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NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

DESCRIBED IN A SERIES OF
LETTERS WRITTEN FOR
THE PUBLIC LEDGER
DURING THE SUMMER OF 1881.

BY
JOEL COOK.

"J. C."

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INTRODUCTION.

Looking back over the files of the Ledger from the middle of June of this year to the end of August, embracing these "Brief Summer Rambles" as first presented to the public, it is easy to understand why so many letters have been received suggesting their publication in book form. The motive that prompted the sketches pervades the whole series. This was to remind our people how many pleasant places, how much picturesque scenery, how many delightful jaunts, how great a body of interesting annals and tradition and instructive history there are within a few hours' ride from the city by rail or river. This pervading idea is carried out consistently, completely, and with full success. With the exception of one short route, every railway and steamboat route radiating from Philadelphia is covered; every one of the "Rambles" is within one day's ride from Philadelphia, most of them are within a few hours, and in many instances the pleasure-seeker can take his ramble and return home by evening to occupy his own room and bed, which is something to be taken into consideration.

The sketches follow the usual routes of travel between the places embraced in the "Rambles," taking in the Delaware from the Water Gap to the sea, and every prominent seashore resort from Cape May to Coney Island; every principal line of travel northeast, north, west, and south, from above West Point on the Hudson, southwest to Baltimore, along
the Lehigh Valley, and west through Harrisburg to Pitts-
burg.

It is no longer necessary to say to the reading public that Mr. Cook, the writer of the sketches, has quick perception of what is attractive and interesting in the scenes and places through which he passes, and along which he carries his readers, and that he has a "faculty" for that kind of descriptive writing. His first book made many thousands acquainted with these talents. In this series he has done a rare good thing in the endeavor to make the public acquainted with the pleasures and information within their reach in short summer trips near home.

W. V. McKeAN,
Editor in Chief.

PUBLIC LEDGER OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,
October 24, 1881.
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BRIEF SUMMER RAMBLES.

I.

FAIRMOUNT PARK.

A TOUR NEAR HOME.

The summer heat is upon us, and where shall we go to keep cool? Only a little while back people who could afford it were fleeing to Florida or Cuba in search of warm weather; and now that they have got it at home they meditate another migration to find a lower temperature. Some hie to Europe, others to the Pacific coast, others to the lakes and mountains; but the great majority cannot take such long journeys, and in fact have to confine their relaxation to short visits near home, occupying but a day or two, and costing comparatively little money. To these, though they may not always believe it, the short excursion generally gives more genuine enjoyment than the more pretentious and lengthened tour. A protracted period of sight-seeing often palls upon the tourist, but the brief jaunt freshens and exhilarates him. It is not necessary to go long journeys to find grand scenery and seek relaxation, for both can be cheaply got at our own doors.

How many who praise Hyde Park and the Bois de Boulogne have ever thoroughly explored Fairmount Park, or know that it has many more glories than either? Take a day to look at it, and see if this tour near home in the most extensive pleasure-ground in our country will not give the keenest enjoyment, even though it may only cost a few pennies for car and steamboat rides, and a trifle for refreshment. To thoroughly enjoy the Park tour only needs the conviction that something can be found there worth looking at. Let us start from one of the Fairmount entrances, and go along past
the Art Gallery, where crowds are usually waiting their turns to see the Pompeian views, up along the road to where it forks at the Lincoln Monument. On the left hand are the greensward and the river, and on the right the sloping hills, down which troops of children are nearly always rolling. Fountains plash on either side, while in front rises Lemon Hill, its base bordered with flower-beds. We enter the road along the river, with its stately rows of linden-trees and crowds of promenaders, its pretty boat-houses on the river-bank, and its hills and summer-house on the right-hand side. The water is rippled by the cool breeze, so different from the parched air just left behind us, and, as we round the rocky point at the river bend, a view is opened of the stately bridges in front of the Zoological Garden across the stream. Passing through the tunnel and under the bridges, the sunshine on the bright roof of the Horticultural Building dazzles the eye as it traces out the majestic sweep of the western river bank at Sweetbrier and above. We leave the sparkling water, and, as the trains rush by on the two great railways of Philadelphia, one in front and the other almost over our heads, mount the hill and enter a pretty bit of woodland, with rhododendrons bordering the road. Soon we reach the reservoir and the region known as "Pipetown." Here, if so inclined, the art of "How not to do it" in pipe-laying may be studied, for these great pipes have lain here many-a-year, rusting away and serving as an occasional lodging-house for tramps. The unfinished reservoir rises beyond like a great fortress, to remind us how city debts can be piled up. But there is no use moralizing, and instead we will go along over the beautiful green west of the reservoir, and out to the river again at Mount Pleasant, to see the old house where Benedict Arnold once lived, and while getting a drink of milk join the curious crowd who are studying the mysteries of the "Dairy." Most of these people know that cows produce milk, but they are in doubt as to how it is got out of the animal, some having an idea that a tail may be given a cow, not only to switch flies, but also to serve as a pump-handle.

THE SCENE AT EDGELY.

We are only two miles from Fairmount, but it is a paradise apparently far away from any city, and as we go farther
on past Rockland and Ormiston the rural beauties increase. Crossing the pretty ravine and mounting the hill to Edgely, little lunch- and picnic-parties are passed, camped out under the trees in cosey nooks, while the children run over the green grass and enjoy themselves. A short walk brings us to the brink of the river on top of the bluff at Edgely, and at an elevation of perhaps a hundred feet gives one of the most glorious views to be found near Philadelphia,—a gentle scene, that will please as well as the bolder scenery of more loudly-praised localities. The Schuylkill, as we look up-stream, curves around towards the left, with green hill-sides on either hand. Little boats dot the water, and an occasional steamer passes far beneath us laden with pleasure-seekers. Far off in the distance is the Falls village, with its railroad bridge, the arches making complete circles as they are reflected in the water, while above, the white steam puffs from what looks like a little toy locomotive, it is so far away. In the foreground the Park drive climbs Strawberry Hill, and beyond are the white tombs of Laurel Hill, embosomed in foliage. Serenely quiet, excepting where the silence is broken by the roar of a passing train, here is a lovely spot to rest and feed upon the glorious view. Across, on the opposite bank, the carriages, looking like insects, can be seen slowly creeping up the slope towards Chamounix. For perfect rural beauty, with wood and water scenery, this cannot be excelled in its own character of subdued landscape anywhere; yet here it is, with its fame unsung, at our own doors.

Reluctantly leaving this beautiful place let us go down Strawberry Hill to the road along the river-bank, where the fast trotters dart swiftly by us and the policemen have their hands full to prevent horse-racing. It is sultry usually along this low-lying road, for the hills keep off the breeze, and the perspiring visitor mournfully recalls last winter's ice gage, when the great ice-cakes brought down by the freshet covered over most of this road and broke to pieces much of its pretty rustic fence. Above the precipitous rocks and hollowed out within them are the tombs of Laurel Hill, while young people romantically inclined seek jutting crags to sit upon, as a pretty young lady did whose blood-red umbrella almost dazzled me in the sunlight, as she sat far above, at the foot
of a tree. We go along by the "willows" over a beautiful section of roadway, and under the arch of the railway bridge, past the regions of "catfish and waffles," and the rocks in the river that once made the "Falls," but are now chiefly available as seats for the youths with fish-lines who wait patiently for "bites" they seldom get. Turning into the open wooden bridge we cross the river and study the deliberate character of canal navigation, as viewed on the opposite shore, where the patient mules coax the boat-loads of coal down-stream to a market. In front a little brook comes down the hill and rushes over a cascade of rocks into the river. We mount the hill, passing through the woods and alongside the curved dam that is thrown across the brook, making a higher waterfall, and on top of the hill discover another glorious view.

CHAMOUNIX AND GEORGE'S HILL.

Standing on this eminence the Reading Railroad, with its passing trains, is almost beneath our feet, and its coal-dust-marked roadway can be traced out in black lines far off in both directions. Beyond is the river, with its bridges, and opposite is the thriving village of the Falls,—a city in miniature, looking like a lot of little models of houses, set up in rows on the hill-side, so that if one toppled over it would knock down the whole town like so many rows of bricks. To the right is Laurel Hill, a forest of snow-white monuments extending down the river until shut out by the edge of the picture. To the left, the Schuylkill stretches far away northward, past the densely-wooded ravine of the Wissahickon and its high bridge, while the tall chimneys of the Manayunk mills are shut in by a background of hazy hills in the distance. Fields, woods, and an occasional ornate villa make up the border to this pretty scene. This is Chamounix,—modest, it is true, when compared with its Swiss namesake, and much warmer in summer weather, for there is no snow on the peaks around, but its old house is in a picturesque spot. We are told that one of its owners, when forced to leave this beautiful place, died of a broken heart.

Turning towards the city we pass along the hill-tops, Girard College being seen far away across the river, and also the brown sides of the reservoir, with Lemon Hill Observatory
apparently mounting guard as it stands out against the sky. Going over the farm-land, as yet unimproved, and past the little water-tanks, where the road-sprinklers get their supplies, a steady panorama of pretty views is unfolded on the Schuylkill. We skirt along the dilapidated fences bearing the signs that say "Horses taken to pasture," and coming out by Christ Church Hospital go to George's Hill. Here is a garden-spot, the shrubbery and flower-beds forming a proper frame for the beautiful view from the top of the Concourse. This hill gives the most extended scene in the Park, marred only by the absence of water scenery. Looking over the stately Total Abstinence Fountain in the foreground, and beyond the Centennial Buildings, there is spread out the great city, with its subdued hum of industry, its myriad smokes from factory chimneys, and its distant border made by the hazy land of Jersey. On the green fields and mazy footwalks people are scattered like so many ants, creeping slowly about, singly or in twos and threes, while the swift-rushing locomotive and slow-moving horse-car, off to the right, indicate the different kinds of land navigation. Within the past ten years, the houses of the town have been steadily encroaching upon this grand view, and before long they will completely encircle George's Hill.

BELMONT AND SWEETBRIER.

Now let us descend the hill past St. George's House, England's Centennial gift to Philadelphia, and proceed towards the river again, reaching it at Belmont. Here, in the olden time, Judge Peters entertained the most famous men of his day, and, as they sat on his porch at Belmont Mansion and looked down the beautiful Schuylkill at the distant city, they thought it the most superb of views. Gradually the city came towards his farm, first throwing Columbia bridge across the river at his feet, then capturing his home for a pleasure-ground, and afterwards building the two bridges at Girard Avenue, which look so pretty in the distance, as the sheet of placid water spreads towards them, and the Cathedral dome, the new City Hall, and the Masonic Hall tower all rise above. Away off, over the town, the observer who is on a sufficient elevation can occasionally detect the white sails of vessels moving on the Delaware. But we must hasten on towards
the city, loitering a few minutes to see the Horticultural Building, with its tropical foliage and plants inside, and its pretty flower-gardens outside; past the "Lovers' Retreat" and "Lansdowne Ravine," with their shady footpaths, under the thick foliage, and the river view from the Lansdowne bridge. Still we hasten towards town, across the "Sweetbrier Vale," where the road winds down the hill on one side and up on the other, and where the children are supposed, from the sign, to have their playground, but where full-grown children are usually playing croquet. Over the bridge at Girard Avenue we go into the city with crowds of pedestrians, heavily-laden cars, and quickly-moving carriages, and in along the Park road past the "Mineral Spring," whose water is mildly suggestive of rusty nails and disused tomato-cans, but still is better-tasted, if not so famous, as the waters of Saratoga or Baden. We pass the little goat-wagons and flying-horses and swings, around which admiring children cluster, and the large beer-breweries beyond the Park boundary that attract the older folk, and, reaching the starting-point at Fairmount, the day's tour is over.

Do not suppose that this exhausts the attractions of the Park. Weeks can be profitably occupied in its exploration on foot or horseback or in carriage. It constantly develops new beauties to him who searches them out, while for him who cannot spare the time or money for more extended recreation it presents an unfailing field for summer rambles near home.

II.

LAUREL HILL.

TO FAIRMOUNT AND BEYOND.

There is a mournful yet pleasant attraction in a burial-ground for a large part of human kind. They seek its solace and solitude to meditate, to deck the graves of loved ones with flowers, and to commune with spirits that have gone before. Every large city has its favorite burial-place, but none
a more famous one than Laurel Hill. Let us take to-day's ramble there. Thirty years ago a popular guide-book told the public how to get to Laurel Hill in these words: "The Third and Coates Street line of omnibuses leaves the Exchange every eight minutes for Fairmount, where it connects immediately on Coates Street with Bender and Wright's Schuylkill boats for Mount Pleasant, Laurel Hill Cemetery, and Manayunk." Those omnibuses and those boats are no more. The horse-cars have superseded the one, and the Fairmount Steamboat Company's fine line of Schuylkill steamers the other. Then the Wire Bridge and the Fairmount Water-Works were the two wonders of Philadelphia, but both have been eclipsed by later bridges and improved pumping machinery. Then there was no Fairmount Park, and the Schuylkill flowed between banks that were the country homes of opulent citizens. At Lemon Hill was Pratt's Garden, and the Zoological Garden was "Solitude," once the country home of John Penn. The inclined plane, where the steam-cars from the west end of Columbia bridge were hauled up the hill by machinery to the Columbia Railroad, was then in full operation. On the western shore, above Columbia bridge, and opposite Peters' Island, and now dwarfed by the Park offices near by, is the little stone cottage, with the overhanging roof, where tradition says the poet Tom Moore lived when in Philadelphia. Tom Moore was here for ten days in the summer of 1804, and his ballad—

"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
   Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, 'If there's peace to be found in the world,
   A heart that was humble might hope for it here'"

is said to have been written at and about this cottage. His letters show that while he generally disliked most of our country as seen on his journey, he found an oasis of kindness in Philadelphia, and was delighted with Quaker City hospitality. He composed an ode to the Schuylkill, its natural beauties having greatly impressed him, from which I quote the following:

"Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer roved,
   And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;
But far, very far, were the friends that he loved,
   And he gazed on its flowery banks with a sigh!"
“The stranger is gone,—but he will not forget,
When at home he shall talk of the toil he has known,
To tell with a sigh what endearments he met,
As he strayed by the wave of the Schuylkill alone!”

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

The steamer stops just above, on the eastern bank, at Laurel Hill. Let us enter and walk about among its tombs and statues and monuments, the white marble, as the sun shines upon it, contrasting beautifully with the green grass and foliage. As in sympathy with the place we recall the history of the past, the memory goes back to the foundation of this cemetery forty-five years ago, and the ten years of struggling against ill fortune that were necessary to establish it. Before 1836, excepting in Ronaldson’s Cemetery, the burials of our people were mainly in church-yards. Laurel Hill was the name of the estate at Edgely, on the Schuylkill, in the Park, a mile below, and this cemetery site was the country-seat of a prominent merchant in the olden time, Joseph Sims. His home was bought; the name of the estate at Edgely was given it; and this, in 1836, was the foundation of Laurel Hill Cemetery, now extended till it covers nearly a hundred acres. As we proceed through the cemetery there are seen the most beautiful views along the Schuylkill; the winding walks and terraced slopes and ravines giving constantly-changing landscapes. Few burial-places in the world can compare with this; and Greenwood, at Brooklyn, is its only superior. The Necropolis, at Glasgow, built upon the hill-side, resembles Laurel Hill somewhat, but lacks the beauty of our clear atmosphere and the Schuylkill water views. Père La Chaise, at Paris, the most famous of cemeteries, cannot compare with Laurel Hill in beauty, while the French system of interment is so different from ours, that its vaults, and little houses, and tinsel ornaments are totally unlike our mounded graves, white stones, and floral tributes. After moving about among the tombs, and getting glimpses of views over the river through the trees, we cross the pretty little bridge spanning the lane dividing the cemetery, and pass the mausoleums built into the hill-sides or upon the rocks. Some of these and some of the lot enclosures have been made at immense cost, rivalling in ex-
pensiveness, if not in ornamentation, the tombs of the Doges of Venice, that fill up so many of the churches in the Italian city.

THE GRAVES AT LAUREL HILL.

Here is the Disston Mausoleum, built on a jutting eminence, so that it can be seen miles away, and the placid river flows in front and far below, the green fields sloping up on the opposite bank in picturesque beauty. In front of this monument is one of those grand views along the Schuylkill, such as few public parks in other cities can present. The river curves around like a bow. To the southward and far off over the Columbia bridge are the Centennial Buildings, closing the scene in the hazy distance. To the northward are the pretty arches of the Falls bridge and the village beyond. Many feet below us the carriages glide along the Park road on the edge of the water, and on the opposite bank a noisy railway train marks its flight by a long streak of black smoke. Far above the train, stands in solitude among the trees the lonely house on top of Chamounix hill. Continuing the walk a little farther up, the ponderous granite-work of lot enclosure is going on, occupying the labor of a detachment of stone-masons with derrick and catamaran, a task equal to building a house. The terraced walks here curve around like the rising banks of seats in a Roman amphitheatre, the intermediate spaces filled with graves. Here, alongside of John Sergeant, is the modest tomb of General Meade. Away down by the river-bank, and in a plain unmarked sepulchre cut out of the solid rock, lies the Arctic explorer, Dr. Kane. A single shaft, on a little eminence near by, marks the grave of Charles Thomson, the Secretary of the Continental Congress. Just above this, a piece of rough rock bearing an urn and a stringless lyre tells on a little shield that there lies beneath all that remains of Joseph C. Neal, the "Charcoal Sketcher," one of the brightest journalists of a former generation. Walking farther northward the view along the river, above the Falls, opens, and here, in bronze, sits Cresson, the artist, who, though the inscription says he was "a lover of art," could not have gotten a better resting-place in which to study the beauties of nature.
The cemetery is full of the graves of famous men of a former generation. Near the entrance a plain shaft marks the resting-place of Thomas Godfrey, the inventor of the mariner's quadrant. Not far away is the tribute to Commodore Hull, whose Roman altar tomb is surmounted by the eagle which defends the American flag, with every expression of beak and talons. Hull commanded the "Constitution" and startled the world by her capture of the British frigate "Guerriere," in 1812. Adjacent a flat slab covers Chief Justice Thomas McKean. General Hugh Mercer is buried on the open space fronting the chapel, his remains having been removed here from Christ Church-yard, with unusual pomp, in 1840, while the St. Andrew's Society erected the monument over the hero who fell at Princeton. Julius Friedlander, the founder of the Institution for the Blind, is interred beneath a plain monument. The graves of Frederick Graefi, the designer of the Fairmount Water-Works; of Major Twiggs, who fell in the Mexican War; of Thomas Buchanan Read, the poet-artist; and of William Bradford, are also in Laurel Hill, while near the latter the genial Louis A. Godey is entombed in a stately mausoleum. But of the thousands of well-known Philadelphians whose last homes are about us, there is not room in this hasty sketch to write. Loving hands deck their graves and keep their memories green. As we proceed there is ample chance to study the changes that a half-century has made in our system of grave decoration, and how the plain slab and tombstone have gradually developed into the magnificent mausoleums and monuments of to-day. The walk finally brings us to the northern limit of the cemetery, overlooking the Falls village, and one cannot help thinking of how many are lying in this beautiful place who, even while living, came here to select a favorite spot wherein to rest when dead.

OLD MORTALITY.

Turning to go out, we pause near the entrance, and find facing the gate Thom's "Old Mortality" group, under an ornamental temple. Here is the quaint old Scotchman reclining on a gravestone and chipping out the half-effaced letters of the inscription, while the little pony patiently waits alongside him, for his master and Sir Walter Scott, who sits on
another tomb, to finish their discourse. Sir Walter and the pony are carved from American stone quarried near Newark, while the old pilgrim on the grave came from Scotland. The group is an appropriate decoration, and were it in Edinburgh how the Scots would treasure it! Not long ago the voritable "Old Mortality" of Laurel Hill was gathered unto his fathers. The venerable John Conway, who had been employed there almost since the opening of the cemetery, and who had become an octogenarian in its service, passing his declining years in wandering about, scythe in hand, like Father Time, fixing up and improving the graves in this beautiful home of the dead, finally succumbed last May like all of us must. He is to-day laid among the thousands at whose funerals he had for nearly a half-century assisted.

III.

THE WISSAHICKON.

A PLEASANT MORNING RIDE.

Let us start on a bright morning and drive out Broad Street behind a pair of nimble white horses. North Broad Street looks like a reduced edition of the Paris Champs Elysées Avenue with its ornamental gardens and fine residences, and the borders of bright green trees. The house-servants, in true Philadelphia style, are splashing the water over the pavements and watching furtively for the policeman who may have a regard for the city ordinance that ought to stop the deluge at seven a.m., but sometimes don't. We go past Monument Cemetery and turn westward on Park Avenue, which gives a good view, though at some distance, of the Washington and Lafayette Monument. This street runs through a region that not long ago was almost entirely the domain of nomadic tribes of goats and geese, but is now to a great extent built up with rows of comfortable houses. It is, however, very rough riding at present on Park Avenue. The relics of the wooden pavement are full of holes, here and there
patched with stones, giving plenty of exercise which may be good for digestion, but is uncomfortable. Droves of lazy pigs are coming into town taking up the entire street and sidewalks, as these useful animals usually do, and cows ruminate among the ash-heaps on the vacant lots, endeavoring to find an excuse from the occasional patches of grass to give "pure country milk." We soon reach the regions of the dead, through which the effort is making to have Park Avenue opened, and, it is to be hoped, decently paved. We pass the Odd-Fellows' and Mechanics' Cemeteries, and, turning into Ridge Avenue, the Glenwood. This leads to a semi-rural region, where buildings are scattered about, with plenty of intervening space for more, and where the stone-cutters and florists—attracted by the cemeteries—are numerous. Leaving the East Park, with its pretty hedges of japonica, we pass Laurel Hill and Mount Vernon Cemeteries, and go through the busy Falls village, devoted to carpet-weaving.

A MINIATURE ALPINE GORGE.

We are taking this ride to seek the Wissahickon, which has been not inaptly termed a section cut from Switzerland. This ravine lies between Leverington and Roxborough on the one hand, and Germantown, Mount Airy, and Chestnut Hill on the other. If this gorge were near Boston every New England poet would go wild over it, and, were it really located in Switzerland, Philadelphia pilgrims who never venture near it now would feel in duty bound to take it in as part of the "grand tour." Leaving the Falls village, we turn in from the edge of the Schuylkill, alongside the attractive picnic-ground at Riverside Park, and go under the uncouth railroad high bridge, elevated one hundred feet above us, with the extra sets of wooden trestles and stone buttresses, a construction of sometimes doubted strength, but always certain ugliness, which it is gratifying to know is soon to be replaced by a substantial new stone bridge. Rounding a sharp rocky corner, we are at once amid the beauties of the Wissahickon ravine. Roads wind along on either side of the still waters, between high wooded hills, clad as nature made them. The first bend of the stream discloses a pretty view, with row-boats on the water, but the banks are almost deserted, for it is morning, and few carriages or pedestrians
have yet come out. Halting at Maple Spring, a look is taken at the late Joseph Smith's strange museum. Mr. Smith, who died at the ripe old age of eighty-one, about two years ago, had a genius for fantastic carving. Out of the roots of the laurel, which produce such tortuous shapes, he has fashioned every imaginable strange figure and caricature of beast, bird, and reptile, and made a museum which is one of the curiosities of the country. He had wonderful skill in taking a laurel-root, detecting a fantastic resemblance, and then, with very little change in its original shape, making it the representative of a living or imagined thing. This museum contains the most remarkable collection of devils thus made, including the representative devils of all countries. Mr. and Mrs. Beelzebub sit on either hand, and their son is riding a galloping horse. There are monkeys, birds, rats, snakes, elephants' heads and trunks, the heads of prominent men, and all of them are the original and scarcely-changed roots. The place is full of such fancies, some fashioned into picture-frames or flower-baskets, and to each of the curiosities this professor of "rootology" attached a quaint and amusing history. His museum at Maple Spring remains just as he left it, and is one of the attractions of the Park. Behind the house pours down, in steady stream, the pure spring-water that gives the place its name.

THE HERMIT OF THE WISSAHICKON.

Resuming the journey up the ravine, we come to the "Old Log Cabin Bridge," which, with its attendant wild scenery, has been for many years the subject of the artist's pencil. Near by a lane leads to the "Hermit's Pool," where the eccentric "Hermit of the Wissahickon," John Kelpius, almost two centuries ago, dug his well and made his home; preached to his disciples of the near approach of the Millennium; and finally, casting his magical "wisdom-stone" into the stream, died in 1704, to the great relief of his Quaker neighbors, who did not relish such alchemy in close proximity to the city of Penn. The region is a weird spot, and the old hotel near the Log Cabin bridge, that was in former days the resort of such lively parties, has many a pleasant memory for its visitors. It has been swept away by the progress of Park improvements, but its frequenters will not soon forget the in-
genuity with which the landlord increased his trade by keep-
ing a sheepish-looking bear chained to a tree, with a sign—

"This bear drinks sarsaparilla."
"N.B.—Sarsaparilla sold at the bar."

That bear became the most expert cork-drawer of his time, but he must have succumbed as a martyr to too much drink.

The stream winds between its rocky, wooded banks, the water rippling over the stones, and just above, the gorge makes a right-angled bend, the road going over a stone bridge, near which a couple of fishermen were waiting for a long-
delayed nibble. The creek must, by this time, be almost fished out, yet there are rumors of an occasional gold-fish being caught. We cross the "Little Red Bridge," which is constructed much after the pattern of Noah's Ark, and con-
tinue up the western bank. The view broadens somewhat as the top of the gorge widens, and but for the absence of snow-capped peaks you might almost imagine yourself in a Swiss valley, instead of a few miles out of Philadelphia. Long vistas open occasionally as the gorge bends, while the creek narrows as we ascend. The water ripples down the cascades and makes plenty of noise. Little streams fall in, and at intervals a break in the woods discloses a field with cattle pasturing on the hill-side. Were the Wissahickon in Europe it would be dignified with the name of a river, and it really brings down more water than many a famous river of the Old World. It is probably about the only stream of its size in the United States whose navigation improvement is not taken care of by Congress in the River and Harbor Bill.

INDIAN ROCK AND GERMANTOWN.

We ride under the pipe bridge that was thrown across the gorge about ten years ago to carry water from Roxborough to Germantown, and which, with its inverted arches, looks as if turned upside down, and see another red bridge, with only about two-thirds the usual allowance of roof, the wind hav-
ing blown the rest away. Passing the Valley Green, where ducks paddle about under the trees, and a pretty single-arch stone bridge spans the stream, we go by the paper mills, the life of that manufacture being clear water. The gorge still lengthens out before us as we move on steadily up-hill and
pass the Indian Rock. Here tradition tells of a romantic Indian maiden—name unknown—who jumped from away up on the side of the gorge—date not mentioned—and buried her sorrows in the water far below. I tell the harrowing tale as it was told to me, although unable to verify the story. Thus the gorge continues up to Chestnut Hill, beyond which the creek flows through meadow-land before it enters the ravine. The many springs and little streams that come out on the sides of the gorge give a plentiful supply for drinking-fountains and water-tanks. Below Indian Rock, about thirty years ago, kind hands set up an attractive little fountain on the rocky roadside, and inscribed it "Pro Bono Publico," with the noble wish, expressed at its base, "Esto Perpetua." The moss-covered rocks and overhanging trees make this perpetual spring a cool resort in sweltering weather.

Turning back and crossing the stone bridge, we toil laboriously up the hill, out of the ravine. The road is rough and needs improvement. Wissahickon Avenue thus winds up through another pretty gorge, with a little stream rippling down alongside. This very bad thoroughfare brings us to Mount Airy, and we turn towards the city. The Germantown Avenue paving is in this portion better cared for than it used to be, but is still imperfect. Going southeast past the ancient Mermaid Inn, we entered picturesque Germantown, with its charming villas interspersed with old-time houses. Heavy teams toil along the dusty road, showing that, in spite of railways, wagon traffic still supplies a large section of the northern suburbs. Striking the Belgian pavement in upper Germantown, the carriage rolls smoothly along the car-tracks, and it can be remarked how much this place looks like an English provincial town, with its stone and stucco houses, peaked roofs and gables, and the comparative scarcity of red brick buildings. The frequent trees beautify the avenue, and with the villas make it attractive. We pass various old and famous houses, not to forget the Chew mansion and the Germantown Telegraph office, with Major Freas's fruit garden alongside; the pretty little ivy-entwined church, and the public school, with the yardful of playing children, and ride down the hill towards Nicetown, where the Midvale Steel-Works, off to the right, are making a terrible smoke. Then, under the two open railway bridges, where locomotives
rush over us, and, for a moment, frighten the horses. Below Nicetown we turn into the very dusty race-track known as North Broad Street, on which the festive horsemen exercise their ponies, and the rest of the travellers bewail the want of water-sprinklers and good paving. Coming into town the morning ride is ended.

IV.

UP THE DELAWARE RIVER.

A STEAMBOAT JOURNEY.

There is no summer recreation more pleasant than a ride on the river. It is healthful and invigorating, and the cool breezes of a trip over the water have been known to preserve life. Many a mother has saved her sick child by taking it a steamboat ride. The Delaware gives especial opportunity for this, and we will take our recreation to-day by a ride up the river. Several fine steamers are ready to carry us,—the "Columbia," the "Twilight," the "Edwin Forrest," and others, and we will take the "Forrest," for it goes the farthest, all the way to Trenton, forty miles by water, though much less by land. The scenery of the Delaware, above Philadelphia, is attractive for every one who likes beautiful shores lined with villas, pretty woods, and cultivated fields, but the banks are usually low, scarcely rising into prominence excepting at Florence Heights. The frequent bends and coves and little towns give it many charms, and the river excursions are always popular.

The steamboat "Edwin Forrest," at Arch Street wharf, after considerable commotion among the other steamers clustering around the wharf, and some piercing shrieks from steam-whistles, goes out into the stream and turns her prow northward. Captain Cone directs her movements in the pilot-house forward, on top of which stands Forrest himself, as the Indian chief Metamora, aiming his musket ahead of the steamboat. She glides swiftly along, past the vessels at the piers, the acres of lumber-yards in the neighborhood of
Poplar and Shackamaxon Streets, and the nest of iron-mills and ship-building yards at Kensington, where the clouds of black smoke give evidence of a big business. At Cramp's yard and above a dozen vessels are building and repairing, for here is the Philadelphia hospital for sick steamers, while over on the Jersey shore, at Cooper's Point, they have a similar infirmary for disabled schooners. The river sweeps grandly around towards the northeast, as the boat runs between Port Richmond and Petty's Island, with the black coal-wharves and a forest of loading vessels' masts passing in review on the left hand, and the huge new grain elevator towering up above, a landmark for the whole river front. In midstream, dredges are deepening the channel so that large vessels can easier get in and out the Port Richmond docks, as an enormous trade is developing here. Farther on are the gas-works, with long trestles extending out to the water's edge for coal-landing, this being one of the institutions where favored local statesmen are employed at snug salaries and easy hours to "wheel out smoke." Over on the Jersey shore, nestling among the trees in the cove above Cooper's Point, is the Tammany Fish-House, where they make scientific investigations of the seductive liquid known as "Fish-House punch." The shores are low on either bank, and approaching Bridesburg we cross "Five-Mile Bar," where the shallow water impedes navigation and needs government attention. Bridesburg is low-lying, with its houses and arsenal half covered with trees, while above them tower Fitler's new cordage-mills, an immense structure, with an unfinished smoke-stack, looking not unlike some grand cathedral in the distant view. The attractive water-works building is near by on the river-bank.

Tacony and Torresdale.

On the stream are long tows of coal-barges, bound to and from the canals at Bristol and Bordentown. At least a dozen will be dragged behind a sad-looking, slow-moving, but powerful towboat, while others cluster around the little tugs that puff along in lively fashion. Occasionally a lazy sailing craft tacks across the channel, and makes the steamboat change her course to get out of the way. Bridesburg gradually dissolves into Tacony, with the extensive improvements made
by the Disstons; and here is seen the once busy but now almost idle wharf and station where formerly the New York passengers were transferred between boat and train. Next the huge House of Correction rises on the left hand, while on the opposite shore is the pretty town of Riverton, with its attractive villas on the river-bank. The House of Correction farm extends for a mile along the shore, a series of well-kept lawns, gardens, and fields, with an occasional bit of woodland. Above this the boat approaches and stops at Torresdale. This is one of the most beautiful spots on the Delaware, villas lining the shore, with neat lawns under the trees, and the green bank abruptly sloping down to the water's edge, where nearly every place has its boat-house, some of them quite ornamental structures. Little boys are dabbling in the water, over the sides of little boats, and you feel like escaping from the boat by jumping in beside them and then creeping up the bank to lie under the trees. The lucky people who live there can look across at the Jersey shore, where the Rancocas comes in between its low mud-banks, and far up this creek can see the railway drawbridge, where once a train plunged through and killed a large part of its passengers. Above the Rancocas are Riverside and Delanco, and a succession of attractive country-seats line both shores. On the Pennsylvania side is Andalusia, with the Chestnut Grove excursion-ground back of the landing.

BEVERLY, BURLINGTON, AND BRISTOL.

Soon we come to one of the most popular Jersey towns on the river, Beverly, around which the Delaware winds beautifully, the wharf being on a point jutting out into the stream, while above is as perfect a cove as the eye can find, the villas and sloping green banks giving evidence of the wealth and taste of their owners. On the upper part of the cove the bluff shore rises a little, and here (the river-men say) live the "high-toners" of Beverly, their settlement being known as Edgewater. They are evidently people of good taste, both in their selection of homes and their adornments. Beverly used to be "Dunk's Ferry," while Edgewater was "Woodlane," and there still live Jerseymen who have sucked straws at its former cider-press, and as they did so looked over the river at the mouth of the broad Neshaminy. The
river-banks wind on both sides, making a succession of pretty coves, and as we ascend, the stream gradually narrows, becoming quite contracted as the steamboat approaches Burlington, a town apparently almost hidden by the trees. On the Pennsylvania shore is a smooth beach, the location of the old Badger Shad Fishery. Above this the river broadens, forming two channels around Burlington Island, the town of Burlington being on the right hand, and Bristol over in a cove on the left, with the low wooded shore of the island between. Burlington is a thickly-built town, extending some distance along the river, and having several boat-landings. It has a ferry to Bristol, with a little odd-looking ferry-boat. As we approached, this craft with its thin smoke-pipe on one side was steaming across the river. Our steamer landed some passengers and freight, and then followed the little ferry-boat over to Bristol, which is clustered along the cove, with a standpipe rising above the trees at the upper end, and quite a number of old-time houses on the bank, while at the lower part of the town the Delaware Division Canal comes out to the river, bringing its traffic down from the Lehigh coal region. As we neared the landing, the powerful tow-boat “Bristol” was making a long sweep around with its trail of at least a dozen empty barges, getting them into position to enter the canal. Mill Creek comes into the Delaware at Bristol, and the town is one of the most ancient on the river. It was the first county-seat of Bucks County, the original court-house having been built of logs, and replaced by a brick building as early as 1705. Its St. James’ Episcopal Church was built in 1712 and its Quaker meeting-house in 1714. The river-bank above Bristol has been much improved of late years by the erection of new houses, so that now it is quite picturesque. Here begin the broad acres of the Landreth seed-farm, at Bloomsdale, which extends along the Pennsylvania shore for a great distance, and back from the river as far as the eye can see. The farm covers, I am told, six hundred acres, and presents a succession of fine houses and gardens, beautiful foliage and fruit-trees, and highly cultivated fields.

CAMDEN AND AMBOY.

The Delaware River, as we all know, is not a very straight-running stream. Above here it makes a sudden bend to the
right, changing from northwest to northeast, and beginning a series of gyrations that continue for miles. Across a tongue of land the smokes of Trenton can be seen scarcely four miles away, yet the crooked river makes us almost turn our backs upon it and pursue a tortuous course of fourteen miles to reach the town. Here are the Hellings' ice-houses for fruit storage and preservation, and just above Dr. Morwitz, of the German Democrat, has a country home, where he retires to meditate the purchase of more newspapers to add to the large number he already possesses. Tullytown is in the distance, and some of its people came out to the river to see the steamboat stop at the little wharf. Opposite, the river's sharp bend is made around Florence Point and its foundry, while above, the bluffs along the shore gradually rise into Florence Heights, once a noted excursion-ground, but now eclipsed by more modern resorts. The Pennsylvania shore, above Tullytown, is that region of fine farms and high cultivation known as Penn's Manor, and the locality where his country-house formerly stood is still pointed out, near the river-bank. This house was a marvel in its day; it covered sixty by forty feet, and Penn resided in it in 1700 and 1701, until he left for England. He never returned to America, and before the Revolution the house, which had fallen into decay, was taken down. Before the beginning of the present century the entire estate at Penn's Manor had been sold out of the Penn family.

Droves of cows and calves come down to the water's edge at Florence landing, and the cove above is filled with lumber rafts. The Heights rise up apparently like a small mountain, the shores we have passed being so low. Above here the river widens and becomes very shallow, the channel being close to the Jersey shore. On these shallows fine ice is harvested, and the Knickerbocker Company has put up large ice-houses on the banks to store it. Here the broad Kinkora Creek comes in, where, in the days anterior to railroads, the boat transferred the New York passengers to the stages that took them across Jersey. A remnant of the old wharf still remains. The river again becomes narrow, and around a bend to the left is seen White Hill, on the Jersey shore, a busy place in years gone by, for here are the abandoned Camden and Amboy Railroad shops stretching along the bank
with the railroad alongside them. Their occupation has been
gone since the Pennsylvania Railroad's assumption of the
New Jersey lines, but they are to be given new life by other
parties as a locomotive-works. A bluff shore rises behind
the shops, and at White Hill landing, as we stopped a mo-
moment, a little girl on a canal-boat was engaged in hanging out
the family wash, while a boy stood by with his hands in his
pockets, possibly wondering whether he might not get a suf-
cient start in life on that canal-boat to become a second
Garfield.

Just above the White Hill shops Crosswick's Creek flows
into the Delaware, making a pretty depression between the
hills, with the steeples of Bordentown seen up the creek in
the distance. On the left hand rises the bold shore of Bona-
parte's Park, while on both sides of the creek the railway
runs, up to that odd station at Bordentown, where the ears
for Amboy go under the ancient railway office and the street
in front. This was a famous place in the olden time. The
railway magnates assembled there to rule the Commonwealth
that our ancestors called the "State of Camden and Amboy," and
here with their through lines running under the old
house in which they met, they controlled the politics of New
Jersey and declared magnificent dividends. I remember
attending a Camden and Amboy annual meeting when a boy,
on the day when the news arrived from England by steamer
of the result of the famous Heenan and Sayres prize-fight,
an event in which America took much interest. The train
with the New York papers ran under the house, and an ex-
cited railway magnate getting a copy of the New York Herald,
the proceedings were suspended while he read the account of
the fight. But the glory has departed from the old house
over the station. Its people no longer pull the Jersey rail-
road wires.

DIFFICULT NAVIGATION.

At Crosswick's Creek the Delaware and Raritan Canal begins
its course, running up alongside the river to Trenton, and
then across Jersey to New Brunswick. This is one of the
great canals of the country, carrying a heavy tonnage, chiefly
of coal, and forming the inside water route between Phila-
delphia and New York. The railway that runs along the
canal-bank was formerly the great route of travel between the two cities, but it is now superseded by the shorter line crossing the Delaware at South Trenton. Dredges are endeavoring to improve the canal entrance, and have done good work below, but do not seem to have accomplished much above, where one was at work when we passed. The river-shores here are low, and we came in sight of Trenton at the shallow place, about three miles below the town, known as Periwig Island Bar. Here there is not over two and a half feet depth at low water, and to get over these shallows, the "Edwin Forrest" has to make her voyages according to the tides, timing her movements so as to reach Trenton just at high water. She does not draw over five feet, yet, to get through this difficult place, she has to slow speed and make zigzag turns. There has been considerable work done here at dredging, but it does not seem to have accomplished much permanent good, as the ice in winter sweeps back the gravel dredged out of the channel and deposited on the adjacent shore. The passage through which the steamer can go is barely eighty feet wide, requiring careful navigation. Last winter the ice jammed on this bar, and when the spring freshet came down it made a new channel across Penn's Manor, the water coming out near Tullytown. The twisting river, with its pretty shores, makes attractive scenery below Trenton, and by a bend to the right the railway bridge across the Delaware is opened up. We pass Morris Island, a favorite excursion-ground for Trenton, and go through clear water over a rocky bottom, where, in the season, they catch most delicious shad, better than in the less pure waters below. Trenton appears a low-lying town, with a few steeples showing up above the pretty little Riverview Cemetery on the right hand, and on the Pennsylvania shore is Morrisville, named after Robert Morris, who had his country home there, while it was also for three years the place of exile of the French General Moreau. Big rafts float along, interfering with the steamboat movements in the narrow channel. Huge iron- and steel-works line the river-bank, above which and almost up to the railroad bridge is the wharf where the journey stops. We land with the other passengers; freight comes off and goes on; a new lot of travellers embark, including an itinerant band with harp, hand-organ, and monkey;
the steamboat swings around, and soon starts off on her trip back to Philadelphia.

THE NEW JERSEY CAPITAL.

Trenton is a thriving city, and will repay a visit. The Assunpink Creek divides it into two sections, and it was one of the earliest settlements of this part of the country, as old as Philadelphia, and named after William Trent, a Jersey lawmaker one hundred and fifty years ago. Historically it is famous for its battle-ground, now built over to such an extent as to seriously interfere with the periodical sham battles of Trenton, with which the patriotic in these parts revive Revolutionary memories. At the last one, the "Hessians," it was noticed, wore the finest clothes and won the most applause. Trenton at present is best known for her Legislature's skill in saving Jerseymen from taxes, and for her Potteries. As New Jersey controls the great line of travel between Philadelphia and New York, the traffic across the State supports the State Government, pays most of the State expenses, and has preserved the Commonwealth almost without debt. We may smile at the "Spaniard," but we pay him toll in the form of "transit dues" every time we cross the State to New York, and he feeds us from his market-gardens, while we eat the victuals on chinaware which usually originates in Trenton, though sometimes bearing marks that look as if it came across the sea. Going about the attractive town, so much of which is made up of fine houses with front gardens, it looks as if Potteries, with their conical kilns, had been dropped down at random, and as if we were in a section of Holland, there are so many canals to cross. The Delaware and Raritan Canal and its feeders manage to make almost every street cross them on little swing drawbridges which quickly open to let the barges pass. The Potteries do a heavy business. There are over twenty of them, some very large, and they make the chinaware of ordinary character that is found in every house. The town is built over beds of clay, and it is no wonder that they can thus dig out of the soil of New Jersey the materials to make three-fourths of the entire crockery manufacture of the country, and can themselves roll up an annual product worth several millions. The English potters have settled here extensively, and, in
some places, they also do the finest decoration. At Dean's rooms, fine specimens of decoration on imported porcelain are to be seen, but the artists are all French and English. In fact, the whole pottery trade for which Trenton is noted seems a section of Europe, set down on our domestic clay-beds, to reproduce here the goods which merchants once brought over the ocean, but can now get at home.

Clinton Street, in Trenton, is a very fine avenue, with attractive houses on either side, and an excellent pavement. The Model School buildings are on this street, near where the "Swamp Angel" cannon, once so destructive at Charleston, is now doing peaceful duty as an ornament for a drinking-fountain. On State Street is the new post-office, which Uncle Sam has recently built at a cost of a half-million, and the old State House, where the Legislature meets to devise methods of making somebody else support the State government. This building fronts the street, with grounds running back to the river, here a shallow stream, its bed filled with rocks and boulders, while farther up State Street is a succession of ornate residences, with ample grounds extending to the river-shore. A few hours spent in going about this city will disclose a thriving community, and then, as the day wears away, we are ready to return home. The homeward journey can be made by steamboat, as we came, or by either of the railroads. We will take the Pennsylvania line, which treats us to the novelty of running under the canals (instead of going over the water as is usually done), and then crosses the Delaware by the great iron bridge. This homeward journey demonstrates the superiority in time of railways over water navigation. The lovely steamboat ride up the Delaware took three hours and a half; the railway brought us home in forty minutes.
ATLANTIC CITY.

V.

ATLANTIC CITY.

A RIDE ACROSS JERSEY.

It has not been many years since New Jersey for a broad space inside of the sandy coast-line consisted of pine barrens, almost uninhabited, excepting by the useful but lonely charcoal burner. Excluding the pines that grew upon them, there could not have been found a better representation of a veritable Sahara than these sandy wastes. But the indomitable spirit of enterprise is fast reclaiming the desert, and thrifty settlements, like oases, are springing up all over it. The establishment of Atlantic City was soon followed by the opening of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, and this, bringing a stream of travel through what before was an almost unknown region, was the beginning of a tidal-wave towards the seaside that now requires three railroads for its accommodation. The opening of the "Jersey Pines" led settlers to seek out the rich soils that were formerly almost unknown, and now the railways are dotted with settlements. After passing the broad belt of garden-land bordering the Delaware, the ride across Jersey to the sea is hardly now the wearying task it used to be. The trains rush through in ninety minutes. After leaving Haddonfield and its broad acres of luxuriant cultivation, Lakeside Park and its pretty excursion-ground are passed. Here a little paradise has been made, where many thousands go for a day's summer recreation. The pretty lake, covering nearly thirty acres, gives a chance for bathing, fishing, and boating, and the sailing pleasures are so much sought that the railway rents out the boating privilege for fifteen hundred dollars a year. East of this was formerly the dreary, dusty waste of pines, but they now are broken up by the settlements, and ultimately, if the present process goes on, will practically disappear. Immense regions have been cleared for cultivating, and thrifty farmers, and fruit- and vine-growers now have possession of
them. To the energy of the American has been added the perseverance of the German, Swiss, and Swede; and Hamiltonton, Egg Harbor City, Vineland, Ellwood, May's Landing; and a dozen other places are known the country over as successful agricultural settlements rescued from the Jersey pines by thrift and hard work. Here grow fruits, berries, and wines equal to any of their class produced anywhere else. New York and Philadelphia eat them and drink them; and the New York gourmand, as he smacks his lips over some of the luscious wines set before him at Gotham's palatial restaurants, labelled as from the Rhine and Moselle, does not know that Egg Harbor produced them, and that the German label on the bottle is—not to put too fine a point upon it—a mistake of the printer. In fact, the greatest wine competition of the world—that of the Paris Exposition of 1878—gave to Julius Hencke, of Egg Harbor, the highest prize for his wines. Thus is the Jersey Sahara being successfully reclaimed.

THE CITY BY THE SEA.

Let us go for our summer ramble to-day across New Jersey to the seacoast, to the watering-place that draws the sea-seeking crowd from Philadelphia as Brighton does from London. Three railroads lead to it, and four ferries across the Delaware feed them. Excepting Coney Island, no American watering-place—in fact, no seacoast resort in the world—attracts the masses like Atlantic City. Even Brighton itself, though it fills up at times with boarders, does not draw the excursionists like this city by the sea. Over thirteen thousand excursionists have gone there in one day, and the summer population at times reaches the large figure of forty thousand. In the height of the season the anxiety to go is such that often it taxes the railway facilities to the utmost, though these facilities are continually being increased. On some days not only has every car of every description been used, with benches put up in freight-cars, but trains have gone out with people standing in aisle and on platforms, and some even on top of the cars. How a hot Saturday empties out Philadelphia seaward can be realized only by those who watch the ferries and the cars. Atlantic City is built on Absecon Beach, a low strip of sand that extends about ten
miles along the coast, north of Egg Harbor, the town being on the northern end of the beach. A narrow inlet north of this divides it from Brigantine Beach and the adjacent islands, while across Egg Harbor, to the southward, is the new settlement on Peck's Beach, known as Ocean City. It is the intention to extend railway facilities all along both beaches, connecting them by a ferry or a drawbridge across the Inlet at Atlantic City, and by establishing a ferry between the south end of Absecon Beach and Ocean City. Of the chain of seacoast settlements along the Jersey ocean-shore, this, as it is now the most populous, seems destined to continue the most popular, and these railway facilities, with individual enterprise, will constantly extend it.

