

# Lady of the Lake

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## LADY OF THE LAKE.

This new and splendid steamboat made an excursion from this port to Ogdensburgh last week, with a large party of gentlemen and ladies from Utica, Syracuse and this village, on the invitation of the officers and proprietors of the boat. We find the following graphic description of the trip written by one of the party from Utica, in the Utica Observer.

### Sail on Lake Ontario—New Steam Boat— Lady of the Lake.

#### CHALKINGS, BY CHALK.

Puff—Puff—Puff—How the iron horse heaves and snorts as he takes us on our way to Syracuse. A perfect tee-totaller is your iron horse. His only drink is water, and his only food is fire. His muscular system requires no stronger stimulus than water and the flames. Mark how the mile posts rapidly appear and disappear. We skim through verdant fields—now a fine wheat plain “waving with the fruits of agriculture” gladdens the eye—now is presented long rows of bashful corn, so retiring and diffident that it scarce dare raise its head above the ground. We know what that feeling of diffidence is. We have experienced it with all its horrors. We are safely deposited in Syracuse, and partake of a sort of a

The Oswego Palladium, July 6, 1842.

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What quantities of salt are turned out from these vast boiling and evaporating salt factories—a perfect Cracow are your salt mines at Syracuse, Salina, Geddes, and Liverpool. Onondaga Lake stretching out handsomely on our left—now we find our boat carried along swiftly by the current of the Oswego river—the scene of one of Cooper's novels a river formed by the junction of the Onondaga and Oneida, both of which have their sources in the lakes. Along the borders of this beautiful river skulked the Tuscaroras—here were the Iroquois and occasionally were found a party of Oneidas, Onondagas and Mohawks. Down this stream darted the skiff of Leather Stocking, alias Hawk eye, alias Trapper, alias La Longue Carabine, alias Pathfinder,

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Here the captures Cap, at 'home upon the mountain wave' trembled as the light canoe dashed down the rifts. But Jasper Western's strong arm is at the helm, — and will he suffer harm to come to the lovely Ma-?- Dunham?

But we have arrived at Oswego on the Ontario — which from an early period, from its frontier position, has been a place of great importance. Now we present ourselves in a body in front of the quarters of Capt. Barnum, and Harrison's fine band, organized by the exertion of the Captain himself, when stationed at Utica, let off one of their best melodies. With his usual politeness, the Capt. takes us over the fort at Oswego, (now nearly completed,) and which when completed, will entirely command this important harbor. Her long eighteens are to be fired for the first time on Monday the fourth. In no braver possession can this post be, than in that of Capt. Barnum and his galant company, fresh from the contest of Florida. But hark, the 'Lady of the Lake' is blowing off her steam, and announces to us that she is ready to march us o'er the deep. Utica, Syracuse, Skaneateles, New York and Oswego, contribute to swell her company,



Syracuse salt shed, Syracuse, NY; c. 1906 postcard; This image is in the public domain in the US where the copyright has expired often because its first publication occurred prior to January 1, 1923.



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How evenly she rides over the billows of Ontario. The Ontario—call ye that a fresh water pond Master Cap? Mabel was right when she said, that "the Ontario does look like the Ocean after all"—and Cap himself was disposed to think it a 'big water' when Jasper's skill and the undertow, saved him from the rocks.

We claim the merit of a discovery, not laid down in Morse, Woodbridge, Olney, or any of the geographies we studied at school—that is, and we announce the fact boldly, for our own eyes were witnesses, that there were numerous cascades on Lake Ontario. Our physician on board recommended brandy and water as the most efficient thing to enable us to brave these formidable cascades. It was effectual in our case, though many thought the danger so imminent that they cast up all their accounts. That town glistening yonder on the Canada side of the lake is Kingston. What crowds of idlers throng the dock as the gallant steamer ploughs her way to them.—"And it is welcome ye are, for you have brought an elegant boat," vociferated one of the crowd. As soon as the cleated board was laid from the steamboat to the dock our company dispersed in different parts of the town. We scattered so rapidly, that the Mayor, who was prepared to give us a cold collation and cordial reception, but who had not expected us so soon by several hours, could not give us notice of his hospitable intent. Kingston appears to be of about the magnitude of Syracuse. Its style of architecture is ponderous—not so tasteful as that of our Yank towns. The

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streets show but little of Yankee enterprise. Those black things, peering over the walls of Fort Henry, are "Queen Ann's pocket pieces," and ugly looking customers they are, too. It was from this Fort that 6 patriots escaped four years since, though 3 of them were re-captured.

