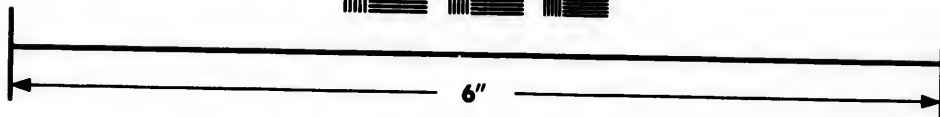
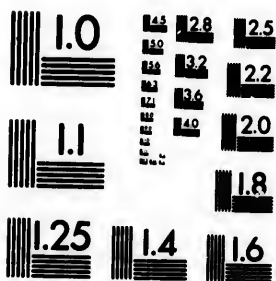


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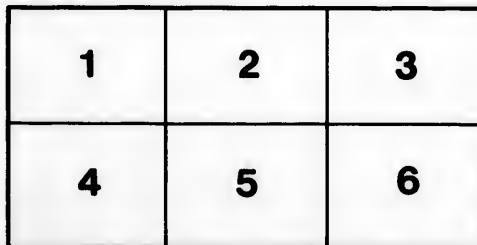
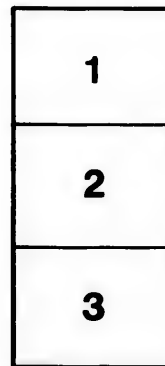
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A
PEDESTRIAN
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OF
Two Thousand Three Hundred Miles,
IN
NORTH AMERICA.

—♦—
*To the Lakes,—The Canadas,—And the
New-England States.*

—♦—
PERFORMED IN THE AUTUMN OF
1821.

—♦—
Embellished with Views.

—♦—
BY P. STANSBURY.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY J. D. MYERS & W. SMITH,
NO. 59 FULTON STREET.

—♦—
1822.

STANSBURY P

Southern District of New-York, ss.

(L.S.) **BE IT REMEMBERED**, that on the sixth day of December in the forty-sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America, J. D. Myers & W. Smith, of the said District, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words and figures following, to wit:

“A Pedestrian Tour of Two Thousand Three Hundred Miles, in North America. To the Lakes,—The Canadas,—and the New-England States. Performed in the Autumn of 1821. Enbellished with Views. By P. Stansbury.”

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled “An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned.” And also to an act, entitled “An act, supplementary to an act, entitled an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

JAMES DILL.

Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

Myers & Smith, Printers.

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PRELIMINARY ADDRESS.



The people of America have always borne in their character, a prominent warlike feature. Before ships of discovery had ever ventured across the Atlantic, the savage tribes had been fighting their battles in routine, and every Indian carried his war-club, his rude bow and flint-headed arrows ready for combat. The battles, skirmishes and bloodshed of every description, which took place when the country began to be colonised, are too many to be reckoned. Spaniards, French and English, with the savages, either as their allies, or as their enemies, were prostrated in death together. The colonies protected the lands which they had siezed or acquired, with their arms, and silenced the demands of the old possessors, with their swords and muskets. And at this day, in North America, where the natives are not so completely subjected as in South America, wars and murders are constantly progressing.

Armed troops were the first to penetrate the forests and desart wilds of this country, in pursuit of some remote fortress, or upon some hazardous expedition, traversed and explored extensive tracts, which till then were entirely unknown.

In an attempt of this kind it was, that Braddock lost his life, as he marched through an unknown wood, in the expedition against Fort du Quesne; and Arnold, like the leader of the Israelites in the wilderness, conducted his men many hundred miles over dismal swamps and barren mountains, to the attack upon Quebec.

Discoveries are now made, not by solitary travellers trudging as in other countries, with their horses, instruments, and papers, for their companions; but by Officers at the head of their troops, sent by government to explore the riches of their acquired territories. Such are the travels which excite the interest, and particularly attract the attention of the public.

Who ever undertakes a journey in North America, especially in the more northern latitudes, must pass over ground, rendered ever memorable for many important battles. The conquest of Canada in 1759, its invasion during the revolutionary struggle, and the numerous incursions against that country in the late American war, have been the occasion of very fierce engagements on all the frontier line from Detroit to Quebec; and have caused the erection of fortresses at every important post in that direction. The wars with the Indians in the New England States, the patriotic exertions for independence in Massachusetts, and the disastrous expedition of General Burgoyne at Saratoga in New-York, have also laid the scene of memorable actions.

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Most of these battle-grounds will be traversed, and every American who loves his country, will view them with interest, and either glory in the successes of his countrymen, or feel for the misfortunes, which none but the worst of circumstances could have adduced. The desire of visiting them, not only to Americans, but to foreigners also, is one incentive for undertaking what is sometimes denominated, the *Grand Northern Tour*; which embraces the Springs, the Lakes, the Canadas, and the New England States.

A Tour of this kind does not indeed offer so many new and extraordinary sights, as a journey among the Indian nations in the central parts of our continent, where the mind is continually arrested by unusual scenes, and by the singular manners of the native inhabitants; what is to be seen is strange, but there is much less to be spoken of, upon returning, than the northern rout alluded to, affords. In this we discover the manners of our citizens, and their improvements in arts, learning, and agriculture. Reports concerning the great beauty of the country, and vast increase of the population, which we may have deemed inconsistent, will be found to be true. The greatest cataracts in the world, will gratify our curiosity in some parts of the journey, and we shall enjoy, in a certain degree, the pleasure of a western expedition, by passing through the lands of several tribes of Indians. One advantage particularly resulting from such a Tour, is visiting a country, differing very little from one in Europe,

and becoming, by that means, acquainted with the opinions, which its inhabitants the French and English Canadians entertain towards the United States, and thus be enabled to contrast the defects of that subjected nation, with the excellencies of our republican form of government. Not only the wonderful operations of nature, her caverns, her mineral springs, her lofty precipices, her deep gulfs, but the stupendous performances of man also, are here and there to be seen, equal if not superior to similar works so much extolled in the elder countries. These and many more, are inducements, in addition to the sites of famous battles, which are certainly not to be considered as insignificant.

It must be owned that accounts of travels in Europe, are greedily perused, in preference to these in our own country. Yet the difference between them is very considerable; the one is a dull monotony of town after town, edifices, statesmen, and literati; the other, a constant and agreeable change from flourishing villages to gloomy deserts, from mountains to wide inland oceans, from wigwams to dashing water-falls, and then again to splendid cities and state-houses, with all their patriotic meetings, assemblies, and conventions. There is this difference in particular, that the slightest error will be detected in the latter, whilst in the former, all the flowery additions, tinsel ornaments and absurdities, with which foreign travellers frequently decorate their accounts, give additional entertainment; because

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we see through a mist, and cannot easily determine, what is correct, and what is false or exaggerated.

Long accustomed to pore over English romances, which it must be confessed, are in general, better written than our American novels, we read with admiration the descriptions of places, which imagination has already dressed in so many beautiful colours. Yonder seems to be the land of heroes. We see kings, thrones, and noblemen : but America has no kings to boast of : it has only plain dressed governors. Treaties that have decided the fate of lords and princes, have been held in that place, and in other places, oppressed men who have spurned the yoke of tyranny, or assaulted the monarch's ears with blasphemous words, have yielded their lives upon the scaffold. Here treaties have only been held with wild wandering savages, and those merely to settle the claims of states and territories, not above three hundred miles square ; and as to beheading, hanging, and imprisoning, all we have is now and then a solitary example of a pirate, a mail robber, or some foreign rogue, who has emigrated here, and seeks for riches and notoriety. Here are no palaces, no dungeons, no monasteries, no relics, no chains, and no hobgoblins. Instead of castles we have only forts, and instead of thunderbolts, panic struck squires and lovers ; we have only tornadoes, and dismayed farmers, viewing their barns flying in the air. Such may be the reasoning of those people,

who despise every thing their own country produces.

To unprejudiced minds, travels in Europe, like European deeds, are in fact not half so interesting, as the same in their own country. Because their numberless historians have thrown over the slightest matters of record, an appearance of dignity, and because poets and tragedians have applauded to the skies, even the follies of their rulers; their accounts like painted images, which look remarkably natural at a distance, are upon close inspection found to be coarsely executed, and pass very readily in the remote districts which we inhabit, whilst productions of our own, are very frequently neglected. When the United States of America shall have stood for ages, and increasing as it does now, becomes one of the most powerful nations of the globe; historians, poets, and orators, will speak of its smallest movements, in their most flowery language; and then travels through the civilized parts of the states, may be thought more worthy the attention of its citizens, than they can possibly be at the present day.

The volume here obtruded into public notice, claims no advantages of diction. Its only excellency if it has any, lies in the remarkable scene, which it endeavours to describe. It is offered with a feeling of national pride, that our country can be travelled, and present at almost every step, prospects of the grandest kind to greet the sight, and objects of nature and art,

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wonderful and magnificent, to reward the toil of the adventurer.

Although geology is a science of the first importance in America, more than in any other country ; and as such, deserves that attention from all classes of the community, and from the ruling authorities, which it actually does receive ; yet, I acknowledge, little observation has been given by me, to the physical structure of the land, over which I passed, and very little respecting that useful branch of knowledge, will be found in the subsequent pages. What geological notices are introduced, have arisen from transitory and perhaps mistaken views, and from a small portion of mineralogical information, received under the erudite lectures of Dr. Mitchell of this city.

In all that is said, I have considered the reader to be as unacquainted with the places and subjects mentioned, as myself, when I first set out on this Tour. This has led me, with how much propriety, I cannot myself decide, into details, which to many may probably appear trivial, and to some, as absolutely unworthy of their perusal. But the work, such as it is, I offer for the amusement of the public. I cast myself upon the good will of people, and can only urge in extenuation for all the faults, which it may contain, that I have never as yet, acquired much experience in the common methods of mankind.

Travelling on foot, is certainly not common in this highly favoured country of ours, where

every man lives in abundance, and possesses at all times, the most ample means of self-transportation. This is not the case in foreign countries, where the cost of riding is proportionally high, money hard to be procured, and where the roads are excellent, and furnished with easy foot-walks, designed purposely for pedestrians. There, foot walking is customary, and the main roads are often lined with men and women, plodding their way to and from their populous towns; and in Scotland, it is nothing extraordinary, to see large companies of lasses, with their shoes in their hands, marching barefoot, several miles, to the "kirk," or hastening to a fair in some neighbouring village. Here, it is seldom indeed, that we meet a solitary passenger, and when we do meet one, we believe, he travels in that manner, either through inclination and pleasure, or out of a principle of the strictest economy; and whatever may be his reasons in reality, for proceeding so, we know not how to rate him from the circumstance, nor can we act towards him with less civility, than if he made his appearance on the back of a horse.

Persons have inquired which is the most profitable method of travelling in order to obtain information;—by stage-coaches—on horseback—or on foot? With regard to the former, it is evident at once, that it is the most imperfect; for we are in a manner, sailing upon land, where the limited prospects, obtained through the windows of the vehicle, pass away like confused

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dreams and airy bubbles of imagination. With regard to the two latter, the decision is doubtful. A man on horseback possesses advantages, which are far beyond the reach of the pedestrian. His progress is slow or very speedy, according to his wish; his mind is not confused and oppressed by fatigue, and his situation is sufficiently elevated, to afford him the best views of all surrounding objects. The pedestrian, however, who has none but himself to demand his care, can proceed without very great exhaustion, nearly as fast as the man on horseback; and when he is fatigued, may embrace the opportunity of a passing stage-coach, or continue his journey by water-carriage. He can also follow whatever course inclination points out, independent of beaten tracks and taverns. He may cross fields, explore valleys, traverse forests, descend caverns, climb mountains, and still continue on his course; to do which on horseback would be impossible; and it will be seen that I have made numerous excursions, and have gone through many interesting scenes, which I could not possibly have done, by any other method of travelling. He can by this means also, scrutinize the works of nature with convenience; and without materially incommoding himself, can examine every little curiosity, and leap hedge and ditch to every little attraction, which presents itself to his view. Besides which, there are ways of inquiring into the manners and customs of inhabitants, which could not otherwise have been known.

Under these considerations, I chose the latter method for my Tour, to which I had accustomed myself, by making frequent excursions, to the mineral springs, mines, quarries, and various natural curiosities in the vicinity of my native city.

Towards the latter end of August, having provided myself with several necessary useful instruments and maps, I entered on the Tour, and commenced also the substance of the following pages. Though it was with some difficulty, that I could make all the remarks I wished, yet it afforded me pleasure, to employ the few moments when I stopped fatigued, beneath the shade of some spreading tree, contemplating the beauties and wonders which surrounded me, to take out my writing apparatus, and annex one more short sentence, to my list of notes and observations. Any thing of a learned and polished kind is therefore not to be expected. Interesting facts and occurrences are inserted, in order if possible, to prevent the reader, from becoming wearied with the trite subjects, of which travels are chiefly composed. The reader must judge of its merits: for my own part, I consider myself as planting a species of mushroom, which with all its deformities, may grow for a moment, and is then, justly, crushed or thrust aside by some superior or more interesting monster.

P. STANSBURY.

New-York, December 5th. 1821.

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CHAPTER I.

FROM NEW-YORK, BY A CIRCUITOUS ROUTE
TO ALBANY.

Monday, August 20, 1821.



The rocky bluff above Wehawk (four miles from New-York) on the Hudson, is the commencement of the pallsado ridge, which extends more than thirty miles northward on the west shore of the river. The form of these upright cliffs, and the slope beneath them to the water, is precisely similar to the high shores of the northern coast of Ireland, adjoining the Giants' Cause-way; the quality of the stone, however is not the same. It is a coarse basalt or trap, in columnar masses, some of which are regular hexagons. The general height of the ridge is four hundred feet. Here it is only one hundred and seventy-five* above the level of the river. From this place I took a farewell glance of the city of New-York. The afternoon was remarkably pleasant, and a beautiful prospect of the

*As determined by Captain Partridge of West-Point.

river and opposite country, appeared from this elevated and picturesque situation. Desirous of visiting the place, where General Hamilton fell, I was conducted by a lad, and descending a long path, rocky and dangerous, I approached the spot, over which, not only the death of Hamilton but of many others, who have been emulous of risking their lives at his tomb, has thrown a deep shade of solemnity. The boy pointed to a level space of ground where the combatants had stood, and in his own manner, related the story of Price, the last duellist here, who was shot by an English officer. The blood ran streaming from his head, covering the sand and stones with human gore, as he was carried on board of one of the numerous boats which crowded the beach. A number of spectators viewed this transaction, from the neighbouring rocks; and a more horrible sight could not possibly have been imagined.

The monument that was erected here to the memory of General Hamilton, is now taken to pieces by the proprietor of the soil, and conveyed to his house, under pretence of its having been too much resorted to, for purposes of duelling.

Leaving this melancholly spot, a viper two feet in length, laid coiled in the path leading through the woods to Bull's-ferry, upon which I was just ready to tread before I perceived it. Snakes are very numerous in this part of New-Jersey. The land here makes a gradual descent westward from the high banks of the Hudson, until

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it unites with those extensive meadows through which the Hackensack river urges its course. Considering evening to be the most comfortable though the least instructive time for travelling in sultry weather, I proceeded as far as the venerable Dutch village of Hackensack, where I arrived at ten o'clock, in time to escape a heavy thunder storm, which was then rapidly approaching.

On my rout to Patterson, I found the bridge over the Passaic river, broken down by the floods of last winter, and I was upon the point of seeking some method of fording the stream, when a waggon drove up, which enabled me to cross without any difficulty. Patterson has increased greatly within a few years, and is of so sudden growth that the peasantry of the adjacent counties scarcely know where such a place is situated. The factories, arranged on a canal, brought from above the falls of the Passaic, are very spacious, and do honour to their patriotic proprietors.

The gulf into which the Passaic precipitates itself, is well worth the attention of the Tourist; but the Falls themselves, are extremely insignificant, especially at this dry season of the year, and scarcely deserve the celebrity, which they have gained. Their pitch is about sixty feet down two narrow chasms, six or eight feet in width. The river winds in the form of the letter Z, and the falls are at the upper angle. The Tattoway hills form a ridge of extremely hard basaltic rock,

into which the river has worn a distance of one hundred yards, leaving the sides of the excavation, perfect precipices. By mounting upon an embankment of stones in front of the falls, to the canal-reservoir, and thence ascending a flight of steps to a gate and house of refreshments, we reach the upper level of the Passaic. The few acres of land facetiously denominated the *Isle-of-man*, on account of its being completely insulated by the canal, affords a terrible prospect into the gulf below. To look down, reminds us of the melancholy catastrophe which occurred here, and which is too well known to require repetition. A large fragment of the rock has been reft from the main portion, making a deep crevice of three feet in width, black, terrific and dangerous, down which, a stone, it is said, may be heard to rumble, until the sounds are lost in the distance. I looked around for a stone to throw down the crevice, but the busy hands of curiosity had seized every little pebble on the *Isle-of-man*.

Being informed that a religious sect were holding a meeting in the woods near Harvestraw, I resolved to visit it, and making my way through by-roads and lanes for thirty miles, I came, about nine o'clock next morning, within a few furlongs of the camp, where, by directing my steps towards the sounds issuing from a beautiful copse of woods, I very soon arrived. It was situated on one side of a creek and not far from the foot of Harvestraw mountain, the high peaks of which rose up majestically in view.

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There were fifty large and elegant tents, some of which might contain upwards of one hundred persons.

The people were already convened to seats in the middle of the encampment, by the sound of trumpets, from whence an excellent discourse was delivered: after which they arose and adjourned to the tents. A friend offered to entertain me till next day, and I gladly accepted his invitation.

At noon, crowds were formed over different parts of the ground, and divine worship was conducted in them, with a degree of unexampled piety. The utmost decorum was observed in all their proceedings. Some unusual actions of a religious nature did indeed transpire, which to some persons no doubt, seemed most unaccountable and ridiculous. The consequence was a deal of shrugs and tittering from the most impolite, who had either forgot, or disregarded the solemnity of the place. The behaviour of this religious sect is most praise-worthy. Throwing off the shackles of the world, they show the undisguised emanations of a soul, wrapt in the goodness, the glory of the Omnipotent, and express with holy zeal, their gratitude for innumerable mercies, and for the great blessing of a Redeemer. Upon these occasion, all distinctions are levelled. They are all brothers: the rich merchant humbles himself upon the same seat with the poor tradesman, and both unite as one in the worship of God.

One instance deserves notice ; an African, whose coal-black features glistened with religious ardour, addressed an aged matron, and asked, " Sister, are you happy ?" She raised her withered hands in the air, and whilst her palid countenance received a flush of heavenly delight, she cried, " Yes, bless the Lord, I am happy." How inestimable must those doctrines be, that can make man happy in this painful transitory life.

In the meantime I went to Harvestraw, and by inquiry, found the path which leads to the top of the lofty mountain, back of that village. Following the path for some time, I lost it ; and climbing in my own direction, peak above peak, up cliffs almost perpendicular, at length reached the smooth round rock, which crowns the summit of the High Torn. The prospect is truly grand and almost indiscrivable. Here, we look upon all the surrounding country as a map, and the head grows dizzy with the height. Elevated eight hundred and fifty-two feet above the surface of the Hudson, we trace the windings of that spacious river, from the Pallisadoes, to the middle of the Highlands, through which it passes. From this situation, we discover that our nicest maps of the river, are very incorrect. Promontories are seen jutting into the bays of Harvestraw and Tappan ; here the river bends, there it expands, and then becomes constricted into a narrow straight. To the south and westward, the lands are flat and well cultivated, continuing so, until they are suddenly interrupted by the ridge

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of the Blue Mountains. I recognized a part of the chain, called the Gap, twenty miles above Easton, where the Delaware river finds its passage between immense overhanging cliffs. To the eastward, in the state of New-York, the country is very hilly. Beneath my feet, the white tents of the camp, were perceptible in the little woody copse, and the creek was seen winding through the meadows like a serpent.

Descending the mountain upon the opposite side, I found upon reaching the foot, that a valuable pocket spy-glass had been left upon the peak. Again I commenced the toil of clambering the mountain, which, however, I had intended to cross in a low part, and by an easy path. Believing I had gained the peak, to my great vexation, I found myself upon a bluff a great distance to the north, with the High Torn, lifting its shaggy craigs on the right, in the lofty grandeur of a superior mountain. I proceeded with difficulty along the ridge to the Torn, and regained my lost article.

I was now resolved to go directly down to the village, without following the circuitous rout, by which I had ascended. The attempt looked possible. There were two old rotten trees, on the very verge of the columnar cliffs, around which I crept to a place on the precipice, where, by using the greatest care, holding fast of twigs and roots, and fixing my feet upon firm foundations, I thought proper to venture. About one third of the way down, the descent became so di-

rect, that it was impossible even to lean back against the rocks. Here I was suddenly stopped by a great chasm, which appeared beyond human power to descend. To think of getting back was absurd. I was completely fixed. Comforting myself with the old adage, "*man must die at one time or other,*" I made a desperate sally, caught the root of a sturdy shrub, and with great risk, got to the bottom of the chasm: thence with more safety I reached the plain. When I looked up, next morning, as the sun shone against the peak, and reddened with its beams, the angry face of the cliffs, I perceived the rotten trees and the place of my descent. A descent there appeared utterly impossible. I pointed the place to my friend, who gazed and exclaimed "did you so!" with an expression on his countenance which indicated—I half believe you!

At night the camp was brilliantly illuminated, and a sermon was delivered to an immense concourse of people. The trumpets sounded early in the morning, to give notice for family prayer in the tents. Soon after, columns of smoke rose from the several fires; the kettles were carried about; and the long tables were spread with abundant meats, over which the face of every individual, smiled with gratitude and contentment.

About ten, I set off by a lonely rout, over the ridges of the Allegany and Blue mountains, commonly called the Highlands. These mountains,

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denominated by Jefferson, the *backbone* of the United States, extend from Maine, south-west to Georgia and the Mississippi Territory: they consist of the Cumberland, the Allegany, the Blue, and the Green Mountains, and other distinctive ridges, all running in a line, parallel with the coast of North America. Curious hypotheses and inferences are made, respecting the globe, from their direction, their structure, and the wide alluvial deposits extending between them and the sea-shore. At the Highlands of the Hudson, the composition is chiefly granite and limestone. Some of the limestone hills are nearly bare, and exhibit, after a shower, very beautiful appearances of blue, white, and vermilion. Magnetic iron-ore abounds in such quantity, that the needle will not always traverse. The altitude of the highest peak is 1585 feet, which is called the New-Beacon; Butter-Hill is 1529 feet. The peaks are very much diversified, and afford some of the finest prospects in the world.

A scarcely legible foot-path leads among the woods and rocks to Montgomery Creek, which I mistook, and walked three miles out of the way, before I discovered my mistake. At the mouth of the creek, I was ferried over to Fort Montgomery. The form of this fort is still perceptible. Bullets and bones are gathered at times, and stored away, as precious remains of the warriors and armour of the war which delivered our country from oppression. A boom and chain were here thrown across the channel

by the Americans, to prevent the enemy's fleet from ascending the river.

No inn being at hand, I stopped at a little farm-house, and considering circumstances, procured a very comfortable dinner. The lady sat in the room, and conversed with an ease and politeness, which I thought foreign to an abode in the midst of these rugged mountains. Two country girls bustled in, and formed quite a contrast to the pleasing demeanour of my hostess. She asserted, that she had frequently entertained, with the products of her little farm and dairy, parties of pleasure, who were now and then sailing up the Hudson, from New-York.

Nearly the whole of this afternoon, I was occupied in viewing the works of West-Point. The plain, upon the point, is perfectly level, and more than a mile in circumference. Four very large stone buildings are appropriated to the Cadets, who were at this time marching from Boston to New-York. The church is capacious. The mess-house tables, are of mahogany, and the utensils are neat and costly. Many rooms of the Cadets, evince that they live like soldiers. Houses and tradesmens' shops, form on one side of the plain, quite a considerable village. A superb monument is raised to the memory of Lieut. Col. Wood, who, in 1814, fell at Fort Erie in Upper Canada; and another monument consisting (as I was told) of 365 pieces of marble, is to have the name of every Cadet inscribed upon it, at his death. The old barracks of the regulars,

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are in a ruinous condition, and stand as a disgrace to the neatness and regularity of this great military establishment.

On the mountain above West-Point are the remains of Fort Putnam. The mouldering battlements still show an appearance of warlike magnificence, overtopping the craggy rocks, the thick bushes, and encroaching vines, which hang about the basis. Fort Putnam was the strongest fortress on the river. Its walls were thirty feet in height, and the same in thickness. A number of arched rooms or vaults, were made in the walls, some of which have not yet caved in, and seem to have been capable of holding each forty soldiers, in the greatest security. There is a fireplace in the end of each vault, and two square holes facing the river. It is eight feet and a half from the outside of the fort, to the inside of the rooms. The arches are thirty inches through, and of brick; parts of which are often conveyed away by the curious, as relics of inestimable value. The mason-work of the walls, towards the land behind the fort, is six feet in thickness, supported within, by embankments. In the middle are the remains of the magazines. Fort Putnam stands upon the irregular surface of a rock, composed of feldspar and large crystals of black shorl or tourmaline, six hundred feet above the level of the river.

The works of West-Point command the passage of the Hudson, in a part, the most contracted and most difficult of navigation. The situa-

tion is extremely romantic, and the surrounding scenery picturesque and astonishingly sublime. It was this important post, which General Arnold attempted to put into the possession of Sir Henry Clinton in 1780. Though a brilliant officer, Arnold through his extravagance, defrauded the public, to satisfy the demands of his creditors. Disgusted with the just reproaches which he received, he resolved to go over to the British, and that advantageously. Overtures were made, and Major John Andre, Adjutant-general to the British army, was sent by Sir Henry, to negotiate with the treacherous Arnold. He was rowed ashore under cover of night, from a sloop of war in the river, and was met by General Arnold, who delivered into his hands, plans of the fortifications, and accounts of the number of men, ordinance and artillery, necessary for their defence. The conference continued so long, that Andre, who could not retreat in day-light, was obliged to conceal himself in company with Arnold, until the ensuing evening. The men who rowed him ashore, now refused to venture with him back to the sloop of war, on account of the danger from the American cannon. Major Andre, was in consequence, compelled to assume a fictitious name, and in a disguised habit, return by land. Upon the boundaries of the American lines, on his way to New-York, three men sprang from the woods and arrested him for a spy. In vain, he offered money and promised rewards, if they would let



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him proceed. Taken in the night, with Arnold's pass in his pocket book, and plans of West-Point, with accounts of its situation and strength, concealed in his boots, he could not dissimulate. He was seized, tried by martial law, and hung as a spy. Such was the fate of the unfortunate Major Andre. Arnold, as soon as he heard of his detection, was struck with astonishment, and in his terror and agitation, he called for a horse, and drove to the beach, down a craggy steep, never before explored on horseback, where a barge received him and conveyed him, to the British army in New-York.

The sun shone clear, as I descended the northern slope of the Highlands, on the ensuing day, with the fertile plains of Orange county, spreading to an extensive distance before me. The dusky range of the Kaatskill mountains rose in the horizon: and with pleasing sensations, I hailed the perspicuous spires of the numerous villages, which were scattered in the prospect. Nothing but rocks and woods, with here and there a cow-bell jingling among the trees, ragged children sporting in the dirt, a few blades of corn rising above half burnt stumps of trees, men and women, haggard and tawny, peeping through the broken panes of their only window, formed a continual scene in the mountains, of which I was beginning to grow weary.

The road passes through the little villages of Canterbury and New-Windsor, to Newburgh, a very large and important market-town, through

which, a considerable trade is carried on, between the western tracts and the city of New-York. The turnpike leading from this to Ithaca, is one of the finest in the state. Montgomery is a village twelve miles from Newburgh, situated on the turnpike at the river Wallkill, where it is remarkable, what attempts the enterprising inhabitants have made, towards improvement and grandeur in the style of their buildings. Some of the houses are large and fashionable; but, unluckily, paint was scarce, and glaziers were no where to be procured; so that the fine mouldings and window-shutters remain in their pristine hues, stained with iron rust from bolts and heads of nails; and the sashes, as fast as the panes are broken, are carefully fastened up with shingles and pine boards, giving the whole edifice a very admirable variety in its appearance. One in particular, three stories high, having six windows in front of each story, was found by the occupants rather too expensive to be kept in repair, and therefore had been suffered to go into decay; after all the windows had been closed with boards, except in one corner of the building, where the lords of the mansion discovered, that light sufficient could be admitted through five solitary remaining panes.

I continued until late at night, travelling very speedily on a narrow road towards the Neversink, (a river which falls into the Delaware,) about thirty-six miles from Newburgh, where a particular friend of mine resided, whom, I was desirous

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of visiting. Arriving at the foot of Shongo mountain, two men stopped me, and informed me, that there was a panther prowling somewhere about the mountain, and that not only they, but other persons had heard its yell. This information a little startled me; but believing the tale to be a fiction, or at most the effect of imagination, I proceeded onward; not however, without metamorphosing, through the gloom, bushes, stumps and stones, into wide-mouthed catamounts, and construing every distant sound into the dismal scream of that voracious animal. I arrived at an Inn upon the top of the mountain, where I concluded to stop. The landlord informed me, that it was several years since panthers had visited the woody regions of Shongo, but that he had actually heard the screams of one that night. Fires were glowing from the new cleared lands upon the plains, which from this elevation, in the dead silence of night, looked awfully grand.

I was received by my friend with great hospitality, at his farm situated upon the luxuriant banks of the Neversink. We made an excursion together, to a part of the forest, where a sudden blast or tornado had ripped up the trees in a direct line, for a very great distance; and the owner, taking advantage of this terrible operation of nature, was making an excellent road, on the course which it had taken, with scarcely any difficulty.

On Monday, I walked to Rochester, traversing a forest of thirty-three miles, where agriculture was beginning to rear the standard of plenty

above the logs, in a few detached acres of cleared land. An eclipse of the sun took place in the morning, but the clouds prevented its being seen. The dwellings of the inhabitants are mere log huts; they appeared so rejoiced at seeing a new face among them, that they almost stopped me, to converse, and show me the great improvements they had made, and were making in the wilderness. Millet is sown here in considerable quantities.

At Warsink was one of the most delightful valleys, I had ever descended: the hills rose in graceful sublimity, crowned with the lofty hemlock and fir; creeks and rivulets foamed among the rocks at the bottom of obscure glens; whilst the broad side of the highest ridge of Shongo mountain, appeared in front, like a great screen to oppose the rays of a morning sun. The inhabitants of the luxuriant and highly cultivated vale, which extends north-easterly at the foot of the mountain, towards Kingston or Esopus, are descendants of the Dutch; they are old possessors, and have chosen, as they were the original settlers of the State of New-York, the very richest districts of the country. Here are no half-burnt trees to disfigure the fields, and no log-houses, (though sufficiently comfortable inside) to impress the beholder with disgust, at their wretched, and uncouth exterior. Approaching from the west, we find ourselves, upon a sudden surrounded with farms, which have been brought to the greatest perfection. Broad meadows are seen stocked with fine cattle; the ruddy fruit

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drops from overloaded boughs of pear and apple trees, whilst peaches and plums, and other fruits, are flourishing in exuberant plenty.

In the neighbourhood of Rochester and Mar-bletown, many attempts have been made at mining; most of which, however, were unsuccessful, as lead-ore and sulphur were not procured in sufficient quantities to defray the costs. But millstone is obtained from the hills, and manufactured advantageously. Within three miles of Esopus, through which I passed the next day, a quarry of very beautiful heterogeneous marble has been discovered, which contains shells and receives a very high and elegant polish. A manufactory of this marble is carried on by Mr. Henry Darley, at Esopus, who presented me with several specimens.

Esopus is a large village, built in the Dutch taste, and having a capacious court-house, in which the court was at this time sitting. When General Vaughan, acting under the orders of Clinton, in 1777, sailed up the Hudson, spreading devastation on both sides of the river, this fine village, among other settlements, was by his command, reduced to ashes.

The sky was overclouded, the air was cold, and birds were winging their flight from east to west, as I hurried towards Kaatskill. The face of nature assumed a more than usually interesting feature. The lofty mountains of Kaatskill, were seen through the mist, and at intervals, as the wind scattered the clouds from

around their summits, they showed their high and rugged peaks, in a clear defineable outline. On my right, the waters of the Hudson, were pleasingly ruffled, and the dark umbrage of trees wavered upon its banks. Nearer by, the blast shrilly whistled among the pine trees and cedars. All portended a storm. I had not proceeded far beyond Kaatskill, which is a splendid and very busy village, when it began to rain excessively fast. Well provided against such changes, I kept on my journey, walking, in some parts, where the rain had rendered the soil extremely tenacious, and made travelling very difficult. Passing successively through Athens or Lower Purchase, Lunenburgh or Upper Purchase, Cox-sackie, and New-Baltimore, I at length stopped at an Inn, within twelve miles of Albany; and next day (Thursday) at eleven, I entered with no small degree of pleasure, the capital of the State of New-York, and the scene of very many important transactions.

Albany is compactly built. There is one wide street, however, which runs directly up the hill, upon the side of which the city is situated, and is terminated at the top by a noble edifice, called the Capitol: this is State-street. I ascended to the Capitol, and obtained from the summit of the roof, an extensive view of the town, the country, adjacent villages, and the Hudson river, with its woody banks and beautiful islands. Officers were here busily engaged, in conveying bills, documents, and other state

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papers, in large baskets, from the great chamber of the assembly, to an adjoining apartment. The Convention of New-York, which had commenced sitting in Albany on the 29th of this month, had adjourned a few hours previous, which gave me an opportunity of examining at leisure, the decorations of the assembly room. These were superb. Rows of mahogany desks stood in circular phalanges, around the President's seat, each provided with paper and apparatus for writing. On the wall, was a full length portrait of General Washington. Maps were hung in different parts, and the fire-places were adorned with green branches of the asparagus plant. A portion of the chamber, at the doors, was allotted to strangers: a gallery above it was also assigned for spectators, and one-third of it for ladies.

For the sum of 25 cents, I obtained admission into the Senate chamber, where Peale's great moral picture of the Court of Death was then exhibiting. This picture is extremely large and executed in a superior style of painting: but allegorical paintings do not give that solid satisfaction, which is generally received from such as are more allied to real nature. The court room in the Capitol, is large and elegant.

In the evening, I spent an hour or two in Cook's reading room, which has acquired some degree of celebrity, on account of its excellent library, its fresh mineral waters, and its regular supply of newspapers from every part of the

United States. The table in the middle of the room, was surrounded by elderly gentlemen, delegates to the convention, silently intent upon the papers and volumes before them.

According to my engagement next morning with Mr. T—, to whom I had a letter, I took breakfast at his house, and at eleven, went with him to the Capitol. Nearly all the members were there; and the gallery was very much crowded. Upon the entrance of the President, great decorum and order was observed, and the delegates took off their hats. All in the house standing up, prayers were solemnly read by a reverend clergyman; after which, the President assuming the elevated chair, and knocking with a little mallet upon the table, the business of the convention commenced. The House having merely assented to the choice, which the President had made of a committee of arrangements, immediately adjourned, until four o'clock in the afternoon.

At the hour appointed in the afternoon, they proceeded to business. A bill was presented, which proposed the appointment of ten committees, each of whom were to inspect respective sections of the constitution of the State, and report what alterations were necessary to be made. It was passed. A dead silence prevailed, until a member proposed an adjournment. A fierce discussion now began, relative to the time to which they should adjourn. Some proposed one hour, and some proposed another; and several speeches

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were made upon the occasion. It was urged upon one side, with many powerful arguments, that the hour last proposed was extremely inconvenient, since the delegates generally at that time, would finished their dinners, and be more inclined to bodily repose than mental exertion. Many arguments were urged against any hour before dinner, as the President would not be able to select the committees at so early an hour; and the President himself intimated, that a later hour would be more agreeable. A celebrated delegate from New-York, hoped that the usual hour of meeting might not be altered; others hoped they would adjourn until Monday. The house divided on this question, and it was negatived. Adjournment was then proposed to one o'clock the next day. After much discussion, the house again divided, and the numbers were found to be fifty against, and seventy in favour of one o'clock. This shows that our sages and law-givers can play sometimes, as well as the excellency of their resolutions and laws, proves that the very best talents are frequently exerted.

Albany is about 150 miles from New-York. It is a place of great trade; is the resort of men of eminence and people of fashion. The finest view of it, is obtained by approaching it from the water; when it appears populous, extensive, and dignified. Greenbush lies opposite the river, near which are barracks capable of holding many thousand soldiers.

CHAPTER II.

FROM ALBANY, THROUGH SARATOGA AND BALLSTON SPA,
TO UTICA.

Saturday September 1st. 1821.

Notwithstanding the rain, which fell in showers on Saturday morning, I left Albany, and walking over a meadow, extending along the west side of the Hudson river, northward, I came within sight of the large commercial village of Troy, which has been so lately devastated by fire, but which has now nearly recovered its former splendour. A miserable line of houses, dignified, however, by a large and magnificent state armoury, lies opposite Troy, and is called Watervlit: I passed through it, and twelve miles from Albany, approached the mouth of the Mohawk river.

Here are two islands, at the confluence of the Hudson and Mohawk, upon which General Schuyler, encamped the American troops in 1777, in their retreat from the British army under General Burgoyne.

From a very lengthy covered bridge, which crosses the Mohawk, near the mouth, a fine view is obtained of the great falls, the *Cahoes*. The dryness of the season had made the

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volume of water extremely thin; yet I was seldom more astonished with a spectacle of this nature, than I was at the first sight of this. The stream pours over an even ledge of rocks, which extends in one straight line across the river, where it is more than 1000 feet wide. The descent is 70 feet, not perpendicular, but in such a slope as to ruffle the water, and give it a perfect snow-white appearance. The bed of the river, which is an argillaceous schist, is exposed, and so is the face of the falls, which is never completely covered except in a freshet. A person may walk quite across the river, either above or below the falls. Three men were at this moment standing under them, who looked, from the place where I viewed them, like mere pigmies.

Not far hence is the village of Waterford, which is made somewhat singular, by its brick stores with their gables facing the street, and great hoisting machines projecting from the peaks of the roofs. Beyond this the Hudson river is not navigable, except in a few places, where the current is deep and smooth. The rapids however are not so dangerous, as to prevent rafts from passing over them. An elegant bridge crosses the river, at Waterford, upon three substantial piers.

Continuing over a level bottom, with high grounds at a distance on my left, and the Hudson rolling on my right, I came in the evening to the scattered village of Stillwater, the well known scene of one of the most important events of the revolutionary war. Burgoyne's retreat from this

place, was probably, the preservation of the States of New-England. He had been sent with a powerful army, stores, artillery, and the various engines of war necessary for a momentous expedition, from St. John's in Lower Canada, under a design of cutting off every communication of the southern, with the eastern states, which were considered, as the soul of the revolution in America. The British general, Sir Henry Clinton, was to meet him at Albany, from New-York, and join in reducing the strongest posts in these quarters. He advanced and swept all before him. Crown-point, Ticonderoga, Mount-Independence, Fort George, Fort Edward, all were compelled to yield to his progress, and victory hovered over his exulting army, until he approached Saratoga, within a few miles of Stillwater.

The river winds in its course, and after meandering through the flatlands of the valley, here bends and runs within sixty yards of the foot of some high hills or embankments, which are now called Beemis' Heights. With a sensation of awe, I slowly paced the road to the spot, where our forefathers fought and conquered. The names of the victorious heroes, crowded upon my recollection, like the glittering stars in the sky, which then enabled me, to survey the ambiguous outline of the landscape. There is an Inn under the heights, where with the remembrance of the deeds, which transpired on these grounds, I contented myself to repose.

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BATTLE OF BEEMIS' HEIGHTS.