When the train rushes out of the region of the pines to the marshes that border the coast, and the heat and dust are suddenly replaced by the burst of cool, refreshing moist air, laden with the aroma of the sea, the effect is delicious. The three railways, side by side, run across these meadows, and the passenger looks out of the car-windows over the vast level, treeless region, to wonder whether somebody has not dug out with a spade the accurately squared and straight-edged little water-basins, scattered everywhere over it. Then away off on the left hand he sees Atlantic City, a dim and distant mass of low-lying buildings, with an occasional tower or spire raised above the rest. The approach across these meadows is very like the approach to Venice, where the single railway that connects it with Italy is constructed on a causeway over similar salt marshes, and the domes and steeples of the town can be seen afar off over the treeless region, long before the train reaches it. After a sweep around on the meadows, the railway crosses the drawbridge over Beach Thoroughfare, and deposits us at Atlantic City. It is found to be a town of wooden houses built on the sand, with gravelled streets, dusty and dry, with an almost blinding glare of sunlight in the daytime, but having nearly always a cool and refreshing breeze, and an absolutely cold atmosphere at night. It has not the substantial stone and brick buildings and the compact construction of the older foreign watering-places, but then they have nothing in their pebbled and shingled, shelving, and often very steep shores, to compare to its broad and hard sand-beaches.
BRIEF SUMMER RAMBLES.

A RIDE ON THE SANDS.

It is tiresome work walking about in the sun on these hot days, so we will get into one of the Jersey carriages, with horses that look as if they waged perpetual war against the mosquito and green-headed fly, and broad-tired wheels, made to prevent sinking in the sand, and take a survey of the town. We pass the new National Bank and the Chinese laundry just set up by an almond-eyed mandarin named Wagshag, and proceed up Atlantic Avenue. This broad street, one hundred feet wide, runs the full length of the city, and is surveyed all the way down the beach. It is bordered by fine hotels, stores, and lodging-houses, and the railway, with both horse- and steam-cars, is laid along the centre. This railway curves around to the left towards the Inlet, and near here is seen the old frame Atlantic Hotel, which was the first hotel built in the city. Near it an enterprising gentleman is digging a series of excavations in the salt marshes that look like a regular system of miniature canals and docks, and are to be ultimately elaborated into what is known as a "terrapin farm." The ground is spongy underfoot and easily worked, while just beyond surveyors are laying out a new railroad to the Inlet. We go farther, to the edge of the wharf at the Inlet, and find that the tidal action which has been filling in new land on the ocean front has, at the same time, been washing away the shore of the Inlet, while the wind blows the sand in heaps that almost cover the railroad. Across is the dreary waste of sand-bars at Brigantine Point, and between are a few rapidly-moving yachts that "stand over" in the stiff breeze. Vegetation does not flourish here. The few trees are stunted, and the grass, which has a hard struggle for existence against the sand and salt air, is sparse and sickly.

Turning about, we pass through several cross streets, and finally go south along Pacific Avenue. The Life-saving Station is passed, a low reddish building, shingled on the sides as well as the roof, but closed for the season. The signal-officer's house is recognized by the queer instruments up on the roof, the cups that tell the force of the wind rapidly revolving. From here come those tantalizing tele-
ATLANTIC CITY.

grains that aggravate Philadelphia on a hundred-degree day by reporting only sixty or seventy degrees at Atlantic City. The tall light-house tower, with its red and white surface, rises between, the people on the little balcony at the top looking like pigmies, they are so high up. We drive along Pacific Avenue between rows of pretty villas and cottages, with an occasional hammock swung on the porches to aid in passing away a very lazy day. Similar cottages are seen along the cross streets, with frequent new ones going up on the vacant ground. All are built of wood, cellarless, and standing on brick supports, the panels and eaves being prettily painted, while the frequent bow-windows show that that phase of Philadelphia warfare has not yet reached the Jersey coast.

A NEWSBOY'S FORTUNE.

Pacific Avenue leads us to the region of the Excursion houses, where every morning the three railways pour out their loads of transient visitors. Here is a perfect maze of saloons and restaurants, bathing-houses, and amusement places, not to forget the huge circular swings as high as a house; and here are the tens of thousands accommodated who can only give a day to get a breath of fresh air and a dip in the salt water at the seaside. The chief of these, the Sea View House, has been built up into prosperity by a Philadelphia newsboy, John Trenwith, who began life by selling Ledgers, and is now a capitalist worth, they say, at least one hundred thousand dollars. It is a sight to see when in the full tide of business on a big excursion day; and to hear John tell how he first accumulated pennies by selling newspapers, while his brother Tom makes his big black dog, Neptune, stand up and bark to get a cracker. They pay eight thousand dollars a year for the house now, which is pretty good evidence of the business done in the two or three summer months that it can be carried on. Below the Excursion houses the town soon loses itself in the sand-hills, and off the shore the gaunt bones of a wreck stick up, with the waves washing over them. We turn back along the beach, and, as the carriage drives through the edge of the sea, for the tide is coming in and waves pass under the wheels, we look out over the ocean with its green water, and the blue line far away where the sea
fades into the sky. The breakers roll in, curl over, tumble, about in long lines of foam, and, with a steady rear, finally break down and exhaust themselves at our feet. Little bubbles float on their surface, and as they recede a streak of soapsuds marks the line to which they came. The best surf, and consequently the best bathing, is at the southern end of the town, and down towards Egg Harbor.

A broad plank footwalk borders the beach, and bath-houses are dotted all along it. People are lying about on the sand, with umbrellas up, to keep off the sun and wind. Children are digging canals and building forts to be knocked down by the waves, some wading about in long gum boots, and others getting their feet wet as they miscalculate their ability to run away from a wave. Carriages drive along, and occasionally a thin youth balances himself as he goes by, apparently with painful effort to keep himself erect on a bicycle. In this region the new Park bath-house and parlor, built by Mr. George F. Lee, has introduced a comfort in bathing accommodations heretofore unknown at Atlantic City. To the dressing-rooms he has added the attractions of the parlor and the usefulness of the telephone and messenger systems, the house itself being quite an ornamental structure. In the bazar adjoining are all the different kinds of pretty shells picked up on the beach, the proprietor quietly telling me he usually imported his supplies from the West Indies.

THE GREAT BEACON.

There are a few great beacon-lights on the Atlantic Coast that are known by the mariner the world over. One is at Hatteras, others at Cape Ann, Cape Cod, Gay Head, Minot's Ledge, and Nantucket, and another at Absecom. This great Absecom light at Atlantic City, furnished by a Fresnel lens of the first order, which gives a mass of light six feet wide and ten feet high, burns steadily from sunset to sunrise, and can be seen from the deck of a vessel twenty miles at sea. It is a fixed white light exhibited from the top of a tower one hundred and sixty-seven feet high, and is visible all around the horizon. To protect the tower thousands of tons of stone and huge dykes are placed on the seaside, but the washing of the waves seriously threatened it, until, three years ago, a pier was constructed a long distance out to sea, and since
then the land has made, removing the beach hundreds of feet away from the tower and the town. About twenty-five years ago a huge package was sold at auction in New York for unpaid custom duties, and brought about two hundred dollars. It had been consigned in France to a person who had never called for it. Being opened, an immense Fresnel lens, of the highest order, was found, and this is now the Absecon light. It had cost the government about eleven thousand dollars, and they thought it was lost. Let us make this great light-house a visit. Major Wolf, the keeper, lives in a modest brick building at the foot of the tower. He is a bird-fancier, and has a large lattice-work house near by, with almost a hundred pigeons, many of them carriers, and some of them most amusing tumblers, while over the assemblage presides a solemn wild goose. The walks about the grounds are bordered with shells, but even steady coaxing cannot get flowers to grow on the neat grass-plats. We enter the base of the tower and sign the register as a preliminary to the visit. The keeper complains of being lonesome at times, though he has plenty of visitors. Last year over eleven thousand persons climbed the tower, nearly half of them in the month of August, but he is principally lonesome in the winter-time, only twenty coming to see him in January, and they on two days only. But in August they come in droves, and on the 11th of August last year, in the three hours that the tower is open, no less than three hundred and eighty-four persons went up. There was a big excursion that day, and, as the Major tersely expressed it, a good many of his visitors were saturated with "peanuts and mineral water," and made so much dirt that the tower had to be given an extra house-cleaning. As we signed the book, a pretty little rose-breasted grosbeak, which had been caught in the netting outside the lantern, chirped merrily in its cage. Were it not for this netting the birds flying against the lantern at night might break the glass. As it is, many are caught in the netting. The Major said he once caught seven brant at one time, and they had thus captured as many as three hundred birds in a single night.

Let us climb laboriously up the winding stairs of the gradually narrowing tower, and count its two hundred and twenty-eight steps as we ascend. It is a tough job, even for the
keepers who are used to it, and the climber winds around and around the twisted stairway until he gets almost into the condition of the whirling dervish. The stairway finally comes to an end in a little room beneath the lantern, and on a level with the balcony outside the tower. Here they sit at night, serving four-hour watches, and as the tower vibrates in the wind they superintend the light above. We go up into the lantern and see the wonderful construction that makes this powerful light. Imagine yourself in the chimney of a mammoth lamp, ten feet high and six feet across, the central part of the sides made of thick curved glass, and all the rest, top and bottom, of curved prisms acting as a multitude of reflectors. In the centre is a large lamp with four circular wicks, arranged regularly, one inside the other. Above and below are huge reservoirs of lard oil, with pumps moved by clock-work which regulate the supply. Two gallons of oil are burnt in a night to keep up this artificial sun for the mariner, which outshines any other light that has yet been adapted for light-house use.

The view from the top of this tower is grand. Far out to sea the haze over the water obscures the junction of ocean and sky, but vessels spread their white sails in all directions. To the northward Brigantine Beach stretches far up the coast, with the two hotels dim in the distance, and its intricate maze of inland thoroughfares spread out like a map. To the southward is the city, and beyond it extends the long, narrow tongue of white sand that can be traced to Egg Harbor Inlet. At our feet are the houses of the town, scattered about in patches of green, with the yellow gravelled streets dividing them like the squares on a chess-board. In front, the long white lines of surf roll in, and the myriads of specks of bathers and promenaders, with their variegated costumes, can be seen moving about on the beach or water. Behind the town spreads out the vast expanse of salt marsh, with an occasional creek winding through it, and railway trains crawling like snakes across it. And all the time the wind blows so strongly that you can scarcely stand up against it on this elevated perch. But it is worth all the trouble taken to thus get so good a view of Philadelphia's great seaside pleasure-ground.
VI.

CAPE MAY.

A RIDE TO THE CAPE.

There is a broad belt of garden-land stretching along the Jersey shore of the Delaware River, from Trenton down to Salem, which is described by the "American Cyclopædia" as "probably the most skilfully cultivated and productive land in the United States." It was here, in a time long gone by, that the first vegetables and fruits were usually raised for the Philadelphia markets, and sold at almost fabulous prices. They are still raised, but the Southern railways now bring their predecessors from Charleston and Norfolk, and even from Florida, so that the Jersey truck-farmer is no longer able to sell his earliest peas, asparagus, and strawberries at nearly their weight in silver. In fact, the peddlers from town, with these Southern supplies, are now in the habit of overrunning his own region with early garden-sauce long before the first of the Jersey crop can ripen. But this garden-land is still assiduously cultivated all the same; although its first products do not now yield such great profits; and the Jersey vegetables and fruits which it produces, brought to the city by steamboat and railway, and by the processions of market-wagons that cross the ferries every day, are a main source of feeding Philadelphia. Let us take a railway ride through a portion of this highly-cultivated region by getting on one of the "two-hour trains" that run on the West Jersey Railroad from Camden to Cape May. The railway turns around a sharp curve alongside the Camden City Hall, and begins its southward journey through the town and out over the meadows and low lands, the cars rattling across two narrow-gauge railways on the road to Gloucester. Then for nearly forty miles the line runs through a succession of market-gardens, truck-farms, fruit-orchards, and vineyards in traversing the strip of land above referred to. The train swiftly glides through Woodbury, past the beautiful home of Dr. Green,
with his villa and lawn and lake and the little windmill pumping water, the finest residence seen out of the car-windows on the ride to the Cape. The ague that the doctor prescribes for has shaken a golden shower into his lap, which he spends to beautify Woodbury. The pretty village of Wenonah is set up on a hill, three miles below, and after crossing the valley of Mantua Creek and the extensive marl-beds beyond, the train rushes past the camp-meeting ground at Pitman Grove. Here glimpses of little cottages can be seen through the trees, and here, in July and August, the Jersey girls and their beaux gather to attend the camp-meetings and review the passenger-trains as they go by. Branch railways start off from the main line at intervals, two of them at Woodbury, leading towards the westward to Swedesboro' and Pennsgrove, the land of the watermelon and the sweet potato, and another at Glassboro' to the dairies of Salem and the busy factories at Bridgeton. Glassboro' is passed off to the left, its factory chimneys in the distance, and four miles below is Clayton, also a seat of the glass manufacture. Here they make the wine bottles for nearly all the Jersey vineyards, and occasionally indulge in a grand liquor cremation when the temperance sentiment of the village asserts itself and closes up the single tavern that exists in the place. Below this the land along the railway gradually changes its features, and the market-gardens become interspersed with orchards and vineyards. Franklinville and Malaga are passed, and for miles the traveller glides along a level region, devoted to vine- and fruit-growing, with a wagon road on each side of the railway, and well-kept hedges dividing the fields. This is Vineland, one of the most remarkable settlements in the United States, stretched for eight miles along the railroad, and rescued from the Jersey pine barrens by the indomitable energy of its thrifty settlers. At the centre is a thickly-inhabited town. But they have a fashion here of occasionally shooting an editor, and, as the train does not stop, we will go on till it slackens speed for the engine to take a drink out of the long water-trough stretched between the rails north of Millville, and then glide through the station and town of Millville, forty miles south of Philadelphia, one of the chief places in South Jersey. Here is the Maurice River, with its valuable water-power, and here also are large factories, iron-mills, and
glass houses, while ship building goes on extensively. The white sand that appears in patches among the vegetation tells where this part of Jersey gets the materials for glass-making, but does not speak well for fertility. Below Millville the railway runs a long stretch through pine barrens, with an occasional settlement, and a broad strip of cleared land on each side of the line to prevent the locomotive firing the woods, although this precaution is not always effectual. For miles the cars swiftly pass on through this region, the pines standing up in long ranks on either side. This is the land of the hoop-pole and the mosquito, and its inhabitants, who cut the former, tell fabulous tales of the prowess of the latter, which, according to report, grow to vast size, and do great deeds back in the dark-green woods in Cumberland, Cape May, and Atlantic Counties. The train passes the station at Woodbine, where along a most desolate road to the eastward a stage runs to the well-known town of Tuckahoe, a perfect little oasis set in a desert of pines, and built on the shores of the very crooked but very pretty Tuckahoe River. We steam along through more sand, pine woods, and mosquitoes, past Seaville, with its new road off to Sea Isle City, and then down the Cape. Here quickly the pines are left behind, and the road goes through fine farms. Cape May is a region of good farming-land, and is well cultivated almost down to the ocean's edge. The Court-House, not a very pretentious settlement, is passed eleven miles from the end of the Cape, and then we go by the famous Cold Spring. Here was once a pavilion and pleasure resort, and to the little church-yard not very far away Cape May comes to bury its dead. Soon the ocean is seen off on the left, with the town stretched along it; the salt and bracing air blows away the dust and mosquitoes, and the train trundles into the station, eighty-one and a quarter miles from Camden, landing its load of humanity and grip-sacks, to be gathered in by the brigade of coach-drivers who are in waiting.

CAPE MAY CITY.

There are two lasting and almost instant impressions made upon the visitor on his first arrival at Cape May. One is the compactness of the town, so unusual at seacoast resorts, and the other the magnificence of the sea-beach. Cape May is
an old place, and was in the full tide of prosperity many years before Atlantic City or Long Branch were much thought of. People went in the last century by stages through the Jersey pines by way of Tuckahoe, while afterwards steamboats down the Delaware carried the travel. "Fare, carriage hire included, two dollars," used to be the steamboat legend, and once in a while an opposition boat would be put on to do the work for a dollar and a half. In the good old days the steamboat landed you on the bay-shore just inside of Cape May Point, and then there was a rush for the carriages. It was these Jerseymen, who galloped their horses over the two miles of turnpike from the Steamboat Landing, who first taught how many people could be crammed into a vehicle, and the Philadelphia street-car managers learned a lesson from them. The steamboat landed its many hundreds of passengers, and then came the race over to Cape Island, to be the first at the hotel-counters to bespeak the best rooms. In those days there were only four prominent watering-places on the coast, Nahant, Newport, Cape May, and Old Point Comfort, and Cape May was the great surf-bathing resort, and the centre of Cape May was the Congress Hall lawn. That and the Mansion House, and the Ocean House, the Columbia, and the Atlantic, were in those days the great hotels of Cape Island, but all these famous hosteries have been swept away by fire to be succeeded by better buildings. It has only been a few days since the ancient landlord of the old-time Mansion House died, at the ripe age of eighty-nine, on June 15, and was followed by the townsfolk to his last resting-place at Cold Spring Church. Uncle Smith Ludlam was, in his day, one of the handsomest men that eye ever looked upon, and, having been born at Cape May, he had become its patriarch. The old folk well remember him when, in his prime, he laid down the rules of Cape May etiquette on the Mansion House porch, and almost every summer had Henry Clay for his guest, nearly a half-century ago.

During how long this grand beach has been used for sea-bathing no one knows. But the first man who took a dip in the surf there was probably that renowned old skipper of the Dutch East India Company, Captain Carolis Jacobsen Mey, who came along with his fleet of fifty-ton frigates, in
1614, and gave his first name to the southern and his last name to the northern cape, at the Delaware River entrance. Cape May, slightly modified, remains, but Cape Carolis has been gradually changed to Hindloop, Hindloopen, and now Cape Henloopen. The settlement of the Cape was made as early if not earlier than Philadelphia. Its alluvial soil was a great attraction, and it soon grew into a compact city of hotels and boarding-houses along the edge of the beach, with fine shade-trees and good vegetation, and comparatively narrow but well-kept streets. In later days advancing luxury added rows of cottages, until now the city has grown far north along Poverty Beach; and an occasional fire in the heart of the town has swept away the older buildings and given opportunity for the construction of modern ones. The last fire was so severe that it nearly destroyed the town, and there are several lots not yet built upon, while for greater safety, many of the new structures are of brick. How the patriarchs of Cape May, who, years ago, had almost the only surf bathing place on the Jersey coast, would open their eyes now, if they could come back and see that entire coast, almost from Sandy Hook to Cape May, lined with watering-places, where a hundred thousand variegated costumes take a dip in old ocean on a hot summer’s day! The glory of Cape May is its sea-beach. Hard, smooth, of gradual descent, with no bar or obstruction outside to break the force of the waves as they roll in from the broad Atlantic, it stands unrivalled. It does not attract the crowds like Atlantic City, or Coney Island, or the new settlements around Long Branch, for the excursionists have not sought it in such droves, but it is not unusual to see five thousand bathers disporting in the surf on a fine summer’s morning. The life-boats float on the waters outside, and the crowds gather on the Board Walk, or ride merrily along the drive just inside, while in the afternoons the bands play at the big hotels and wind up the evenings with a “hop.”

The series of lagoons and salt marshes and meadows that fringe the Jersey coast come to an end at the Inlet just above Cape May City, so that the lower part of the Cape is a compact mass, enabling the town to be built almost down to the water’s edge. Yachts lie in the Inlet to take visitors sailing on the sound, and there are some people at the Cape who
have a recollection of good fishing and gunning. These flourished, however, in days gone by, much more than at present. Now the time is chiefly passed in bathing, and lounging about the hotels, and going to the station to see the train come in. Once in a while the monotony is varied by the arrival of a bogus "Lord" from abroad who forgets to pay his bills, or by catching a shark and tying him to one of the little piers that old ocean almost knocked to pieces last winter; but usually the effect of a prolonged visit to the Cape is the development of chronic laziness and a ravenous appetite. To the surf-bathing there have been added at Cape May all the luxuries of hot and cold sea-water baths without exposure in the ocean, the chief establishment of the kind being one of the largest in the country, Mr. William King's Excelsior Baths, where the proprietor, recognizing that people, the same as clothing, come in assorted sizes, has this year put in some extra wide bath-tubs for his best-developed patrons. It is along the Cape May beach in the height of the season that the pretty girls of Philadelphia and Baltimore love to wander, and here, as day gives place to night, and the silver sheen of the moon dances on the water, there is as much "spooning" as ever watering-place can develop. The Board Walk is another "Flirtation Walk" that brings its crop of weddings in the autumn, for its very atmosphere is one of romance.

VII.

DOWN THE DELAWARE RIVER.

ANOTHER STEAMBOAT JOURNEY.

There is plenty of opportunity to take a steamboat ride down the Delaware River, and it is a favorite excursion route. The steamboat "Republic" goes as far as Cape May; the "Samuel M. Felton" goes to Wilmington; the "Thomas Clyde" and "Major Reybold," "John A. Warner" and "Perry" and other boats make daily trips down to the
various towns and beaches along the shores, while the "Ed- 
win Forrest" gives a pleasant Sunday excursion to Fort Del- 
aware. The banks are low and the river gradually broadens 
as the bay is approached, so that there is very little to see 
below the head of the bay, at the Fort, excepting a wide 
expansel of water bearing an occasional vessel. But the trip 
down the river gives an excellent opportunity to study the 
commerce of Philadelphia, and, in hot, summer weather, 
brings the rambler in a brief time to where he can get a whiff 
of the delicious salt air coming up over the Delaware Bay. 
Let us try an excursion route down the river, which, at the 
outset, takes us between Windmill Island and the wharves 
of the city, with the great railway station and market at 
Dock Street, and the outlying piers where the oyster-boats 
will soon again assemble, past the steamers and fleets of 
sailing-vessels, and the down-town sugar-houses, in front of 
whose doors the schooners land the West India sugar hogs-
heads. The coal-wharves on Windmill Island below the 
canal appear to be abandoned, but at Point Airy, on the 
lower end, in a pleasant grove of trees, is the Sanitarium 
for Sick Children, one of our most worthy charities, which 
takes the sick infants of the poor over to that breezy pleas-
ure-ground and tries to save their lives. A little ferry-boat 
crosses the narrow channel to the grove whose foliage almost 
hides the buildings. Then on the city shore just below we 
come to Simpson's dry-docks, and adjoining it the spacious 
piers of the American Steamship Company, where the rare 
sight is seen of the American flag flying at the peak of a 
transatlantic steamer. Here is a busy place, for stevedores 
are handling inward and outward cargo, and the nimble little 
shifting engine puffs behind the warehouses and pulls the 
ears in and out that carry the far Western cargoes. In the 
docks are often seen big steamers of the American line bear-
ing such monarchical and aristocratic names as the "British 
Empire" and the "British Crown," "Lord Clive" and "Lord 
Gough." They are bent on peaceful freighting missions to 
this port, however, and their Union Jack flies with the Stars 
and Stripes in international commercial friendliness. At the 
adjoining Red Star dock are the staunch vessels of the Ant-
werp line, a fleet, including the "Waesland," "Belgenland," 
"Rhyuland," and other vessels of magnificent proportions
and fine construction, built in foreign yards by American capital, and shrewdly placed under the Belgian flag to get the benefit of a mail subsidy which little Belgium wisely grants to attract commerce to Antwerp, a policy that commends itself to the wisdom of foreign rulers, but which our own Government has not yet learned to appreciate.

THE OLD SWEDES' CHURCH.

Behind the docks and the steamers is the quaint little Swedes' Church, with its octagonal chancel jutting out over the Swanson Street sidewalk, and the small white antique bell-tower perched on the farther end. Beyond it are the trees in the old graveyard extending back to Otsego Street, while still farther off rise the shot-tower and some distant church spires. This venerable church, which had long been the presiding genius of the dominions of Wicaco (reconstructed by a later generation into Weccacoe), is the patriarch of down-town Philadelphia, and dates from the year 1700. The thousands of arriving immigrants who pour out of the steamship wharves greet the old church and its burialground as if they were friends, they look so much like the village churches and graveyards of their abandoned European homes. There are, probably, eight thousand graves in the enclosure, for burials have been made there from 1708 to the present time. Here is an old-time soapstone gravestone, worn and indented on the top, that dates from April, 1708, and marks the grave of Peter Sandel, this being the oldest tombstone in the yard. There are other ancient tombs of the Swedes who first peopled this part of the town, but, probably, the most noted grave is the altar-tomb over Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist. He was of Scotch birth, but came to this country at the beginning of the present century, and died in Philadelphia in 1813. His special wish was that he should be buried "in some rural spot where the birds might forever sing over his grave," and here with the busy traffic of a great railway just outside the wall, the birds still sing merrily over the remains of one of their greatest friends. For forty-five years the eccentric Dr. Collin, the latest missionary sent from Sweden, presided over the little church, and when he died and was laid away with the other rectors in 1831, the congregation had become reduced till it
could be counted on one's fingers. Then came the beloved Dr. Clay, who ministered for thirty-two years, and built the church up again. His bones lie in the graveyard where they were interred in 1863. Now the ancient church is hardly big enough to hold the congregation attending the present rector's ministry (Rev. Snyder B. Simes), and who wander among the venerable gravestones with the antiquary's pencil and note-book. Long may the old church stand, a tie between the Philadelphia of to-day and its earliest infancy, for the little log fort and church that originally stood here were built several years before William Penn entered the Delaware.

Below are large numbers of vessels loading cargo at the old navy-yard wharves and the docks adjoining, while quite a fleet are at anchor to the eastward of the channel. Over on the Jersey shore is Kaighn's Point, with the ferry-boats passing across the river, while below them the three powerful City Ice-Boats are laid up, patiently waiting for the task which the merchants hope they may not have to perform at breaking ice next winter. Low, grassy meadows line the shore on both sides, and just as the "Neck" begins and the fertilizing works are seen on shore, a very small bone-boiling establishment creates a very prominent odor, which the westerly breeze carries across the water to perfume our friends in South Camden. The Pennsylvania Salt Company's works are beyond, with their extensive wharves extending out into the stream, where vessels from Greenland are unloading kryolite. In these marshes the down-town sportsmen in the autumn will be pushed about among the reeds, in little boats, to shoot the delicious reed-birds, one of the pastimes of the population of the "Neck." On the river, most of the larger vessels seen fly foreign flags, while the water is dotted over with yachts and skiffs, laden with rollicking young men, who get an occasional wetting, as an extra puff of wind causes the sides of their vessel to dip under the waves. But they are singing and laughing and having a good time, shouting at the people on the big steam-boat that has to keep out of their way.

GLOUCESTER AND THE HORSE-SHOE.

The river apparently narrows as we approach the entrance to the "Horse-shoe bend," which curves to the westward,
and borders southern Philadelphia, past the end of Broad Street and around to the mouth of the Schuylkill. To the right as we enter the Horse-shoe are the Greenwich Piers, where the Pennsylvania Railroad ships its coal, and the various gas-coal companies put the soft coals of the Westmoreland region on board vessels. On the Jersey shore, opposite, are the great mills of Gloucester, their chimneys and bell-towers surmounting the red brick buildings, that employ an army of operatives. Below, and covered by a grove of trees, is Gloucester Point, jutting out in the river, with its ferry, and the powerful steamboat "Dauntless" is coming up, laden with Jersey market-wagons, bound to South and Second Streets, or to the truck-dealers around the Dock Street Market. What a vast amount of garden-produce, vegetables, and fruits comes across the ferry; and how little cash the farmers get for it, yet how much it costs the retail buyer after the middlemen have got their profits out! Down to the Gloucester Grove also go hundreds of summer seekers after fresh air, while in its cove below, with its level beach, the great shad-net is drawn in the season that caught forty-five thousand of them last spring. Thither congregate the lovers of "planked shad," and gorge the luscious brain-food as long as appropriate fluids can be found to wash it down. Many a time have the Philadelphia newspapers been brightened by the writing-staff taking an afternoon off for a Gloucester planked-shad dinner.

Below Gloucester the river sweeps grandly around the Horse-shoe bend, and the voyager can see the "Neck" in all its glory. Across the low land with its green marsh grass, an almost treeless expanse, rise the buildings of the League Island Navy-Yard. The cove on the Jersey shore makes an enormous semicircle, with woods almost all along the banks and running out to a point ahead of us at Red Bank. The entire surface of the river is dotted over with skiffs, for a stiff breeze blows and all the amateur navigators are out, from the broad-winged yacht down to the little "dug-out" with its shoulder-of-mutton sail. Careful steering is necessary to avoid some of these venturesome craft that cross almost under the steamer's bow. To the westward is the little opening in the land made by the narrow back channel running behind League Island; and as we steam along the Island Philadel-
phia is stretched out in full view across the lowlands of the "Neck." There is the new City Hall, and all the familiar towers and steeple, and far away to the northwest, yet the most prominent object of all is the observatory on Lemon Hill, visible for miles down the river. League Island has quite a town of huge brick buildings on it,—the naval, ship, and machine houses,—and the stars and stripes float from a tall mast in front of them. There are also two or three war vessels at the wharf, but it looks like an idle place, and as if they did just as little work as possible. In fact, the Government does not treat this Navy-Yard right after the city gave the site to Uncle Sam, but we live in hopes of better things. Broad Street comes down through the buildings and ends at the wharf on the river, while just opposite is Red Bank, where there used to be a ferry. The old landing above the red bluff that gives the place its name is abandoned now, and going to ruin. It was once a popular resort for excursionists, and in the sultry summer-time was known as "Red (hot) Bank," for the mercury there had a habit of mounting above 100 degrees on slight provocation.

FORT MIFFLIN AND THE LAZARETTO.

Below League Island, yet scarcely discernible, it flows between such low shores, is the mouth of the Schuylkill River. The first explorers of the Delaware passed and repassed the place and never discovered it, and when the stream was found, the Dutch appropriately named it the Schuylkill, which, translated, means "the hidden river." We miss the Girard Point Elevator that used to be the landmark here, and was unfortunately burnt, but pile-driving is going on for its reconstruction. As we steam past the new range-lights marking the Schuylkill channel entrance, Fort Mifflin is seen below on the Pennsylvania shore, while out on the little island in mid-stream is the Fort Mifflin light-house, whose keeper is said to be a perfect martyr, the place is so overrun by water-snakes, attracted by the light. The lantern is on top of a small white house surrounded by trees. As this light has been superseded by newer beacons on the shore, it is in contemplation to remove the artificial pile-island altogether, in the improvement of the Delaware navigation. The Fort looks warlike with its long, low, grassy-bordered earthworks,
and the black guns poking out their muzzles on top, and, in fact, is the most formidable work on the Delaware; but the small garrison has little to do this peaceful summer weather. South of the Fort an extensive surface has been reclaimed and filled up with the dredge stuff taken out of the river making the channel improvement through Mifflin bar, and strong stone dykes line the shore for a long distance to maintain the river-bank. We run down the channel through the bar by sighting the new Fort Mifflin range-lights on the Jersey shore at Billingsport. The high black rear tower is kept in line with the lower front light, and thus the pilots get the range that guides them safely through the bar.

Jersey has an occasional yellow bluff to relieve the monotony of its banks, and in front of us is sighted the green surface of Tinicum Island, scarcely rising above the water. We soon pass Billingsport, with its pleasant villas up on the little bluff, with terraced and sodded banks. Tinicum Island covers some six hundred acres, and much of it is cultivated land. It is now to be made useful for shipping purposes, and its Philadelphia owners have begun work at placing a dyke and bulkhead all around the northern part, and it will be filled up by materials dredged out of the river, making good land. There are at the northern end three or four little islands, some of them formed since the channel was disturbed by the engineering operations. The Jersey shore below Billingsport is a long grassy bank with trees on the lowlands behind. We are now running the range formed by the Finn's Point lights below Billingsport, and off to the right, on the Pennsylvania shore, beyond Tinicum Island, and on the mainland of Tinicum township, is seen the Lazaretto. There, on a high staff, flies the yellow quarantine flag, emblazoned with a big "Q," which symbol just now embodies all the power of the State, and is a warning to the skippers who come from Southern ports to halt their vessels and let the physicians make an examination. The arriving vessels can be seen far down the channel below Chester, and the tug is sent out around the lower end of Tinicum Island, which is covered with trees, to board them. The national standard floats in front of the Lazaretto, but at present it does not inspire as much respect in the eyes of the mariner as the yellow flag with the big "Q." At the wharf the little tug lies, also with a yellow
flag flying from its staff that is almost as large as the tug itself.

Opposite Tinicum, on the Jersey shore, is the new powder-making establishment of the Duponts, whither in time all the works now near Wilmington will probably be removed. Here has been built a large wharf, while inland the railroad from Woodbury runs down towards Pennsgrove. Scattered over the broad meadows are a great number of little powder-houses, in which various parts of the manufacture are conducted, and the buildings are so disposed, that if one explodes it will not necessarily endanger the others; and thus a sudden earthquake in this part of Jersey may be avoided. Inspired with the respect for the quarantine flag that all navigators of the Delaware River have in summer-time, let us halt this description at the Lazaretto, and continue it another day.

VIII.

DOWN THE DELAWARE RIVER.

CHESTER AND THE HOOK.

There is a charming view down the Delaware River, below the Lazaretto, albeit the shores are low and the river wide. It shows one of the finest industrial sights the eye can look upon, backed by sloping banks of greensward and woodland. The low grassy shores of Chester Island appear in mid-stream, and off to the right is the broad expanse of the thriving city of Chester, with the white-walled Military Academy up on the hill far back from the river. Simpson’s Print-Works, the immense new structure of red brick, an establishment but recently removed from the Falls of Schuylkill, is out on the river-bank, while just below, but farther inland, along the railroad, are General Patterson’s gray-colored cotton-mills. Their venerable proprietor—the hero of three wars—is said to conduct them on strictly military principles, exacting, as in the army, regular morning reports. Chester spreads out, a busy place, for three or four miles along the bank, and has grown with great rapid-
ity in recent years. At the lower end are the great Roach ship-yards, full of business, with vessels building on the stocks and finishing at the wharves. Several keels are laid in the yards, one looking as if it were four hundred feet long, and the last coat of paint is being put on one of the new iron excursion boats for the Coney Island route from New York. Below the ship-yards immense mills are located at intervals along the bank, while out in the stream is the rocky obstruction known as Schooner Ledge, through which the engineers are deepening the channel. At and near Chester, in the establishment of factories removed from Philadelphia, new villages are growing up that make extensions of that enterprising town, and here can be studied the impolicy of the system of excessive taxation and unkind treatment that has driven these great industrial works away from Philadelphia, where they used to be. They have gone away to stay. Here, also, are the extensive shipping-plant of the Tidewater Pipe Line, with its great oil-tanks, and the wharves of the Chester Oil Company, for petroleum export abroad. Above these wharves the winter shipment is protected by large ice-breakers.

At Chester we sight the only mountain range the State of Delaware possesses. They are not very big mountains, but look imposing in the blue and hazy distance, the river-shores are so low. These are the hills along the Brandywine, seen coming from the westward, out at the horizon in front of us to Wilmington. They spread broadly across the view, and continue in sight for many miles down the river. The Jersey shore is low, with scarcely anything to relieve its monotony. On the Pennsylvania shore there are beautiful sloping banks, with many pretty houses, and the Baltimore Railroad runs just back of the water's edge. Thus we come to Marcus Hook, with its ice-piers forming a harbor of refuge in the river in front of the town. The "Hook" is a cosey nest of little houses, with two old church-spires rising among the trees behind the village. Just below, in a pleasant grove, and with a little wharf in front, is the old mansion known as the "Lindenthorpe Club House." The telescope discloses sundry Philadelphia statesmen sitting on the porch, and on benches under the trees, who have gone there to enjoy themselves and compass plans for political management. Two or three have glasses in their hands with straws in them. Far-
down there is an attractive villa on the shore, with a little sandy beach in front. The beach extends down a short distance and stops at a clump of three trees, where apparently a small brook flows in. Just there is the dividing line between the States of Pennsylvania and Delaware, and Claymont is not far away. There are few houses, and but little to see along the shore below for some distance. Farther down is an occasional villa on the Delaware bank,—some in lovely situations,—but they are thinly scattered, and show nothing like the thickly villa-lined shores of the river above Philadelphia. On the water the schooners are coming up, with sails set "wing-and-wing;" there being a strong wind dead aft. The breeze blows off the tops of the waves in spray, and makes the little skiffs careen over till their sails dip. Some schooners are also going down-stream, deeply coal-laden, and tacking across the channel to make headway, as the tide favors them.

WILMINGTON AND NEWCASTLE.

As the steamboat approaches the mouth of the Christiana, the hills behind Wilmington gradually change from a hazy blue to a dark green. The dredging is going on upon the Cherry Island flats, just above the Christiana, and the soil removed is taken into that stream and landed on the marshes alongside, which are thus being filled and a large amount of land reclaimed. Extensive work will have to be done at Cherry Island before the channel can be maintained at the requisite depth of twenty-five feet at low water, made necessary by the large steamers now coming to Philadelphia for cargoes. Our steamboat moves swiftly along, with almost everything silent excepting the constant wash of the water at the prow and under the wheels. Portions of the Delaware shore for several miles above Wilmington are beautiful, sloping up with bright green fields and groves of trees and occasional farm-houses. Dupont's powder wharf is passed, and a ferry is being established over to Pennsgrove on the Jersey bank, where the railway comes down from Woodbury. Pennsgrove is scattered along the shore, apparently with more trees than houses, and here begins that extensive region, running down to Salem, known as Penn's Neck. Not far above the Christiana, on the Delaware bank, are the Edg-
moor Iron-Works, an extensive establishment. As we pass the mouth of the stream, which comes out through low shores, with a little light-house marking the entrance, Wilmington is seen away back over the meadows and beyond the confluence of the Christiana and the Brandywine. Its brick buildings seem to lie along the base and partly up the slopes of the Brandywine hills, which run far away inland towards the northwest.

Below Wilmington, the Delaware bank is a low green shore, while over on the Jersey side there is a long, narrow streak of yellow beach, with trees behind it. As we move along, the Wilmington hills become hazy at our backs, the river broadens, narrow sand-beaches appear on both shores, and there is very little to see. As the land thus ceases to be attractive, the passengers wander about the boat in search of amusement. They watch the machinery and study the inspector's certificate, ask questions of the deck-hands, and some settle themselves for naps. Others wonder what the life-preservers are for and how they are put on. With steady roll the machinery moves the great wheels around, and as the head of the Bay is approached, there comes up an occasional whiff of salt air. Lunch-baskets are got out and the children run about the decks and play, or invest their pennies at the ice-cream and cake-stands. We go through the bight near New Castle and steam over towards the Delaware shore to take a look at the city. This is said to be the only "finished town" in the United States. It is believed to be done growing, and a walk through its streets discloses a sleepy state of affairs that would have suited Rip Van Winkle, had his lot been cast in Delaware. Over the town is seen the tower of the New Castle jail and Court-House, the latter being the important building that forms the centre of the arc of twelve miles radius that makes the northern boundary of Delaware. In the jail they have the whipping-post and pillory, of which offenders are in so much dread. The sheriff, who does the whipping, once showed me his "cat." It should have had nine tails, but had lost one of them. The eight tails remaining, he said, were fully equal to the work required, and his eye sparkled as he told how he had refused to sell the whip for five dollars, to a reporter who wanted it for a curiosity. That whip makes the tramps and outlaws infesting Philadel-
Philadelphia give Delaware a wide berth. How many of those who criticise the Delaware whipping-law can devise a cheaper or easier system of accomplishing its results? Newcastle looks comfortable from the river, its spacious dwellings surrounded by trees and gardens, and out in front are the solid stone piers of the ice-harbor, though the final pier is yet lacking that will protect the entrance. In the southern suburbs of Newcastle are the great steel-works of the Morris and Tasker Company, not long since removed from Philadelphia.

**Fort Delaware.**

The river becomes very wide below New Castle, and far ahead can be sighted the Pea Patch Island, with Fort Delaware upon it. There is little to see on either side but the broad expanse of water and low shores. The island is in mid-stream, with plenty of trees upon it, but is low, like the distant shores of the mainland. The fort is a high stone structure, with barracks enclosed, their roofs appearing above the outer walls. As we steam along towards the little grass-covered islands and bar extending north of the Pea Patch there is a good chance to study navigation, as shown by the buoys anchored to mark the channel,—red ones on the Jersey side, black ones on the Pennsylvania side, and striped ones in mid-stream,—canted over by the current so that they show which way the tide is moving,—and also, to some extent, marking the depth of water by the distance they protrude above the surface. Fort Delaware was used as a place of imprisonment for political offenders during the Rebellion, and the island covers thirty-five to forty acres, all land made within a century. In the great Pea Patch lawsuit it was testified that the island in 1783 was "only the size of a man's hat," and the late Commodore Stewart used to say that a brig from "down East," laden with peas and beans, was cut through by ice in 1791 and sunk there, the cargo swelling and wrecking her. The wreck and cargo made fast land, and out of them grew the Pea Patch, on which the Government afterwards built the great stone fort that looks so war-like, but which would make a modern iron-clad smile as her "Woolwich infants" of the present time knocked the enormously thick stone walls into ruins. The fort belongs to an obsolete military system, although the big black guns, lying
on top beside their magazine-mounds, and the loopholes and embrasures look so warlike. A few small buildings are scattered about, and a wharf runs out on the eastern side. The garrison of this great fort consists of a corporal and two men. No flag was flying from the staff, storms having washed out a good deal of the colors and blown so much of the bunting away, that they are almost ashamed to show it, and somebody ought to suggest to the War Department to send the small but brave garrison a new one. They apparently don't have much to do, and their chief occupation is fishing and watching the hands of the clock go round towards meal-time. The corporal commanding Fort Delaware lives in a pleasant house on the northern side of the island. Just under the walls of the Fort is the old chapel, looking as if storms had treated it worse than any enemy, for its sides seem blown out by the gales. Thus is the dignity of the United States Government represented down at the head of Delaware Bay.

There is not much more to see down the bay but a dreary waste of salt-water. Delaware City is far away to the westward, while on the Jersey shore is the dairy-land of Salem, with sand-beaches skirting its distant coast. Eight miles below is Reedy Island, where the bay begins to spread to wide proportions. Excursions go farther down than this, but it is over a monotonous waste of water to some of the sand-beaches and bathing-places on the bay-shore, where there is little to see. At the end of the bay are the Capes and the Breakwater, and beyond them the broad Atlantic.

IX.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA TO NEW YORK.

Men of large railway experience say that the New York Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad is the finest railway in the United States. It is of solid construction, smooth, free from dust, and carries an enormous traffic. For long sections
it is composed of three, and in many localities of four tracks, and already the plans are being made for laying down four tracks throughout, two for passenger travel exclusively, and two for the freight traffic. Let us make a journey over this magnificent line, and start from the new but yet incomplete station near Broad and Market Streets. We go over the Elevated road built alongside Filbert Street, which obstructs no street, and aided by the higher gradient west of the river is elevated sufficiently to bridge over all that it crosses. We ride out over its stately line of brick arches; pass the Gas-Works, and cross the Schuylkill on the new and high bridge, which brings the tracks to the western bank just north of the grain-elevator. The road curves around on an embankment through the West Philadelphia railway-yard, crossing over streets and tracks by successive bridges, past shops and roundhouse, and running into the main line north of the old West Philadelphia station. As we go through the great yard with its evidences of vast traffic spread out on either hand, far off to the eastward, over the river and the city, can be seen the bronze dome of the Cathedral, its golden cross glistening in the sunshine, while the broad white tops of the new City Hall stand up farther to the right hand. The train darts swiftly under the Spring Garden Street bridge, and curves around the boundary of the Zoological Garden, its lake and ornamented houses and shrubbery passing in review as we skirt along the outer edge. The big buffalo raises his head and bellows at the locomotive, as if he would like to try conclusions with the snorting and fierce-looking machine. Then we swiftly run over Girard Avenue, and the Park road, and go out upon the elevated and airy bridge across the Schuylkill; then over the Reading Railroad and into the hills beyond, through the green banks and fields of the East Park. The train runs under Columbia and Ridge Avenues, and along the edge of the Odd-Fellows’ Cemetery, and past the Municipal Hospital with its smallpox patients off to the northward, and through a region of market-gardens and truck-fields until the Germantown Railroad is reached. We stop a moment among the brick-yards and lumber-piles of Germantown Junction, and then start up again across Broad Street and Germantown Road, and, with accelerated speed, rush through the northern suburbs towards Frankford, traversing any num-
ber of streets, some passing over and some under the railroad. The train rattles across the North Pennsylvania Railroad, past the Potter oil-cloth works, and over both the street railways to Frankford, then curving around to the northward and receiving the Kensington branch, it rushes over the long bridge and trestle that span Frankford Creek and the adjacent lowlands, and then through the town itself.

GREAT MILLS AND ADVERTISING.

Among the mills and houses we go, and then, leaving Frankford behind, the "long-legged locomotive," of the new and gigantic pattern, sixty-two feet long, drawing us a mile a minute, rolls smoothly over the track towards Bristol. The watchmen wave their white flags at every road-crossing, and through villages, past fields and farms, we glide, gradually nearing the Delaware River, the Bridesburg Arsenal flag standing out in the breeze above the trees as we pass. The great city seems to spread far up the river-bank beyond Bridesburg and Tacony, as we dart by the great industrial establishments and their outlying villages, filled with the little houses of the operatives. The Fitler cordage-works, Disston's great Keystone saw-works, and Rowland's steel-works, with many others, pass in review, and then the outer edge of built-up Philadelphia seems to be reached when the train runs along the verge of the broad farm that adjoins the placid Pennypack, on whose pleasant shores stand the huge brick buildings of the House of Correction, with the Delaware for a background. Beyond this, the railway is laid through a richly fertile and highly-cultivated level plain, running back some distance from the river, with the homesteads of the well-to-do residents dotted over their garden-lands. Everything is luxuriant and smiling as we glide by the fields, and the pretty little stations flit past the car-windows. The delicious shade at Torresdale, on the river-bank, arrests the attention a moment as the train crosses the foaming creek that runs down through the village; and then, in going over the almost level land, a chance is given to study the labors of the advertiser; for Wanamaker and Yates, and their rival clothiers, have converted much lumber into immense signs set up in the fields, and Dr. Schenck has painted his prescriptions upon most of the barns and out-
buildings in the neighborhood. Passing Andalusia and Ed- 
dington we cross the broad Neshaminy, nineteen miles out, 
and go by one of the finest villas on the upper Delaware. 
To the right of the railway rises the elaborate house, with 
its ornamental cupola, among the trees, and the tastefully 
decorated grounds spread far down the creek towards the 
Delaware. This is Dr. Schenck's estate and station, but its 
projector has gone to his final resting-place.

BLOOMSDALE AND ITS BUSINESS.