We are again upon the water and fast paddling our way down one of the noblest rivers in the world. There is no dry time or low water with the St. Lawrence. It is the outlet of a mighty chain of mighty lakes, and pours eternally its broad, deep, clear waters into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and swells the ocean with its wondrous flood. — Ha! here we are treading our way amongst the memorable Thousand Isles, more properly called the Two Thousand Isles, as they number eighteen hundred. How beautifully they dot the surface of the stream. — Look in any direction and you see the bright waters shining between these verdant isles. Bill Johnson, you had delightful fastnesses to entrench upon, with thy buxom daughter. There goes the steamer Clinton a league or so ahead of us. See the black fumes roll up from her smoke pipe and curl along the sky — she is burning pitch, and urging her paddles to their extremest velocity, in the endeavor to keep before "The Lady of the Lake" — it is useless: with no extra effort we walk alongside of her. Her good-natured Captain seizes her cable and tries to throw it aboard us, so that we may tow the "Clinton" to her destined port; failing in this, he runs to the bow and hauls down her colors, then abaft and strikes

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"What place is this you are stopping at now, Captain Taylor?"

"It is French Creek. I stop here to give you a glimpse of the heroine of the Thousand Isles. There she stands, and a fine warrior girl she looks like."

Three cheers from shore are loudly answered by three from deck.



Now pass we by Brockville, named after Gen. Brock who fell at the heights of Queenston. It is one of the handsomest places in Canada. That village on the Canada side is Prescott, and opposite is Ogdensburgh, with all its windows.

"Burnished by the setting sun."

That shot tower looking building on the point two miles below, is the famous Wind Mill, immortalized by the bravery of Shoultz. Hark again,—what sound is that which comes booming to us over the river? It is a welcoming shot from Ogdensburgh, Helmsman, turn your prow to the American-shore, and let us land where yonder crowd and cannon welcome us. Here we are again on land over which the stripes and stars are the acknowledged ensign. What at pleasant walk we have although the terrace, high above the Oswegatchie river, that empties into the St. Lawrence at Ogdensburgh. — Genius of Fulton, how have we sped since we left Oswego. Here have we come 135 miles in 10 hours and 42 minutes including stoppages at different points of 3 hours and 22 minutes, against a contrary wind and heavy sea. Where can better speed than that be found? Capt. G. S. Weeks has shown himself an accomplished ship builder, in the construction of "The Lady of the Lake," and Capt. Taylor her gentlemanly commander, and accomplished seaman in guiding her.

The columns of the Observer have only room for us to say, that we had a delightful trip on the return. We touched at Sackett's Harbor, visited the ship New Orleans, commenced in 1813, the building of which was stopped on the cessation of hostilities. She is a hundred and twenty gun, three decker, and looks as though we might batter down a continent. The barracks also were visited, where are stationed three companies from the everglades.

As we reached Oswego a general meeting of the passengers was convened in the cabin of the Lady of the Lake, and organized. Hon. Samuel Beardsley was nominated as Chairman by Judge Turrill, and E.W. Leavenworth, of Syracuse, as secretary.

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The Oswego Palladium, July 6, 1842.

### **Questions for further research and discussion:**

1. Create a map that pinpoints the locations mentioned in this 1842 article. Note the elevations of each location. Record the miles between each location. What conclusions can you make based on your map?
2. The author is very descriptive of his experience on “The Lady of the Lake”. Create a drawing based on one of his descriptions.
3. Other ships are mentioned in this article. Research one to try to discover more information about the ship and it’s role on Lake Ontario or on the canal.
4. The article mentions a few people in a various roles. Find out more information about one person mentioned in the article using a variety of sources such as census data, obituaries, etc.
5. The article mentions it took 10 hours to travel a certain distance. Was this faster or slower than what a train would take covering the same amount of distance. (Hint: You will need to determine how fast a train traveled during the time period; look for train schedules.)
6. Who invented steamers? How long did they last? How did boats move prior to steamers? What were they replaced by?
7. What other steamers existed on Lake Ontario at this time?
8. What information can you find about shipwrecks of steamers on Lake Ontario?