The next morning the son of the innkeeper, who was himself one of our old revolutionary warriors, and had stood somewhat conspicuous upon this memorable occasion, volunteered his services as my guide to the fields of battle. The young man had acquired a perfect knowledge of every part of the ground, and every circumstance of the engagements, not only from the descriptions of his father, and other venerable soldiers, but also from an attentive perusal of the histories of the war.

We ascended the hill. Few vestiges are to be seen: the plough has strove with invidious zeal, to destroy even these few remaining evidences of revolutionary heroism. Each succeeding year, the agriculturist turns afresh the sod of the weather-beaten breastworks, and as he sweats and toils, to the great anguish of the antiquarian, to level alike mounds and ditches, he exhibits the peaceful effects of that liberty and independence, which those have procured, over whose graves he tramples.

When General Burgoyne advanced to this place, after crossing the Hudson at Saratoga, by a bridge of boats, he found instead of a flying and dispirited enemy, a large and resolute army to stop his farther progress. General Burgoyne had boasted before the British house of Commons, that, with four thousand men, the Colonies could be reduced in to subjection. More

than twice that number, were now enlisted under his banners, resolute and brave veteran soldiers, who were already beginning to suffer all the distress and fatigue, attendant upon an embarrassed army. Harassed by the American scouts, shortened in the usual allowance of provisions, and enclosed in a narrow valley, with an impassable river on one side, hills and thick forests on the other, the American army under General Gates facing them in front, and a road so broken in their rear, as to allow little hopes of an easy returning march; this mighty host, which came thundering from the north, with a most formidable train of heavy brass artillery, stores and equipments, now shrunk from an army of untutored militia.

Above the heights are level plains, which at that time were partly cleared and called Freeman's farm. Here the conflicting armies met. They fought from three in the afternoon (Sept. 19th. 1777,) until day closed upon the bloody scene, and obliged the combatants to separate.

Though the British claimed the victory, no advantages resulted to them, from this engagement. Both armies began to throw up entrenchments, and fortify their camps in the strongest possible manner.

The field of battle extends one mile back from the road by the river. The entrenchments of the two camps can to this day be traced, almost razed in some places, and in others over-

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grown with bushes and tall forest trees. The line of Burgoyne's camp, which lay north of the American's, is visible, and daily washing away, and exposing rotten logs which in part composed the breastwork. Upon a range of knolls, square redoubts are very perceptible, from which the Americans commanded the passage of the road and river; another wide redoubt, is turned into a buckwheat field, with its venerable moats and parapets forming the enclosures. About half a mile west from these redoubts, stand the farm-house and barns, which after the battle of the 19th, were occupied as hospitals. The farm-house is large, painted red, untenanted and ready to fall. It was the head quarters, and temporary abode of General Gates, who, when the engagement was over, generously removed into a tent, and gave up his rooms to the wounded soldiers.

My conductor, seating himself upon an elevated rail-fence, where I also mounted, and taking, contentedly, an apple from the bough of a luxuriant tree, which fixed its roots upon the rounded top of one of the ancient ramparts, pointed to different parts of the plain: "There," said he, "is an old barn still remaining, which stood within the British line of encampment; and there the spot where Colonel Cilly straddled a brass twelve pounder, which had been twice taken from the enemy. Here stood the tents of the American army: the soldiers were idly sitting, or reposing in them, when an officer was

seen riding over the plain: the Generals met him, and immediately all were in arms, forming into companies, or marching in order of battle. Yonder a troop of wounded dragoons were coming from the engagement towards the hospital: death sat upon their countenances: blood ran from their bodies; and as the mournful train, slowly advanced, some one of them, at every short distance, fell from his horse, and expired on the ground."

The period between the 19th. of September, and the second engagement, on the 7th. of October, was full of painful anxiety on the part of the British. Not a day passed, without the death of some soldier or officer, shot by the American scouts and marksmen. And at this moment the Indians, when their assistance was most needed, deserted from the cause, under which they had enlisted. Their defection was occasioned by the disappointment of their hopes of plunder, and by the notice which General Burgoyne was in honour obliged to take of the cruel massacre of Miss M'Crea. This beautiful young lady, dressed in her bridal habiliments, in order to be married the same evening to an officer of character in Burgoyne's own regiment, while her heart glowed in expectation of a speedy union with the beloved object of her affections, was induced to leave a house, near Fort Edward, with the idea of being escorted

* History of America, page 457.

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to the residence of her intended husband. Her father had uniformly been a zealous loyalist; but it was not always in the power of the most humane of the British officers, to protect the innocent, from the barbarity of their savage adherents. Two of the principal warriors, under pretence of guarding her person, had, in a mad quarrel between themselves, which was best entitled to the prize, or to the honour of the escort, made the blooming beauty, shivering in the distress of innocence, youth and despair, the victim of their fury. The helpless maid was butchered and scalped, and her bleeding corpse left in the woods.

On the 7th of October, the royal army was observed advancing, prepared for action. Their design was to force a passage through the American lines; or if they failed, to dislodge them from their entrenchments, and retreat by the way of Lake George. The American troops were in readiness to repulse the attack, and the engagement soon became general. A tremendous fire ensued. The thunder of the British cannon was dreadful. After a contest of the the most sanguinary kind, which lasted a great part of the afternoon, the victory was at length decided in favour of the American army, and the enemy, leaving many of their officers highest in command, wounded or slain, upon the field, and several pieces of their brass artillery, fled precipitately into their lines. The Americans pursued, and commenced a furious assault upon their camp; which was in part carried, when

night once more closed upon the bloody scene.

This defeat was signal. General Burgoyne, in the darkness of night, after leaving fires kindled and some tents standing, led back his weak dispirited army on the road they had before travelled, as far as Saratoga; where he remained until the articles of surrender were signed on the 17th of October, 1777. The British, who not long before had advanced in such overwhelming numbers, and with such a formidable array of strength and equipments, were now conducted, mournful captives, between two files of victorious troops, into the very city of Albany, in which they had thought with the greatest certainty of spending a happy winter.

A trench and rampart, overgrown with bushes and crowned with a rail-fence, runs from the foot of Beemis' heights, across the meadow, to the bank of Hudson river. It formed a part of the American line of entrenchments. Where it is terminated at the edge of the river, a sentinel was walking late in the night, after the battle of the 7th, when a boat appeared rowing down the stream, which he hailed. The boat put ashore, under a flag of truce, and a beautiful lady, it is said, with her attendants, ascended the bank. This was Lady Harriet Ackland.* Her husband was wounded and a prisoner in the American camp. With a heroism seldom to

* General Wilkinson's Memoirs.

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Oct. 9, 1777.

M. G. Gates.

be met with, she had thus ventured, on a cold stormy night, in the midst of her enemies, without knowing whose hands she might fall into, in order to quiet her dreadful apprehensions respecting the fate of her husband, and to attend upon him, till he should be recovered of his wounds. Major Dearborn, who commanded the guard, conducted her into a cabin of his own, where an apartment was cleared, a fire kindled, and supper prepared. She remained until morning, and was then escorted with the honours due to her rank and condition, into the American camp.*

The house which the British army made their hospital, is about three miles from the tavern where I had stopped, and is colloquially termed,

* Lady Ackland brought a letter to General Gates from General Burgoyne, who, in the confusion of the defeat, could only write a few lines upon a wet and soiled piece of paper. The guard could not read the superscription, which occasioned some detention. This letter in the original, has been deposited in the archives of the New-York Historical Society.

Sir,
General Burgoyne's Letter.

Lady Harriet Ackland, a lady of the first distinction by family, rank, and personal virtues, is under such concern on account of Major Ackland, her husband, wounded, a prisoner in your hands, that I cannot refuse her request to commit her to your protection.

Whatever general impropriety there may be, in persons acting in your situation and mine, to solicit favours, I cannot see the uncommon pre-eminence in every female grace, and exaltation of character of this lady, and her very hard fortune, without testifying, that your attentions to her will lay me under obligations.

I am, Sir,

your obedient servant,

Oct. 9, 1777.

M. G. Gates.

J. BURGOYNE.

in the neighbourhood, *The house where Frazer died.* It is now Smith's Tavern. There is a wide meadow between it, and the high grounds under which it formerly stood. It has since been removed half a mile to the banks of the river. Its form is antique, the rooms are large, and not in the least ruinous. The Baroness de Reidesel with her three infant children, who had accompanied her husband, Major-General the Baron Reidesel, commander of the German troops, from Canada, through all the horrors of the war, here occupied a room, whilst the adjoining apartments were filled with the wounded and the dying. In the afternoon of the second battle, she expected the Generals to dine with her, at four o'clock; when instead of the guests, General Frazer was brought in, carried on a litter, mortally wounded. The table was instantly removed. By some, indeed, it is related, that the dishes, and every article on the table were swept upon the floor, and General Frazer was laid upon it, instead of a bed. This brave and gallant soldier died the next day, and according to his request, his corpse was borne, without parade, to the top of a hill behind the house, where a redoubt had been built, and is still visible. The procession, accompanied by General Burgoyne and the principal officers, slowly ascended the hill in sight of both armies, and under a continual fire from the Americans. The funeral service was performed in the usual manner; but the solemnity of interment was rendered strik-

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ingly awful, by the cannon balls, which now and then covered the mournful train with clouds of dust. His remains are removed to England. The hill is known by its standing directly back of the house, and having the trees and bushes cleared away from its sides.

The road leading to the village of Saratoga, is uneven and recedes from the river; which, at intervals, may be seen rolling its diminished current among the trees and meadows. Near Fishkill, a creek falling into the Hudson, the ruins of an old church, celebrated in the bloody scenes of the revolution, were laying at the road side; having been very lately pulled down, on account of its decayed condition. The unfinished bed of the Northern canal, which is to connect Lake Champlain with the Hudson, runs sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other side of the road. On the left, the high bank of the creek extends, upon which General Gates, with the main body of the American army was posted, after pursuing to this place, the retreating enemy. A descendant of General Schuyler, who first commanded against Burgoyne, has a seat, situated upon a point, formed by the junction of the two streams, and adjacent, a large establishment of mills.

Saratoga consists of a few scattered houses. The situation, however, is pleasant, with the Hudson below, divided by two romantic islands, the Baten-kill pouring its waters from the east, and the high mountains of Vermont rising in sight :

all which is enhanced by the recollection of the glory, which the American arms there acquired. The royal army occupied the heights, where they were completely surrounded by the American battalions, and compelled (Oct. 17th) to surrender, prisoners of war.

The American soldiers lined the opposite banks of the river, and poured continual volleys into the British encampment. A large farmhouse stands upon a hill, not far from the village, against which they kept up a terrible cannonading, under the mistaken idea, that in it, all the Generals were assembled. But it contained only wounded soldiers and the officers wives, who had taken shelter from their destructive fire. * The Baroness Reidesel, with her infant children, being in the house, was obliged to seek refuge in the cellar; where she remained during a whole night, her children sleeping on the cold earth with their heads on her lap.

This house was shown to me; it is called Bushee's house, and remains still in a very good condition. The hill upon which it stands, accords exactly with that, engraved on the map in Smith's History of the American war. The present tenants received me politely, and pointed out the several rooms, rendered famous for the remarkable occurrences which transpired between their walls. In one room, an unfortunate soldier was lying on a table, for the purpose of

* Narrative of the Baroness Reidesel.

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having his leg amputated, when a cannon ball passed through the house and carried away his remaining leg : his attendants had absconded to the cellar and other places of security, and when they returned, they found the miserable man, in a corner where he had crept, scarcely exhibiting any signs of life. As no person dared to fetch water from the river, it soon became extremely scarce ; until a soldier's wife boldly ventured to the shore, at whom, the Americans, out of respect, did not fire. For this disinterestedness, she was afterwards handsomely rewarded. Strange stories are told about spots of blood, which no washings could ever erase from the floor, but which, it appears, are at last hidden from sight by several coverings of paint.

At Saratoga, few marks of the encampments are discernable. My host, towards evening conducted me to a large field, divided by a narrow piece of woods, over which a few risings of earth and scarcely perceptible excavations, gave evidence of the parapets and moats which had been there, and which the cultivators of the ground were endeavouring to reduce all to the same level ; whilst an insignificant French redoubt, (Fort Hardy,) situated on a fertile meadow near the river, has been suffered to remain near a century, untouched by the plough, and defended by thick bushes from the attacks of nature.

Winding among by-roads, and making a large circuit of near fifteen miles, through a desert and

uncleared tract, I came in sight of the extensive village of *Saratoga Springs*, so much resorted to, for its excellent waters. It stands elevated upon the side of a little valley, formed by a brook which joins the river *Kayadarossoras*. The adjacent lands are level and uninteresting. The banks of the hollow formed by the brook, are about forty feet high on each side, and make, as they recede apart, a wide bottom of meadow ground, and as they approach together, a narrow and somewhat romantic glen. In this, are situated the several fountains, all of them, though spouting here and there, for two miles along the swampy ravine, evidently springing from the same source.

A mile from the northern extremity of the village, which is itself a mile in length, was formerly a mill-pond, which has been drained, and in the bog which it left, ten good fountains were lately discovered. They call this the *Ten Springs*. Proceeding southwest, toward the source of the brook, the next we reach is *Red Spring*, deriving its name from the accumulation of iron rust, and consisting of five fountains; one of which, collected like the rest in a square wooden box, spouts immediately from the middle of the running brook. On the hill adjacent are a number of boarding-houses and stores.

It is a considerable distance hence, to the *Great-rock Spring*. After passing *Barrel Spring* we enter the commencement of the street, where the houses are old and ruinous, and descend

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three flights of steps, to the bottom of the glen, where this singular natural curiosity is situated. It is a hard light-coloured rock, jutting four or five feet above the ground, of a conical figure, eight feet in diameter at the basis, and having a circular hole, ten inches across, running directly down from the top into a hollow chamber, containing the mineral water. Bubbles of fixed air rising to the surface of the water, keep it in continual agitation. How this rock should have been formed with the regular cylindrical hole running into it, can only be determined by conjecture. The most remarkable circumstance is its annual discharge, which takes place about the beginning of summer.* In the same paling which surrounds the Great-rock, is another rock of the same whitish calcareous description, having the top even with the ground and a much wider crater, of twenty inches diameter, in which beyond arm's length, is a cistern of impure green water, not fit to be tasted.

Whilst I was examining these singular fountains, a most tremendous shower of rain commenced, and compelled me to retreat into one of the superb hotels with which the village abounds. No place in America possesses such magnificent boarding-houses and sumptuous halls with their piazzas, cupolas, and pavilions, as Saratoga Springs. Indeed, all the buildings, both public and private, are extremely splendid and capacious.

* Winterbotham's America.

There are many other fountains, such as *Flat-rock*, *Hamilton*, *Washington*, and *Columbia*; but none are so much esteemed as *Congress Spring*, from which the waters are taken for exportation, and thence are commonly known by the appellation of *Congress Water*. There is no very sensible difference between the taste of the several springs: there is however, a great difference between the conveniences for drinking, the glasses for dipping up the water, and the bath-houses, which occasions one spout to be frequented a great deal more than another.

The composition of these waters is chiefly saline, impregnated strongly with carbonic acid gas. It is extraordinary in what manner such a vast quantity of air is produced, as rises from the earth and bubbles on the top of the fountains, causing a simmering noise, similar to that of a glass of fresh drawn champagne, to be heard on all their surfaces.

Ballston Springs are six miles hence in a south-westerly direction, between which and Saratoga Springs the land is one sandy uninteresting plain. At the village of Ballston Spa, the landscape assumes a more pleasing variety; a branch of the Kayadarosseras rolls through a little valley, washing the basements of the lower houses, and winding until its course is lost among high hills which lay in the vicinity. Hotels, academies, and churches, rise magnificent above the tops of extensive ranges of wool and cotton manufactories, and stamp upon the features

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The fountains are situated in different parts of the village. A convenient footwalk leads over the stream, to Low's Springs, consisting of numerous spouts, contained under the basement-room of a hotel; and farther onward, to the Washington fountain, a very large and high spout enclosed in a railing, and furnished with proper conveniences for drinking: it is in the form of an obelisk, rising five or six feet above the ground, rendered of a bright red colour by the chalybeate qualities of the fluid, the top open, and the water copiously boiling over, and streaming in handsome cascades down the sides. Scarcely three yards distant gushes from the same soil, a fountain of the purest and coldest water, without the slightest particle of saline or chalybeate ingredient: it forms a little rivulet rippling beautifully over the stones of the creek, whilst its neighbour angrily bubbles and mingles in the same stream, with a fiery train behind of red iron-coloured pebbles.

In the middle of the village, an iron railing surrounds a hollow area, with steps descending to the bottom, in which the fountain principally resorted to, gushes over the top of a spout two feet high and runs off in a regular stream. Air bubbles continually swell from below, and burst upon the surface of the water. The taste is agreeable and becomes more so by the practice of drinking. It is in general use among the

villagers, who admire its gently stimulating properties, and even prefer it to the costly spirituous and fermented liquors of the shops.

Persons were sitting upon the steps, within the railing, contemplating the bubbling fluid and considering the wonderful effects of Nature's secret operations, and "ever and anon" some pallid invalid, some hearty farmer, some delicate female, some blustering fashionable youth, descended to the fountain, and applied the simmering cup to their lips. The day was gloomy. Mingling with the murmurs of the adjacent creek, the sweet strains of a well-played violin, floated from the windows of the nearest boarding-house, and agreeably corresponded with emotions, which the place excited. I looked with admiration upon the scene, and, like many others, contemplated the air-bubbles of the fountain with real satisfaction.

Early the next morning (Sept. 4th) I left the springs, not a little regretting to part with the social company of the hotel where I lodged. Whether it is to be ascribed to the beneficial effects of the water, or to a fixed resolution of spending the time merrily, that good humour, merry-makings, and sports constantly prevail here, and brighten the countenances of both strangers and inhabitants, is a question of some doubt. The springs are assuredly places of gay resort, notwithstanding the uninteresting features of the barren district in which they are situated. The hot season was now closing, and conse-

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quently the polite companies were beginning to diminish in their numbers.

Fifteen miles of a sandy, pine and cedar plain, which gradually increased in fertility and beauty as I advanced in sight of Schenectady, brought me once more to the banks of the Mohawk river. I was rowed across the stream, which late rains had suddenly swelled and rendered dark and muddy. The appearance of the current and the oars striking upon its surface, reminded me of the native Mohawk Indian, with his canoe and paddles, formerly darting from side to side of these verdant banks where his wigwam flourished. I remembered with sorrow the downfall of that noble tribe, and thought it reflected but little honour to the people who could find no other means of inhabiting a country, without entirely exterminating its original possessors.

Before entering Schenectady, I observed the line of the great Western Canal, marked out by stakes, which here, and a great part of its course westward, is to be formed by embankments on the southern shore of the Mohawk.

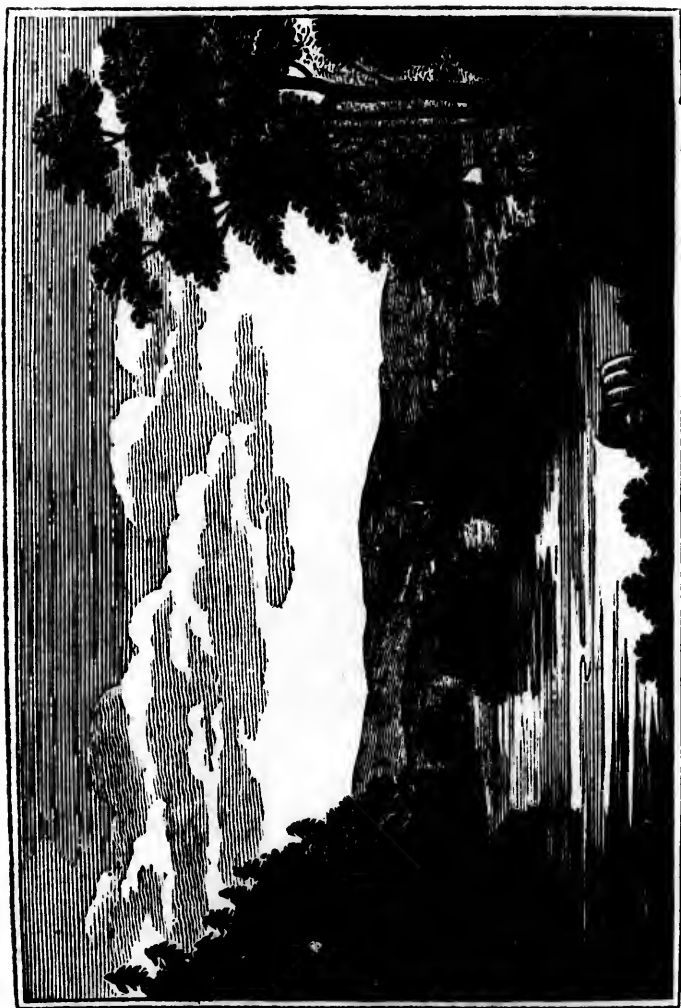
The buildings of Schenectady are antique and substantial; the court-house, formerly Union College, is a stone edifice of great capacity: the churches are finished in an elegant style of architecture and the streets are airy and cross at right angles. Its inhabitants, chiefly of Dutch extraction, may be computed at thirty-five hundred.

But the most perspicuous object in this town, is Union College, displaying its two separate

wings, upon a rising ground, observable at a great distance, and affording from the roof one of the finest *coup d'œil* imaginable. Without stopping to adjust my dusty attire, I went up to the college, where a professor and the librarian, kindly showed me the library and philosophical apparatus, both of which are objects of real curiosity; especially a powerful electrical machine, among the latter. The prospect from the top of the building was so alluring, that I remained near an hour with my conversant conductors, surveying the beauties of nature, the river winding east and west, the rugged hills of the northern counties, and the mountain which rises near Utica, whither my journey was directed. Dr. Mitchell, in a discourse, which he lately delivered in this college, expressed an opinion, that the flat regions, stretching in the neighbourhood of Schenectady, and so completely surrounded by hills, has been the bed of a wide lake, which, as its outlet wore away, has dwindled into the comparatively little Mohawk river. Union College was incorporated in 1794; it is in a flourishing condition; and is to have more buildings, and a large botanical garden shortly annexed.

With a quick pace, I recrossed the river on, Burr's singular bridge, which has a roof over each abutment only; and bent my course due west through a delightful vale, which all the impassioned attempts of the poet would fail properly to describe, or the delicate touch of the pencil, to delineate with justice.—

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" Here spreads a green expanse of plains,
Where sweetly pensive silence reigns;
And there at utmost stretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the sky;
While, winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rolls with sounding sweep."*

Wherever I cast my eyes, the country spread a rich prospect of natural beauties, heightened by the charms of cultivation. As the luminary of day slowly descended to the hills on the south western banks of the Mohawk, clouds gradually formed in the sky, and assumed a vast variety of dazzling and fanciful shapes and colours. The broad sheet of the river extended before me as I advanced, interspersed with numerous bush-clothed islands; abrupt mountains lifted their brows at a distance, bright and majestic in the rays of the sun, or dim and dusky beneath the shadows of the clouds: a bold shore on the opposite side of the stream, presented its verdant declivities with the busy labourers of the Great Canal employed in piling up embankments of earth and stones, and vociferating at the oxen wearily dragging their loads; whilst the thunder of the rocks they were blasting, rebounded from hill to hill, and rolled in frightful echoes, along the ravines of the surrounding mountains. Now the yellow beams of the setting sun, darted through the trees scattered between the river and the shore; and now the vapours, gathering heavily and black over head, suddenly poured down a torrent

* Mallet.

of rain. The shower passed ; and behind me, a perfect rainbow of the most vivid colours, sublimely stretched across the heavens, with one extremity resting on the hills, and the other on the agitated waters of the Mohawk.

At Amsterdam, which is a considerable village fifteen miles from Schenectady, labourers were coming over the river, by whom I learned that the current had, that afternoon, risen four feet, and in consequence, the walling of the canal, for preventing the earthen mound from being washed away, was for the present discontinued.

Through Tripes-Hill, an elevated village near the mouth of Schoharie creek, and Caughnawaga, which is compactly built, and pleasantly situated, I passed, next day, towards Canajoharie ; proceeding, in the midst of huge cliffs, shooting four and five hundred feet, direct from the road side, with successive scenes of the finest combination, of islands, meadows, hills, and lofty precipices. Three miles east of Canajoharie village, I crossed the Mohawk, for the fourth time, in a small ferry-boat, to Spraker's tavern, with an intention of descending into the newly explored, and wonderful cavern in the Nose, a high mountain in that neighbourhood.

THE CAVERN OF CANAJOHARIE.

Having procured a sufficiency of lights and ropes, the latter of which are especially necessary, and a person to act as guide, with two others

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who volunteered to accompany us ; we proceeded half a mile eastward, along the canal, which is here cut with incredible labour, at the foot of the mountain,* and ascending by a steep and narrow path, went a mile farther, across some cultivated fields upon the top, to the skirts of a close woods : penetrating a little distance among the trees, our conductor pointed to a small irregular hole at the bottom of a slight depression of the ground, intimating that it was the entrance of the cavern. It was about twenty inches across one way, and three feet the other, running perpendicularly downwards. Our candles were accordingly lighted, a rope was fastened to the root of a young tree, growing near the mouth, and we prepared to descend.

The three or four preceding days, there had been incessant showers about these districts, and the water pouring down the hollow, had carried mud and rubbish along with it into the cavern.

We seized the rope, and one by one, each with a light, forced a passage through the hole, and lowered ourselves twenty-five feet, with the help of a knotty pole, to the floor (if it could be so called) of the first room ; which was a large, black and gloomy expansion, in secondary limestone rock, of no regular form, with projections in one part, dismal hollows in another, and narrow water-worn crevices leading to more unknown and impenetrable caverns. The floor,

* Represented rising on the left of the engraving, with the canal at the waters edge.

far from being horizontal, descended so vertically that we were obliged to creep upon our hands and feet : it was also covered with clay, wet, and as slippery as ice.

The arching roof of the room was at first hung with beautiful pendant stalactites, curling in various forms of glittering icicles and sparry chandaliers, reflecting the light of torches with astonishing splendour : but these, not only in this chamber, but in the whole list of twenty-one rooms, from the entrance to the bottom, were swept away by the late intruders, who rejoiced in bringing into open daylight, memorials of their adventure. On the right, a very contracted aperture opened into a lateral chamber, which we had no mind to explore : near it the rippling of a clear fountain of the purest and coldest water, sounded musically among the gloomy crevices and expansions.

With some difficulty for want of a firm footing, we crept to the lower end of the room, where several passages ran off into dismal blackness ; one of which, was nearly round, of a crooked and downward descent, and large enough to admit a man. Our rope was fastened to a stick, laid across the opening, and with great toil, and in one part depending entirely by the rope, we bent and forced ourselves, notwithstanding wet clay and sharp points, forty feet with the assistance of a pole here also, to the floor of the second room. Part way down this second passage, was a smaller one, branching probably to unat-

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tainable chambers. We found this room much more magnificent than the former ; and although there were no conical stalactites hanging from the roof, yet the sides were adorned with a variety of fanciful figures, made by the oozings of the water bearing lime in solution, which glistened in a bright and very pleasing manner.

The floor of this room also descended very steep to an entrance into the third, which we found little different from the last. To give a correct idea of the general forms of the rooms is impossible : like the airy cells of a spongy cheese, or a loaf of bread, neither top, bottom, nor sides can be delineated. They differ in capacity and water dripples without cessation, from chinks and points above ; whilst a damp chill is felt, and though the lights burn clear, an evident difficulty of respiration betrays the noxious quality of the air. An awful silence prevails, interrupted only by sounding drops : and at every advance, we cannot avoid imagining ourselves descending among the infernal regions of ghosts and demons.

Carefully proceeding downwards, we penetrated into a chamber, where our farther progress was impeded by an extremely narrow and troublesome pass. A cord was tied around the body of our guide, who discovered evident tokens of palpitation, and seemed not much used to the dungeons of this horrible cavern.

I stood ready to descend at the mouth of the hole ; the two men who accompanied me, were

behind, one with lights in his hands, and the other with the rope turned around the angle of a rock, and gradually lowering the guide down into the black abyss. The flame of his candle shone up the winding passage, whilst at interval his voice was heard calling on the person to hold fast or lower. At last the cord ran out and he was not near the bottom. As the lights shone upon the countenances of my German companions and redened the surrounding rocks and stalactites, the guide exclaimed in his own coarse dialect, which sounded loud and hollow from the lower cavity, that he could not lead us any farther; that it was too late in the season, too wet, too dreary, too adventuresome; and all my persuasions to induce him if possible to go on, were ineffectual. We pulled him up, and covered with dirt and his arm bleeding from a wound received by the point of a rock, he rose through the aperture, like the ghost of some terrible warrior cited from the grave. We mounted the passages by which we had descended, and after being three hours in these subterraneous vaults, regained the top and once more breathed a mild atmosphere.

Thus ended this adventure, in which I was greatly disappointed: by inquiry, however, I learned several particulars respecting the lowermost rooms. The descent of the whole range is very steep and hazardous, and few daring individuals only have ventured to the apparent termination, which is four hundred and

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twenty-five feet perpendicular, below the level of the entrance. One of the rooms, is remarkable for the resemblance of its walls to new pine boards upon the side of a house; another has no discoverable top, running off into endless darkness; and another, the thirteenth, has the floor covered knee deep with water. Figures of human beings are traced upon the sides of the lowest room, from which, a small crevice will admit a person's head, into a most superb chamber, glittering and spangling from pillars and arches with most astonishing beauty. A person brought up as a trophy, part of a sparry column, which was perfectly straight and cylindrical: in dragging up his load, he sustained a heavy fall of eight feet without material injury.

This was the first cavern I had visited in America; and it appeared much more intricate, and to possess much more of that horrible gloom, which strikes with awe the intruder, than any of those which I had formerly explored in the central parts of England. Abundance of rock or quartz-crystals are found upon the adjacent grounds. A noll was fresh ploughed, and the crystals being exposed to the sun, the whole field glittered with the dazzling minerals, of which, (those most remarkable for size and colour, I gathered a number.



Hence, crossing the new bridge of Canajoharie, I walked some distance by moonlight, and put up

in the village of Palatine upon Garoga creek. The valley becomes more contracted between high granitical ridges, as we proceed towards Little Falls. Fragments piled upon fragments in wild irregularity, now surround us, and we find the Mohawk calmly flowing among the hidden depths of chasms, which earthquakes seem to have opened, which dashing waters have stove asunder, or which the silent stream has slowly worn, draining the once great lakes to the westward. As we wind our toilsome way to the top of the cliffs, and survey the rugged glen, which is here too narrow for the road, a deep roar draws the attention, which is disturbed every moment by the labourers of the Great Canal, exploding rocks, and filling the air with flying splinters. All at once the descending current, white, surging, dashing and roaring, opens upon our eager gaze, and adds tenfold interest to the horrific scenery, above, below and around us. Tall hickories and sugar-maples, proudly shake their branches upon airy heights; and from every fissure among the immense blocks, heaped high and imminent about the falls, luxuriant shrubs and bushes depend, and scatter their innumerable flowers upon the surface of the Mohawk.

Not only the works of Nature are at this place surprisingly grand, but the works of man also, are wonderful and well worth particular notice. Nature trembles on her throne, as man undermines her empire, and penetrates through her adamantine barriers. A dam is thrown over

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the river, forming a capacious bay above the rapids; and the course of the Canal is now worked through the rocky mountains, in a part, where many of the great projectors of the ancient and modern worlds, would have smiled at proposals for the undertaking. A large *dry-bridge* leads the turnpike over a broad ravine; and the old locks, for navigating the river, are still to be seen in the vicinity of the village of Little Falls; which does itself, in some of its fine stone edifices, exhibit bold specimens of building.

Proceeding in view of German Flats, a rich alluvial district, I plodded my way, rising and sinking along pleasant undulating banks, and not a little amused by the square sails of boats, swiftly gliding through the bushy margins of the river; until Herkimer Flats spread extensively before me, in one perfect level, highly cultivated and bounded as with a wall of defence, by low and woody circumjacent hills. The white houses of Herkimer were seen collected near the middle of the plain. Martial music accompanied by the beat of the drum, could be distinctly heard from the village; and soon after a long train marched in glittering array, around the corner of the street to a spacious green, and halted. The blast of a bugle floated shrill in the air, and resounded back from the neighbouring mountains. All again was silent; and as I descended to the spot, I contemplated the military parade with pleasure and enthusiasm. There were about a hundred strong hardy men, whose

features, though not very delicate, declared with what satisfaction they suffered the fatigues of the day—for the glorious purpose of sustaining the liberties of a country, of which they inhabited so remote, and unattainable a portion.

Fourteen miles over a level country, brought me late at night, to the far-famed town of Utica.

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CHAPTER III.

FROM UTICA, TO THE HEAD OF LAKE CAYUGA.

Friday, September 7, 1821.



The western turnpike from Albany to Utica, is one great channel, through which, the abundant produce of the remote counties of the State passes to the eastern markets, and through which foreign goods of all kinds are brought in return to the inhabitants of the country : and on account of its being so well frequented, it is supplied with such a number of inns, that we will meet them at least every mile, and sometimes every half mile without any intervening private houses. Fine airy farm-houses are also numerous, pleasantly embosomed amidst orchards and wild grape-vines.

Thus far the condition and cultivation of the country accorded with my expectations : for I was aware, that, wherever the old German inhabitants were situated, useless woods would be

cleared away, and agriculture would be found flourishing in its greatest perfection. But like most travellers from the populous seaboard of our states, I began now to expect, in proportion as I receded from the vale of the Mohawk, to meet with less cultivation—to traverse a hideous wilderness, where a few log huts might have intruded themselves upon the domains of savages and wild beasts, and where stones, stumps, swamps, ravines, creeks and all the formidable oppositions on bad roads, would resist each step as I advanced. The sequel will show how much I was disappointed. What appeared to be swelled accounts of interested travellers, delighting to boast in hyperbolical terms of the scenes they had passed over, proved to be not only just statements, but even to fall short of accurate descriptions.

Utica is not one of those common villages consisting of only two rows of houses, situated on the sides of a main road; but is one of those pleasant towns, like Schenectady or Newburgh, which have an agreeable variety of *streets*. Standing at the bifurcation of the two principal ones, we have a prospect scarcely equalled by any in our most sumptuous capital cities. On one hand, high stores and ware-houses are perceived, full of commotion, and the doors and walks flowing with purchasers; on the other, capacious mansions decorated with front gardens and trees; and above them both, fine steeples and towering meeting-houses and academies, that evince the rising

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power and magnificence of the town. Two bridges cross the Mohawk at Utica, and boats ply up and down the river for miles, without impediment. The Great Western Canal passes through the outskirts, and adds greatly to its importance, whilst the chief roads of the State intersect it from all quarters.

The Canal at this time, was finished and completely navigable, ninety-six miles to the west and several miles to the eastward. Boats occupied, what appeared like artificial quays, compared to natural; and over the Canal spanned a number of little bridges, very neatly made and painted.

The stage-boat Oneida-Chief, started for Montezuma, at eight; but having some persons to call upon, I delayed proceeding until noon, when a chance boat, intended partly for passengers and partly for goods, set off for Canaseraga. Two stout black horses were attached tandem to a rope from the prow, and with a velocity equal to that of some stage-coaches, we darted smoothly between the straight and regular banks of the canal. We passed through Whitesborough, Oriskany, Rome, and other increasing villages, as well as new settlements, before evening closed, and at night, stopped at a large and newly erected Inn, five or six miles beyond the place last mentioned.*

* Rome is on the site of the celebrated Fort Stanwix. This fort was commanded in 1777 by Colonel Gansevoort, when Colonel St. Ger, with a part of Burgoyne's army, and a great many Indians,

Of the whole rout of this great canal from Albany to Lake Erie, the middle section, between Utica and Montezuma, is the most level, marshy and disagreeable for passengers. Its course winds for the greater part, through pestilential swamps, which have been chosen as least expensive to the government, and which disease claims for its own, by leveling to a bed of sickness every hardy agriculturist that attempts a settlement. This however, and another disadvantage in having too many low cross bridges, from which the head of the unwary passenger is in momentary danger, will be remedied in time, and will render travelling in this mode, much more gratifying.

Our cheerful company of back-woodsmen and village-merchants, refreshed with the cheap drinks and capacious chambers of the new unskillful Inn-keeper, pushed on early through the marshes, towards Canastota and Canaseraga. Near the branch canal leading to Oneida Castleton, the chief residence of the Oneida Indians, saw two families of that diminished tribe, squatting upon the ground, making hickory brooms; the men wore a hat, a coat, an apron, and a kind

suddenly surrounded it and commanded him to surrender. Gansevoort refused, and General Herkimer, who advanced with eight hundred militia, fell into an ambuscade of Indians. Under these circumstances Colonel Willet escaped from the fort, and explored the wilderness for fifty miles to the settlements, in order to bring relief to the garrison; when Arnold marched with a body of American troops, St. Ledger precipitately fled, leaving behind him all the stores of artillery.

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of hose and mockasins: the squaws wore ordinary gowns with tawdry stars, beads, and buttons, whimsically affixed. We met many open boats deeply loaded, which passed without the least delay on either side; it is merely by the horses of one, stopping and allowing the rope to sink under water, whilst the other passes swiftly over.

From Canaseraga I continued my journey on foot, along the tow-path of the canal, through what I was told was the *twelve-mile-swamp*, a hideous extent of morass, which was succeeded by another of nine miles. Entering into the thick forest about twilight, I observed shortly after, six men approaching on the opposite mound: the two in front were soldiers well equipped; the two following were young men with their arms crossed over each other's shoulder: the next was also a young man, without regimentals who was followed by a stout corporal. When nearly opposite where I stood, the single young man made a spring from off the mound, but was instantly caught by the corporal. Struggling ensued; he swore he would not go to Greenbush; and the corporal presented his bayonet. He was still refractory, when the soldier cocked his piece and took aim. I was fearful of a bloody scene in this horrid swamp; but he appalled deserter proceeded forward.

It was after ten when I reached Salina, passing on the way, the first two locks in the whole course of the canal from Utica. Salina is noted for its

great saltworks and its neighbouring Salt or Onondago Lake. At eleven the passing stage-boats were announced by the shrill blast of horns. I stepped into the *Swift-line*, and was furnished with a berth in a neat little cabin. The voice of a "beautiful damsel" calling me, in mistake, from an opposite berth, waked me in the night, while the beams of the moon shone brilliantly through the large windows: the driver was smacking his whip; and the trees greyly illuminated were receding past in quick succession.

From Weed's Basin, where a few houses are collected, a hurried pace over an uneven tract of excellent land, brought me to Auburn in time to take the stage-coach thence to the village of Cayuga, at the northern extremity of Cayuga Lake. The speedy departure of the coach prevented me from examining the new State-Prison at Auburn. It rears its extensive towers and battlements over a wide field in the outskirts of the village: additional walls are adding to its strength, and the portion which was burnt down by the convicts in their attempt to escape, is now nearly replaced. Auburn is a large and increasing place, situated upon the sides of a hollow, through which the outlet of Owasco Lake flows. Many of its houses are of brick.

Approaching towards Cayuga, we enter for the first upon those level plains, of which the whole country for several hundred miles westward, entirely consists. The farms, however

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look rich ; orchards abound, and peach-trees, which to the eastward, scarcely produce a dozen good fruit in the season, are here hanging to the ground with their loads of ripe peaches. The nearer we come to the lake, the more attention we perceive given to horticulture. Few farm-houses are destitute of their flower as well as kitchen-gardens, and one fine mansion, where we stopped on the way, is remarkable for the beautiful walks and tasteful arrangements of its pleasure grounds.