The train rushes through Bristol, with the turnpike along-
side, and over the Delaware Division Canal and Mill Creek, 
and past mills, houses, and depots that seem an almost indefi-
nite mass they glide so quickly by the car-windows. Out 
beyond the town can be seen across the river the Florence 
Heights on the Jersey shore, with a steamboat just making 
a landing, and then the railroad, before traversing the neck 
of land towards Trenton, crosses the great seed-farm at 
Bloomsdale. On both sides of the line the land is covered 
with growing seed crops of all kinds, and many people are at 
work. This farm of the Landreths, which grows seeds that 
are sent to all parts of the globe, is the pride of Bucks 
County, through which our train is now moving. It covers 
six hundred acres of land, stretching from the Delaware 
River back across the level plain, and is the greatest seed-
growing farm in the world. The railway goes through the 
centre, while the fields extend westward to the Delaware 
Division Canal. There is also an adjacent tract of land on 
the Jersey shore. Here they plant sixty to one hundred 
acres in cabbage for seed, eighty acres of turnips, five acres 
of salads, forty acres of spinach, forty-five acres of beets, 
Thirty-five acres of onions, enough parsnips to make two 
hundred bushels of seeds, thirty-five acres of radishes, four-
teen acres of lima-beans, thirty acres of tomatoes, six acres 
of peppers, five acres of flowers of various kinds, and other 
crops in proportion. About one hundred and seventy per-
sons are employed on the farm, and the ordinary grains, po-
tatoes, and grasses are not raised here, all the land being 
taken up with seed crops. Big barns, drying- and store-
houses are spread out on the farm, and this Philadelphia 
enterprise, originally started in a small way on a little farm
down the "Neck," has grown to such immense proportions that it not only supplies the United States and Europe, but also sends many tons of seeds to the East Indies and Cape of Good Hope, South America and Australasia.

Leaving this square mile of gardens behind, we pass Tullytown and cross the neck back of Penn's Manor, still speeding through the level and highly-cultivated plain. On the left hand the Delaware Division Canal and its plodding mules and barges keep us close company, while to the right the Delaware River soon comes in sight again, with the city of Trenton spread out on the opposite shore. The railway curves around through Morrisville and crosses the great Delaware bridge to South Trenton. This is the chief bridge that crosses the river, the navigation interests preventing their construction at any place below Trenton. It is a wrought-iron railway and carriage bridge, and replaced Wernwag's bridge, erected in 1803. This was a covered wooden bridge of five irregular spans, originally built for a carriage road, of timber-arched ribs, from which the roadway was suspended by iron bars. It was a celebrated bridge in its day, and existed for forty-five years, until, in 1848, the railway came along and necessitated a change. The south side of the bridge was then arranged for the cars and strengthened, and in this condition the bridge remained for twenty years more, when the covering was taken off and new arches put in the railroad portion. Some of the original timbers of 1803 still remain in the carriage portion. The increase of traffic necessitating further improvement the present wrought-iron bridge of three trusses was built while trains ran over it, and was finished in 1875, so that there is now a double-track railway crossing, as well as a carriage road, the bridge being nearly eight hundred feet long. A timber screen masks the carriage road from the cars, and also cuts off the view of Trenton along the shore up the river; but below, the wharves and iron-works of the town are spread out for a brief period as we quickly pass through the bridge and run into the deep cutting in South Trenton that conducts the railway through a series of short tunnels under the town, the canals, and most of the streets, and prevents our seeing much of the city but its conical-topped pottery-kilns.

Formerly the main railway ran along the Raritan Canal
bank, through Trenton and across New Jersey to the Raritan River, but the present shorter and straighter route was constructed some time ago. Passing the station, the railway begins ascending the grade from the Delaware Valley, and the Belvidere Delaware Railroad starts out northward, while near by are the high trestles and shutes for transferring its coal into the cars of other lines. On the south side of the road is the stock-farm where they keep blooded horses, and beyond this the train rapidly traverses a level country, well cultivated, but having plenty of woodland. Trains, west-bound, both passenger and freight, constantly pass us, showing the enormous traffic of the line.

PRINCETON AND NASSAU HALL.

Soon can be seen, far away to the northward over the level plain, the steeples of Princeton rising apparently out of a park, so thick is the foliage around them. Princeton is three miles away from the main road, and a branch line leads out from the quiet town, and joins the main track forty-two miles from Philadelphia. Princeton is not a large town, but it is pleasantly situated not far beyond the canal, and contains some elegant residences. It is chiefly prominent, however, as the seat of the College of New Jersey, better known as Nassau Hall or Princeton College, over which Dr. James McCosh, who came from Belfast in 1868, presides with so much success. Opened at Elizabeth in 1747, this College was transferred to Nassau Hall, in Princeton, in 1757, and around the ancient building raged the final skirmish of the battle of Princeton in 1777, although the main contest, in which General Mercer fell, was fought some distance from the town, on the road to Trenton. The old Hall was burned in 1802, and rebuilt, but again burned in 1855. The College has recently had most liberal endowments, and very fine buildings now surround its campus, the Library and the School of Science being the most imposing. Dr. Wither- spoon, who was its President during the Revolution, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and its early graduates included two other signers, Richard Stockton and Benjamin Rush. The Presbyterian Theological Seminary is also at Princeton.
The railway still runs over an almost level plain, passing much swampy ground and land overflowed from the recent rains. The train makes high speed on the smooth straight track, over the solid stone-ballasted roadway, with a constant procession of west-bound trains darting by on the other tracks. We rush over the water-troughs and past frequent detachments of workmen laboring on the line, and then, at forty-eight miles from Philadelphia, pass Monmouth Junction. Here starts eastward the railway leading to Freehold and the settlements along the Northern New Jersey coast at Ocean Grove and Long Branch. We pass through much woods, with interspersed clearings beyond Monmouth Junction, and also see the first evidences of New Jersey brownstone while still crossing the level plain. Approaching Millstone Junction, there can be seen far away to the northwest the hazy outline of the hills that are the southern spurs of the Blue Ridge, and as we look at them the train begins crossing the strata of dark red soils that spread across New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Approaching the Raritan River, the railway passes over a gently rolling country with frequent little brooks flowing through it.

RUTGERS COLLEGE AND MENLO PARK.

Over the dark red soil we run swiftly through New Brunswick, fifty-eight miles from Philadelphia, and cross its streets diagonally, skirting the corner of the church and the college-grounds just before rushing past the station. We have been going through the county of Middlesex, and New Brunswick is its county-seat, a thriving town, on the western bank of the Raritan River, at the head of navigation, and where the Delaware and Raritan Canal comes in. Here are great factories on the low grounds along the canal and river-banks, while a handsome town is built on the higher ground, which, like a crescent, encircles the older parts. The college buildings and grounds we are rushing by so unceremoniously are those of Rutgers College, the ancient and royal Queen's College of 1770, but given its present name in 1825, when Colonel Henry Rutgers made the handsome endowment for those days of five thousand dollars. It has recently had fine new buildings and been assisted by ample endowments, while the New Jersey State Agricultural College was established fifteen
years ago as an additional department, together with an experimental farm of one hundred acres. North of Rutgers and in a commanding position is the Theological Seminary of the Dutch Reformed Church, with its fine buildings, Hertzog and Suydam Halls. But in much less time than it takes to tell the story, we dart through New Brunswick and out upon the elevated bridge across the canal-basin and the Raritan River. Along the western bank the canal-basin is spread out, on a higher level than the river, with locks above, where the canal enters, and also below, where the barges are let out into the river itself. The chocolate-colored stream, bearing on its bosom much soil washed out by the recent rains, flows down through wooded banks, and below the railway, near where the canal-basin ends, it is crossed by a road bridge. The shores swing around towards the south, with the town on the right and the woods on the left, and the turgid waters seek an outlet in the Raritan Bay, fifteen miles below.

Having crossed to East Brunswick, we begin to see the evidences of the large suburban travel out of New York in the number of local trains that come as far as the Raritan, and are there laid up. The railway now runs through a populous region, passing many large towns and villages. Men are chipping out the red sandstone from the roadside, and the train again runs over a level country. At Metuchen we cross the Lehigh Valley Railroad, which goes down to the seacoast at Amboy to unload the black diamonds from the Lehigh coal region. Still passing the red soils, frequent villages flit by, each with its little church, the tall spires pointing upward, as Tom Corwin used to say, like so many lightning-rods to avert the wrath of Heaven, as we draw nearer the modern Babylon at New York. The train passes Menlo Park, sixty-five miles from Philadelphia, and here on the embankment to the northward of the railway are the houses and laboratory and shops of the famous wizard Edison, who has got much of the fame of the electric light while other men have been establishing it. Scores of his little globes set up on lamp-posts are scattered about the grounds, glittering in the sunlight, and at night they shine out like so many radiant stars. Here was the Mecca of many a speculating pilgrim a year or two ago, who desired to be the medium of making electric science financially advantageous on
the stock exchange; and here Edison and his friends shouted "Eureka!" several months too soon.

RAHWAY AND ELIZABETH.

We pass Perth Amboy Junction, whence a branch road leads to Perth Amboy, down on the coast, and, as we go by the frequent elaborate stations, with their lawns and gardens, we study the aesthetic tastes cultivated by the Pennsylvania Company in these later days of railroading. Some of these gardens are perfect little gems, and they are spread along the railway at almost all the suburban stations on this part of the line. The train runs into Rahway, along a street bordered with double sets of immense telegraph-poles, looking not unlike the great ship-masts that are distributed along Tenth Street, near the Western Union office in Philadelphia. The railway crosses most of the streets of this pleasant town diagonally, and cuts a good many house-lots bias. We are now in Union County, New Jersey, and this is one of its principal towns, built on the narrow little Rahway River, and being mainly a carriage manufactory. It turns out more wagons and carriages from its eighteen or twenty factories than any town of its size in the country; and it has been indulging in various political luxuries to such an extent, recently, that the whole city is in danger of being sold out by the sheriff to satisfy the holders of its defaulted municipal bonds. We rush by its elaborate station, with the broad lawns and flower-beds, cross the little river, and are soon out of town. Another fine station is passed at Scott Avenue, in the suburbs, and we again speed along the level land, past villages almost without number. At Linden there is a beautiful church, with a fine spire, just south of the railway as we approach its pretty station. Far away to the southward, across the level plain, can be seen the Highlands of the Navesink and Staten Island. Then the villages gradually condense into Elizabeth, another New Jersey city almost bankrupted by too much municipal debt, and as we come to the station the train passes almost near enough to touch the modest house occupied by the ancient Rolla fire-engine. Elizabeth is the county-seat of Union County, and is almost entirely a rural suburb of New York, whose merchants come out to sleep in the comfortable houses on its broad and shady streets, while
they spend their business days in the metropolis. It spreads, under the name of Elizabethport, down to the sound, and over there are most of the factories, and also the great coal-shipping wharves to which much of the Reading coal is sent. It is an ancient town, the original settlement on the banks of the little Elizabeth River antedating Philadelphia nearly twenty years. In the heart of the city we cross the tracks of the New Jersey Central Railroad, which runs down to Elizabethport, and thence by a long trestle-bridge over Newark Bay to Bergen Point and out to the Hudson River at Communipaw. Our railway crosses the streets and house-lots diagonally, as in Rahway, and passes the rows of suburban villas on either hand that line all the roads and streets far out of town. Lawns and gardens and pleasant groves surround the villas, while mansard-roofs, many of them highly ornamented, are the rule. Far south of the railroad over the level surface can be seen the meadows surrounding Newark, with Staten Island beyond, across the Kill von Kull.

NEWARK AND THE MEADOWS.

Still running over the red soils we approach the Passaic River, which is their eastern border, and the great town of Newark, the chief city of New Jersey, spreads out before us, both to the north and south of the railway, while to the northward its suburbs extend up on the hills towards Orange. We have come into the county of Essex. Past rows of suburban homes we run into the city, and glide rapidly by its immense factories spread on both sides of the railway. Newark is a large manufacturing city, and the Morris Canal brings the coal of the Lehigh region into the heart of the town. It is also a great suburban outlet for New York, and has, besides its manufacturing and business sections, a considerable area covered with handsome and comfortable residences, through which runs its finest avenue, Broad Street. This magnificent highway, one hundred and thirty-two feet wide, bordered with many ornate buildings and shaded by majestic trees, skirts three attractive parks embowered with elms. Newark, too, antedates Philadelphia in settlement, but few who know it now would suppose that it had a strictly Puritan origin. We run past the Market Street station, eighty miles from Philadelphia, at high speed, the line being carefully fenced
in. Out over the canal we go, and upon the iron bridge across the Passaic River, which flows down to Newark Bay, four miles below, and has quite a number of steamboats tied to its wharves, while the city extends along its shores as far as eye can see, both north and south. Down the river can be seen the smoky chimneys of the factories, while on the opposite shore there is scarcely a building.

We cross to Hudson County and its meadows, which spread like a prairie far away on both sides of the line. We are again in a region of elaborate advertising, but the signs bear the unfamiliar names of New York firms. Here the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad crosses the Passaic just above us, and keeps the Pennsylvania line close company over the meadows. Away off to the southward can be seen the long trestle-bridge of the New Jersey Central Railroad over Newark Bay, while to the northward the prairie seems to spread to the highlands back of the Palisades along the Hudson. Here our railway gradually spreads out into a broad expanse of tracks, and thousands of freight cars of all kinds are being made up into trains, for we are approaching the terminus, while to the northward of the line are the extensive Meadows Shops, and we rush by the great round-houses and construction buildings. These shops extend nearly a third of a mile along the railroad, and fifteen acres are covered with the buildings in which is done the repairing for the New Jersey lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad. A round-house stands at either end, one a circle of three hundred feet in diameter, with forty-four converging tracks, and the other a semicircle of two hundred and sixteen feet radius, with nineteen converging tracks. An immense building, four hundred by one hundred and thirty-five feet, contains most of the repairing departments, and here are laid twenty parallel lines of rails on which the cars stand while work is being done. These rails lead out to a transfer-table, laid in a pit, four hundred and eighty feet long, and which moves the cars to all parts of the works. On the other side of this pit are three big buildings, used for the machine-shop, planing-mill, and erecting-shop. There is a large smith's shop, and in these works are employed over a thousand men. At these Meadows Shops, which are four miles from the Hudson River, the traffic of the great railway is divided, and the freight and
passenger business runs to the terminus separately. The
shops, depots, and store-houses extend down to the edge of
the Hackensack River, which flows through the meadows.
We cross the Hackensack on a long bridge and trestle, with
a road bridge above us, and just beyond it the bridge of the
Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railway, over which a
train is rushing westward towards Newark.

BERGEN HILL AND JERSEY CITY.

The train passes the village of Marion and runs into the
deep and crooked rocky cutting through Bergen Hill. The
railway zigzags through on short curves, swinging the cars
from side to side, but work is progressing at straightening
the line by making a broad new cutting southward of the
present line. It is a task of great difficulty, however, for the
roadway has to be bored through the solid rock. Here in
the heart of the hill the railway divides, the lines for the
freight traffic going northward towards the extensive wharves
and docks at Harsimus Cove. Plenty of trains pass, showing
how busy the line is, and we run out of the cutting and
curve around on the side of the hill and enter the suburbs
of Jersey City. Here the meadows to the southward extend
down to Communipaw, with vacant land between, and over
in the lower part of the Hudson River can be seen Ellis's
Island and Bedloe's Island. We are now fairly in Jersey
City, and run along between rows of houses, whose little
back-yards border the railway; and where they seem to have
a perpetual wash-day, the different families in each story and
even each room of these tenement-houses rigging the wash-
clothes upon lines extended on pulleys between the upper
windows. There they flutter in the wind like so many flags
of truce, regardless of the soot flying from the locomotives.
As we gradually come down to the level of the street the
road is fenced in on both sides, with gates for the street-
crossings, past which the train rushes at almost full speed.
Huge factories line the streets, for Jersey City, too, is a
great manufacturing town, and has been mainly built up
by the overflow from New York. Here the great railways
from the West come out upon the Hudson, and are con-
ected by ferries with the metropolis. Here are the capa-
cious Pennsylvania and Erie Railway docks and elevators,
where vast amounts of freight are transshipped to vessels for export to Europe. The immense stock-yards and abattoir, where the meat is slaughtered for the New York market, are in the northern part of the town. The largest ferry-boats in the world carry the enormous passenger traffic of these great railways over the Hudson from Jersey City, and the railways have huge terminal stations communicating with the ferry-slips. Jersey City is only a modern town. The neck of land on which it stands is the old Paulus Hook, where barely a dozen persons lived at the beginning of the present century, and it was not until 1820 that the settlement became of any size, while thirty years ago it was still only a village. Since then the overflow of New York, and especially the vast growth of the railways, have made it a very large place, and the second city of New Jersey.

The train runs swiftly into the big station, six hundred and twenty feet long, that ends the great railway eighty-eight miles from Philadelphia. Here can be seen the vast spread of its traffic, for there are passenger-cars of the Baltimore and Ohio and New Jersey Midland Railways in the station, both getting their New York outlet over the Pennsylvania lines. The train empties out into the ferry-slips and waiting-rooms. In the latter, which are spacious and well-appointed, hundreds are waiting for departing trains, being occasionally startled by the sonorous voices of trainmen, who make their announcements with immense noise, but with a peculiar inflection, flourish, and echo of the voice that is so much Greek to most of the passengers. It has long been a problem to me why the English language is made such a strange and unfamiliar tongue by some who dispense it in loud sounding driblets in railway public waiting-rooms. At the head of the ferry-slips is a broad avenue four hundred feet long and sixty feet wide, covered over and giving ample room for the crowds to walk about, and across it the multitudes go to and from the boats. I have seen an entire regiment of troops manoeuvre and countermarch in this Jersey City ferry-house while waiting for the boat to New York. But there is nearly always a steamer in the slip to take you up-town or down-town, as may be wished, and the train pouring out its stream of people, they quickly move upon the boats, and are ferried over to the great city.
X.

LONG BRANCH.

THE NORTHERN NEW JERSEY COAST.

The seacoast of Northern New Jersey for fully twenty miles south of Sandy Hook has become a succession of summer watering-places. The bluffs and beaches from Seabright, at the Navesink, down to Sea Girt and the Manasquan Inlet, are all now occupied as summer resorts, so that the older and more famous town of Long Branch has plenty of neighbors. There is Monmouth Beach and Seabright to the northward; and Deal, Ocean Grove, Asbury Park, Ocean Beach, Spring Lake, and Sea Girt to the southward. Let us take a journey to this famous resort at Long Branch, which was first occupied as a watering-place nearly a century ago by Philadelphians, though it has only attained its present prominence during the past twenty years. The earlier Philadelphia residents, who discovered and set the watering-place fashion for the Long Branch bluff, built their houses out beyond the present bluff line, on land that the sea has long since washed away. Steadily the waves make encroachments on the shore, and the great storms of last winter and the one in early June made serious inroads upon the bluff, washing deep gullies and causing the inhabitants to renew their oft-repeated discussions as to the best method of preventing further encroachments. To reach this famous bluff from Philadelphia there are several routes, and I took the Pennsylvania Railroad line, which leaves the main railroad from Philadelphia to New York at Monmouth Junction, about forty-eight miles from Philadelphia. Here the train takes a road running southeast towards the seacoast, through Middlesex and Monmouth Counties, and known by the unique title of the "Freehold and Jamesburg Agricultural Railroad." It passes over a flat country, and runs into the old Camden and Amboy Railroad at Jamesburg. This was the original route of chief railroad travel between the two great cities, and over it many of our older
generation have gone in the trains from Bordentown to Amboy, that took six or eight hours to do the journey between the great cities, the train being drawn by an old-time "gig-top" locomotive, and being made up of cars fitted with "petticoats," to keep down the dust. Jamesburg is a pretty little village, the lower part being alongside a lake, which tapers off into a series of swampy ponds, almost covered with lilies. Beyond Jamesburg the railroad runs to Freehold, still through a flat country, with occasional villages, and past the little knoll surmounted by the ancient Tennent Church and the old Monmouth battle-ground, where the land slopes gently down from the ridges where the battle was fought to a little brook which runs under the railroad. Freehold is an attractive town, covering considerable ground, and built mainly of wooden houses. It has its own special railroad running northward to New York. There is a fair agricultural region around Freehold, while beyond it the railroad goes through a land of fruit-trees and peach orchards. Below here, off to the right, is the Manasquan River running down to the ocean, and at Farmingdale the railroad crosses the New Jersey Southern road, another route to Long Branch, which comes up from Southern New Jersey, and a couple of miles south of Farmingdale passes through the well-known and often-quoted village of Squankum, which is not far away from the Manasquan River. We next go through a country mostly covered with pine woods, but having large tracts reclaimed for agriculture. There are long ranks of cord-wood piled by the roadside ready for shipment, and an occasional fine wheat-field relieves the view. We pass Squan, and, after skirting the Manasquan Inlet running down to the sea, the railway turns northward to Sea Girt, the little life-saving station being seen at the entrance to the inlet out on the ocean-shore.

Sea Girt has an extensive railway station, and down at the ocean-side can be seen its great hotel, the Beach House, two immense buildings constructed alike, rising above the trees, each with a surmounting lookout-place. Between the two is a low building used for the hotel office. The sea-waves dash up to the very edge of the immense piazza, four hundred feet long, and here, long before the locality was thought of for a watering-place, Commodore Stockton selected it as his sum-
mer seaside home. The old mansion is now the hotel office, overshadowed by the gigantic house on either side. The coast above the hotel is fringed with buildings, including the fine new Tremont Hotel. Just north of Sea Girt the railway crosses Wreck Pond Inlet, with quite a nest of pretty cottages, known as Villa Park, on its northern bank. Another town with its big hotel is out on the ocean front. Here is Spring Lake, the land perfectly flat, though the lake is a little gem set just inside the ocean, and signs at the station tell the visitor of "Boats to hire" and "Choice lots for sale." The railway continues a short distance farther, over more flat land with interspersed pieces of woodland, till it comes to Ocean Beach. The shore is skirted with hotels and villas, and Ocean Beach appears as an extensive town of comfortable-looking frame cottages. Shark River Inlet is behind and north of this thriving settlement, and the train crosses it on a pile-bridge. This is an inlet with irregular shores, and its broad expanse of water contains several grass-covered islands. North of this inlet there are a succession of villages which finally develop into Asbury Park. Ocean Grove is on the shore, south of Asbury Park, the Wesley Lake lying between the two settlements; but the Grove does not extend out to the railroad, though the same railway station answers for both, and hundreds of people come out to see the train land its passengers. Just before arriving at the station we cross the head-waters of Wesley Lake, and just after leaving it the railway passes over the two little streams that form Sunset Lake, and down over the water of the latter the ocean can be seen, with a steamer far out at sea making rapid speed towards New York. Broad avenues are laid out, along which you can look from the car-windows to the ocean front, and, judging by the lively air of everything hereabouts, Ocean Grove and Asbury Park are brisk business towns in the summer-time. Next we come to Deal Beach, where there is a fine station, but we look in vain for the town. There is an enclosure fenced in alongside of the railway, where they have pigeon-shooting matches, and the ocean is in full view in front of us, with the vessels sailing by. Soon can be seen off to the right the cottages along the shore at the southern or west end of Long Branch, known as Elberon. The railroad gradually approaches the shore, which is an un-
broken row of villas on the ocean front, and it passes the two stations of Elberon and West End, which are established for the benefit of this part of Long Branch. Along the shore can be seen from the latter station the pinnacles of the West End and Howland Hotels. A few minutes more and we stop at Long Branch station.

**THE LONG BRANCH BLUFF.**

Long Branch is a town stretched for five miles along Ocean Avenue, the great driveway that is on the edge of the bluff bordering the Atlantic. The hotels and cottages in the older part of the town are back of the avenue, with little lawns and gardens in front, and a narrow strip of greensward borders the avenue just at the edge of the bluff, with an occasional pavilion or summer-house erected on its brink. Below, at the foot of the steep bluff, the waves roll in and the bath-houses are placed on the narrow beach. Some distance inland a small and irregular stream of water with a series of narrow little lakes in its course flows northward to Shrewsbury River. This, known as the "long branch" of that river, has probably given the place its name. There are few ocean views more pleasing than that from the succession of porches and verandas that front the long array of fine buildings on Ocean Avenue; and its unusual character strikes the visitor whose idea of the seashore has hitherto been mainly formed by looking at barren sand beaches. Just outside the lawn at your feet runs the broad driveway, with its briskly-moving equipages and the outer border of telegraph-poles. Beyond is the narrow strip of lawn on the edge of the bluff, and its little summer-houses. The surf booms on the beach below, but the bluff is too high for most of it to be seen in front. To the right and left, as far as eye can see, there is the broad road and its green borders and succession of telegraph-poles stretched out, with the white-topped waves rolling in and tumbling over into breakers. To the northward is the Iron Pier, where the steamboat "City of Richmond," with its flags flying, is just curving around to get a fair start on its voyage to New York, a journey occupying about two hours. Out beyond, the ocean spreads to the horizon with hundreds of vessels in sight, and several steamers, southward-bound from New York harbor, leaving their long black smoke-lines against the sky as they
crawled like little specks upon the water. Let us walk out to the edge of the bluff, where the steep bank goes down about twenty feet to the little beach where the surf is booming, the edge of the bluff showing evidence in its gullies and washouts of the constant abrasion by the surface drainage as well as sea-water. The breakers roll in, almost beneath your feet, and the long lines of white surf are seen for miles on either hand; yet it is white only for a narrow space along the edge of the bluff, for the beach is shelving and the waves come closely in before breaking. Having seen this, turn around and look behind at the stately row of hotels and villas stretching to the right and left along the avenue, some with mansard- roofs and ornamental cornices and eaves, while the older ones are flat-topped, or peaked and shingled. The grass grows down to the edge of the sea, for this is all good, fertile land, and sustains behind the houses fine trees and a luxuriant vegetation. As the sun shines over the broad sea the western sky shows a golden-hued sunset, and the reflection striking the white sails of the vessels makes the ocean look as if it bore a hundred burning ships with purple clouds above them. This coast has had, like all others, its tales of shipwreck. There are two photographs in almost every house at Long Branch, one of the Red Star steamer "Russland," that came ashore near where we stand, in March, 1877, and soon afterwards went to pieces; the other of the French steamer "Amerique," that came ashore in January of the same year, just north of Long Branch, yet after four months' exertion and the expenditure of a vast sum of money, was finally pulled off and is still crossing the Atlantic on the route to Havre. She was not saved until after the "Russland" had gone to pieces. Both went ashore through mistaking Long Branch lights for those supposed to be at Sandy Hook entrance.

LONG BRANCH VILLAS AND HOTELS.

Let us begin at the eastern side of the town and bluff, and take a survey along it until the bluff fades away into Deal Beach beyond the aristocratic West End. It is not to be supposed that Long Branch exists only along the edge of the sea, for, on the contrary, it is a thriving, permanent settlement, having at least six thousand regular inhabitants, and spreading far back to and beyond the railroads. In fact, the
village of East Long Branch, which is passed in going inland towards the northward, is quite a thriving town, and, although lowlands and marshes environ it, the houses are plentiful. In going about Long Branch the names of Richard J. Dobbins and John Hoey are frequently mentioned as the chief property-owners. Our Philadelphia builder is the owner of no less than five large hotels, besides almost countless cottages, while Mr. John Hoey has made his Long Branch home probably the finest private park in the United States. The east end of Long Branch is now a plot of vacant ground. The East End Hotel, which formerly stood there, has been taken down. Moving westward we come to the great Iron Pier, extending six hundred and sixty feet into the ocean, and ornamented with rows of flags. Its broad surface forms a promenade, and along the edge of the bluff it is flanked on either hand by a wide series of summer-houses. Here at the pier-head we pass the Ocean House, and west of it the Mansion House. Then, with interspersed cottages, come the United States, the Atlantic, and Tauch’s Hotels. Farther on we pass a low cottage with double porches, not very pretty to look at, but which has the honor of having been the first built at Long Branch,—the Stockton Cottage,—now occupied by Professor Pancoast, of Philadelphia. The broad front of the Howland House is next passed, and, adjoining it, the West End Hotel and its Annex. The Ocean Avenue, by a bend, goes between the latter buildings, and the pyramid towers on top of the Annex, with its fine construction, can be seen to advantage. These towers are visible from the railroad far inland; and in this gorgeous building, which is the finest hotel on the Jersey coast, magnificent accommodations can be had at magnificent prices. The floors are let in flats, and the telephone summons the meals for each apartment, if the occupant does not want to personally hunt them up. Back of this stately Annex, and upon a broad lawn, is the smaller but equally gorgeous “Chalet by the Sea,” where the denizen who feels his money to be a burden goes to “fight the tiger,” the business being just now conducted, I am told, under Philadelphia auspices. Far away inland is the squatty-looking stand pipe of the Long Branch water-works.
THE WEST END AND ELBERON.

We are now in the newer part of the town, and Ocean Avenue runs westward, with rows of villas on either hand, those on the left facing the sea and having their summer-houses on the edge of the bluff. These villas are surrounded by extensive grounds, and their owners think nothing of investing fifty to one hundred thousand dollars in a single establishment. In fact, the West End of Long Branch has a large part of the great wealth of New York to enrich it, for, although Philadelphia first began the settlement, there are but few Philadelphia cottagers at Long Branch now. In the hundreds of villas that are passed as we proceed along the avenue there are several of note. The Drexel cottage is a square building, surmounted with a cupola, running vines being prettily trained over the porches, and red-painted flower-pots set about the grounds. Three stately villas to the westward, with a large stable adjoining, are located in ample grounds, and were built at a cost of forty thousand dollars apiece, by J. W. Curtis, out of the profits of that well-known medicine, "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Life-Saving Station No. 5 is just beyond, and the steamer "Russland" came ashore almost in front of it. We cross Green's Pond, a tidal stream, which is to be dammed and made into a lake, and beyond it the rows of elaborate villas on either hand continue. The Pullman palace-car profits have built for their inventor a beautiful cottage with surmounting cupolas on the right-hand side of the avenue. On the ocean front is the Swiss chalet, known as "Sea Cliff Villa," a broad and comfortable house, with surrounding piazzas, where Mr. Childs passes the summer. Hedges enclose the lawn, while adjoining is a wilderness of trees, behind which rises the dark red roof of the cottage which a few years ago was the summer capital of the United States. General Grant's cottage is not an imposing one, but it is probably the best known at Long Branch. Beyond is an oddly-built structure of large proportions, with pinnacle-crowned towers surmounting the red roof and brick chimneys running up outside the main tower walls. In this castellated mansion, costing seventy thousand dollars to build, Commodore Garrison enjoys the ocean breezes, while across the avenue, behind
him, lives in simpler style the famous "Tom" Murphy, of New York. Moses Taylor counts his coupons in the broad and attractive cottage farther west, and has his son-in-law's house adjoining; their grounds being in common. Generals Porter and Babcock, who were President Grant's secretaries, have their cottages on the other side of the avenue, with a common roadway entrance for both. We soon come to Elberon, where the elaborate and attractive hotel by the seaside has a colony of twenty-seven large cottages annexed to it, inland, whose occupants are supplied and cared for from the hotel. They conduct their house-keeping in their own way at home, but get their meals from the hotel. The Elberon Hotel, which is owned and (by a lingual twist) named after L. B. Brown, looks like a large private villa, and was originally built by Mr. Franklyn, of the Cunard Steamship Company, who now lives in a more modest yet costly house to the westward of it. [Here President Garfield died September 19, 1881.] These cottages are nearly all Swiss villas, smoke-colored, with dark red roofs. The dividends of Western railways have enabled Mr. Victor Newcomb, formerly of the Louisville and Nashville Company, to put up an odd-looking Normandy house beyond the Elberon, while the elaborate structure now building on the sea front by Horace White, of New York, and yet incomplete, closes the array at the West End of Long Branch, where the bluff ends and the avenue goes off towards Deal Beach. The list of cottagers at this celebrated watering-place is legion, and it includes quite a colony of famous actors, besides some of the most prominent men of New York and Philadelphia.

HOLLYWOOD.

The crowning glory of Long Branch, however, is the estate of John Hoey, where about one hundred acres are laid out as a garden and park. Far away over the buildings and grounds, from almost every part of Long Branch, can be seen the tall flagstaff on the Mansion House, with the flag flying from it when the owner is at home. The estate of Hollywood lies back of the New Jersey Central Railroad, and at the West End. A yellow open-work palisade fence with white tops surrounds the grounds, the saffron colors looking not out of place when backed by the green grass and
trees within. Mr. Hoey, whose own taste has laid out this magnificent park, and whose personal superintendence keeps it up in summer splendor, dearly loves the yellow tinge, and has given it to almost all the hot-houses and buildings on the estate. We go along the bordering road, which has a row of trees planted down the centre, and enter at the lodge, which is itself one of the finest villas at Long Branch. The grounds we find to be a succession of lawns, groves, and flower-beds, the latter in plats of all shapes and styles. The outside of the lodge piazzas is covered with lattice-work, and far within the park rises the stately mansion, with piazzas up to the roof, and the lower stories enclosed in glass. Statuary greets the eye in all directions. The roads wind around among the flower-beds and through the groves and lawns and shrubbery, everything being kept neatly and most attractive. There are acres of hot-houses so disposed that all that is within them can be seen through the outer windows. Some of the flower-beds are laid out in colors to represent the beautiful figures of a velvet carpet; some are mottoes; others are of foliage-plants set in various designs. The flowers to produce these beds are raised by tens of thousands in the hot-houses; and there are also separate houses for ferns, and palms, and cacti and similar tropical plants. Behind the mansion is a pleasant grove of small trees, and the grounds are so disposed as to make a pleasing view from the windows in every direction, while singing birds in profusion flit about among the foliage. The general flatness of the surface is the only drawback, but Mr. Hoey has made the most of the advantages that nature has given him in this charming spot. His stable, which has a bronze horse surmounting the door, is completely masked from the house by trees. Here some pug-dogs were playing, and in an enclosure near by he last year had about sixty of these interesting animals. To maintain this great floral establishment requires a large force of gardeners, and the hot-houses also consume coal by the train-load. Their owner looks after everything himself, this being his amusement when away from business in New York. To maintain such an establishment, to gladden the eyes of Long Branch visitors, requires a princely income, and Mr. Hoey, fortunately, has it at command. "For what was Eve created?" is a riddle often asked, and
answered, "For Adam's Express Company." "For what was Adams' Express Company created?" might likewise be answered, "To maintain the Garden of Eden for its chief owner at Hollywood."

XI.

LONG BRANCH'S NEIGHBORS.

MONMOUTH BEACH AND SEABRIGHT.

Long Branch has within a brief period been surrounded by neighbors on the Northern New Jersey coast, more populous than herself. It will not be long before the entire shore from Sandy Hook down to Barnegat will become an almost unbroken summer town. It is even now the most populous coast on the Atlantic, its villages and towns growing with great strides every year. North of Long Branch the Shrewsbury River flows into Sandy Hook Bay, past the Navesink Highlands. A narrow strip of sand divides the river from the ocean, and along this the New Jersey Southern Railroad runs almost to the termination of the beach at Sandy Hook. Out on the ocean front there is a succession of villas, while fishing settlements of an earlier date line the shores and bays of the Shrewsbury River. To accommodate the elongated town that spreads out upon the shore, the railroad has stations at every few hundred yards, and as the strip of sand narrows in its northward course, there is scarcely room for the railroad and wagon-road behind the row of cottages on the shore. We advance northward along this beach, past the Land's End, where in primitive times the Indians are said to have come to catch fish, and through Atlanticville. On the seaward side of the road there is a constant succession of villas, many with vines running over their porches, and having flower-gardens on the surrounding lawns. The next settlement is Monmouth Beach, which is entirely the growth of the last few years. Its seaside cottages have handsome stables along the roadside, the horses, in many cases, having
as fine houses to live in as their owners. The antique style of Queen Anne's day prevails in building here, and most of the roofs are painted red; but everything has the odor of "newness," not noticed in Long Branch. At the northern end of Monmouth Beach can be seen, far across the Shrewsbury River, the green sides of the Navesink Highlands. Passing the little nook on the river-shore which is known as Pleasure Bay, the pyramid-topped ice-houses of the fishing town of Galilee raise their heads in strong contrast with the villas on the beach. Hundreds of nets and fish-boxes are spread around, and here the bluff along the shore ends, the beach above being nothing but a strip of sand, on which immense labor has been expended in making solid roads and top-dressing with fertile soil. The fancy-looking little building alongside a nest of ice-houses is Life-Saving Station No. 4. These stations are placed at intervals of about three miles along the shore, beginning at Sandy Hook, and are the headquarters of the wrecking-crews in the winter and spring, but are now closed. Away off across Shrewsbury River stands up the tall windmill on the hill-side at Rumsen. Here the palate of the epicure is whetted by signs announcing "Lobsters" and "Hard- and Soft-shell Crabs," for the river-shore is a succession of fishing stations; while the ocean steadily washes against the bulkhead that separates it from the lawns and gardens of the stately cottages on that side, their grounds having no dividing fences, but being generally cultivated in common. In front of each house is its flower-bed, and in some cases they take attractive forms. A row-boat or a little skiff, with its raised mast and cordage, are availed of to produce pretty floral designs. Not a tree grows here, but the profusion of grass relieves the glare of the sun. This is all a New York and New Jersey settlement, Philadelphia being unrepresented. It is one of the closest watering-places to New York, both by railway and water, and combines the advantages of surf-bathing and the fishing and sailing on the river. Some of the cottages are very oddly constructed, but all are costly and elaborate, and many, like their original Swiss models, have the stairways outside.

At Seabright, still farther north, the profusion of ice-houses again denotes the devotion of the inhabitants to fish-
ing. The strip of beach between river and ocean gets very narrow. The road and railroad go side by side through the village, with rows of little houses on either hand, and the water visible between them. There are plenty of new houses building, and also one or two large hotels. A fine bridge crosses over to the part of the village on the other side of the river, formerly known, from its dark green foliage, as Black Point. There are more fine cottages north of Seabright, and set among them is the building the State of Connecticut had at the Centennial Exhibition, now a private villa. The Navesink Highlands come closer and more plainly in view as we move northward, and the narrow sand-strip runs up to Sandy Hook, twelve miles from Long Branch. Steadily the cottages are being built along it, and in a brief period will probably go to the Hook itself. There are thousands of fine buildings along this remarkable beach, some costing fortunes to build. The houses are all of wood, but with sufficient intervening space to prevent danger from fire. At Seabright the Octagon Hotel, in modern fashion, has its colony of outlying cottages, whose occupants come to the hotel table. Eleven years ago the tract of land on which the Monmouth Beach colony stands was sold for forty-eight thousand dollars; it is now valued at one million five hundred thousand dollars, the prevailing price for lots being fifty dollars per front foot.

PLEASURE BAY AND THE NAVESINK.

Back of Monmouth Beach is the fascinating nook formed by Branchport Creek, one of the branches of Shrewsbury River, where the trees go down to the water's edge, and known as Pleasure Bay. Here stands a stately yellow house in a park, with the Shrewsbury River and the Navesink Highlands for a background, wherein lives throughout the year the well-known New York editor, Hugh J. Hastings, of the Commercial Advertiser. A flag thrown to the breeze tells when he is at home, and his less fortunate journalistic brethren in New York, possibly not without a tinge of envy, have denominated him the "Earl of Pleasure Bay." Wesley Avenue fronts the park, and a pleasant road through a border of trees leads up to the house. On the adjoining shores of the bay there is quite a settlement, and here, if anywhere, can be.
found luxurious repose. In a little house down by the bank among the trees, where the Shrewsbury oyster can be got direct from its native home, and an obliging landlord is all attention, I was shown an upper room where Philadelphia local statesmen used to come to fix up Long Branch "slates" for the Quaker City voters. But those days are no more at Pleasure Bay.

The crowning glory of all this region is the Navesink Highlands, which stand at the entrance of New York harbor, and are the first land to reward the eager gaze of the mariner. The Shrewsbury River flows at their foot, and beyond, on the narrow strip of sand forming Sandy Hook, the ocean ceaselessly beats. It was in Sandy Hook Bay, and along the base of these highlands, that Fenimore Cooper's "Water-Witch" chiefly cruised, and it is on Beacon Hill, which greets the mariner from afar, that the great twin light-houses of the Navesink are placed. These towers, about four miles south of Sandy Hook, are the highest lights on the Atlantic coast, being nearly two hundred and fifty feet above the sea, and their rays reach for thirty-five miles, or as far as the horizon permits. The hills are becoming rapidly monopolized for villa sites, and there is seldom given a better location for magnificent scenery over sea, bay, and river. It will not be long before the whole of this fascinating region is as thickly settled as the beaches below it.

**ASBURY PARK.**

On the coast, going to the southward of Long Branch, the visitor crosses a broad expanse of meadow, with an occasional stream and swamp, where flags and lilies grow. The Ocean Avenue stops at Deal Beach, and we proceed farther inland to the Deal turnpike, which passes through a region of old farm-houses and rich farms, the road being bordered by hedges. Deal Beach has few houses, however, and these are not of recent construction. The country is flat, and not far inland are thick woods. Hathaway's and some other hotels passed on the roadside look comfortable with their cool piazzas under groves of trees. The Long Branch bluff, which ends at Deal, is succeeded on the shore by a series of sand-hills, and these, in making the improvements to the southward, have been mostly carted away. Avenues are cut through from the turn-
pike to the shore, and the turnpike crosses Great Pond, which divides Deal from the thriving settlement at Asbury Park. Here and there are a succession of long, narrow fresh-water lakes, extending from northeast to southwest, and their banks are availed of for pleasant residences. On the north side of the Great Pond Inlet is Life-Saving Station No. 6, a plain dark red building. The sand-hills are covered with scrub timber along the turnpike, and, turning down towards the shore, we get into the settlement. Here are thousands of modest cottages, and a large number of new ones building. A broad sand beach extends along the shore, back from which run the avenues, and other streets cross these at right angles. The town, originally only along the north shore of Wesley Lake, has spread northward until now it has reached beyond Sunset Lake, on which its Fifth Avenue fronts, and in the height of the season it has at least fifteen thousand inhabitants. Most of the buildings are boarding-houses, and we pass along Webb Street to go around the eastern verge of Sunset Lake. It was here, in the early days of Long Branch, that the visitors came, then into the primitive forest, to look at the sunset across the lake and its little island; hence its name. To this little Belle Isle foot-bridges lead from the shore, and cottages border both sides of the lake. Between the two lakes Asbury Park is thickly settled, and in going along Kingsley Street we pass several large and attractive hotels, while a great number of the other buildings are boarding-houses and swarm with visitors. It is a town much like Atlantic City in appearance, but has more soil and trees and less bare sand. The wide avenues lead at regular intervals down to the ocean front and give excellent views of the surf. The pretty Wesley Lake, full of little boats, is the southern border of Asbury Park, and here, near the bank, is the section of a California big tree, converted into a house with a door in the side.

Ocean Grove.

Across the Wesley Lake, on its sloping grassy terraced bank, is the row of pleasant little cottages that give the visitor the prettiest outside view of the settlement at Ocean Grove. As at "Twickenham Ferry," we are rowed over the lake for a penny, and enter the town. This is the most
populous of all these watering-places, and twenty thousand people will be here at one time in the height of the season. It is barely ten years old, and was established by members of the Methodist Church as a camp-meeting ground and summer resort for Christian families. The Association have authority to make their own laws; no intoxicating liquors are permitted by the regulations to be brought upon the ground; all misbehavior unbecoming such a place is suppressed, and bathing, boating, and driving are strictly prohibited on Sunday, when all the entrance-gates to the enclosure, excepting those by footpaths, are closed and locked. The Grove has become immensely popular with an influential class of the community, and it numbers a large proportion of Philadelphians among its population. The little lots, thirty by sixty feet, which, in favorite localities, originally sold for about fifty dollars, now command as high as one thousand to twelve hundred dollars. The plan of Ocean Grove shows its religious origin. The projectors first secured a comparatively small tract on the south side of Wesley Lake for their camp-meeting ground, and here, at about three hundred yards from the beach, they located their "Auditorium," a spacious roof, surmounted by cupolas, covering a platform and sufficient bench-room to accommodate five thousand people. As Wesley Lake runs diagonally from the coast, this camp-ground has short streets leading both north and west from it to the shore of the lake; while to the eastward, down to the sea, is opened a broad avenue, called the "Ocean Pathway," with garden spaces on each side, and rows of cottages on the bordering streets. This furnishes a wide, open space direct from the sea to the Auditorium, up which the sea-breeze can come without obstruction, and over which the bordering cottages have a fine front view, though the garden-plats are not kept in as good order as might be supposed would be done on the principal street of the town. All around the Auditorium is a broad space where platforms are erected for tents, and on the south side is the "Tabernacle," an attractive little church. Parallel to the ocean, in front of the tenting-ground, and at right angles to the "Ocean Pathway," is the "Pilgrim's Pathway," while Mount Zion Way, Mount Carmel Way, and Mount Tabor Way run northward from the tenting-ground to the lake-shore. Mount
Hermon Way is south of these, and the other streets which cross each other at right angles, bear well-known Methodist names, such as Cookman Avenue, Pitman Avenue, Lawrence Avenue, etc. Two grand entrances are opened at the western side of the Grove, on the turnpike front, one leading to the Main Avenue and the other to Broadway. Fletcher Lake is about the present southern border of the Grove, but at its rate of growth it is getting far beyond the original bounds in all directions.

Ocean Grove is properly so called, for it is filled with little trees that give a delightful shade, and there is no place in Philadelphia more crowded than it is during the camp-meeting season. Here, in addition to the usual services, they have "surf-meetings" on Sunday, when religious services will be conducted by congregations of many thousands in the open air at the very edge of the ocean. Throughout July and August there will be almost daily religious gatherings. Ocean Grove observes strict rules and peculiar ones, and is fenced in on all but the ocean side, being probably the only walled city in the country. It has almost as many buildings within those fences as it can comfortably hold, and contains plenty of big boarding-houses with little rooms. After crossing the ferry over the clear, amber-colored cedar-water of Wesley Lake, the visitor is confronted by a mounted cannon set up on the grassy terrace at the foot of New Jersey Avenue. This gun is one of the relics of the battle of Gettysburg, having been captured there and mounted on an ancient gun-carriage which was taken from the British during the Revolution. Going in under the trees the place is found most attractive, the rows of little cottages and tents being embosomed in foliage, and the air from the ocean sweeps up the avenues and cools the entire town, while down in the little summer-houses on the beach the surf can be seen as it breaks upon the shore. Here, as at all the seacoast resorts from Sandy Hook down to Sea Girt, they say there are no mosquitoes, but occasionally a thick fog rolls in and saturates everything, while the listener can hear the fog-whistles blown at regular intervals by the steamers passing cautiously along the coast. They are not so fortunate, however, at some of the inland settlements along the Shrewsbury River; for the marshes in that neighborhood produce as ravenous
a breed of mosquitoes as can be found anywhere in the Jerseys.

This twenty miles of coast probably has one hundred and fifty thousand population when the season is at its height. There are at least fifteen thousand houses spread along the shore from Sandy Hook to Sea Girt, and the highly-ornamented and more elaborate villas at Long Branch and Monmouth Beach are numbered by the thousands. These beaches and bluffs are to-day the most rapidly-growing watering-places of the Atlantic seacoast, and as new buildings are going up in all directions, their summer population seems destined to expand indefinitely. They have all the adjuncts of a city but a public graveyard,—and possibly are too young just yet for that. To bury their dead the people go to Branchburg, about three miles inland. Here, in a common grave, are buried over two hundred persons, drowned, in 1854, when an emigrant ship came ashore at Great Pond; and, in fact, the shipwrecked make up a large part of the occupants of the Branchport graves.

XII.

NEW YORK HARBOR.

A JOURNEY TO CONEY ISLAND.

