuga Bridge, 9; Seneca Falls, 3; Waterloo, 5; Geneva, 6; Canandaigua, 16; E. Bloomfield, 9; W. do. 5; Lima, 4; E. Avon, 5; Avon P. O., 2; Caledonia, 8; Le Roy, 6; Batavia, 11; Pembroke, 14; Clarence, 8; Williamsville, 8; Buffalo, 10; Black Rock, 3; Tonewanto, 9; Niagara Falls, 11; Lewistown, 7.

*Returning.*—Rochester, 90; Pittsford, 10; Bushnells, 3; Fulmans, 3; Palmyra, 13; Port-Gilron, 5; Newark, 3; Lyons, 7; Clyde, 9; Montezuma, 11; Cayuga, 10; Aurora, 15; Keeder's Ferry, 10; Nashville, 12; Ludlowville, 11; Ithaca, 12; Owego, 60; Montrose, 30; Tunkhannock, 21; Wilkesbarre, 30; Stoddardtsville, 15; Pokono, 15; Wind Gap, 15; Nazareth, 10; Easton, 7;

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