The broad white waters of Cayuga Lake, saluted our eyes all of a sudden, with its refreshing expanse spreading north and south till lost among dim and dusky hills. Pleasingly agitated by a cool southerly breeze, it appeared doubly welcome to me, especially after being so long immured amongst forests. Ripe fields of corn and stuccoed cottages were scattered upon the farther shores ; regular ridges of land seemed to rise, overtopping each other beyond the lake, and meeting obscurely with the clouds of the sky,—whilst all the prospect was rendered peculiarly interesting by a bridge, the longest in the northern parts of the United States, stretching from the foot of the hill beneath us, over the wide sheet of water to the distant opposite banks.

Having an introductory note to a gentleman in Ithaca, I was indecisive whether to sail out of my way to that village, or advance directly onwards ; an old gentleman at the Inn in Ca-

yuga, soon decided the question, by describing some of the great natural beauties at the head of the lake. The steamboat which sails to Ithaca was to start the next morning.

Meantime my landlord, who was a sociable and remarkably learned man for his station in life, accompanied me in a walk to several small mineral springs, upon the shore of the lake. They covered the stones about them with a thick sulphurous crust. Air bubbles swelled now and then from the bottom of the fountains, but not emitting any disagreeable odour, the gas could not have been inflammable. Sulphur springs abound in these districts. The lower stratum of the banks, which are not very lofty here, is sulphate of lime or gypsum, of an impure quality, yet so much esteemed by the farmers, even in preference to the imported Nova Scotia gypsum, that general use is made of it on their lands ; and boats convey it from the quarries down the outlet at Montezuma, and thence by the Great Canal over the whole country. And here it may not be amiss to observe, that the level plains, between this and Lake Erie, appear, beneath the alluvion to be composed of one layer of lime variously combined, and containing shells and animal remains, another layer of massive slate, and the uppermost, beds of sandstone, which are all exposed to view in the deep ravines and chasms of the streams.

My time passed pleasantly upon a spot so delightful as the banks of the beautiful Lake Cayuga.

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At night the moon rose in full splendour, and reflected its uncertain beams from the glittering waves, as I strolled under a long and natural vista of Linden trees upon the beach, and thought of the dispossessed Cayugas, a valiant tribe of the Iroquois, who once inhabited the surrounding territories, and still lay claim to the Lake, and its borders. The oars of a skiff splashed in the water near the opposite shore: a whippervill whistled his melancholy notes in the branches of a neighbouring oak.

In the passage to the head of the lake, we stopped at a number of places on each side, the principal of which were Union-springs and Aurora, both handsome villages; and in the evening we landed two miles from Ithaca. Cayuga lake is thirty-five miles and a half in length, and generally three miles in breadth. The banks are steep and woody; and the depth of the water such, that in some parts a sounding line has not reached the bottom. My friend in Ithaca would not permit me upon any consideration to remain at the hotel, but obliged me to make his house a home; and pressed me to stay a number of days, in order fully to examine the surprising grandeur and beauty of the scenery in that vicinity.

THE FALLS OF ITHACA.*

The state of New-York, in the variety of its scenes, the great number of its lakes, and the

* By particular request, the substance of this description of the Falls of Ithaca, was published in a New-York paper as soon as the Tour

beauty of its mountains, rivers, and water-falls, stands unrivalled above every other state in the Union. Many of its copious mineral fountains and its lofty cascades have attracted travellers from distant quarters of the globe—and many others as extraordinary, are still embosomed amidst the impenetrable forests of the western regions, unseen by man—or if newly exposed by the hand of cultivation, still viewed with careless indifference by the passing rustic, with the sound alone of crashing rocks and prowling beasts, to disturb their uniform tranquility. Even on the well frequented rout to the Grand Falls of Niagara and the larger Lakes, are places, in which Nature wields her sceptre with unbounded beauty and sublimity: the tourist, uninformed of the scene, or else indifferent about a place as yet little known, hurries onward, contenting himself with the cursory description of some neighbouring inn-keeper.

Ithaca is a place of this description. As the outlet of Cayuga lake has, in process of time, worn away the rocky bed over which its waters descend to the Oswego river, the surface of the Lake has lowered, and left at its head, an alluvial plain, and at its northern extremity, the wide marshes of Cayuga and Montezuma. In every other part, the banks rise loftily to the height of three or four hundred feet, impressing the mind with the idea of a great cleft in the earth, half

was completed. I trust it will not be esteemed a plagiarism of my own, in observing nearly the same language.

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filled with water. Upon the plain where, twenty-five years ago, only a few huts of solitary back-woods-men was to be seen, now stands the populous village of Ithaca. Enclosed on almost every side by beautiful mountains, surrounded by the most fertile lands, situated on one of the great western turnpikes from Newburgh, and at the head of a navigable lake, which communicates with the Grand Canal, this flourishing village bids fair to become, in manufactures, population, and extensive buildings, one of the first ornaments of the inland country. From the bottom of a deep valley or ravine, worn between the mountains, Nine-mile-Creek, as it is termed, runs west of the village through the plain, and makes a navigable channel for two miles to the Lake. The Cascadilla, a romantic brook, tumbles from a hollow chasm, and continues east of the village till it unites with Fall River. In the rocky substance of the highest part of the mountain, half a mile east of the Cascadilla, a dismal gulf gaps dark and wide, and far within the shaggy cliffs steep after steep, in six successive leaps, Fall River rolls its current four hundred and thirty-eight feet downwards to the plain. This is the tremendous scene, which those who have had opportunities of comparing with other remarkable places, assert to be superior to all of them, in the sublimest touches of nature, and to afford full as much pleasure to the beholder as the frequented Falls of Niagara: an assertion which was confirmed in my opinion, when I ar-

rived at Niagara a few days after, and saw that cataract with little more admiration than this remarkable place excited.

My obliging entertainer, whose acquaintance with the way, enable him to skip from rock to rock without any risk, and whom I with difficulty followed, lead me first to a mill-dam, below the lowermost leap of the river : here the sides of the mountain rise abruptly on the left, partly concealing with trees and bushes the horizontal layers of slate rock which form the basis. The river falls directly before us, over an even ledge, 116 feet in one broad unbroken sheet, and after foaming at the bottom and sending up volumes of spray, expands into a smooth limpid pond. The gloomy sides of the chasm are seen at a distance above. Affixed against the over-hanging rock on our right, which rears its ragged brow more than two hundred feet perpendicular ; the raceway or water-course of the mills, winds around at an immense elevation, till it is hidden from view behind a projecting craig. Scanty bushes cover the face of the precipice, and the mills arranged one beneath another, stand on the descending slope of the mountain.

An oid man of an enterprising character, having circumspectly examined the suitability of Fall River for mill-seats, purchased the right and immediately commenced his operations by taking a rope, which he fastened to the stump of a tree above the precipice, and lowering himself down about seventy feet from the top ; where,



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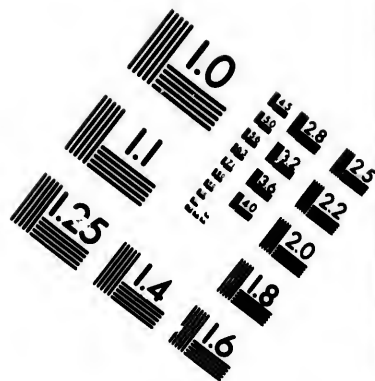
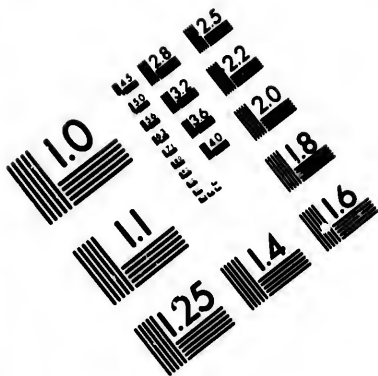
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swinging in the air, he made with the greatest labour and perseverance, and with little assistance, the raceway which conveyed the water from a dam of his construction, back of the lower falls, around the rocks, to the wheels of five different mills. It is humourously related, that every little while, he would quickly pull himself up, and carefully look around, lest any body passing that way, might thoughtlessly cut the rope by which he was suspended. The water to the mills has since been turned from the old race, into a canal cut into the mountain, seven feet wide, open above, and fifty or sixty feet below the surface. There was an obnoxious swamp on the plain, between which and this place, as forming the first risings of the mountain, were high gravelly hills. A small stream of water was conducted from the canal to the hills, which in the course of two weeks had such large portions swept away, that the unwholesome swamp was soon after transformed into healthy fields of corn.

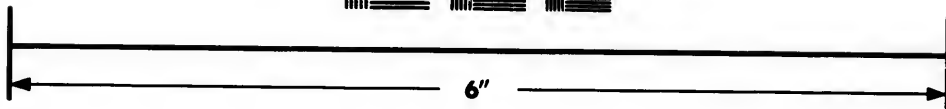
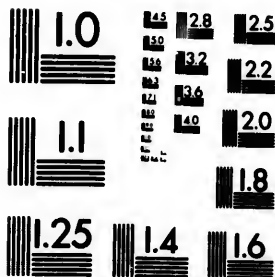
Unless ropes are used it is impossible to enter to the second falls of Fall River, by any other means than the canal and raceway. Even this method is so dangerous that very few attempt it.

We made a circuit around the mills, ascended part way up the hill, and poising ourselves upon a loose ill-supported line of boards, penetrated the artificial cleft, when turning suddenly, we emerged directly over the pond, a few yards in front of the first falls. Scarcely able to balance ourselves upon this giddy height, we look down with ter-





**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



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ror, whilst the foaming falls of the stream sound in our ears, and the rugged cliffs hang threatening over our heads. Continuing along the race-way, here clambering under the rocks, and here hanging by the roots of trees, we drop ourselves at last at the water's edge, where it is necessary to take off shoes and stockings and wade with the greatest care along the slippery brink of the stream, where a wrong step might immerge a solitary adventurer in a watery grave.

There is a piece of ground in the gulf which the river does not cover. Square fragments are scattered over it in heaps, as if some antique edifice had lately fallen to the dust, and Nature, pleased with its demolition, had strewed among the stones, her sweetest flowering shrubs to conceal it wholly from the world. From this place is obtained the noblest view of the dreadful objects by which the spectator is enveloped.* Like the mouldering walls and pilasters of some lofty palace of ancient Greece, upon the projecting cornishes of which, the face of magnificence still smiles through crumbling stones and adventitious weeds; so the vast craigs of the chasm mount stupendous on the right and on the left: their nodding heads stoop to view their broken foundations: their bush-crowned summits lift on high the half rooted-hemlocks: with pile upon pile, which the industrious hand of man seems to have heaped, stretches from end to end of the long vista of rocky colonades. The second falls strike the

* See the Frontispiece.

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sight, tumbling in a snow-white sheet down a perpendicular of fifty-two feet, and sending in the air, clouds of foam and vapour. A hollow roar resounds from each grot and gloomy crevice; the lengthened noise runs through the ranges of the gulf and echos among the natural cloisters. —To look back from the falls, to see the high piles of Nature's masonry, rising more than two hundred and fifty feet, the extended ranges of pillars, the distant hills of the country and the clouds and endless firmament beyond the gap, we feel conscious of our insignificance, and shrink with awe and astonishment from a sight of so much grandeur and magnificence.

————— Nature, throwing wide
Her veil opaque, discloses, with a smile,
The author of her beauties.*

In order to gain the third fall, we must ascend a high rock which projects on one side of the second, and climb the remainder, directly up the ledge, with considerable hazard and with a certainty of getting completely wet. There is nothing very peculiar about these falls. The descent is thirty-one feet. The columnar cliffs also rise on each side of the intermediate space between this cataract and the last. We are obliged, in order to obtain a sight of the fourth, or staircase falls, to climb up, in like manner, the shoalest part of the third leap, which, however, is not very perpendicular. The height of the staircase falls is about fifty feet. The water is

* Cowper.

very deep in the intervening space; and as we wade along the edge, we may see at the bottom of the transparent fluid, great cakes of stone cracked in all directions, like a pavement of irregular slabs of marble. By ascending a rain-gully on the left, with very great difficulty we reach the top of the bank, and by descending another steep and dangerous gully, we come in front of the fifth and highest of the upper falls. It pitches seventy feet in a most beautiful cascade. The scenery around is elegant, and without the terrifying aspect of hideous fragments ready to fall and crush us to death. The sixth and uppermost falls, like the fifth, is attainable by a gully down the bank. It is a pleasant cataract of twenty-eight feet.

Thus, in the space of less than half a mile, this river precipitates itself nearly 440 feet in six beautiful falls, the smallest of which alone, in a different part of the country, would be looked upon as a great curiosity. Between each of the falls are rapids of considerable descent. It is remarkable what striking resemblances to fabrics of human invention, are cast over many parts of this place. This adds to its attractions; as the mind enjoys peculiar delight in tracing resemblances in the works of art to those of nature; so, in this case it increases our admiration, upon finding among these tremendous objects of nature, some feature which reminds us of the operations of our fellow-creatures. The chief reason why Fall-River has not been much noticed

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is the difficulty of mounting to the falls. The difficulty however will be shortly obviated; since the committee, to whom is entrusted the building of the large academies and the college, now founding upon an elevated site, between the village and the river, intend, for the benefit of the students, to make convenient paths with suitable means of attaining the several falls.

Having now learned the way to the cataracts, I resorted a number of times to their gloomy haunts, taking drawings, and recording, as usual, my observations of their appearance, within their identical chasms and hollow roaring cells. A heavy shower descended, one afternoon; but there were grottos enough around me to afford a secure retreat from the rain.

The next interesting place at Ithaca, no less remarkable for the parties and recreations of the villagers there, than for the many natural charms it possesses, is the Cascadilla. The stream, after urging its way through a narrow gap, gently glides over a rocky descent, which resembles a wide flight of steps, to the bottom of a spacious amphitheatre. Immediately from the bottom, which is as level as a floor, the walls of the amphitheatre rise to the height of more than a hundred feet; on all sides perfectly circular, except the outlet of the stream, which luxuriant trees and bushes entirely close. The wall arches inward at the top, and grass, roots, and vines, hang in flowery festoons from the verge. Hither still, heavy pines and walnuts, whose trunks have lost,

in the course of time, part of their foundations, lean from side to side, till their leafy tops almost meet above the centre. A solemn gloom pervades the whole of the capacious Hall. Scarcely a ray of the scorching midsummer sun obtrudes into this cool retreat. With a hollow murmur, the water ripples around the floor, leaving the greater part dry; while plants, which sprout from the crannies, load the air with a delicious fragrance. As imagination figures the unoccupied theatres of Rome and Greece with their galleries, their actors, their curtains, their masks, the transitory wish passes over the mind, that, one day, the bare rock of this temple of Nature may be concealed by the brilliant countenances of spectators, and the voice of a modern Philemon roll in musical accents around the wall.—Polite assemblies have indeed already convened here. About two months previous, tea was served in rural style, to a large concourse of ladies and gentlemen, in which the tables were constructed of large slabs of slate. Another party of the Misses of the village assembled soon after. It must have been a novel and interesting sight, to find so gay a company in a place so unusual; whilst, as in the feasts of the golden age, the voice of “jocund mirth” would rise at times and mingle with the murmurs of the falling brook.

The broad ravine of Nine-mile Creek, extending half a mile to the ledge of rocks over which its water dashes about fifty feet. Many beautiful and romantic walks are afforded among the de-

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lightful copses of woods and pleasant lawns of this spacious glen.

But the most singular curiosity, I saw in the vicinity of Ithaca, is the cascade of a creek which empties itself six or seven miles below the village into Lake Cayuga. The distance by land is twelve miles. A gentleman obligingly offered me the use of his chaise, and resolved himself to accompany me on the excursion to this remarkable cascade.

We left the chaise at Goodwin's point, a level piece of ground, which the creek divides to the very extremity, and which is evidently formed like the land about the mouth of the Mississippi river, by the gradual washings of earth out of the ravine or bed of the stream, into the lake where it empties; and proceeded one mile through an immense gulf, sometimes wading in the water, and sometimes skipping with the agility of squirrels, from rock to rock and over the fallen trunks of trees, we at length entered a spacious amphitheatre, similar to that of the Cascadilla, but much larger. It is one hundred and fifty yards in diameter, and rises in height, or rather sinks, above three hundred feet. The circle is nearly complete with only that part wanting by which we entered. Near the top, alternate strata of earth, limestone, and clay of different shades, yellow, red, and blue, run in ribbons around the brim, which has a deep notch in front, for the passage of the creek into the amphitheatre. Over a horizontal, though uneven

shelf, projecting beyond the uniform surface of the rock, the stream pours down, like water from a tea-pot spout, more than two hundred feet, gushing over twelve or fifteen feet, and leaving the wall behind the cascade quite dry. Before it has fallen halfway, it becomes rain and spray, and creates such a strong breeze, that we feel the mist blowing into our faces, at the distance of a hundred yards. It makes a hissing sound approaching the noise of a heavy shower of rain falling upon the smooth surface of a river. Vapours roll in thin aerial clouds for a considerable distance around; and only by approaching within them, can the surprising height of the wonderful water-fall be properly conceived. The bare faced rock scowls awful, tremendous, and gloomy, adorned with a rough edge on the summit of cedars and scathed pine trees. With little cost to the imagination, pilasters, arches, niches, entablatures, are figured upon the face of the walls, in all the proud magnificence of old ivy crowned Gothic ruins. So diminutive do objects appear beneath the tremendous precipices, that a heap of fragments which have fallen from the shelf to the bottom of the cascade, of which one piece alone would require the efforts of twenty oxen and as many men to remove, appears, at a small distance off, no more than a light waggon load of building stone. Large trees, which grow within the amphitheatre are but bushes. The cascade itself, on account of the terrific height of the surrounding cliffs, appears not only less

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in width, but also less in altitude, than it actually is, and than it would seem to be in any other situation.

Astonished with the height of the crumbling, nodding cliffs, and the singular beauty of the fall, we stood a long while mute, contemplating in silence, one of the sublimest objects among the works of nature. The declining sun warned us of the lapse of time, whilst occupied agreeably at the bottom of the circular abyss; and we sought again the Point by which we had entered. Some of the cliffs, which are argillaceous, were tottering as we passed under them, spilt by the weather into one pile of fine splinters; to which applying the slightest power of a lever, the gigantic masses slowly bent forward, broke, and fell into loose earthy heaps, at the bottom of the valley.

Ithaca consists of about two hundred and fifty houses. Its situation is truly delightful. The short time I spent there, remains fixed upon my memory like some of those transient days, to which every person looks back with regret. Clambering rocks, leaping crevices, paunging through rivulets and cascades is a pastime, which none but admirers of nature can duly appreciate, and which, whilst the renewed scenes give pleasure ever fresh and gratifying, speaks to the mind of the attentive observer, volumes of interesting truths and satisfactory inferences.

The contemplated college, is to be a building of a hundred feet long, forty feet broad,

and four stories high; and is to stand upon the highest knoll of the hill adjacent to the village: separate wings upon the same elevation, are to be appropriated as academies. For the site of the college, no spot could be chosen more eligible than this. Inexhaustible stores for the study of natural history will always be at hand, and for all other sciences, the scholar will be secluded in a romantic retirement, which will give additional zest to his researches in their various branches. From the windows of the institution, the wide surface of lake Cayuga will be extended in the view: the distant mountains will be seen, fading into an indistinguishable mixture of clouds, water and land.

Some large literary establishment has long been wanting in the western part of our State; and as the inhabitants are becoming more and more numerous; and populous towns fast rising; the wealthy land-owners require for the education of their children a more convenient institution than either that of Hamilton or Schenectady. Ithaca will be the place, wherein all those minor academies and institutions, at present spread over the fertile and well inhabited countries beyond the first of the parallel lakes to Erie, will be centred into one great flourishing temple of science.

Ithaca may be considered in two parts: the main portion situated on the plain, consisting of handsome houses, a bank, a masonic hall, a court house and three churches: and the

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lesser village, at the mills of Fall River, where a small collection of dwelling houses has been formed by the millers and their families. Both parts have a gay and extensive appearance from the circumjacent heights. The inhabitants are rich, enterprising, and great lovers of bustle and commotion, (a striking feature throughout all the towns of the newly settled countries.) Drums were beating in the streets, bugles sounding, and the hotels loud with public meetings, during my stay at the head of Lake Cayuga.

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CHAPTER IV.

FROM ITHACA, TO THE GENESSEE, AND STRAIGHTS
OF NIAGARA.

Thursday, September 13, 1821.



That piece of land belonging to Tompkins and Seneca counties, and included between the two lakes of Seneca and Cayuga, is the most beautiful and most valuable of all that fertile country west of the Skeneateles, of which it forms nearly the central portion. Otisco, Skeneateles, Owasco, Cayuga, Seneca, Crooked, and Canandaigua lakes, all flowing from south to north, and some of them either communicating or about to communicate with the Great Canal, irrigate the luxuriant banks of lands seldom to be found more productive, and cast a feature over the tract through which they are so thickly interspersed, such as no other part of North America can present. Gypsum abounds on all sides; salt gushes in strong solution from never failing fountains: fish swarm in the lakes and streams, and innumerable flocks of game occupy the woods the whole year round. But the favoured space of land between Cayuga and Seneca lakes, can

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boast of these and other advantages in an eminent degree. Six miles from the centre, will bring the farmer and his plentiful produce to which lake he pleases, and thence the Seneca outlet and Oswego River, will conduct him to Ontario and Canada, or the Canal, to the profitable markets of the east. Creeks and rivulets run in both directions, pitching down the lofty banks; and, though there are no mountains and marshy hollows to create wonder in our eyes, there are pleasant undulatory hills sufficient to give variety to the scene, and solid remuneration to the co-laborers of the industrious cultivators.

Making a farewell visit to my favourite Cascadilla and its spacious amphitheatre, I started for Ovid on Thursday, by ascending the gradual slope of the mountains on the west. As I cast a lingering glance upon Ithaca, extending its picturesque edifices upon the plain, its name and the name of the township in which it stands, viz. Ulysses, reminded me of a passage in the Odyssey, where Telemachus answers Nestor, who was offering a sacrifice to Neptune on the shore of Pylos—

Inquir'st thou, father! from what coast we came?
 (Oh grace and glory of the Grecian name!
 From where high Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
 Brown with o'er-arching shades and pendant woods.*

Modern Ithaca, however, is not quite so lofty as to o'erlook the floods: yet the higher houses

* Pope.—*ἡμῶν ἐξ Ἰθάκης ὑπὸ Νηίου εὐλήλουθρον.*

Odus. γ. 79.

and those founded upon the nearest eminences, enjoy a commanding prospect of the waters of Cayuga.

A mile beyond Ovid, the road strikes Seneca Lake, which is thirty-three and a half miles long, and about four miles wide. Advancing sometimes upon the beach, and sometimes upon the precipitous banks, I came in sight of Geneva, distinguishable at a very great distance, on account of its elevated situation. The court-house and churches, stand high and towering, whilst the stores and dwellings stretch down the declivity to the water. Geneva has several moral and literary institutions.

Altering my course, I advanced over a fine variegated district of sixteen miles, to Canandaigua. This large and important village, stands near the outlet of Canandaigua Lake, and ascends two miles in length, in one wide street to the top of a hill, from which is to be seen its adjoining lake, like part of a broad and extremely picturesque river. The principal buildings, both public and private, are at the upper end of the street. Lawyers, judges, and wealthy merchants have their commodious and fashionable houses here, distinct from one another, surrounded by elegant gardens, and each with an office standing separate and advanced nearer to the pavement. A person will scarcely believe himself two hundred and twelve miles from Albany, when he walks through this newly grown town, and witnesses the appearance of wealth and nobility exhibited

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around him, in the princely halls of the inhabitants.

I left Canandaigua, and proceeding over a country rather more rugged than usual, of a loose sandy texture, I passed through Victor, a mere hamlet, and shortly after struck upon the Great Canal again, near Pittsford. The works are here upon a large scale. The channel of the canal is elevated upon a high earthen mound which the labourers were busily finishing: At a great depth beneath the mound, the river Irondequoit is conveyed through a long and very large aqueduct or funnel, of most excellent workmanship. Inconcievable quantities of earth are transported from a distance, in raising this difficult portion of the canal: the whole section to the Tonnewanta is now nearly completed.

THE GENESSEE.

The bell tolled from a Gothic spire, as I entered the populous and fast increasing town of Rochester-ville, upon the Genessee. That river passes through the town, dividing it into two parts connected by two lengthy bridges; and continuing a little farther, suddenly rolls its whole volume down a precipice of ninety-six feet, when it expands, gently flows a mile and a half, and again dashes headlong down another precipice of seventy-six feet. Near this latter cataract, perched upon the edge of a most tremendous gulf, stands the forsaken village of Carthage, which, like Carthage of old, remains a monument of fallen grandeur, a mournful con-

trast to the *Tunis* of the Genessee, that already assumes the commerce of the great inland sea of Ontario.

Substantial stone mills and manufactories are seen in great numbers, arranged upon the banks of the never-failing stream. Viewed from the hill, Rochester presents a gay picture of some important commercial city; its stone, brick and wooden houses, the Great Canal running across the river upon a strong and costly aqueduct, the spires, the meeting houses, the hotels, in short all we behold, causes the mind to recur to the scenes of Babel, erecting an establishment which shall defy the rage of time. From one spot, I counted eighteen houses in the act of building. The custom is to have the gable ends facing the streets; and here we find the singular mode of raising the peaks, square, like the battlements of a castle.

Sunday.—After attending service in the forenoon, I procured a man to show me the way, down a rugged and slippery path to the foot of the Higher Falls. It commenced raining excessively; yet the view of these beautiful falls, was a gratification, which richly paid for the inconvenience of wet apparel. The ledge or precipice extends obliquely, half a mile across the channel of the river, and looses itself in the opposite perpendicular banks. Nearest the east side, where the angle is acute, falls the broadest sheet of water, pitching over with astonishing velocity

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and noise. The exposed bed of the stream, covered with shrubby trees, intercepts its course on the top of the ledge, and forms another smaller cataract at the farther extremity.

From this place I went along the west bank of the Genessee as far as Carthage, and descending a declivity to the verge of the broad and deep gulf, in the bottom of which could be seen the river dwindled in appearance to a little brook, I obtained a partial view of the Lower Fall, and observed the remaining butments of that wonderful "flying bridge," which the enterprising inhabitants of Carthage long since threw in one astonishing arch, from the summit of one bank to the other. The building of this bridge is one of the great Archimidean undertakings of the modern age. When told of these remaining butments, I expected to find them substantially constructed of stone, properly fitted to receive the bulky beams of the arch; instead of which, there stood close upon the crumbling brink, on either side, a rickety frame-work, more like the skeleton of what some people call a *yankee meeting-house* or *air castle*, than the support of a bridge. Judging from the butments, the undertaking must have been airy indeed: and in confirmation of this, a gentleman informed me, (creditably perhaps,) that a sudden gust of wind on a blustering day, lifted the bridge from its two extremes, and carrying it through the air, laid it upside down, in the bottom of the gulf, where the spring current of the Genessee soon bore it in triumph into

lake Ontario! The toll-gate, closed, and the toll-keeper's house are still standing, and looks as if lately built; which might prove that the bridge did not fall through age. From the surface of the river to the arch, was one hundred and ninety-eight feet. During its erection, an overseer fell from the top and dashed himself to pieces.

Down a gulley which rains have worn in the bank, a path winds to the bottom, where a fine view is to be had of the Lower Fall. The water with a loud roar and considerable spray, rolls down a broken and contracted part of a ledge, similar in some degree to that of the upper falls, with the exception of its being much more uneven. High over our heads the stupendous sides of the chasm rise to a terrifying elevation, and the distant butments rear their outstretched arms to the skies, tottering aloft upon the wind-shaken brows of each precipice. Alternate layers of earth and bright blue clay, with intermediate strata of slate, curl in beautiful parti-coloured stripes around the banks, rendered more striking by a pleasing admixture of ragged evergreens and overhanging bushes. Adjoining the falls a spacious arched grotto is deeply scooped, under which the water so lately turbulent, finds rest in a deep, silent, revolving pool.



From Carthage on the Genesee, to Lewiston on the Straights of Niagara, a distance of nearly eighty miles, that wonderful curiosity the Great Ridge road is traced, running in a straight line

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nearly parallel to the shore of Lake Ontario. It is an earthen mound elevated from five to twenty feet above the usual level of the country, and affording upon the top, a most excellent natural road. At first sight, it bears some resemblance to a gigantic rampart, thrown up by the former enlightened inhabitants of America; and indeed, some have actually gone so far as to suppose it to be the performance of man. But this opinion will be immediately exploded, when its composition is taken into consideration; which is a fine gravel intermixed with remains of shells, and of a kind altogether different from that of the swamps and marshes, through which it takes its course. The surface is not always even; it is about twenty yards wide, and often intersected by creeks and rivulets. Lake Ontario, according to naturalists, here covered the plains that now extend generally twelve miles back of the shore, to the foot of much higher plains, the slope of which is called the Lewiston mountain; and the Cataract or St. Lawrence, working a clear eroulet through the Thousand Isles, lowered the lake until it was bounded for a long while, by the land in the course of the ridge, where its waters in time cast up this vast embankment. Even this opinion is objectionable; for we should in such a case, expect to find around the whole borders of the lake, great natural ridgeways, which, on the contrary, are nowhere else to be distinguished.

Advancing upon this excellent road, I passed rapidly through Parma, Murray, Gaines, to

Ridgeway, the first day ; and in company with a young gentleman from Batavia, who was making a pedestrian excursion to his relations in Canada, reached, on the second, a tavern two miles from Lewiston. I observed the woods along the Ridge road, to be of a different character from those forests of cedar and tamarack, which here and there shaded my way before ; now mostly tall and beautiful oak trees occupied the road and neighbouring grounds. After Ridgeway on Oak Orchard creek, there is one continued forest of thirty miles, with only a few solitary log-houses planted upon some leased acres of ground, the miserable appearance of which, instead of diminishing, rather adds to the disagreeable looks of the low swamps and marshes, where the Great Ridge sometimes penetrates. The Holland Company's purchase embraces all this tract, and contains further southward, a number of populous villages. Hand-bills were circulating at this time, signed by Paul Busti, Esq. agent for the Holland Company, in which lands were offered for sale or upon lease, upon terms extremely advantageous to new settlers.

The Great northern Slope, or Lewiston Mountain, rises not above two furlongs distant from the inn where I stopped ; and upon the top, lies the village of the Tuscarora Indians, who form one of the six confederated tribes, denominated the Iroquese or Iroquois nation. The tribes are, the Mohawks, now a scattered remnant in Canada, the Cayugas, who also emigrated

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to Canada, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Senecas, and the Tuscaroras, who have only lately been admitted in the confederacy of the Six Nations.

Following the direction of my landlord, I ascended a winding foot path, running through their own plantations of excellent fruit trees and ripe corn, and at length came to several scattered houses, built of logs and roofed in the same manner as those of the white settlers. Two women, whom I believed at first, from their light complexion to be two buxom daughters of American farmers, were descending with pails to a large herd of cows. Upon my making a motion to approach them, the tallest, whose masculine air and broad expansive features, would have done honour to a first rate pugilist, stepped forward and met me half way. I inquired for the missionary: the blanket-clad lady curtsied, said something altogether unintelligible, and pointed to a handsome dwelling house, adjoining a church, which was building under the direction of the United Foreign Missionary Society. At this moment I perceived attached to the back of her companion, a pretty smiling Indian infant, pending by straps from her shoulders. Passing a number of log huts, whose tenants were still asleep, I met an ancient squaw accompanied by a girl about eight years old. The silver locks of the matron hung down without covering or ornament. She was barefoot according to custom, and carried a kettle of milk

in one hand. Bidding her good morning, she laughed and shook her head, signifying that she did not understand; and the little squaw drew closer about her, the remnant of a blanket, the tatters of which served for a fringe.

A Tuscarora Indian, who had lately received his education in New-York, conducted me round the village, and politely introduced me to their venerable chief Sacaresa, to the Interpreter, and to one David Cusick, celebrated for his ingenuity in the art of painting. This David Cusick had in his possession, a variety of relics of their former implements and arms, such as stone axes, flint arrows, war-clubs, belts of wampum, and some curious ornaments; and his drawings, though the materials were coarse, exhibited in a striking and clear manner, the council meetings, the rites of worship, and the modes of dancing practised by their forefathers.

I was informed that the Tuscaroras, one hundred and fifty years ago, inhabited a large district in North Carolina, at which time they could boast of six thousand strong fighting-men: that, in a war with a neighbouring tribe, one thousand of their choicest warriors were destroyed: and that they emigrated twice to the state of New-York; and the last time, about fifty-one years ago, after distinguishing themselves in many bloody battles against the encroaching Europeans, were adopted in the Iroquois confederacy. They possess 6133 acres of land; of which it appears, 64 were a grant from the Seneca tribe, 1280,

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donation of the Holland company, and 4213, purchased by their own industry. The land is all in common, and he who fells most trees and labours most diligently, acquires a greater proportion of the gains. Their population is at present five hundred, and the houses about forty in number.

My Tuscarora conductor, favoured me with a song in his own house, in which he was joined by a number of Indians formed in a ring. The song commenced with these lines, which he inscribed for me upon a piece of paper.

“Ka ro ri ni kough ri go stayh
Ne sa qua riyat ni ye—
Oni a qua a ta qua yah
Sa we a na to teak to.”

Seldom was I better pleased with singing: the young squaws with their “silver voices,” added considerably to the harmony.

As the grand council of the Six Nations, was now holding at Buffalo, numbers were flocking out of the village, some on horseback and some in wagons, for that place. Civilization has deprived them of much of that active spirit, which distinguishes the wild hunter of the forest. It was amusing to see them arrayed in their most gorgeous dresses, all glittering with feathers, ribbons and metallic ornaments, profusely added upon this important occasion.

Lewiston is situated on the banks of Niagara, immediately under the Great northern Slope.

It is a large scattered place, raised entirely upon the ashes of the old village, which was destroyed with many circumstances of cruelty, in the late contest with Great Britain. Without making any stay here, I ascended the mountain, broke through the bushes, and saw—not indeed the grand Falls of Niagara, whose distant roar was drowned in the noise of the rapids under my feet; but a vast inland ocean spreading in the prospect without any perceptible bounds; the confines of a new country, with its villages and farm-houses, separated only by a narrow chasm over which one might suppose he could cast a stone; and, scattered upon both the rival frontiers, frowning fortifications, and the fields of some of the most bloody battles ever recorded in the annals of history. I looked around the grassy brow of the precipice upon which I was sitting, with my feet literally hanging in the air, in order, if possible, to discover some remaining evidences of the fiery contest between this and the opposite height of Queenston, where Colonel Scott so well directed his artillery from this commanding eminence in 1812. No vestige remained; the bullets were rolled away, and the fallen heroes were mouldering beneath the sod.

A correct idea of the lands around this contracted pass, the celebrated Straights of Niagara, which it is hardly necessary to say, conveys the waters of Lake Erie into Lake Ontario, is readily acquired from the summit of Lewiston Moun-

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tain. Behind us, it appears, are gently undulating plains, extending on every side, except the north, where, in a line running east and west, and intersecting the Straights, seven miles from the present station of the Grand Falls and as many from the borders of Ontario, the land abruptly sinks three hundred feet below its former level, and continues uninterrupted by hills or mountains, as far as the eye can pierce over the surrounding regions of the lower lake.

Naturalists universally acknowledge, that the waters of Lake Erie originally fell over the face of this Great northern Slope; notwithstanding the length of time, which seems necessary, for their constant attrition to have worn seven miles of a deep fissure, through the solid strata of the upper plains. The majestic style in which the falls have retreated, always retaining their lofty perpendicular pitch, is ascribed to the hard composition of the highest layer of rock, which consists chiefly of limestone, and which has continually formed a projecting shelf, whilst the less compact strata of slate below, and red freestone quite at the bottom, are undermined by the dashing floods, till the rocks above fall unsupported.

Not wishing to lose the sight of a single object about this most interesting pass, I made my advance, slowly, yet impatiently, towards the Falls of Niagara, through the bushes and woods, close upon the trembling verge of the deep chasm which they have excavated. The width from

side to side is not above a quarter of a mile; the channel is exceedingly crooked, and the banks rise, at first, more than three hundred feet above the surface of the tumultuous current, boiling, roaring, and struggling to escape from its narrow limits. The water, far from rolling black and heavily in turbid commotion, is of the most lively green I ever beheld; and it gushes forward in a manner so pleasing, that hours might be spent in looking down at its curling eddies, and white-topped billows, without the least fatigue. In some parts, the rocky precipices lean over the sides, and rains washing the soil out of their perpendicular holes and crevices, enable us to obtain a view of the bushes and trees of the bank, directly under our feet.

Thus breaking through the underbrush and brambles for five miles, a dull monotonous roar began to be distinguishable above the noise of the rapids: the bushes were thick in the direction of the falls: one effort more, brought me to a salient point, and the Grand Cataract of Niagara, burst at once, with all its clouds of spray and high tossed waters, upon my enraptured gaze,—the wonder and admiration of the whole world,—the delight of the curious,—and the boast of North America; and that moment was to me, a moment of exultation, which those only can conceive, who have travelled five hundred miles to behold so magnificent a WATERFALL.

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FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Frequently, when a great natural curiosity, of which we have continually heard astonishing reports from our earliest childhood, at last gratifies our own sight, we are disposed to revolve quickly in our minds, the idea, which accounts have imprinted there, and compare them with the actual picture before us. Is this the great natural curiosity which such or such a person spoke of in terms so lofty? is this the tremendous scene which they said, strikes the beholder with wonder and amazement? is this the monstrous object, which exceeds fancy herself in wildness of shape, noise and horrid confusion?—are some of the interrogatories, we are ready to ask ourselves upon such an occasion: and in doing this, we detect even in printed volumes, the most egregious errors and exaggerations.

It often happens, however, that, whilst the idea received of some parts, highly exceeds reality, through our fondness for dressing imagined objects in vivid or terrifying colours, added to their misrepresentation; still there are many other parts, as attractive or sublime, which are either faintly conceived, or not at all understood; and when these are seen, the surprise and pleasure excited, counterpoise what ever disappointment we may have suffered.*

* "Near this place (Fort Niagara) there's a waterfall in the river, which runs down from Lake Conti (Erie;) tis about eight hundred foot high, and half n league broad. Towards the middle there's an island that leans toward the precipice, as if it were ready to fall down. All the beasts that cross the water for a mile at least above this precipi-

For my own part, I must acknowledge the notion I receive of things from verbal descriptions, commonly over-reaches the truth. Yet Nature has so many charms in her every form, that the too flowery epithets used in delineating them, produces little regret. When springing through the bushes I saw, opened at once, a full and distant view of Niagara Falls, a flash of unaccountable disbelief passed over my mind, that these could not be the Great Falls, so wonderful, so tremendous. The fact is, the grand spectacle from this position exhibits all its beauties, without any of its terrors. The river is observed pouring smooth and rounding, over a ledge or precipice, in two sheets, separated on the top by a small tree-covered island. The portion on the left of the island upon the American side, termed from a fortification in the vicinity, the fall of fort Schloser, runs in a strait line with this bank of the chasm, and is in consequence little seen. But the larger portion, commonly called the Horse-shoe fall, runs circuitously from the Canadian shore to the island, appearing in open view, with the main body of the water, pouring green, white and foaming, one hundred and fifty feet to the bottom. The American fall, is one hundred and sixty-two feet: the sheet of water, however, is thin, and the spray which is formed are sucked down by the stream and killed by the Fall: so that fifty Iroquese, who are planted near it, daily wait for them in their canoes. Under this cataract, three men may pass abreast without being much wet, because the current falls like a spout over their heads."—*Old Geography.*

ed scarcely rises to the top. The Horse-shoe fall creates a deep stunning roar, and whirls its spray volume after volume, a thousand feet into the air, till it seems to mingle with the clouds above. Fantastic shapes, giants, towers and sea-monsters, may be descried upon the spray, as it swells dark and watery upon the atmosphere. Sometimes a majestic being seems to rise, with his arms outstretched and his wings gradually expanding: his head strikes the clouds and slowly separates from the body. Now the wings and arms spread and become the boughs of a tree, waving in the wind and bending from its violence. Suddenly the mist rolls in thick folds from beneath, like the smoke of a house in flames, and mounting higher and higher assumes the form of a straight upright column, supporting the arch of the heavens. The column breaks, and as if its demolition had raised a dust from its ruins, new volumes ascend and afford new employment to the fancy.