Let us start on a tour to-day to Coney Island, the great watering-place of the two millions of people who live around New York harbor. There are plenty of ways of getting there, both by water and railway, from New York and Brooklyn; and this season Coney Island has been placed within reach of a daily excursion from Philadelphia. The "Iron Steamboat Company" has made an arrangement with the Pennsylvania Railroad by which its steamboats will connect at the Jersey City terminus with certain trains, thus forming a through route from Philadelphia by way of Jersey City. This "Iron Steamboat Company" is an evidence of the enormous capital required to conduct the transportation of the
millions who visit what may certainly be called the best patronized watering-place in the world. The company has a capital of two millions, invested only in steamboats and piers. They have seven new and staunch iron steamboats, all built on the Delaware,—three at Roach's yard and four at Cramp's yard,—and each constructed particularly for this trade, with a capacity for eighteen hundred to two thousand passengers. A better excursion fleet never was provided, and there is certainly a fitness in sailing to a great seaside resort over the salt-water. The iron steamboats start from Twenty-third Street, on the Hudson River, and touch at Pier 1, just alongside Castle Garden, down at the Battery, and on certain trips they touch at the Pennsylvania Railroad wharf in Jersey City. On top of Pier 1, which is one of the new and substantial stone docks that New York is building on the Hudson River front, there has been erected a pavilion extending the entire length of the pier, open on all sides, so that a fine view of the river, bay, and adjoining Battery Park is available. Here a band of music gives concerts every afternoon and evening, and here come the thousands to listen to the music and go to Coney Island. As you sit there, favored by the cool breezes and listening to Professor Coppa's orchestra, the myriads of steam- and sail-vessels pass and repass, and there is a view far down the harbor and through the Narrows to the ocean. This great concert-hall is five hundred by eighty feet, and can accommodate six thousand persons, the seats sometimes being crowded on the warm evenings by people from the lower part of New York City who do not want to go to Coney Island, but are admitted to the concerts for a small fee. The Coney Island season continues about four months, and during that time a large part of the travel will pass over this pier, the steamboat journey out to the Island occupying about forty-five minutes. With a fresh breeze blowing in from the Narrows and our overcoats on we start, late in the afternoon, at what is called the "slack time," but still with hundreds of others. The Coney Island travel is said by its transporters to be a peculiar one. The current from breakfast-time till dusk is all towards the Island, and then from eight to ten o'clock the crowds who took the entire day in going down all want to get home again in about two hours of the evening. Within these two hours the various
routes have been known to carry away two hundred thousand people from Coney Island. How it is done visitors who were at the Centennial Exhibition on "Philadelphia Day" may imagine.

SAILING DOWN NEW YORK HARBOR.

We start from Pier 1, on the iron steamboat "Cygnus," and head direct for the little opening between the hills leading apparently into vacancy, known as the Narrows. Behind us, looking over the wake of the steamer and its line of froth, is the Battery and its Park, while over the trees we can see up Broadway, for we are running in almost a direct line away from that great street. The route takes us down between Governor's and Bedloe's Islands, both Government works. On Bedloe's Island is Fort Wood, and here also the French want to erect the great statue of America as a light-house, if New York is generous enough to build a pedestal tower, which, as yet, she seems not to be, judging from the paucity of subscriptions.

On Governor's Island the flag waves over Fort Columbus, and we pass closely the old-time circular stone fort, looking rather the worse for wear, and known as Castle William. Beyond Governor's Island we cross below the mouth of East River, and get a magnificent view of the East River Bridge, with its tall towers and great cables, and the flooring-beams gradually approaching each other over the centre of the river, as the construction carefully proceeds from the two sides. Then Brooklyn suddenly closes in the East River view, and its long lines of docks and warehouses slope off to our left, upon the broad point of land north of Gowannus Bay.

To the right hand and in front, there are distant views of the high hills on Staten Island, with a fleet of steamers and ships at anchor between us and them. Then we cross in front of the entrance to Gowannus Bay, and up on the hills behind it are the graves and tombs of Greenwood Cemetery, seen far away over the intervening lower ground. In front of our course the hills gradually close together at the Narrows, and here we pass the steamboat "Richard Stockton," laden with a Philadelphia excursion-party, who have just got through a day's task at eating clam-chowder and popping champagne corks down at Brighton Beach. The steamers salute each
other, and their wakes of salt-water foam commingle after they separate. We pass, though with but a distant view, the attractive villages of Stapleton and Clifton, built upon the hill-sides of Staten Island,—a fleet of foreign vessels riding at anchor in front on the broad harbor. On the northern side, we have crossed Gowanus Bay and are now moving in front of Bay Ridge, where steamers land crowds who make the rest of the Coney Island journey by railway. The extensive wharf arrangement attests the amount of travel. Below Bay Ridge the slopes upon the Long Island shore are lined with villas, some of great attractions, and the ranges of hills almost coming together we enter the Narrows.

This formation is that of a broken-down mountain range, through which the mighty Hudson River has forced a narrow passage, scarcely a mile wide, to the sea, part of the passageway, however, being still obstructed by an island. This island and the hills on either hand have been occupied by the Government for fortifications. Formerly they were the old-time stone-works of Fort Lafayette, on the little island, and Fort Wadsworth, on the Staten Island bank, but these obsolete fortifications have been since superseded by the more modern, but still incomplete, constructions on the hill-tops on either hand, known as Forts Hamilton and Tompkins. On each hill-top the standard waves until the sunset gun gives the signal that night is coming. There can be seen the long lines of earth-works, with the little black guns poking their muzzles out between the grass-covered mounds wherein are placed during warfare the magazines of ammunition, so as to have them handy for the guns. Below Fort Tompkins, on the Staten Island side, and just at the water's edge, is the old-time bastioned gray-stone fort of the earlier day, while on the eastern side in front of Fort Hamilton, on Long Island, is the ancient red sandstone Fort Lafayette on the reef that forms the island in the Narrows, its chimney-stacks pointing upward beyond the tops of the walls. Fort Lafayette has, in its day, held many a famous political prisoner, but it is harmless now, and will live hereafter mainly as a relic. These defensive works of New York harbor look formidable, but our military men say we are not keeping pace with the improvements in fortifications made by other countries, and that modern-armored ships could
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easily run by them. A liberal sowing of torpedoes in the Narrows, however, will make up any of the short-comings of the forts, if risk of foreign invasion gets serious. As it is, the forts are now letting the Germans and Irish and Swedes come through the Narrows at the rate of nearly a half-million a year, and they go up to Castle Garden to seek a new, and, it is to be hoped, a happier home than they have deserted.

Having passed the Narrows, we leave the upper and enter the lower bay forming New York harbor. These furnish anchorage sufficient for many thousands of ships. The upper bay is an irregular oval-shaped body of water, about eight miles long and five miles broad. With the North and East Rivers, it contains about twenty-seven square miles of anchorage-ground. The lower bay is a triangle of nine to twelve miles on each side, the Staten Island shore running off to Raritan Bay, and the Jersey shore from Raritan Bay to Sandy Hook Bay, being the longer sides, while a line drawn across the water from the Narrows past the west end of Coney Island to Sandy Hook is, probably, rather the shorter side. Here are eighty-eight square miles available for anchorage, making one hundred and fifteen square miles for the whole harbor. After passing the Narrows our steamboat heads for Sandy Hook, while the Staten Island shore rapidly recedes towards the westward, the quarantine ground being over on that side. Sandy Hook is about eighteen miles almost due south from the Battery, and two ship-channels lead up to the city, having twenty-one to thirty-two feet depth at low water. The Sandy Hook bar, however, is an obstruction, requiring the deeply-laden vessels of modern commerce to await high tide to cross it safely.

CONEY ISLAND AND THE IRON PIER.

Our steamboat heads for Sandy Hook when it leaves the Narrows, so as to get past the jutting west end of Coney Island, which spreads out for some distance beyond Long Island, the intervening bay being known as Gravesend Bay. Coney Island is a long narrow sand beach, tacked on to the extremity of Long Island, south of Brooklyn, with a broad intervening space of lowlands and marshes, over which a half-dozen steam- and horse-car lines run from Brooklyn. The moment we have got out of the Narrows, the buildings on the
western end of Coney Island are seen spread out, along the low strip of land across Gravesend Bay. It is not far away, and in the centre of the scene stands up the tall Observatory, removed there from George’s Hill. All the adjacent shores are low, and the first sight we get of the place is from the rear, for we are coming down the bay behind a town which has everything constructed to face the ocean beyond it. The steamboat rounds the low sand-banks that form the western point of the Island, with a number of frame hotels and restaurants built along the shore, known as Norton’s Point, and goes out upon the Atlantic. The sand-hills on the shore are fronted by enormous signs announcing that bathing can be had there, but the ancient West End pier, where all the roughs of New York used to land in the primitive days of Coney Island, has been almost washed away, and few go there now. Far to the southward is Sandy Hook and its light-house, with the Navesink Hills like a blue haze beyond. As the fresh breeze brings in the broad swells we cling to our wraps, but the chilliness does not have as much effect as the long roll of the boat, which reminds our stomachs of the existence of old Neptune, and that if this sort of thing continues we may have to cast up accounts with him. The boat skirts along the Coney Island shore, and, rocking merrily on the waves, heads for the great Iron Pier, now standing up on the sea, like a broad palace of Aladdin, before us. It is built on tiers of iron piles, and the waves have a free wash under it. This vast construction, which exceeds in proportions and magnificence the great piers at Brighton, in England, extends out into the ocean a thousand feet, from the part of Coney Island known as West Brighton beach. It is a two-storied structure, surmounted by huge pavilions at the centre and both ends. On the lower floor are the bathing arrangements, the signs announcing that there are twelve hundred bath-rooms. On the upper floor, which is open on the sides, is a promenade, with a full view of everything on sea and land. This pier is the “Iron Steamboat Company’s” landing, and it is in itself a complete seashore bathing establishment. As we near the outer end, and the diagonal boat-landings so constructed that the steamers can lie there safely, notwithstanding the roll of the sea, the fine orchestra on the outer extremity of the promenade greet us with music, and hundreds look over the
railings to see who is coming. Here landed a million and a half people last year, and here, with the improved facilities, the Iron Steamboat managers expect to have three millions of visitors this season. We land on the lowest deck of the pier, and go up-stairs through the entrance-gates and past the ticket-takers to the upper deck, all the passage- and entrance-ways being constructed to accommodate great crowds. On top of the pier the wind sweeps through as evening approaches, showing that it must be a cool place in hot weather. The broad sea is in front of us, while Coney Island is spread out on either hand. The music plays, and a stream of people move out to take the boats, for the returning tide of travel to New York has begun. Along the shore for miles to the eastward are seen the great hotels and bathing establishments, while not far away they are building a new iron pier, which will furnish additional facilities for boat landings. As night comes the bright suns of the electric light blaze out to illuminate the pier, and myriads of lights are seen along the shore, while to the eastward fireworks go up at the great hotels of Brighton and Manhattan Beaches. The benches fill up with travellers waiting for the boats, and the cool air having given an appetite we sit down to supper on the pier while the waves wash under us, and the wind vies with the music in giving entertainment. But here, as everywhere, are made discoveries. The Philadelphian comes from a region that loves the oyster, but Coney Island instead pays tribute to the clam. They have no oysters, but instead can give us all sorts of clams prepared in all sorts of ways. The "Little Neck" products feed us; we investigate the mysteries of "Coney Island Chowder;" and, having supped amid unlimited magnificence (including the bill), go off the pier to the Island. We are upon Coney Island on Saturday night, among probably fifty thousand visitors,—its illumination and fireworks trying to turn night into day,—while music fills the air and everything wears the aspect of a holiday.
XIII.

CONEY ISLAND.

THE AMERICAN BRIGHTON.

Coney Island is the greatest watering-place in the world. Its season lasts four months, and during one hundred days it is an almost uninterrupted French fête. Most people work six days in the week and rest on the Sabbath; but at Coney Island, as in the morning newspaper office, they work on Sunday, and in fact concentrate into the Sabbath as much labor and amusement as are usually spread over the other six days in the week. No French Sunday fête ever exceeded the jollity on Coney Island, as we saw it on a hot summer Sunday, when over a hundred thousand people went down there to have a good time. Think of a half-dozen Atlantic Cities and Cape Mays concentrated along a four-mile strip of shore, with all the available bands of music in full blast; all the bars going; all the vehicles moving; all the minstrel shows, miniature theatres, Punch and Judy, fat woman, and big snake exhibitions that cluster around a mammoth circus, open; all the flying-horses, swings, and velocipede machines in operation; and a dense but good-humored crowd everywhere, sight-seeing, drinking beer; and swallowing clam chowder; and you have a faint idea of a Coney Island midsummer Sunday. France is the only country that can approach it in similar scenes, and there is nothing like it elsewhere on the Western Continent. But while the French may drink beer, they don't eat clam chowder to any appreciable extent. The enormous crowds at Coney Island are a perpetual reminder of the Centennial, for they move about in all directions seeking amusement, and cluster around every attraction; come into the place all day, and rush home again at night; while the Island itself is an aggregation of frame buildings of much the same style of architecture as those that were in Fairmount Park during the Exhibition.

There are said to be over twenty millions of dollars capital
represented in the Coney Island buildings, piers, and improvements, and the means of transportation to the place. Last summer nearly five millions of people went there and spent nine millions of dollars. This year the opinion is that the increased transportation facilities will bring six millions and they will spend ten or twelve millions of money. What a fortune this is to be expended in one watering-place season! and with the preparations for such a harvest, one can readily believe that some of the big hotels on Coney Island lose money unless they take in five thousand dollars a day. There are over three thousand waiters employed in the hotels and restaurants. This strip of sand, extending about four miles along the Atlantic, may be divided into four sections and is in reality a succession of narrow villages, composed chiefly of hotels and restaurants, built along the shore and the single road behind it. The western end, or Norton's Point, was the original Coney Island, as known to the old-time New Yorker, and was a resort for the rowdy and often of the ruffian. The Coney Island visitor now does not go to the "West End" any more than the casual visitor to London goes to the "East End" of the metropolis. The great Iron Pier lands you at the centre of the Island, known, perhaps, better as West Brighton Beach, where the Philadelphia Centennial has made two of the chief contributions to Coney Island architecture, in the Observatory, and the rebuilding of a large portion of Machinery Hall, which has been transformed into the spacious and attractive "Sea Beach Palace," used for a hotel and railway station. It must be borne in mind that every hotel of any pretensions at this extraordinary place has its own railway to New York harbor and Brooklyn, and that the competition to get possession of the visitors really begins at the Brooklyn ferry-houses. A broad avenue known as the Concourse leads over the nearly vacant region of about a mile between West Brighton and Brighton Beach, and here the third section of the Island is located and the roadway stops. About a third of a mile west of Brighton Beach is Manhattan Beach, with the "Marine Railway," a narrow-gauge steam road, connecting them, and this, the easternmost section, contains the Manhattan Hotel, and some distance farther eastward, the Oriental Hotel. Generally, in America we grow in fashionable exclusiveness as we approach
the "West End" of a city, but Coney Island reverses the rule. Its Oriental (or eastern) Hotel is an immense caravan-sary of five hundred and fifty rooms, where they ask from five dollars to twenty dollars per day board, with appropriate extras. We were not able to stay at the Oriental more than about fifteen minutes.

BRIGHTON BEACH.

At the Brighton Hotel (where they say they have rooms on the European plan for "two dollars per day upwards"), the great music-stand, where the band sits under a sounding-board like a seashell, the vast crowds listening to Levy's cornet, blown for five hundred dollars a week, and the general magnificence attracted our patronage. Before the bill was paid we found that "upwards," when referring to a hotel room, meant up towards the roof; and when the bill was paid, the cashier forgot all about the two-dollar rate in his anxiety to collect enough to pay Mr. Levy's week's salary. But the back room given us, up under the roof, presented a fine rear view of the gravelled tops of the hotel kitchens and out along the half-dozen railways leading across the marshes towards the distant hills bordering Brooklyn, over which the comet hovered in great brilliancy on Sunday night; and also of the Coney Island race-course, just behind the hotel, where the jockeys raced their horses round the track all Sunday morning. The "European plan" we further discovered to be a plan for raising the price of board by instalments. You paid "only for what you got" to eat, but almost the only thing to be got on the elaborate bill of fare for less than a dollar was clam chowder, and that chowder some fellow spent the entire night chopping under our room window. My brother rambler on this occasion learned more about the Louvre domes of mansard-roofs than he had ever known before. His room was the last one at the back end of the top story, underneath where several of those beautifully-sloping sides of the Louvre come together. Consequently the head-board of the bedstead had to be stuck out of a window, or the bed would not go into the room under the inclining walls, and the gentleman who had to get into this apartment, for which they wanted to levy four dollars a day (but didn't), after considerable examination, found he could best do it on
all-fours. But what was the difference? We were in our rooms as little as possible, and could go down-stairs and hear Levy's five-hundred-dollar cornet with as much satisfaction as the best of them.

The Brighton Beach may be regarded as the centre of fashionable Coney Island now, and its Sunday afternoon scene will not soon be forgotten. The hotel is enormous, immense towers, with pyramid tops surmounting it, and broad piazzas all along the front. Many acres are laid out with board walks and flower-gardens in front down to the beach, where there are pavilions, and where bulkheads protect the gardens from sea encroachments. In front of the hotel is the great music-stand, facing the piazzas, with semicircular benches arranged to accommodate thousands of people. Large awnings keep the sun off the piazzas and musicians, as he moves around to the westward. Here, on Sunday afternoon and evening, the great orchestra play all the latest operatic airs, and many thousands assemble to hear them, the railway coming in at the back of the hotel continually increasing their numbers. Then, as the evening falls, the blaze of the illumination and fireworks is added, and it gives the scene, with the crowds, the music, and the general jollity, the air of a great festival. Just east of the Brighton is its bath-house, another immense structure, containing fifteen hundred separate bath-rooms, while roadways are constructed for the bathers from the rooms down to the surf. The bathing-ground is inclosed by poles and ropes, so that there is no danger, and the ropes give support when the waves are rough. The season is most too early, however, for many yet to bathe, so the crowds who sat in the chairs along the edge of the sand and sipped their beer did not get much amusement of that kind. The entire lower part of this house is arranged as a restaurant and a theatre and exhibition-hall, all being in full operation throughout Sunday. Out in front the sea rolls in on a smooth sandy shore, and plenty of vessels can be seen going in and out New York harbor, their routes being right in front of us. The apothecary-shop and doctor's office are in a big pavilion, near by, where the public helped themselves freely to soda-water.
SOME BRIGHTON ENTERTAINMENTS.

Here is the place where for the price of ten cents an individual takes the contract to keep all children until their parents return for them. He has an extensive establishment well stocked with playthings, including many swings and velocipedes, and any amount of sand and shovels and buckets. Here the children can amuse themselves and have a good time, instead of being dragged around in the hot sun as their parents perambulate over the island. Crandall, who invented this establishment, got ten cents for taking care of my little girl, and is a public benefactor who gets plenty of custom at Coney Island. Here, also, is the office of the Coney Island Daily News, a small building with a big top formed by its sign, which seems to be the most important part of the structure. Also here is the "Scientific Fortune-Teller," a damsel, whose transcendent beauty is enhanced by a small patch of courtplaster on her chin. She sits in a booth, and for ten cents tells your fortune, which is produced neatly printed in an envelope, after certain cabalistic motions are indulged in over a couple of images enclosed in tubes, and which, as they danced up and down to her motions, she called her "Coney Island angels." My fortune contained the usual photograph of the lady whom I am to marry, but I am afraid my wife won't let me. Here also is the old gentleman who figured at the Centennial engaged in cutting silhouette profiles out of black paper. He has plenty of business, and says his little girl tells him he only comes home to count his money and go to bed. Here you can get weighed for five cents, after you have filled up with the "clam chowder," which is announced on placards in all directions. And here, as everywhere else on Coney Island, the most elaborate preparations are made for serving meals, for the vast crowds who go there must be fed. There are also fully as extensive arrangements for selling beer, for no Sunday law seems to reach as far as Coney Island, and the thirst its atmosphere inspires is of a most consuming character. Here, too, the Marionettes and the little Midgets are giving their exhibitions all day Sunday in the Brighton Museum, their entertainment, according to the programme, being "conducted by the leaders of fashionable society." In this "Convention of Curiosities," Major
CONEY ISLAND.

Tot, weighing ten and a half pounds, and Colonel Ruth Goshen, weighing six hundred and sixty-six pounds, get along very nicely together, and the colonel takes his chowder with much satisfaction when noon arrives, for we saw his dinner come in, although not announced in the bills. Plenty of rifle-ranges abound, and the amateur marksmen are popping away at the targets.

MANHATTAN BEACH.

Let us take the “Marine Railway” down to Manhattan Beach. It runs about a third of a mile, with open cars, over a part of the island as yet unimproved, and at five cents a head is said to have repaid the entire cost of construction in a single season. As we ride along, there can be seen, back of the island, the extensive marshes, intersected by creeks, that breed the mosquito who quietly sings his own tune around the porches of the hotels while the great bands play. Across these meadows run, as the afternoon advances, the long trains of open cars bringing the crowds down from New York and Brooklyn. The “Marine Railway” takes us to Manhattan Beach. Here is the great Manhattan Hotel of the Corbins, another extensive frame structure, with broad piazzas and pyramid-topped towers, and an extensive surface in front covered with board walks, lawns, and flower-beds. Another grand music-stand is surrounded by crowds, and another railway from Brooklyn brings its stream of humanity to the hotel’s back door. The extension of the “Marine Railway” goes farther east past the Oriental Hotel, but the distance is not very great. Between them is the vast bathing establishment for the two hotels, which belong to the same owners,—this enormous bath-house with its avenues leading down to the surf having two thousand seven hundred bathrooms. As we go eastward towards the Oriental, we get into upper-tendom. Here promenade the French “bonnes,” wearing outlandish dresses and trimmings, endeavoring to take care of toddling infants. They have sodded all the vacant ground between the two hotels, but have poor success in raising grass. Not a tree is to be seen nearer than on the fast land back over the marshes, a mile away towards Brooklyn. Beyond the great bathing pavilion is another vast restaurant, and beyond this the Oriental Hotel, four stories
high, with Louvre domes, slender round columns, and minarets on top, extended piazzas enclosing it like all the others. Here live chiefly New York and Boston nabobs, few from Philadelphia venturing so far towards the rising sun. It is the largest hotel and most imposing building in its architecture on Coney Island. The excursionists do not wander much down this way, and this promotes the Oriental exclusiveness. They are lucky, however, for the heat and glare from the extensive board walks as the sun shines on them is almost intolerable, but the moment you get under the shade of a piazza in front of the hotel there is a deliciously cool breeze. These two great hotels have veranda awnings rigged in front of almost every window on the southern sides, and, high though their prices may be, they get plenty of custom.

WEST BRIGHTON BEACH.

Now let us again thread our way through the crowds, and go westward from Brighton Beach towards the Iron Pier. Stages run along the Concourse to West Brighton, and there is also an Elevated Railway, so that by either the mile of vacant beach can be traversed for five cents. There have been trees planted along the Concourse, but they do not grow very well, and here we pass the single charitable establishment Coney Island yet possesses,—the "Brooklyn Seaside Home for Children." At West Brighton we alight amid a maze of hotels, restaurants, and shows, all in full operation. Here are Punch and Judy, and the fat boy, nine feet around the waist, the Spanish students, and the mermaid, all giving their Sunday exhibitions. Here are flying-horses and velocipedes and swings, some of them being machines of great size, capable of riding fifty to a hundred people at one time; and the old folks as well as the children were going merrily around. Here are organs and bands of music playing without number, with crowds everywhere watching what is going on and enjoying themselves. In front of all this aggregation of amusements is Vanderveer's great bathing pavilion, and a dozen hotels are around, while at booths on the ground they draw iced milk for the thirsty out of big reservoirs shaped like cows. Some of the swings run by steam-power. These mechanical contrivances for the public amusement are
CONEY ISLAND.

constructed on a grand scale, and equal the aggregation of such novelties that is found at a French fête. There are also establishments for playing base-ball; shooting-galleries and rifle-ranges; machines for testing strength; and every place has its representatives shouting at the crowd to come and invest their nickels; while the music everywhere is playing its liveliest airs to entertain the good-humored crowd. In this locality are several big hotels,—Cable's, and Bauer's West Brighton Hotel, the Sea-Beach Palace, and others,—and the West Brighton Terrace, which is located here, is full of smaller establishments, all with flags flying, whose chief devotion seems to be to the great Coney Island luxury,—the clam. Here is the "Hotel de Clam," a pavilion where they cook the clams in full view; and also the "Louisiana Sernaders," where you can see the show for twenty-five cents and have "a Genuine Old Style Coney Island Clam Roast" thrown in. The "Ihpetonga" furnishes the "Rhode Island Clam Bake and Shore Dinner." There, in addition to the food, you are also presented with the "Song of the Clam," wherein occurs the following:

"On the ocean-shore, where the billows roar,
And the winds and ripples flirt,
In the tumbling foam I've built my home,
And there I live and spirt.

"Oh! who would not be a clam like me,
By maiden's lips embraced?
And men stand by with jealous eye,
While I grip the fair one's waist.

"Who better than I? In chowder or pie,
Baked, roasted, raw, or fried,
I hold the key to society,
And am always welcome inside."

The denizens of the West Brighton Terrace, as they listened to the bands of music and the minstrel performances, seemed all to be partaking of a diet of clams and beer,—in fact, the children and babies were drinking their beer the same as the old folks. In addition to everything else, the place is also full of peddlers, who go about with their baskets selling all sorts of knick-knacks. This scene is repeated for a long distance along the beach towards the West End, and the im-
mense scale on which the arrangements are made for eating, shows how extensively Coney Island is patronized. It looks as if nearly a hundred thousand could sit down to dinner at the same time, the restaurants are so large and numerous. There are "Safe Deposit Companies," where the lunch-baskets and parcels are taken care of, and photographers also make a good thing at taking pictures on the beach. This is the cheap end of Coney Island,—the fee for almost everything is five cents, even for the "Tyrolean Concert," where the gaudily-dressed vocalists, behind a screen, screech almost loud enough to be heard at New York,—a necessity to overcome the racket made by a half-dozen neighboring bands. The farther westward you go, however, the style of the place degenerates.

ON THE OBSERVATORY.

Let us ascend the great Observatory, and, from an elevation of three hundred feet, get a bird's-eye view of Coney Island. When you have got to the top, a journey taking about three and one-quarter minutes, the first impression is made by the clangor of the myriads of bands of music below,—heard with much greater clearness than when on the ground. The sound comes up from all imaginable structures, built of frame and mostly with pitch and gravel roofs. From this elevated perch Coney Island is seen spread out, a long strip of sand upon the edge of the ocean, with the surf rolling in upon it. To the eastward, towards the Brighton, it bends backward, like a bow, presenting the convex side to the sea. To the westward the curve is reversed, and the point of the island ends with a knob, and a hook on the northern side. The Concourse, covered with moving vehicles, curves around just inside of the surf-line, and the big hotels on Manhattan Beach are seen far away beyond it to the eastward. Behind the sand-strip there are patches of grass and plenty of marsh land, while to the northward can be traced the little stream and series of lagoons separating the island from the mainland. Far away northward are the hills on which are Greenwood Cemetery and Prospect Park, with Brooklyn behind them. The two broad Park roads run off over the lowlands towards Prospect Park, and at least a half-dozen steam railways stretch out in the
same direction, some crossing the marshes on long trestles. Beneath our feet on the beach and adjoining open spaces many thousands of people are walking about, while on the ocean side two piers—one unfinished—extend out in front of us, with their steamboats sailing to and from the Narrows to the northwestward. Music can be heard at the outer end of the Iron Pier, and far away over the water can be seen Sandy Hook and the hills of the Navesink and Staten Island. The eastward view over the land is closed in by the sand beaches of Rockaway jutting out beyond a bay. Haze covers the distant sea, and few vessels are in sight.

As the day changes to night, and the glorious sunset pales, the artificial lights come out,—gas and electricity vying with colored lanterns to make a general illumination. Fireworks burst from the great hotels and the music renew its sweetest strains. The fête goes on, a scene of uninterrupted pleasure, after dark, until the crowd gets an idea that it is time to go home. Then comes a rush for steamboat and railway. The current sets towards Brooklyn and New York by land and sea alike. The crowds who have been so good-humored all day are still well-behaved, and they stream through the ticket-gates, a resistless tide. It is when going-home time comes, and these swelling currents of humanity flow out upon station and pier, that the magnitude of a Coney Island Sunday crowd can be best compassed. No other watering-place on either continent has such a vast aggregation of people near by to draw upon. The English Brighton is sixty miles away from London, while the American Brighton is within a few minutes' ride of New York and Brooklyn, almost as easy of access as Fairmount Park is to Philadelphia. Therefore has Coney Island become within the brief period that it has taken the crowds to discover its attractions—the greatest watering-place in the world.
XIV.

THE HUDSON RIVER.

THE AMERICAN RHINE.

Let us start upon probably the finest single day's excursion available for the people of Philadelphia,—a steamboat ride on the Hudson River to West Point and Newburg. The Pennsylvania Railroad has arranged this excursion from Philadelphia for every Thursday, the staunch steamboat "Richard Stockton" connecting at Jersey City with the seven A.M. train from West Philadelphia, going up the Hudson to Newburg, beyond West Point and the Highlands, and returning in the afternoon, so that the Philadelphians can get home by an evening train. This journey on the magnificent river, not inappropriately termed the "Rhine of America," discloses the finest river scenery on the Atlantic seaboard, and although it takes only one day to make the visit, it will take more than one to tell the story in the Ledger.

The steamboat "Richard Stockton" bears an honored New Jersey Revolutionary name. She is two hundred and seventy-two feet long, and is permitted to carry fifteen hundred passengers, though for assured safety the number is restricted to one thousand. She has been thoroughly refitted, and Captain Robert Bloomsburg has a splendid craft to command. Captain Jim Herring, her venerable pilot, who has sailed New York harbor almost since steamboats were known, carefully steers the vessel out of the long slip alongside the ferry at Jersey City, and after some whistling starts up the Hudson, between Jersey City and New York, the Pennsylvania symbol, a red keystone, being emblazoned on the smoke-stack. The river is full of steam vessels, many of which salute us, and the big ferry-boats are dotted all over the surface, sailing back and forth across the Hudson. On either hand are long lines of docks and vessels. Huge elevators are on the Jersey City shore for grain-loading, while many a prominent and well-known building can be picked out from the mass of
houses on the New York side. The river is too broad, however, for a close view, and thus we steam along the three-quarters of a mile of docks the Pennsylvania Railroad owns in Jersey City, and where they have such complete shipping arrangements that a steamer can be loaded and discharged at the same time. Above are the Erie Railway wharves and ferries, also extending a long distance, and including the big Erie basin. Over to the right hand, on the New York side, are the docks of the great lines of Hudson River and Long Island Sound boats, and also of most of the European steamers; and a fleet are getting ready to cross the ocean. We pass Hoboken, where the river-front begins to rise in a bluff shore, and here, in strange contrast with the commercial aspect of everything around, is a delicious grove of trees on top of the bluff, running up into a low mound, whereon is built the Stevens Castle. This was the home of Edwin A. Stevens, one of the railway princes of New Jersey, and the king, in his day, of "Camden and Amboy." He drew his dividends with regularity, and spent a good deal of them in building the great war-ship known as the "Stevens battery." This powerful iron-clad, intended for New York harbor defence, on which Stevens spent millions, and over which he watched with daily care, for she was constructed almost alongside his home, was at one time the most famous war-ship in the country. The construction-dock is now devoted to the peaceful purposes of the Hoboken ferry. Stevens bequeathed her as a legacy to the State of New Jersey, and that prudent Commonwealth sold her at auction to the highest bidder—for scrap-iron. Hoboken has other good cause to remember Stevens, for here he founded the "Stevens Institute of Technology," with an endowment of a half-million. The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad has its wharves and ferries at Hoboken, and here they also make the lead-pencils of the American Company, which my journalistic brethren use so extensively in furnishing news to the public. Hoboken got its name from a village on the Scheldt, near Antwerp, and its Dutch paternity is prominent to this day. Off the town lies at anchor an American war-ship, and near her one of the prettiest little steam-yachts afloat—Mr. Lorillard's. Above the Castle, the Jersey shore of the Hudson becomes a steep rocky bluff, quickly taking us to Weehawken, where
Burr killed Hamilton in the duel of 1804, when the site of the now busy town was a secluded spot out in the country. Just above is the great Guttenberg Brewery, its big buildings built on the top and the side of the hill, down which a road slopes to the boat-landing in front, while over on the opposite bank, in the upper part of New York City, are the great New York Central grain-elevators.

**NORTH RIVER VILLAS AND BUILDINGS.**

We have now run beyond the commercial regions and find the Hudson River banks gradually transformed into a succession of villas, the shores exhibiting a constant panorama of fine houses and grounds, built on the bordering bluffs. On the Jersey side, while villas are on top of the hills, little villages are down at their foot, just at the river's edge, each with a boat-landing. This is the region known as "Pleasant Valley," a popular suburban resort for New York, and at the upper part of it is Fort Lee, as yet some distance above us, but with the sun brightly shining on its white buildings, surrounded by green foliage, on the hill-side. The bold bluff opposite, on the New York shore, is known as Manhattanville, and its villas are copiously supplied with shade-trees in their elevated perches. Here are the ancient mansion of Lord Courtenay, the large brick Manhattan College, the Convent of the Sacred Heart, and the dark-colored brick structure, of ample proportions, used for the Colored Orphan Asylum. In many places this Manhattanville bluff rises steeply from the river. In a depression, where One Hundred and Fiftieth Street comes out (which if produced would reach Harlem over on the East River side), is the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, a red brick structure, with a cupola in front, and spire at the rear, built some distance back from the shore. A short distance above, on a sloping lawn, and surrounded with trees, is a small mosque-like house, with a large dome, and this surmounted by a smaller gilded dome. This is James Gordon Bennett's suburban home, on Fort Washington Heights, and behind it, among the trees, are two comfortable villas.
THE HUDSON RIVER.

THE PALISADES.

Over on the Jersey side, the face of the bluff, which rises gradually higher and higher, is covered with trees, and we come to the white pagoda-like structure with double turrets, set upon the hill-side where Fort Lee used to be. There are other extensive buildings, also white, down at the capacious steamboat-landing, and here go many excursion-parties from New York, who enjoy the sail of about ten miles up the river. Above the Fort begins the Palisades, gradually rising higher as we ascend the river. They are of trap-rock, a remarkable formation,—columned, and in parts appearing not unlike the amphitheatres surrounding the Giant's Causeway, in the north of Ireland. Here and there a patch of trees grows on their sides or top, while the broken rocks that have fallen down make a sloping surface from about half-way up their height to the water's edge. These strange rocks gradually rise from three hundred to five hundred feet in height, and they extend for more than fifteen miles along the Jersey shore. Perched on their brink, at almost the highest place, where the columns rise the boldest on the bank, at Lydecker Peak, is the Palisade Mountain House. It is a long, low, yellow structure, with a mansard-roof looking like a pleasure palace, patterned after the Tuileries of Paris. A flagstaff surmounts it, and the brisk wind which is almost always blowing up there, straightens the standard out against the cloudy background. A wagon-road, looking like a streak, zigzags down to the boat-landing below. This grand escarpment of the Palisades—a giant fortress—gradually assumes greater magnitude as we advance up the Hudson, until, at their noblest point, the rugged columns thrust out an enormous jutting buttress into the river near Tarrytown. The wall is occasionally cut into narrow and deep ravines, and the people who live beyond to the westward get most perfect views of the picturesque stream through these rifts in the rock. They are said to be a primitive people, however, for the wall along the river divides two sections that are in sharp contrast. To the westward the inhabitants lead simple, uneventful pastoral lives, in a sedate rural region of farms and dairies. To the eastward, the butterflies of fashion come out of the great city to the towns and villas along the river.
to get a little freshness and invigoration after the season's dissipation. They tell of wondrous sunsets and sunrises seen from the tops of the Palisades, but I have not yet been there to see. We glide on the bosom of the river, and look up at them from the steamboat-decks, while an occasional picturesque sloop sails past us down the stream, engaged in the unromantic occupation of transporting bricks from Haverstraw. Long tows of Erie Canal barges also go by, dragged by those strange towboats, that look as if sailing backwards, their wheels being in front of the smoke-stacks. In those fleets of canal-barges lies the commercial supremacy of New York. It was the digging of the Erie Canal that gave the metropolis its start, and even now, to maintain the trade, they are passing most of the boats through the canal free of tolls, as almost the only way to meet the sharp railway competition. The State pays the taxes to keep up the canal, but not without a steady grumble at the "Canal Ring," which has adapted New York State political science to the existing necessities of politicians through the careful use of dredging-machines. The political cash-extracting task allotted to "Star routes" in Washington and the "Delinquent Tax-office" in Philadelphia is said to be largely performed in New York State through the medium of the Erie Canal dredges.

Fonthill and Yonkers.

As we go along the Palisades, the succession of stone-built and mansard-roofed villas continues on the opposite bluffs along the New York bank, while the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, the Vanderbilt line, runs along the river's edge. Occasional points of land jut out and make pretty coves, and in one of these with a broad depression behind it, the Spuyten Duyvel Creek flows out, which marks the northern boundary of Manhattan Island. As everywhere else in this neighborhood, villas are dotted on both the sloping shores bordering the creek, and as we move above the outlet, and look back, factories can be seen on its banks, with a background of green hills away inland in the regions of Westchester County. Far off on these hill-sides are more pretty suburban homes. Then, as we still move northward, the depression narrows, making a long vista-view down towards Morrisania and Harlem, that gradually closes as a
railway-train of yellow ears runs swiftly along the river-bank in front.

We pass the village of Riverdale, and not far above (about sixteen miles from New York) come to the gray-stone castle at "Font Hill," surmounted by a cross, and having the large and ornamented red brick convent of Mount St. Vincent behind it. It was here that Edwin Forrest, in 1850, built his castle home, with moat and drawbridge; but he held the estate barely five years, selling it at a large advance on the original cost for the convent of Mount St. Vincent, which was removed there afterwards from its original location, on ground now forming part of New York Central Park. The convent is on the hill-side, while trees surround the castle, and the lawn sloping down in front to the river-bank has a pleasant little boat-house at the water's edge. Forrest's selection of a home could nowhere be exceeded in natural beauty. Almost the highest part of the grand wall of the Palisades is in front of the convent, while the river presents superb views in both directions. In front of us as we steadily advance up-stream, the high tree-clad banks spread out on either hand, and curving around appear to almost close the river channel, while the water is placid with but few vessels in sight. Just above Mount St. Vincent is a broad flat depression where the bluff recedes some distance from the New York shore. Here is built the town of Yonkers, seventeen miles from the city, the amphitheatre of hills around and behind the town being availed of as sites for many pretty houses. The Néperhan or Sawmill River, coming down over a series of rapids, enters the Hudson here, and its banks are the northern boundary of the corporate limits of the city of New York. Large factories border the stream, which furnishes valuable water-power, and the Hudson River Railroad runs in front of the town. Yonkers was the manor of the Philipse family, and their manor-house, two hundred years old, is used for the City Hall. It was originally named "Yonk-heer," the Dutch for the heir of a family, and the veritable "yonk-heer" of the manor was born in this old house. She was a great belle in her day,—the famous Mary Philipse,—and, according to tradition, was one of the numerous early loves of Washington. It is not a large town, and is quickly passed by the rapidly-moving steamboat; the high
bluff comes back to the river-shore again, and we are soon steaming along between the steep banks of the great river as before. More handsome houses—castellated yet comfortable—are on the hill-sides and tops above Yonkers.

**HENDRICK HUDSON AND JOHN DOBBS.**

A mile or two above Yonkers, but with no relic to specially locate it, is the point where Hendrick Hudson is said to have anchored his vessel when he first entered the river in 1609. After discovering the mouth of the South River (now the Delaware) in August, he sailed northward, and early in September entered Sandy Hook, discovering the North River on the 11th, and subsequently sailing up and first casting anchor at this point. Here, as the tide set so strongly inward, he thought the stream was a strait between two oceans, and the veritable "Northwest passage" of which he was in search. Indians came aboard in large numbers and traded with Hudson. Afterwards he ascended the river, through the Highlands and above the mouth of the Mohawk, and named it the "River of the Mountains," being more modest than his English admirers, who afterwards gave it his own name. A little farther on is the small but ambitious town of Hastings-on-the-Hudson, with its two or three poplar-trees alongside the ruins of a sugar-house, and the tall bluffs covered with trees. There Garibaldi, the Italian hero, is said to have usually come when he needed relaxation at the time that he was an exile in America and kept a soap and candle factory down on Staten Island. A long freight-train on the railway keeps us company for a while in the neighborhood of Hastings, but gradually draws ahead, showing that locomotives can go faster than steamboats. Opposite the town, the Palisades reach their highest point, five hundred and ten feet above the water, where the top of the rock is said to closely resemble an Indian's head. The passengers peer out and exercise their imaginations, but cannot see it, though it is certainly there; and one lady is sure she sees something that looks like a bull-dog's face. Having tired of searching for the Indian on the Palisades we turn around and see the tall clock-tower, with a wind-mill perched on top, which Dr. Huyler has built on the bluff above Hastings, and compare the clock-face with our watches at 11.50 a.m. A
mile above Hastings is the village of Dobbs' Ferry, of Revolutionary fame, where Arnold appointed his meeting-place with André to arrange for the surrender of West Point in 1780, and where André, failing to meet him, stayed all night on board the sloop "Vulture" in the river, and then met Arnold the next night farther up, near Stony Point. The venerable Swede, John Dobbs, rowed this ferry during the Revolution, and the village is now torn into factions by the various attempts of modern reformers to change its name. This controversy has been going on for eight years, ever since the aforesaid reformers, after a terrific fight, put a bill through the New York Legislature incorporating the town under the name of Greenburg. Then they tried to get the signs on the railway station changed, but the veteran station-master, Charles Gesner, objected, the Vanderbilt influence sustained him, and Dobbs' Ferry remains as the name of the station. Next they appealed to the Federal Government, and got the post-office name changed to Greenburg, but old John Dobbs' admirers rallied in force, and, by a vigorous war upon the Administration, got the name changed back again. There has rarely been as much excitement about anything along the Hudson since André was hanged at Tappan, not far away, unless it was when an ambitious youth named Sneeden, who lived across the river, at the other end of the ferry, modestly proposed to substitute his own name for that of Dobbs. Now they have a club at the ferry, to which Cyrus W. Field and others belong, who nightly swear fealty to the spirit of the departed ferryman, and to never rest content until his honored name is restored and Greenburg buried out of sight and hearing. Not far above here the Palisades, which, for fifteen miles, have kept us company, push out their grand final buttress, and then begin to break down and approach their termination at Piermont, not far from the northern boundary of New Jersey, and the river broadens into Tappan Bay, just above. The village of Tappan, where André was hanged, is four miles back of Piermont.

IRVING AND SUNNYSIDE.

As the river widens into Tappan Bay, which in some places is three or four miles across,—the Tappan Zee of the original Dutch,—we approach Irvington. Here in a house with a
surmounting dome, some distance back from the shore, south of the village, lives David Dows, the great New York corn merchant, while away off on a hill, to the northward and behind the village, is Cunningham Castle, with its high-pointed tower. Irvington has some red brick houses in front on the shore, with others scattered back for a half-mile up the hill-side. Bierstadt, the artist, lives up on those hills, while north of Irvington is Mrs. Merritt's white marble palace, with its hot-house and cupola, one of the finest establishments on the banks of the Hudson. The fame of this locality, like that of the whole region hereabout, comes from the writings of Washington Irving, who lived and died at his modest home of Sunnyside, an old Dutch mansion, about a half-mile north of Irvington, the house, with its lawn in front, being just visible through the trees. He died a bachelor, for Matilda Hoffman's love, cut off by her early death, he never forgot. His home of Sunnyside was the original of the Castle of Baltus Von Tassel, and in this region is located the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Tarrytown is just above, and on the outskirts is the "Sleepy Hollow" itself, made by the valley of Pocantico Creek, where old Rip Van Winkle came out of the Highlands after his sleep of forty years. The little church alongside the creek in Sleepy Hollow, as the steamboat passes, is just visible for an instant through the trees, the portico having a little cupola on top. But the dense grove on Tarrytown Point, which looks almost like an island, quickly hides it from view. Irving sleeps in the graveyard at Tarrytown, and his funeral procession passed through the Sleepy Hollow. It was about a half-mile back of Tarrytown that André was captured, alongside André's Brook, by Paulding, Williams, and Van Wert, after his interview with Arnold. A monument marks the place. In the grove on Tarrytown Point is the Grinnell Mansion, the foliage hiding everything but the little boat-landing in front. Over on the other side of Tappan Bay is Nyack, too far away for much to be seen.

ROCKLAND ICE AND CROTON WATER.

The Palisades have left us now, and the spurs of the Highlands are seen back of the western bank, rising into Hook Mountain and Ball Mountain, six hundred and fifty to seven
hundred and fifty feet high. Just above, the bluff comes out to the river again, and we pass that remarkable sheet of fresh water, almost on the edge of the river, yet elevated one hundred and sixty feet above it, known as Rockland Lake, famous for its ice. A long, narrow slide descends the hill-side to the bank where they send the ice down to the boats, and when the sun shines it seems almost like a stream of diamonds. Rockland ice is but a small part of the New York supply now, for an immense amount is cut from the river itself. The Highlands, as we move northward, gradually rise all across the horizon a dim and hazy bank, and off over Tappan Bay, to the eastward, are the long, low tiers of red and white buildings, with the railroad tunnelled through them, that make the Sing Sing prison. Here live a considerable number of the citizens of New York, and their predecessors, who were convicts a half-century ago, themselves built the most of their prison-house. The village is prettily situated on the hill-side, back of the prison.

Above Sing Sing the river bends to the northwest, and Teller’s Point, a most remarkable formation, extends half-way across the stream, and divides Tappan and Haverstraw Bays. Here, on the eastern side of the Hudson, is the Croton River and Lake, which are the source of water-supply for New York. The Croton Aqueduct, over forty miles long, and built at a cost of twelve and a half millions of dollars, carries the water down to the city, crossing the High Bridge over the Harlem River. Thus has New York got her supply for the past thirty-nine years, but the city has grown so much that additional supplies have since been provided to reinforce the original Croton Lake. It was on Teller’s Point, where a dense grove of trees now grows, that Dr. Underhill, one of the earliest American wine-growers, used to cultivate his grapes and make port wine. All along the western shore, as we enter Haverstraw Bay, are the factories where machines break up the stones into Belgian blocks for street-paving.

**TREASON HILL AND STONY POINT.**

Thick woods cover the steep hills below Haverstraw, and an occasional green-clad knoll rises above them into the dignity of a mountain, one of them, the High Torn, just below the town, rising over eight hundred feet. But the hills
recede from the river, and here, for two miles, spread along the shore, are those brick-yards that supply the vast number of sloops and floats that carry them down the river by millions to build up New York City. Just above is the little hill not far from the river where Arnold and André had their clandestine meeting in the house of Smith, the Tory, and which has since been known as Treason Hill. It is just below Stony Point, and André, when the meeting was over, crossed the river at King's Ferry to Verplanck's Point, on the eastern shore, and was making his way down towards the British headquarters at New York when he was captured. Above Treason Hill the river is suddenly narrowed to a half-mile width by the two rocky points extending almost across, both covered by trees, and having the great Donderberg Mountain, eleven hundred feet high, rising behind them, back of the western shore. Here is a region full of Revolutionary memories. Forts were built on the promontories on both banks, for they controlled the river, but the British captured them in 1779. Wayne, by one of the most magnificent movements of the war, subsequently surprised and recaptured Stony Point, dismantling and abandoning it afterwards. On the site of the old fort and out of some of its materials has since been built the light-house which here directs the navigator of the Hudson. It was on the level land behind Verplanck's Point that Baron Steuben, earlier in the war, drilled the Continental soldiers. That region, just now, like Haverstraw, is devoted to the peaceful occupation of making bricks. We have now come to the southern gate of the Highlands, thirty-eight miles above New York, and will halt the description for a day at the foot of the great Donderberg, where even now Irving's "little bulbous-bottomed Dutch goblin, in trunk-hose and sugar-loaf hat, with a speaking-trumpet in his hand," still pipes up the gales-and bolts in stormy weather around this Mountain of Thunder.
XV.

THE HUDSON RIVER HIGHLANDS.

PEEKSKILL AND THE RACE-COURSE.

