



[William Crosfield Letters](#)

Copyright Notice:

This material may be protected by copyright law (U.S. Code, Title 17). Researchers are liable for any infringement. For more information, visit www.mnhs.org/copyright.

Niagara Falls Sunday
August 14/89

You perhaps think that you are going to hear something about Niagara but you must be content to wait a mail word in the rock. The lower fall is smaller or two. I shall stay here till Thursday being only 75 feet high, leaving this and drink in as much as I can. The stream rushes on down the escarpment to Canada and come back here to scenes of awful grandeur. Now let me condense my ideas and maybe you say something of the peculiarities something about it. My present impression is that it requires two minds to appreciate the whole. I believe that I have a water work to record - though I am not sure, as I have written this in the last week and cannot be certain what I told you and what was to Maggie and Arthur. On Sunday we walked a little more than two miles (a long walk for an American) to see the Hatterkill Falls which are two in number. A week ago I considered them very grand and ought to have spoken of them then as this is hardly the place to describe an insignificant affair like that - but I will try. The upper greater fall is about 170 feet high the water coming through a hole in the rock (like the lip of a jug) falls into a large amphitheatre of rock which has this peculiarity the upper of the precipice (if it is a right name) overhangs some distance so as to make

for the water a direct leap into the center of the basin below and allows the visitor to pass behind for which purpose a path is cut in the rock. The lower fall is smaller being only 75 feet high, leaving this to scenes of awful grandeur. Now let me condense my ideas and maybe you say something of the peculiarities something about it. My present impression is that it requires two minds to appreciate the whole. I believe that I have a water work to record - though I am not sure, as I have written this in the last week and cannot be certain what I told you and what was to Maggie and Arthur. On Sunday we walked a little more than two miles (a long walk for an American) to see the Hatterkill Falls which are two in number. A week ago I considered them very grand and ought to have spoken of them then as this is hardly the place to describe an insignificant affair like that - but I will try. The upper greater fall is about 170 feet high the water coming through a hole in the rock (like the lip of a jug) falls into a large amphitheatre of rock which has this peculiarity the upper of the precipice (if it is a right name) overhangs some distance so as to make

at the Hatterkill you find it out by paying 25 cents to have the sluice opened. I mentioned before that I was glad that I had not seen the Hatterkill the evening that I arrived. The season is the same here again they have a mill whose dam extends 9 miles up the river, in the evening they shut it up and then of course the falls are poor as I found by making a second visit to take a last look just before dark; still it was very fine the rocks of course were standing in statue ground. On Monday I early lounged about as I heard rumours of the heat below and had found pleasant companions. Tuesday was a repetition of Monday only that I went with a friend to try to fish in a small lake near the hotel. On Wednesday I set off for

Hatskill ^{village} to take the cars and call on
Mr. Hainwright at "The Meadows" 20 miles
down the river. I was obliged to retrace
my steps thence as conveyances did
not suit on Saturday. When I got to the
depot at Rhinebeck I asked where his
place was. He said the superintendent "his
farm is here now. Show you" I expected
to be ushered into his hay cart but found
that it was "quite a carriage". I introduced
myself to his father and went back with
him. I was most kindly received by Mr.
Gott, and enjoyed the day at his house
very much. Every thing seemed arranged
to make the place cool, and succeeded to
perfection. They considered it the hottest
day since Dr. Dr. Bailey was there and
there was the hottest of the season. He showed
me over his farm and after dinner took
me to the top of a hill near by whence we
had a grand view of the Catskills and
then drove me in one of his numerous
buggies through a gentleman's park
(bona fide) and garden a real garden
to the station or depot. I left that night
at Albany and next day journeyed
through the valley of the Mohawk
then on of which above. Good by
your very affectionate son
W. Crossfield Jr.