Having amused myself long enough in tracing figures in the spray, and surveying the streaming chute, rendered by the mid-day sun of a most dazzling brightness, I advanced along the brink, and found myself all of a sudden, in a pleasant grove of trees, with their roots washed by the waves of the river, which spreads like a boiling ocean immediately above the falls. This is an astonishing scene: billows rebounding back from concealed rocks, dash aloft and hide the prospect of the opposite shores: islands and clumps of rocks and trees, lay scattered among them, feebly

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The straight or river of Niagara, after re-uniting at the extremity of Grand-Isle, continues three miles in a westerly course, and then suddenly bends north-east. Before it reaches the bend, the stream contracts from a mile and a half in width, to about three quarters, and dashing furiously, like a turbulent sea, for half a mile over a gradual though rocky descent, leaps into the gulf at the very point of the angle. From a collection of mills and factories arranged along the American side of the rapids, denominated Grand Niagara or Manchester, spreads in view the expansive bay, bounded by champaigne lands. Chippewa appears at a distance, scattered about the mouth of Chippewa river: Navy island and the woody shores of the Grand isle, lie at a great distance on the left, and opposite, upon a high bushy bank, Ontario Hotel rears its white colonades. Midway, firm among the roaring breakers, is Goat or Iris-Island, to the romantic walks of which, a bridge, lately rebuilt by Judge Porter, after passing over an intermediate island leads from the American shore. It was not without terror that I saw the violent surges beating against the slender props of this bridge, and within a stone's throw of the river leaping into the yawning gulf and involving the objects beneath in dense vapours. The small island across which the bridge passes, is called Bath-Island, and hat upon it the toll-keeper's dwelling and a comm

rious bathing house. Parties, in summer, after refreshing themselves at the intermediate island, stroll among the retired groves of Iris island, where from a precipice of two hundred feet between the two falls, an interesting view of both sheets tumbling on the right-hand and left is obtained. There is a beautiful seclusion. While the foot-step is lead by paths, among the gloomy trunks of large forest trees, one of the grandest objects of nature shows, at times, white through the bushes, and with its solemn roar, impels the mind to contemplation and awe. Adjacent, are the other little islands, with their close planted firs expanding over banks, upon which neither man or quadruped has ever yet dared to step, and deform the rustic elegance of nature.

For the convenience of descending to the bottom of the falls, permanent stairways have been durably fixed against the sides of the precipice. From the foot of the stairs, down the slope, steps are made of rough stones, with a rude banister for a support, leading to a ferry-boat on the shore. The Charon of the stream, as I descended the steps, was standing at a sort of reel, with which he draws the boat out of the water, awaiting with patience the approach of adventurous passengers. I perceived him pushing his bark, with a lady and gentleman, into the green current, and tugging manfully against the streams which pass down, bearing on the surface quantities of foam; until length he landed his charge in safety, and received the hard earned price of his labour.

Various kinds of trees have fixed their roots beneath the impending cliffs, at a distance below the falls. Nearer and occasionally receiving the sprinklings of the mist, shrubs and flowering plants, in the highest perfection, lift their bright luxuriant heads above the broken stones. Each crevice, and each spot of earth, on this fertile though rugged part of the slope, is a garden of the sweetest, gayest flowers of the forest. Under the continually showering spray, vast rhomboidal rocks which earthquakes have shaken from the summit, are covered with long bending grass, and the watery interstices among them are filled with aquatic weeds.

Here from the top of a huge block of limestone, I viewed with dumb amazement the falls overhead: thundering tumult shakes the basis of the cliffs; a powerful breeze assaults the face, blowing at times rolling clouds of spray. White and foaming, the cataract is just perceived pitching over and breaking apart ere it is half way to the bottom: dazzling mist envelopes the sight, and nothing more is to be seen. Turning around, as the spray showers from above, the thin form of the rainbow, like some ethereal spirit, sweeps its radiant circles through the air.

Although the current below the falls is extremely rapid, a passage over it, on account of its depth and smoothness, can be effected without any danger. Having crossed over, I advanced immediately to the part where we can

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penetrate behind the falls; which, (contrary to many accounts received) is an undertaking of no ordinary kind.

We are first obliged to proceed half a mile from the foot of the stair ladder on this side, beneath the impending bank; springing upon the sharp angles of rocks in some places, and in others, dashing through the dripping springs, which ooze out of the crevices of the precipice. Slabs of slate are continually peeling off and falling from above. After we have advanced most of the distance, probably injuring our feet against the stones, wetting ourselves in the showers from above, and risking, by the falling slabs of slate, a serious blow upon the head, we are suddenly assaulted by a most intolerable scent, issuing from three sulphureous or burning springs, which give all the rocks around them an ocre colour, and load the air with inflammable gas.

Next we are assaulted by furious gusts of wind. Every thing looks hideous, whilst an universal veil of mist adds to the horrors of the scene. The rainbows still gleam behind us, and the dreadful thunder of the waters, like the noise of cannon between contending armies, shakes the very earth beneath our feet, as we descend behind the falls, over the slippery edge of a rock, where the slightest mis-step would instantly dash us into eternity. Quantities of large eels frightened by such unusual intrusion, rush down the rock, and die under the weight of the torrent.

The air is so loaded with fine particles of the fluid, that it is scarcely possible to breathe. In a moment our clothes are drenched through; and for a moment only, we dare turn up our eyes to the white obscure sheet in front, the looks of which, the roar, the danger, is enough to appal the stoutest heart.—What a situation for human beings! imprisoned between impenetrable walls of rock and descending water; enveloped by a wild chaos of mixed air and water, whirled about in horrible confusion. It occupies time in describing this, but the impression is momentary, and never to be effaced. Down drop the brimful oceans, crash upon crash; loud peal the hollow rattling thunders. As a thousand crags rifted at once by lightning from the top of a lofty mountain, dart headlong, crumbling, to the distant valley, and reiterating with deafening loudness, stupify the dismayed inhabitant over whose head they rebounded; so flies Niagara over us desperately swift; and madly bellowing as it recoils high above the trembling earth, astounds the affrighted senses of the presumptuous mortals, who thus dare to break into this worse than Tartarean dungeon. An awful plunge! Dreadful uproar echos round the deep abyss, whilst the never-ceasing war of jarring elements, break, quiver, burst, and roll around—

As if the phrenzi'd demons of the air,
Loos'd from their chains of adamant had met
In fierce encounter.

Mingling yells and groans of horror, appear to unite with the class of sparkling armour, and the angry spirits of the torrent, from their watery caverns, seem to exclaim loud and threatening, begone!—We obey the summons and hurrying precipitately away, regain a more secure and comfortable station.

At a little distance from the cataract, an immense rock has fallen upon smaller fragments, and formed by chance beneath its bulky weight, a spacious grotto. Other rocks falling, have closed the interstices on the lower sides and left only a low and difficult entrance from above. The clouds of spray hangs at times around it, and dripping in refreshing showers, makes the place an agreeable and seasonable retreat. Thither I retired for shelter, from behind the torrent; and as the day was considerably advanced, I sat within this hermit-like cave, and dined upon the contents of the "case and pistol" with which every true pedestrian should be provided. Once more I assayed the frightful passage behind the falls, which appear less terrifying on the second attempt. Now completely drenched, I retraced my steps to the stair-ladder, ascended it, and proceeded to Ontario House. On the way, I inquired of a man, whether ladies ever ventured behind the Falls of Niagara? "Aye" said he "hundreds." They fasten a thin handkerchief over their faces, for interposing the particles of water, stop their ears, and running heroically through the deluge of spray, return, and by soon

changing their dress prevent any danger of injuring their health.

The path leads along the brow of the precipice, from any part of which is obtained the best and most comprehensive view possible, of the Grand Falls. A capacious prospect, of them, is afforded from the well known Table-rock, the cliffs near which, and a part of that huge projection itself, fell three or four years since, with a tremendous crash, and exposed the internal structure of the fetid-limestone, which has numerous small cavities mostly filled with a soft calcareous mineral, aptly denominated from its appearance, *petrified foam*. Heaps of fragments of rock lay at the bottom of the American falls, presenting from this side a very singular appearance. The water dashes upon them, and rolling in different channels which have worn deep among the stones, causes by the friction, a mist to rise from the whole surface of the descending streams; resembling, in a great degree, rivers of smoking lava rolling down the sides of a burning mountain.

Logs of wood, curiously smoothed and rounded at each end, are always floating at the edge of the river, which, originally rough trunks of trees, have been a long while rubbing against each other under the cataract, and have at last been extricated in that regular form. Whatever comes over the falls is destroyed and broken to pieces. Fishes without life, parts of animals, and the limbs of human beings, it is said, are sometimes

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found washed on the shore. Accidents, however, are not as frequent as might be expected: but such as we do sometimes read of, are of the most distressing kind.

Upon the roof of the large Hotel on this side, the proprietor has made a platform with seats and boxes of earth, and vines and flowers growing over a frame work: the house itself stands highly elevated, and from the still higher peak, spreads a prospect unrivalled in extent and grandeur. The broad sweep of the Niagara is traced in its smooth majestic march to the boisterous scene which must disturb its tranquility so soon, and to the cloudy gulf into which it is so soon to be precipitated. At first it recoils from opposing rocks; and then, mad with resistance, bounds frantically over the descending ledge—again recoils—again bounds forward, and tossing the foaming billows into the air, as it struggles hard through the narrowest pass, trembles, bounds once more, and at last launches down, exulting in the glory of its own magnificent display. It is indeed a wonder, thus to behold the accumulated waters of a chain of lakes and large rivers, extending two thousand miles over the north-western territories, here centred in a narrow strait, falling over a ledge of one hundred and sixty-two feet, and descending nearly as many more between the lofty sides of a contracted chasm.

I have purposely omitted mentioning a place called the Whirlpool, which I passed three miles

below the falls. It is occasioned at a point, where the course of the river is abruptly changed. The irresistible violence of the descending current, appears to have excavated a spacious cove into the facing bank, which rises perpendicular to the height of three hundred feet. The water keeps constantly turning around, carrying along with it floating logs and rubbish, all of which, however bulky, suddenly disappear in one part, and emerge again at a considerable distance. After stated intervals, the whirlpool, which swells with the collection of water, all at once disgorges itself, and subsides to its former level.



From the Falls of Niagara to Black-Rock, near the commencement of the straights, the distance on the American side is about twenty-one miles, and Buffaloe is two miles and a half farther. A thick forest extends a considerable number of miles towards the east, without any inhabitants; and here and there only, along the shore, a cleared field is scooped out of the close entangled umbrage, like earth out of the side of a high bank. The road is not above mediocrity; and runs mostly through the woods. Beyond the Tonawanta, over which there is a ferry, the shore sinks into low fertile flats and marshes, and the channel of the river is divided by a line of islands of the same description. Upon the dead branches of wide spots of girdled trees, I saw inconceivable quantities of the smaller species

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of birds, whose united notes raised to a considerable distance, an odd and deafening dissonance: and whose fluttering wings were almost as numerous, as the leaves, of which the trees they rested on had been deprived.

At Black-Rock, which consists of several elegant seats and capacious ware-houses, I was received with great civility, by the inmates of Major —, an officer of a distinguished character, who was absent at Fort Niagara. He returned in the evening, and afforded me, from his acquaintance with Canada and the Northern States, as a commissioner of the boundary line, much valuable information. The chiefs and orators of the Six Nations, by whom this gentleman is greatly respected, frequently meet at his house: and the Indians cherished so great an affection for him in the late contest with Great Britain, that they adopted him as one of their chiefs, and gave him the name of "*The Black Wolf*;" or "*Walk-All-Night*." The celebrated Red-Jacket had been there a day or two preceding. But, what I shall particularly recollect, is the superb assortment of north-western minerals, of which, he, and also General Porter, who lives in the opposite mansion, possesses a vast and beautiful collection.

I found Buffaloe all in a bustle with Indians, who were still crowding in from every direction. Buffaloe is a well-built and very populous village upon the shore of Lake Erie: it has no harbour,

although a strong mole which has been projected, will supply that deficiency.

The principal hotel is Pomeroy's, from which Governor Cass, of the Michigan Territory, and suit, had just departed. My host politely introduced me to Captains Jones and Parish, agents of the Six Nations, who had been taken when boys, and educated among the savage tribes. The grand council had already met on Sunday, and were to meet again on the Sunday following. Lesser meetings were held in the rooms, in which I saw several forcible and energetic speeches delivered by the Indians to the agents. Obeil or Cornplanter, is one of the principal Senecas; and Red-Jacket, the noted warrior and counselor, who was now at the village of the Senecas, three miles off, sways all the proceedings of the tribes with his powerful eloquence. Yet this personage frequently reels from the tavern, in that despicable state from which all savages seldom care to escape. The head chief (Grangula) of the six tribes, I understood to be a very old and venerable man, to whom a long white beard attaches an appearance of great dignity.

When we survey the national character and history of the confederated Mohawks, Cayugas, Senecas, Oneidas, Onondagas, and (of late) Tuscaroras, we find an importance and strength in their councils and proceedings, which no other savage tribe of North America has exhibited in an equal degree, and which almost

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attains to the wisdom and prudent conduct of a civilized European nation. The limits of their lands are now restricted to narrower bounds than ever; and the once overwhelming bands, that dared to cope with the powers of France and invade her provinces, are dwindled to less than one thousand five hundred fighting-men.* The loss of their comfortable furs, and skins, and the destructive liquors which they procured of the new-comers, in exchange, lead untimely death and the haggard troop of maladies, into their peaceful villages, which no other enemy dared to assault; and diminishing their ranks and depopulating their territories, left the alternative either of leasing their lands to those who could cultivate them, or of wholly relinquishing them by force of European arms. Large districts, at different times, were accordingly yielded for certain annuities, to the British agents, who prided themselves upon the advantageous terms with which they obtained leases of *nine hundred and ninety-nine years!* At length, encompassed on their small reservations, by the white people, and harrassed by their too frequent, though well concealed insults, they have forgot their ancient customs, and dispersed their patriotic pride and native dignity; or have emigrated to more peaceful seclusions, among the forests of Upper Canada.

At the head of the confederacy, were the Mohawks, a fierce and bloody race, who extend-

* Hawkins.

ed their conquests over immeasurable tracts: These with the Cayugas now have their villages upon the banks of the river Ouse, which empties itself into Lake Erie.

The invasion of the state of New-York, by Count de Frontenac, highly exasperated the Iroquois against the French, to whom they always proved themselves, most inveterate enemies. They advanced against Montreal, in 1689, and landing upon the island "burnt and sacked all the plantations, in that quarter, putting men, women and children to the sword."*

The dialect of each tribe is nearly similar.— Their dresses are extremely various and fanciful. The love of finery is prevalent with the gravest as well as the most ignorant. Some have their ears cut and strangely distorted, with heavy rings hanging to their shoulders. The blanket is the universal robe; and for the lighter apparel, blue cloth is usually preferred. Those I saw about the street of Buffaloe, who were collected from each nation, presented a majestic mein, and a noble contour of features: they wore sashes and adorned themselves with bracelets, silver hatbands, and a variety of extravagant ornaments; at the same time some of them appeared to think it no degradation, amidst their regal emblems and lordly trappings, to stoop meanly and pick up the sixpence which they had begged for purchasing a glass of whiskey. Others for the

* Baron La Hontan's Voyages.

same purpose, were cutting loads of wood in the wagon-way, and shaking the glittering trinkets, with the toil, about their tawney countenances.*

* The Iroquese are divided into five cantons, are all of one nation and have the same interest and language. Their five plantations lay within thirty leagues of one another. Every year they send deputies to the union feast, and to smook in the great Calumet of the five Nations. Each village or canton, contains 14,000 souls: viz. 2000 who bear arms, 2000 superannuated men, 4000 women, 2000 maids, and 4000 children. There has been an ancient alliance betwixt them and the English, who take their furs at New-York, and give in exchange, army ammunition and other necessaries, at a cheaper rate than the French can afford.—*La Hontan*—1684.

The villages of the Iroquese are palisadoed, and their houses two or three stories high: from the lower they discharge arrows, through holes; and in the upper they have battlements, from whence they sling stones, and the women and children retire to the second story in case of an attack.—*Champlain*.

According to Father Hennepin, the Iroquois had cut off above two millions of other savages, and extended their conquests nearly two thousand miles. He was sent on an embassy, to them, from Colonel Frontenac, Governor of Canada; and asserts, that the senators of Venice do not appear with more pomp, or speak with more majesty and solidity, than their counsellors clad with robes of fur.

CHAPTER V.

UPPER CANADA.

Friday, September 21, 1821.

Hoary looks produce respect to the worst and poorest men: so the lapse of ages excites admiration even of ill-fought battles. In the early days of Grecian prosperity, when the clumsy art of war, spent its efforts in scaling walls and sapping towers, and the whizzing of the arrow marked the limits of engagement, their fiercest contests, were not accompanied with half the horrors, with which deafening cannon, smoke and roaring musketry involve the combatants in modern warfare; and yet their feats are accounted extraordinary, and the siege of a small town is celebrated in poems and histories without number. Those battles, then, which have transpired within a few years, must indeed be worthy of renown, if with all their accompanying errors, seen still perspicuous, men take pleasure in repeatedly describing them, poets, in singing the praise of the gallant leaders, and of which, the honoured soldier, whilst his friends stand looking on, bares his breast, and exclaims with conscious applause. "There I received this wound." Such

are the late battles, of what has been called the classic frontier. Between Fort Erie and Fort Niagara, are grounds, which, like the Grand Falls themselves, have attracted visitors from distant quarters.

After I had crossed over the Straights at Black-Rock, every step I advanced, was upon a tract where armies had marched, camps had been pitched, and feats of valour accomplished.— Here savages had mingled death in the ranks of their enemies the French and English, or had fiercely engaged with their fellow savages: here England met the forces of France upon the field, and ere Quebec fell, another star of victory was added to the diadem of the British sovereign: and here revolutionary transactions, to Americans particularly interesting, had been performed, to the honour and glory of the most free and independent government on the face of the globe. Of the recent events, which have established in our armies, a character of bravery, as well as generosity in victory, a brief sketch will be given in this chapter.

The Canadian side of the Straights of Niagara, is thickly inhabited and highly cultivated near the water. The road, which is excellent, winds beautifully upon the very edge of the bank quite to Chippewa. English manners are perceived among the people, most of whom, however, have emigrated from the States. New regulations both in private and in public houses, prove that we

are no longer within the boundaries of a republican country; and the crown is seen waving in the wind over the doors of the numerous taverns. At Chippewa, the field of battle (July 5th, 1814) is a cleared level piece of ground, upon which the parties must have met upon equal terms. Fort Chippewa at the mouth of the creek or river, together with the magazines, is kept in good preservation. The remains of the bridge, which the Americans burnt, are standing and a new one is erected, farther from the mouth and nearer the centre of the town.

The falls, as I approached them the second time, looked strange and beautiful. The current appeared to sink among woody trees, which form the background of the scene; and over Iris island, with its little cottage and corn-field at this end, a white mist was rising, and as it swelled, elegantly decorated with the prismatic hues of the rainbow, as quickly seemed to evaporate. The chasm which the falls continue, though slowly, to excavate, will evidently be in the middle of the Horse-shoe Fall, where the heaviest body of water plunges down: and by the time the chasm reaches the extremity of Iris island, Fort Schloser Fall will have its weak supply entirely turned into the nearest pass, and will disappear.

Almost within sight of the Grand Cataract, is the spot upon which the battle of Bridgewater or Lundy's Lane, was fought, (July 25th, 1814)

and which may be recognised by the small eminence, from which the heroic Miller drove the enemy.

I followed a narrow road through the woods, once more to the whirlpool, and proceeding with difficulty along the banks in the dark, reached Queenston late in the evening.

A friend and relative, Mr. S—e, who has long been a member of the Parliament or Assembly of Upper Canada, and holds other offices of importance and responsibility, invited me to remain a few days at his seat, near Queenston. Reflections of too personal a nature, are as unacceptable to people of good understanding, as they are improper. When, however, a man has assisted in turning the great wheel of political events, his private history is often inseparably connected with his public career. England has so many great characters that she cannot notice them all: and America acts wisely in allowing the exploits of her enemies, an obscure place in her distinguished records. This gentleman, in the revolutionary war, proved himself a firm inflexible partizan of the British. Then a young man, he fought dauntlessly in all the principal battles, and from his knowledge of America, was chosen by the commanders, who held him in the highest esteem, and were always proud of having Captain S—e under their banners, to convey their most important despatches upon hazardous enterprises. In the performance of these arduous duties, with troops pursuing him, eager to obtain.

the reward which Washington offered for his head, he underwent adventures, of which we can only find their equal in the pages of a romance. Indeed, his life if written, with above fifty battles in which he has fought, would form a most interesting work. Concealed in the hollow trunk of a tree, or under a low bridge, dragoons often trampled over his head, balked of their prize. More than once he was actually taken, put in fetters, and closely watched; yet, by means of friends, (and it is to be regretted, there are always in the United States too many hostile spirits well concealed,) he accomplished his escape. The most difficult undertaking was a journey for some special purpose, from Quebec to New-York, disguised and on foot, at a time when few roads or settlements had been made far from the principal bays and rivers. Having been ordered by the British commander to take his station with a company in a private place, with express orders to seize the mail, without attempting any thing besides: whilst anxiously waiting at the head of his men with his pistols ready, General Washington himself, accompanied by some officers, passed along, at the distance of two or three yards: one aim would have taken the life of their great enemy; but he repressed his troop, and with the strictest obedience of a soldier, accomplished that design only, upon which he had been sent. After the peace, he dined with General Washington, when that truly great man, recognising him, asked, "Are

* The int
Government,

you not the person, who might have taken my life upon a certain occasion?" "Yes," he replied "I am that S—e, for whose head you previously offered a thousand dollars."

Queenston is an old decaying village, which has a poor appearance, both from the injury it received from the Americans, and the transfer of its commerce to the flourishing town of Newark at the embouchure of Niagara. Some of the houses are in ruins, and the stores at the water's edge are left tottering and broken against the bank. The preceding winter, which was remarkable over the whole country for extreme coldness, froze the lower part of the Straights with adamantine firmness; and the ice descending from the falls, mixed and rubbed to pieces, accumulated to a mountainous height, and in this way, crushed the stores and other buildings on either side of the channel.

The affluent circumstances of Mr. S—e, enabled him, to spend his time according to his inclinations; he therefore ordered his chaise, and we rode to Fort George, Newark and other parts of the country, on Saturday. Between Queenston and Newark, fortifications were thrown up in a number of places by the Americans, during their possession of the British peninsula. Newark was entirely destroyed;* but has risen more populous than it was before. The merchants are very rich.

* The inhabitants were at this time endeavouring to obtain from government, a sum of money, equivalent to the value of property des-

About a mile from the town and almost among the woods, is the court-house and prison, a spacious and very magnificent brick edifice. Gourlay, who created so much disturbance throughout Canada in 1818, was tried here, for inciting insurrection among the inhabitants, and received sentence of banishment from the country. In this year the radical reformers of Great Britain were holding their meetings in the fields; and at one of their largest meetings in Scotland, where I was at that time, I heard a list of resolutions read from the hustings, which intimated among other things, that it would be expedient to bring the British subjects in America, into the same views with themselves, and that a proper understanding should be established between the distance countries. My friend, who was the prosecutor of Gourlay, pointed to a strong beam of a gallery in the spacious and elegant court room, which, he said, bent downwards with the weight of spectators. The doleful voice of a poor debtor sounded through a little hole of one of the dungeons, as we passed the prison rooms, and Mr. S—e agreed to assist in extricating him out of his unfortunate situation.

The barracks at Newark are extensive. A regiment of troops are garrisoned here, who exer-

troys. A recent paragraph in a New York paper, shows that their request has been granted.

December 17, 1821.

“ Ten thousand pounds sterling have lately been distributed, by the British Government, among individuals, on the Canadian frontier, for loss in buildings and stores during the late war, at Niagara, Queenston, Chippewa &c.”

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cise upon a plain, perfectly level and nearly three miles in circuit. The appearance of British troops, is really admirable; and if their bravery equals their beauty and discipline, the forces of no other nation are to be compared with them. Those we saw upon the plains, were an Irish regiment habited in a dark grey uniform.

We proceeded to church on Sunday, and proposed visiting the ground of the hard contested battle at this place, the day ensuing. Going through Queenston, I observed how every person as they passed showed their respects to my venerable entertainer; upon which he said, "I am like an old dog in a village; every body in it knows me." There was a trait about Mr. S—e, peculiarly interesting; a countenance that exhibited a stern and penetrating glance with the mild wrinkles of an honoured magistrate, and a character that blended good humour with the dauntless courage of a daring commander.

FRONTIER BATTLES.

It affords a melancholy pleasure, to tread the grounds upon which important battles have been fought. At every step, we hear in imagination, the shouts of the victorious, and the dying agonies of the conquered: we see the commanders urging their wearied troops to renewed attacks, the glittering files of warriors, breaking and becoming involved in smoke and blood, and the long scattered train of fugitives, running for their lives from the uplifted swords of their enemies.

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The thought intrudes itself, that the very spot we are standing on, may have drank the crimson streams of some unfortunate husband or of some hapless son, dying upon a distant field, far from home, unknown and perhaps unpitied.

My friend, accompanied me on Monday, as he had proposed, to the redoubts and breastworks, remaining on Queenston Mountain. His knowledge of the events of the late war, his acquaintance with officers on both sides, and his bearing an active part in the engagements at this quarter in 1812 and 1813, enabled him to give me very particular information concerning the frontier transactions of the several campaigns. He sprang with the agility of a youth, over the ditches and upon the bulwarks of the fortifications, although advanced age had silvered his locks, and his breast and arms gave proofs of the numerous wounds he had received. As he described each successive battle, he paced the decayed parapet with apparent satisfaction, adding occasionally, appropriate and energetic actions. Captain S— was a *stout loyalist*; and a man who would fight for the land in which he lived. He allowed, therefore, very little in favour of the Americans.

The commencement of hostilities between Great Britain and the United States, appears to have been upon the frontiers of Canada; where the inhabitants, especially of the Upper Province of Canada, were ready, both to resist and to commit depredations, upon the first intimation of the war.

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The first affair of note was the capture of Michilimackinac, upon the outlet of Lake Michigan; whence the rage of warfare spread over all the lakes, rivers and boundary lines, from Huron to Champlain. Where the contending powers could not meet each other in close conflict upon the land, floating engines of war were soon put in motion, and the combatants were enabled to meet each other upon the waters of the great lakes. The contest was important, and Britain before the conclusion poured in her best troops to the amount of twenty or thirty thousand men, to repulse at these parts the attacks of the American regulars, militia, and volunteers.

Hull, an aged general, who formerly served in the revolutionary war, approached the most southern point of Canada, invaded the province, (July 12th, 1812) and after a fruitless delay, returned to Fort Detroit, where like a dastard he surrendered above two thousand valiant and zealous Americans, to half that number of Canadians and Indians: and General Brock proclaimed Michigan, a British Territory.

Such was the dispiriting onset, upon the side of the United States: but they recovered of the shock, and large forces were soon collected in the neighbourhood of this place, for a second invasion of Canada.

Van Rensselaar, the commander-in-chief, unable to restrain the rash impetuosity of his troops, gave orders for crossing the Straights of Niagara. The night appointed (October

11th) was dark and stormy; and the enterprize owing to the difficulties of the pass, and the treachery of guides, failed.

Preparations for embarkation, said the captain, were observed, making among the Americans on Tuesday morning, from our battery upon this height; soon after a constant volley of balls whizzed harmless over our heads from the opposite mountain: the countenances of my men turned pale as death. Whirling about, in the swift eddies of the river, their boats filled with soldiers tardily approached, whilst a dreadful cannonading was opened against them. Even to a soldier and an enemy it was appalling, to view their perilous condition, with a blazing fire in front, shells and bullets dashing up the water on all sides, and many of them sinking and carried down on the stream.

Having effected a landing with the loss of nearly half, who were killed, or who, missing the point of landing, surrendered; the diminished battalion ran up the mountain with loud shouts and the British troops, overcome by their still superior numbers, retreated down the steep to Queenston.

With less difficulty, the Americans continued to pass over, when General Brock arrived from Fort George, with a large detachment; and in his turn made an attack upon the heights. But a random shot took the life of this brave commander and turned the fortune of that hour. It was no rifle shot, said the aged

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captain with earnestness; it was a wound as regular as any I ever saw. I had the charge of conveying the body from the field, and it was indeed a painful undertaking. All the women of the village, met our solemn procession, and weeping boisterously, begged to behold the body; it was uncovered and immediately the air was filled with their cries.

The Americans had strengthened themselves upon the mountain. With loud huzzas they had planted their standards upon the summit, and declared Canada to be a conquered country. During this time an Indian had straggled too near their entrenchments,* who was killed, shockingly mangled, and thrown into an adjacent copse of wood. Several hundred Chippewas, collecting to the aid of the English, found their mangled countryman, and dancing frantically round the disfigured body, vowed vengeance against the perpetrators. In the afternoon of the same day, the attack was renewed. Lining the opposite banks of the river, a thousand American soldiers stood, idly watching the approaching fate of their comrades. 'Good L—d, how we yelled; we screamed worse than ever Indians whooped, as our arms clashed in a blaze of roaring musketry with the enemy, and we drove the Yankies frightened, over the steep precipice of the mountain. The earth trembled with the sound. Hurra! Hurra!

* Such is the Canadian account of the affair!

our king and country! we shouted, and the painted Indians rushed onward flourishing the bloody tomahawks.'

The Americans knew the unmerciful nature of the savages, and therefore, rather than fall into their hands, they ran with the blindest fury, and precipitated themselves upon the bushes, or dashed upon the rocks at the bottom of the cliffs, which form one side of the chasm of Niagara.

We lead on to this spot, said he, moving a little ways down the declivity under which there was an awful precipice; and hallooing to the battery on Lewiston mountain, which was pouring its shot upon us, cried, "Fools! dont you perceive that the Indians will stop firing upon your men, as soon as you stop your own fire?" They stopped accordingly and so did the Indians. By a foot path, down to the bottom of the steep, we proceeded to the conquered Americans. Some had endeavoured to swim across the rapid stream, and were drowned in the attempt. Many were killed in the fall from the brow of the rocky cliffs. One unfortunate man fell and died in the limbs of a tree, which we were obliged to cut down in order to bury him. Only four hundred prisoners survived.

After the battle of Queenston, the respective armies retired into winter-quarters. First, however, General Smyth who superceded Van Rensselear, made a feeble attempt to enter Canada near Black-Rock; but was repulsed with

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disgrace. The British troops under Procter and the Indian warrior Tecumseh, gained a victory in the middle of the winter, at the head of Lake Erie.

The campaign of eighteen hundred and thirteen, opened with an attack upon the capital of Upper Canada. Chauncey conveyed the army from Sackett's Harbour under general Pike. It appeared to be the policy of Sheaffe, who commanded at York, to use stratagems in war, and to destroy an enemy in the safest and most expeditious manner. The Americans advanced in good order towards the garrison, in which he had retreated, and halted in expectation of a capitulation. In an instant the earth was convulsed with the explosion of a large magazine, near the barracks, and the air was blackened with immense masses of rocks and timber, which showered death upon the unsuspecting column. Remote districts felt the tremendous shock; and several Englishmen themselves fell victims to the explosion. Two hundred Americans, with the brave and generous Pike, were levelled beneath the descending ruins. The rest of the column pushed onward and took the town. It was a dear bought victory, and may be called the third unfortunate onset of the Americans, towards the conquest of Canada. York was soon after evacuated.

Now the invasion of Canada, was undertaken at Niagara with some degree of vigour. America could centre her whole force at a spot,

where England could with difficulty send her soldiers. It must be considered highly honourable to us, said captain S—e, that we defended the frontier for so long a time. I was upon my old redoubt upon the mountain, the very rampart upon which I now stand, from day-break to sunset, watching with my spy-glass the transactions at Fort George and Niagara. Yonder Chauncey's gallant vessels scudded the borders of that great fresh-water ocean. There his boats pushed eagerly around Fort Niagara across the mouth of the river, and boldly advanced towards Fort George. There Scott,—whom friends and enemies admire, lead his men to the charge, and leaped upon that high and perspicuous parapet. This way the arms of our troops under general Vincent, gleamed among the trees, as they wisely retired after colonel Myers had been wounded, from the overwhelming numbers of their assailants,

Fort George was taken on the twenty-seventh of May; and the day ensuing the British yielded the possession of the Straights to Dearbon's army. They continued to retreat along the shore of Ontario, followed by a part of the American forces, for fifty miles, when they turned upon their pursuers in the dead of night, and took the two generals, Winder and Chandler, prisoners.

Some time after, a small body of British soldiers were posted at the Beaver-dams, a place

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not far from Queenston, against whom colonel Boerstler was sent with a considerable detachment. His progress through the woods, was suddenly stopped, by apparently a large army in front. An officer commanded him to surrender to superior numbers, and he laid down his arms : when the large army proved to be a company of Indians and regulars, that had magnified themselves by a favourable position among the trees and bushes.

During the possession of Fort George by the Americans, Sir George Prevost the governor, had advanced to the Straights, and several skirmishes ensued in the course of the summer. Small parties of the British, in July, crossing over into New-York, at Fort Schloser and Black-Rock, were forced to return without effecting any thing. The Six Nations at this time declaring themselves at war with Canada, their friendly offers of service were accepted by the United States. General Wilkinson took the command at Fort George, by whom, in co-operation with the American commodore, it was soon understood, a momentous expedition was planned against Kingston at the outlet of the lake.

In the mean while, Perry's victory on Lake Erie produced respect and glory to the American naval forces, and prevented Sir James Yeo from risking a final engagement on Lake Ontario. Harrison gained a victory over the combined British and Indians in a hard fought battle upon the river Thames, (which falls into Lake

St. Clair,) in which the great Tecumseh was killed.

On the second of October, Wilkinson departed upon the expedition to Kingston and Montreal, leaving behind a garrison of militia under the command of M'Clure; who concluded, in December, to evacuate Fort George. The British were rapidly approaching, when an explosion was heard, and the beautiful village of Newark was soon after seen in flames. Notice had been given by M'Clure, to the inhabitants for removing their effects, only a few hours previous to this wanton and unjustifiable act. Similar outrages had indeed been committed on the seaboard of the United States, by English squadrons: but the system of retaliation is unwarrantable even in war, and reciprocal injuries are always of a growing nature. The approaching army met the innocent sufferers flying in all directions. Each handsome house was soon reduced to a heap of ashes, whilst the cloud of smoke hovered over the Americans as they escaped across the river. Here was the commencement of the devastations of the Niagara frontier.*

* The difference of the principles on which the war was carried on by the Americans and by the British is very striking: the first uniformly disavowed the system of retaliation for the outrages committed by the British officers, considering them unauthorized until expressly acknowledged by the British government: on the contrary the British proceeded at once to retaliate, without waiting to inquire, whether the violation of the laws of war was disapproved or sanctioned. The United States declared the burning of Newark to have been unauthorized.—*Brackenridge*.

The forces on the American side, were too feeble to withstand the Canadian troops. They took Fort Niagara by surprise on the nineteenth of December, and began the work of vengeance and slaughter, among the unresisting invalids of this fortress. Hence they moved on to Youngstown, Lewiston, Manchester, Schloser, and Black-Rock, destroying, in their way all those villages together with the village of the Tuscarora Indians. They met, however, with some resistance from the militia, who had collected for the purpose of stopping their march. Buffaloe, which has since risen so large and populous, was also reduced to a heap of cinders. The whole country to a great extent was ravaged, some of the inhabitants cruelly put to death, and the remaining, forced to abandon their homes and traverse the hideous wilds to Batavia, in the depth of a cold winter. The sufferers of Newark were at length satiated, and the governor of Upper Canada declared himself wearied of "a system of warfare so revolting to his own feelings, and so little congenial to the British character."

It was truly sorrowful, said captain S—e, to witness the effects of depopulation. I had resigned my place in the army, not long before these melancholy measures were put into execution. I addressed persons known to me, who were eagerly pressing across the river, and begged them to curb their relentless fury; to regard the feelings of industrious, unoffending families; to reserve their violence for regular engagements

on the field, and not to exert their skill in the destruction of the husbandman's property. But such is the fortune of war; much of my own property suffered afterwards, by an incursion of the very people whose misfortunes I had deplored.

The middle of the summer of 1814, found Fort Niagara still in the possession of the British; general Brown, now the commander-in-chief, was still collecting and disciplining his forces upon the frontier, and general Drummond awaiting with the veteran regiments, which were fast transporting from England, his expected attempts upon the Canadian shore. Captain Buck commanded Fort Erie, which was suddenly surrounded by the Americans, on the third of July, and completely taken by surprise. The Americans were thus in possession of a strong British fort, at one end of the Straights of Niagara, whilst the British were in possession of a powerful American fortress at the other extremity.

The second day after this event, (July 5th, 1814,) the camp of general Riall, near Chippewa, was put in commotion by the approach of general Scott, and after him, general Brown with the remainder of the American army. Without waiting for the attack, Riall assembled his forces and met them upon the plain of Chippewa. His number was four thousand; the American troops were fewer, but they were resolute enterprising freemen. The engagement became general about five o'clock in the afternoon, With the utmost

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coolness the officers of both sides delivered their orders. At first, the volunteers under Porter, yielded to better disciplined soldiers: the main body, however, advanced, and with desperate valour, closed with their adversaries in a most sanguinary conflict. The battle was fierce and bloody, and of short duration. In the course of one hour, eight hundred men lay bleeding upon the ground. At length the British were compelled to fall back. They were closely followed to the town, when they fled precipitately to their entrenchments, and the American banners waved victory upon the plain of Chippewa.

Riall retreated to the borders of Lake Ontario, and Brown advanced to Queenston, with the design of capturing Forts George and Niagara. Through the indisposition of Chauncey, and the full possession of the lake at this time, by Sir James Yeo, the enterprise was abandoned, and the army returned to Chippewa.

With the intention of dividing the American forces, and bringing on a battle, Drummond and Riall, marched towards Niagara Falls (July 25th 1814) with a large body of veteran troops, and made preparations for attacking the stores at Fort Schloser. To prevent this, Brown ordered general Scott to proceed with his brigade, towards the strong position which they had taken near the Grand Falls. This was done late in the afternoon. General Scott pressed forward, and encountered, in the face of a blazing battery of cannon, the principal strength of the British army. The desperate and unequal contest was

about to terminate in the overthrow of this brigade, when Brown advanced, giving orders for the second brigade and the volunteers to follow. The firing ceased. Riall waited for the approach of reinforcements, before he renewed the attack. The shades of evening descended, whilst the hollow roar of Niagara was again distinguishable above the tremendous tumult of the engagement. The greatest battle of the whole frontier was now about to be fought, and terrible indeed was the onset. As the moon looked down with dim splendour upon the fight, and as the earth trembled with the weight of the adjacent cataract, which displayed its horrors with more frightful aspect than ever, the two armies met and mingled in the midst of smoke, fire, and whistling bullets, upon the lofty brow of the Niagara. Thrice the impetuous ranks recoiled from each other, and thrice they rushed with increased fury, into the deadly conflict. Another pause ensued, which was disturbed only by the groans of wounded soldiers.