We have come on our good steamboat "Richard Stockton" through the narrow strait, a half-mile wide, between Stony and Verplanck's Points, and have reached the famous Donderberg. Now let us continue the description of the excursion through the Highlands. These are a range of mountains extending from the southwest towards the northeast, and rising in some cases to the height of nearly sixteen hundred feet. The Hudson River breaks through them by a series of short bends, and presents, in the distance of about fifteen miles required to make the passage, some of the finest scenery in America. The river also passes through a region of great historical interest, whereof the pen of Irving has told the romance, and the Revolutionary historian the reality. The river runs towards the northeast, along the base of the Donderberg, at the front of which the high limestone cliff, just above Stony Point, is worked for a lime-quarry. The foot of the cliff, where it has been for many years cut away for the limekilns, looks almost like a fortress. There are few houses here, and the north wind, as we steam along, blows freshly, whistling through all the crevices and among the cordage of the boat. The great Donderberg, eleven hundred feet high, has its sides and top covered with trees. As we reach Verplanck's Point and its border of brick-yards, the town of Peekskill appears off to the right, spread thinly along the edge of a little bay. The mountain range runs far away to the northeast, with the river flowing along its base, and from the view every one supposes that the river comes from the lowlands that appear beyond Peekskill. It was not remarkable, therefore, that one of the earliest Dutch skippers who invaded this locality in search of the "Northwest Passage" sailed his sloop in that direction, got into a creek, and soon ran aground. This was the misadventure of honest
Jan Peek, who made the best of it, however, and, seeing that
the soil of the valley was fertile, determined to stay there.
Hence the settlement has been called Peekskill. Here, in
the summer-time, lives Henry Ward Beecher, just outside of
the town; and here, during the Revolution, on the point of
land just above Peekskill, stood Fort Independence, now in
ruins. The Franciscan convent of "Our Lady of Angels",
is also on the river-bank, just south of the town.

As we steam along, the majority of the passengers are sure
the river channel ought to run up where Jan Peek went, and
such certainly seems the natural course. The mountains
blend so well that you cannot see the narrow southern gate
of the Highlands. Suddenly we make a right-angled turn to
the left, around the jutting base of the Donderberg, at Caldwell,
apparently right into the face of the mountain, and here
is seen where the river breaks through. It is a narrow gate-
way into the Highlands, the rough rocks being partially
covered with trees, and the river makes a tortuous passage
between the Donderberg and the higher mountain on the
eastern bank. Thus we enter the region that gives the Hud-
son the name of the "Rhine of America." But the moun-
tains are higher than those the Rhine has to show, and, as
the mountain-pass is more contracted, so its scenery becomes
grander. We have not yet the castellated and vine-clad hills
that are the charm of the Rhine; but they are already making
a beginning at grape-culture on these precipitous mountain-
sides, and, though we cannot tell of the robber chieftains,
who inhabited the castles of the Rhine, we can describe the
far nobler story of the Revolution, whose main strategy and
greatest treason were enacted in this Highland region. Just
as we enter the narrow strait, Iona Island appears ahead of
us, tree-clad and attractive. Here the winds blow at a lively
rate, buffeted from one mountain-side to the other. No matter
how calm it may be outside, a breezy commotion is generally
going on among these mountains, and the gales whistle as we
steam along the river through the "Race-course," where the
tide runs at wild speed as it sweeps grandly around the base
of the great mountain on the eastern side. Small sailing
craft tack across the narrow passage, making navigation diffi-
cult. It is not all romance here, however. Schooners are
tied to the shore, getting loads of stone and wood, while there
are occasionally long slides on the mountain-side, where they shoot the cord-wood down. Brocken Kill falls into the river on the eastern bank, and we skirt along the excursion-ground of Iona Island. Here, nestled among the mountains, is this charming little island, with rocky reefs all around it, making landing dangerous at the little wharf for a big steamer. Out of the rocks, wherever they can hold on, trees are growing, while behind the island, to the westward, a broad depression in the mountain range, north of the Donderberg, gives pretty views as the cloud-shadows cross it.

**ANTHONY'S NOSE.**

As we sweep around the base of the mountain to the eastward, the river passes its jutting point where the great Vanderbilt railway has pierced a tunnel. This is the famous "Anthony's Nose," and the tunnel makes, on either hand, the nostril. It is a noble mountain, its huge tree-clad sides rising grandly to the clouds, while just above the railway tunnel the rocks and trees make a first-class pimple as an ornament to the "Nose." It is one of the most prominent peaks of the Highlands, and while no one knows how it got its name, the veracious historian Knickerbocker tells his theory, which we may as well accept for want of a better.

"Now I am going to tell," writes this famous chronicler of early New York, "a fact which I doubt much my readers will hesitate to believe; but if they do, they are welcome not to believe a word in this whole history, for nothing which it contains is more true. It must be known then, that the nose of 'Anthony, the Trumpeter,' was of a very lusty size, strutting boldly from his countenance like a mountain of Golconda, being sumptuously bedecked with rubies and other precious stones—the true regalia of a king of good fellows—which jolly Bacchus grants to all who bouse it heartily at the flagon. Now thus it happened that bright and early in the morning the good Anthony, having washed his burly visage, was leaning over the quarter railing of the galley, contemplating it in the glossy wave below. Just at this moment the illustrious sun, breaking in all his splendor from behind a high bluff of the Highlands, did dart one of his most potent beams full upon the nose of the sounder of brass, the reflection of which shot straightway down, hissing hot into the
water, and killed a mighty sturgeon that was sporting beside the vessel. This huge monster, being with infinite labor hoisted on board, furnished a luxurious repast to all the crew, being accounted of excellent flavor, except about the wound, where it smacked a little of brimstone; and this, on my veracity, was the first time that ever sturgeon was eaten in these parts by Christian people. When the astonishing miracle became known to Peter Stuyvesant, and he tasted of the unknown fish, he, as may well be supposed, marvelled exceedingly, and, as a monument thereof, he gave the name of 'Anthony's Nose' to a stout promontory in the neighborhood, and it has continued to be called 'Anthony's Nose' ever since that time." As we round the extremity of the nostril our pilot sounds his steam-whistle. It reverberates through the hills for a long time. The wind whistles, and at short notice the ancient Dutch goblins who infest this weird region can get up a fierce storm.

THE APPROACH TO WEST POINT.

Opposite the great mountain on the western bank a little bay runs up into the hills and forms the mouth of Montgomery Creek. On the rocks at the entrance to the creek, one on either side, stood the great defenders of the Hudson River during the early Revolution, Forts Montgomery and Clinton. They were considered impregnable works in that day, and, to effectually bar the river-passage, an iron chain on timber floats was stretched across the river to Anthony's Nose. But, by strategy, the British in 1777 surprised the garrisons, captured the forts, and destroyed the chain, though soon afterwards Burgoyne's surrender compelled them to abandon the whole of that country and retire towards New York. A flagstaff on the hill-side north of the creek marks where Fort Montgomery was. As we round the base of Anthony's Nose, the charming Sugar-Loaf Mountain comes in view on the eastern bank, standing apparently almost by itself, though it has several smaller companions. Here on the river's edge, in a most romantic situation, has been built a chemical factory, and schooners at the wharf are loading carboys of acids. The workmen's houses are built on a bare rock by the water-side, where nothing will grow, and the children are running about in imminent danger of falling
overboard. Not a tree or a bush, or, so far as can be seen, a single patch of grass grows on this desolate spot. Yet back on the hill-sides there are extensive vineyards laid out, showing that wine-growing is becoming a prominent industry on these mountain-sides, as it is along the Rhine. The vista views along the river and through some of the valleys between the mountains are magnificent. There is an occasional villa on the western bank.

In front of us is seen the little town of Garrisons', on the eastern bank, and over on the opposite shore Cozzens' Hotel, perched up on the cliff, opposite the Sugar-Loaf Mountain. Behind this mountain, on the top of another conical hill, and all alone, without a habitation for a long distance around, is perched a little house with a steeple. It is built of brownstone, quarried on the hill-top where it stands, for the builder would have had difficulty in getting the stones carried up there. The solitary individual who lives there has a superb view through the Highlands, west and north, and can see away past West Point to Newburg, beyond the mountains. His artistic tastes are gratified, however, at some sacrifice of personal convenience, for he has to go a long way down-hill to market. As we approach the landing at the base of the cliff underneath Cozzens' Hotel, the dome on the West Point Library and the barracks can be seen some distance ahead, though the jutting cliffs of the eastern bank obscure the Point itself. As we float into the landing the beautiful cascade known as the Buttermilk Falls runs down over the rocks into the river, and a little villa stands on a promontory near by, while below is a school-building into which the hotel-boarders sometimes overflow when the summer crowds are most numerous. As we pass almost under the edge of the hotel, but several hundred feet beneath it, a flag floats from the staff on the promontory above, and we look straight up towards the building, but the trees growing from the jutting crags almost hide it from view. A road runs down an inclined plane on the face of the cliff, to the steamboat-landing some distance north of the hotel. Omnibuses are there to haul visitors up the hill, and as we approach our band plays. Just above, where workmen are blasting the rocks for a railway tunnel, they let off a blast, and it echoes and re-echoes among the hills. Few landlords have a finer
place for their hotels than Mr. Hiram Cranston, who presides over Cozzens'. He looks down upon one of the noblest of river views.

WEST POINT ACADEMY.

At the little village of Garrisons', on the eastern bank, is the railway station for West Point, and a ferry goes across the river. But the great military post will soon have a railway and station on its own side of the Hudson. At the edge of the water, along the bases of these great cliffs, a new railway is being constructed, and workmen are at intervals blasting rocks and boring tunnels. Soon, like the Rhine, the Hudson will have a railroad on either bank. Railroads are no respecters of persons or places, and even Uncle Sam has to succumb to their convenience, for the constructors of this new road have bored a tunnel right under the West Point Academy itself. Its black exit can be seen underneath the barracks as we approach. About a mile above Cozzens' Landing is the Government landing for West Point, with guards pacing the wharf. Another inclined plane for a roadway runs up the hill towards the military post at the northward. In front of this road and among the trees on the hill-side stands the monument to General Custer. Other monuments to military heroes are scattered about in beautiful positions, and in time this place will become the Westminster Abbey for our army. Above us West Point itself juts out into the river, with a light-house on the end. The river bends sharply around it towards the right. The steamboat sweeps with a quick turn around the extremity of the Point, which is a moderately sloping rock covered with trees, mostly cedars. On its highest part is the monument of Kosciusko, who had much to do with the construction of the military works. The reef which forms the Point goes deep down into the river. The barracks and buildings are around the parade-ground, some distance inland from the extremity of the Point, but plainly visible both down and up the river. They are low, shed-like structures, without much architectural beauty, one looking like a railway station with its curved roof. Behind them rises the library with its dome, built on higher ground. West Point is not so high as the surrounding mountains, but its position, in a military sense, commands
the river both ways. From the extremity of Gee's Point above, was extended a chain, during the later years of the Revolution, over to Constitution Island, near the eastern bank, to obstruct the river-passage. The rocks just at the river's edge at West Point are worn smooth, it is said, by so many cadets sitting there in the summer-time. Just above is a little cove, where they go to swim in the water, and on the shore back of the cove are the foundries and the artillery practice-ground, it being the habit to fire the cannon at a great mountain which rises to the northward. Here we seem to be in a basin surrounded by mountains, but there is a long view ahead of us through the opening in the chain, towards the lower land at Newburg. The river where we are is narrow and the water deep, the tidal currents running swiftly through the restricted passage.

West Point is about fifty miles above New York, and the Government domain covers two thousand one hundred acres. A plain on which the buildings are situated covers some one hundred and sixty acres, at about one hundred and eighty feet elevation above the river, but the mountains around rise to the height, in some cases, of fifteen hundred feet, the highest being the huge mountain to the northward, at which they fire the cannon, and known as the Old Crow Nest. Just south of the Academy, on a hill six hundred feet high, are the ruins of Fort Putnam, which was the chief work of West Point during the Revolution. Kosciusko mainly planned the Revolutionary works, and his monument was erected in 1828. The military school dates from 1802. Here the boys appointed through political influence get a splendid education at Government expense, and most of them afterwards return to the duties of civil life, as the Academy turns out far more cadets than are necessary to officer our little army.

WEST POINT SCENES AND HISTORY.

Not far away from the parade-ground and overlooking the little cove to the northward of West Point, is the pleasant "Roe's" Hotel, where the parents of the cadets come to see how their boys show up at examination times, and to drink in the glorious view from the veranda, northward along the Hudson. In fact, all the West Point views are superb, especially when the summer thunder-clouds can be seen creep-
ing along the mountain-sides to suddenly overwhelm you in a pelting tempest. Climb up on the summit of Mount Independence, to the ruins of old Fort Putnam, and there are a series of new and even grander views all around the Highlands. Go down the precipitous shore of the Point, to "Kosciusko's Garden," the brave Pole's favorite resort, where he used to lie down on the grass and read, regardless of the shot and shell occasionally sent up there from a war-ship in the river. Along the many paths at the Point, the names of famous victories have been cut in bold letters on the smooth faces of the cliffs, to make a perpetual memorial surrounded by the green frames of the vine-clad rocks. But what is the life of the cadet soldier worth without a tinge of romance? A broad driveway leads along the tops of the cliffs from Cozzens' to West Point. Down along the most beautiful part of the shore runs the little path that generations of West Point love-making have known as "Flirtation Walk." Over on the opposite side is Cold Spring, with the little St. Mary's Church on the high hill-side, just below. Far away from the Academy grounds, and on the northern side of the Point, is the cemetery of the post, overlooking the river, where Winfield Scott and many another hero are buried, almost within the shadow of the Old Crow Nest.

But West Point has its dark as well as its bright picture, for the greatest event associated with it was the treason of Benedict Arnold. He commanded it for six weeks, in 1780, and plotted its surrender to the British for fifty thousand dollars and a title. It had been arranged with André, but the latter's unexpected capture suddenly overthrew the plan. It was at Beverly Robinson's house that Arnold first heard of the miscarriage of the plan, and made his sudden flight down to the British ship in the Tappan Zee. Just across the river from the Point they show you Beverley Cove, with its little wharf, where this house stood. Our steamboat sails along by the foundries at Cold Spring, where the "Parrott guns" were first made, and Constitution Island, now, however, connected with the mainland, where the mountains rise from fourteen hundred to sixteen hundred feet high on both banks. The railway-builders are working on the sides of the precipitous cliffs, some of them fastened by ropes to prevent their sliding down into the river.
THE HUDSON RIVER HIGHLANDS.

THE STORM KING AND MOUNT TAURUS.

We approach the Northern Gate of the Highlands, where the river breaks into the mountain chain. On the western side rises the great Storm King, and on the eastern side Mount Taurus, with Breakneck Mountain beyond it. Mount Taurus is modernized from Bull Hill, so called because a wild bull was once chased by the indignant inhabitants across to the other mountain, where he fell and broke his neck. Thus one adventure named two mountains, but the moderns have not yet applied the Latinized name for a broken neck to the farther hill. The depression on top of the Old Crow Nest gave it its name, while the ancient Klinkersberg has been christened the Storm King by the late N. P. Willis. The Storm King rises fifteen hundred and twenty-nine feet high, and Mount Taurus fifteen hundred and eighty-six feet, certainly most grand portals for the gate of the Highlands. There are frequent caves in these mountain-sides, and in one of them Captain Kidd is said to have buried his treasures,—a habit he had at a good many places, judging from tradition. The Storm King rises almost perpendicularly from the water, and near its base lives a fisherman, in a little cottage, where he has no neighbors to bother him. All around the base of the Storm King the workmen are making a railroad cutting, ropes holding them safely in their perilous perches as they drill blasting-holes and detach great masses of rock, that crash down into the water.

We sail out of the Highlands into the broad expanse of river known as Newburg Bay. Its shores seem low, the mountains dwarfing them by comparison. Over on the western bank is Cornwall, and some pretty villas are on the northern base of the Storm King. The foundries at Cornwall make a great smoke. The range of Highlands run far away towards the northeast, with Beacon Hill standing prominently among them,—a Revolutionary signal station. Newburg Bay broadens, with the town just ahead, as we pass the little tree-clad island standing almost in the Highland gateway known as Pollipel's Island. "Idlewild," the residence of the late N. P. Willis, stands on the road between Cornwall and Newburg, but is not visible from the river. There are handsome houses along the shore, up towards Newburg, which rises in terraces
on the hill-side, with the Erie Railway coal-shipping piers at the southern border of the town. Fishkill Landing is over on the opposite shore. Brick-yards abound in this neighborhood, and one of the surprising features of the excursion is the suddenness with which the winds have died away since we passed out of the Highlands. Just at the edge of Newburg a sloping lawn, a short distance back from the river, has a flagstaff upon it and a background of trees, with a low old-fashioned building looking as if it was all roof. Tall chimneys rise above this historic house, which was Washington's headquarters during the last campaign of the Revolution, and is maintained as a relic by the State of New York, the building containing many Revolutionary heirlooms. At the foot of the flagstaff is buried the last survivor of Washington's Life Guard, who died in 1856. The camp was some distance south of Newburg.

At Weed & Stanton's ship-yard, on the shore at Newburg, James Gordon Bennett has his famous yachts built, and they are now constructing a new one for him, which is to be superior to everything in the yachting line afloat, and will cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The streets of the town run steeply up the hill-side, a half-dozen steeples standing up above the houses, which have plenty of foliage interspersed. These hill-side streets must be good for coasting in the winter-time, but I would not like to have the job of hauling the sleds back to the summit. Judging from the outward view as we tie up at the landing, Homer Ramsdell seems to be the patroon of Newburg. His villa is one of the finest up on the hills; he is an Erie Railway director; and the "Homer Ramsdell Transportation Company" is the legend on prominent signs on the water-front. Our excursion ends at Newburg, and the steamboat retraces the journey to New York. Let us close with another look south from Newburg, at the narrow opening of the river into the Highlands between the grand old Storm King and Mount Taurus. Down through this bewitching vista, closed up by a blue mountain beyond, gaze the happy people of Newburg,—but they are used to the grand sight, and probably think less about it than we do.
XVI.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA TO BALTIMORE.

Let us to-day make a journey over the latest acquisition of the Pennsylvania Railway system, the railroad to Baltimore. It takes us out through the southwestern section of the city, past the big factories and brewery, the brick-yards and the Arsenal, until, approaching the Schuykill, we can see the Almshouse, with its border of trees, over the river, and Woodlands Cemetery in full review as we cross the drawbridge at Gray's Ferry. The road runs into a sandy soil on the other side, which the rain has streaked into deep gullies, and, upon the bank on the left-hand side, is the little granite monument commemorating the building of the railroad nearly fifty years ago. We go swiftly along the new road built on the high ground past Glenolden and Ridley Park, while the old road, down by the river-bank, is now used only as a Reading coal-carrier to Chester. Some of the stations are quite pretty, with their flower-gardens and sodded banks, especially Fifty-eighth Street, Bonnaffion, Norwood, Paschall, Crum Lynne, and Ridley Park. We go across any number of streams—Cobb's, Darby, Crum, Ridley, and Chester Creeks—and through a well-cultivated region, not so rich of itself as it has been made by scientific farming, and interspersed with plenty of woodland. We pass the ancient town of Darby, whose old mills were the first built in Pennsylvania, there having been three grist-mills there as early as 1697, while its old Quaker meeting-house dates from 1699. Darby Creek, which is crossed here, furnishes whetstones for almost the whole country, while Delaware County granite has built the Delaware Breakwater, and not a few buildings in Philadelphia. At Glenolden is the picnic grove that attracts so many visitors from the city, and here we approach the region of the earliest settlement along the Delaware, this country having been peopled by the Swedes many years
before Penn founded Philadelphia. Off to the eastward from Glenolden, and down on the Delaware River shore, is the low-lying but rich land of Tinicum. The outlying island was the earliest settled of all Pennsylvania, for after the Swedes built their fort at the mouth of Christiana Creek, one of their officers, Colonel John Printz, came to Tinicum in 1643, and built the town of New Gottenburg. It existed many years, but was ultimately abandoned, and the soil where the town stood was washed away by river encroachments. There had been a church and graveyard there, and down to the early part of this century human bones were frequently found protruding from the river-bank. Tinicum has always been a land of fishermen and market-gardens, and in former days its inhabitants were noted for their quick response to changes in the beat of the political pulse; for with such of our ancestors as were fond of early election returns it used to be a saying, "As Tinicum goes, so goes the State." But Tinicum does not indulge so much in politics now. Her people cultivate their gardens and watch the visitors to the Fish House and the yellow quarantine flag on the Lazaretto, which in summer-time is the beacon that halts all in-bound Southern vessels. The country we are passing through, while pleasant to look upon, has nothing like the number of villas seen to the north and west of Philadelphia, fine country-houses being sparse in this direction, excepting at Norwood, Ridley Park, Thurlow, Crum Lynne, and one or two other stations.

ANCIENT UPLAND.

At Crum Lynne, where the land seems like a park, we come in sight of the Delaware River, seen off to the left over the level fields. We pass the Eddystone Mills down on the bank, and our train runs swiftly over the creek bridge and past the station at ancient Upland, now Chester, thirteen miles out, whereof one of the historians of Pennsylvania has written that it is "a mausoleum of newspapers," more journals having been born and died there than in any city of equal size in Pennsylvania. This, too, is in the land of original Swedish settlement, for they came as early as 1645 and settled Chester and Marcus Hook, the former being named Upland, which it retained until Penn afterwards changed the name. The Upland Court is noted as having
tried the first divorce case in Pennsylvania, in 1661, the quarrel causing it having arisen at Marcus Hook; and empannelled the first Pennsylvania jury, in 1678. It was at Chester that Penn made his first landing in America, in 1682, on ground now part of Essex Street, one of the original streets of the town. The Quaker graveyard, on Edgemont Street, laid out the following year, is the most ancient memorial Chester possesses. Dr. Preston, the founder of the Preston Retreat in Philadelphia, is buried there. The oldest house in Chester is said to be the Logan House, on Second Street, near Edgemont, built in 1700. The town has plenty of old houses, and its original City Hall dates back to 1724. It has furnished the country with several great men. John Morton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, lies in a Chester graveyard, and the monument over him records the fact that he was the first of the signers who died (in 1777), and that he gave the casting vote in the Pennsylvania delegation to Congress that decided for the Declaration of Independence. Admiral Porter was born in Chester, and Farragut spent most of his boyhood there as an inmate of Porter's father's household. Chester had the first Provincial Assembly convened by Penn, and as it is the oldest town in the State, so it was for a long period in its history one of the sleepiest, until about thirty years ago an infusion of new blood woke it up. Now it is among the busiest places on the Delaware, and its southern suburb, Lamokin, contains the famous Roach ship-yards. The arrival of this energetic ship-builder from New York, and the advent of a Girard College orphan,—William Ward,—to represent the town in Congress, have made Chester a bustling as well as a famous city. Here also is the Pennsylvania Military Academy, set up on a hill to the west of the railroad, whence come the well-drilled corps of cadets who occasionally invade Philadelphia to teach our young soldiers how to march. The lowlands hereabouts are liable, in rainy seasons, to sudden freshets, and the old folk still tell how, in 1843, Chester Creek, in the short space of one hour, rose twenty-two feet, and flooded the town. As we passed Lamokin half the population were out, watching a well-contested game of base-ball in a field near the railway. The road is located some distance back from the river, but the passing vessels are in full view
as the cars run swiftly over the well-laid tracks. The country is level, and much of it is devoted to grazing, it not being nearly so thickly settled as the regions north of Philadelphia.

**LITTLE DELAWARE.**

Fourteen miles down the railway, near Claymont, we reach the State of Delaware, and cross that remarkable northern boundary which was made in the olden time by describing an are with twelve miles radius, having its centre at the Court-House in New Castle. Below here the railway runs nearer to the river, going almost along its edge, while the back country is a gentle upward slope, well wooded. For some distance below Claymont there is a fringe of pleasant little country-houses along the river-bank, with the water beyond them dotted with schooners, their white sails spread, while an occasional canal propeller drags a barge after it. Some distance above Wilmington we leave the river and cross a broad, level plain towards the town, which spreads far away to the westward. We cross the drawbridge over the broad Brandywine at the edge of the town, while a vessel waits to get a chance to go through the draw. This historic stream comes down past the battle-field at Chadd's Ford, through a picturesque country, and washes the base of the hills on which a good part of Wilmington is built. Passing the railway, it circles around through the level land, till it joins the Christiana Creek coming up from the southwest, and uniting their currents they flow about a mile farther into the Delaware. We run a short distance from the Brandywine and enter Wilmington, the metropolis of the State of Delaware, and a neat, thriving city, passing its ship-yards, railway-shops, car-factories, and mills of all kinds in full operation. The level plain stretches out from the borders of the two creeks, and on it and the higher ground that rises up from the creeks Wilmington is built, some of its hills in the northwestern portion being two hundred and forty feet above the river level. The Brandywine also comes down-hill, for within four miles of the city it falls no less than one hundred and twenty feet, furnishing magnificent water-power, used by paper-mills, flouring-mills, and also by gunpowder-mills. It was in Wilmington that iron ship building was first attempted, in this country, while the passenger-cars built there go all over the
United States. It is not an ancient city, however, only dating from 1732; but on the Christiana Creek, about a half-mile down, they show you the spot where the first Swedish colony landed in America in 1638, while the quaint little Swedes' church, built in 1698, in Wilmington, is still standing alongside the railway in a yard of ancient gravestones.

All Baltimore trains stop at Wilmington, where the new owners of the line are building a handsome station; and, having performed that duty, the train resumes the journey past many mills and also the extensive works of the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company. This vast establishment, which builds ships and makes cars, spreads over a broad space along the Christiana, and below it are the phosphate-fertilizing factories, that bring the phosphate rock from Charleston and send it back again converted into a manure. One might suppose that our Southern friends would learn how to do this for themselves. We are soon out of Wilmington and strike off across the country towards the head of Chesapeake Bay. The Christiana Creek flows on our left hand, the railway occasionally crossing its tributaries, and both the big and little creeks showing a disposition to make remarkable gyrations in their course through the level land. Two miles below Wilmington, the Delaware Peninsula Railroad goes off southward towards New Castle and the peach country. Passing the mills at Stanton, the train runs swiftly along, with little to see but green fields and woods. The railroad leading westward from Delaware City is crossed, and we pass the fine hot-house and gardens at the station at Newark, which is the last town we see in crossing the upper end of Delaware. Just below, the Christiana Creek itself is crossed, here a very small stream, flowing southward, past the base of a wooded hill, probably not one hundred feet high, but looking like a mountain rising up from the flat country.

MARYLAND AND THE CHESAPEAKE.

The railroad enters Maryland in Cecil County, and approaches the head of Chesapeake Bay. The Christiana was the last of the tributaries of the Delaware River, and at Elkton we cross the Great and Little Elk Creeks, with the town set between them. These streams have an interest for Philadelphia, for on them the Ledger printing-paper is made.
at the Marley Mill, while near by the paper is also made for the Philadelphia Record. These creeks, uniting just south of the town, form the Elk River, a broad estuary flowing into the Chesapeake. The town of Elkton is spread over a good deal of flat land, and contains the Cecil County Fair Grounds; but below it the houses become few and small, while most of the ground is wooded and uncultivated. Occasionally there is a hill through which the railway-cuttings have to be dug with very gradual slopes, for the land is like a quicksand, and the rains wash it into great gullies, with the red and yellow soils streaked in the deep fissures. We cross the little tributary of the Chesapeake, known as Northeast, with its rocky waterfall, its iron-mills, and station, and then take a course down the west side of the estuary into which it flows. This is the northeastern head of Chesapeake Bay, and hence its name. Quite a large town has gathered on its borders, and it quickly widens into a broad tidal river a few miles below, while a score of low hills are over on the other side of the water. We now approach the Susquehanna, and can see its high bordering range of hills off to the westward. After an occasional view across Chesapeake Bay, for the course of the railway is around its head-waters, and we can see for miles down some of them, over the bay itself, the cars run out to the edge of the Susquehanna River at Perryville, sixty miles from Philadelphia.

We stop a moment at Perryville, where the railway from Port Deposit joins the main line, and then, starting again, run slowly across the great bridge built of twelve spans, resting on solid granite piers, and nearly three thousand three hundred feet long. This was probably the costliest and most difficult to build of all the railroad bridges on the Atlantic Coast, but it was a necessity for quick transit between Washington and the North. For a long period the transit was by ferry over the Susquehanna, and the big steamboat was availed of as a restaurant, the passengers taking meals there. Occasionally, in winter-time, rails were laid across the ice. Then, by improvement, they laid rails on the boat, and transported the trains over, and the steamer "Maryland," which was the transfer-boat, is still used in New York harbor. The bridge, after long and tedious building, was finished about fourteen years ago. As we go slowly over we can see the
broad river for a long distance above winding around from Port Deposit, its steep shores lined with thick woods, and an island in the centre, while below the bridge the river soon broadens into Chesapeake Bay. Another halt is made on the southern bank at Havre de Grace, where the Susquehanna Canal terminates. Down the river the hazy "Eastern Shore" can be seen across the bay, and quite a fleet of small vessels is anchored at the lower end of the town. Big coal-piles are on the wharf near the bridge, landed there by canal-barges, and the town has a broad and attractive street running south from the station, lined with trees, and having grass growing everywhere, excepting on the wagon-track in the centre. The town is built chiefly of frame houses. As the train starts again we look back through the tall and narrow red-painted single-track bridge, with its square box-like iron-framed truss, on the lower chord of which the rails are laid, a little speck of light gleaming at the farther end, and contrast its safety and speed with the delays and risks of early ferriage across the great river.

THE LONG TRESTLE-BRIDGES.

The railway now continues its course through a level region, crossing the tributaries and estuaries of Chesapeake Bay. This is the country where the sportsman loves to go, for the wild fowl are there in the season, and fishermen can find something to reward their patience. We are in Harford County, and pass Oakington and Aberdeen, and several other small places on the way to Bush River. A good deal of the land hereabouts is cultivated, but this is not famous as an agricultural region, though new land is every year reclaimed from the forest and put under plough. Much large timber abounds, but houses are scarce. The railway approaches Bush River over a flat and occasionally wooded prairie, looking much like a section cut out of a Western State, for sometimes you can look so far and see so few buildings. The Bush River has low, wooded shores, and we cross it on a pile-bridge, not elevated much above the water, the telegraph-poles being stuck up in the mud at the bottom of the shallow river, a short distance south of the bridge. Piles are driven around them to keep the ice from cutting them off in the winter-time. The railroad still runs through woods and over level
land past Edgewood and Magnolia to the widest of these estuaries, the Gunpowder River. At Edgewood an ancient and mud-spattered stage picks up a few passengers from the train to carry northward towards the county-seat, at Belair. Magnolia is a little village at the edge of the woods, where the inhabitants make an attractive exhibition of most luxuriant rose-bushes by the roadside. We cross the broad Gunpowder River also on a low pile-bridge. Its sources are the Great and Little Gunpowder Rivers, which come down through high ground, miles above here, and furnish valuable water-powers that are availed of for manufacturing purposes. They unite, and the stream becomes wider than the Delaware, while south of the railroad bridge it broadens into a great bay, entering the Chesapeake about eight miles below. These Maryland rivers are not very long, but they make up all their shortcomings in their width. The banks of the Gunpowder, like the others, are low and covered with trees, while the stream has no current, excepting that which the tide provides. On its south bank is Howard Park, a Baltimore picnic-ground. Again the railroad crosses a level wooded region, with scarcely a house to be seen excepting the railway stations. We are going through the pines that are around the head-waters of the Middle River. Patches of land are occasionally cultivated, the stumps remaining in some of the fields, showing them to be recent clearings. Gradually we come upon a section with a few more houses and more cultivation, where they bring cord-wood and railway-sleepers out to the station at Stemmer's Run, though the population is still sparse. We cross Back River, a comparatively narrow stream, on another low pile-bridge, and approach Baltimore, passing an occasional market-garden, though the forests are still plentiful. Behind the hill at Bay View, four miles from Baltimore, the train halts at the Junction, where the Pennsylvania Railroad is building a large round-house and making extensive improvements. Here the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad starts westward to go through the northern part of Baltimore and enter the great tunnels bored under the hills and the city on the road to Washington.

On top of the hill at Bay View, off to the left of the roadway, is the huge red-brick Bay View Asylum, surmounted by a white dome with a red roof. The inmates have a fine
view of Chesapeake Bay, and that dome is a beacon for the mariner's guidance far down its waters. Soon the train is running through the suburbs of Baltimore, the passengers having a chance to see the river beyond the not very inviting region around Canton. We run along the edge of the water past the packing- and canning-factories, and the numerous fleets of oyster-boats, for here they bring the Chesapeake oysters to be packed and sent to all parts of the world, an industry employing thousands of people. Here start the big steamboats that ply upon Chesapeake Bay, while over on the other side are the great grain-elevators built by the Pennsylvania and Baltimore and Ohio Railroads to provide foreign cargoes. Fleets of vessels are in the harbor, for Baltimore enjoys a good trade, sometimes having a heavier European business than Philadelphia. The Patapsco and its branches furnish an excellent roadstead, capable, they say, of accommodating two thousand vessels. Immense ships lie at some of the docks, which run far up into the town, giving extensive wharfage, and the train lands its passengers at President Street Station, not far from the busiest shipping district.

XVII.

Baltimore.

The Monumental City.

The Philadelphia visitor to Baltimore is impressed with its resemblance to his own city in the character of the buildings and streets, though the latter are generally wider and the surface of the ground is more hilly. Baltimore has a fine harbor, formed by the branches of the Patapsco, their irregular shores giving an extended opportunity for constructing wharves and docks, so that in a comparatively small space the merchants are able to get a large amount of wharf-room. The two great railways have also made decided improvements in recent years for through shipments to Europe, the Pennsylvania system having its elevators at Canton, on the north
side of the harbor, while the Baltimore and Ohio system is extended out on the long and narrow lowlands at Locust Point, almost down to where the two branches of the Patapsco join. The "Basin," and also long narrow docks, extend far up into the city, and across the head of them is Pratt Street, where the troops were marching from one railway station to the other in the early part of the Rebellion, on their way to Washington, when the mob about the heads of the docks attacked them. There were eleven killed and twenty-six wounded in this riot, which led to the adoption of energetic measures to maintain the authority of the Union in Baltimore. Northward some distance from Pratt Street, is Baltimore Street, which has a double line of passenger-railway tracks, is bordered by very fine stores and other buildings, and may be called the chief street of the city. A broad creek divides the town almost in two sections, coming down through a deep valley from the northward, and in the lower part of the city being walled in with an avenue on each side. Long before any one expected a city, or even a village to be located there, the first settler in that part of the country,—Colonel David Jones,—who was the original white inhabitant of the north side of Baltimore harbor, two hundred years ago gave this stream the name of Jones' Falls. Settlements soon began to the eastward of the creek, and it was known as Jonestown, while Baltimore was not begun until 1730, when it was laid out some distance westward of the creek, and around the head of the "Basin," the plan covering sixty acres. This was Newtown, as the other (Jonestown) was known as "Old-town," but they subsequently became united, and sunk their distinctive names in Baltimore. Jones' Falls is not a very savory stream, and, to this day, it is noted for its sudden freshets, while, in fact, the whole of lower Baltimore seems to be in constant preparation for floods, as the rain-storms make water-courses of some of the hilly streets, and the authorities in several localities have provided the footways with permanent stepping-stones.

The name of the "Monumental City" was given Baltimore because it was the earliest American city to have fine monuments. The shaft erected by the State of Maryland on Charles Street, in memory of George Washington, is one of the finest monumental columns in the world. It rises
one hundred and ninety-five feet, being surmounted with Washington's statue, and stands in a broadened street at the summit of a hill, an inclined and terraced walk leading up to it, with a fountain in front, and the space behind, as well as in front, being availed of for flower-gardens and lawns. Fine buildings border the street in this neighborhood, and make a scene essentially Parisian. Near by is the Mount Vernon Methodist Church, an ornamental building of greenstone, with brownstone trimmings, and also the Peabody Institute, a large structure of white marble. On Calvert Street, in Monument Square, is the Battle Monument, a more modest, yet very fine white marble column on an elaborate base, bearing the names of the citizens who were slain in defending Baltimore in 1814. Thomas Wildey, the founder of Odd-Fellowship, has a commemorative shaft on Broadway. There are many fine buildings in Baltimore, and probably the greatest is the New City Hall, which is a magnificent structure of Maryland marble, with a high dome rising two hundred and twenty-two feet. This building, occupying an entire square, although constructed by the city authorities, is unique in having been finished at less cost than the estimates. It has a magnificent front portico and staircase. The Baltimore Cathedral is also an elaborate granite building, with the Maryland University and Academy of Sciences near by, the latter a modest little house.

DRUID HILL PARK.

Let us take a survey of the beautiful Baltimore suburbs, and to do so go out Eutaw Street to Eutaw Place, and in making the journey discover that this city has some of the same sort of rough cobble-stone street paving to which we are accustomed in Philadelphia, although in the business portions Belgian blocks are being substituted. The street gradually ascends the hills towards the west and northwest, and broadens into Eutaw Place, where there are gardens in the centre, ornamented with flowers and tiled walks, while rows of stately brick dwellings border the sides of the street. Mansard-roofs abound, and the Place goes up and down hill, helping the drainage and also improving the view. One of the great fountains exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition is placed in a conspicuous position here, and much taste is
shown in the ornamentation of the grounds. Having risen to the top of the hill at the northwestern end of Eutaw Place, the scene back over the gardens and fountain is very fine, closing with a pretty church, having a tall spire, blocking the view at the lower entrance to the broadened street. Eutaw Place exhausts itself in a suburban road, having a smooth gravelled surface, and going past some fine rural houses, with ornamental grounds, and still rising up-hill towards the Park, to which it is being extended, to make an additional entrance. Here is the beautiful home of G. W. Gail, who has expended some of the profits drawn out of tobacco-smoke to adorning Baltimore. Madison Avenue is a wide street, running parallel to Eutaw on its left hand, and leading to the main entrance to Druid Hill Park. The horse-ear lines run out here, and terminate in a very fine passenger-railway station, adjoining the Park gate. This station is a handsome brick building, having those peculiar protuberances found in many European churches, which represent the evil spirits fleeing out. Just what connection these hobgoblins have with a horse railroad, especially when it pays one cent out of every fare taken, to the fund supporting the Park, is not known.

Druid Hill, covering six hundred acres, is one of the famous parks of the country, and was the estate of Lloyd Rogers, whose mansion and old family burial-ground are still within its borders, the latter almost masked by trees. It has an undulating surface of woodland and meadow, and was acquired by Baltimore about 1860. Let us enter through a stately gateway, upon a road lined on either hand by long rows of flower-vases standing on high pedestals, and running along-side Druid Lake, the great Baltimore water reservoir; while on the other side is a grove of trees with a broad sloping lawn on which there are plenty of benches for the visitors, while cows and sheep wander over the grass. The backward view, through the rows of flower-vases, from the point where the entering road divides, about a hundred yards within the gateway, is charming. Immediately we get into the thick foliage of a wood, and are apparently far away from the city. The Park is not overwrought by art, but is mainly a production of nature, and in this is constantly remindful of Fairmount Park. The old trees are there in multitudes, while
road-making and grass-cutting, and the removal of under-growth are the chief labors of the Park care-takers. There are broad stretches of lawn and plenty of rolling ground, the scene at times being essentially English, with smooth-cut grass and sturdy oaks on the hill-sides. The numerous little lakes add to the beauty; ducks swim on some of them, and there are canopied boats on others, while almost everywhere that there is shade and a fine view there is also an ample stock of benches. The Park is liberally supplied with plashing fountains and drinking fountains, the gifts of generous citizens, and the flowering trees and shrubbery emit an almost constant perfume. Not far from the Mansion House, which occupies a commanding position in the centre of the Park, another little knoll is surmounted by the broad low building which Maryland contributed to the Centennial Exhibition, and the event is commemorated by calling the knoll Centennial Hill. Fronting the Mansion House is a wide concourse over which the visitor has a view from the spacious piazzas down beyond the sloping lawns and a magnificent fountain, to a distant wood of oaks, through which there is a narrow vista view across Druid Lake towards the Park entrance a half-mile away. This is one of the most beautiful park effects ever created, and yet it has cost comparatively nothing to produce, nature having been the chief architect. Behind the Mansion House, down in a dell, is a little pavilion, with surrounding cages, where they are gathering the nucleus of a Zoological Garden. Out on the summit of Druid Hill, towards the north side of the Park is Prospect Hill, a high elevation overlooking the northern suburb of Woodberry, down in the valley formed by Jones' Falls, with sloping wooded hills beyond, and in the distance a number of ornamental country-houses. In the bottom of this valley, and keeping close to the banks of the creek, runs the Northern Central Railroad, taking advantage of the fissure it makes between the hills for an easy route out of town northward towards Harrisburg. Prospect Hill has a dark green background of trees and park, while all around the northern, eastern, and western horizon the view is grand. Away off to the eastward, fully ten miles away, can be seen the Bay View Asylum, on the hill-top, its red-roofed white cupola glistening in the sunlight. The combination of hill and vale makes Druid Hill one of the finest parks in the
BRIEF SUMMER RAMBLES.

world, and the roads and paths are led in all directions to exhibit their beauties to the utmost. It has also had the great advantage of being a well-kept estate before it was a public park. While some of the roads are broad and imposing, others are narrow and almost like little country lanes and by-paths through the woods. There has been established in the Park a fish-hatching house, and from it a little stream runs down under a handsome stone bridge, through a miniature valley and a succession of little lakes, with a road winding along their shores. Here they hatch and rear the trout, and also keep gold-fish, the lakes being in most picturesque situations. To this beautiful pleasure-ground, of which no mere written description can give an adequate idea, the many thousands come out of Baltimore on fine afternoons to enjoy themselves, each visitor paying his cent, collected through the medium of the horse-car companies, to the fund for keeping it up.

THE DRUID HILL RESERVOIRS.

As in most American cities, the high ground of Druid Park is availed of by Baltimore for the water-reservoirs. The water-supply comes from Lake Roland, several miles north of the city, to the great reservoir at Druid Lake, and the smaller and lower reservoir, not far distant, known as Mount Royal. Raised above the level of Druid Lake, on top of the highest hill in the Park, they have constructed a new High Service Reservoir to supply the elevated ground in the newer part of the city. The pumping-house and engines that raise the water to this reservoir are models of beautiful construction and cleanliness, an ornamental stone tower rising above them, while Druid Lake, over a mile around, has its bank made into a driveway, and in the centre is a grand spray-fountain, throwing the water many feet high, and, when the sun shines in the late afternoon, creating a beautiful rainbow. Like all our cities, however, rapid growth has here exhausted the earlier means for water-supply. Baltimore is now carrying almost to completion an elaborate scheme for bringing the Little Gunpowder River into the city for a larger supply. This stream of pure water is tapped about fifteen miles north of the city, and is to be brought through seven miles of almost continuous tunnel to a new
reservoir called Lake Montebello, a short distance from Lake Roland, the present source of the water-mains, and it will be connected with the existing system, giving an ample flow for many years to come. The new works are almost completed. [They were opened in October, 1881.]

Druid Hill Terrace, on the southern side of the lake, where a lookout tower is built, gives another fine view over the city and northern suburbs. You can see beyond the lower reservoir on Mount Royal, for five miles across the city to the elevators on the other side of the harbor at Locust Point, with the Patapsco River beyond, and off to the left the Bay View Asylum stands up boldly against the horizon. Across to the eastward are the spacious new buildings of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, in an enclosure covering at least two hundred acres, to erect and support which his great estate is being devoted. Down in the valley at our feet is the Northern Central Railway, and its shops and depots cover a good deal of ground, while all along between us and the city, skirting under the side of Mount Royal, runs the succession of tunnels of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad. We will leave this pretty place by a new road leading down around the foot of the hill and under the edge of the reservoirs to the bottom of the valley, crossing the railway and Jones' Falls just at the entrance to one of the great railway tunnels. This road is a tastefully-constructed Park entrance, and alongside it at the base of Mount Royal a high fountain-stream is thrown up, the wind carrying its spray afar. The whole of the adjacent region is being built up with new and tasteful houses. We pass the stately building of the Blind Asylum, with its low mansard-roofs and prominent chimneys, on Boundary Avenue, and, ascending the hill on the other side, visit one of Baltimore's many burial-grounds,—Green Mount Cemetery. It is not a very large place, but is a pretty ground, with gentle hills and valleys, and is well populated. The entrance is quite ornamental. Here is buried, in a spot selected by herself, the venerable Madame Patterson Bonaparte, whose history is one of Baltimore's romances. Here also lies Junius Brutus Booth and his family, including John Wilkes Booth, a granite monument on a brownstone base surmounting the latter's grave. We return to town through St. Paul and Charles Streets, lined with fine resi-
dences, one of the most highly-ornamented sections of this substantial city.

**A BALTIMORE NIGHT MARKET.**

It would not be right to leave Baltimore without visiting a Saturday night market. The Baltimoreans have not yet, like Philadelphia, gone much into the business of building market-houses as a matter of private enterprise, but they still encourage the street markets and make them as good as possible. Tuesday and Friday mornings and Saturday evenings are the market periods, and no visit is complete without spending an hour in one of these night markets, which the people crowd to repletion. Let us go to the largest of them, the Lexington Market, which begins about three o'clock Saturday afternoon, and continues until midnight. Visit it after dark, and you find three long squares on a broad street blazing with light, filled with people and with stalls groaning under the greatest profusion of food. The number of sellers who come to the market is so great that the competition is brisk. This not only keeps the supplies up to the best standard, but it cheapens prices and thus draws the crowd. Throughout Saturday evening the street is a most animated bazaar, brilliantly lighted, for all the stores, as well as every stall, are lighted to the best ability of gas, gasoline, and coal oil, while many indulge in extra illuminations. Three broad avenues are lined with stalls in the market-houses, while outside, the country wagons back up on either hand, and thus, together, make no less than ten long parallel rows of stalls and stands, on which are displayed an endless profusion of everything a market can sell,—meats, vegetables, poultry, alive as well as killed and prepared for roasting, fruits and flowers, china and glass-ware, fish, oysters, and pickles, and every other article that can be bought in a market. There was as much in Lexington Market to sell on the Saturday night I saw it as would be displayed in three or four big Philadelphia market-houses put together, and the great competition made prices very cheap. Thousands of people were there buying and carrying off their basket-loads, and a thousand or more bright lights danced in the wind. Prices are much cheaper than in most Philadelphia markets, for the system of competition encourages small profits, and
an immense surface south of Baltimore in Anne Arundel County supplies the city. The scene, the cheapness of everything, and the spirit of the place infected us like all the rest who were there. Unable to resist the temptation, although a hundred miles from home, we bought a big basket and invested in some of the marketing too. This night market is one of the sights of the city.

THE OLD FORT.

Down in the harbor, on the extreme end of Locust Point, beyond the great Baltimore and Ohio elevators, and about two and one-half miles from the City Hall, is a low-lying esplanade with green banks sloping almost to the water. Behind it are the parapets and walls of a fort with a flag flying from a staff in the centre. This is Fort McHenry, quiet, unassuming, and of little account now, tenanted by barely a score of soldiers, but having a great history. It was the position of this fort, and the guns it mounted on its parapets, that held Baltimore in the early history of the Rebellion, and maintained the road from the North to Washington. But its greatest memory, and, by the association, probably the greatest fame that Baltimore enjoys, come from the flag on the staff that now so peacefully waves over the low ground on Locust Point from sunrise to sunset. When the British menaced Baltimore in 1814, they bombarded Fort McHenry, and the flag waved from the staff all through the night, an interested spectator being Francis Scott Key, a Baltimorean, imprisoned on one of the vessels of the British fleet in the harbor. The flag withstood the bombardment, and, inspired by the scene, Key composed the patriotic anthem of "The Star-Spangled Banner," which has carried the fame of Baltimore and its fort, flag, and history throughout the world.
XVIII.

THE READING RAILROAD.

THE BOUND BROOK ROUTE.

Let us to-day take an early morning start to New York over the new line by the Reading and New Jersey Central Railroads, known as the Bound Brook route. Its cars run up Ninth Street, and we can board the train at Columbia Avenue Station. Here in the early morning can be got an idea of the enormous passenger traffic Ninth Street carries. While waiting for the train, the cars are moving in almost continuous procession, laden with passengers coming into the city. I counted ten trains passing in as many minutes, crowds getting on and off as they halted a moment at the station, above which the gate swung quickly open and shut at Columbia Avenue to let the horse-cars pass. Finally, along comes an odd-looking engine, which seems to be chiefly a ponderous boiler, with the engineer perched up in a cab on the top at the centre. This machine is not very pretty to look at, but it is great as a steam-manufacturer, and it draws our train over the Bound Brook route.

The cars rush along through the northern suburbs, out past the gas-tanks and over Broad Street, raising a great dust; along by the Junction and on the Germantown Road, past the Midvale Steel-Works, halting a moment at Wayne Junction, then starting up over the turnpike and a long trestle across the country to the North Pennsylvania Railroad. We are in a beautiful region; now darting through rock-cuttings, then out upon rolling ground with fine villas, going by pretty little stations; and at Jenkintown, about ten miles out, we curve around to the right and pass upon the new line. It is a double-track all the way, a solid construction, over which the cars run smoothly and rapidly. The train rushes across country towards the Delaware River, above Trenton. In rapid succession there pass in review fine farms, attractive villas, pretty lots of woodland on the hill-sides, sloping lawns,
the delicious green of the grass and trees being varied by the brown color of the cultivated fields. Cattle graze, and the farmers are out at work. We rattle over the Newtown Railroad, pass Bethayres and Somerton, and count the tall signal-towers set high above the line at intervals to control the movement of the trains. Twenty miles out the railway crosses the Neshaminy, the falls just above the bridge looking very pretty as they are set into a picture that has a sloping grove on either bank, to which picnic-parties like to come. Here on the one side is the Neshaminy Falls Grove, and on the other Rocky Glen Grove, the trees fringing the borders of the little lake above the falls that divides them.

Frequent trains of coal- and freight-cars pass, as we speed along, showing that the new line has a good traffic, and on them are the names of many railways of the far West and North that would be almost unknown here if their cars did not come to town on the Reading lines. The train passes Langhorne and comes upon a comparatively flat country as it approaches the valley of the Delaware. It is superbly cultivated, and the cheerful farm-buildings are in all directions, as far as the eye can see. We have also reached the region of dark red soils, and at Yardley, thirty miles from town, the road crosses the Delaware by a long bridge and trestle. Here is one of those quiet rural views of forest, field, and water in which the neighborhood of Philadelphia abounds. The river is bordered on either bank by a canal, and long views can be had over the Delaware Valley, both above and below the railway bridge. To the northward another pretty bridge spans the river; to the southward a little island is set in the centre of the scene. We are now in Jersey, and after a brief halt at Trenton Junction, where the train-hands rush out to "tap the rim," we speed across the State, a half-hour's swift riding bringing the train to Bound Brook, where it passes upon the New Jersey Central tracks. To the northward the southern spurs of the Blue Ridge hills come gradually in sight, at first dim and hazy blue as we take a long view of them over the lower intervening ground, but afterwards approaching nearer, so that the route skirts along the level land stretching out at their feet. The train runs over the dark red soil, and the high hills are covered with woods to their tops. Occasionally they go far away from us, but
they reappear again, and farm-houses can be seen among the trees, some peeping out at the summits of the hills. At fifty-nine miles from Philadelphia the road runs into the New Jersey Central tracks at the busy village of Bound Brook, and changes engines, while the men again "tap the rim." There are pleasant houses in all directions, set among the trees, while south of the railway Bound Brook curves around a pretty stream with the village beyond.

The railway now leads us through a region that seems almost one continuous town, and the Lehigh Valley Railroad is alongside to keep us company. We pass Dunellin, and still skirt along the foot of the dark green hills, crossing roads lined with rows of cottages, and pass through Plainfield with whistle blowing and the townsfolk out in force as the cars run by the station. Then by the attractive station at Netherwood and past so many village stations that their names cannot be remembered, for the entire country seems dotted with cottages, and an occasional church spire stands up among the trees. We gradually leave the mountain range behind, as the dark green hills fade away in hazy blue. We continue for some distance alongside the Lehigh Valley Railroad, and the passengers get a little excitement as a train on that road races with ours, but it finally parts company, and leaves for Amboy to the eastward. We slow down as the engine runs through the town of Elizabeth, and crosses the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks in the centre of that city. Elizabeth by rapid stages dissolves into Elizabethport, and then as the railway goes out upon the meadows, leaving the town on the southern side, we pass to our right the enormous works of the Singer Sewing-Machine Company, with the little park in front of the office. A long trestle carries the train over the broad expanse of Newark Bay, where fishermen are out in little boats, some of them dredging for oysters. Across the bay is the town of Bergen Point, and a succession of villages, the country being almost entirely built up, while south of it is the Kill Von Kull, with Staten Island and its fine residences rising gracefully beyond. The villages gradually condense into a continuous town as we ride into Communipaw, at the lower edge of Jersey City, and with New York harbor on one side, pass through a maze of railways, docks, cars, and vessels, and end the railroad journey in the
station on the Hudson River, eighty-nine miles from Philadelphia. The crowd passes from the train to the ferry-boat, which is big enough to make two of those on the Delaware, and the boat threads its way across the Hudson River, among the myriads of passing vessels of all descriptions. In front stretches the broad expanse of docks, sheds, and vessels, with buildings behind them that are the new-comer's first view of New York. The tall houses and spires along Broadway tower above the mass of the houses, while off to the right hand, down at the point of Manhattan Island, is the round building where the emigrants land at Castle Garden, with the trees of Battery Park alongside. The ferry-boat lands, and we are in New York.

A FAMOUS CHURCH.

Arriving with the crowd of business men who every morning rush into New York over the ferries from Jersey City, the staid Philadelphian is sometimes a little unnerved at the plunge that has to be made into the struggling mass of wagons, cars, people, horses, policemen, and mud, that is usually tied up into an apparently inextricable knot on West Street. But the plunge is taken, and getting through, the visitor naturally makes his way to Broadway. The elevated railway cars rattle overhead as we pass under them and look up a moment at these ponderous structures roofing over the streets and closing up the windows of the houses. The roar of Broadway is ahead of us, and soon we drop into its busy current. Let us walk down a little way to one of the famous churches of America. Trinity Church, which is known to men with almost the fame of Westminster Abbey or Notre Dame, stands at the head of Wall Street, with its old graveyard stretching along Broadway. It is a constant monitor for the bankers and brokers down that famous street, who can see its spire and clock from their doors, but, although it is their guardian angel and its gates are open all day, few of the bulls and bears venture in. Behind the graveyard, the Elevated trains rush by every few minutes. It was in 1696 that the first Trinity Church was built on this spot. This was burned in 1776, and the second church was built in 1788, being taken down in 1839 to make room for the present fine building, which is the third Trinity Church erected
there, and after six years building was finished and consecrated in 1846. Let us go into the dark brown church, with its tall spire and the lower pinnacles around. It is a Gothic church, with a high nave and cloistered ceilings nearly two hundred feet long, while the spire is two hundred and eighty-four feet high. Pews fill the floor, and the aisles all have little benches, while a grand stained window lets in a flood of mellow light at the western end, and the Astor reredos is beneath, a magnificent work of art. The pulpit stands at the right hand, with a sounding-board, spreading out like a shell, above it. Old Trinity gives every evidence of being the church of a wealthy congregation, and the vestry do not have to worry much about where to get funds, as the investments of the Trinity Church corporation now yield a half-million dollars annual income.

Let us mount the steeple and see the view. The visitor is permitted to climb up three hundred and eight steps to a lookout-place about two hundred feet above the street. We are far above most of the buildings to the southward, and have here a grand lookout over lower Broadway, Bowling Green and its fountain, the Battery, and the harbor. The Battery is a half-mile away, and the thick foliage of the trees almost obscures the huge round Castle Garden emigrant depot. Out in the harbor there are countless vessels, many moving, but more at anchor, and the cool air comes blowing in from the ocean. Here, in the foreground, is Governor’s Island and Fort Columbus, with the circular structure known as Castle William, on its south western end. This was once a great fort, but is now antiquated, and Fort Columbus, on the island, with the other works at the Narrows, supersedes it. Away off, over the harbor, are the hills of Staten Island, and the road to the sea through the Narrows is seen, far away beyond Governor’s Island. The roar of Broadway with its mass of moving humanity and vehicles comes up from beneath our feet, and turning northward that great street can be seen stretching far away with its rows of stately buildings hemming in the bustling throng that goes along. Let us descend again to the old church-yard, which still remains in its ancient glory, a mass of worn and battered gravestones resting in a quiet refuge under the trees in the heart of the busiest part of New York. This tree-embowered spot has
been a burial place for nearly two hundred years, and it contains, near the front railing at the northern end, the Martyrs' Monument, erected over the bones of the patriots who died in the prison-ships of the Revolution. This is a fine piece of sculpture, but as a general thing the neighboring gravestones have little in themselves that is commendable. The stones marking Richard Churcher and Anny Churcher, who died in 1681 and 1691, are the oldest in the yard. Charlotte Temple's grave is under a flat stone, which has a cavity, out of which the inscription was twice stolen. This cavity remains, and was full of water from the recent rains when we saw it. Poor Charlotte's romantic career and miserable end, with the duel that resulted, have been woven into a novel. Not far away is the grave of the first William Bradford, who was one of William Penn's companions in founding Philadelphia, and for fifty years was the Government printer, anterior to the Revolution. The original stone over his grave has been preserved by the New York Historical Society, but a restored stone marks it. A mausoleum of brownstone covers the remains of Captain Lawrence, of the "Chesapeake," who was killed when his ship was surrendered after the sharp combat with the British frigate "Shannon," in 1813. Some old cannon captured from the British surround this grave. A marble monument marks the tomb of Alexander Hamilton; and Robert Fulton, Albert Gallatin, and many others famous in their day are buried here. Probably the latest grave is that of General Philip Kearney, killed in 1862. This venerable place, which it has in former times been sought to make a sort of Westminster Abbey, as the final home of the great men of New York, is worth all the journey over to that city to see. It has its "Old Mortality," too, for an aged man walks about and describes the graves, and tells the history of the dead and of the labor of love by the living to keep their gravestones in repair. All the while the noisy railway-trains rushing along behind the yard, and the roaring Broadway traffic in front, are a reminder of the great city that has this quiet spot so strangely left in its very heart to tell the story of its earlier days.
XIX.

NEW YORK CITY.

BROADWAY AND FIFTH AVENUE.

Let us go down to the Battery at the lower end of Manhattan Island, about a half-mile from Trinity Church, and sit on one of the benches overlooking the harbor, and enjoy the fresh breeze from old ocean. The Battery Park is a garden-spot with flagstone walks, fine trees, and lawns, and a most attractive appearance. The elevated railways come down here, as they do everywhere else in New York, and take up much of the room, but you can walk about under them, and for their convenience forget the desecration. Over on the left hand is the South Ferry, where boats go to Brooklyn and Staten Island, and the Barge office, where the Custom-House officials congregate. Out over the water is General Hancock's home on Governor's Island, which was last summer such a Mecca for political pilgrims, but is so no longer. A thousand water-craft of all sorts and descriptions, and bearing the flags of all nations, cover the bay between you and Staten Island, the Jersey shore, and the Narrows. Some are at anchor, others move about, and ambitious little tugs drag great big ships after them, while not so far away a solitary war-vessel is moored, to remind the foreigner that the United States has a navy. To the right hand is Castle Garden, where the immigrants are landed, and its occupants overflow into the Battery Park and all the neighboring streets. This establishment, which fills the useful mission of receiving and caring for the stranger from abroad, so that harpies may not prey upon him, has been doing an enormous business this season. It has accommodated twenty-five thousand in a single week, and sometimes over five thousand in a single day, for immigrants have been pouring into New York at an unprecedented rate. Let us enter and see what is inside this old round fort, for such it was in the early days of New York, when it was surrounded by a ditch, and was known as Castle Clinton. Sub-
sequently, when the Battery became the fashionable promenade, and the solid men of the city lived in the adjoining streets, it became the chief place of amusement, and it was here that Jenny Lind made her first appearance in America. It has been the emigration depot for twenty-five years, and within its spacious rotunda all the immigrants are brought. Tugs land them from the vessels and take them away again to the railway stations, so that they need not go into New York City at all. It is a wonderful sight to see that rotunda filled with men, women, and children from all nations, a Babel of languages being jabbered as they change their money, get their passage-tickets, and ask information. All the signs, and there are not a few of them, are repeated in the chief languages of Europe, and even the most ignorant are protected thoroughly in the usually dangerous period of landing from the emigrant-ship. As you look out over the crowds, from the little balcony half-way up the wall, you marvel at the polyglot country the United States is getting to be.

A RIDE UP BROADWAY.

The little triangular half-acre, with its fountain, just above the Battery, is the Bowling Green, and here begins the greatest street of America. The lengthened formation of Manhattan Island compels nearly all the traffic of the city for at least three miles from the Battery to seek Broadway, so that for vehicles and pedestrians it at times exceeds in the crush of travel any other street in the world, not even excepting London. Who of the visitors to New York does not know the peril of crossing Broadway? Let us take a ride up this famous street. We leave the Bowling Green in comparative quiet, but do not go far before getting into the seething current that fills the right-hand side of the roadway, while a similar current flows to our left in the opposite direction. We pass Trinity Church and get a glimpse down Wall Street, where brokers' clerks run about below, and above the human spiders that climb over the roofs of the houses have woven a web of telegraph-wires. As the carriage threads its way through the maze of wagons, omnibuses, and drays, and people dodging across the street at the risk of their lives, the occupants look up at the immense and famous buildings, eight
and ten stories high, that stand on either hand. The present New York generation blesses the inventor of the elevator, and its professional gentlemen are not content unless their offices are located at least as high as the seventh floor. At every street-crossing there is a jam, with a sturdy policeman, armed with club and topped with helmet, trying all day to unravel it. The "Dandy Copper of the Broadway squad," whom they sing about at the minstrels, earns his money, especially when he has to gallant detachments of timorous females, of uncertain mind and halting movement, across the crowded street. As we approach the City Hall Park the situation becomes a terrible jam, for here are currents of vehicles and people from several directions, and the New York Herald building, at the corner, looks out upon probably the worst street-crossing in the world. Off to the right hand stretches "Newspaper Row," while opposite is the magnificent Post-office building, its Louvre-like domes rising far above the restless crowds in the streets. This has been made, by the skill and energy of the present Postmaster-General, the model post-office. Behind it, farther up the Park, is the City Hall, and adjoining that the famous New York Court-House, which cost so much money, and is the monument of the peculations of the "Tweed ring." It is a fine Corinthian structure, with its dome rising two hundred and ten feet above the pavement. Above the Park is the white building, without signs, where A. T. Stewart originally made his money, and here Broadway becomes somewhat freer of vehicles, though the omnibuses are thick and the roar unceasing. In fact, this steady din of rolling wheels is one of the chief recollections the visitor has of Broadway. Off to the right, down Leonard Street, is the Tombs, with its massive Egyptian architecture, standing on ground that was formerly part of a large lake. Running vines are trailed up the walls, while all the caged New York murderers live within.

We cross the broad Canal Street, which was, in old times, the water-course leading from the lake at the Tombs, then a body of water and marsh two miles around, which drained down Canal Street to the Hudson, and come to the region of great hotels, some enclosing theatres. Above here, there is an occasional frame house or ancient brick building along Broadway, to remind of old times, but they are fast coming
down in the steady march of building improvement. At intervals all along there is building going on, and the crowds are treated to frequent doses of ancient plaster and brick-dust. We pass Stewart's up-town store, signless like the other, and the street bends to the left just where Grace Church stands, whose sexton used to be the indispensable adjunct of all the fashionable New York weddings and funerals. At Fourteenth Street Broadway enters Union Square and passes around its fountain and monuments and well-kept lawns, there being hosts of loungers on the benches in the square. Above here the street resumes its course, and the old Goelet Mansion remains as the only residence. This fine dwelling of a former day is almost smothered by the towering stores around it, and will soon give way to their advancing tide. Broadway above here has ear-tracks to swell the traffic, while for a half-mile the electric lights illuminating it at night are set up on tall posts. Then comes Madison Square, with its monuments and lawns, and the great arm of the French statue to Liberty holding up a torch, which it is proposed to erect in New York harbor if money can be got to pay the bill. This was one of the few things she saw in the United States which Sarah Bernhardt did not like. She said it was too ugly. Here where Madison Avenue begins and Fifth Avenue crosses Broadway, is a reproduction in the light stone of the huge hotels, and the statues, gardens, and park, of a scene essentially Parisian.

We could go farther along Broadway, but it is not necessary. The great street, with similar characteristics, stretches far up the Island, to the southwest corner of Central Park, and loses itself in Eighth Avenue. Fifth Avenue comes up from Washington Square, past the little church-yard, across which, to the westward, you look at the plain side of the modest home of Thurlow Weed, on West Twelfth Street. Above, the famous Manhattan Club is seen, in a broad, brown-stone house, on the west side; while at Eighteenth Street, on the opposite side, August Belmont, the banker, lives in a fine house, with ivy overrunning it, and a spacious picture-gallery at the rear. At Twenty-first Street, the large brown-stone building is the Union Club, while the Lotus Club exists in much more modest style at the opposite corner. Fifth Avenue reaches Madison Square at Twenty-third Street.
THE HOMES OF THE NABOBS.

We will turn into Fifth Avenue, and, riding along the wide street with its borders of elegant residences, wherein the New York millionaires are supposed to be happy, we can imagine ourselves as rich as they, without having so much mortgage interest and taxes to pay. The houses are mainly brownstone, though many brick and some marble buildings are along the street, while the farther north we go to the newer parts the finer is the architecture. Let us stop at Nos. 333 and 350 Fifth Avenue, two spacious brick houses, on the west side, with brownstone facings and a large yard between, enclosed by a bright-red brick wall. They occupy an entire block, and in them live the present representatives of the greatest New York family, John Jacob Astor and William Astor, a Philadelphia lady being the latter's wife. Across Thirty-fourth Street, opposite William Astor's house, is the great white marble building where the widow of Alexander T. Stewart lives, childless and alone, in the finest of the older houses on Fifth Avenue. Watchmen pace on the pavement before the door day and night. To the west, on Thirty-fourth Street, is the residence of Judge Hilton, her husband's lawyer and successor in business, while on the opposite side of Fifth Avenue is the brownstone house which Stewart gave his brother-in-law, Deputy-Collector Clinch, now deceased. At Thirty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue is the "Brick Church" (Presbyterian), a capacious building with a lofty, ancient-looking spire, while across the avenue on the opposite corner is the plain, but substantial brick residence of Edwin D. Morgan. At No. 425 is the double brownstone house where James Gordon Bennett lives when in New York. At Thirty-ninth Street is the fine new brick and brownstone edifice of the Union League Club, with pretty little gardens in front. Let us go a little farther up and call at No. 459, the broad brownstone house on the east side, with the wide carriage-way alongside. This is the present home of the wealthiest New Yorker,—William H. Vanderbilt,—though he is building new and finer houses farther up the avenue. At Forty-second Street, No. 503, is the plain and modest residence of the banker and Minister to France Levi P. Morton. Off to the eastward on this
street can be seen the Grand Central Depot, which stretches along Fourth Avenue and is adorned with the well-known Vanderbilt bronzes. At Forty-third Street is the Jewish Temple Emanuel, the finest specimen of Saracenic architecture in America. The interior is lavishly decorated in oriental style. The lower parts of the towers are being gradually overrun by creeping plants. The Universalist church at the corner of Forty-fifth Street is a Gothic brownstone with ivy-covered towers, and above this the new and tall Windsor Hotel occupies an entire block.

**THE MYSTERIOUS WIRE-PULLER.**

Diagonally across from the Windsor Hotel, at the northwest corner of Forty-seventh Street, is a small, plain-looking three-story brownstone house, with a low mansard-roof. It has nothing remarkable about it, yet within dwells the most remarkable man of the present time in New York. Several sets of telegraph-wires run into the building, and by means of these, if we may believe common rumor, Wall Street is manipulated, and a large part of the railways, steamship and telegraph companies of the country, besides sundry newspapers, are controlled. The bulls and bears blame all their woes upon the telegraph-wires radiating from that unpretentious house at the corner of Forty-seventh Street, the home of Jay Gould. At the next corner is the Reformed Dutch Church, a most beautiful pointed Gothic building of brownstone, with a high spire. Above this, several fine new houses are building, and then on the east side of Fiftieth Street, and occupying the entire block, we come to the finest church in America, St. Patrick’s Cathedral. The towers are unfinished, but no one can help admiring this magnificent Gothic church, built of white marble, covering three hundred and thirty-two by one hundred and seventy-four feet, while the central gable rises one hundred and fifty-six feet, and the two spires flanking it will be three hundred and twenty-eight feet high. In the rear is the Cardinal’s residence, also of white marble, which is still building. Let us go inside this great church, and when the glare of the sunlight upon the marble has faded from the eyes we can admire its high nave, beautiful stained-glass windows, and magnificent altars. The softened light unfolds the cloistered arches of the roof,
and the visitor is impressed with the resemblance within to the famous Cologne Cathedral, which took six hundred years to build, while this church was begun barely twenty years ago. Worshippers are all about us, kneeling, praying, and passing in and out with reverential air. There could not be a more imposing monument than this to the patron saint of modern New York, St. Patrick.

On the west side of Fifth Avenue, at Fifty-second and Fifty-third Streets, are the new, and as yet unfinished Vanderbilt residences. Two of them occupy the block between Fifty-second and Fifty-third Streets, and are of brownstone, with a connecting passage-way containing the common doorway for both. The fronts are finely decorated, and the progress of construction is slow. These will be the homes of William H. Vanderbilt's children, while on the north side of Fifty-second Street is his own new house, built of white stone, and with its pointed tower on top looking like a castle from the Rhine. It has a magnificent portico enclosing the doorway, and like the others is unfinished. These are the three finest dwellings in New York, money being lavished without stint on their decoration; and yet we are told by guileless newspaper scribes that their millionaire builder, who owns several railroads, and has one little investment of fifty millions in United States four per cent. bonds, feels in constant dread of poverty. Fifth Avenue has its lights and shadows, for when the millionaire occupies his new house, he can look out of the windows at the smaller house over the way where the notorious Madame Restell lived in guilty splendor, and killed herself to avoid imprisonment when her crimes had been exposed. There are brownstone churches at the Fifty-third and Fifty-fifth Street corners, the latter, Dr. John Hall's great church. St. Luke's Hospital is also here. At Fifty-sixth Street, on the northwest corner, is the fine castellated brick residence of Mr. Kemp, the hero of the "window war." His neighbors on Fifty-sixth Street persisted in having windows that overlooked him, and a short turn into that street discloses the effective barricade which Kemp erected to shut them up. It was torn down and rebuilt, and now stands braced against the offending windows by stout iron supports, an effectual estoppel. At Fifty-seventh Street corner is the fourth Vanderbilt house, also unfinished, which will be the residence of
Cornelius Vanderbilt. This is William H. Vanderbilt's son, and as long-headed a financier as lives in New York. His grandfather, the old commodore, was so pleased with his financial tact that he once gave him a little present of five millions of dollars. This exhausts Fifth Avenue, for at Fifty-ninth Street is Central Park, for which it forms the eastern boundary.

XX.

NEW YORK CITY.

CENTRAL PARK.

We have come up Fifth Avenue, and crossing the broad and usually dusty region that intervenes for a square or two, enter Central Park at the southeast corner. Fifth Avenue proceeds straight northward as the eastern boundary of the Park, but the buildings on it are neither numerous nor ornamental, excepting the very handsome Lenox Library, about a mile above the Park entrance. We drive in, and the carriage rolls smoothly along the broad road between the trees and shrubbery, and in a few minutes the heat and dust and roar of the city are forgotten in the delicious shade that overhangs the winding road. Here is a pleasure-ground that has had lavished upon it all that art and expense can do, and it is not only appreciated by New York, but the enterprising inhabitants thereof are bound to make all the rest of the world appreciate it. This Park is a parallelogram about two and one-third miles long by a half-mile wide, and covers eight hundred and forty-three acres, but the large Croton reservoirs and some other public works monopolize a considerable part of this, the biggest reservoir covering over one hundred acres, so that only six hundred and eighty-three acres are properly the Park. Any one who recollects this ground twenty years ago, can well imagine the immense labor of converting it into the present magnificent pleasure-ground. The original surface was either rock or marsh, and most unattractive and rough in appearance. When work began,
in 1858, the topography of the ground was in many respects exactly the reverse of what would be chosen by any intelligent selection for a park; but the American has indomitable energy, and, though it required enormous outlay, the improvement was pushed through, and as each section was open to the public it became more and more popular. Who, in now riding over this splendid region, can imagine that not long ago it consisted chiefly of rocks and ash-heaps, and was the depository for the refuse of the town, and that at one time as many as four thousand men were employed mainly in the occupation of hauling away almost countless cartloads of ashes, which had to be removed before the actual surface of the ground reappeared. This desert of rubbish had neither lawns nor foliage, and was the abiding-place of colonies of squatters, whose shanties still protrude at intervals around the borders.

The road we enter leads, by a gently winding course, past pretty little lakes to a point where the view is seen along the Mall or promenade. Here many thousands gather on fine afternoons to hear the music. Broad green surfaces give a tranquil landscape, and looking along the Mall through its avenue of elms, the Observatory, a little gray-stone tower, is seen away off over another lake. Proceeding farther, at the end of the Mall, the Terrace is crossed, bordering the lake, to which the ground slopes down. A fountain plashes on one side, while on the other is the concert-ground, overlooked by a shaded gallery called the Pergola. Here has art done its best to make magnificence, and here congregate the nurses and children. The former wear their little white French caps and broad aprons, but generally have a Hibernian cast of countenance, while not a few of them flirt with beaux, leaving the babies to look out for themselves. Over across the water, where the Observatory stands, is a rocky and wooded slope called the Ramble, with numerous paths winding through it. There are play-grounds for the children, and also other lakes in the South Park, and the road there winds along, leading us past statues and pretty vista views to the space alongside the smaller reservoir. Here a procession of little school children passed us on the foot-path. They were out on a picnic and were merrily singing. Not far away the Egyptian Obelisk stands up, with workmen constructing a road
around it to give a better view. Beyond this is the Art Mu-
seum, which now has within an exhibition of paintings and
sculpture and the Di Cesnola collection of antiquities. We
enter for a few minutes to look at the curiosities, and find that
the broad round-topped roof and skylight, looking much like
a railway station, well fit it for an exhibition room. Then
the road passes along the edge of the Park, with just enough
room for it to get through between the larger reservoir and
Fifth Avenue, but both are admirably masked. Occasional
glimpses through the foliage can, however, be got of the
squatters and their squalid shanties, with a mixed population
of pigs, children, and goats, who are the nabobs of this por-
tion of Fifth Avenue. In driving along we cross over four
sunken streets, which are used as subways for the traffic that
has to pass across the Park from one side of the city to the
other, and, reaching the North Park, find extensive meadows,
and beyond them the ruins of Mount St. Vincent. This ad-
mirably-located house was formerly a convent, and afterwards
became a house of refreshment well patronized by the Park
visitors. Its windows gave magnificent views, but not long
ago it was burned down, and a few blackened walls are all
that remains. They have had to exercise economy in New
York lately, and have not rebuilt it. Beyond and in the
northeast corner of the Park is another lake with boat-houses
and pretty little boats on it; while on the other side, near the
western verge, you mount up on Harlem Heights, where
there is a fine lookout. Away off to the northwest can be
seen the High Bridge over the Harlem River, with its tall
arches, bringing the Croton Aqueduct down to the city, and
the tower on the western side that is used for a standpipe.
The banks of the Harlem River are steep and apparently
covered with trees. Across the Hudson are seen the Pali-
sades along the Jersey shore dim and hazy in the distance.
In the foreground just outside the Park, the Elevated Rail-
way runs along on its high stilts, and just beyond is the Lion
Brewery and its picnic-grounds, where the Germans love to
go, and the foaming beer is always on tap. But it is impos-
sible to describe all the beauties of this famous and lovely
Park, or to give more than a passing glance at its embowered
walks, where tired pedestrians recline on benches under the
trailing vines; or its flock of contented sheep, who run over
the meadow and live at night in a house more magnificent than many we have seen along Fifth Avenue. The Park's northern boundary is at One Hundred and Tenth Street.

NORTHERN NEW YORK CITY.

Upper Manhattan Island is being rapidly converted into a region of civilization by the making of magnificent boulevards and the extension of the Elevated Railroad. Let us drive out on one of these new boulevards one hundred and fifty feet wide, and exceeding in width and length the Parisian boulevards, after which they are patterned, though they lack the buildings that make up the chief part of Parisian grandeur. Here is again the land of the squatter. We pass the polo-grounds, and beyond find the shanties perched on the rocks and their inhabitants neglecting to pay any rent. Off to the westward the Elevated Railroad curves around on its enormously high trestle, for it crosses a piece of low ground, and the train comes along moving slowly and cautiously on its ticklish perch, giving one very much the sensation produced by skating on thin ice. The great roads go on to the northward as far as the eye can see, and our driver, an enthusiastic New Yorker of Irish birth, pronounced an eulogy on the late William M. Tweed, who gave so many poor men work in laying out these broad avenues. We take St. Nicholas Avenue, and as the fast trotters go by, raising a great dust, are told that any one can drive over these roads as fast as he pleases; and that here is where Bonner, and Vanderbilt, and General Grant usually test their horseflesh. Rocks poke up their gray, moss-covered heads through all this region, and far away to the westward can be seen the Palisades. There is steady work going on, however, at blasting these rock away, and an occasional new building shows how the city is spreading northward. At intervals among the rocks there are nooks where good soil abounds, and here are little market-gardens and hotbeds growing vegetables and berries. We drive out St. Nicholas Avenue miles above the Park to the high ground overlooking Harlem. Here is a grand view to the eastward, with the Elevated Railway trains clattering along at our feet. The hilltops and woods hide Harlem, but off on the other side of Harlem River is Morrisania and a dozen
other villages, the distant view being closed in by hazy hills. A gentle breeze blows in our faces as we stop to look out over the serene and quiet scene.

Thus could we go on indefinitely, for the avenue runs into the King's Bridge road, and that takes the tourist over the little old historic bridge crossing Harlem River at the upper end of the island. We have gone to One Hundred and Fiftieth Street, and turn back, down the Boulevards and through the Park again, into the city. This time we leave the Park at the southwestern gate and proceed down Broadway, between its high buildings and back of them the crowded tenement-houses, with their fire-escapes on the outside wall. We drive through a region of big factories, carriage-works, and horse-auctions, and diagonally across the avenues until we reach the section that seems chiefly devoted to little theatres, restaurants, and concert-gardens, over which presides, on account of its bigness, the Metropolitan Concert-Hall, which has its entire roof made into a beer-garden. Just below, the ground is being prepared for the new Opera House, which will cover the entire block between Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Streets. Let us cross over out of Broadway and go to the Bowery. At Eighth Street and Astor Place is the Clinton Hall, now the Mercantile Library building, where the Forrest-Macready riots occurred in the olden time. In Astor Place is the Astor Library, constructed of brownstone below and brick above. Just beyond is the great Cooper Institute building, and we turn into the Bowery, with this monument of Peter Cooper's generosity towering behind us. The Bowery is a magnified Cheapside, a broad street lined with stores of all kinds, where close bargaining usually goes on. Here the ambitious Philadelphia railway lover can go if he wants to study the full measure of bringing railways through the streets. The Bowery enjoys them to the utmost. It has four sets of railway tracks laid down on the street, and is roofed over with another set of elevated tracks above. People who want Market Street "improved" in this way can study how to do it in the Bowery, where horse-cars, freight-cars, steam-cars, and elevated-cars appear to have unlimited swing, and there is not room left for much else. The pavements are crowded with busy people moving in and out of the shops, and the street looks like a new world,
it is so different from Broadway. We pass along by that ancient and famous temple of the exuberant drama, with its columns in front, the "Old Bowery," now the Thalia Theatre, and, turning into Catharine Street, drive down by its market-sheds to the edge of the East River. Here is a great traffic, for the big vessels congregate at all these docks, and commerce reigns supreme. The hurried survey of New York is ended, but, before venturing across to Brooklyn, we will halt the sketch till another day.

XXI.

BROOKLYN.

THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE.

Every one has heard of the great East River suspension-bridge, and every visitor to New York has seen its ponderous piers standing up far above the city, with the massive cables laid across them. Let us go over the ferry from New York to Brooklyn at Catharine Street. The East River is a comparatively narrow strait of not more than one-third the width of the Hudson. Shipping crowd its wharves on both sides, while so great is the travel between the cities, that the ferry arrangements are elaborate and cheap. Your two-horse carriage is taken over for twenty cents, and some vehicles for much less. If on foot you pay two cents, excepting between five and half-past seven o'clock, morning and evening, when, to accommodate the working-classes, the ferriage is but one cent, and the rush is tremendous. I recollect the late Cyrus P. Smith, who for many years managed these Union ferries, telling how he used to go down to the slips just before five o'clock in the afternoon, and look at the millionaires standing negligently about, waiting for five o'clock to strike, so that they could save a cent on their transportation over the river. A half-million people a day will sometimes be carried over these ferries, which are the greatest transporters of human
beings in the world. To provide for this immense traffic, often impeded by fog and ice, the East River bridge is being built. As we pass over the river its immense piers rise far above us, with the four great cables swung from one to the other, while high up in the air is rigged the tiny foot-bridge, over which people are walking, looking like little black specks moving along against the sky. Work is going on upon both sides of the river, putting in the suspension-rods, and, dependent from them, the beams that are to hold up the floor of the bridge. From each pier this work is being pushed out on either hand, so as to maintain a proper balance. The flooring-beams, when they are all laid, will gently curve up towards the centre, so as to make that the highest point of the bridge. This great work, which has but one rival, the remarkable railway-bridge constructed by James B. Eads across the Mississippi at St. Louis, will have its floor raised one hundred and thirty-five feet above the water, in the centre of the river, while the distance between the piers is about sixteen hundred feet. It is three thousand four hundred and seventy-five feet long between the anchorage of the four sixteen-inch cables, and the bridge is designed for eighty-five feet width, giving ample passage-ways for car-tracks, wagon-roads, and foot-passengers. It is all of iron and steel, and the cables are made of galvanized steel wire. This massive work was expected to be finished several years ago, but the task is greater than was imagined when it was projected, ten years since, and the Trustees now say it will be ready for travel in 1882. In New York the roadway to it will rise from Chatham Street, opposite the City Hall Park, and the huge granite supporting-piers are almost finished. In Brooklyn the roadway comes down on Fulton Street, so that the whole length of bridge and approaches is considerably over a mile. The river-piers are built upon caissons sunk upon the rocky bed of the stream, which is forty-five feet below the surface on the Brooklyn side, and ninety feet below on the New York side. These towers are one hundred and thirty-four feet long by fifty-six feet broad at the water-line, and, as their tops rise two hundred and sixty-eight feet above high water, it is no wonder they can be seen from afar. The anchorages of the cables are the most massive constructions of masonry I ever saw, each containing about thirty-five
thousand cubic yards of solid masonry. This immense work is Roebling's monument.

THE CITY OF CHURCHES.

The short ferry ride brings us to the city of Brooklyn, which, though the third in population in the Union, is only a suburb of New York, most of its people crossing the river daily to their New York occupations. The ordinary traveller usually knows very little of Brooklyn, excepting that it is called the "City of Churches," and is supposed to be governed by Henry Ward Beecher. We ride up from the ferry-house past the massive bridge approaches, which gradually bring the roadway down to the ground, that rises sharply to meet it. Along Fulton Street, lined with stores, we proceed to the City Hall, and find all the buildings decorated with flags, for, true to the instincts of the town, the Sunday-school children are having a holiday, and are out on parade. We meet detachments of them wherever we go, the teachers marching, too, and the ladies with huge sunshades tramping over the stones. After looking a moment at the City Hall and its adjacent city buildings, we seek out Brooklyn Heights, the region of aristocratic residences, where the Brooklyn millionaires can look from their bluff, which must be seventy feet high, across East River, at the busy harbor and city of New York. Let us drive along Clinton Avenue, lined with rows of trees, behind which are fine residences, many of them surrounded with ornamental grounds. Here we come upon a region of churches. St. Ann's, at the corner of Clinton and Livingston Streets, and its adjoining chapel are said to have cost two hundred thousand dollars. This grand Episcopal church is a pointed Gothic structure, built of Cleveland stone. The Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, at Montague Street, is a Gothic brownstone, with a spire rising two hundred and seventy-five feet, the highest in Brooklyn. St. Paul's Episcopal Church, at the corner of Carroll Street, is of blue granite, rough-hewn and relieved by sandstone. The street has an orphan asylum and fine club-houses upon it, but the two most famous churches of Brooklyn, though by no means its grandest buildings, are located elsewhere. One square west of Clinton Street is Henry Street, and a short detour brings us to Rev. Dr. Storrs' Church of the Pilgrims,
at Remsen and Henry Streets, a gray-stone building with a tall tower, that can be seen far down New York Bay. The piece of the "Plymouth Rock" inserted in the tower just above the ground, tells that the descendant of the Puritan worships within. A few feet from Henry Street, on Orange Street, is Beecher’s famous Plymouth Church. This, about the plainest, though the most capacious church in Brooklyn, has the widest reputation of all. It is a brick house, looking as if it might have been one of the older brick churches of Philadelphia transported to Brooklyn. An inscription under the roof reads, "Plymouth Church, 1849," and the sexton’s sign is tacked to the wall alongside the front door, but you look in vain for Beecher’s name. It is not needed.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

New York is said to go over to Brooklyn chiefly to sleep and be buried. As it is the dormitory, so it is the graveyard of the metropolis, and contains several large cemeteries. Let us drive across the pretty regions of residences with gardens in front, known as "First Place" and "Second Place," on the way to visit Greenwood Cemetery. Of the Brooklyn cemeteries, this is the largest, as it is the most famous; and its favorable position on the high ridge which divides Brooklyn from the lowlands of the Long Island south shore, and which in this portion is known as Gowanus Heights, gives elevations affording extensive views. But from Brooklyn Heights it is not very pleasant to get at, there being no direct road. We drive out, zigzagging from one street to another, through a partly built-up region, with vacant lots, used for ash-dumps, and among ancient-looking houses, many of them frames. A swing drawbridge carries the road over Gowanus Creek, which runs down into Gowanus Bay, a deep indentation in this portion of the Long Island shore. Beyond is a good deal of made ground, not yet filled up or built upon, but with streets opened through it, the intervening squares having swampy places and ponds in them, which the rubbish-dumpers are trying to obliterate. We go along a broad, but badly-paved, avenue, and, after more zigzags, with New York harbor and its vessels in view, some distance off to the westward, we get on Fifth Avenue, and begin to mount to higher ground. Railroads are crossed at intervals, all leading to Coney Island,
and, in fact, almost every route of passenger transportation in Brooklyn seems to have this great resort as its objective-point. Fifth Avenue finally brings us to the region of the florists and the stone-masons, and we pass many monumental marble-works, some of them on a most extensive scale. Turning at Twenty-third Street into a neat lawn-bordered road, leading up a slight hill, we approach the magnificent Cemetery entrance. This is a monumental structure of brownstone, highly ornamented, and having a central pinnacle rising over one hundred feet in height. It covers two gateways and stretches with the adjoining buildings for one hundred and thirty-two feet, while its width is forty feet. Over each gateway and on each side is a bas-relief; the four representing gospel scenes, the chief being the Resurrection of the Saviour and the Raising of Lazarus. No burial-place has a more appropriate or more splendid entrance. The Cemetery itself opens in beauty the moment the gate is passed. The hills spread out in all directions, while off to the right, through a depression, is caught a glimpse of New York Bay, appearing the more beautiful because the moving carriage quickly closes the view. Greenwood covers over four hundred acres of hill and vale, its hill-sides terraced with vaults, while grand mausoleums crown the hill-tops, and the frequent lakes in the little valleys add to the beauty of the place. It would require a day to explore its seventeen miles of carriage-roads, which are mostly broad winding avenues, and its many miles of foot-paths. The gravestones and monuments and lot enclosures are much like Laurel Hill, excepting that there are many more vaults let into the hill-sides, and quite a number of lots are enclosed with hedges. There is not so much crowding of graves, even in the most densely populated portions. The avenues and walks all bear pretty rural names. Many of the mausoleums are constructed on a scale of magnificence rarely attempted in Philadelphia, and the hill-tops affording commanding situations for these, together with the lakes, valleys, and grand views of the surrounding country constantly presented, make Greenwood as much a park as a burial-place, and give it at once the proud position of the most beautiful cemetery, perhaps, in the world.

One of the mausoleums we saw from afar off was constructed as a large marble church, and would hold a consider-
able congregation. The Steinway Mausoleum is an immense granite structure on the hill-top. On another little hill-top a peculiarly constructed three-sided monument, concave on each side, marks the resting-place of Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph. Not far from here is the tomb of Horace Greeley, surmounted with his bust, in bronze on a pedestal. A colossal statue of De Witt Clinton marks the grave of the famous governor of New York, who constructed the Erie Canal, to which, more than anything else, New York City owes her commercial greatness. The modest grave of Lola Montez, marked by a plain stone bearing her supposed original name of Gilbert, is in Greenwood. After a life of romance and splendor she died in poverty, at an asylum in Astoria. Barney Williams is buried here, and also William Niblo, the latter in a mausoleum of white marble that is appropriately constructed with a proscenium front. The Garrison Mausoleum looks like a miniature mosque, and has a fine portico, with vases above. The Scribner tomb is surmounted by a magnificent marble canopy, under which is the Angel of Mercy. But among ten thousand grand sepulchres it is idle to particularize, although no visitor can fail to be impressed with the tomb of Miss Canda, who died in early youth, and whose fortune was expended on her grave. There are monuments for the pilots, the firemen, and the soldiers, and the latter, which has the statues on guard at its base, overlooks New York harbor.

Over on the eastern side, near the border, there is a high lookout, with the flat land spread out as far as you can see, and away off in the distance are the hotels and Observatory at Coney Island, on Brighton and Manhattan Beaches, with the ocean beyond, and the Navesink Highlands closing the view far over the water beyond Sandy Hook. The many roads to Coney Island can be traced out as on a map, and a train is running along one of them just outside the Cemetery ground. We change from the eastern to the western side of the Cemetery, and in doing so pass through the public ground, where there are many graves marked with little stones and without lot enclosures. As we drive again through the forest of monuments many people are seen caring for the graves and flowers, for all nature is akin in this. Then we reach another lookout, and from our high perch can see far away over
Brooklyn and the intervening harbor to Staten Island, with the low Jersey shore beyond. Gowanus Bay, with its vessels, is spread at our feet. The sun is in the west, shining on the water and making everything beautiful, and just behind us rises up the soldiers’ monument on a hill-top, the guards at the base overlooking this grand sight. But we cannot linger here too long, though great is the inducement, and, turning about and going out of the eastern gate, we seek another badly-paved road, and jolt over ever so many more steam railroads and horse railroads all leading to Coney Island, for nearly every hotel there has its special line from the two great cities. The station arrangements all give evidence by their size and completeness of the immense summer traffic these roads carry. Finally we reach the Coney Island Boulevard, a splendid road two hundred feet wide, planted with six rows of trees, and leading from the southwest corner of Prospect Park to Coney Island, three miles away. We join the immense stream of carriages and enter the Park.

**THE BROOKLYN PROSPECT PARK.**

This pleasure-ground, the construction of which was only begun about fifteen years ago, is in the southwestern part of Brooklyn, on a portion of an elevated ridge, and covers about five hundred and fifty acres. It has not the perfection in decoration and landscape gardening shown in Central Park, but it has the perfection of nature, for the natural undulating surface of the land has scarcely been changed, and the fine old trees that were there before the Park was thought of remain to give it a mature appearance. As we ride along its winding roads and through its woods and by its meadows, there is an irresistible reminder of Fairmount Park, although it lacks the beautiful water views along the Schuylkill. Yet on Lookout Hill there is a commanding view almost all around the compass, stretching from the lake at our feet over the sea and land, and combining Brooklyn, New York, the Jersey and Long Island shores, Staten Island, the Navesink Highlands, the bay and the ocean. Such a view it is worth climbing Lookout Hill to see. As we go along the driveway we pass this fine lake, covering probably fifty acres, with boats upon it, and a pretty bridge thrown across, and there are beautiful vista views through the trees across the water. Then there
is a large enclosure for deer, and an extensive playground for
the children, where large numbers of the Brooklyn Sunday-
school scholars were gathered, and evidently having a fine
time. We pass through more woods and by the concert
grove and promenade, and finally see the great Brooklyn
reservoir off to the eastward, just outside the Park boundary.
Then, going out at the main entrance towards the city, we
drive through the Plaza, a large elliptical enclosure, with a
magnificent fountain in the centre, where the water pours
down over a huge mound, and as the cataract falls it runs
over openings where it can be illuminated at night. From
this Plaza we pass into Flatbush Avenue, a wide street with
horse railways in the centre, making a direct road from Pro-
spect Park to the City Hall and Fulton Street.

As we go down this avenue and Fulton Street towards East
River, the vast masses of people who pour across the ferries
fill up the sidewalks and the horse-cars, for it is late in the
afternoon, and the part of New York that lives in Brooklyn
is homeward-bound. At Fulton ferry the crowds increase,
and there are blockades of wagons and horse-cars, the vast
multitude all passing out of the gates from the steamboats.
We cross Fulton ferry, and the incoming tide in the river
carries the boat up-stream under the great bridge. We have
very little company going back to New York, but the numer-
ous boats bound the other way are black with people, wedged
into every available space in front and rear of the decks, the
transportation of wagons at this hour being discouraged, there
is such a vast multitude to carry over. When the slip is
reached crowds are waiting to rush on the boat, scarcely
allowing us room to get off as they surge in through every
opening in the gateways. There is a general exodus out of
New York by boat, car, and omnibus, as well as on foot, for
it is nearly seven o'clock. Crossing lower New York to the
Hudson River side, through streets that a couple of hours
before were crowded, they are found almost deserted. The
Jersey City ferries show a similar hegira, and heavy car-loads
are carried to all the Jersey towns, as we take an evening
train for home.
THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA TO LANCASTER.

Let us to-day take an early morning start along the Pennsylvania Railroad, the great line that has done so much to build up Philadelphia. Few of the younger generation know the history of the struggles and expedients that during the past half-century have culminated in the magnificent highway Philadelphia now has to connect her with the West. We cannot go farther than Lancaster to-day, but, as we ride swiftly and smoothly along, can reflect that our ancestors, only seventy-five years ago, were felicitating themselves upon the completion of the old Lancaster high road, with which the railroad keeps close company, as giving them the best means of communication the country then had. This road was finished for over twenty years before the State began building the railroad between Philadelphia, Lancaster, and Columbia. This Columbia Railroad was located in 1828, and finished in 1834, Major John Wilson, who died in 1833, constructing it almost to completion. His son is now the consulting engineer, and his grandson the engineer of bridges and buildings for the Pennsylvania Railroad. It was originally laid partly of flat and partly of edge rails, fastened to granite blocks, though there were some wooden ties, and the road was eighty-two miles long, having at each end an inclined plane, that at Philadelphia rising one hundred and eighty-seven feet, and the one at Columbia ninety feet. The old inclined plane, at the west end of the Columbia bridge, across the Schuylkill, at Belmont, can well be remembered. The cars went to it from Broad Street, where the tracks were then laid and the depots and storehouses located, out over the present line of the Reading Railroad, on Pennsylvania Avenue. The plane was two thousand eight hundred feet long, with a gradient of one to fifteen, and a stationary engine worked the ponderous cable to which the cars were attached and hauled up. It
cost forty thousand dollars a year to work this inclined plane and keep the machinery in order. In its earlier history, the Columbia Railroad had no locomotives, and horses hauled the cars over it, but in 1836 locomotives were put on, it not being until then that our mechanical genius was able to produce a machine fit for the work. These locomotives belonged to and were worked by the State under the Board of Canal Commissioners, while the cars were the private property of individuals, who paid toll for having them pass over the road. It was in 1841 that the late Thomas A. Scott appeared in the capacity of a State toll-collector for this road at Columbia, while a few years later he was clerk for the collector at the Philadelphia terminus. Scott rose from these humble beginnings to be the chief of the great Pennsylvania system of railways, while his predecessor, John Edgar Thomson, began his engineering work in 1827, on the original surveys for the Columbia Railroad. The Pennsylvania Railroad itself was not incorporated until 1846, and its work afterwards was the building of the railway west of Harrisburg. The completion of this line, and the fact that the State works never paid expenses, led to the subsequent sale in 1857 of all of these works, including the Columbia Railroad, to the Pennsylvania Railroad, a transaction in settlement for which that company is still paying annual instalments of four hundred thousand dollars to the State treasury.