Adjacent to a place called Lundy's Lane, was a commanding eminence, upon which the British had stationed nine pieces of brass artillery. Against this colonel Miller had advanced, undaunted by the fiery torrent that opposed him, and suddenly rushing up the eminence, had borne down the dismayed possessors, and made the battery his own.

When the British advanced a third time to the contest, this battery scattered destruction among their ranks. They met the extended lines of the

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Americans with extraordinary firmness, inspired with the desire of retrieving the lost honour of the preceding onsets, and of recovering their cannon. The right and left wing of the Americans, repeatedly fell back from such cool intrepidity, but were quickly rallied by their leaders. Upon the ridgy summit of the eminence, the hostile parties closed with a deafening clash. Swords and crimson bayonets flourished in the dull light of the moon. The air was rent with the encouraging exclamations of commanders, and the piercing cries of dying men. Either line was indented by receding or conquering portions. A rampart of human bodies rose round the battery, which became the centre, and hottest portion of the engagement. No longer able to withstand the sanguinary valour of their foes, the British army fled, till they were beyond the reach of the balls of the victorious Americans. These undoubtedly deserved the glory of a victory, although the lateness of the hour induced them to retire to their camp, and allowed the British who returned, to declare themselves masters of the field. Battle was offered the next morning, which they declined; and weakened extremely by this hard fought engagement, they retreated to Fort Erie, where they fortified themselves until the peace. (17th. Feb. 1813.) In the intervening time, they made several successful sorties from Fort Erie, and defended themselves with the greatest bravery, against the whole combined forces of the British, which the fall of Napoleon had brought over to Canada.

When we survey this frontier contest, we shall perceive it to be characterized by a very peculiar mode of warfare. Stratagem, ambuscade, massacre, and devastation, were prominent from the beginning. The worst circumstances should be ascribed to the Indians, whose tempers in war are most diabolical, and to whose assistance Canada was particularly, obliged to resort, preparatory to the expected overwhelming powers of the United States.

The savages, said captain S—e, are a bloody and in reality, a cowardly race. They will stand aloof whilst victory wavers, and wherever sure conquests points, thither they will rush with yells and horrible whoops, levelling with the dreadful tomahawk, all ranks, ages, and distinctions. It is a matter of high regret, that they were at all permitted to enlist under the standards of either government. Yet the civilized Indians of the Six Nations, proved themselves capable of refraining from scalping, from pillage and from massacre: and many of our red allies, especially those under Tecumseh, acted upon the best principles of enlightened warfare. As a fact, it may be laid down that the American militia in the late war, would rather have coped with double their force of English invincibles, than with inferior numbers of the unmerciful savages.

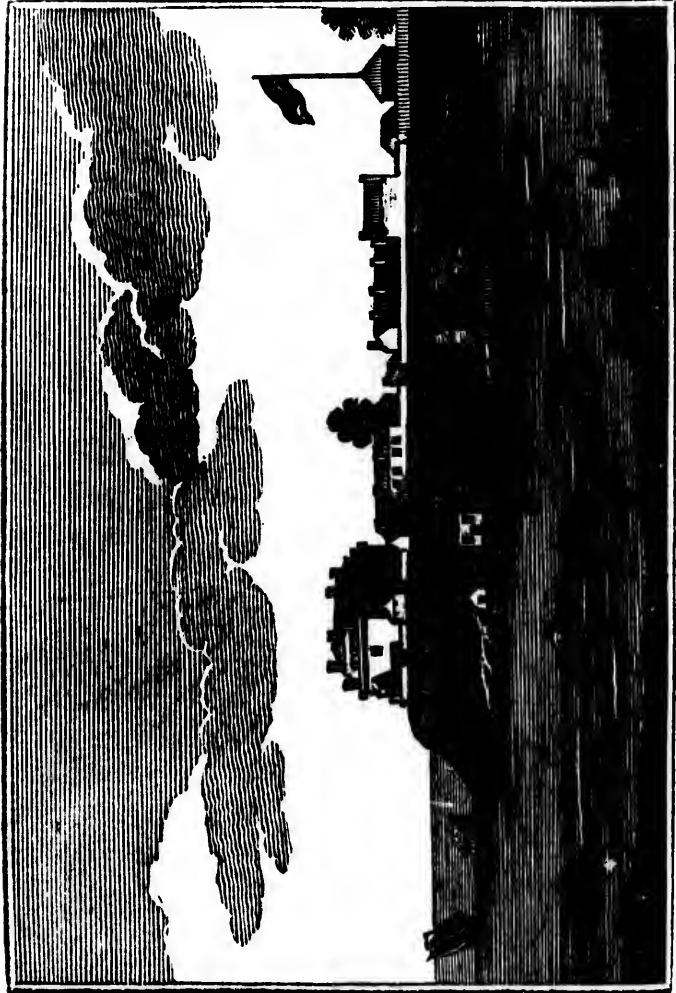


I remained at Queenston, a week, and during that period, rode frequently to different

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parts of the British peninsula, which is populous and well cultivated; and made several excursions on foot to the little villages and places of note, on both sides of the Straights of Niagara.

Youngston is fast rising upon the American bank, to be a village of importance. The works of Fort Niagara, which stands nearly opposite the present Fort Mississaga of Newark, have received of late considerable additions and repairs. Its strength is such that nothing but treachery could change its possessors. It has more the appearance of a strong castle, than of a common modern fort. This celebrated and valuable fortress, was built by the French about the year 1725. In 1759 it was taken by the English, and delivered by them to the United States in 1796. During the battle of Queenston, (1812) a heavy cannonading was opened against it from the opposite fort, which was returned with such interest that the houses in Newark were more than once on fire. In the course of the day, two thousand red hot balls and one hundred and eighty shells, were thrown upon Fort Niagara by the British, and some of the buildings about the works were injured. It was supposed to have been surprised, before daylight of the nineteenth of December 1813, by the treachery of Leonard the commander.

CHAPTER VI.

THROUGH UPPER CANADA TO MONTREAL.

Thursday, September 27, 1821.

Sir Peregrine Maitland, Governor of Upper Canada, arrived at Niagara on Wednesday (Sept. 26th,) from York the capital of the province, for the purpose of reviewing the garrison of Fort George. Taking leave of my courteous friend at Queenston, and his hospitable family, I repaired to Newark, and engaged a passage for Kingston in the British steam-boat Frontenac.*

The troops were assembled in beautiful array on Thursday, upon the vast plain mentioned in the former chapter, and after performing all their military evolutions, firing volleys, skirmishing and retreating, were dismissed; and the Governor and suit embarked. Our passage along the American shore of Lake Ontario, was remarkably pleasant. The white bulwarks of Fort Niagara died gradually away, and left the appearance of a low unvariegated coast. Night

* Frontenac, now Kingston, was one of the earliest French forts upon Lake Ontario.—Ontario has been called Lake Frontenac.

came on, and we advanced smoothly over the middle of this great inland sea.

The length of Lake Ontario is one hundred and seventy-one miles, and its greatest breadth fifty-nine and a half.* The principal rivers which fall into it, are the Genessee, the Oswego, and Black River, on the southern shore; and the River Trent on the northern shore. Its islands are all at the eastern extremity; the shores are low in some parts and high in others, but are universally regular and have few good harbours. The medium depth of the water is eighty-two fathoms; but in one part it is unfathomable. Late events, as well as the old contests between the French and Iroquois nations, who occupied most of its borders, have rendered Lake Ontario and its shores and islands, places which cannot be viewed without some interest.

The Governor, a tall and well proportioned man, appeared conversant and very affable in his manners. That *hauteur*, characteristic of the English, and that lofty family pride among their nobility, exist no more in him, than what is justly requisite to a person of his high and honourable station.

Nothing but the sky and a surrounding sheet of water was to be seen in the morning; at length a few dull points of land were distinguishable, which brightened more and more as we proceeded, swelled into green woody hills, promontories, and indentations, and discovered themselves to be the

* Colonel Bouchette's Canada.

south-east coast of Prince Edward's and the numerous islands in the straights or outlet of Ontario. Prince Edward's bay, and the commencement of the bay of Quinty,* the wealthiest and best inhabited parts of Upper Canada, expanded broad on one hand, with their banks covered with farm houses, and sail boats scudding across their waters; Galus Island, at the entrance of Sackett's Harbour, Grenadier Island, the rendezvous of the American army under general Wilkinson, in the expedition of October 1813. and the Grand Isle occupying the entrance of the Cataragui or St. Lawrence's receded slowly on our right, with the wild native Indians in canoes, fishing for subsistence about their shores; whilst the beacon to which our prow was directed, the populous streets and extensive barracks of Kingston, spread with extraordinary splendour upon both sides of an inlet, notable at a great distance, by the weather worn skeletons of two mammoth ships of the line, rising pre-eminent above the highest buildings of the town.

There is an appearance of military strength always about a British town of importance, that casts over it an aspect of stern grandeur, which we will look for in vain, in a town of the United States. The east side of Kingston harbour, consists of fortifications; and perspicuously situated upon the top of the hill, a row of superb buildings capable of accomodating many thousand troops. The two great ships of the line,

* Pronounced *Cantee*.

upon the same side, were left in their unfinished condition, uncovered and decaying, as soon as the peace was concluded in 1815. Upon the opposite side are the houses of the town, having its wharves thronged with small vessels and boats; and the high walls of the King's yard are seen frowning with archways and towers. A battalion of soldiers glittering in the sun, and musicians playing, were standing upon the wharf as the Frontenac entered the harbour with her noble passenger; the docks were crowded by the populace eager to see the governor of their province.

Kingston, once the capital of Upper Canada, is founded upon a rocky bank, having a very thin layer of earth upon the surface, and affording at the same time a solid foundation to the houses, and excellent stone for building it. The town is nevertheless composed chiefly of low wooden structures. The streets are regular; some middling handsome, and all reminding a person of a large European village. The inhabitants may be computed at about four thousand, and are mostly English. Both the currency of the State of New-York, and the Halifax currency of five shillings to a dollar, is here in vogue.

Instead of embracing the usual expeditious, and comparatively unprofitable method of descending the St. Lawrence to Montreal, I proceeded on foot along the Canadian shore; and first traversed a rocky, barren, and uninhabited district of twenty-four miles, to an insignificant

settlement, designated by a block house and denominated Gananoque. From this place, spreads in full view the *Lake of the Thousand Islands*. The St. Lawrence is here four miles wide, deep and without rapids.

A ridge of irregular land about twenty miles in breadth, appears to have intersected the St. Lawrence at the Thousand Islands; as the land through which I passed on the Canadian side, was convulsed in all the wildness of nature; huge cliffs and disjointed fragments exposing their bare bush-topped faces, in the liveliest rose-red and almost scarlet colours. Through this disjointed and broken ridge, the outlet of Ontario has worn its course, amongst chasms, clefts and fissures, and left projecting above its surface innumerable high rugged rocks, and extremely solitary and romantic islands. Some of them are large, elevated, and covered with pine trees; the most are lofty masses of rock, through the intricate mazes of which, vessels with difficulty wind their devious course.

I receded again from the shore, and penetrated another hideous and exceedingly rugged wilderness, in which I met a great many Indians who still inhabit occasionally the untenable, wood between the St. Lawrence and the great river Ottawa. I endeavoured to converse with some by signs: but the state of affairs were changed; the *red warriors* shook their heads, and hurried quickly away from the presence of the *white man*. Within fifteen miles of Brock-

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ville, the soil becomes less rocky, and cultivation begins to exhibit the beauties and comforts of civilized life, in its most pleasing condition. The St. Lawrence with its islands flows smoothly by, and on the high opposite banks cleared spots and capacious farm-houses designate the presence of American farmers. The American shore is not half so well settled as the British. Our attention is given to more inland districts, and the inhabitants are more equally settled over the country than the Canadians, who, stretching themselves along the banks of the rivers, leave the rich back grounds entirely unoccupied. Emigrants from Europe, however, are rapidly extending themselves, over the more remote portions of the country, and this comparatively populous region, which thirty-eight years ago*, heard only the splashing paddles of the fur traders navigating its streams, now trembles under the wheels of rolling stage-coaches, and resounds with the mirth of rural feasts and games and the voice of polite assemblies.

Brockville is a well built and pleasantly situated village. The banks are high and regular on both sides of the St. Lawrence, which below this as far as Prescott, is broad, deep and silent, and may be considered rather as an inlet of the Lake than a river. The steamboat which I had left at Kingston, was swiftly advancing with the help of sails and wheels, upon its expansive,

* 1783—Bouchette.

surface; and here and there woody islands made the channel double, which I perceived obscurely through the fog and incessant showers of rain.

Prostrate upon the road where it transected a solitary woods towards Prescott, a soldier lay extended, and the favourite companion of many a toilsome day, of many a woeful night, the well stocked canteen of whiskey was fallen bottom upwards at a distance, with the precious liquor filtering through the spout in a manner pitiful to relate. I took the liberty of dragging the fallen hero out of the path, and of emptying his canteen of whiskey in a peculiar and expeditious style.

Prescott is a thriving place. The taverns were extremely crowded; and here it happened for the first time, that accommodations were refused me, at a crowded paltry tavern, which in the darkness of the night, I had entered: this I ascribed to the little benevolence, British subjects of the lower orders, evince towards pedestrians. The steamboat Hotel, which has a beautiful terrace towards the water, offered me everything that was comfortable and accommodating. Opposite this village at the outlet of Black Lake, lies Ogdensburgh, its rival in business and population. Both are villages of sudden growth, and both are filled with large stores, were, to use the language of my informant, cash is received as fast as it can be dropped into the money drawers.

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Fort Prevost stands on an eminence near Prescott, and three miles farther is a village called Johnston, which was formerly the scite of an Indian castle. It is not long since this castle was demolished. It was, I understand, a fabric of logs and earth raised to a considerable height, having on each side of the entrance an image resembling a wolf, terribly frowning; and curiously constructed on the top, a sort of beacon or watch-tower.

As my peripatetic appearance was such, as to induce a familiarity among all classes even within the jurisdiction of the state of New-York, I was not surprised at a few instances of haughty freedom, here, in the dominion of a people who go to extremes both in pride and in humility. Situated however, so near the frontiers, and many of them originally from the United States, their manners are somewhat tinged with American equality and contempt of distinctions. A respectable looking land-owner, who, from the corpulence of his figure demonstrated occularly the success of his annual crops, being disposed to converse, was so very indulgent as to walk from the door of his mansion, and with a most condescending smile, to bid me good morrow. I record this as one of the occurrences, although trivial, which are explanatory of the thoughts and opinions prevalent among the Upper Canadians. Returning his salutation, he inquired without preamble, whither I was going, and re-

marked on the fatigue of travelling on foot.

"You are looking out for land, I should rather guess, sir; if you are, you will find very good and cheap land about here.—Ar'nt you from the other side?"

Yes, from the States.

"So, so; a man, that lives in the house back yonder, came over amongst us, only a few years ago, bought a good farm for only five shillings an acre, married one S—n's eldest daughter, and now lives as well as any man; and says he would'nt travel as much again as he did then, not for a township."

Are you an Englishman?

"No, I came from Pennsylvania; why there's nothing but Americans round this part; and I will tell you how this happened. As soon as England, to keep up appearances, had pretended long enough to keep down the rebels, and agreed to let them have what they called independence—(there is no harm you know, to speak one's mind.)—"

Go on.

"Well, as soon as England, caring only for the trade of the United States, got them completely off their hands, there was no longer any possibility of living under the poor ill-made constitution, which was immediately bundled up there, and so came the loyalists, and I along with them to Canada, and procured as fine ground as you could wish to see, for the mere asking it of the governor."

You dislike our country exceedingly sir.

"Not more than reason. Good lack! who would stand about a choice for a house on this side or on that, when there, half your profits must be given away in taxes. We hav'nt hardly a trifle to give, and have plenty of every thing cheap, and no duty."

Certainly: prisoners work little and have sufficient, although they are not their own masters.

"How?"

What is your estimation of our republican form of government?

"The constitution is I think for my part, copied from that of England, with a great many foolish absurdities along with it. Ragamuffins vote as well as men of property; and to make the best of it, they are governed by slaves and negroes: for the people to the southward, have votes according to the number of their slaves. We expect to hear shortly of blackamoor senators and governors. One cannot but wonder though, that they should hold out so long, where continual janglings, factions and parties, are carried on by a set of interested pennyless men: first one up, and then another, and knocking down all that was done by the former: the house that is divided against itself cannot stand: they will soon separate: they will have their kings soon, I am sure."

The United States stand firm and compact. Their forces on land and sea, in the late war, made the throne of your king tremble.

"A ridiculous war that! They began to attack Canada at Detroit, like the bear that comes down a tree backwards without knowing of traps at the bottom. And if they should take Canada, a deal of good it would do them; ha!"

As much service as it does your politic masters beyond the ocean, who send six thousand of their best troops to protect and keep it in subjection.

"Yes, yes; but you know the trade the British carry on, would be of no value to the States. But the Americans have some reason to look out along the frontiers; for it will be no hard matter for us to conquer them all, in another war. We could have done it last war; but just then Napoleon Bonaparte was strongest against us, whom the Americans meanly and cowardly joined to try if both together could get Old England under. Good luck! they wanted peace, quick enough when Bonaparte was down."

But did you not say the United States were an encumbrance before the Revolution?

"Yes, at that time, sartain; many times we let your army escape and seem to get the better, when we might——"

It grows late; I wish you a good morning sir: you are more than a staunch loyal subject, I perceive sir; and came from the States with the good will of the republicans, there is not the least doubt.

This is a correct view of the strong dislike which hundreds, and especially those renegade

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Americans (as they might almost be called,) evince towards the laws and character of our excellent government.

The St. Lawrence, now more contracted, and considerably rapid in many places, displays a lively scene of Durham-boats, gliding with great velocity upon the swift current, among the Gallop Islands; and of bateaux well filled with West India produce, slowly pushed in single files along the shore, each by the poles of five French Canadians. A few rafts of timber were cautiously descending through the rapids; and the roads were filled with numbers of returning raftsmen, both on foot and on horseback, and of families of Scotch and Irish emigrants, who had attained this distance from the port of Quebec. Neat and sometimes magnificent edifices, were scattered upon the banks, and (a characteristic feature of a British country) small establishments for brewing ale, were occasionally to be seen. Hamilton, an American village, appeared distinctly upon the opposite side.

Proceeding onward, I passed over the noted battle ground, called Chrystler's field, where the American forces, in the unsuccessful expedition of 1813, alluded to before, harrassed by the gunboats and artillery of the enemy, at last turned upon them, and after a sharp conflict of three hours upon the land, retired. In this engagement, the Americans with their accustomed impetuosity and bravery, swept the British troops for a mile before them, over the ravines

and fences of the field of battle, until their ammunition being expended, Covington appeared conspicuous at the head of his brigade, advancing to their support; when a sharp shooter leveled his piece from a window of Chrystler's house, and the brave general fell dead from his horse. Without further molestation, the army embarked and proceeded down the river.

At Williamsburgh people of the most adverse national characters appear to be collected. Dialects of Scotch, Irish, English, Low and High Dutch, and the language of Indians, may be heard sometimes from one station. It is a curious picture of a new settled country.

At night, understanding there was a country ball or dance in the neighbourhood, I obtained the interest of a person at the inn, to get admittance. The room was large, in a respectable farm-house, and the company *brilliant*. The scene was interesting to me, on account of its novelty. A venerable grey-headed fiddler "the bard of olden times" kept up the never-ceasing screams and saws, and beat time with his right foot, his head nodding in unison, so forcibly, that the glasses of the sideboard, may be said to have answered the place of a cymbal. The ladies, not at all deficient in beauty, and their faces glowing beneath graceful straw-hats instead of head-dresses, and the gentlemen, not a whit the more disliked for their lofty persons and heroic broad shoulders, acted their parts with engaging ease, simplicity and good humour.

Water mills are either very little regarded, or sites for them extremely scarce; for the remains of old wind-mills, as well as new ones in actual operation, are to be seen along the Canadian shore of the St. Lawrence. But at the Long Saut, a lengthy rapid, the tremendous violence of which threatens destruction to the craft that venture through it, piers or dams are projected from the beach, part of the current is collected, and in this way, the wheels of saw and grist-mills are turned. Even here they are few; and around one of the largest, I counted at least forty wagons and horses, with bags of grain, waiting their regular turn to be served, or driving away disappointed. The miller's house, which was a fine brick building with wings, rose magnificently upon the top of a little hill, like the palace of some potent monarch; and he appeared to be courted by those countrymen in their wagons, as if nobles were attending in their equipages upon the good will of their sovereign prince.

Cornwall is an important and fast increasing town, nearly opposite the point, where the boundary line of the United States strikes the St. Lawrence, and where St. Regis, a village of civilized Indians, is situated. On the road, I inquired of a small boy, the name of some objects in view; when he informed me, with great earnestness, pointing to a glimpse of the opposite banks between two islands—"That's Yankee land over there;" an illustration of the early impressions inculcated in the minds of the Canadian children

toward Americans. An Indian from St. Regis, clad in a doublet and pantaloons coarsely manufactured out of a blanket, was paddling along in his canoe, as I advanced on the bank of this large and extraordinary river: the tin covered spire of that village glittered over the hills, bright and dazzling in the rays of the sun. The new horse-boat was seen descending the current; but my plans would not permit me to enter on board of her, as she stopped at a point to put some passengers on shore.

Foaming and surging downwards with great velocity, the impetuous river, after making the Rapid Plat and Long Saut, suddenly expands into the smooth lake St. Francis, twenty miles long, and six broad. Lancaster, a scattered hamlet of Scotch emigrants, lies in sight of the lake. Here the road discontinues, and a miry foot track leads through the woods and marshes around St. Francis, to the commencement of the French settlements. I met the native lords of the forest, shooting water-fowl on the meadows with great adroitness, and endeavoured in vain to converse with them by gesticulations. Two families were busily employed in the skirt of the woods, near the water, in preparing maize, dressing skins, and manufacturing useful articles from flexible wood and barks. They had turned two beautiful birch-bark canoes bottom upwards upon the beach, in order to dry them by the heat of the sun. The squaws were at work, but the men were lolling prostrate upon the ground, which to them,

* The te
Canada.

seemed to be a favourite position. These Indians are to the Canadians, what Gipsies have been to the people of some European countries.

Perceiving a great number of conical eminences at a short distance before me, I believed them to be haystacks; until I approached nearer and found them to be French or Canadian* houses, which are constructed of logs, and consist of only one story elevated high above the ground, with tall peaks, all of them nearly alike, and arranged at equal distances apart. A few steps only, transports the traveller almost instantaneously into a new region, where the manners of the people, the language and general appearance of every thing, are totally different from the tract out of which he has just departed. Lower Canada now commences, and is a country as distinct from Upper Canada, as France itself is from England. One universal dress, one universal diet, one universal mode of acting, in short one universal character, prevails from the moment the province is entered. Not a tree nor a stump is to be seen within half a mile parallel to the river, along the margin of which, the road is commonly conducted and the houses are stationed. Extreme neatness and care mark the enclosures, the long rectangular fields, and the few out-door buildings and implements. Despotism seems to have stamped a feature of low submission upon the plodding, unambitious peasantry, whose minds

* The term Canadian is applied only to French descendants in Canada.

are, moreover, awed into superstition, by the displayed crucifix of their Catholic priests ;—and as the American jounries onward, he cannot refrain from exclaiming, when he recollects the freedom and joyous enterprize of his own country. How different is this from the United States !

At the Coteau du Lac, where there are strong fortifications and some spacious buildings, I was entertained for the first time, in a French inn. Order and the greatest cleanliness are observed about the rooms and decorations, and the stranger is immediately considered as an inmate of the family, whose agreeable ease and pleasing deportment would indeed make him so, let him be ever so distant and overbearing.

The Cedres is a place of considerable compactness and size; and contains a very magnificent Cathedral. The houses are stone, and the streets, of which it has more than one, are extremely narrow. Like a trans-Atlantic village, it bears a venerable cast of antiquity.

On account of a violent breeze from the north, it was impossible to obtain a passage at this place, to the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence. Many violent rapids interrupt the stream between lake St. Francis and its confluence with one of the mouths of Ottawa or Grand river; but at the Cascades, where several inns rather than private dwellings, are collected on the banks of the Ottawa, I procured a Canadian, for double price, (67 cents) to ferry me in a mere pine tree

log, hollowed and shaped into a canoe, directly through one of the most desperate rapids of the St. Lawrence. Over the Grand river to the Isle of Montreal, it is at least a mile, and the St. Lawrence is a mile wide until it expands again into the lake of St. Louis. At the strongest rapids the ascending boats are drawn through short canals, and descending boats are sometimes forced to make use of the same convenience. The fur-traders and great numbers of north-western Indians that are constantly flocking to Montreal, instead of navigating the great lakes and St. Lawrence on their way to that city, mount the outlet of Lake Nipissing, from Huron, cross a few miles over land to the Ottawa, and descending that great river the boundary between the upper and lower provinces, cut off nearly one half of the rout they would otherwise have followed. Commissioners are now engaged in the formation of a canal from La Chine, a village nine miles from Montreal to the wind-mills, one mile from the city.

My hoary Charon with his canoe, and another person to assist, tugged bravely to the middle of the rapid, when the violent surges of the river dashing against rocks at the bottom, and the fury of the wind, rendered our situation somewhat perilous. It appeared remarkable, that a mere hollowed log should ride upon such tumultuous water. Getting quite wet, I arrived at the opposite side, and accepting the offer of a calash, for the sake of experiencing the nature of this

Canadian vehicle, rode to Chataugay, among houses of a grander appearance than common: they are stone, white-washed, and have the threshold of the door elevated seven or eight feet above the ground.

Chataugay is a populous village, scattered on both sides of the Chataugay river near its disembogement. By the name however, of a place like this, in Canada, is properly understood a seigniory or certain district, in which the chapel and principal inn form a sort of nucleus. A fine stone bridge spans across the stream, and numbers of vessels float about the small harbour. Brisk life and industry, is shown conspicuous by rolling charrettes and calashes, labouring mechanics, trafficking Indians, and busily occupied matrons and children, who seem to take a pleasure in displaying openly their domestic employments. A small romantic island closely blocks up the mouth of the river, and among the tall trees that waved heavily above its banks, I saw wash-women spreading the clothes they had washed in the river, upon the common bleaching plats, or hanging them on the branches of the pleasant grove.

By moonlight I proceeded six miles hence, through a lonely woods, to Caughnawaga, a very considerable village of Indians upon the banks of the St. Lawrence. Their dwellings are similar to those of the Canadians; large and closely compacted in several narrow streets. There are two Catholic chapels. Among them are

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some French as well as English residents; an Englishman keeps the inn. By agriculture and traffic with the whites, some of these Indians have accumulated large fortunes, and it is not unusual to see them driving to Montreal in gigs, with great pomposity—their long black hair waving behind, pendant in the wind. Though it was late, I met numerous boys playing games of their own in the streets, and warriors and sage orators, muffled in blue robes, walking to and fro in the dark, talking in low voices; and through the glass casements, observed the sociable family circles enjoying all the comforts of complete civilization. Without staying long in Caughnawaga, I went out of a sort of gate, which marked their limits of the territory like a distinct kingdom, and again entered a deep wood of four or five miles; in the middle of which, as rising clouds obscured the moon, a company of the savage tribe passed me, rustling among the trees and wrapt in large white blankets. It was near midnight, when I knocked at some Canadian farm-houses, inquiring for the inn, and found them still awake, knitting and sewing, or conversing with the men around their fires. My Gallic landlady was a little suspicious of my appearance at so late an hour; but a few words of explanation soon conciliated her good will. In this description of the rout from Kingston to Montreal, I am perhaps more particular, than circumstances may render justifiable. The pleasantness of the journey, and its being a

favourite course to American pedestrians, as I found traces on the way of students from our colleges having walked over the same ground, are reasons for such particular details. The most interesting method of travelling this distance, is by taking the steamboat to Prescott, the stage-coach to Cornwall, the horseboat to the Coteau, a calash to the Cedres, the steamboat again to La Chine, and a coach thence to the place of destination. A line of stages also run at all seasons without interruption.

La Prairie lies nine miles obliquely across the river from Montreal, which is seen beyond the expansive surface of water, glittering from its metallic roofs and steeples with great magnificence. Immediately behind the city, rises suddenly above the level country a lofty mountain, that adds greatly to its beauty.

The village of La Prairie is populous, extensive, substantially built, and remarkable for the collection of inns. In its vicinity are capacious barracks and breweries. The delay of the ferryboat here, caused me to proceed two *leagues* further, in front of another regular file of Canadian houses, which were awkwardly constructed with a door only in the rear. Every seigniorly or parish seems to have its fashion, by deviating in some little particular with respect to the style of building. Fashion is the bauble of the French; and notwithstanding the uniform sameness of dress and manners of the peasantry, we may discover some small distinguishing mark, of a red

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cap perhaps instead of a blue one, or of a yellow sash instead of one parti-coloured, which frequently characterizes one district from another.

MONTREAL.

To the person who has never visited a European town, an approach from the water to this large city, is extremely gratifying. Tall warehouses, as strong as castles and as venerable, stand pre-eminent upon the high bank, which ships, brigs, steamboats and small craft, that have thus penetrated more than five hundred miles from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, partly conceal. Nor is the appearance of things less novel when its interior is examined, its confined streets traversed, and its cathedrals, convents, *Hotel Dieux*, colleges, and barracks are investigated. A shade of gloomy grandeur, pervades the whole, and reminds one of panoramic representations sometimes exhibited of Paris.

Montreal occupies a ridge, extending parallel to the shore of the river, and has a canal in the hollow between it and the first ascent of the mountain. Formerly a wall and ditch surrounded the town, of which, although the outskirts are still termed the suburbs, nothing is left. Its length is a mile and a half, and the population, twenty-five thousand. As a great part of the inhabitants are English, and some Americans, the two languages, French and English, are equally used. The public institutions, both old and modern, are extremely numerous, and

are, like the dwellings, permanently constructed of a hard grey lime-stone.

As a commercial mart, this city ranks high. Situated at the confluence of the Ottawa, and St. Lawrence, it transmits most of the commerce of the lakes and of the north-western tracts. From the Great Canal in the State of New-York, its commerce will, however, suffer considerable deterioration. Fur-traders have long attempted in vain, to transport their goods expeditiously by means of small rivers and creeks, to the Hudson, which is at once accomplished by the canal from Erie to Albany. The streets of Montreal, are excessively thronged with a busy populace, and we can scarcely move through St. Paul's, without jostling against merchants, Canadian voyageurs, and troops of north-western Indians, who, gorgeously arrayed in fine black blankets, wear, both men and women, little European hats oddly put upon their heads, and stroll about the shops and market-places, with deer and moose skin mockasins for sale.

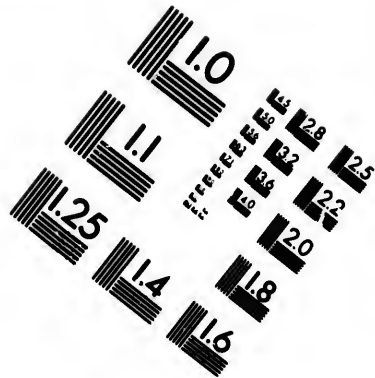
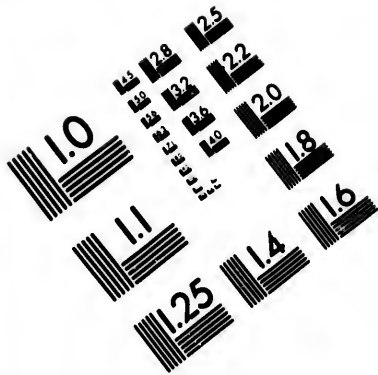
A range of public edifices of the noblest style of architecture, occupies the highest ground of the city, and from their windows is obtained a fine view of the environs. Behind them, is a public green, in which, among the vistas of poplars, the citizens find a delightful recreation; and before them, at the head of a market, stands to the memory of Nelson, a large pediment and column, with appropriate figures and inscriptions, and the hero himself represented on the summit. Continuing

along Notre Dame street, we approach the convent of La Congregation de Notre Dame. This is an extensive building, in which unfortunate and disconsolate females find refuge from the troubles of the world; the veiled sisters are seen in the morning attending upon cows and poultry, collected in a spacious court. There is another nunnery, the Grey Sisters of St. Pierre, and one, formerly the Recollet Convent, now changed to a barracks.

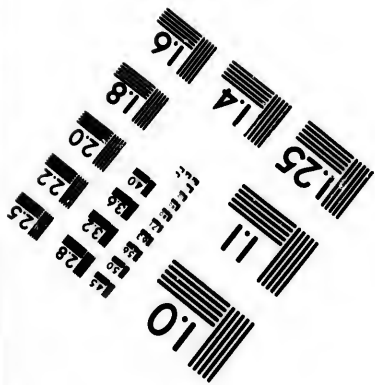
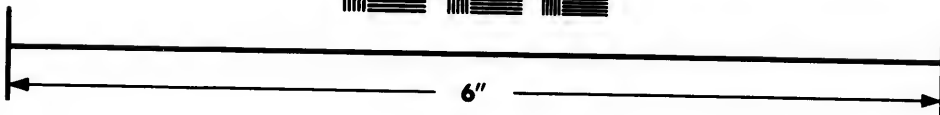
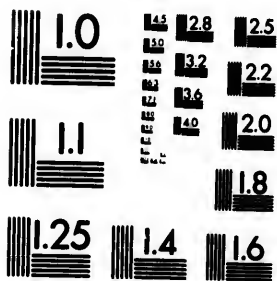
It is only the alteration here and there of some religious institution into a military establishment, that reminds us of the change of masters this place has undergone. When the convents and gloomy cathedrals are seen rising around, monks and priests passing by, in their long black robes, and scholars of the seminaries running along habited in a peculiar costume, we can hardly believe it any but the French and wholly Catholic city it was formerly.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame, at the Place d'armes, though rough and covered with tin on the outside, is magnificent and splendid within, to an astonishing degree. Surrounded by pictures and images of saints—as the gothic columns with their heavy ornaments, interrupt the few faint rays of light cast from the curtained windows, which a host of glittering angels, clouds and gilt mouldings, solemnly reflect,—here, amidst this awful assemblage of dead and living emblems, the devout votary of religion, may throw himself at the foot of the cross and utter those





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pious feelings, which the empty glaring walls of a protestant fabric, can seldom excite. Contrasted with this, is the English church, a lofty pile, which is but lately finished.

Whilst in Montreal, I was hospitably entertained in the house of a friend, in the Hay Market. Having visited this city once before, I merely made some excursions about its vicinity, and in the afternoon of Saturday, ascended to the top of the mountain, (Mont Real, or Mount Royal) from which it receives its name. The path is circuitous and difficult. On the summit is a flag staff and a rope swing for pedestrian parties on holidays. But no prospect is obtained, on account of under-brush without climbing up one of the tallest of the trees. From the leafless top of a venerable oak, where I found remaining, the initials I amongst others had cut, and recollected my having shaken acorns from the boughs, and carrying them with me to New-York, spreads a wide prospect, limited only by—

“ —the eternal vault,
That bounds the hoary ocean.”

The Chambly, or Boleil mountains, are seen prominent in one direction ; the hills of Vermont and New-York in another ; the course of the St. Lawrence, sweeping past the resplendent city immediately below, with its beautiful islands, and especially St. Helena: the large island of Montreal, isle of Jesus and Bizarre, are em-

braced at once in the capacious view, and the several mouths of the Ottawa, principally la Riviere des Prairies, and la Riviere de St. Jean, are distinctly traced, winding north and west between them; and in every other direction, ridgy hill after hill, fades gradually away, from green into blue, from blue to dusky, and from dusky to the pale hue of aerial vapours.

On the slope of the mountain, the Governor general of Canada, Earl Dalhousie, was reviewing the regular troops of this city, who made a grand and interesting display.

Late at night, I went on board of the Lady Sherbrook, one of those large and admirable steamboats, which navigate the lower portion of the St. Lawrence, and bade farewell to the city of Montreal.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM MONTREAL TO QUEBEC, THE FALLS OF CHAUDIERE
AND MONTMORENCI.

Saturday, October 7th, 1821.

If the passage from Montreal to the city of Quebec, could be accomplished altogether in daylight, one would hardly wish to perform a more agreeable and attractive voyage. But circumstances render more than twelve hours during the customary passage, for viewing the well inhabited and highly cultivated banks of the St. Lawrence, not often to be expected. Although we sailed above half the distance in the dark, it may not be thought improper to mention cursorily the principal places we passed even in this way, of a river so important and so celebrated.

Longueuil is a village not far below Montreal, through which immense droves of cattle pass from the State of Vermont to that city. The ferry boat over the river is worked by ten horses. Boucherville, Verecheres Repantegny, St. Sulpice, la Valtré, la Noraye, Dautre, are beautiful villages or seigniories, scattered in succession upon the banks, which are low and champaign; each

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has its neat stone church, distinguishable at an incredible distance by the steeple dazzling like pure polished silver in the sun, and between them farm houses are regularly stationed in such numbers as to resemble the continued extenuation of a scattered village.

Sorel or William Henry comes next; its position upon the outlet of Lake Champlain, and its fort and garrison renders it a town of some importance. Here the river widens, with many low solitary islands, and at length becomes ten miles broad, extremely shoal and difficult of navigation. St. Peters may be called the last of the great American chain of lakes. It is twenty-five miles long, and bounded by marshy shores. Few vessels dare sail in the night through the Lake of St. Peter. Ours however ventured, and in the morning we were gratified with a sight of Three Rivers, commonly esteemed the third large town in Lower Canada. As is usual with most rivers, Black at St. Maurice river* near which it stands, is divided by islands at its mouth, into three channels, and occasions the name of the Three Rivers. This is the head of tide water and half way between

* "The Algonkins, a wandering savage nation, inhabit its banks, and are under the protection of the French, before whose settlement, three fourths of them were destroyed by the Iroquese. The people of Trois Rivières are very rich, have stately houses, and 'tis the residence of a governor, who is maintained chiefly by trading with the natives, for beavers. The place is terribly infested with fleas. The River of St. Lawrence is full of shelveas here, and abounds with the biggest and longest eels in the world." *Account of Canada or New France, 1717.*

Montreal and Quebec. The houses stretch three fourths of a mile along the shore. There are no wharves, though vessels in great numbers constantly stop before the town. The beach is crowded with canoes and bateaux, and frequently the people are observed rowing in unison and accompanying their oars with the Canadian boat song: one stands at the stern of the boat and and brandishing a paddle in the air, strikes the water twice on one side and then twice on the other: it is probably an Indian custom.

The banks become bolder, and covered with houses and villages too numerous to be mentioned,* as we advance towards the rapids of Richelieu, where the river is contracted and the current, especially at ebb tide, dashes tumultuously over the rocks. Richelieu rapids are about forty miles from Quebec. The length of nine miles or three leagues, is remarkable in all the divisions of the Canadians. The churches along the river are said to be generally nine miles apart. La Chine is nine miles from Montreal: Caughnawaga, nine miles from La Prarie, and La Prarie nine miles from Longueil, as many from the city, and twice nine from St. Johns. It is five times nine, (forty five miles,) from Montreal to Sorel; forty five thence to Three Rivers, about the same to Richelieu rapids, and nearly as many to Quebec; thus dividing the whole

* "All along from Quebec to Sorel, the river abounds with islands and the banks on both sides are so populous that they look like two continued villages of fifty leagues long," *Account of New France*

course between the two chief cities into four equal portions.

We arrived ten o'clock Sunday evening at our place of destination. Guided by a fellow-passenger, I mounted the plank and trod with pleasure the military ground of Quebec. Among the tall and crowded houses at the quay, a few lights glimmered: overhead rose frightfully a mountainous rock, crowned by the castle and grey walls of the strongest fortress of America. Wind- ing up the rock by the toilsome ascent of Moun- tain street, at this hour, still and lonely, whilst the dim beams of the moon faintly lightened the massive bulwarks of the grand entrance, and the armour of sentry soldiers was glittering from the battlements, I passed through the unclosed gate. Crossing the Place d'armes, and proceeding be- tween the monastery of the Jesuits and the Ca- thedral, and along the Rue St. Jean, I came to the City Hotel, where I received immediately every mark of attention that could be required.

THE FORTRESS OF QUEBEC.

Quebec was founded about the same time (1608) that Hudson discovered the river which bears his name. An armament was equipped in France; commanded by Pontgrave, having in his company Samuel de Champlain, who sailed in 1603. It was not until five years after, that Champlain commenced a settlement upon the site of an Indian village at Cape Diamond near the mouth of St. Charles River: a spot, chosen

on account of its natural advantages, and as a proper station for a fortress against the savages, and a capital city to a new and extensive empire. At first the French settlers were harassed greatly by the Indians, with whom, however, they found means of ingratiating themselves in such a manner as to make them their attached friends.

When Quebec after eighty years, became a place of some consideration, the British, in the war between England and France, sent a great armament against it from Boston, and six hundred troops and Indians under Colonel Schuyler from New-York:* they were repulsed with great loss and obliged to retreat. Count de Frontenac returned the assault, and marching into New-York, fought against the Onondagas, ravaged the country, and was at last compelled to retire before the allied British and Iroquois.

A powerful English fleet sailed in 1711 to attempt once more the reduction of this place. Through the temerity of Sir Hovendon Walker, the Cadmiral, in approaching too near the Seven Isles in the St. Lawrence, many of the largest ships were cast away and three thousand men were lost; and the army, which was descending from Montreal retired in consequence of the disaster.

About the year 1754, the French inhabitants generally of North America, became so barefaced

* About this time (1690) the French surprised and burnt the town of Schenectady in the state of New-York, and murdered most of the inhabitants.

in their encroachments upon the British possessions, that admiral Boscain was ordered to sail with his fleet to the banks of Newfoundland, where he captured two French men of war: hostilities were commenced and a new war was generated between England and France. Operations were carried on with great vigour in Europe. In America, though the English suffered a defeat in one or two instances, yet success, unlike the attempts of the foregoing war, mostly attended their arms.

In order not only to suppress the devastations of the French, who were colleagued with most all the ferocious Indian tribes of the country, but also to invade their territories, and if possible annex them to the dominions of Great Britain, several expeditions were undertaken, directed at the same time towards Cape Breton, Ticonderoga and Crown point, Niagara, and Fort du Quesne on the river Ohio. Monckton, and Sir William Johnson were victorious at Nova Scotia and Lake George, although the latter failed in taking the forts against which he was sent. General Braddock was defeated and killed by the French and their allies the savages, in ambuscade, as he rashly hurried his troops through an unknown forest, towards Fort du Quesne. Our great General, Washington, was with Braddock in that expedition, and he vainly remonstrated against the injudicious temerity which occasioned their defeat.

Soon after, the British government, conceiving a more decisive effort necessary to conquer so extensive a country as Canada, which as yet had no definitive bounds, ordered three powerful assaults to be made at once against its strongest and most important fortresses. This was in 1759. The French capitulated at Fort Niagara, after a body of soldiers, who were marching to their assistance, had been routed by Sir William Johnson. They abandoned Crown point and Ticonderoga, upon the approach of the army under general Amherst, and retired to Quebec the capital of Canada, and the centre of all their military operations. A powerful fleet commanded by Admiral Saunders, and an army under general Wolfe, were sent to besiege Quebec, which it will be necessary to describe, before the conduct of the siege and subsequent battle can be well understood.

Quebec is situated on a rocky point of land, formed by the junction of the river St. Charles with the St. Lawrence. Both sides of the St. Lawrence, which is here only half a mile wide, are composed of high perpendicular cliffs for many miles up the river, inaccessible except in some few places, where a rivulet or the rains have worn a ravine into the bank. Above the heights, the country is level and in a state of complete cultivation. Upon the top of a lofty precipice between two and three hundred feet high, stands the Fortress of Quebec defended by nature, and by the utmost powers of human con-

trivance. Its out-line is a triangle, two sides of which, face the two confluent rivers, and have upon the verge of the rock a strong stone wall and batteries. The remaining side, which fronts the plain, is a firm stone wall and rampart, thirty feet high and fifty feet in thickness, consisting of five bastions and their intermediate curtains, with a deep moat, covert-way and out-works. This forms the fortress and encloses about one square mile, in which are contained magazines, barracks, all the public buildings, many private houses, and upon the highest elevation, the celebrated citadel, the mysteries of which are so little known to travellers. Under the name of the city of Quebec, is comprehended, together with the fortress or upper town, a compact line of houses upon the beach and made-up ground at the point, denominated the lower town, the buildings upon the hill outside of the rampart, called St. John's suburbs, and St. Roch's, a wide collection of small dwelling houses upon the level of St. Charles river; all of which possess the chief portion of the merchants, artificers, and other miscellaneous inhabitants, but which were hardly begun except the lower town, at the time of general Wolfe's invasion.

Within sight of the citadel, lies the island of Orleans, speckled over with white farm houses; all the heights of Beauport with the gulf into which the famous cataract of Montmorenci is precipitated; and more to the north, vast ranges of high mountains, which are finally lost, blue

and dusky, in the clouds of the horizon. In a direction southwest, are the plains of Abraham, and two miles off, a small curvature of the bank, which since the important battle originating there, has received the appellation of Wolfe's cove.

The fleet arrived at the isle of Orleans in June, upon which the troops landed and encamped. According to the General's orders, it was immediately made known to the inhabitants, that their property and privileges should remain unmolested, if they observed a perfect neutrality in the dispute between England and France: but this, although a generous proposal, was asking more than they as good subjects ought to observe, and in consequence of their joining with the Indian parties in annoying the camp, many disorderly acts of the soldiers towards them were passed over without punishment. The first operation was to seize pointe Levi, opposite Quebec, which is a narrow space of ground surmounted by high shelving banks. This was accomplished, and the lower town by the fire from the batteries, was soon reduced to ashes. In the night after a violent storm had scattered the fleet and destroyed some of the boats and transports, fire-ships were discovered floating towards the isle of Orleans, which M. de Montcalm the French general, had sent down for the purpose of firing the British vessels, then laying very near each other. Some boats were despatched manned with sailors, who dauntlessly went on board of the fire-ships and towed them ashore, where the rising

flames shined on the tops of the mountains and lightened the elevated towers of the besieged fortress, till they were consumed.

The falls of Montmorenci are the greatest perpendicular pitch of water in America and next to the greatest in the world. The precipices around it, forming a considerable cove, rise to the height of three hundred and fifty feet. The tide of the St. Lawrence, which rises and falls between twenty and twenty-five feet, fills the cove, and then retiring leaves the bottom covered only knee deep, with the water of the descending river. General Wolfe observing the redoubt which the French had raised near the edge of the water, transported the troops with an intention of taking it to the opposite side of the Montmorenci, and ordered his grenadiers to cross the ford and commence the attack. But instead of forming in a body they rushed impetuously onward, sustaining a heavy fire from the enemy's entrenchments on the brow of the hill. The remaining troops came on in good order. However, on account of their having been retarded by rocks in landing, night approached sooner than was expected and the tide beginning to rise in the cove, a retreat became necessary, after the loss of a great number of soldiers and several valuable officers.

The disposition of general Wolfe was ardent and adventurous. He had raised himself by his own bravery and abilities alone, without the as-

sistance of wealth or of friends, to the important command which he now held. The enterprise was of the most hazardous nature; and many generals situated as he was, encircled by high rocks and mountains, beset by the Indians who seized every opportunity for plunder and bloodshed, assaulted by floating batteries, fireships, and the shells from the enemy's entrenchments, and deputed to storm a fortress long deemed impregnable, would have been discouraged and probably have desisted altogether from the attempt. With so little chance of success, he was determined to endeavour the utmost, and according to the universal opinion of his officers in a council of war, though he himself thought their advice rather too adventurously, he resolved to gain the heights of Abraham and bring on a general engagement.

The French had stationed sentinels along all the tops of the bank and at the edge of the river. The fleet sailed up the St. Lawrence, above Quebec, and in the dead of night the transports were allowed to float with the troops down the current, as far as Wolfe's cove where they were to ascend the heights. At first they mistook the landing place in the dark, and a French sentinel hearing them, came very near discovering the whole plot. He inquired what boats they were; and was immediately answered by one of the captains, who fortunately talked good French, that they were bateaux of provisions from Lake St.

Peter; which the soldier readily believing, as provisions were actually expected from that quarter, gave them liberty to pass.

The banks above Wolfe's cove are less precipitous than any where else. A constant rill of water has worn a wide ravine at the head of the cove, which, though not so deep then as it is now, was not sufficiently excavated to enable the soldiers to mount without clambering. A small body of troops defending this pass, were dislodged by Colonel Howe, who led his men with admirable courage and activity directly up the bushy precipice, and silently surrounded them before they were aware. The passage being clear, the troops ascended and formed at the top.

As soon as the French general de Montcalm understood that the English had gained the heights of Abraham, which he had confidently deemed inaccessible, he got together his whole force from Beauport and his entrenchments on the plain, and advanced towards them in order of battle. His numbers, were about seven thousand. The British were between five and six thousand, and consisted of hardy veteran soldiers. The charge commenced about nine in the morning, with great spirit. It was the most desperate engagement during that war. The French general was mortally wounded and his second in command was slain on the field. General Wolfe stood in the hottest fire, and had been aimed at by the enemy's marksmen, until at last he received a wound in the wrist. He con-

tinued giving orders and advanced at the head of the grenadiers with their bayonets fixed, when another ball more fatal pierced his breast. He leaned on the shoulder of a soldier and fainted. Hearing a voice cry, "They run!" he revived for a moment and asking who ran, was informed the French. Unable to gaze any longer, he sunk on the soldier's breast, and uttered with his last breath, "I die happy." A stone records the place where he died. No monument is erected to his memory: for his glory needs no such trophy. The rising towers of Quebec are his monument, and whoever views them must think of Wolfe the conquerer of Canada,*

Soon after my arrival in Quebec, an American, a stranger like myself, accompanied me on an excursion to the plains of Abraham. It is laid out in corn fields, and belongs in part to private persons, and in part to the prerogatives of the governor. Upon the latter portion we saw whole

*—————They have fall'n
Each in his field of glory; one in arms,
And one in council. Wolfe upon the lap
Of smiling victory that moment won.

—————Wolfe where'er he fought
Put so much of his heart into his act,
That his example had a magnet's force
And all where swift to follow whom all loved.

COWPER.

O Wolfe, to thee a streaming flood of woe,
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breast to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart wrung tear.

GOLDSMITH.

platoons of soldiers, earnestly engaged in hoeing gardens and digging potatoes. The most level portion of the ground, is made into an excellent race course, upon which several superior horses and expert riders had lately exerted their skill. A person who pretended to know every circumstance of Wolfe's attack, and the stations of the respective armies, acted as our conductor upon this occasion. He led us to the cove, the banks of which he asserted were so steep at that time, that the cannon was hoisted up by means of ropes and pulleys. A wagon road of an easy descent is now cut in an oblique manner, at the place where the troops mounted, down to an extensive timber establishment on the shore. Quebec is entirely out of sight from the battle ground. Upon the prominent knolls, two or three batteries in the form of round towers have been erected, for the purpose of sweeping the plain, and defending the out works of the city. It is related that a herculean Scotchman, with his "claymore broadino" was making repeated sallies upon the French, under Colonel Howe from a copse of wood where they were stationed to take advantage of the enemy; and continuing to cut off heads till he was at last completely tired, he sat down and exclaimed, "D—l tak' them a', the rinagate scoundrels: I'll ha' a pinch of snuff and na' care about them." The officers reprimanded him as they passed by; "had ye a' kall'd" he cried, "as mony as I ha' een kall'd the day, there wad be mane to kall, na to fight wi' mare." Fifty heads

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OLDSMITH

were found upon the field, most of which were supposed to have been severed by his hand. After procuring some bullets and crystals of quartz, usually called diamonds, which are ploughed up in the field, we returned. Wolfe's stone remains greatly hacked, at the corner of a wheat field near the race course : yet it is said that the real stone upon which he died, was taken away, and was selling in the city at so much for each small piece : and I saw a publication which stated, that travellers might be supplied with pieces of the stone, by applying to some place in the upper town which I do not remember.

During my stay at Quebec, I was made acquainted with Colonel M—, of Lake Champlain, who had been an officer in the revolutionary war, and who, by his frequent visits to this place, was able to give me much satisfactory information. With this gentleman's assistance I obtained admittance into Castle Lewis, the residence of the governor in chief, the barracks, formerly a Jesuits' college, the seminary of the priests, and the Bishop's palace, which is appropriated as parliament house of Lower Canada. The earl Dalhousie, present governor of Canada was absent at Montreal. The castle or chateau projects beyond the top of the precipice, and has stone piers to support it from the side of the sloping rock. Its interior decorations are superb. We cannot enter the apartments, without remembering the late unfortunate duke of Richmond, the former governor, who received his death from

the bite of a favourite spaniel. The gardens attached to the chateau are spacious, and are strangely ornamented with large pieces of cannon, mounted and ready to repulse the progress of any hostile vessel up the St. Lawrence. There are other gardens further from the brink of the rock, belonging to the military establishments and officers barracks in Rue St. Louis.

As the moon shone very bright in the evenings, I took great delight in strolling about the gardens, and on the earthen terraces which lead along the edge of the precipice. The view at that time is peculiarly grand. Whilst the rays of the moon are reflected from the metallic roofs of the lower town and the shining spires of the churches, whilst there is just light sufficient to show the vessels in the harbour, and the adjacent towers with their mortars and their cannon balls appearing more formidable than ever through the gloom; the thoughts, arrested at intervals by the distant sounds of martial music, and forgetful of the various instruments of death spread at hand, are disposed to soar above the sublunary world to the regions of the great, the good and the happy. The ramparts of the great wall which faces the plain, afford an agreeable walk. The slope within is covered with grass and small trees. The gorge of each bastion is assigned for ammunition houses and incredible heaps of bomb-shells, balls, and cannon. At the potasse, which terminates the wall towards St. Charles' river, is an ancient building, which had been a convent

under the French, and which has shared the fate of some other religious edifices, in becoming a military school and barracks. The most curious piece of military architecture I observed, was St. John's gate, which is so concealed by the out-works, that a number of turns are to be made in approaching it, and at the end of each turn, are carronades and formidable rows of loop holes, which forbid an enemy the least hope of access. St. Lewis gate is somewhat similar. The ramparts are not solid, but contain store-rooms and "secret cells and passages, of which little is known." Every thing is in the neatest order. The greatest strictness and secrecy is observed among the soldiery. They are always upon the alert to detect the slightest tresspass, and stand with their shouldered muskets at almost every corner. I chanced to take a plan of Quebec out of my pocket, whilst walking on the rampart, which Colonel M— bade me instantly to return, as the sight of even that piece of paper, seen by one of the guards, might cause us to be suspected, and perhaps apprehended!

Repairs and additions are continually making on various parts of the fortifications. The chief design of strengthening this place is to prevent its falling into the hands of Americans, in case of another rupture with Great Britain; and on that account they are very cautious how they admit people, especially from the United States, among their works. The Citadel which is the strongest and most elevated part, has been till lately

entirely excluded from the sight of all strangers; but now, the gates are every day thrown open to a great number of workmen, who are tearing down the decayed walls and erecting magazines and vaults of a more substantial kind; and by means of a pass ticket, any person may gain admittance, and view the principal parts unobscured. On Tuesday afternoon, I obtained a pass ticket, in examining the new works and viewing the subterraneous passages and dungeons, which are at length laid open to daylight and to the world. A gentleman from New-York accompanied me, who was so injudicious as to make a leap upon a fresh earthen rampart; a guard, with fierce sandy whiskers meeting over his lips, immediately called out in a threatening tone to him and myself also, who was about to follow his example, to come down from our conspicuous station, and conduct ourselves with more *decorum*, or else leave the Citadel. A young gentleman a day or two preceding, as we were informed, was roughly turned out of the gates, for penciling lines upon a piece of paper, which the guards had perceived, snatched from his hand and torn to fragments, before he could utter a syllable. Another person met with the same treatment, for taking the last chew of his expended tobacco, and throwing the envelope on the ground; which was caught up by a soldier and unluckily found to be a page of Hawney's

Measurer, with all its mystical geometrical angles, elevations, and parallelopipids.

The public as well as the private buildings of Quebec, possess a substantial appearance. They are of a bluish coloured lime and slate stone, obtained from the rock upon which they stand, and which is continually blasted away for the purpose of building. The diamond rock which is crowned by the citadel, consists of contorted strata of slate and limestone with veins of a whitish calcareous spar, and cracks filled in with minute crystals of quartz. The face of diamond rock is very ragged, so that an unfortunate cow, which strayed too near the edge and slipped, as I chanced to be passing under it, came to the bottom, mangled in a most distressing manner.

The convent of the Urselines, the Hotel Dieu, the Court-house and prison, have very gloomy looks. I did not care to visit either of them. Not above a week previous, a wretched criminal was hung in front of the Court-house, for murdering a man in a fit of frenzy. As I walked one day through an unfrequented street, by the grated windows of the prison, I was attracted by a little red bag, lowered from a grate in one of the upper stories, which as it descended, was accompanied by the words, "Pour l'amour de Dieu, donnez au prisonnier malheureux un sou, Monsieur!" Dropping in what was requested, I mounted a little eminence on the opposite side of the way, and perceived through the iron bars, a poor half-starved Cana-

dian, in his greatcoat and scarlet cap, very busily pulling up the bag, and expressing his thanks by a variety of grimaces and energetic expressions.

FALLS OF MONTMORENCI.

Although Quebec is a stirring seaport, with money circulating in great plenty, and strangers thronging into it every day; yet it is not in the least famous for its encouragement of public amusements. The smallness of its population may account for the neglect of these. My time therefore beginning to grow tedious, I proposed an excursion to the falls of Montmorenci, or Moranci, to which the gentlemen whom I before mentioned, desired to bear me company. The weather in this northern climate was already beginning to grow intensely cold. Incessant rains had been falling for the last five weeks, which changed by reason of the cold into sleet and snow. The collections of water about the streets were frozen half an inch in thickness, and snow whitened the tops of the neighbouring mountains. On the morning of Thursday we started, and were so fortunate as to see the sun rising in the horizon without a cloud.

A lengthy bridge crosses St. Charles' river, which, when the tide recedes, is but a narrow stream, and when the tide has attained its full height, looks as wide as the St. Lawrence itself. As we passed over it, the tide was out; large ships lay scattered over the dry beach, and carts

were driving upon the occasional roads thus afforded. The whole distance hence to Montmorenci, (eight miles,) is one continued street of little one storied houses, built and arranged exactly similarly to those spoken of, in the upper parts of the province. This is called the village of Beauport. As it is situated at some height upon the gradual slope of the land towards the St. Lawrence, a view is obtained from any part of the village, of Quebec, the harbour, the course of the river, and the island of Orleans.

We were treated with the greatest affability and courtesy by the Canadians, into whose dwellings we made excuses every little while to peep. Their arrangements are remarkably neat and economical. Before we reached the celebrated cataract, the sky became of a sudden overcast, and a heavy shower of snow in small round globules commenced falling. But it ceased in a little time, and the remainder of the day, with the exception of a violent north-west blow, was extraordinary clear and pleasant.

Crossing over a toll-bridge above the falls, we had the curiosity to creep under the banks, which rise sixty feet on each side, to the verge of the precipice, in order first to survey the immense abyss into which the river dashes. The rains had swollen the current of Montmorenci to a great height; the clay and impurities of the soil being washed down the banks, imparted a deep crimson tinge to the water, which, breaking into foam against the rocks, presented very pleasing ap-

pearances. In the middle of the stream, rocks project like a small island just above the precipice.

We descended the high and steep bank of the river St. Lawrence, which is divided into two channels at this place by the Isle of Orleans; and walking on the beach around the point of the gulf or cove, which the Montmorenci has in the course of time scooped into the land, we came full in sight of the majestic sheet of water, dashing, roaring, foaming from its giddy height down to the level where we stood. The falls of Montmorenci exceed Niagara nearly by one hundred feet, and are the highest in North America. Falling over the rough face of the precipice, which runs in a straight line from side to side of the cove, and furiously boiling from the beginning of its leap to the bottom, it emits a thin ethereal spray from its whole confused surface, and fills the broad gulf with rolling volumes of mist. High upon the edge of the cliffs on the left, an aqueduct carries a small portion of the stream along the mountain, to the wheels of a large establishment for sawing timber. The fissures of the rock break into the bank, and the aqueduct is supported over them by wooden props. Higher than the aqueduct, great forest trees tremble on the verge of the gulf, appearing from below like diminutive shrubs. We contemplated the striking scene with silent wonder for several minutes, and then endeavoured to advance nearer the foot of this tremendous cataract.

The composition of the rocks around the place where we stood, is a stratified fetid limestone, operated upon by the weather in such a manner, as to crumble into fine scales and dust, which slide continually down, and assume (with the exception of colour which is black) the appearance of soft sandy banks. The wind blew fiercely against the crumbled sides of the hills, and carried showers of dust and large pieces of the stone with great velocity directly into our faces. Providing ourselves in the best manner possible against this inconvenience, we rushed forward to a great black rock, which hides behind it part of the bottom of the falls, and forms the point of what may be called the inner cove. Spray hovers over this rock, and pours constant rains upon its glistening, yet rugged top. The sun was behind us. Our eyes were almost blinded with the brilliant and transparent rainbows; which were complete circles, ourselves the centre, increasing or diminishing in diameter, according to our distance from objects in front. Ascending the rock with some danger of falling, and getting ourselves drenching wet, we clambered over it on our hands and feet into the inner cove.

Now secluded amidst fearful craigs, shut from the rest of mankind by surrounding and overhanging rocks and the dense clouds of the roaring water-fall, a sensation of pleasing awe, and admiration of that great Cause whose works confound the judgments of erring man, spreads over our minds, and raise in our imagination,

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thoughts, which no words can describe. Whilst my companion was closely engaged in drawing a view of the falls from this position, I endeavoured to express some idea of the grand scene, in the exalted strains of poetry, in which, however, I was far from doing justice to the sublimity of the scene.* Volumes of mist dart from the foot of the cataract, like the wheels of chariots flying in succession, and bounding, as they roll to a distance, slowly rise upon the atmosphere and meet the incumbent clouds of the heavens. At intervals the spray flies into the inner cove, and as if by magic power, it casts a spell of enchantment before our vision, in

* FALLS OF MONTMORENCI

Where Ontario's waters drag,
Slow their course through northern lands;

Where, upon the Diamond crag,
Proud embattl'd Quebec stands;

From the cleft
Which age has rest,

Where the giddy mountain low'rs;
Boldly sweeping,
Trembling, leaping,
Down the Montmorenci pours.

Plunging—who descends those rocks,
Like the silver beam of night?
Crash on crash—tremendous shocks!

Who the vaults of Hela fright?
Wing'd on high,
Mad vapours fly;

Blust'ring showers strangely hiss;
Dire there,
And Iris here,

Gleam above the dark abyss.

the dazzling circles of the bow. A whirlpool revolves beneath our feet, boiling and bubbling in constant agitation, and carrying around floating logs and bushes which chance only removes from their revolutions.

With great exertion, and no small degree of danger from the stones driven over the precipice by the wind, and from one of which my comrade received a violent blow on the shoulder, we followed the rivulet which originally formed the inner cove, and climbing through narrow crevices where it disappears from sight, we regained once more the top of the heights of Montmorenci. We remained till late in the afternoon, rambling about the falls, walking to objects worthy of attention in the vicinity; and

Mingling round the crumbling verge,
 Erst the glitt'ring blade was rear'd;
 Shrill above the thundering surge,
 Warrior's of the woodlands cried—
 Lo! a host
 From Britain's coast,
 Where the Druid barons rule,
 Stems yon tide,
 Our fathers' pride,
 Fight, brave Hurons, fight for Gaul.

Valour met. Nor ever more
 Snow-white, does Moranci fall;
 Now his torrent looks of gore;
 Now th' entangled spirits howl.
 Floods rebound
 And clouds roll round,
 As the crash of ancient tower's;
 Deep astounding,
 Distant sounding,
 Loud the Montmorenci roars!

to Loretto an Indian village, not far distant, but of which nothing peculiar can be said; and then returned under the rays of a bright full moon to the city of Quebec. The industrious Canadians were seizing the opportunity of good weather, and actually ploughing until a very late hour, by means of the brilliant light which the moon afforded.

There is in Quebec a place, which no citizen of the United States can view, without lending "the passing tribute of a sigh." It is the place where general Montgomery fell, a martyr to his country, and to liberty. At the close of the year 1775, when America had just unfurled the banner of freedom, and was already boldly intent upon conquest, the inhabitants of Quebec were thrown into the utmost consternation, by the sudden appearance of an armed host upon the opposite banks of the river St. Lawrence. Arnold, in order to form a junction with Montgomery who was reducing the fortresses in the upper parts of the province, daringly broke his way, with a resolute detachment of soldiers, through the unknown wilds of the vast forest which extends between this place and Boston: a distance of more than four hundred miles, where no human voice, not even the savage had ever sounded, and where none but ferocious wolves and panthers, had made their passage through the horrible swamps and morasses, over the bleak and craggy mountains, through the rivers and the thick brush and trees in dangerous

ravines and dismal chasms, which this adventurous band, in a manner unexampled in history, daringly penetrated. Montgomery soon after approached, and Quebec was formally invested.

It has been asserted that the American forces in this expedition, were too insignificant to have attempted the reduction of a place of such strength: but it is to be recollected that Canada had been conquered but sixteen years by the British; that the Canadians were not quite reconciled to the manners and government of their new masters; and that some of the causes which incited the southern districts of America to rise in arms, also created considerable uneasiness and disaffection among the inhabitants of this country, who were expected to revolt in great numbers, as soon as an American army should appear within their borders: besides Quebec was at this time deficient in stores, and on account of the small number of soldiers in the garrison, even sailors were brought from the vessels in the harbour, and stationed at their guns.

The panic-struck citizens, who were before contending in favour of the Americans, now ran to the walls, and volunteered in the general defence of the city. In the dead of night on the last day of December, when most of the world besides were joyfully carousing, an attack from the Americans, although too well known before hand, was plainly signified by the appearance

sky-rockets, mounting in the air from two different directions. A heavy fall of snow, favoured the besiegers. Arnold advanced on the side towards St. Charles' River, carried a battery and the second barrier, when he received a dangerous wound; and his men, discouraged by his absence, after fighting bravely three hours, were at last overpowered by superior numbers.

Meanwhile, general Montgomery marched at the head of his soldiers, underneath the precipitous banks of the St. Lawrence, towards an opposite part of the lower town. It was intensely cold: the rocks were slippery and covered with ice; and the pass between the rocks above, and the steep declivity to the water on the right, was only wide enough to admit four men abreast; so that we may well wonder at the difficulty of the enterprize, and admire the courage of the dauntless general, who resolved at all hazards to become master of the town. The first opposition was overcome, and they proceeded forward. Montgomery was foremost. The passage now widened, and admitted room for a line of scattered houses, forming the commencement of the lower town; in the first of which, some pieces of cannon were mounted on the floor, pointing towards the pass from the windows, with the window-shutters nearly closed. Every thing was dark and silent: the soldiers in the house perceived the Americans approaching, and were upon the point of retreating; one caught the slow-match, applied it to the touch-hole of the can-

non, and—in a moment, the brave Montgomery, and eighteen of his dauntless men were no more—

Colonel M—who had examined the house from which general Montgomery was killed, two or three years after the disaster, conducted me to the place and pointed out the precise ground where it happened: which, together with the circumstances of the occurrence itself, is in Quebec nearly obliterated. This gentleman informed me, that he saw at that time but two or three houses farther than the King's yard in the lower town; that the street extending nearly a mile towards Wolfe's cove, has been formed by cutting away the solid rock, and making an area, then a difficult foot path, wide enough for a row of houses; and that the building in which the guards were stationed, is the one now in ruins situated a few rods beyond a naval store of five hundred pieces of cannon, deposited in a recess of the precipice.

General Montgomery's remains was buried in Canada with the honours of war. And not long ago (July 8th 1817) his relics were brought to the city of New-York; and with a parade and splendour seldom equalled, were entombed in the front of St. Paul's Church.

The inhabitants of Quebec appear to take considerable interest in the transactions of the States; and although they keep a suspicious eye upon their American visitors, yet they are friendly affable, and hospitable. Their public advertisements and newspapers, as in Montreal, are printed

both in French and English to suit all parties. Indeed business cannot be transacted to advantage, on account of the great number of Scotch and English inhabitants, without a perfect knowledge of the two languages. As a fixed place of residence exclusive of trade and strength of situation, few persons would be willing to choose the disagreeable, wet, and slippery streets of the capital of Upper Canada.

On Saturday, sailing across the river to Pointe Levi, I proceeded alone, towards the great falls of the Chaudiere, a large river which has its source on the borders of Maine and empties into the St. Lawrence, six miles above Quebec. The tide was low, and for the sake of variety I clambered along the sharp jutting rocks of the shore, which I found on this side to be irregular and highly inclined strata of red slate and grey wacke. The road crosses a rapid stream, at the mouth of which is Caldwell's great lumber establishment, and continues near the water with a line of ill-built houses on one side, to the capacious inlet of the Chaudiere.

In the absence of the ferryman, a mademoiselle of about seventeen, ruddy and beautiful, and neatly attired, seized the paddles of the canoe, and at my request, rowed me with great velocity, a considerable distance up the river, to the foot of the lofty banks of the opposite shore. Whilst I scrambled up the steep ascent, she pushed the light bark into the stream again, and alternately brandishing a paddle and striking the water, sang a lively ditty in her native

language: the melodious strains of her voice floated soft over the water: she appeared like the gay genius of the stream, thus sporting amidst majestic cliffs and hidden dells: the sweet melody of her voice at length died away in the distance, and an interposing crag took the gliding naiad out of my view.

Three miles farther, breaking through the woods and fording a small creek first was, seen white clouds of mist that ascended and evaporated above the trees, accompanied with a loud noise like distant thunder; and next the broad river falling in tumultuous confusion down a precipice of one hundred and thirty-five feet: a triformed cataract, branching like the necks of triple-headed Cerberus, and mixing their dark stained waters together in one broken agitated pool. This though not the grandest, is one of the most beautiful cataracts in the world. The stream of Montmorenci is but a rivulet compared with the Chaudiere, and notwithstanding its surprising height, does not strike the beholder with half the astonishment, nor afford half the pleasure, which a prospect of these falls must create. At the place of descent, the river is about two hundred yards wide, and lower down it is broader, with rocks and angular points projecting from either shore. The bed descends with numerous ledges running evenly across, and occasioning appearances of several water-falls in miniature. A charming stillness reigns over all the surrounding hills and groves, which nature possesses uncontrolled and still preserved

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from the fire and steel of her great enemy, man. Nothing but the sullen roar of the cataract is heard. The maple, spruce and hemlock, stand nobly waving upon the borders above and below, and cast a dull shade over the hollowed banks, the weed covered rocks, and swiftly running waters.

I proceeded a few miles up the Chaudiere, highly gratified with the wild beauty of its banks, and the surging breakers of its rapids; and descending a little valley or dale, dark with the heavy umbrage of evergreens, among the trunks of which a brook could be perceived glistening here and there at the bottom, I found upon the opposite slope, a spot, where, among grotts and graceful shelves, the hermit might rejoice to spend his days, and the fabled nymphs of the groves, or the faries of Shakspear's fancy, might gladly repose.

— rocks on rocks pil'd, as by magic spell,
Here scorch'd with lightning, there with ivy green,
Fenc'd from the north and west, this savage dell. *

The larger varieties of green moss, white moss and lichens, made each stone a downy couch with a covering not less than twelve inches thick, compact, yielding and luxuriant. I mounted to the top of the rocks, and suddenly burst upon a Canadian, with his blue cap and homespun suit, who was cutting down trees, and was at first startled at seeing me; by an easy tract which he pointed out, I recovered the road, and returning next morn-

* Beattie.

ing towards Pointe Levi, entered again the frowning battlements of Quebec.

In the afternoon I repaired to the great cathedral in the upper town, which has within, very superb gilt decorations and well executed paintings, but in general, the Catholic chapels of Lower Canada, after viewing their exterior, disappoint our expectations when we come to enter their doors. This has a lofty front, and is a venerable pile of buildings, adjoining the seminary of the priests and facing the public market place. The aisles were crowded, and the seats nearly filled; presenting a mixed concourse of all nations and conditions, kneeling and crossing themselves upon the bare floor. The great altar was occupied by nearly two hundred priests, in their white robes and black cowls, whose voices, as they devoutly bowed and chanted, rose in one universal peal, echoing around the walls and arches, and (prejudice aside) inspiring the most unconcerned auditor with religion and pure devotion.

Our Hotel in the Rue St. Jean, had a sociable assemblage during the evening of well informed gentlemen, with whom the hours might have been agreeably beguiled: but taking a candle, I left the company conversing, some of battles and bloodshed, some of ships and shipwrecks, and some in lower voices, of governors and hydrophobia, and proceeded to my apartment to prepare for the journey hence, into the states of New-England.

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CHAPTER VIII.

LOWER CANADA.

Monday October 15th, 1821.

From the parish of St. Nicholas on the river St. Lawrence, a road directs southeast in the course of the Chaudiere, and continuing through the French settlements, enters a dreary and swampy extent of spruce and pine forests, where it dwindles into a narrow cart tract; and finally passing a few British settlers on the river du Loup, it becomes a rugged foot-path over the great ridge of mountains to the American settlements on the Kennebec river in Maine. It is seldom travelled, and is part of the intended course of a turnpike from Quebec to Boston. By this route I had proposed entering the New England States. I started early, and my friend colonel M— accompanied me to the outside of the walls of the city, through St. John's gate; who forewarned me of some of the obstacles and difficulties of such an undertaking, at this inclement season of the year.

Ferried over to St. Nicholas, which is a village fifteen miles above Quebec, I proceeded over a

country at first hilly and cultivated, but afterwards one desert wilderness, until night; when I was accommodated with the best a friendly cottage could afford. The wind blew fierce and cold; rain and sleet continually poured; at each step my feet sank deep in mire and water, and scarcely a house was seen in the whole distance. Perceiving my toil was about to overbalance my pleasure, I returned by way of the falls of Chaudiere and Pointe Levi, and re-entered the capital of Canada, on Tuesday evening. A disagreeable gloom hung around, and shrouded every object: the weather was an uninterrupted storm. Disgusted with this unfriendly climate, I engaged a passage in the steamboat Car-of-Commerce, and entering on board an hour past midnight, soon found our floating hotel stemming the current of the great river St. Lawrence.

This vast river or straights, the St. Lawrence, through which the accumulated waters of lakes Superior, Huron, Michigan, Erie, Ontario, and hundreds of smaller lakes are disgorged into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and thence into the Atlantic ocean, may be considered one of the most interesting rivers in the world. Its length from the island of Anticosti, where it is seventy miles broad, to its commencement at Kingston, is seven hundred miles. But if the Straights of Niagara, of Detroit, of St. Clair, of St. Marie, and the largest river falling into Lake Superior be included as continuations of the St. Lawrence and the several lakes as expansions of the stream

then its length will exceed two thousand five hundred miles.

With regard to the lower portion, between the Gulf and Ontario, we may unhesitatingly assert, that it is not surpassed by any river in size and navigation. The largest ships can penetrate five hundred miles from its mouth, into the interior of North America.

Entering the St. Lawrence, we first perceive at a great distance, on the right and left hand, dusky highlands, which native Indians inhabit, and which immeasurable forests cover. As we advance, the high mountainous shores approach, and enclose us in the midst of thunder storms and dangers, where some of the best trading vessels of England are almost annually dashed upon the islands and rocks beneath the banks. Various species of whales, porpoises, and other amphibious creatures, tumble around in large companies, whilst innumerable flocks of wildfowl are continually hovering above the water. Approaching nearer Quebec, we meet fleets of merchant vessels pouring down from that commercial port. The river is now contracted, and its beautiful banks are seen decked with the splendid stuccoed cottages of the Canadians, so numerous, that we imagine ourselves encompassed by a large walled town. The glittering heights of Quebec now salute our eyes, and here the banks rise perpendicular three hundred feet, and continue for many miles above the city; when they

sink into low champaign borders, and the river begins to vary in its width extremely.

Appearances would allow us to say, that Lake St. Peter, instead of its present dimensions, covered extensive tracts of prairie land as high as St. Regis,* and was confined on the northeast by the highlands above Quebec, through which its outlet has at length worn the deep channel of the river, and allowed the waters to be mostly drained. Such also are the appearances, as formerly intimated, at the Thousand islands, where the bed of the river becoming clearer, lowered the surface of lake Ontario.

There is a circumstance attending the pass at Quebec, at which we have some reason to be surprised. The channel is only half a mile wide, and twenty fathoms deep; and by calculation, less water flows through this, than flows through the mouths of not more than two or three large accessory streams above. Some ascribe this loss of water to evaporation, and others, both to evaporation and to subterraneous passages and caverns at the bottom of the lakes where they are unfathomable, and through which the deficiency of fluid is supposed to find its exit. When we survey the river from the top of the Diamond rock, the most ready impression we receive, on observing the pass so contracted and the current so slow, is that only half the stream meets the view, which an island separates, and which unite again somewhere beyond Pointe Levi.

* Dr. Mitchell.

Ascending towards the fertile districts of Montreal, we pass by rafts, small sail boats, and many large ships and brigs, which, at this distance from the ocean, surrounded by beautiful islands, cultivated fields and pleasant woodlands, seem detached from their native element.

Above Montreal, we encounter violent *chutes* where the bed of the river descends, or broad extensions where the channel is obstructed. Boldly darting down the boiling rapids, or slowly passing upwards through canals, or drawn by oxen, bateaux are perceived, and as they enter upon the smooth extensions, they are seen spreading their sails and "winging their flight" across their expansive surfaces. No more do the regular houses of Canadians line either shore: airy dwellings of all sizes, shapes and positions, lay scattered upon the right side, or peep from among bushy trees upon the left. Indians, in their birch bark canoes, are paddling along, or fishing in some parts: and in other places, Frenchmen are pushing their heavy laden boats against the current. Americans and Dutchmen, are sailing in one course, and English, Irish, and Scotch, are pursuing another. Thus we see nations mixed upon this great river, until all are lost amidst the intricate windings of the Thousand Islands; a natural labyrinth, among the high towering rocks and overhanging bushes of which, the Lake Ontario steamboats twist their troublesome way. Without farther difficulty,

we proceed upon a deep and very wide stream, to the first of the larger lakes.

A voyage in this manner, stopping at the places of note, will give the passenger a full knowledge of Canada, which it might be asserted lies almost wholly upon the banks of the St. Lawrence.