Let us go out Market Street past the causeway, about abandoned for the new Elevated line, but which in its day was part of a great work, for its use signalized the abandonment of the Belmont inclined plane. The train we take carries us through the West Philadelphia yard, with its maze of bewildering tracks, where there are thousands of cars of all kinds arriving, departing, standing still, and being made up into trains to go East, West, or South. We pass the grain-elevator, the abattoir and its adjacent cattle-yards, and the round-houses; skirt along the Schuylkill, with Fairmount Water-Works and hill in review across the river and the Park beyond, its river-bank lined with pretty boat-houses, and carriages gliding along the road under the lindens and out around the rocky point farther up. We run past the Zoological Garden and get a glimpse of the great bridge at Girard Avenue as the railway turns westward and leaves the river-bank.
Then under more bridges carrying streets overhead, and at the New York junction we pass another immense nest of waiting freight-cars, showing what a great trade this railroad has. The Centennial buildings are spread out on the right hand, with the little station in front with its half-dozen towers, where there was such a bustle during the Exhibition. Then there is a broad expanse of tracks filled with more cars,—oil-tanks, lumber- and freight-cars,—and beyond them the sun shines on the white marble Centennial Fountain, and the ground slopes up to George's Hill with its flagstaff, and the Belmont Elevator and Christ Church Hospital in the background, and as the woods hide the great Concourse on George's Hill, we bid good-by to Philadelphia.

The engine puffs and strains as it draws the train, for it is a heavy pull up-hill, the road rising to an elevation of four hundred and fifty feet above tide-water in about eight or nine miles. Trains pass in steady procession, and four sets of tracks are required for several miles out of town, to carry the enormous traffic. We are running through a pretty country,—a land of villas, with lawns and terraces and ornamental grounds, while bits of woodland intervene, and gardens and green and brown fields are interspersed. For miles the country, on both sides of the road, is a succession of villas, every eligible situation being occupied by artistic buildings, while many new ones are going up. At frequent intervals, to be in keeping with the spirit of improvement, the railway has erected pretty stone houses for stations, with sodded banks and flower-beds around them, some of these buildings being perfect little gems that look as if they were brought bodily over from among the castles of the Rhine or the cottages of Switzerland. Ardmore presents a beautiful station as we rush by, and at Haverford the Quaker College is off among the trees to the southward of another pretty station. Next comes the broad settlement at Bryn Mawr, about nine miles out, with its rows of cottages and its fine hotel and splendid station, where a little foot-bridge goes over the tracks. No prettier village exists in this part of the country, both art and nature combining in its ornamentation; and when the residents of this Elysium come to town to do their shopping and marketing they have an air of rural happiness about them that is charming. With so much beauty around,
it is no wonder the Bryn Mawr Hotel, with its broad piazzas and overtopping mansards, can take in four hundred people without crowding.

Villa Nova, the well-known Catholic College established by the Augustinian Fathers, stands within an extensive lawn near the station, which is crowded with people as we go by. The Church always selects beautiful locations for its institutions. For a brief space the railway now runs through Delaware County, and there are seen extensive herds of grazing cattle. Radnor has a pretty brick house for its station, and a mile beyond, at Wayne, which is elevated about four hundred and fifty to five hundred feet above the level of the city, a square mile of land, embracing the old Louella tract and others, is being converted into a rural region of suburban homes. Here, about thirteen miles out of town, there are extensive improvements going on, a large hotel is built and the railway is to put up a new station. At this part of the journey we begin to come upon the work of straightening the Pennsylvania line. The old Columbia Railroad was built like a worm-fence, full of twists and curves; for, when it was laid down, the surveyors believed in the doctrine of going around obstructions, not through them. For several years work has been going on at taking out these bends, and in some localities it is no easy task. We cross and recross the Lancaster turnpike, for the railroad surveyors well knew that the ancient road-makers sought the easiest gradient, and, in laying out the Columbia Railroad, they kept closely to the original road, which was one of the earliest turnpikes in the United States. Train after train of passengers and freight flit by us on the East-bound tracks, and at intervals we pass the solid signal-towers, with their red, green, and white disks for regulating train movements.

THE LAND OF PLENTY.

While, as we ride along, the country is still dotted with villas, old-fashioned farm-houses begin to intervene, and, passing into Chester County at Eagle, the road goes through rock-cuttings and over high embankments, for the spurs of the hills bordering the Chester Valley are encountered, and occasionally a depression in these hills to the northward gives a long vista view over that famous valley. The cars swing
around several more of the crooked curves of the old road, but work is busily prosecuted at straightening them. Passing Paoli, named after the Corsican General Paoli, and famous as the birthplace of "Mad Anthony Wayne," we come to the scene of "Wayne's Massacre in 1777," and cross the summit at Malvern. Here we are five hundred and forty-five feet above tide-water, and the train, suddenly coming out of the hill-side, the glorious view of that land of plenty, the Chester Valley, bursts upon the delighted eye. Fields and farms are spread out for miles away, sloping down to the water-courses, meandering through the bottom-land, and then far up on the other side till the view is closed by the hazy summit of the distant wooded hills. Here it is that they make the delicious butter which they bring to town and sometimes sell for a dollar a pound; and many an old stocking is hidden away in the thrifty farm-houses we are looking down upon, which is filled with the hoarded gold that butter attracts. At Frazer, on the hill-side, we halt a moment at the West Chester intersection, where a line runs off through the heart of the great dairy region to the county-seat. We have now left the villa for the farm-land, and starting up again, the train runs for miles along the border of this beautiful valley, stretching out from our feet far away to the northeast. At Glenloch, like an outpost for the villa region left behind, a pretty chateau stands a few hundred yards to the right of the station. Above here, the crooks and curves have been taken out of the roadway, and we speed swiftly along on the straight track, with remnants of the abandoned road bed seen on either hand as it zigzags across the present direct line. Gradually we go down the hill-side, the lower level of the valley rises towards us, and the Chester Valley Railroad can be seen coming up from the Schuylkill at Norristown to meet us. It runs for a long distance almost parallel to our line. Little creeks, the tributaries of the Brandywine, meander through the meadows.

Work is going on here at an extensive rate on the new railway line, yet unfinished, and the cars, which now continue on the old road, are zigzagging around its short curves with successive swings from side to side. Little villages are seen off in the valley, each with its church-spire and graveyard. We run swiftly through Downingtown, over the east branch
of the Brandywine Creek and the roads beneath us, and the railway adheres closely to the edge of the turnpike beyond the town, the horses along the road becoming restive as the engine closely passes them. We are now thirty-two miles from Philadelphia; the valley narrows, the fields become apparently larger, and the old houses along the turnpike give the country a settled rural air. At Thorndale we pass an iron-furnace with piles of pig-iron, coal, and cinders, and in the fields above Caln some horses roll over on the grass, and kick up their heels to show contempt for the locomotive. We pass Coatesville, scattered over a wide extent of ground, with its fine brick station, and cross the pretty valley beyond on a high bridge, carrying us seventy-three feet above the broad creek, and almost over the chimneys of a huge iron-mill. The west branch of the historic Brandywine runs below us, and the stream courses far down the vale through beautiful scenes and past many an old and picturesque mill till it reaches Wilmington. We are on the other side of the Chester Valley now, and the railway grade rises to cross the summits of the ridges dividing us from Lancaster County. Running through Pomeroy and Parkesburg we have a chance to hurriedly inspect the back yards of sundry houses whose fronts are along the turnpike. Gliding through deep rock-cuttings, over banks and swinging around curves, we rush through Christiana, and at Gap, about fifty miles from Philadelphia, pass the highest point on the railway between the Delaware and Susquehanna Rivers, elevated five hundred and sixty feet above tide-water. In this beautiful region, where the gap in Mine Hill gives such a bewitching view of the Pequa Valley beyond it, was formerly the home of the counterfeiters, and, though the law has long since driven away its violators, many are the tales of adventure still told, and many the phantom visions averred to be still seen here of the noted criminals of a former day. But we glide through the Gap, and once more on the down grade we begin crossing the fertile farms of Lancaster County, the garden of Pennsylvania, and the region where the good wheat is grown, that in former days ruled the wheat-markets of the country. But now railway extensions have opened the Western prairies, and, though Lancaster wheat is as good as ever, Chicago rules the quotations. This is a land of broad
acres and big barns, and at Gap the great region is spread out before us that gives some of the best crops in the State, dotted over with immense barns, and waving fields of corn, wheat, and rye. Here is a scene to feast the farmers' eyes, for it betokens thrift, plenty, and rural wealth. An occasional windmill on top of a barn, however, indicates that these hard-working agriculturists have learned too much to pump their water by hand-power, when other means will do it. At Kinzer's they mine the nickel that makes our five-cent pieces, this being the only nickel-mine in the United States. Limekilns and limestone-quarries abound, showing where they get a good fertilizer, and thus the train carries us into the region of the "old red sandstone," with its dark brownish-red and rich soil, a broad belt stretching diagonally across the State. Here the railway stations have an aged appearance, not yet renewed by ornamental buildings like those nearer the city. The rich farms spread as far as eye can see on either hand, with limekilns scattered over the land to work the deposits, and we pass the two pretty houses at the station, with the odd name of Bird-in-Hand, which stand out on the edge of the village.

**THE LAND OF THE CONESTOGAS.**

A perfect sun shines from a cloudless sky over the broad expanse of waving grain-fields, as we run through the land of the Conestogas. They were, in their day, a great people, and three hundred years ago they hunted along the Susquehanna and ruled all this land, but in the early days of Pennsylvania had begun to decline, and in 1763, the last remnant, taking refuge in the Lancaster jail, were cruelly massacred by the "Paxton boys," or, as sometimes called, the "Paxtang Rangers." It has never been satisfactorily determined whether these Indians were the inventors of the ancient Conestoga wagons, which the older Ledger readers can well remember as coming in long trains from these fertile regions laboriously to Philadelphia, and filling up Market Street as they backed up to the curb to land produce and load up supplies, in the days anterior to the railway. Thus we ride rapidly into Lancaster, and, as we cross Conestoga Creek, which runs down to Safe Harbor on the Susquehanna, can see the town off to the
left hand, and above it rises the red sandstone castellated tower that effectually reproduces the castles of the Rhine. We picture, in imagination, Rheinstein and Drachenfels, but are disappointed to find that it only surmounts the county jail.

Past iron-mills and railway-shops, and through a deep and frequently bridged-over rock-cutting, we run into the station. This is the ancient "Hickory Town," sixty-eight miles from Philadelphia, once the Capital of Pennsylvania, and, for many years, the most populous inland city of this country. One hundred and fifty years ago it tired of the ancient name of Hickory Town, and loyally christened itself Lancaster, the two chief streets intersecting at the Central Market Square being also loyally named King Street and Queen Street. Here is the fine shaft, with surmounting statue, erected in memory of the soldiers who fell in the war of the Rebellion, a tasteful monument, with guards standing on duty around the base. The Conestoga Creek furnishes water for the city, though most of the built-up portion is elevated probably one hundred feet above the stream, and in one of the prettiest parts of the southern suburbs is the picturesque cemetery of Woodward Hill. Franklin and Marshall College stands on an eminence, and can be seen from afar. Lancaster has contributed many great men to the country. Robert Fulton was raised and educated here, though his bones lie in New York. Thaddeus Stevens, the "Great Commoner," lies under a chaste yet modest casket in the cemetery. Not far away is also the grave of James Buchanan, the only President Pennsylvania ever gave the United States, and whose comfortable home of Wheatland was just outside the city. I well remember in the early spring of 1857, when Philadelphia was plunged in mourning by the death of Dr. Kane, what a bustle there was in Lancaster when the first Pennsylvania President left town on the Columbia Railroad to go to Washington and be inaugurated. He was housed in Washington at the National Hotel, and narrowly escaped losing his life by the mysterious poisoning there, which was fatal to many of the inauguration guests. In those days the Pennsylvania Railroad named a locomotive after him, but it only gives them numbers now. It was at Lancaster, then the frontier town of the country, that Braddock's expedition in 1753 was or-
ganized and equipped by Benjamin Franklin for the ill-fated march to Pittsburg. The shady banks of the Conestoga it will be seen have contributed much to American history.

XXIII.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

LANCASTER TO HARRISBURG.

We have come from Philadelphia to Lancaster, and now let us continue the journey to Harrisburg. The train, on leaving the station at Lancaster, curves around to the right hand, running closely to the houses, and leaving the city as quickly as possible. A short distance out is Dillersville, where the railway divides, the freight-trains going westward by the main line of the railway, over easy gradients to the Susquehanna River at Columbia, while the passenger line takes the Harrisburg Railroad towards the northwest, a shorter and more direct road, rejoining the main line at Middletown on the Susquehanna. This road rises steadily up the hill towards the summit of the ridge dividing the waters of the Conestoga from those of the Conewago. We still pass over rich farm-land, cultivated for all it is worth, and run on the single track with the cars almost scraping fences and houses, for in the days of early railway construction, when this line was laid out, the projectors bought just as little land for their road as was necessary, and did not, as now, provide broad strips on either side of the tracks. We slow down at the Columbia and Reading Railroad crossing, and soon can be seen, far away to the southward, the high hills beyond the Susquehanna, almost obscured in the hazy distance. We run through Mount Joy, with its signal-tower built on the top of the station, and almost scratch the corners of the old building as the train rushes diagonally across the main street. Beyond, there are more rock-cuttings, and the railway runs through an occasional tunnel which has had its rocky top taken off to pre-
vent stones falling down on the cars. We pass Elizabethtown, spread out over the valley, and now are going down grade towards the Conewago, which divides Lancaster and Dauphin Counties. Rocks and boulders are scattered over the rough country, with wild woods growing over them, and a broad valley stretches off to the north, with round-topped hills beyond, parts of the Conewago hills, better known as the South Mountain range. The train runs slowly over the Conewago high bridge, its wild gorge far beneath stretching down towards the Susquehanna, its striking scenery being a veritable Swiss reproduction. The creek flows a torrent over its rocky bed, and the train goes through deep rock-cuttings on either bank. The railway now steadily approaches the Susquehanna, and we come out on the side of its wide valley, with the grand river on the left hand, a mile wide and filled with little islands, and protruding rocks, over which the water foams and tumbles. The Susquehanna is an immense water-course and drain, but good for nothing as a navigable stream excepting for canal-boats and rafts. Nature has sown it too thickly with rocks and shallows for even the River and Harbor Bill to improve it, though this river is four hundred miles long. Gradually the train descends the hill, and near Middletown runs into the main line of railway again. We cross the Swatara River, and over creeks and waterways filled with rafts and run through Middletown, past huge furnaces and iron-mills and thence up along the river-bank, the densely-wooded hills of York County rising abruptly on the other side. More magnificent farms are passed, with white fences and red gates along the roadside, their fields and orchards stretching down to the river’s edge, as we glide along between the river and the canal, with its tree-embowered towpath. More huge furnaces, and the immense Bessemer Steel-Works at Baldwin are passed, with pig- and scrap-iron lying around in endless profusion, and car-loads of rails departing for distant roads. On goes the line through the villages these great works congregate along the river-bank, and finally we pass the historic estate of Lochiel, where the chief of the clan, the venerable General Cameron, is living in his declining years. In a few minutes we are landed in the station at Harrisburg. "Twenty minutes for refreshments," shout the train hands, and the passengers rush for the restaurant, where
an able-bodied youth beats a deafening gong, and neatly-dressed girls serve a very good dinner.

THE STATE CAPITAL.

A brief survey of Harrisburg convinces the visitor that it has magnificent surrounding scenery, but is a dull town when the Legislature is not in session, whatever it may be when that body does meet. Let us take a short walk along Market Street, which has several fine buildings upon it, including the stately brick Court-House with the tall columns in front. The attention will be chiefly attracted, however, by the white painted brick hotel, with dark trimmings around the windows, surmounted by a mansard-roof, on the front of which is inscribed "Lochiel." Here is the centre of Harrisburg statesmanship, and in its halls, parlors, and bedchambers the destiny of the State is shaped. What a tale of intrigue and ambition, made as well as thwarted, its walls could unfold! Let us walk a square or two from the hotel to an enclosed park, with a sloping lawn, and, entering at the corner, go along the board walk leading up to the big building in the centre. This is the walk the Harrisburg statesmen daily take from the hotel up Capitol Hill to the Capitol itself, a fine brick building, one hundred and eighty feet long, with a circular columned portico in front and a surmounting dome. In this building, for nearly sixty years, the Legislature has met, but, since the recent enlargement of membership of the lower House, that wing has been inconveniently crowded. Harrisburg has been the Capital since 1812, and the Capitol has been occupied since 1822. A pretty flower-garden, surrounding a fountain, ornaments the park, and alongside is the white marble monument erected in memory of the soldiers of the Mexican war. In front of it, laid on a rather dilapidated trestle, are seven bronze cannon that were captured from the Mexicans, some of them bearing dates as early as 1756. They have Spanish inscriptions and ornamentation, and on the largest is the date 1842, and an inscription announcing its capture at Cerro Gordo in 1847, and that it was presented to the State by our venerable townsman, General Robert Patterson.

The Capitol faces the Susquehanna, and State Street, fronting the portico, leads down a short distance to the river-bank, with a pretty view, in the centre of which, at the intersection of
Second Street, is the obelisk erected to the memory of the Dauphin County soldiers who fell in the war of the Rebellion. This is a reproduction of Cleopatra's Needle, though much larger. Walking down past two pretty churches to the river, the Front Street is found to be the great promenade, and along it, facing the river, are many large residences. One of these, a particularly fine new cut-stone house, built in modern style and ornamented with gardens and foliage, at the corner of State Street, will arrest attention as probably one of the best dwellings in Harrisburg. This is the luxurious home of Senator Cameron, who, when he tires of statecraft, can look out of his front windows and see the glorious view. It is a grand scene. The river current ripples over the stones in front, while big and little islands are scattered at intervals, and rocks rear their rounded and worn tops in all directions. Across the river, a mile away, is a broad expanse of field and hill. Above and far off the stream breaks through the wide-spread gap in the blue hills of the Kittatinny Mountain range. Below is a large island, with two bridges crossing the river, to carry the wagon-road and railroad over, the newest of them a wooden structure built on stone piers that present their shelving ice-breakers towards you. Senator Don Cameron certainly has a grand view to look out upon, and his neighbors, as we continue the promenade down towards the bridges, live in comfortable dwellings, particularly the Governor, whose mansion is two large three-story brick houses thrown into one, with a small white balcony in front and creeping vines running up to it. The vestibule glasses have patriotic emblems upon them, and the genial Governor has the luxury not vouch-safed to many mortals of two front doors to his house. Along this border street, in their comfortable dwellings, live the Harrisburg nabobs, and in their gardens some of them show a decided taste for putting bright red paint on the flower-pots, which adds variety to the scene.

Like most of the interior towns of Pennsylvania, Harrisburg has its central market square, Second Street being widened for this purpose at the Market Street intersection. But separately from the Capitol and the State buildings and Dauphin County offices, which make it a political centre, Harrisburg has little else to attract. The Pennsylvania Railroad and its branches make it, however, a great railroad town,
and this, with the iron-mills, adds vigor and bustle along the routes of these great lines. The hills rise high behind the city, and there are fine buildings up on their sides, particularly the Lunatic Asylum, in the northern suburbs. Harrisburg has many good schools and enough churches—there are fifteen, I am told—to accommodate the Legislature as well as the population. Harrisburg is loyal to old John Harris, too, for they still preserve with scrupulous care the ancient stump of a tree, at the foot of which he is buried, down on the river-bank, alongside the railway bridge, to which in the early part of the last century (1718 or 1719), some drunken Indians tied him to be tortured and burnt, but friendly Indians from the opposite shore saved him. This old stump is carefully enclosed by a railing in the little Harris Park. But the successors of his son, the younger John Harris, who, one hundred and thirty years ago, had his ferry here, and gave the town its name, do not like to hear it rashly suggested by the stranger that the Legislature may some time move to Philadelphia.

XXIV.

THE READING RAILROAD.

THE LEBANON VALLEY.

Having come to Harrisburg by the Pennsylvania Railroad, let us go back to Philadelphia by the other route over the lines of the Reading Railroad. The Harrisburg stations are alongside each other, and in former days, before the Pennsylvania road acquired possession of the New Jersey lines, the route through the Lebanon Valley was known as the "Allentown Line," and carried much of the travel between New York and the West. This railroad curves around over an iron bridge across the canal, and at once leaves the Susquehanna, taking us through the fine farming-land of Dauphin County, with splendid fields and buildings in all directions, and the blue tops of the Kittatinny range just visible to the northward. The railway crosses the Swatara River and the Union Canal, both bending around with a
border of woodland, and then coming back again until the water almost touches the base of the railway embankment at Hummelstown, an old wooden bridge crossing the river in front of the station. But the Swatara soon leaves us, for it comes down towards the Susquehanna through a break in the range far off to the north. Red paint is evidently cheap in the Lebanon Valley, for all the farm buildings and many of the houses are painted in cardinal. The railway stations are numerous, but not artistic, and the train runs into a German-speaking region, which in turn gradually resolves into the Pennsylvania-German dialect. Notwithstanding these Teuton characteristics, however, the train runs into Lebanon County, in Londonderry township, and Derry itself is the last station on the Dauphin County side. Both were originally settled and named by the Scotch-Irish. The mothers bring their babies into the cars in red calico dresses, trimmed with yellow, so as to make a striking appearance, and, whatever their nationality, they seem to be blessed in this prolific land with large families of small children. At Derry, near the railway, is the old weather-beaten but now abandoned log church, built one hundred and fifty years ago.

The Lebanon Valley is a fertile region between the Kittatinny Mountain on the northwest and the South Mountain on the southeast, and is a broad and almost level valley, without striking scenery, beyond the fertility of the soil, and the gentle rolling ground sloping down to the winding brooks that occasionally dart under the railway. There are frequent villages, each with its little church and graveyard. Approaching the town of Lebanon huge iron-works are seen, with immense outlying deposits of slag and cinders; for this is one of the richest iron regions of the State, the Cornwall ore-banks, about seven miles southward, to which a branch railway runs, being three large hills composed almost entirely of iron-ore. These hills are the great metallic curiosities of Pennsylvania, and have been mined for nearly a century and a half. The ore is dug from the surface as easily as garden-soil, and hauled to the furnaces, where it produces fifty per cent. of pure iron. The deposit, covering about a hundred acres, seems almost exhaustless.

The Quitopahilla Creek, a stream that is hardly as big as its name, is at Lebanon, which covers a broad plateau, its
large factories and mills being interspersed among its houses, with plenty of foliage to relieve the eye. Northwest of Lebanon is the old "Hill Church," built by the Germans in 1733. Here, among the masses of cars, were seen many for far-off lines,—new ones for the Missouri, Kansas and Texas road, away out on the Southwestern frontier, and others belonging to the "Bay City Wooden-Ware Line," of Michigan, evidently a flourishing concern. Leaving the county-seat, the approach to Myerstown, from the westward, is quite pretty, the town, as first seen off to the northward, spreading down to the railway. A rather dilapidated windmill is near the station, that has evidently seen its best days. The broad view across the valley on both sides of us is closed by the distant mountain range on either hand, the Kittatinny running off towards the northeast away from us, while the South Mountain steadily approaches as if trying to cross our path. The thrifty village of Richland discloses plenty of comfortable brick dwellings, with good farms spread out on all sides. As we steadily approach the South Mountain, the country becomes more and more rolling and irregular, and the railway crosses the boundary between Lebanon and Berks Counties. Trees cover all the mountain-side excepting where the rocks are too steep to hold their roots. A bend in the ridge gives the railway opportunity to pass out of the Lebanon Valley and leave the far northward Kittatinny range behind. Passing Womelsdorf, at the base of the mountain, we cross the watershed dividing the tributaries of the Susquehanna from those of the Schuylkill, and enter the region that the German settlers have not inappropriately named Heidelberg, for like old Heidelberg, on the Neckar, it stands at the edge of wooded hills, and the forest entrance from a plain, though it has only a little brook, and not a river flowing past it out of the forest. Frequent blast-furnaces give evidence of the iron deposits underlying this entire region.

READING.

Still skirting along the base of the hills as we approach Reading, the cars fill up with people bound thither. The brick church and its spire at Wernersville stand up prominently on a hill-top, and the white-steepled church at Sinking Spring rules a fine village, the farm-land around showing well
for the thrift of the Berks County farmer. All the barns in this section have cisterns underneath, collecting the rain that falls on the roof, to secure a supply of water in time of drouth. Thus we wind about among the hills approaching Reading, and suddenly cross the Schuylkill River bending grandly around from the northward, with a long narrow island also bending with the narrow stream, and in an instant are running among the huge iron-works outside the town. There, in front of us, set in the valley at the foot of Penn's Mount, is Reading. Passing through deep rock-cuttings, the train goes quickly into town, and curving around, is at the station, where the railway runs into the main line of the Reading Railroad. This station is a very fine one, and reflects credit on the designer, especially for the little green lawn in the centre, where the fountain plashes. On three sides the railways sweep around it, making concave fronts, while the main building and offices are much better than those of any of the Reading stations in Philadelphia. Reading, like all these towns, has its central market-place, on which and the adjacent streets the chief buildings are located. The old red sandstone gives its fine Court-House the ornamental columns for an elaborate portico, while its castellated red sandstone jail stands in a commanding position on Penn's Mount. This mountain also furnishes iron for the mills, of which the town has a large number. But Reading's chief allegiance is to the Reading Railroad, whose shops are here, and this great corporation directly or indirectly supports a large part of the population. All day the long coal-trains roll down through the town from the anthracite region beyond, on their way to market, and the Germans come in from Berks County on all sides to sell their produce and do shopping. The Tulpehocken Creek flows into the Schuylkill near Reading, and the townsfolk, when they die, are carried to the red freestone Gothic chapel and through the red sandstone gateway in the northern suburbs, that leads to Charles Evans' Cemetery, established by the gift of a prominent citizen.

THE SCHUYLKILL VALLEY.

At Reading begins a view of one of the most delicious bits of river scenery in America,—the Schuylkill Valley,—along which the railway winds for fifty-eight miles down to Phila-
delphia, first on one side and then on the other; for railway-builders know the value of a running stream for giving an easy route through a hilly region. At Reading the Schuylkill breaks through the South Mountain range, and flows placidly by Penn's Mount and the Neversink, which rear their wooded heads far above it. The railroad leaves the station and runs out through the town and its factories towards the river-bank, the long mountain on the left hand closing up the valley on that side. We pass the railway-shops, then out over the lower ground beyond, with the town spreading to the northward; then, after sundry bends, the line seeks the river-bank and runs along the base of the mountain, with the Schuylkill on the right hand far beneath us, a narrow stream, barely one-fourth its width at Philadelphia, with a little room, at the foot of the hills, to spare for the canal on the other side. The river twists and turns, now coming near us, now far away, giving magnificent views as it makes its long reaches. There are frequent dams, made for the canal company, with locks alongside, and the water runs a torrent down their little slopes. All along we go side by side—rail, river, and canal—between high forest-covered hills, the gorge occasionally broadening into a narrow valley, with rich fields at the bottom. In English style, our train keeps on the left-hand track of the double line, and we run again into the region of the dark red soils, made by the old red sandstone. At Birdsboro' where a branch comes in, across the stream from Wilmington, there are more big iron-mills, and below here the line for a long distance has its route hewn out of the rocks, standing high up on the left hand. From these rocks is quarried building material for all this section, and the reddish stone also ornaments buildings in Philadelphia, being a not inappropriate trimming for its darker brother, the New Jersey brownstone. Little islands are in the river, and a bold knob of a hill stands up to the northeast as we run across a piece of level ground. The Reading Company has rather sad-looking stations at some of the villages along the Schuylkill, but they are in hopes of better times and consequently finer houses hereafter. We cross the line between Berks and Montgomery Counties, but still continue in the land of the Pennsylvania-Germans.

Well-cultivated land and thrifty farm-houses cover the
region around Pottstown, and the railway for some distance runs along the edge of the turnpike, which looks like a roadway covered with chocolate. Crossing the Manatawny Creek just below a pretty little waterfall, we run into the station, forty miles from Philadelphia. A large part of the inhabitants have come down to see the cars go by, and nearly all the young men stand on the depot steps with their hands in their pockets, in true American style, though the afternoon is so hot that the mercury is mounting towards 100°, and the sun broils down on their heads. The town is extensive, with large manufacturing establishments and an evidently prosperous population. At Limerick the Schuylkill curves around almost in the form of a loop, and the people generally talk German, though the town has not exactly that sort of a name. Again hugging the river closely, we run by Royer's Ford, with its chocolate-colored roads leading up the steep hill to an extensive village away above us, while more iron-mills line the river-bank. Below Mingo the high ridge known as Black Rock is approached, around which the river grandly sweeps. The railway turns southward and goes across the Schuylkill on a stone bridge, and the train, running directly at the face of the rock, darts into a tunnel and all is darkness. This is the most extensive tunnel near Philadelphia, and, emerging on the southern side of the hill, we find ourselves on the western bank of the river with the canal running closely under the car-windows, as we come into Phoenixville. Here are the great Phoenix Iron-Works, where the Girard Avenue and many other fine bridges were built, and yet an old wooden bridge spans the Schuylkill to connect the two parts of the town. Car-loads of coal and iron-ore stand on the sidings, much of the ore looking as if imported from abroad. The land below Phoenixville is almost level, for here subsidiary valleys come in, the Pickering Valley on one side, and the Perkiomen on the other, and the grazing cattle show that we are back again in the dairy region. When it receives the Perkiomen, its most important tributary, the Schuylkill makes a sharp bend southward, and the railroad curves around with it; then both curve again to the eastward, for thus we wind through the hills among which we are again running. The latter bend is almost a right angle at Valley Forge, from which there is a splendid view both ways, showing that our
forefathers had an eye for beauty when they selected the ground for their famous Revolutionary camp, on the hills bordering the deep, rugged hollow at the mouth of Valley Creek.

THE GREAT SCHUYLKILL FACTORIES.

We are approaching now the great manufacturing region of the Schuylkill Valley. Along we go, now near enough to jump from the cars into the river, now darting through a rough rock-cutting as the bank leaves us at some irregular bend. Great ice-houses are set up along the shore, stored with the product that is cooling Philadelphia, and we cross a stretch of rich and level land in Upper Merion. We have entered Montgomery County, and across the Schuylkill, built on what was in old times John Bull's farm, is the thriving town of Norristown, its ornate Court-House steeple standing up well above the houses, while the river-front is fringed with mills and glass-factories. There the first canal was dug in the United States, and here also enters the Chester Valley Railroad, which has come across from Downingtown, and now the Schuylkill presents on both sides an almost constant succession of iron-mills and blast-furnaces, gradually changing as Manayunk is approached into other industrial establishments, some of immense size. A grand procession of chimneys passes in review as we run down by Swedeland, Conshohocken, and Spring Mill, with intervening limekilns to make the flux for the blast-furnaces. Railways run on both sides of the river, each, judging by the quickly-passing trains, having as much traffic as it can well manage. There is an almost unbroken succession of villages built up around and on the hills behind these works. Although the iron season is about over, and there are a great many dead chimneys, the river-banks still present a busy scene. We cross Mill Creek, and then the great works at Manayunk pass in review, while on the hill-sides above are many pretty houses. The Flat Rock tunnel for a moment interrupts the sight, and then we renew the study of the great paper-mills and wood-pulp-works, and cotton- and woollen-factories on the opposite slope, all built so low down that it is no wonder freshets invade their lower stories. Manayunk gets its name from one of the Indian names of the Schuylkill River—Manaiyunk. We pass along-
side the Pencoyd Works, with acres of iron lying around, and along comes one of the little Fairmount steamers, stopping an instant at the entrance to the Wissahickon gorge, spanned by the old wooden bridge that carries the Norristown trains over. We run by the Falls village, the town and factories being over on the opposite bank, and then we separate from the Port Richmond Branch Railroad, which goes to the eastward over the stone bridge and passes back of Laurel Hill to seek the Delaware River. The white monuments of the cemetery stand up brightly in the sunlight, and on both sides of the river carriages glide along the smooth Park roads. The train runs behind Tom Moore’s cottage and the Park offices, and makes a grand sweep around as it enters the Columbia bridge, with the Centennial buildings in full sight below on the right bank. Crossing the Schuylkill we go down the eastern shore, the river having greatly widened compared with its size where the journey began, at Reading. Then crossing the East Park road, with the flagman holding a string of carriages in check, we leave the river and pass the rows of big breweries with their great empty beer-tanks outside, and follow Pennsylvania Avenue down past Fairmount to the Broad Street station. Thus ends an afternoon’s ride through the beautiful Schuylkill Valley.

XXXV.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

A RAILWAY RETROSPECT.

In the first number of the Public Ledger, issued March 25, 1836, the following advertisement appeared, which told how the people travelled from Philadelphia to Pittsburg forty-five years ago:

PEOPLE’S LINE OF CARS AND STAGES START every morning at half-past 8 o’clock, from the corner of Broad and Arch streets, and Third Street Hall, for Downingtown, Lancaster, and Pittsburg. Through in 2½ days.

Apply for seats at Farmers’ Inn, 218 Market street, and at Third Street Hall; also, at the Depot, corner of Broad and Arch streets.

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In the same paper the editor made a notice of the business on these Pittsburg stage lines, which I quote:

"Travelling—There are four daily lines of stages between Philadelphia and Pittsburg; yet is there so much travel between the two places, that the names of passengers have to be booked from one to two weeks in advance to secure seats."

The Pittsburg stages, with the Columbia Railroad, performed the journey in sixty hours, while the "Good Intent Stage Company," which advertised a line to Wheeling in the same number of the Ledger, promised to make that journey in fifty hours by way of York, Gettysburg, Chambersburg, Bedford, and Washington. When the season was a little later and the ice was gone, the Pittsburg journey was made by the Pennsylvania canals, then recently completed, and regarded as marvels in their day. Leech & Co. thus advertised this route, then just opening at the beginning of the season, when the first Ledger was printed:

LEECHE & CO.'S LINE FOR THE CONVEYANCE OF PASSENGERS FROM PHILADELPHIA TO PITTSBURG, VIA RAIL ROAD AND CANAL PACKETS. The cars on the rail road are all new and in good order. The packet boats have their cabins lengthened, and fitted up entirely new with every necessary convenience. The line will go into operation as soon as the canal is navigable. From the superior style in which the cabins on board the packet boats have been furnished, the proprietors flatter themselves that they will receive a continuance of the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed.

Office removed to 51 Chestnut street, above Second. JOHN CAMERON, Agent.

When the traveller now goes in a half-day from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, with enough time to spare for comfortable meals at Harrisburg and Altoona and a luxurious coach to travel in, he will be inclined to smile at the tediousness of the journey in 1836. Mr. David Stephenson, the English engineer, who took this journey over the Pennsylvania State works in that year, wrote that he travelled the entire distance from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, three hundred and ninety-five miles, in ninety-one hours, an average rate of about four and one-third miles per hour, at a cost of three pounds sterling, or about four cents per mile, and that one hundred and eighteen miles of the journey, which he calls "extraordinary," were performed on railroads, and two hundred and seventy-seven miles on canals. This line was operated for nearly twenty years, and was a main route of travel between the seaboard and the West. The State of Pennsylvania expended two millions a year for a long period on the construction of
these works, and to pay for and maintain them rolled up the heavy State debt we have been for a good while past paying off. The construction of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad began in 1828, and the commercial strides made by New York through the completion of the Erie Canal were the spurs that excited Pennsylvania energy in the same direction, and the State works were completed and put in operation about 1834. They consisted of the double-track Columbia Railroad, hertofore referred to; the canal from Columbia on the Susquehanna to Hollidaysburg at the eastern foot of the mountain; the Portage Railroad over the Alleghenies from Hollidaysburg to Johnstown, and the canal again from Johnstown down the Conemaugh and Allegheny Rivers to Pittsburg. The Columbia Railroad is still used, but how vastly improved! The Portage Railroad and the canal route west of the mountains are abandoned. This line was the forerunner of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The transfer of freight was made at first from car to boat, and back to car again, but subsequently the plan was successfully devised of making canal-boats in sections, and carrying them on car-trucks. These sectional boats were hauled down Market and Third and Dock Streets to the wharf by mule teams, twenty-five years ago. The Eastern Division of the Pennsylvania Canal began at Columbia, where the first transfer was made, and was constructed one hundred and seventy-two miles along the Susquehanna and Juniata Rivers to Hollidaysburg, then a great place, but now only the shadow of a town, as its trade has gone elsewhere. This canal had thirty-three aqueducts and one hundred and eleven locks, and rose in its western progress five hundred and eighty-five feet above the level at Columbia.

THE ALLEGHENY PORTAGE RAILROAD.

The timbered sides of the Allegheny Mountain, about three thousand feet high at its highest point, were encountered at Hollidaysburg, and were surmounted by the ingenious device of the Portage Railroad, which was constructed thirty-six miles over the mountain to Johnstown. It cost one million eight hundred and sixty thousand dollars, was two years building, being completed in November, 1833, and had a second line of rails laid down in 1835. It crossed at Blair's Gap, two
thousand three hundred and twenty-six feet above the sea-
level, and consisted of a series of inclined planes, and a tun-
nel nine hundred feet long at the summit. It was a costly
and difficult work, consisting almost entirely of side-cuttings
and embankments supported on heavy walls, sometimes one
hundred feet high, there being four bridges, one crossing the
Conemaugh River seventy feet above the stream, and most of
the line being boldly laid out skirting the edges of precipices.
There were ten inclined planes, five on each side of the moun-
tain, each making a rise varying from one hundred and thirty
feet in the smallest to three hundred and seven feet in the
largest. These planes overcame a total height of two thou-
sand and seven feet, while the entire rise and fall of the road
was two thousand five hundred and seventy-one feet, the re-
mainder being provided for by gradients on the ordinary line.
The steepest face of the mountain is towards the eastward,
and, consequently, the railway from Hollidaysburg to the
Summit, though only ten miles long, overcame a height of
thirteen hundred and ninety-eight feet, while on the other
side, in a distance of twenty miles, the height was but eleven
hundred and seventy-two feet. The gradient of these planes
varied from one in ten to one in fourteen, and the longest
plane measured about three-fifths of a mile. Each plane
was worked by a pair of thirty horse-power engines, draw-
ing an eight-inch cable, though but one engine was used
at a time, the other being an extra in case of accident.
A descending and an ascending train were attached to the
rope at the same time, one going down, the other up, on
the double track, and three loaded cars, each carrying three
tons, were considered a load for a single draft. They were
able to take twenty-four cars with seventy-two tons of freight
over an inclined plane in one hour, which was ample for the
trade then passing on the line, for the average traffic was not
in those days over one hundred cars a day. This method of
transit over the mountain, though considered marvellous then,
was slow; for in his account Mr. Stephenson said that in
going over the Portage he started from Hollidaysburg at nine
in the morning, reached the summit at noon, stopped there
an hour, and, resuming the journey, was at Johnstown at five
in the afternoon. Seven hours of actual time were thus occu-
pied in going thirty-six miles, though the speed was higher
than the average of the whole journey, the canal navigation being slower.

The Western Division of the Pennsylvania Canal began at Johnstown, and extended through the valleys of the Conemaugh and Allegheny Rivers to Pittsburg, one hundred and five miles. It had sixty-four locks, a tunnel one thousand feet long, and went over sixteen aqueducts, the broken bridges and ruined locks of this abandoned canal being still seen as relics of the past out of the car-windows as we now glide swiftly by on the railroad. These public works, with the New Portage road, never put into practical operation, cost the State of Pennsylvania nearly eighteen millions of money to build. Although used for twenty years, as above stated, they had scarcely gone into operation when an agitation began for making a railway over the entire route between Philadelphia and Pittsburg. Charters for this purpose were granted in 1837, but for some years remained a dead letter. Surveys were afterwards made and public meetings held, but nothing was actually done until the Pennsylvania Railroad was chartered, in 1846, with ten millions capital. In 1847–48 the great work was given its actual start by contributions from the city of Philadelphia, amounting to the magnificent sum, for that period, of about four millions. In the summer of 1847 work began at both ends of the line, contracts being let for the construction of sections leading twenty miles west from Harrisburg and fifteen east from Pittsburg. In the autumn of 1849 the first division, sixty-one miles long, from Harrisburg to Lewistown, was opened for business, and, in 1850, the line was completed to the junction with the Portage Railroad, at Hollidaysburg. In August, 1851, the road was built twenty-one miles west of Johnstown, leaving only twenty-eight miles unfinished to make a junction with the builders working eastward from Pittsburg. On December 10, 1852, the Pennsylvania Railroad, in conjunction with the State works, was completed, and through trains, all rail, began running between Philadelphia and Pittsburg by way of the Portage Railroad. In February, 1854, the Pennsylvania Railroad completed its own line over the mountain, and the Portage Road was subsequently abandoned. In 1857 the Pennsylvania Company bought all the State works, and then began the system of improvements steadily pursued since, which has made the
present magnificent work, leading from New York, Philadelphua, Baltimore, and Washington in the East, to Chicago, St. Louis, Cairo, Cincinnati, Louisville, Erie, Toledo, and Cleveland on the Lakes and in the West, a system controlling nearly nine thousand miles of main lines and branches.

THE ORIGINAL PENNSYLVANIA RAILWAY.

Having made our retrospect of the early history of the routes of travel across the mountains which culminated in the Pennsylvania Railroad, let us begin a journey over the original work of that great company, the present railway west of Harrisburg. We leave the station where they have made into one the train from Philadelphia and the train from Washington, and start northward through the town and out towards the Susquehanna River bank. We run past shops and round-house and through the great yard where they make up the freight-trains for the middle division of the railway; gradually glide out of town and approach the gap through the mountains, which is the most striking object in the grand scenery given by a view up the river from Harrisburg. It is the Kittatinny range, or the "Endless Chain of Hills," as the Indians who tried to roast old John Harris called it. The Susquehanna River comes through this gap, which looks like a notch purposely cut in the dark green mountain range, and beyond it can be seen through the opening the distant ranges of mountains farther up the river. A strip of green fields and farm-land is between us and the water, but it soon narrows as we approach the gap, and at Rockville, five miles above Harrisburg, the railway curves grandly around and runs over the great bridge across the river. This bridge is about three thousand seven hundred feet long, and we run upon the top of the iron truss which stands upon stone piers built diagonally to meet the current of the stream. The Susquehanna is full of little grass-covered islands, and is strewn with rocks of all sizes. As we go over the bridge the pebbly bottom can be seen as the clear but shallow water runs over it, and you realize what a difficult task it would be to make this river navigable. Yet, seventy years ago they got excited about it and actually planned for the opening of navigation from the mouth up to about where this bridge is at a cost of three millions of dollars. Uncle Sam was to furnish
the money, but the war of 1812 coming on he had to invest too much in gunpowder and dynamite torpedoes, with which to fight John Bull, to be able to spare any cash to pull the rocks and snags out of the Susquehanna. The project has not since been seriously revived for this part of the stream, as the railways now fill all the necessities for transportation. There are magnificent views from the bridge, both up and down the river. Through the gap, and beyond its rock-strewn channel, is seen the bridge which carries the Northern Central Railway across the river to the eastern bank. To the southward are the islands and farms of Dauphin County, with Harrisburg beyond, and behind it the blue hills of Cumberland and York.

We roll smoothly over the great bridge without a tremor apparent in its ponderous frame-work, and, reaching the western bank, curve around to the northward again, the Northern Central Railway, which comes up on that side from Baltimore and York, now keeping us close company. The line runs northward along the edge of the water at the foot of the mountains, with the great protruding knob of the dark green Kittatinny Mountain rising boldly on the other side. Entering the narrow gap between Marysville and Dauphin, two pleasant villages standing on either bank, a warning sign to "stop" makes our engineer slacken speed, and the Northern Central Railway passes away from us across the bridge uniting the two villages. It is a single-track bridge, enclosed with wooden sides, that would not be the worse for a coat of fresh paint. The dark stone ice-breakers of the bridge-piers stand up amid the myriads of rocks sown so thickly on the river-bed. Over on the opposite shore are the pleasant little houses of the village of Dauphin, with a background of distant hills. Having passed the gap the river makes a right-angled bend to the westward, and the railway sweeps around with it. Frequent east-bound freight-trains pass us, laden with cattle, corn, coal, and oil. The river as we glide along its bank is low, and seems almost covered with islands, bearing a plentiful crop of green grass. We are now in Perry County, and cross over Fishing Creek at Marysville, which comes down from the Kittatinny Mountain side. It is a land of iron-mines, early found out by the sturdy race of Scotch-Irish, who first peopled this region,
and for a half-century battled with the Indians for mastery. We run swiftly up the bank to the town of Duncannon, with its great iron-mills. This is at the entrance to Shearman's Valley, and the Shearman Creek flows placidly under the railway into the Susquehanna.

DUNCANNON AND DUNCAN'S ISLAND.

This valley, at the foot of which stands Duncannon, forms the chief part of Perry County, which lies between the Kittatinny and Tuscarora Mountains, the latter enclosing its northwestern border. Shearman, who gave his name to the creek and the valley, was an early trader among the Indians, and lost his life while fording the creek. The settlements here were not the earliest in the county, for some distance farther up, at Buffalo Creek, settlers had been as early as 1741, but, the Indians complaining, the Provincial Government removed them. The white settlers came into Shearman's Valley in 1755, but the constant Indian fights subsequently made it a ground of bloodshed and massacre for many years. Duncannon is the largest town in Perry County, and is the old-time Petersburg, the original name (still the name of the post-office) having been changed not long ago. The Little Juniata Creek flows into the river here, and away up above it, on the mountain-side, is the Profile Rock, which long gazing at has made to assume something of the resemblance of a human face. Passing out of the town, and still moving on the river-bank, we soon come to the mouth of the Juniata River. There are a couple of big islands across the river as we run in and out along the shore,—Duncan's Island with Haldeman's Island beyond. On Duncan's Island (from which is derived the name of Duncannon) was the original place of assemblage of the Indian tribes of all this region. It contained a large Indian town, and the red men came there from the Susquehanna and Juniata Valleys in the last century to hold their political conventions, for even in that early day there was wire-pulling along the Susquehanna. The Indian orators, dressed in bearskins and wearing exaggerated masks, then excited the multitude at Duncan's Island, as their successors try to do now a little farther down the river, and it is recorded that even in that early day there was an astonishing love for politics and whisky developed along the
great river. Subsequently the whites attempted settlement, and protracted skirmishes and massacres resulted. Once a woman with her infant swam the swollen Susquehanna on horseback, and escaped torture and death at the hands of the savages. As we run along the bank and look over at the peaceful island of to-day, where parties go for summer pleasing, the fierce scenes of by-gone days can scarcely be realized. Everything is thickly covered with foliage, and a big lump of a mountain stands up beyond the island as we curve in and out along the sinuosities of the river-bank. There are cabbage- and corn-patches and forests of bean-poles standing up in the gardens as we rush by the little houses, north of Duncannon. We cross some flat land, as the railway courses northward, and can see the gap in the Tuscarora Mountain ahead of us, through which the Juniata flows. The canal comes across the Susquehanna above a dam, with a bridge to bring the towpath over. Then it traverses Duncannon’s Island, directly through the great Indian mound and burial-place, an unfailing source of relic-finding. Soon we are travelling westward together, railway and canal, along the Juniata.