The French adventurers, who came to this country two hundred years ago, found it convenient to stretch themselves along the sides of this and the principal confluent streams, such as the St. Maurice, the Sorel, the Ottawa, the Chataugay, both because the land was generally found to be most fertile near their margins, and the means of communication was known to be by far the easiest in canoes. Many of the first settlers were soldiers, and many people of good condition in France, to whom the grounds were parcelled in lots of four acres in front, and thirty or forty acres deep;* and this accounts for the regular line of houses, not only along the rivers but also along the public roads. We believe ourselves in one of the most populous countries imaginable, in either of these situations; whilst, not above half a mile back, we will be enclosed by uncleared woodlands.

Upon these narrow slips of land, which to a certain depth are completely deprived of trees the Canadians are enabled, with the utmost industry and economy to keep themselves in

* La Hontan.

a state of mediocrity. It is owing not only to the unfavourable nature of the climate, (for the soil is excellent) that they do not seem to enjoy those many luxuries, with which other American people abound; but also to a most uncouth mode of tilling and cultivating their demesnes,—which fathers have handed down to sons, and which prejudice or superstition prevents them from readily altering. Improvements, however, are making, through means of the Agricultural Societies of the province.

Whilst I was in Quebec, a ploughing match was held upon the declivity of Beauport, in which the competitors were partly British and partly Canadians. The decision was doubtful: but upon the whole I believe the latter deserved the preference.

The country admits of a profitable growth of maize, wheat, flax and hemp. Fruit trees are extremely scarce; which renders the price of fruits high, and a good article of importation.

The usual diet of the inhabitants, is a proof of their great economy. Bread is their main subsistence, and every farm-house has annexed its minor building, containing a vast oven for baking. An apple is esteemed a luxury upon their tables. Onions are a favourite article, and so are turnips: but the best gift of St. Patrick, the noble potatoe, is disregarded. I have seen the labouring class make a comfortable dinner upon bread alone, taken with a little wine or spirits: and the better families dine around a loaf *du pain*

and thin broth or milk, with evident satisfaction.

Their dress is another great proof of their economy. Whilst, in the most interior parts of the United States, several hundred miles from any sea-port, the inhabitants, to our great shame and their own disadvantage, array themselves in the far brought cloths of England, the muslins of France, the linnens of Ireland, and the silks of India, these frugal people, situated so near to one of the largest sea-ports of America, where the finest cloths are furnished for nearly half the price they are sold for in the States, wear their own coarsely woven and sable coloured coats, and their own stripped homespun gowns; knit their own woolen caps and hose, and manufacture their own straw bonnets. In this observation I allude to those only who possess the country parts and villages. They are less frugal in the towns in which British emigrants form a small share of the population.

The usual suit of the male peasantry is a pyramidal cap pending to one side, a round jacket, long trowsers, and cowhide shoes: that of the ladies, is a straw hat, differing in the dimensions of the brim according to the season, a short gown reaching below their waist, and a garment reaching to their feet. On holidays, some alterations are made with some addition of finery; among which is the parti-coloured sash.

Idleness is a stranger among the Canadians. Long before the dawn of day we will find men

and women already, busily employed around their doors, and until near midnight we will see lights glimmering from their windows, through which, if we take an intrusive glance, we will always perceive the family circle closely engaged in the various in-door works. At a place near the boundary line between Upper and Lower Canada, we pass suddenly from the British settlements into the French or Canadian: at an early hour, it is like passing from darkness to light; we leave the one snoring in his chamber, his house closed and his fields silent, and we meet the other with his implements in his hand, giving life and motion to the country.

Having been benighted two or three miles from the falls of the Chaudiere, and the rain beginning to descend without any inn being at hand, I took the liberty to request accommodations at what the people called "une grande maison," or a large house, and after apologizing for my intrusion, was respectfully received into a very spacious room, containing about fourteen persons. A lamp with its dull red flame, hung by a wire from the centre of the ceiling, and a candle stood near to be lighted upon occasion. A bulky iron stove, highly polished and covered with mermaids, nose-gays and chaplets in *alto-relievo*, occupied one side of the room, and an extensive table neatly arrayed with a few deep dishes, knives, spoons, and loaves of brown bread, occupied another side. Composure being reinstated among the good people, each resumed their station and

occupation: the old farmer and his wife with the younger daughters, to trimming several baskets full of leeks: one young woman in a shady corner, to knitting with great assiduity; another to sewing; and two others, more advanced in years, were spinning flaxen thread. The men betook themselves to smoking and to good humoured conversation, in which they gave me some amusing accounts of an old avaricious farmer in their neighbourhood, whose barn floor had been broken up, and from a certain recess, dollar bills and copper half-pence had been ransacked. By this time one of the sons and his wife, arrived through the storm, who complained bitterly of the high rate of ferriage they paid for crossing the Chaudiere in their way, and of the trouble with which it was accomplished at an hour so late, and the kind people made no scruple of uttering *sacré* (an expression of anger) in sympathy with the newcomers.

The matron lifted the steaming cauldron from the stove about nine, and pouring the boiling broth into the dishes, the company, with hats and caps at all times upon their heads, assembled round the table. I declined partaking; and indeed, there seemed but a poor chance, when more than one person contested around a single dish.

Supper over, they resumed their several employments which continued till eleven, when only he left most of them still remaining busy in that large room. Each inmate as he retired, devout members

kneeled before a little niche containing a representation of St. Mary and the Saviour, and prayed, crossing himself, nearly quarter of an hour. Rising at daylight, I found the lamp that hung from the ceiling burning, and the old farmer steadily smoking his pipe in front of the stove. Two hired men ate their breakfast of bread with milk, and departed to their work. A boy and another person lay upon the floor wrapped in Buf-faloe skins, who piously fell upon their knees as they arose. The women then flocked in, and I took my leave, highly gratified with the occurrence, and pleased with their courteous behaviour. Such is a domestic picture of the Canadians generally, which may serve to exemplify their regular man-ners of economy and industry.

As a reason why they do not exalt themselves, and burst those chains of prejudice which fasten them down to the ancient plodding ways of their untutored forefathers, some have adduced their disdain of polite literature, and their complete subjection to the will of their priests. That they are regardless of the higher qualifications of the mind, might be supposed from the circumstance of their being situated amongst Anglo-Americans, and holding continual intercourse with them by traffic and other associations, and yet are, with the exception of a few living in the towns, entirely unacquainted with the English language: and it is only here and there through the country parts, that a house can be found having one of its members so far versed in it, as to answer the place

of an interpreter. Inn-keepers themselves sometimes, can but say, *sit down sair ; twentee coopare monsieur ; 'hankeec*. Books have no place upon their shelves. Science, History, and the affairs of nations, are regarded with indifference.

As to what some people term their superstition, so far as it does not retard the progress of learning, it is of the most praiseworthy nature. Often the Canadian whose vocation causes him to mix with people of other religions, will, in despite of the rebuffs and insults of the less polite and far less pious bystanders that are carousing about him, drop upon his knees at the stated hour, and repeat his adorations with real unaffected sincerity. In the aisles of the churches persons at all periods of the day, are bowing before the shrines, and raising their voices with holy reverence to the adorable Trinity. As in other Catholic countries, the cross, the crucifix, the virgin, and statues of saints, emblems of their worship and proper objects to remind the passenger of his faith, are exposed in all perspicuous places. It must be owned, I perceived very little notice taken of these exposed figures.

Proceeding past a high wooden cross, planted in a solitary part of the road, elegantly painted and having the representation of a ladder, a spear, a reed and sponge, a crown of thorns, a hammer, a wine cup, a human hand, and other articles appertaining to the crucifixion, all handsomely affixed, or swinging from the transverse beam, I stopped awhile, waiting for a passing Canadian in

order to see what would be the result. At length an old peasant came jogging along, with his cart of turnips and humming a tune, who crossed the consecrated spot without paying the smallest regard to the perspicuous, and somewhat noisy object upon his left: but observing me, he gave a backward nod, touched his forehead, and went on his way with a clear conscience.

It is on account of their adherence to their religious tenets, their rigid principles of economy, which is not always esteemed a virtue, and their earnest endeavours to make high profits in their dealings, that foreigners commonly leave the country with an impression of their character not in the least favourable. Besides which, their low stature and natural ill shape, accompanied by a tawny skin and coarse black hair, which give them a slight resemblance to the savages, serve to increase the disagreeable impression. There is, in truth, some appearance among the lower orders, such as the voyageurs who trade for furs, of their having assimilated some of the manners of the Indians; with whom the French settlers held intercourse from the beginning, and have sometimes intermarried.

Those will view their character with less disdain, who are adepts in their language, and who have mixed intimately in their society. They will then appear to possess the gay spirit of the mother country, France, tempered by the austerity of the hard labouring backwoodsman of America. They will be found generous and

affectionate both to their own people and to foreigners, who too frequently misinterpret their words and actions.

Their politeness of demeanour is undisputed: yet the mere outward shows are often mistaken by them, for the genuine art of pleasing. The very meanest peasant will draw his bow; and conduct himself upon the parlour floor, with a grace equal to that of the best educated. *Bon jour* is the common salutation, and wherever two meet, whether acquaintances or strangers, their hands are respectfully applied to their hats or caps, and the friendly *bon jour* pleasingly uttered as they pass. This among themselves is sometimes accompanied by a kiss, and I have had occasion more than once to smile at seeing the bristly mustachios of an old savage looking Frenchman, applied thus to the blooming lips of a delicate Canadian mademoiselle.

By reason of the abundance and low price of wines and spirits, many otherwise excellent Canādians, are while under their influence, ill natured and hostile. Even in such a temper of mind, they conduct themselves with a suavity of manners, entirely different from the boisterous intoxication of their Anglo-neighbours. The glass circulates freely at their convivial meetings, and adds zest to the dancing, the songs, and music of violins, to which they are peculiarly attached.

There was a wedding in a respectable house near the place where I stayed at Montreal, which

was kept up from morning until midnight, with high glee, music, and songs, for the two days I remained. Little care was taken to conceal the affair: for the windows were open, and the invited friends were sitting unconcerned at being exposed to the eyes of the passing populace. The ladies, in white dresses and gaudy head-dresses, and the gentlemen, with frock coats and sashes, accompanied the instruments with their voices in rotation.

Great feasts and rejoicings are always held on the first day of May. At this time the happy peasants assemble near the abode of the man they most esteem, or the officer of their company of militia, and erect or paint anew in the gayest colours, a lofty May-pole. The honoured personage receives them with abundant refreshments, whilst the tall May-pole is raised triumphantly, supported at the bottom by splendid red, blue, and yellow props, having the four points of the compass, near the middle, and the tops surmounted by a bush of the pine or hemlock tree. These poles may be observed scattered over the whole country; some behind the houses, some at one end, and some planted in front, according to the person's rank to whom they are erected. The militia regulations of Lower Canada, appear to be well observed. The province is divided into fifty-two portions, where all persons capable of bearing arms, annually enrol their names, and are mustered four times in the year.*

* Bouchette.

In each division there are about one thousand militia; and out of them all, a body of two thousand men who have no families are chosen, denominated the incorporated militia, are handsomely equipped by government, and kept in a state of discipline that warrants great reliance upon their exertions in the defence of the country.

It is doubtful whether the Canadians would not fight as resolutely for their present privileges and mild government, (if a certain idea could be excepted) as the Americans were formerly compelled to do, in resisting the oppressive edicts and aggravations of the very same rulers. Should we judge from their contented and unambitious modes of living, and the little concern they give themselves about their trans-Atlantic masters, we might conclude that they are as happy a people as any the earth contains. Allowed the full exercise of their religion, protected in the possession of their property and their rights, and required to pay scarcely any tax, except the trifle given to the seigneurs, and the twenty-sixth part of the grain to their priests, which encourages agriculture rather than oppresses them, they seem neither to wish the power of altering their situations, nor scarcely to desire the liberty of framing their own laws and government. The conquest of Canada by the United States, is a circumstance not very desirable on our own part, nor is it so very readily to be accomplished. Experience has shown that the inhabitants would rather assemble under the banners of their old

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conquerers, than unite generally with an invading army. Still the political liberty of which they are deprived, and of which they are constantly reminded by the shrill bugles and dazzling habiliments of British soldiery, must cause individuals among them to look forward to that period, when they shall have, it in their power to liberate themselves, and bid England and all other nations of the globe, stern defiance.

CANADA GENERALLY.

The provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, it is said, are a very great expense to the treasury of Great Britain. This may be correct, since there is a large standing army to be maintained in a country, where the taxes are so insignificant and the revenue so small. But it is a principle in the code of nations, that the wealth of the individuals is the wealth of the community: and, as the extensive trade between the ports of Canada and those of Great Britain and Ireland, must cast loads of wealth into the hands of merchants, the general income of government must be increased, and in this manner the direct expenses must be more than counter-balanced. Why else should England retain the Canadas?

This country is the refuge of all those discontented and oppressed subjects of the British islands, who cannot reconcile to themselves the thought of entirely leaving the dominions of royalty. The governors receive them kindly, and apportion to the strong and vigorous, lots of uncleared lands in the distant settlements.

It is surprising what hosts of emigrants land every year at Quebec, and spread from that port over the broad territories of America. Ships proceed to Europe with their cargoes of lumber, pearl-ashes, dye-stuffs, furs, and skins, and return in ballast, but with decks swarming with the poorer, and indeed the most substantial classes of those kingdoms. They are seen ascending in the steamboats, the wheels of which turn laboriously up the current, and the St. Lawrence groans beneath the weight of accumulated numbers. Then they are to be met with, walking in groups or riding like caravans, upon all the roads which diverge from Montreal, either to Albany, or up the great Ottawa, or along the shores of Erie, and almost to the banks of the Mississippi river.

Two prominent objects of consideration in Canada, are the fur and timber trade. The timber trade is acknowledged by many, to be a detriment to the true interests of the country; as the ablest men who might be advantageously engaged in tilling or clearing land, are employed part of the year upon rafts, and during the winter, are carousing upon the money which they can so quickly earn. If it is an injury to Canada, it must also since there are, or rather have been almost an equal number of Americans engaged, act as an injury to the greater prosperity of the State of New-York; and therefore the late bill against American lumber, which has been passed by their government, is not so great a cause

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The fur trade, which is engrossed by incorporated companies, is individually carried on by Frenchmen, whose complaisant demeanour, unlike the haughty bearing of Englishmen, wins the affections of the savages and enables them to penetrate those remote regions, from which they toilsomely fetch the wide gathered spoils of animals. New France, embracing Louisiana, it may be reccollected, extended over the great lakes and the territories watered by the river St. Louis or Mississippi, and excepting on the Atlantic side, completely surrounded the British colonies. Attracted by the profitable commerce with the Indians, these territories were soon settled and fortresses established.† Skins and furs were furnished by the natives, from the immediate vicinity of the settlements; till at length the animals becoming scarce, the Indians were induced to go a great way off to collect the peltry. They were sometimes accompanied by Frenchmen, who finally, themselves, made long voyages of fifteen months, appropriated their lives to the business, and nearly forgot their for-

* "The bill regulating the timber trade has been before the British parliament for several years; it became a law last year in the 1st. of George IV. The duties are so high that they amount almost to a prohibition of whole timber from any port of the United States. I am of opinion that deal (pine) boards will find a tolerable market under the present law." *Editor of the Com. Advert. N. Y.*

† Mackenzie.

mer civilized manners: this gave rise to the *Coueurs de bois*, or voyageurs, who are at present so instrumental in operating under the clerks and agents of the Northwest Company, and by whose means those vast extents of country have been explored, which would otherwise have remained unknown. The plans and arrangements of the Hudson's Bay and the Northwest Companies have, through the ambition of Lord Selkirk, clashed with each other, and lives have been lost in many severe contests in remote quarters. The differences are now nearly adjusted. Mr. Mac Gillivray, who resides at Montreal, is the principal of the Northwest Company.*

Another important species of trade exists in Canada, or more properly between that country and the United States; and this is the contraband trade, in which the illicit actors enrich themselves in the face of the laws and constitution of both. Amongst other blessings enjoyed by Canadians, they are furnished as other subjects are, with certain goods at a very low rate, and like fellow subjects, are obliged to pay extraordinary prices for East India produce, which in the United States is comparatively cheap.

Upon such an extent of border as exists upon the Canadian line, it would be impossible to

* "The Northwest Company employs about 2000 voyageurs. The returns amount annually to about 106,000 beaver skins, 2100 bear skins, 5500 fox, 4600 otter, 17,000 musquash, 32,000 marten, 1800 minx, 6000 linx, 600 wolverine, 1600 fisher, 100 rackoon, 3800 wolf, 700 elks, and 2000 deer skins."

keep a strict watch over these unlawful proceedings. During the late war, and especially during the preceding embargo, they arrived to an immense height, and made persons, before poor and *virtuous*, now extremely rich and overbearing. The custom-house officers are a self interested set of beings, who often winked at the transactions, and who, if I am not misinformed, were themselves sometimes concerned in smuggling: at any rate, there was often a good understanding between them and the merchants. A leading officer at present on the Canadian side, was for a long time, one of the most expert adepts in the trade: and he strikes a panic through all the borders, as he is well known to be acquainted with every art, twist, and nook of the business: he is the Jim Ratcliffe of the territory.

A smuggler, who was a man of property and in all other respects, of good character in the state of New-York, unfolded to me some of the mysteries of this dark and perilous trade. These traders make very light of boasting openly of their low minded feats of skill and bravery.

He related, that he and others had conveyed twenty chests of tea from Whitehall, at the head of Lake Champlain, across the boundary, as far as St. John's. Here the rapids of the Sorel prevented their boat from proceeding. The chests were secretly landed, and with the help of some Canadians, they succeeded in conveying them during the night to the basin of Chambly. A bateau was procured, the tea was safely stowed,

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and a cargo of potatoes carefully strewed above them. The custom-house officers however, were upon the look out, and before they had rowed many miles, they were hailed from the shore, and an examination of their cargo demanded. Not dismayed with the demand, they continued forward with the aid of the current, pursued on the banks by the angry questioners. till evening, when they ran the boat ashore, and quickly transported the boxes to the solitary house of an old acquaintance. But the officers crossed the river, and instantly demanded admittance into the house. Whilst they were waiting for reinforcements to stave the door; those within let the tea-boxes down through the floor, and escaping by the same apperture, conveyed them out of a broken cellar window, to the woods back of the house, whilst the officers overhead were diligently engaged in searching every room and closet, for smuggled articles. They departed, leaving a man to reconnoitre: but this person had certain reasons for looking another way, and appearing a little deaf, as noises accompanied by low voices sounded from the wood, and a boat was heard to push from the shore. The smugglers reached Montreal the next night, and dividing themselves into parties, carried their goods to a house in the centre of the town. At one o'clock they were aroused by a loud uproar and looking out, found the house surrounded by soldiers. Admittance was demanded instantly. The master of the tea-chests, opened his window

and the voice of a custom-house officer saluted him from the street.

Officer. "Ah! Mr. F—n, is that you; I am informed you have been trying the business again upon a sweeping scale: come, come, I want to see what you have brought to sell us."

Mr. F—n. "Why C—er, I am rejoiced to see you: but really as a man of honour, I can assert that your suspicion is perfectly groundless. My quiet as a stranger, and that of my entertainer, cannot be disturbed by your intrusion at this hour. If you have reason for desiring it, call here at eight and I shall with pleasure exhibit my memorandums, and explain what has occasioned my visit here."

The officer sent the soldiers away; and diligent attention was of course paid by Mr. F—n, to the proper disposal of the tea-boxes.

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CHAPTER IX.

ROUTE FROM QUEBEC TO BOSTON.

 Wednesday October 17th, 1821.

Our vessel continued to advance speedily against the opposition both of wind and current. The dawn opened with a few scattered clouds, whose resplendant hues increased the loveliness of a fair morning. The river banks, bespangled with villages, chapels, and files of white houses, reflected the sloping sunbeams in superior beauties, and served in part to dispel the gloomy impressions the foregoing storm had created. We met rafts of the largest size slowly floating with their unwieldy weights down the stream, well furnished with cabins, fires, cooks, and crowds of men regularly splashing their oars in the water. Most of the rafts are from the bay of Quinty, and are several months in descending to Quebec.

Two hours after midnight, we stopped at William Henry. The fort was built in 1665. The houses, which are spread over a sandy level, are numerous and uniform. There are two churches and in one of them I saw, in the morning,

model of a ship of war suspended from the ceiling as if it was a chandelier. Having crossed the Sorel or Richelieu river at its mouth, which on account of the great evaporation and soakage of Lake Champlain, is extremely narrow and flows very slowly, I advanced as usual along the winding banks of that pleasant stream. As appears to be the case with most roads near the rivers in Canada, this runs close upon the edge of the bank, following the various bendings without any regard to short cuts. Comfortable cottages, briskly alive with their occupants, who are joyfully sporting or busily engaged upon the grassy declivities, stand upon either shore; and the eye at every short space is saluted by the shining tin-covered roofs of populous villages. Canoes are paddling about the water by Canadians; and rigged vessels of considerable burthen are wafted up and down the tide, or lying moored at the wharves.

Passing in succession a number of small villages, some of the churches of which are the largest in the country, and are commonly built in Gothic style, with tall double and triple spires. I came in the evening to St. Antoine, where the inn might be called remarkably good for a Canadian *Auberge*. My chamber was curiously ornamented with tinsel representations of crosses, crucifixes and saints, which however, could not instil in me more than my ordinary degree of devotion. After blowing out the candle, one of the demoiselles of the house, as was custom-

ary peshaps, came in for the fine silver, or at any rate, plated candlestick, which by the light of the moon, she at length found. Our northern fair sex, it must be asserted, notwithstanding their sweetness of demeanour, can pride themselves upon a very small share of feminine modesty.

From St. Antoine, I passed through more small collections of stores and dwellings, to the foot of the high and rugged mountains of Boleil, which jut so suddenly above the level plains of these parts, and attract the notice of people at an extreme distance.

After receding a little from the river, and crossing a rapid creek, I advanced within sight of the beautiful basin of Chambly; a large circular expansion of the Sorel, about two miles over, and having its borders finely cultivated and decked with white farm-houses. Nearly opposite, stood the antique towers of the Fort or Castle of Chambly, and adjacent the barracks and the spire of the English church, in the village of Chambly. On the left of the Fort, the waters of Champlain were dashing precipitately down the rocky channel, and furiously foaming where they disembogue, of a sudden mingle gently with the deep undisturbed waters of the basin. The wild outline of Scotch Mountain, toward St. Johns, abruptly rose above the unvariegated woods of the back-grounds.

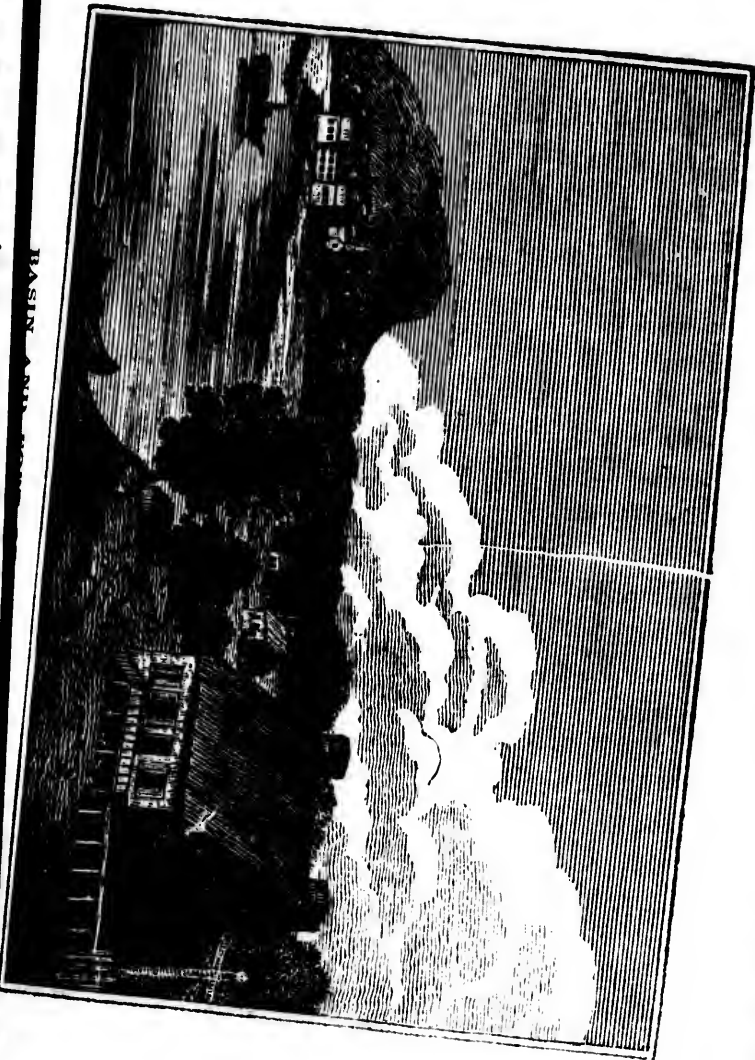
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place, had just completed her third trip. She was to have arrived and stopped awhile at William Henry, not long after I left that place, and in appearance, had ever since been working her difficult course of forty-five miles, up the rocky and dangerous channel. A sum of money is to be appropriated in deepening particular parts of this river, for steamboat navigation, by means of which the route from New-York to Quebec will be greatly expedited. Chambly is populous and very agreeably situated. The venerable fortress, which the French built in 1711, is an object of the highest interest. It is in the form of a square, forty-feet high, and two hundred on each side, and having projections at the corners like towers, with three tiers of cannon. A broad archway and portcullis on one side, was guarded by sentinels who permitted me to enter and survey the interior. The walls middle is an uncovered rectangle. The walls are about thirty-five feet thick, with vaults, rooms, and windows, like ranges of buildings. I found the open area, strung with soldiers garments, which the women were busily washing. In 1775 Montgomery, on his way to Quebec, attacked and captured this fort.

Twelve miles hence, continuing close to the rapid and noisy torrent, I entered the important but ill built town of St. John's, and remained there during the night. Beyond this, vessels from Lake Champlain cannot penetrate. The lands around it are a dead unproductive level.

Most of the business is carried on by Americans, who are as numerous here as French Canadians. Half a mile farther, upon the bank, is an old earthen fort with a garrison, which like that of Chambly, has experienced the fate of being taken and retaken, by French, English and Americans. Acquainted with the remainder of the Sorel and the scenes of Lake Champlain, I concluded not to wait the two days previous to the departure of a boat for Burlington, and accordingly crossed about nine, to the opposite side of St. John's. Whilst in the middle of the stream, the Congress, which runs between this and Whitehall, swiftly and majestically approached, and I bade the ferryman to await her arrival. With the martial notes of a horn sounding among the woods, she came splashing forward, and displayed on her flying colours the well known stars and stripes. The sight was gratifying after so long a separation from the United States.

Between the ferry and the village of Philipsburgh on Missisquoi or Michiscoui Bay, (23 miles) extends a horrid irremediable morass, and the road, although considerably travelled, is at this time of the year, the very worst that can be conceived. At first, a few cottages line the sides; but through the remainder, only two or three hovels, for taverns, are to be found. Advancing part of the way, and percieving myself sinking more and more at every step, without the possibility of breaking through the woods,

and in danger of being benighted in them, I turned back, as once before, with the design of hiring a canoe, and proceeding into the states upon the lake: but meeting a soldier, whose wrinkled cheeks were flushed with his exertions through the mire, and with the toil of springing upon logs, stumps, roots, and stones, I was ashamed of being outdone by the old gentleman, and again turned towards Missisquoi Bay. Accosting him, he gave me to understand that he had fought under the British banners in the revolutionary war, that his residence was near the battle ground of Saratoga in New-York, and that he had been settling a son-in-law upon a farm on the Ottawa, which had been given as the reward of his former services. We progressed forward upon the road side, with as much care, and almost as slow as those men who walk slack rope or wire, when we met a drove of two hundred oxen for the market of Montreal, slowly advancing. A gentleman in rich attire, the owner of the drove, who had given his horse to one of his men, and was picking his course along the opposite side, exclaimed over to us in a very piteous tone, "Gentlemen I am sorry for you:" to which my old soldier replied, that his own gait of walking, as well as the solicitude portrayed on his features, showed plainly he could spare little sorrow for other people's difficulties. To cross the road at this place, would have been the same as crossing a river filled with broken ice, so completely had droves of cattle and the

continued rains, destroyed it. The oxen sank to their middle.

The head of Missisquoi Bay, which is a bifurcation of Lake Champlain, is a gravelly beach, to which the waves are always throwing up additions and forming new lands. Over a small creek, which puts in at the head, is a ferry, and the *ferry-boat* is a raft of timber, half as long as the stream is wide, which goes over with a shove: the charge accordingly to law, is five *sous* for each person. Philipsburgh contains about fifty German and American families. During Sunday I stopped at this place, making in the mean time an excursion to some quarries of valuable black and clouded marbles in the vicinity. Within two miles, runs the imaginary line, which separates this country from the United States.

VERMONT.

The sensations of that man are enviable, who has long been a stranger from his home, and who at last beholds the blue hills of his native country, fast rising to his eager footsteps. This is the case even when the language and manners of the people, with whom he has been associating, are not very dissimilar from those he is about to meet. How much more exquisite must be his sensations, when he leaves behind him a nation, entirely different from his own; and of a sudden, enters the fields, sees the attire, and hears the delightful accents, to which his ear

years have always been accustomed. That person only can have an idea of the workings in the bosom of a returning traveller, who has himself been a wanderer from his country, and has often mentally exclaimed like the pensive poet—

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee. *

The manners of the Canadians, are not so incongenial with those of the Americans, as to deserve to be reproached or contemned by them: yet, there is something, notwithstanding all their complacency, that makes many an American glad to escape out of their province, that adds highly to his patriotic notions, and redoubles the pleasure of his return. The contrast is plain. There we have reserved, austere, unambitious peasants: here, plain, open-hearted, merry-making farmers—There we have all penuriousness and grinding economy: here, all abundance and generous profusion—There one monotonous scene revolves from century to century: here, life, busy movements, public spirit, distinguish every New-Year—There, a climate chained by eight icy months of winter: here, a course of seasons equally ballanced by cold and warmth—There, habitations, enclosures, the people themselves, and all their performances, low and humble: here, mansions, walls, gigantic citizens, and mighty projects, rivalling the glory of the most enlightened ages and nations. We might pursue the contrast: but these are facts sufficient to illustrate the respective merits of the countries, exclusive of

* The Traveller.

the form of government, which it is well known, must instil into every individual peculiar principles of life and honour.

A boy accompanied me in the morning, to point out the present station of the boundary line. I ascended the first hill since leaving Quebec. The style of agriculture, already betokened a change of inhabitants. "Here is the mark," said the boy, showing me a huge disjointed rock of limestone upon the right; and I immediately sprang to the top, to take an elevated survey of Canada, and to welcome the joyful land of *Yankies* and of freedom. The air was bland: the landscape was bright and beautiful; and nature herself smiled upon our happy country. It seemed as if clouds, cold and storms, had been left with Canada, whose horrible hemlock swamps spread in wide prospect to the north. I turned to the green and finely cultivated hills of Vermont, and saluting with a sort of extasy, the odoriferous breeze that gently wafted hither the fragrance of the south, hurried with bounding steps over hill and valley, towards the middle of the State. I traversed a variegated district, to the village of Swanton-falls, and passed in the way, a spot remarkable for the sudden change of its geology: jutting into the lake was a promontory of lime-stone; next were banks of sand stone; and farther on, a stream was dashing over ledges of slate rock. Swanton-falls is of considerable extent, and is situated upon the Missisquoi river, where it descends a precipice of twelve feet. The approach is through a collec-

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tion of houses occupied by Frenchmen, or as they are also called here, Canadians; who, retaining their customary modes of living, and isolated from their own and other people, keep up a petty warfare with the Vermontese at the other end of the village, which sometimes occasions disastrous consequences. About eight or nine days before, an old Frenchman, returning home late at night stung with insults both himself and his family had sustained, perceived his son fiercely struggling with a sturdy American youth, who was likely to come off victor. Now more highly incensed, and crazed with the fumes of spirituous liquor, he ran into the house, seized a musket, and lodged the contents in the body of the unfortunate young man. Conscious of his crime, he fled directly to the lake shore, and taking a canoe, rowed into Canada, the resort, like the heaths between Cheviot and the Tweed, of all the miscreants and pursued plunderers of the United States. The scuffle originated from a petulant dog which attacked the stranger; and on its being repulsed, the Canadian's son, entertaining, as his countrymen generally do, great affection for the beast, forcibly resented its injuries. As I entered the village, the young American was breathing his last, and the perpetrator was understood to have been secured in Montreal. The large marble establishments of Mr. Hoftman, bring considerable business to Swanton-falls.

At St. Albans, I put a number of letters in the post-office, with which persons in Canada had

entrusted me ; and continuing over a charming region, with the waters of Champlain on one hand, extending at intervals to the opposite mountains of New-York, and the vast peaks of the Green Mountains darting into the sky on the other, I passed through Georgia and Milton, to the township of Essex. The hills on every side become more irregular, and the transition gneiss and slate rocks, project from them in threatening cliffs: yet the declivities and bottoms, afford excellent farms and pastures.

Without proceeding to Burlington, I made a cross cut among narrow by-roads, to Waterberry on Onion River, and following the course of that meandering stream, entered the centre of the Green Mountains. Here is a scene, which alone might claim the visits of foreigners to these parts. The river flows through a gap between the mountains, where some violent convulsion has rent them asunder, and after dashing down ledges of rocks, rolls past our feet, black and deep, and spreads away upon the left amongst islands and flowery meadows. Directly from the opposite side of the confined torrent, abruptly rises, rough with blasted trees, contorted rain gulleys, and exposed crags of glistening mica stone, a lofty mountain, which we are obliged to lean backwards to survey, and which has its top surmounted by one still grander, still more terrific, that looses its proud summit in the clouds of the sky. This is the Camel's Rump: the perpendicular height is four thousand feet :* its

* Captain Partridge.

conical peak looks grey with the mixture of perpetual mists, snows, and black evergreens. However hot the season, here stern winter clings to his seat for ever. The sight itself strikes a chill through our limbs, and we turn to the landscape behind us for relief. Beyond a beautiful interval of flat land, high hills of the most fanciful figures are seen, cleft, broken, and overturned, whose white or azure precipices display upon their platforms the now "fading many coloured woods," and upon whose slopes and levels, the best cattle of America and numerous flocks of sheep are grazing, and the hardy Vermont mountaineer with his axe, is encroaching higher among the cliffs, or, as he manfully rips up the sod, is sending his voice at intervals to the resounding sides of the Camel's Rump. Overtopping these, and bounding the magnificent prospect, dusky ridges of the loftier mountains are extended, and their heads are crowned with snows, that cast a light tinge over the distorted scene, as if the last feeble rays of a setting sun were yet lingering upon their distinguished brows.

In the evening I reached Middlesex, where the river rushes down the rocks through two narrow fissures, and turns the wheels of a number of mills and factories. It was six miles farther to Montpelier, the capital of this state: but understanding the way to be direct and observing the atmosphere to be unclouded though intensely dark, I went on, guided only by the light of the stars, and of the Aurora Borealis,

which, like a moon about to rise, threw a broad unsteady zone across the northern horizon. The darkness and dead silence of the night was soon dispelled, as I entered the main street of splendid Montpelier, whilst the air rang with halloos of boys sporting around the illuminated State-house. The streets were handsomely lighted, the shops were all in commotion, the hotels shone bright from their windows, and all had the semblance of the middle of a populous city.

Montpelier, as I perceived next day, lies upon a pleasant bottom encompassed by mountains. The dwelling houses are not more than a hundred and fifty. Its State-house and church, has the steep side of a hill for the back ground, which blends the rural and the artificial in an agreeable manner. As the Legislature of the state were at this time convened, its four superb hotels were excessively crowded. The members were a correct specimen of the people they represented; men of large limbs, tall, genteel, and notwithstanding some little peculiarity of dialect, which must be ascribed to their secluded situation among the mountains, very well versed in the art of oratory. From a venerable member, I learned that the bill respecting the judicial regulations of their community, was under consideration, which, he *guessed*, would be passed by a large majority.

The country continues extremely irregular to the villages of Upper and Lower Barrel; the one, with its meeting house and cupolas, seemingly

perching upon the cliffs, and the other lying in the glen below. They reminded me of those Chinese landscapes we see represented on cups and pitchers. Sheep occupy the hills, which are considerably cleared of woods and turned into pastures. Drovers not only of fine fat cattle, but of horses also, are continually streaming down from the mountains, and pouring to the markets of the east.

From Barrel to Chelsea, we first rise a gradual slope of four miles, pursuing the heads of the brooks that tumble towards Champlain, and then descend two, or three more, following the streams that empty themselves into the Connecticut river. We feel an evident change of temperature, in mounting alternately to the top of these ridges, and returning again to the level of the bottoms of the valleys. Chelsea on account of its mills, is a place of some business. The plain upon which it stands is perfectly level, and closely environed by steep declivities.

In consequence of the scarcity of inns, I was under the necessity of stopping at a private house, near the top of a mountain, which I had attained by ascending five toilsome miles from Chelsea. The situation was bleak, and the night cold: but my civil entertainer kept up his rousing wood-fire upon the hearth, around which the good people, servants, dogs and cats, were comfortably assembled and quickly made room for my share of the Vulcanic effulgence. The old farmer said, that his father was one of the

earliest settlers of these parts, which were, forty years ago, an entire wilderness; and that a brother of his, had fought bravely at the battles of Chippewa, and Lundy's Lane.

Another uninterrupted descent of six miles brought me to Stafford, a fine village also embosomed by mountains. A drove of one hundred and twenty cattle passed through, whilst I was taking breakfast. Around this place, I observed men splitting with iron wedges, detached masses of a fine white granite, and forming them into steps for doors, window-cills and other purposes, which they did with extraordinary skill and exactness.

We bid farewell to the Green Mountains at Norwich: their obscure ridges lay behind us, whilst the valley of Connecticut river spreads before our eyes, in a luxuriant prospect, where Hanover with its churches and ranges of collegial buildings, adds an interest to the undulatory hills of New-Hampshire. Norwich may be called a town of country-seats; each being distinct and adorned with gardens. The new military academy, a brick edifice four stories high, occupies the middle of a wide lawn, upon which the dull rattatoo was sounding as I passed, and the Cadets, about one hundred in number, were collecting for the double purpose of exercise and health.

With the greatest delight, I surveyed the dark and silent waters of the Connecticut, and stood awhile contemplating the stream from its over-

hanging borders, before I attempted crossing to the opposite bank.

This river forms the boundary line between the State of Vermont and New-Hampshire. The most excellent lands of both are in the vale of the Connecticut: and the means of navigable communication from the sea, extend, by the aid of locks at the falls, as high as the mouth of White River.

Vermont is bounded on the west by Lake Champlain: and in a line with that lake, as well as with the Connecticut river, the loftiest ridge of the celebrated Green Mountains extends, like the mighty ocean rolling in one vast billow towards the regions of the west: lesser ridges lay scattered around. Notwithstanding the rugged aspect of these *verds monts*, they are very fertile, and afford, where their declivities are too steep for the plough, pasture to all those astonishing herds which we see raised for the foreign markets, and which are constantly driving, north, south, and east, either to Montreal, New-York, or Boston. My landlord in Stafford, asserted that more cattle had passed his door that season, than he had ever before witnessed; and late accounts in the public prints, of the hundreds and thousands passing over the Connecticut river, confirm the assertion.

For real romantic scenery, this State has few competitors. The delicate mixture of the sublime, with beautiful touches of the soft and charming, render it a desirable spot for recrea-

tive excursions. It is, however, too deficient in lakes and lofty peaks, to make it a Northumberland or a Switzerland.

Until the year 1791, Vermont remained a separate and independent community: and although it had not enlisted with the other provinces, in the war against Great Britain; it stoutly repulsed every aggression of that nation, into its territories. The people bear the character of being remarkably hardy, and capable of suffering the greatest excesses of heat and cold. They are robust, hospitable, and not very inquisitive: and we are under no small obligations, for the respectability of the American character in general, to the assistance of the Green-Mountain-Boys. Most of the tavern floors, in my way through the country, were occupied by venerable citizens, discussing at these convenient meeting places, the affairs of governors, states and nations.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

Near the banks of the Connecticut, is situated the town of Hanover. Its magnificent houses to the number of about eighty, are dispersed about a quadrangular green, and upon one side, Dartmouth college and an adjoining chapel, with poplar trees growing in front, occupies a perspicuous station. This famous college was founded under the British dynasty (1769,) by Dr. Eleazer Wheelock, and prospered, through

the patronage of the Earl of Dartmouth. Connected with it, is the medical institution, a large brick edifice in the confines, where, from October to January, lectures are delivered to the winter pupils; and also a range of buildings, designed for commons; but the students principally board in the public houses. The funds of the institution are excellent, consisting in the awards of nearly two hundred students, and in the annual income of lands possessed in the northern parts of this and the neighbouring state.

It was evening when I entered Hanover. Taking a walk on the green, I was surprised by perceiving the college seemingly in a blaze. Along its whole extent of a hundred and fifty feet, in each pane of glass, a flaming candle was affixed, and about the building, not a soul was stirring. The villagers, who were also surprised, came flocking upon the green. Through the windows of the chapel, the seats were seen crowded by the young men, and one of them in his robes, was delivering an oration from the pulpit with great energy and pathos. Suddenly four or five burst out of the chapel door, waved their hats gloriously in the air, and cutting some of those antic capers for which collegians have an apt genius, loudly exclaimed "well done Dick B—r, good Dick B—r," with other expressions, shouts, and *hurras* of approbation. This deep laid scheme of fun must have been occasioned, as I learned from the people who were wondering at the illumination, by the choice of a new President,

which the trustees had been three days discussing. The interior of Dartmouth college appeared, by the lights, to be neither well finished nor kept in the very best order.

My road from Hanover to Concord, capital of the State, a distance of fifty-five miles, was chiefly over an uneven and sterile tract. Through the sides of the hills, limestone rocks projected, and only here and there, upon spots thinly covered with earth, the husbandman attempted to scatter the seed. The White Mountains, which lay in the north of New-Hampshire, and rise to the height of ten thousand feet perpendicular, exhibited their bold summits from this remote quarter: all other parts of the view were one wide ocean of swelling hills. Rushing down with many a bold leap, streams, receiving numerous accessory brooks as they tumbled between the stony ravines, reached the bottoms of the intervalles, and spread, with clouds of birds hovering above them, into well stocked fishing ponds. Upon the half cleared grounds, weather worn fragments of rock lay strangely detached, and from their tops, immense pines and walnuts shot into the air, whilst their pliant roots, curling down the faces of the stones, dipped into the soil, and at once supported the trees upon their tottering stations, and afforded them a sufficiency of nourishment. The smaller fragments were enclosed by roots like network, and the points of others were firmly grasped in the trunks. Mast pines are known to grow here, to the height of one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet.

Enfield (sixteen miles from Hanover) is a settlement of the Shaking Quakers upon Lake Mascomy, and consists of two separate portions or villages. The fertility of the spot, which this singular sect have chosen, as well as its beauty, makes Enfield the envy of every neighbouring farmer. Secluded here from the rest of mankind, this band of hermits, pass their lives in raising the fruits of the earth, gathering riches by the sale of them, and in bestowing the greatest care upon the neatness of their buildings and enclosures. The village has more the appearance of a collection of public academies, than the abodes of men and women. The Shakers are all habited in the same coarse dress, and have hats and bonnets upon their heads, of the most ridiculous dimensions. They are, notwithstanding, very affable, and seem to take a pleasure in showing strangers their works and improvements.

With a hurried pace, I passed on to Springfield. From the freezing atmosphere of Canada, a few miles had transported me into a mild climate, where the autumnal sun poured down his rays with unusual warmth and splendour. The style of building, the villages, and even the inhabitants themselves, began to wear a different aspect from any I had ever seen before. Wherever man had fixed his residence, antiquity seemed already to have stamped on every thing around him, her looks of age, comfort and elegance.

Unable to reach Salisbury before night, on

account of the rugged wearisome road, I accepted the friendly offer of a person, of whom I was inquiring the distance to the next inn, and entered a very large country mansion. Wealth smiled upon the exterior, and the apartments as I entered, gave tokens of superior magnificence. The social group sat promiscuously around the blazing fuel, in one large room, upon the walls of which, no signs of Canadian superstition, nor empty proofs of British parsimony, appeared; but clocks, mirrors, and cupboards groaning under their weight, stood forth as plain evidences of exuberance and ease. A long table occupied the floor, and, as if some lord was about to regale his faithful vassals with a feast, luxuries, in other parts of the world extremely costly, lay piled in pyramids upon the crowded dishes, and tankards brimming full (not however with wine) obtained a scanty station, between massive silver tea and sugar vessels. Yet this was the abode of a plain hard-working farmer. He had been a captain at sea, and with some of his maritime gains, had been induced to come into this place, to experience like thousands around him, that a man can but choose and he will be happy. A beloved consort two-worthy sons and three blooming daughters were the joy of his advanced age. With a few friends, as well as the maids and hired men, who were not excluded from this truly affable, and could add, this real republican family circle, the evening rapidly fled in the most interesting manner: the jests went round: the mug of cider circulated: and the rosy apple brighten

each laughing lip. Always jocular, the old gentleman became exceeding so, even attempted some manual witticisms, and actually permitted one of his men who was standing, to sit down upon a wash-basin, instead of the chair which he had silently removed. I left this house with regret.

Salisbury consists of a number of handsome houses, built chiefly of wood and remarkably gayly painted. It stands upon the ridge of a hill, and presents from a distance, an air of magnificence. Hence to Concord (sixteen miles,) the soil begins to assume a more even and pleasing countenance.

Anxious to reach Boston, I resolved to take the coach at Concord, and proceed on my journey at a more speedy rate than usual. This town extends a mile in length, and presents a rich display of hotels, meeting houses, superb dwellings, and above all, the State-house, which is located upon a rising ground, and is constructed of white granite, in a neat style of architecture. Merrimack river flows within a short distance, and as it is navigable down to the commencement of the canal, which connects it with Boston harbour, the productions of the country are transported to that sea-port, through this flourishing town. Unluckily, on account of the early hour fixed for departure, I stopped at the stage-inn, where a scene of bustle, unprecedented by any thing I had ever met before in a common country town, presented itself till

midnight. Supper was three times spread, for at least twenty people; and as the chambers were not very numerous, we were under the necessity of agreeing amongst ourselves for bed-fellows. My partner was a merchant, with whose conversation I had been pleased during the evening, and we were shown along the passages to a remote room. The driver roused us at four; the coach was tightly closed to exclude the cold air; and six of us, being shut in utter darkness, felt ourselves whirling upon the southern turnpike.

Even the slowest method of passing over a country, is too fast to afford a complete knowledge of it; much more so must be the rapid progress of a stagecoach, by which the disposition of the inhabitants is only to be learned at the relays, and by which, woods, hills and valleys, receding like clouds, leave but a vague impression of the beauties and qualities of the land, or the peculiar style of cultivating it. For many miles, we had not even this last consolation, of peeping through the curtains. The crimson dawn of day at length appeared: the sun rose of uncommon bigness, above the surface of a lake in which it was reflected with double brightness: and an elderly lady broke the ice of conversation, by remarking that the pond stretched in view was very beautiful. Her observation was noticed by the nods of two persons who rode backwards, together with a side glance from them, through the window, to the pond under consideration.

These men, in the mild signification of the term, were plainly *Boston sharpers*, who taking this for a signal, commenced business, by a boisterous colloquy, about such and such *smart* men of their town, such and such *sharp fellows* of their neighbourhood, and made many shrewd remarks concerning horse dealing, *swapping*, purchasing molasses, and vending clocks, wooden bowls, and pompkin-pye dishes to the southward. Behind me and next the lady, a squire of the metropolis continued sleeping. My friend and myself, had chosen the middle seat for the sake of a wider scope of prospect.

Approaching nearer the ocean, the country became more level, fertile, and thickly inhabited. There could be distinguished, not only in its general appearance, but also in the looks and manners of its cultivators, a striking similarity to the best productive counties of England. There was that same economy in land, that same taste in the disposal of the fields, that same careful art of blending the useful with the ornamental, so characteristic of the old established method of farming. Although the surface of the State varies considerably in different parts, the geology is all primitive, from Vermont to the sea shore. Most of New-England indeed, is a primitive region, and on that account, in addition to the marked dissimilarity of manners, stands forth in itself, a country widely different from the alluvial states of the south.

Our vehicle rolled speedily through Bedford, Nashford and Tungsborough, each a splendid place without one small or ill looking house about it; and in the way, we received four more passengers, one of whom mounted next to the driver. Our discourse turned upon the counterfeiting of bank notes, and several interesting accounts of fraud and detection were related. It appears that the laws against counterfeiters in the New-England states, are not over severe: and men in Canada, by striking off false bills as a trade, which they sell by the wholesale for a moderate profit, occasion the immense flow of spurious notes, for which the country has at times been remarkable. This counterfeiting traffic, which, as with honest mercantile business, has all its branches, and descends from the wholesale to the retail venders, and generally ends in the hands of the poorest and most simple individuals, is a kind of check upon the great and useless increase of banking companies. Almost every little town boasts, next to its church or court-house, of its bank. It is much to be wished that the various currencies* and numerous small banks, could give place to one currency, and one great national bank through the whole United States.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Casting a perspective glance over America, the figures of three or four communities appear

* Currency of New-England $\frac{1}{2}$ 6s. 8d. to a dollar.

before our imaginations, to show more rank and importance in their aspect, than any of the others. The state of Massachusetts may be one of these. Its first settlement, its bloody wars with the Indians, its interesting and extremely singular history, its superiority in population, riches and maritime strength, have given it great celebrity. All the other districts of New-England, are keys hanging from this great ring, by the links of commerce. Whilst, however, we think highly of Massachusetts, we cannot avoid considering at the same time, as a suspicious and debasing trait, the very sudden disappearance of the aborigines from its territories, and those strange doctrines of religion and of witchcraft, which were accompanied with the most violent persecutions.*

* " About the year 1692, New-England began to be terribly infested with sorcerers and witches. The effects of this began to appear about Salem, where some scores of people were seized with many preternatural vexations, and a variety of cruel torments upon their bodies, for which no natural cause could be assigned. The people thus afflicted cried out, that they saw their tormentors though invisible to every body else, in the shape of a little devil of a tawny colour, attended with spectres that had something more human in their forms. They offered to the afflicted people a book, which they required them to sign or touch, as a token of their consent to be listed in the devil's service, and upon their refusal, they were tormented with distortions, convulsions, were pinched black and blue, with pins run every where into their bodies; and sometimes they were so scalded, that the blisters appeared: at other times their hands were tied with a rope, and the patients pulled up a great ways from the earth before multitudes of spectators, though the agents were invisible. A woman was assaulted by a spectre, who run at her with an iron spindle, though none could see it; but in one of her agonies she caught hold of the spindle, and then it became visible, and

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We passed through Dunstable, Chelmsford, Billerica, Burlington and Woburn, without stopping more than ten minutes at either place. Burlington has become famous for its extensive theological institutions, which are brick buildings of extraordinary elegance as well as simplicity. Not wishing upon any account to lose the first sight of a great commercial town, I agreed with the gentleman, next the driver, for an exchange of places, and accordingly took the elevated station which he willingly left. The weather was clear and warm. Leaving the level country, we began to glide with undulatory speed through the picturesque wilds about the environs of Boston, where nature, bold, rocky, hideous, with here and there a merchant's seat perched upon the heights, envelopes the dusty vehicle, and prepares the beholder for a change of scenery, doubly striking from the contrast.

At length cloudy domes and spires, rear their peaks above the hills. The toll of some bell dies in the distance. Increased life and popu-

though carefully locked up, it was conveyed away by the demons to do further mischief. Another woman was teased by a spectre in a white sheet, which no body saw but herself, till she tore off a corner of it, and then it became visible &c. &c." *Mather's Magnalia*. In book VI Chapter VII. (*Thaumatographia Pneumatica*) of this curious work, is related a long list of preternatural occurrences of a different species; and the learned author says, in preface to the account of a war with Sagamore Philip, "that the people were alarmed with prodigies denoting their approaching troubles. The report of great and small guns, and the sound of drums and troops of horses riding to and fro were heard in the air by a number of incontestible witnesses." Book VII. Chapter. VI. (*Arma virosque Cano.*)

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vation begins to stir around the adjacent grounds.

Now opening beyond an expanse of salt meadow, the town at once appears rising with its out-stretched arms, like a kraken out of the water. Farther off, spreads the harbour: shores, scarcely distinguishable, limit the waters of the bay, and between two fortified points of land, gallant ships are just perceived entering, or boldly sallying into the Atlantic ocean.

To the person who has passed most of his days in a sea-port, and who, for a season is deprived of those majestic and expansive views, which the sea coast always affords, his return from the depths of forests and wild mountains, to some place that bears even a slight resemblance to the one which he has left, must excite passions in his bosom of the most gratifying nature. The delightful rambles which he has so often enjoyed, the idea of beloved friends to whom he has long bade adieu, the conscious pride of his being a citizen of a town, still superior to the magnificent one before him, with accompanying recollections of its strength, its policy, its proceedings, its excellent rulers—all crowd upon him, and conspire to involve him in a pleasing reverie: he hails the salt waves with enthusiasm, and rejoices in the odour of salt marshes, with a satisfaction which they never could formerly have produced. Medford is an antique village, four miles from Boston, and is situated upon the river Mystic, which is thus far navigable for large vessels, and

has many of them built upon its banks. The canal from the Merimack, continues parallel to the west side of the Mystic, and, what forms an unexampled concurrence, the narrow space between them, like an intermediate step, is filled up by the great turnpike : so that vessels are sailing in the river, or dipping the ends of syphons into the canal, and receiving, for their outward voyages, their supply of water, originally from the Merimack : heavy laden canal boats are slowly moving above them : whilst carriages of all kinds are rattling upon the intervening road.

Passing through Charleston, which may be considered as a detached portion of Boston, we crossed one of those numerous and very long bridges, that connect the peninsula occupied entirely by the town, with the nearest points of land ; and proceeding through narrow streets, reached the sign of the Rising-sun.

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CHAPTER X.

FROM BOSTON, THROUGH THE STATE OF RHODE-ISLAND
TO NEW-YORK.

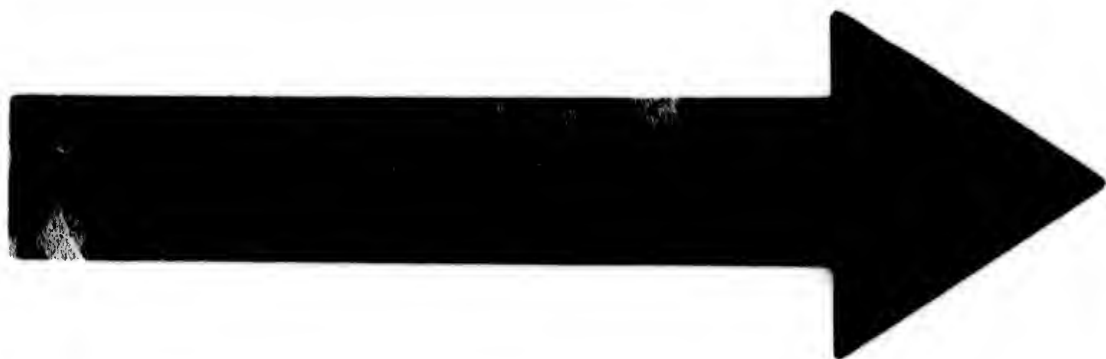
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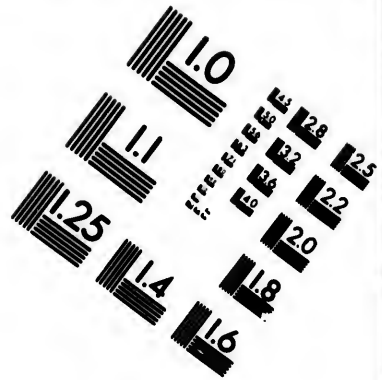
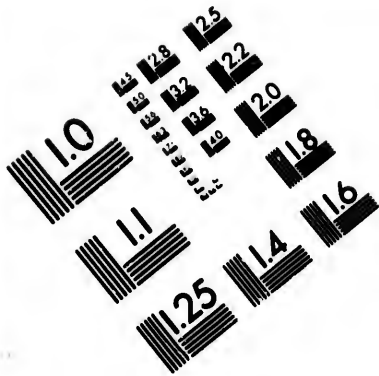


In the description of a town so large and so famous as Boston,* few words are necessary. Some indeed might urge, that the same reasons, demand a very particular delineation. But who can listen to daily recitals concerning the worth and prosperity of any city, without endeavouring, either from occasional details in the printed journals, or from the lips of one of its absent citizens, to form some notion of its shape and location? When the transactions of the Bostonians are perused in history's brightest annals, curiosity points out immediately, innumerable ways of obtaining particular details concerning their potential town.

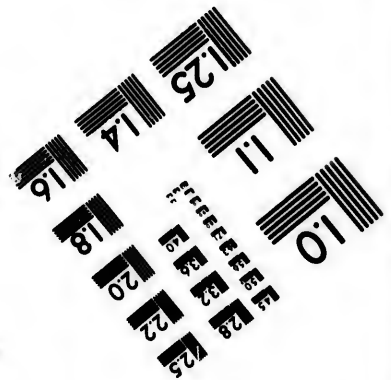
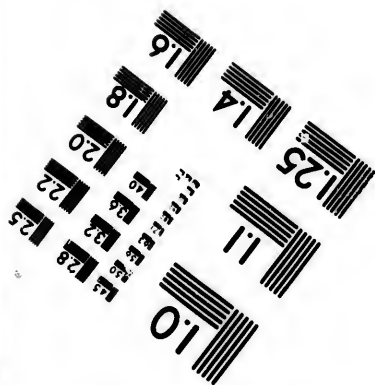
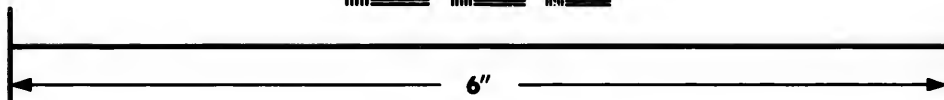
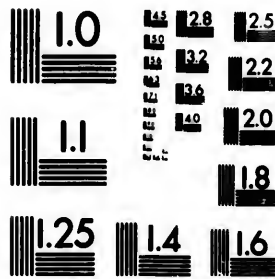
The appearance of Boston is venerable: its site, extremely irregular; its streets, narrow and diversified: and its buildings, compact, lofty, and not wanting in exterior decorations. In short this metropolis of New-England, both from its

* Boston is expected soon to be made a city.





**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



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23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

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general arrangement, and from the names given to places and institutions, bears no small likeness to the metropolis of old England: and many parts, especially the long ranges of 'ware-houses, even rival London in beauty and magnificence.

At the inn where I remained a day or two in this town, I found a personage of a reserved yet respectable demeanor, who proved himself, from a few expressions, to be one of those travellers who move from place to place, upon the express business of killing time. Like most persons who have little else to concern them, he was a warm admirer of the works of nature: and according to my proposition, we proceeded on a walk to the Common, which is a most delightful green, and occupies an open declivity on Beacon Hill. Upon one side is a close colonade of trees, denominated the mall, and, as with the mall of St. James's, stately dwellings of the wealthy are half seen above its heavy foliage. A row of princely edifices bounds the upperside, and the State-house with its lofty dome, crowns the very summit of the hill. Adjacent is an ancient structure, which, though it might seem the meanest, is, above all the others, the most illustrious; for it was the residence of John Hancock. The lower side of the green is open to the water, over which is seen the great dam, running over to the village of Brooklyn, and a bridge that leads to part of Cambridge.

Children were frolicing in different parts of the Common. Grave looking personages were pacing

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spirit

up and down the mall. Companies of sailors were crossing instead of going around it. But not a lady appeared upon a resort so refreshing. Something occurred to me, I cannot tell with how much reason, about the *cerulean* regulations of New-England, whilst my companion, who had come last from Philadelphia, said something about *drab* restrictions. But why should ladies be expected to frequent public greens, when even our celebrated Battery in New-York, displays its flowing tides of fashion only on pleasant Sunday evenings?

Having passed over the mouth of Charles' river upon a bridge, which with the causeway may have been a mile and a quarter long, we directed our rambles to the old fortifications near Cambridge, and to the well known peninsula of Charleston. Here was the spot, out of which the spark of independence first kindled into an irresistible flame. Upon this peninsula it was, that the arms of America proved the art of being victorious even in retreat. Than the battle of Bunker's hill, few modern engagements are more worthy of being celebrated—and it is celebrated. Throughout the most remote climes we hear it mentioned by the people; of whom, some are acquainted with the particulars, and others, merely know, that in a certain part of the world, a fierce encounter happened, which was called

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

England, too well assured of the patriotic spirit of the Americans, to confide in menaces,

had already sent ten thousand troops to Boston, over whom general Gage, the governor of Massachusetts, was commander-in-chief. The Americans as quickly collected in great numbers about Cambridge, two or three miles from the town, under their commander-in-chief, general Ward. Entrenchments were ordered to be thrown up at Cambridge, and the hardy provincials became eager for the combat.

Charleston peninsula presents a very hilly surface of ground. The village stood upon the point nearest the town : not far behind was the principal eminence ; and other eminences stood farther from the point, among which was Bunker's hill, from which the battle receives its appellation.

In a council of war, the Americans resolved upon entering Charleston and fortifying the heights. Prescott, an aged officer, was dispatched in the night, and with great exertions and secrecy, he cast up a redoubt upon the principal eminence, and a breastwork down to Mystic river. Daylight opened (June 17th 1775) and exposed to the astonished Englishmen, those bulwarks, which the power of enchantment alone seemed able to have raised, so near their own ships and floating batteries. Their vessels commenced firing, and the town was soon thrown into the greatest tumult. Three thousand troops were sent over under general Howe, to displace the bold intruders ; and part of them having landed were so secure of conquest, that they unfolded

their knapsacks, and, as they waited for the rest of the detachment, made hearty dinners.

General Warren and Putnam marched with reinforcements to the hill, whilst another slight breastwork of rails and hay, was rapidly erected from the redoubt towards Charles' river. Upon the surrounding hills of the country, the inhabitants, interested on either side, all crowded to behold the spectacle at a distance—to witness this first important struggle: and the roofs and steeples of Boston were now filled with anxious citizens, or devoted wives of British soldiers, intensely gazing upon the scene of approaching terror, like numerous spectators waiting the event of some brilliant tournament.

The royal army had landed, were put in order, and silently beginning to advance. At intervals, like the interrupted peals of distant thunder foreboding a storm, the artillery was heard to sound. As their gay ranks elegantly wheeled and advanced, the polished armour reflected the vertical rays of a scorching sun. Banners were displayed, and waved exultingly above the heads of the royal battalions. The hill was ascended. Not a shot flew from the entrenchment: but one thousand five hundred muskets pointed their black sulphurous muzzles, each to the palpitating bosom of a Briton. A few rods intervened. Fire! cried the venerable Prescott, and the echo of his voice was the astounding roar of belching instruments of death: the shock of earth: the rebounding voice of heaven. Down reeled the

dismayed soldiers: backwards the broken lines fled precipitately. The waving banners now shook tremulously, whilst many a gushing wound, dyed the parched slope of the contested eminence.

But Englishmen are soldiers of honour: they are cool, resolute, courageous; are every thing, but Americans. An unexpected shock will dismay the bravest. The shame of being repulsed so quickly, and the expostulations of their officers, induced them to return again to the charge and renew the fiery contest.

From the village of Charleston, which was even at that time large and populous, a thick column of smoke was observed, gradually rising like a triumphal arch towards the Americans, and melting above their heads. The flames then burst forth, and every house of the town disappeared in a red envelope of fire. What a sight to the distant spectators! Now, the British troops, by whom the village was fired, had reached nearer to the entrenchments than before, without having a shot directed towards them. Again the dreadful voices of Putnam, Warren, Pomeroy, Stark and Prescott, resounded at once with the fatal word—Fire!—and horrible tumult winged its malignant course throughout the amazed ranks: they recoiled and fled—They fled from shouts of Victory, victory, this day is ours.

Rage took possession of the British commanders. Clinton sprang into a boat, and appeared amongst

the defeated soldiers, who received new energy from his presence; and a different plan of attack was formed.

The Americans had expended nearly all their ammunition; their muskets were destitute of bayonets, and reinforcements were prevented from reaching them, by the cannonading from the floating batteries across the little isthmus of the peninsula. As the royal artillery gained a favourable position for raking the earthen breastwork, the assailants, desperate at being twice defeated, threw down their cumbrous knapsacks, and some their coats, and furiously dashed forward against every opposition. They leaped over the mound of human bodies made by their former comrades, faced the current of whistling balls and rolling stones which poured against them, and met in close encounter with the destructive butts of uplifted muskets. The fire from their artillery threw open the loose ramparts, and retreat, on the part of the Americans became absolutely necessary; still they remained, dealing death with each descending blow, till the ditch was filled with the slain. They at length retired from the redoubt and breastwork, in good order and fighting as they receded. Those who defended the railwork, perceiving the right wing retreating, at the moment they were in expectation of overcoming the enemy, were also under the necessity of retiring. The British, weak, broken, and exhausted by the heat of the day, stopped upon the works, more like the vanquished than like conquerors, and were unwill-

ling to advance any farther. The retiring army, through the persuasions of Putnam, were about to return to the charge, when a volley was poured down upon them, which occasioned greater loss than they had before suffered. Superiority of numbers, a better supply of arms, and well directed artillery, forbade them any hopes of a rally : and they marched through a thick raking fire over the isthmus, to the fortifications at Cambridge and upon the neighbouring hills.

Many brave men fell on this memorable day. The loss of the Americans was not half that of the English : but the former have ever to deplore the death of Warren, the illustrious President of the Congress.

The hills of the peninsula of Charleston, are at present considerably displaced by commercial houses. Part of the celebrated eminence remains, overtopped by church steeples and edifices ; and on the summit, is a level green containing a monument to Warren.

We continued our rambles around the spot, where American freedom recieved its birth. Half levelled by the hand of time, some remaining fortifications stand on a hill, as evidences of former deeds of patriotism. I mounted the highest parapet : my companion took a volume from his pocket, and sat upon the counterscarp of a grassy moat. Like the actor who personates a king on his throne, I could almost believe myself exalted in reality above the people that were trudging along the road below me, and, as I thought of the

heros who had long since stood upon the same elevation, I wondered why I felt so proud of the position, so proud of the surrounding monuments of commerce, so proud of the country in which I had the good fortune to live. What American has not sat around the armed chair of an aged relative, and listened with enthusiasm to his glowing descriptions of revolutionary transactions? A romantic elegance seems to spread over his tales of past events and of former virtue. There is a feeling connected with the recitals respecting the dawn of a mighty nation, which, as the fathers of their country are remembered, casts over the imagination a mournful yet pleasing train of ideas, and the wish often obtrudes, that we may pace the grounds upon which they breathed their last. Now and then we meet in our towns, some venerable leader, who has to this period survived the year '76: shall we pass by him, in the indifferent manner we do in passing other men? No——

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We returned over another bridge, to the crowded metropolis. At the mouth of Mystic river, were floating several new frigates and ships of the line, which ensure high expectations of the future prowess of the United States' navy. On Tuesday, after having gone through the round of public sights, of which there are not a few in Boston, I proceeded by the way of Cambridge to Dedham. My stage ride had so ill accorded with

my former method of travelling, that I chose once more the peripatetic style. Harvard University, it is scarcely necessary to mention, stands first in reputation on the American continent. The college buildings are numerous, are of brick, and stand upon a lawn handsomely enclosed. Besides the lectures which are here delivered to a great concourse of students from every quarter, there are other distinct courses, delivered by physicians in the town. Many elegant seats are situated in the vicinity of this place. At Dedham, which is a large village, I found the hotel occupied by a convivial, party of country lads, who, with musical instruments, displayed their several talents and kept the whole house in a tumult. Leaving them, I went on three or four miles towards the next inn; but missing the way in the dark, advanced a considerable distance upon a wrong road, until I met a suspicious looking fellow in the woods, who wished me a good evening. He had a stout cudgel in his hand, and appeared to manouvre a little. When I set out on my tour, a friend had given me a walking stick, which proved to be hollow; and knowing the emergencies which wandering strangers sometimes encounter, I had still retained it. At this moment, the end by mere chance, fastening in the clayey soil, the handle separated and exposed to the eyes of the vagrant, the glittering appearance of steel. He moved to the side of the road, said he lived across the lots, that I must turn back to recover my way,

and forthwith made his exit. It was past ten when I reached a solitary tavern.

Most of the distance between Dedham and the State of Rhode-Island, is a sterile waste of transition lands, extending a great way on both sides of the turnpike, and from reports, frequented by robbers. Walpole and Attlebro' are the only villages through which it passes: Patucket, the next village, containing large and extensive factories, lies upon the river which divides the one state from the other. A bridge crosses the stream, and immediately below it, is the remarkable fall of the Patucket. The water descends fifty feet through the chasms of a ledge of rock, and presents a scene of astonishing beauty and sublimity. It is a circumstance rather unusual, that an object of such wild grandeur, should be environed in the midst of dwelling houses, and the cotton establishments which the higher surface of the river supplies.

RHODE-ISLAND.

At Providence, one of those fast sailing packets which ply between this place and New-York, was preparing to set sail in the course of a few hours. The interval I occupied in visiting the most showy edifices, and in surveying from the top of the hill, upon which Rhode-Island college or Brown's university stands, the extraordinary position of this strangely beautiful town. Bays and inlets of New-England are made by peninsulas and islands, of primitive beds as well as alluvial deposits, and are so

disposed as to form what might truly be called, fantastic harbours: such is Penobscot bay; such is Boston-harbour; and such in a peculiar manner is Narraganset bay of Rhode-Island. It is a quadrangular inlet of the sea, nearly filled with the most fertile islands, and branching off like horns at the two corners, into Taunton river, and into the confluent Patuxet, (not the Patucket) Wanasquatucket, and Seakonk river. Providence lies on both sides of the Wanasquatucket, near its junction with the Seakonk. A lofty hill rises on the east side, at the foot of which, where space enough for two parallel streets a mile and a half in length was allowed, the chief commercial part of the town is closely crowded. But it looks as if the head of the northwest arm or horn of the bay, had once reached a mile or two past the town, and a level piece of land projecting abruptly from the opposite side, had created a wide cove, that now lays detached from the inlet, in a most singular manner. Across the part thus constricted like the neck in the middle of an hour-glass, is thrown the Central bridge, and the finest buildings are spread a mile westward upon the level promontory. Vessels of every description come quite up to the bridge, and are consequently encompassed by the warehouses which they furnish with goods, and from which they are loaded: masts with their yard arms and jacks, vie with church-steeple and their weathercocks.

One of the churches on the level portion, is surmounted by a large dome, which gives an air of sublimity to the whole place. Most of the churches (and there are many) stand towering upon the precipitous side of the hill: among them is the Episcopal, which, in the elegance of its shape, and purity of its style of architecture, exceeds all others in the United States.

Not many years ago, during a violent storm commonly known by the name of the September gale, and similar to the one that happened in the same month of this season, the furious gust drove the accumulated waters of Narraganset bay up the inlet to Providence, inundated the houses, sat numbers of them afloat, and swept the largest vessels beyond the bridge into the cove, where their wrecks long remained a monument of the dreadful calamity.

We had a delightful sail down the harbour. The shores were diversified, and towns and farm houses appeared perspicuous. Fleets of brigs, sloops, and schooners, as thick as wild geese, to use a common simile, were scattered around, bound both for foreign harbours and for such little ports in the bay, as Bristol, Warwick, Greenwich, and Wickford. During the night the wind freshened, and we cast anchor under Prudence island. We reached Newport the next morning, when the storm encreasing to an alarming degree, we were compelled to stop there the whole day.

This town, the second in consideration, is situated on the large island from which the state receives its name. Thirty years has made little alteration with regard to the population, trade, and appearance of Newport. It stretches a mile along the shore, has a beautiful State-house, no small number of meeting houses, a very long pier, and a fine harbour. The concourse of shipping is considerable; and many fine merchantmen are here fitted out for the European trade. Upon the whole, Newport is an ill-looking place, and almost devoid of the rural elegancies of surrounding trees and gardens. They have a curious style of mason work, which consists in laying broken stones of all sizes and shades so completely together, that the fissures, without mortar, are evenly joined, and the whole in perspective resembles the polished breccia of the Capitol pillars of Washington. We embraced the opportunity of making an excursion, over the neck which defends the town from the ocean, to a terrible chasm in the bed of rocks, which has been appropriately named, Purgatory. One morning the people near this place were surprised by a ship in full sail, slowly approaching directly towards the strand. She was hailed, but no answer was returned. She struck and fastened, and was immediately boarded by the inhabitants, when to their astonishment not a soul was to be discovered on board. Every thing was in order; the breakfast table was spread in the cabin, and a kitten played upon the floor. It was never learned whence she

came, or what ever became of her crew. Purchasing a quantity of fish, for which Newport is famous, we stood out for sea. On Goat Island, which aids in forming the harbour, are fortifications and a garrison. Other islands and promontories, have batteries upon them for the protection of the entrance: but by reason of the difficulty and expense of making the defence complete, the project of fixing the naval depot here, was abandoned.

The State of Rhode Island, stands among the larger commonwealth of America, like Megaris among the states of Greece—small in dimensions, though ranked high in power and population. Yet this flourishing country has suffered extremely from the devastations of war, which appear to have given its prosperity a fundamental shock, and prevented that great increase of commerce and riches formerly expected. Roger Williams was properly, its founder. He came in 1635, with a few followers, whose religious opinions had caused them to be banished from Plymouth and Massachusetts, to Fox-point, and establishing a friendly intercourse with the Indian sachems, began the town, which in gratitude for his escape from persecution, he called Providence. Four years afterwards Coddington settled the large Island in the bay, and his successors brought it to so flourishing a condition, that it obtained the name of the Eden of America: at present this island is chiefly devoted to pasturage. Mines and valuable quarries have been

opened in the interior parts of the country, and from these resources, it has obtained considerable note for its stone-lime and hardware exports. Cotton is brought from the south, is manufactured in its mills, and returned with advantage in the form of shawls, stripes, muslins, or handkerchiefs.

There is no marked difference between the people of Rhode-Island, and those of other New-England states. But there is a distinguishable difference between them, together with the other New-Englanders, and the inhabitants of the south. Amongst ourselves we call the former Yankies; but foreigners have dubbed us all with that title. The latter according to their respective states are denominated, Virginians, Kentuckians, or Georgians. The New-Englanders, considered as one body represented in an individual, are a sanctimonious, sober, good-looking, and withal an enterprising neighbour, full of excellent thoughts and new inventions. The southern people, considered in the same manner, are a hospitable, complaisant, as well as a profane, slave driving and swarthy looking personage, who, however, keeps a sharp eye to his own aggrandizement and that of his country. The middle States, among which New-York stands pre-eminent, hold that just medium, which cannot fail to produce respect and veneration.

A rapid journey through Vermont, New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode-Island, exclusive of Maine and Connecticut, could not

be expected to give a person a full idea of New-
 England. Nothing short of a residence in
 various parts, with occasional excursions during
 all seasons of the year, can give one a correct
 knowledge of the country. However, the trav-
 eller, notwithstanding the rapidity of his progress,
 must observe throughout this large portion of
 North America, a characteristic show on all
 sides, of the excellence of the soil and climate,
 an equality in the sharing of its plentiful produc-
 tions, that proves well the universally affluent
 condition of the people, and a most enviable
 ease and freedom of conduct, unaccompanied by
 the slightest murmur against either their own or
 the general constitution, which none but a gov-
 ernment founded on the purest principles of
 liberty could exhibit to the rest of the world.—
 The British boast of their political freedom:—
 but why is there such a disaffection among the
 inferior grades of society, towards their lords
 and rulers? why those strong and unsuccessful
 attempts at reforming their laws? The New-
 Englanders have full power to express their
 dislike of their civil bands, however slight, and
 yet, none but the editor of a newspaper, or some
 ex-Briton, cares hardly to fling a dart at so much
 as a solitary governor, general, or post-master.
 Every mouth, through this unequalled country,
 sounds the praise of the government, and not a
 day passes without the name of WASHINGTON,
 PURE LIBERTY, and CERTAIN PROSPERITY, is
 uttered by thousands of zealous citizens. And,

as may be heard often sung to the listening
and pleased multitudes,

“ Merrily every bosom boundeth,
Where the song of free Jom soundeth—”

It would appear, that the smallest shade of monarchical gloom, or of aristocratical fear, was entirely dispelled, and the glory of perfect independence had shed, honour, concord, enterprise and religion upon the hearts of the people. And shall the rest of the United States be excluded from this moderate eulogium? “ If,” said a statesman of France in 1791, “ from the inconstancy so natural to her, Liberty has stolen from her European adorers, and has deceived them by leaving licentiousness in their room, let us traverse the vast extent of the Atlantic to inquire whether she has not established her throne amidst a people, more likely from their manners to render her the worship in which she delights. There at least we shall contemplate her faithful image; and from that we shall be able to know her, if on our return we shall discover her at home, triumphant over all opposing obstacles, disengaged from the dark anxieties which threw a gloom over her approach, and ballanced in the midst of public tranquillity, as the sun in a cloudless heaven seems to float in an ocean of light.” *

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We bade welcome to the outskirts of New-York on the fourth day of November. Its

* Translation of De la Croix.

towering edifices rose more and more distinct as we approached the *Wallabout*. With throbbing exultation, I pointed out the several places, to my attentive and wondering fellow-passengers—There is the Navy-Yard, crowded with bulky ships of war—There are our steam and *team* vessels, going and coming incessantly—The gothic spire which is now chiming, is the Trinity church—and there is St. Pauls—and there is St. Georges, which you might imagine to be a Chinese observatory—and there is the top of the City-Hall, a superb building of white marble. As to lower objects, and especially the fine ranges of store houses, little can be seen of them, through those entangled meshes of ropes, shrouds, and yardarms. We became enclosed among the vessels at Crane-wharf, and springing upon the quay, had a new subject of congratulation, in the rising columns of an extensive market, which had been reared upon the ashes of a late conflagration.

Like the poor pilgrim who toiled in ancient days to Jerusalem, or the Mussulman who at length returns from Mecca, the tourist cannot but think himself remarkably clear in conscience, when he has accomplished the end of his journey. Persons abroad and widely separated from their friends, if they have any, are swimmers in a great ocean, who cannot find one firm rock to found their confidence upon, who catch here and there at the unstaple straws that float about like themselves, and who,

unless they are adepts and in a customary element, begin to feel like drowning men, until their feet are once more upon the terra-firma of a HOME.—But our remarks are now more than sufficiently protracted. With a “simple tale” we have made an effort, for the honour of the nation, and not altogether as maliciousness might whisper, for the advantage of ourselves, to unfold some of the natural beauties, and artificial magnificence of North American scenery; and until that voice, which bids the lover to clamber down the precipice to pluck for his mistress a flower, or the patriot to behold unmoved the shafts of hatred and malice aimed at his breast, again speaks, we will throw down the pen.

THE END.

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