XXVI.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THE BLUE JUNIATA.

Let us take a journey along the beautiful river,—renowned in song and story,—the “Blue Juniata.” It runs for a hundred miles from the eastern face of the Allegheny Mountain, breaking through range after range, and presenting a series of superb landscapes and mountain views that are unexcelled on the Atlantic seaboard. Its secluded glens and magnificent valleys, its massive mountains and ever-changing variety of views are a constant study for the traveller until he is almost dazed by the apparently endless panorama. Along this river the engineers have carried the Pennsylvania Railroad up into the mountains, and among its transcendent beau-
ties let us take a rapid railway ride, ever remembering that no pen can adequately describe the succession of magnificent views of mountain scenery that move in front of the car-windows.

As we glide swiftly along the Juniata, towards the gap through the Tuscarora Mountain range, the Susquehanna, coming from the northeastward, gradually leaves us, its green hills turning blue, and then fading away, until a bend in the road obscures them from sight. The canal, which has come across Duncan's Island, is carried over the Juniata on the wooden structure known as the aqueduct, eighteen miles above Harrisburg, and then proceeds up the river on the same side as the railroad. We quickly approach the Tuscarora gap, the dark blue hills ahead separating just enough to let the river pass through. The farmers are harvesting their wheat in the fields at the bottom of the valley, while the corn seems stunted, compared with that near Philadelphia, as this region is backward. We soon enter the gorge, and the great hills stand up on either hand, tree-clad, and giving, as the fleecy clouds wrap their summits, the bluish purple tinge that reminds some of our fellow-tourists of the famous hills of Scotland. The pass is narrow; the canal runs closely under the car-windows, and the placid river is just beyond, upon a lower level, while a vast expanse of forest spreads over the hill-sides. Occasionally the valley broadens, giving a chance for a little more agriculture. Rafts float along the canal, the logs being gathered in long and narrow combination, with the crew in a little ark at one end. We rush by iron-furnaces with their outlying stocks of pig-iron and ore and slag-heaps, and then pass Newport and cross the picturesque Buffalo Creek, the place of earliest settlement in this region. The pebbly bottom of the creek can be seen through the clear water as we swiftly cross the bridge. Seventy years ago the entire settlement here consisted of four log houses. Above Newport the canal is transferred to the opposite bank, a rope ferry set up on wheels elevated on piers taking the boats over, while the mules are placed upon the boat, and for once in their lives are towed instead of towing. Just above, at Millerstown, there is a wagon-bridge across the river of which one-half has been carried away by storm or freshet and the other half is still standing. They are not in a hurry, evi-
dently, to restore it, for it has continued some time in this plight. This place, which is a popular summer resort, is said to be the oldest town, excepting Huntingdon, on the Juniata River, and was laid out in 1780. As we glide along, ridge after ridge of high hills rises up,—one being no sooner passed than another comes in review. Their lowest parts have been cleared for cultivation, but the tops are still covered with trees. Wherever the valley broadens the lowlands are availed of for crops, and every year increases the amount of cleared ground, but in most places the settlements are sparse. Thus we enter Juniata County over the ancient hunting-grounds of the Tuscarora Indians, and pass through its beautiful scenery as we glide along between the Tuscarora and Turkey Mountains, the latter rising on the northern bank of the river. We approach Mifflin and can see the dark blue mountain ridge ahead of us, through which the river forces a passage from Lewistown. At Perryville we cross the muddy waters of the Tuscarora Creek, coming down through one of the chief valleys of Juniata County, and at Mexico was made the first settlement in this region, as early as 1751, but the Indians drove the settlers away. Beyond this, the valley broadens, giving room for more farm-land, and as we curve in and out along the stream there are fine views on the long reaches, while occasionally a fish jumps out of the water, giving a flashing view as you pass, and then quickly disappearing. The Tuscarora Valley over which we are riding was a land of Indian massacres, and here occurred the "grass-hopper war" between the Tuscaroras and Delawares. They had villages opposite each other on the banks of the river, and one day the children got into a dispute about some grass-hoppers. The women espoused the cause of the children; this drew in the men, and a bloody conflict followed.

LEWISTOWN NARROWS AND LOGAN.

We halt a moment at Mifflin, built on the hill-side, forty-nine miles from Harrisburg, while the train-hands "tap the rim." They have an eye for the picturesque at this attractive little town, for amid the turn-tables and railway-shops they have a pretty flower-bed with the initial letter "M" worked out in variegated tints. John Harris laid out this town in 1791. Leaving the town we soon run among the
higher hills, and the great ridge formed by the Shade and the Blue Mountains spreads across our path. The river makes a bend to the southwest and runs into the narrow pass between them. We rush along through the bottom of the gorge where there is just room enough for the canal and river, the railway route being mostly hewn out of the rocks. Along here, fifty-two years ago, passed the first packet-boat on the then newly-opened canal from Mifflin to Lewistown. We are in the far-famed Lewistown Narrows, where the river flows for a long distance between the high mountain-ridges, with the railway on one side and the canal on the other. At intervals, a depression gives magnificent views up a pretty glen, while the cloud-shadows move slowly across the dark green mountain-sides. We rush among the forests, broken stones covering the sides of the great peaks as if some one had dropped them there, and they were about to slide down into the river-bed below. We run through the narrow pass for a long distance, finally coming out on the western side of the mountain-ridges, which bend grandly around to the northwest to give us a passage-way. The hills become lower, and up in this region a venturesome farmer has a narrow strip of arable land on which he is just cutting his crop of wheat, while a little corn is also growing on the field. Beyond we pass over level ground giving a view across it of Lewistown, nestling at the foot of another big mountain, its white steeples standing up above the red brick houses.

We have come into Mifflin County, and stop at Lewistown, sixty-one miles from Harrisburg, long enough to see the aesthetic tastes displayed up here among the mountains in the pretty flower-gardens at the station, and to take a brief view of the stage which bears upon its side the phonetic legend "Chalfant's Buss Line." The people of Lewistown look out upon a pretty rural view on the opposite side of the river where parts of the hill-sides are cleared and cultivated, and the Juniata runs across the bottom of the beautiful Kishicoquillas Valley coming down from the northward. Here lived the famous Logan, chief of the Mingos, the most renowned Indian of Pennsylvania, whose speeches are to this day declaimed by the schoolboy in probably much better English than ever Logan knew. He lived at Logan's Spring, in the valley, and supported his family by killing deer and selling
their skins to the whites. But just before the Revolution the white settlers became so numerous that he left the valley and went westward to the Ohio River, near Wheeling. There, in 1775, his family was massacre'd, an event that caused a great stir, for Logan subsequently wreaked terrible vengeance upon the whites. He was afterwards killed near Detroit. In this Lewistown Valley, and having his cabin almost where Lewistown stands, also lived the Shawnee chief Kishicoquillas, always a friend of the white men, and whose name is preserved in the valley and the creek which here flows into the Juniata. Lewistown, where the Glamorgan Iron Company is located, dates from 1790, and its site, nestling among the mountains, is one of the most picturesque along the Juniata, of which the Narrows, below the town, is probably the grandest mountain-pass. It forces its way through them for ten miles, the peaks rising abruptly for over a thousand feet above the water, their dense forest-covered sides giving the gorge an appearance of the deepest gloom. There are some great caves in the mountains around Lewistown, Haverall's, to the westward, being of vast dimensions.

**MANAYUNK AND JACK ARMSTRONG.**

We leave this beautiful region and the railway curves around to the southward, making almost a loop, and taking, as it were, the back track towards Harrisburg. It runs over the valley, crosses both the river and the canal, which here also bend southeastward, and then come back again, forming a double curve like the letter S. The railway then bends southwest and continues the journey for a short distance up the northern bank, when, the river again turning, the railway goes over once more to its original southern bank. Skilful engineering has been required to arrange these curves and bridges, but the train glides along swiftly and smoothly.

The receding hills make a broad valley, covered with trees, among which we speed along towards another dark blue mountain-ridge far to the westward. The railway now runs southwest, between two distant mountain-ranges, an occasional spur coming out to the edge of the river, which the line closely follows. We pass McVeytown, set in the valley over beyond the river, and, beyond it, the station with the
familiar name of Manayunk, but it has no mills, and presents only a few scattered houses nestling among the high hills. Again we cross the Juniata, which makes a long sweep to the southward, and indulges in sundry gyrations of its course that the railway is not called upon to follow, though it does follow a good many of these crooks and bends along the Juniata's tortuous course. We run straight ahead across the comparatively level land, leaving the Shade and Black Log Mountains behind us, and having Jack's Mountain barring the way in front. We go through sundry rock-cuttings, and then cross the neck of land beyond Newton Hamilton, where they have a most beautifully-located camp-meeting ground. Just above this village the river makes another horseshoe bend, across which the railway is built, going over the river at Mount Union on a bridge seventy feet above the water. We also cross the canal, and the canal then crosses the river by an aqueduct under which the river-current bubbles over the stones. Rushing through the village of Mount Union, with beautiful scenery, we dart apparently right at the face of Jack's Mountain, but the road quietly turning westward the gorge opens just wide enough to let us through. Here in the early colonial days, John Armstrong, an Indian trader, penetrated, and with his two servants was murdered by the savages. Hence the name of "Jack Armstrong's Narrows" has been given the gorge, and a similar name to the mountain, but in these hurried days there is not time to give the whole name, so it is shortened to "Jack's Mountain" and "Jack's Narrows." We glide through the gorge, which is narrower than that below Lewistown; and the high hills on either hand are covered with stones that look as if the least jar might bring them down in an avalanche. The Juniata becomes narrower and even shallower than below, and, with a grand sweep around to the northward, we turn with the gorge at Mapleton and run through the lower ridges beyond. Here are different rock formations, some standing up almost straight, with white sections where the limestone has been quarried, that almost dazzle us as the sun shines upon them. Above Mapleton we cross to the north bank of the river again. This gorge is in Huntingdon County, and is one of the wildest regions along the river. The Broad Top Mountain is to the southward, with its semi-
bituminous coal-fields, and the East Broad Top Railroad comes into the main line at Mount Union, and the Huntingdon and Broad Top Railroad a little farther on, at Huntingdon. This is a prolific region for sand-quarrying for the glass manufacture at Pittsburg. We cross over Mill Creek, and get a view of the Sideling Hill and Terrace Mountain opposite the village there, with the singular formation between them known as Trough Creek Valley. The old red sandstone crops out of all these hills.

THE ANCIENT STANDING STONE.

We stop a moment at Huntingdon, ninety-seven miles from Harrisburg, the oldest and largest town on the Juniata, and the passengers are given a chance to study the little sign on the restaurant down a cellar opposite the station, at Fourth and Allegheny Streets, which reads:

"Roast Chicken Pies Cakes
Eggs Walk In."

The town is built of brick, and all the streets apparently run up the hill-sides till they get out into the rural district. This thriving city was the ancient "Standing Stone," the place of the earliest settlement on this part of the Juniata River, in 1754. It is the present terminus of the canal, for though the old Pennsylvania Canal originally was continued farther up, to Hollidaysburg, the portion of that great work above Huntingdon has been abandoned. The Standing Stone at Huntingdon was a stone about fourteen feet high and six inches square, erected by the Indians, and covered with their hieroglyphics. When they sold their lands hereabout to the whites in 1754 they carried off this stone. Subsequently the white settlers erected another stone in its place, but it was broken, and some of the fragments are now preserved as relics. The Standing Stone is engraved on the corporate seal of Huntingdon, being surrounded by mountains. It is an appropriate symbol. The name of the town was formally changed to Huntingdon as early as 1767, but it continued to be called Standing Stone for many years afterwards. The original name is still borne by the creek, valley, ridge, and mountain in the neighborhood, and its Indian equivalent—Oneida—is given to the township north of the railway,
through which the creek flows down to the Juniata. Dr. William Smith, who was the proprietor of the site in 1767, gave the town its present name. He was the provost of the University of Pennsylvania, and a famous lady of that day, Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, having given the university a liberal donation, he gave his town her name. Mountains surround it on all sides, and they are interspersed with most picturesque valleys. The banks of the Juniata contain some of the most weird-looking and remarkable rocks, and not far away are the "Pulpit Rocks," that look as if hewn out of the red sandstone especially for a rostrum.

The railway, after leaving Huntingdon, still goes along the Juniata bank, but its way has to be hewn along the bases of the hills, under vast overhanging masses of rocks. The valley narrows and the water in the river seems low and stagnant, so that it becomes the "green" rather than the "blue" Juniata just here. An occasional fisherman on the bank waits for a bite with the patience that is proverbial among that ilk; and the ladies of this region are not above throwing a hook into the stream to see what game they can land. Thus we come to Petersburg, one hundred and four miles from Harrisburg, where there is a forge, and where the railway leaves the Juniata, now become a narrow stream, and seeks its farther way up the Little Juniata Creek. This little stream the railway crosses and recrosses, as it pursues its wayward and crooked course.

**THE SINKING SPRING AND CAPTAIN LOGAN.**

Our route is now hewn through the rocky spurs of the mountains, until the gorge becomes so narrow that at Spruce Creek the railway suddenly darts through a tunnel, with most picturesque approaches. The Little Juniata here flows along the narrow pass known as the "Water Street," and beyond the tunnel it zigzags in the most amusing style, and the water becomes blue again as it bubbles merrily over the stones. The railway bridges are built high above the stream, and some of the wooden structures are being replaced with iron, and as the work goes on without stopping traffic, the train slows in crossing. Pretty views are given along the stream as we cross these numerous bridges, with the amphitheatres of wood-covered hills that the curving rivulet constantly pre-
sents. Limestone-quarries are frequently passed. The creek, which is a raging mountain torrent at times, is now almost narrow enough to jump over. In this region, as we pass the pretty town of Birmingham, we are reminded of the famous Sinking Spring. The spring originally appears in a cave, where it comes out of an arched opening, with enough water to drive a large grist-mill. Just below the mill the stream disappears; comes again to the surface farther on, runs some distance, and then enters a cave. After passing under Cave Mountain, it reappears, and flows into the Juniata, at the Water Street. The Sinking Spring Valley furnished the Government with lead during the Revolution, and the famous and beautiful Arch Spring where this wonderful stream begins, is near the pleasant village of Birmingham.

We enter "Little Blair" County, a region carved out of the Allegheny Mountain side, pass the Tyrone forges, and at Tyrone pass the junction of the railroad coming down from the coal-fields of Clearfield County. Tyrone is a lively town, with a fine new brick station, having mansard and slate-covered pyramid-pinnacled roofs, set at the foot of the Allegheny range, one hundred and twelve miles from Harrisburg. It is a railway creation barely thirty years old, standing at the entrance of the Bald Eagle Valley, and known as the "Little City." Here lived "Captain Logan," the chief of the Delaware Indians, who had lost his eye by an arrow wound, was deposed from his chieftainship in consequence, and came to the Juniata Valley to settle, where he was the sincere friend of the early white settlers. He died at Clearfield, but his Tyrone home is still known as Logan's Springs, and the Pennsylvania Railroad here turning southwest runs through Logan's Valley towards Altoona, where his portrait in full Indian costume still keeps his memory green in the railway hotel, which has been named for him the "Logan House." This valley at the base of the Allegheny Mountain, through which the railway now runs, has the great Brush Mountain on its southeastern side, a long, dark green ridge rising against the horizon, and running far away to the southwest. We pass Tipton and Fostoria, the line running through the valley between the great mountain-ridges, and come to Bell's Mills, where a narrow-gauge road crosses the mountain through Bell's Gap from the Clearfield coal-fields beyond.
We here leave the Little Juniata and take a course across country towards Altoona, running past sundry iron furnaces. At Elizabeth Furnace the valley is comparatively flat, and a good deal of the land appears to be well cultivated, though some of the more distant wheat-fields seem almost set on edge. Soon we run into Altoona, with its great railway-shops and vast aggregation of cars, and, moving for a mile or more through them, stop at the station, two hundred and thirty-six miles from Philadelphia. Our ride has been taken for over one hundred miles along the romantic Juniata and through some of the finest scenery in the world.

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XXVII.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

A RAILWAY TOWN.

Altoona is entirely a creation of the Pennsylvania Railroad. That company originally established the town at the eastern base of the Allegheny Mountain; located its construction and repair shops and the headquarters of the executive staff here, and the entire population is directly or indirectly dependent on the railway for a livelihood. The city is, in fact, a model railway town; its sensations are all of the railway style; its banks, newspapers, libraries, schools, and institutions were all founded by railway assistance, and the railway permeates and saturates everything in the place. The locomotive bell and whistle and the steady roll of passing trains are heard all day and most of the night. You sit on the porch of the Logan House (the railway hotel) and watch the passengers from every arriving train rush for their meals, while the east-bound freight-cars, one by one, run over the weigh-scale on the far side of the line, the down grade from the mountain enabling them to move by their own gravity. Two and sometimes three engines are harnessed together to take every west-bound train up the mountain, for the most of it still has to be climbed, though Altoona is eleven hundred
and sixty-eight feet above the sea-level. To the left hand, just below the hotel, is a foot-bridge over the tracks, and going up there a view can be got of all the great yard, extending a long distance each way, which handles one of the greatest railway traffics in the world. In 1849, in the early history of the Pennsylvania Railroad, when the old Portage road with its inclined planes over the mountain was still in use, this railway town was started, and it grew into a city in 1867, and now probably has twenty thousand population. The railway-shops occupy one hundred and twenty-three acres, and are in two bodies. The locomotive-shops are over on the other side of the railway, opposite the Logan House, while the car-shops are about a mile to the eastward, down the railway towards Harrisburg. The Pennsylvania Railroad builds all its own engines and cars, and this is what makes much of the business of Altoona.

**ALTOONA LOCOMOTIVE-SHOPS.**

Let us go over the foot-bridge and take a look at the locomotive-shops. There are about forty-two acres covered by them; there are three engine round-houses, the largest three hundred feet in diameter; two erecting-shops, each three hundred and fifty feet long; a machine-shop, four hundred and twenty-six feet long, and another house for general purposes, three hundred and thirty-six feet long. To move the half-built locomotives about and get easy transfer from one shop to the other, transfer-tables run at right angles to these shops, and in such manner as to communicate with tracks leading into all of them, these tables moving in a pit three hundred and fifty-six feet long. Railway tracks are laid in all these shops, and communicate with these transfer-tables, while on the opposite side of the pit are boiler-, flanging-, tank-, and wheel-shops, and two blacksmith-shops, the largest being three hundred and forty-five by one hundred and twenty-six feet. Beyond this is a foundry, two hundred and fifty by one hundred feet, a wheel-foundry, one hundred and thirty-nine feet long, and a brass-foundry, one hundred feet long, and the necessary adjuncts. It requires a building one hundred and twenty-eight by twenty-six feet to store the charcoal, while the pattern-house measures one hundred by fifty feet. On the southern side of the enclosure is the paint-
shop, three hundred and forty-six feet long. In these immense shops, which make up one of the greatest iron establishments in the country, the chief work is locomotive-building and repairs, but in addition a great amount of general iron-work is performed, including all the requirements of a first-class railway, excepting the original manufacture of iron and steel and the rolling of plates, rails, and bars. All the switches, crossings, and signals are made here, ear-wheels are cast, castings are made for the cars, bridges, and buildings, tools are made and repaired, machinery constructed, oils mixed and prepared, and telegraph instruments and appurtenances manufactured. It is, in fact, as complete an iron and steel emporium and factory as can be devised for all the purposes of a railway, and is the growth of more than thirty years. The shops, too, have every essential that science and invention have devised for making good work, and to tell about them all would fill a volume. In the machine-shop is located, on the centre track, a great power crane, which can travel the whole length. The heavy machine-tools are located alongside this track, so that work of great weight is thus easily handled and transferred. Hydraulic elevators of large size also transfer work to the upper floor. A long planing-machine planes the locomotive-frames; while there are other planing-machines, vertical and horizontal, milling-machines, and a slotting-machine, with any number of lathes, and adjoining a large tool-room where the smaller tools are made. In the boiler-shop are great flanging forges, and smith's forges, with a crane to wait on them; a tank-building department, with hoists rigged to overhead-rails so that the tanks can be carried wherever they are to be fastened to the tenders; and an erecting-room, with a steam riveting-machine and two big cranes to carry around the work, and also sets of bending-rolls, punches, and shears. In the erecting-shop the locomotive parts collected from the other shops are put together and the engine is here built. Overhead travelling-crances, capable of lifting twenty-five tons apiece, carry the work about, while beneath the floor are pits extending the whole length of the building alongside the rails, on which the locomotives are set up. In these pits all the machinery of engines whose boilers are in repair in the boiler-shop is stored, while they also contain the pumps and other arrangements
for the hydraulic test of boilers. In the great foundry all the locomotive, car, and general castings are made. It has two cupolas, each capable of melting ten tons of iron an hour, cars, on a little two-foot gauge railroad, in the yard outside, supplying them with iron and fuel. There are blowing-engines to supply blast for these cupolas and also those of the wheel-foun-dry near by, and pumps to supply the lifts and other hydraulic machinery. The moulders have washing-troughs and bath-rooms, with all the conveniences for their comfort. The pattern-shop is fitted up with lathes, circular- and scroll-saws and planing machinery, and has a big storehouse. The brass-foundry has its melting-furnaces, arranged in a circle around a stack which has radial flues connecting with each. Here all the car-bearings are made in special moulding-machines, the material being phosphor-bronze.

**MAKING CAR-WHEELS.**

The wheel-foun-dry is full of hydraulic cranes, each swinging around a circle about thirteen feet in diameter, around which is placed a dozen moulding-flasks. A big ladle, holding ten tons of molten iron, supplies small ladles which travel all around this foundry and fill the moulding-flasks, while two cupolas melt the iron. Adjoining is an annealing-room, containing forty-five pits arranged in two circles, one within the other, where the wheels are annealed, each pit holding about twenty wheels. The wheels stay in these pits four or five days. This wheel-foun-dry, employing over a hundred men who cast about two hundred wheels a day, uses up in the operation about twenty-five tons of iron. A peculiarity of this work is the fact that, although the moulds are all made alike, yet the wheels vary in size, sometimes a half-inch in the circumference, due to the variation in the hardness of the iron. Pairing them by measure with a brass tape is therefore necessary, the diameter being stencilled upon them. There is a vise-shop for finishing work, and a tube-shop where boiler tubes are welded and tested. The larger blacksmith-shop contains twenty-five double forges and seven steam-hammers, two of them of five thousand pounds each, while the smaller shop has twenty double forges and three steam-hammers, and in an annex devoted exclusively to making locomotive springs, there are four forges. In the locomotive-wheel
house the tyres are forced on the wheels and the wheels on the axles by hydraulic pressure, sometimes running as high as eighty tons. In the paint-shop the locomotives are taken in at one end, and gradually moved to the other as the work advances, being taken out finished at the western exit. They are all painted very dark green, the freight-engines relieved by yellow lines and the passenger-engines by gold lines. There are buildings for compressing and storing the gas burned in the passenger-cars. At the east end of the shops is the Round-house where the locomotives coming from Harrisburg go, containing thirty radiating tracks converging to a turn-table fifty feet in diameter. As soon as the engines come into the house they are inspected and small repairs are made, different men taking charge of the locomotive from those who run it upon the road. The central Round-house, which is near the transfer-table at the centre of the shops, has twenty-six radiating tracks, and is used in the repairing and constructing of engines brought from the machine-shop. The third Round-house at the western end of the shops is the largest, and accommodates the locomotives coming from Pittsburgh. It has forty four radiating tracks. These shops are provided with fire patrol and watch, lavatories, etc. There is also a department for physical and chemical tests of all materials as well as finished work, the operations of which are of much interest. Resistance to all sorts of strains is here tested, also resistance to breakage, and to tension in the case of iron bars. In testing the axles, a drop, weighing sixteen hundred and forty pounds, falling twenty-five feet, gives five blows on a passenger-car axle, and the same number on a freight axle, two blows at fifteen feet fall and three at ten feet, the axle being turned half-round after every blow. To make this test one axle is taken at random out of every lot of one hundred, and if it withstands the test they are all accepted; if not, they are all rejected. Lubricants are also tested by trying them on a journal running from three hundred to one thousand revolutions a minute, and having over it brass bearings weighted up to four tons. A pendulum and thermometer note the result. The oils are also tested for gravity and inflammability, 300° being the lowest that will be passed. This department also tests the value of various kinds of coal, the paints, the zinc, and sulphate of copper.
used in the telegraphing service, and also the air taken from passenger-cars, so as to improve their ventilation. These locomotive-shops employ about two thousand three hundred men, and can turn out a hundred locomotives a year, besides repairing as many more. They built eighty-five new locomotives last year.

**Altoona Car-Shops.**

Let us now go down towards the eastern end of the yard, and on the northern side of the main track examine the immense enclosure, with its gigantic Round-house, where the car-constructing and repair-shops are located. They cover over seventy-six acres, with the adjacent shops for the Department of Maintenance of Way. The great Round-house, which is a forty-sided polygon, is the place where freight-cars are built and repaired. It is four hundred and thirty feet in diameter, and has forty radiating tracks converging to a central turn-table sixty-five feet in diameter. This turn-table is not roofed over, but the Round-house has an inner wall, so that it represents a huge ring, with outer and inner walls about one hundred feet apart. There can be one hundred and fourteen freight-cars building in this shop at one time, and five hundred new cars can be turned out in a month, all the materials completed elsewhere being brought here and put together. If there is no new building going on there can be two thousand cars repaired in a month. The passenger-car erecting-shop covers two hundred and ten by one hundred and thirty-three feet, and has five lines of rails, while twenty cars can be building in it at one time, and on an average one new passenger-car can be turned out for every day in the year. The planing-mill is two hundred and twenty-two by seventy-three feet, and contains nearly all the woodworking machines, the rough timber being here made up into the parts required for cars. These machines cut up two million feet of lumber in a month. The sawdust and shavings from them are carried off in galvanized-iron pipes, which go up to tubes running the whole length of the building about twenty feet above the floor. The tubes lead to large trunks which conduct the sawdust and shavings out to two capacious shaving-towers near the boiler-house. Hoppers on the floor collect the sawdust and shavings there, and the motive-power
in all these tubes is a powerful draught of air. This refuse furnishes fuel for the boilers. The blacksmith-shop is three hundred and fifty-eight by seventy-three feet, and contains thirty-four double forges, besides other furnaces for heating bolts and springs. The forges are arranged on the long sides of the building, while in the central space are steam-hammers, punching and bolt-making machines, drilling and shearing machines, and a fan to blow all the fires. A building, three hundred and two by seventy-three feet, accommodates the cabinet-shop, where all the cabinet-work for the passenger-cars is made; the tin-shop, where they make roofs, lamps, water-filters, etc., for the car service; and the machine-shop, where they prepare the axles, bore out the wheels, and cut bolts. There are in this latter shop eleven axle-lathes that will finish fifty axles a day, three wheel-boring machines that will bore one hundred and twenty-five wheels a day; hydraulic presses to force the car-wheels on and draw them off the axles, the pressure going up to forty tons, and also drilling, centring, bolt-cutting, and nut-tapping machines. The car-painting and upholstery shops are in another building, three hundred and sixty-three by seventy-three feet, with four lines of rails that can accommodate twenty-eight passenger-cars. They also paint here all the station boards, mile, and other posts and signs for the road. Here are also painted the canvas linings for the cars, some of which are highly decorated; while a large force work upon upholstery, mainly the making and repairing of cushions for car seats and backs. There is a timber drying-house, sixty-five by thirty feet, steam heat drying the timber, about one hundred and twenty thousand feet being dried every month. The lumber-yard covers twelve acres, and contains great stacks and piles of the various kinds of timber, and with tracks leading to all of them, there being usually about eight million feet on storage, and fifty men engaged in handling it. A good deal of the storage is for finished parts of freight- and passenger-cars kept in stock and ready to put together when needed. The engine-house covers one hundred and five by twenty-eight feet, with a double Corliss engine of two hundred and fifty horse-power, furnishing power for all the machinery in the various shops. A large yard is used for storing wheels and axles, and here the latter are tested by the heavy drop as above described.
There is also a fire-engine-house and a regularly organized fire brigade among the workmen, with water-plugs and hydrants distributed throughout the vast establishment. There are general offices and storehouses, and in these immense car-building works are employed about nineteen hundred men. There is also an ice-house holding twelve hundred tons, where the ice is stored that furnishes the water-coolers on the passenger-trains.

**THE MAGNITUDE OF THE SHOPS.**

Here are the great shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad, although there are many smaller shops at different points on the line, such as West Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Jersey City, etc. They contain at Altoona the greatest plant for building and repairing locomotives and cars that is owned by any railway in the country, and are kept up to the highest point of efficiency. All the locomotives and cars are made according to standard patterns and sizes; and all parts are kept in stock, so that duplicates can always be speedily furnished when wanted on every part of the extensive line. To see these busy shops running at full capacity is one of the sights of the present time, and it gives an idea to the visitor of what a big institution the Pennsylvania Railroad is. It is estimated that out of the twenty thousand population of Altoona there are eighteen thousand persons directly supported by the railroad, for it employs four thousand five hundred men at Altoona, and at four persons to a family this would be eighteen thousand. The other two thousand probably live indirectly off of the eighteen thousand. Besides repairing old work, these shops last year built eighty-five new locomotives, one hundred and six passenger-cars, and three thousand seven hundred and eighty-one freight-cars. Yet the Robeson Farm, which was bought for the station and shops, cost the company originally but ten thousand dollars, and, immense as is the annual product of these shops, it seems almost a bagatelle compared with the entire equipment of the company. It takes, to-day, to conduct the vast traffic of the Pennsylvania Railroad, one thousand and seventy-one locomotives and forty-five thousand five hundred and eighty-two cars. Of the latter, twenty-one thousand four hundred and nine are owned by the company, and twenty-one thousand four
hundred and seventy-three by private individuals and the various Car Trusts that furnish additional equipment for its lines.

In going through these shops the visitor is impressed with the thorough good order and cleanliness everywhere prevailing, and the celerity with which all dirt, rubbish, and refuse materials are got out of the way. Little flower-gardens and lawns are also planted among the machine-shops, giving a most pleasant contrast to their sombreness. When we saw them they were not only running full time, but were so pressed with work that on three nights in the week extra time was made until ten P.M., while the lathe-shops were being illuminated by the Brush electric light on trial. It was amusing to watch the machines bore and cut and shave the iron and steel like so much cheese; to see the new Sellers machine, from Philadelphia, bore out the steam cylinders in half the time taken by the old English machine near by; to go into the tool-room and see the sets of standard tools and gauges, and especially the gauge that measures the one ten-thousandth part of an inch. Then in the erecting-shop there was an engine that had just come from a collision, brought in to be repaired. It was battered front and rear, and looked like a badly-damaged prize-fighter. All railways have to provide for such mishaps, but at Altoona it does not take long to fix things up. We stood beside the new monsters,—the Class K engines,—of which eight are now running,—with their enormous power and six-feet-eight-inch drivers and steam reversing gear, not unlike the steam steering apparatus on board ship,—and are drawing the fast trains between Philadelphia and New York. The cleanliness and good order of the shops are repeated at the stations and everywhere along the line. The railway operatives move like clock-work, and the new "Track Indicator," which came out to be looked at, runs over the line in charge of a sharp Philadelphia boy, and registers every unevenness and inequality of the track, making its mark on a broad band of paper in the form of an erratic diagram, not unlike the records of the ups and downs of President Garfield's pulse.

THE VIEW FROM GOSPEL HILL.

The Logan House has on its eastern side a pretty lawn with flower-beds and a terrace at the back. Here, as well as on
the piazzas, the guests can sit under the trees, within a few yards of the railway, and watch the endless procession of cars go by. A daily average of two thousand one hundred cars passes in front of the house, and many to whom a railway acts like a charm with its moving trains, go there for a summer resort. Yet the great traffic moves quietly and swiftly, without any apparent regulation, and with the completest order in every respect. Altoona, beyond the shops and the railroad, has not much to show the visitor. It has a hilly set of streets, badly paved in some parts and mostly with wooden sidewalks. These streets, when the hills get too steep for ordinary methods, do not hesitate to climb flights of not the most secure steps. Some of the rows of houses on the hillside are set twenty feet above the street they front upon, and rather rickety stairways lead up to the stoops. We explored one of these regions out past the pasture where Mr. Robert Riddle’s two dogs, “Rover” and “Minus,” watch his single cow, taking care of her all day and bringing her home to be milked in the evening. “Minus” is tailless, and hence his name, but though he has lost the power of wagging, his name has been inscribed in the annals of local fame in the Altoona Tribune.

We then climbed to the top of Gospel Hill, and got a glorious view for miles away. Here, standing on the Allegheny Mountain side, we saw the city spread out at our feet, its houses scattered over a long narrow strip of ground on the sloping sides of the valley, with the railroad, and its shops and great buildings, spread along the centre. Far away to the southward in the background was the dark green ridge known as Brush Mountain, with the notch in it called the Kettle, through which could be seen the grayer and more distant mountains behind. Turning to the northward, was seen the distant slope of the Allegheny Mountains, rising higher than any of the others, as they spread out, a series of flat-topped mountains, far away to the southwest, with the sun setting in the clouds behind. Such is Altoona, and the distant bell and whistle and the long lines of smoke far down in the valley tell the story of the railway that has brought this busy city out of the wilderness.
XXVIII.

THE BELL'S GAP RAILROAD.

CLIMBING THE ALLEGHENIES.

Seven miles east of Altoona the little stream known as Laurel Run flows under the Pennsylvania Railroad, and, after turning the wheels of some flour-mills not far away from the line, it runs eastward to join the head-waters of the Juniata. This little stream comes down a precipitous valley from the Allegheny Mountain side. At the railway the station is known as Bell's Mills, and at the head of the valley is one of the notches cut in the mountain summit, known as Bell's Gap. A narrow-gauge railroad climbs the mountain along the steep sides of this valley, and, crossing through Bell's Gap, goes over into Clearfield County to bring away its wealth of coal and lumber and bark for tanning. Twice a year Philadelphia is reminded of the existence of this railroad by announcements of the payment of interest on its bonds, but very few know that its short route of nine miles up the mountain discloses some of the wildest and grandest scenery in America. It twists around short curves and runs over break-neck trestles, and climbs a grade sometimes of one hundred and sixty to two hundred feet to the mile, the powerful little engines, built by the Baldwin Works, hauling up heavy loads, with many a snort and strain; but they all slide down the mountain with the greatest ease. For terrific sensations, wild scenery, and an idea of what railroading can do, this is the road to take. You will be rewarded by the time you are through.

We found the railway staff on this three-foot-wide road, when it was visited, engaged in coaxing a big coal-car back to the track, which had assumed a rather wayward career, and in this task three locomotives and sundry logs of wood and jack-screws were assisting. While waiting for the coal-car to behave itself, we studied one of the expedients by which freight carrying was simplified on this line. They bring down the laden car, run it on an ingeniously constructed frame-work,
take out the narrow-gauge trucks, and put in standard-gauge trucks. The process occupies about twenty minutes, and then the car can be sent to its destination by the Pennsylvania Railroad. The wayward coal-car having kindly permitted itself to be persuaded back to the track, and the line being thus cleared, we started on our journey up the mountain in a little observation-car, open at the sides, and with seats much like our city summer passenger-cars. It was put on the end of a freight- and passenger-train, and was designated a “special car,” upon which the residents of Bell’s Mills gazed with proper respect. The other passengers, chiefly coal-miners and timber-cutters, took their places in the regular train, save one old lady who had just arrived from Wales, and was bound for her daughter’s home at Lloydsville, on top of the mountain. No one had come to meet her, and she left her big sea-chest in the station while she went up the mountain to reconnoitre. She rode with us, and had no fears of breaking her neck on the journey, but looking askance at the wild and unsettled aspect of the country, she did express great fears of not getting enough to eat up in such a rough place as that. Then we started, and, aided by the knowledge of a friendly brakesman, began exploring the mountain-pass. As we steamed along on the comparatively level land at the entrance to the valley, Brush Mountain rose grandly behind us. We ran away from it, however, up the valley towards the northwest, directly at the face of the high green wood-clad mountain in front, in which a deep fissure was cut by nature. We moved at first over the farm-land in the bottom of the valley. Then we began rising up-hill, and twisting round sharp curves, and running over high trestles, crossing deep valleys, down which little brooks flowed over the stones. We entered the fissure, which on approaching had broadened into a wide gorge, and as the train climbed the side, great hills uncovered their tops around us, all tree-clad to their summits. The road wound in and out, but rose steadily upward, and the scenery became very like the much-praised Vosges of France and Jura of Switzerland. We toiled through the red sandstone, for in many places the roadway was cut out of the solid rock, and as the engine puffed and strained in going up the hill the passengers jumped off wherever it suited their convenience without troubling the conductor to stop the train.
The railroad gradually mounted the eastern side of the precipitous Laurel Run Valley, and, as we toiled upward, far ahead and above could be seen a jutting precipice, around which the road wound like a streak, and which is called Point Lookout. We saw it away across the abyss, and it took three miles of winding roadway to reach it. Down in the valley, far beneath us, was an occasional house. We went over the ticklish Collier trestle which curved around as it crossed a narrow but deep valley; and having doubts of the trestle's lasting, they are building a solid roadway farther up, which will soon be put into use. From this elevated perch we can see far down the valley up which we came, and look back at the mountains we passed. Then steadily upward through the forests we climb, twisting and turning and watching our goal at Point Lookout. The ground is full of stumps and stones and strewn with the trunks of fallen trees. Some of the trees are enormous pines,—straight and noble sticks that would make magnificent ship masts. We pass now and then a rough wood cabin by the roadside,—one labelled "Boarding House." The train stops whenever desired at these cabins by the few women who are on board. Another scare-crow trestle bending around carries us over Shaw Run, where they are building a saw-mill to work up the timber, and this carrying the road to the other side of the valley, we moved directly upward towards Point Lookout. The noble trees stand up on the mountain-side below us, and we can see far over their heads. This is the primitive forest, wild beyond all imagination, and as we mount to Point Lookout the view becomes unspeakably grand. Far beneath us on the other side of the valley, is the road up which we have climbed, and as we go around the Point and come out on the face of the precipice we open up a superb landscape down the valley towards Brush Mountain, from which we came. We run through a shower as the sun shines on the hills below us and far away, for storms are of easy manufacture on these mountain-tops. We have mounted almost to the summit of the range, getting nearly to the level of the peaks above, but still toil upward after rounding the Point, and move along the side of a higher valley. Range
after range of flat-topped and forest-covered mountains are around us, the magnificent spruce and pines standing everywhere. Fires have gone through in some places and scorched and blackened their trunks, while rough and broken stones strew the ground.

**THE RHODODENDRON PARK.**

There are saw-mills up here, hid away in the woods, that cut this timber into boards for shipment. Great lumber-piles surround them. Whenever the train stops all the passengers stand up and look around, and so does the entire population of the mountain-top,—which is not numerous. Thus, in the midst of a forest, we cross the summit of the mountain, and rattle along at a quick pace on the level ground, the little cars surging and jumping about on the narrow road. Reaching Lloyds ville, on the mountain-top, our little observation-car, grandly named the "Val H alla," lands us at the Rhododendron Park. Here, among the laurel bushes, in this wild and romantic region on the top of the Alleghenies they have established a lovely picnic-ground, to which Altoona pleasure-parties like to go. There cannot be imagined a prettier place than this Park. A little spring comes out of the rocks near the railway, and the brook flowing from it runs through a grove of enormous trees. The water is dammed into miniature lakes, into which little islands have been put, whereon sweet flowers grow. Rustic bridges have been thrown across the water, some of them merely the trunks of trees that lay just as the axe has felled them. A little fountain plashes into a rustic basin in front of a pavilion, where refuge can be taken from the rain-storms that sometimes come so quickly, and where there is a platform for the orchestra to lead the dance, or for the orator to exhibit himself upon. The cold spring-water supplies all the wants of the thirsty in this elevated elysium, and rustic tables are scattered under the trees, whereon the lunch-baskets can have their contents spread when the keen mountain air has created an early appetite. Here on the top of the Alleghenies, in one of its wildest and loneliest parts, has been made this Paradise for the picknicker of "Little Blair" County. It is about eleven hundred feet higher than Bell’s Mills, and probably two thousand three hundred feet above tide-water. The laurel bushes, some of
immense size, surround the Park, and when all the rhodo-
dendrons are in full bloom it is a magnificent sight. Yet,
how many Philadelphians know that such a place exists,
or that it is within the compass of a few hours' journey from
the Delaware?

SLIDING DOWN THE ALLEGHENY MOUNTAIN.

When the time came to be reluctantly torn away from this
beautiful spot we got on our little "Val Halla" again, and the
locomotive came behind us and pushed the car out over the
summit, so that we could go down the mountain by gravity.
They don't usually run their trains this way, but this was done
to show how easy a thing it is to slide down the mountain.
Passing the summit, the locomotive stopped and then went
back to Lloydsville after the rest of the train. Then we began
running down the mountain, around the curves and through
the woods and over the trestles, at times attaining high speed.
The sensation, as our little car danced along the track, was
startling at times, but Mr. Superintendent Ford held the brake,
and we felt confidence in his wish not to have crape hung out
on the Ledger building just yet. As we passed swiftly by
the wild-flowers on the hill-side and the profusion of coal that
has been dropped from the cars along the roadway, and gradu-
ally emerged from the forest, the grand view far away down
the valley and across the mountains opened before us. We
came out around Point Lookout, and if we had run off the
track, would have crashed a thousand feet down the precipice.
The sensation was startling. We halted a moment on the
brink and looked far away over the deep valley of Laurel Run
and among its surrounding mountain-peaks, the view being
closed in the distance by the gray sides of Brush Mountain,
seven miles away. The stream could be heard purling along
in the valley as we stopped to pick the huckleberries over-
hanging the railway. Then we started again on the slide down
this exciting hill, with the railway winding far ahead of us, a
long, twisting streak beneath our feet, over on the other side
of the valley. As the car rushes along, the mountain air blows
sharply in our faces, and thus we cross Shaw Run trestle,
ninety feet high, with the brook running beneath, and the
timber-cutters rolling logs down the hill-side.

Again we stop a moment after an exciting race down a piece
of straight track, to show how completely the car is under control. Everything around is silent, excepting the running of the water in the valley below. We turn around and look backward across and far up the valley to Lookout Point, where a locomotive with a train of coal-cars is winding snake-like along the streak of roadway to make a long chase after us down the hill. But it will have to run three miles to catch us, and we start up again, and through the woods and down the hill and around the curves at high speed, with the cloud-shadows floating over the mountain-side and the cold air fanning our beaming faces. Crossing the curved Collier trestle five stories high, we run high above the saw-mill in the valley. Up on the mountain, far over our heads, a venturesome farmer has planted a field of wheat in a little clearing among the trees. In the lower part of the valley, as we run down towards it, there are several farms, with corn growing, the land being cleared to a considerable extent. Approaching Bell's Mills again, the smoke of the passing trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad can be seen, spreading upward apparently against the dark side of Brush Mountain. We rush at high speed down a stretch of straight track along the sloping bottom of the valley. The car runs by gravity all the way out to the end of the road, where they have a pretty little brick church near the station among the trees, and plenty of flowers growing on the sloping sides of the Pennsylvania Railway embankment. Few people know of this extraordinary gorge up the Alleghenies, yet here it is, combining most of the glories and grandeur and all of the exciting sensations of Mount Washington or the Rigi Kulm. It is not got up on such a prodigious scale, perhaps, but for the mountain-climber it presents that great desideratum for all beginners,—a little one to learn on.
Having spent a little time at Altoona and in its neighborhood, let us cross the Allegheny Mountain by the Pennsylvania Railway, over the magnificent road which is one of the greatest triumphs of engineering skill in the world. We get on the open observation-car at the end of the train of Pullman coaches, and two powerful locomotives draw us up the hill. The start is made quietly and without any commotion, yet "on time," and we are soon speeding away out of Altoona up a grade of ninety feet to the mile, and can actually feel the powerful engines draw us up the ascent. The line runs south-west past the shops and cars, and under the bridge at the western end of the town, along the base of the mountain, as it were, but steadily ascending the hill. The road winds about over high banks and through deep cuttings, with the dark Brush Mountain far away to the left, a rain-storm being on this side of it, the clouds passing across the face of the mountain. As the train steadily rises, the valley alongside appears to be sinking, for the road is mounting the hill-side, and a distant jutting mountain-spur shuts out the view of Brush Mountain. We twist about with the curves and can see our two locomotives as we round the bends in the road, puffing and laboring at the head of the train, and throwing out clouds of black smoke. The strong but small-wheeled "Modoc" at the head moves its machinery more rapidly than the stately passenger engine, but both do their full share of pulling. The road rises along the edge of the precipice, and we get a grand view across the deep valley to the southward, while far away and high up on the other side can be seen the railway over which we are to go, with trains moving like little specks upon it. To get the necessary elevation to carry the railway across the Allegheny, the engineers have taken it up the northern side
of a deep valley, which runs far into the mountain and there divides into two smaller valleys, with an immense jutting crag between. Streams of water run down both the smaller valleys and unite in the larger one. Having constructed the railroad to the place where the larger valley divides, it is brought around by a horseshoe bend, crosses each of the smaller valleys on an enormous curved embankment, with an archway beneath to let the rivulet through, has its route hewn out of the face of the jutting crag between, and then retraces its way on a steadily higher line, eastward, on the southern side of the larger valley. Thus, by the doubling system, the engineers have secured in a comparatively short space a great elevation, and the exciting scene can be imagined as we move along one side of the valley, and see our roadway with its running trains far across on the other side, with a broad, deep chasm between. The sweeping curve around the head of the larger valley is known as the "Horseshoe," and the jutting crag on the face of which the curve is partly hewn is Kittanning Point. Just here is the highest grade in ascending the mountain, about ninety-seven feet to the mile. Here also stands a signal-man waving his white flag, and his house, set on the front of the crag, where a flat space has been hewn out, is a little Swiss chalet, a complete reproduction of the diminutive toy-houses one gets from the land of William Tell, even to the stones put on the roof to hold the thatch down,—though in this case the little house is shingled. Around it is a small lawn and flower-garden, a blooming Paradise among the rocks and trees of the rough mountain. The railroad hands have tried to sod the sides of the enormous embankments here, but find it almost impossible to keep the sods there, as the intense cold of winter freezes out the grass, and the heavy rains, washing down the hill-sides, sweep the soil away. This famous Kittanning Point is on the ancient Indian trail known as the Kittanning Path, where the Indians carried their canoes over the mountain when they made a long journey between the Ohio and Juniata Valleys. Thus closely have the modern engineers followed the original road-makers among the red men. As we round the great "Horseshoe" curve, we can look down upon the two rivulets uniting to form the little stream far below among the trees, which gives Altoona its water-supply, but can scarcely believe that in the six
miles we have come from the town the road has risen over five hundred feet.

ALLEGRIPPUS AND ITS VIEW.

Retracing our route, apparently, we are now running along the southern side of the valley, still mounting higher and higher, with the road over which our train has come stretched out far away below us on the other side of the abyss. There is a view far down the valley, over the wood-topped hills, towards Altoona, and, having run for three miles steadily higher and higher along the precipice, we round its outermost point, and turn southwest again into another but much higher gorge running into the mountain. Here is Allegrippus, famed for its noble view across the mountain-ranges and for the stupendous character of the work necessary to carry the railway along the edge of the precipice. There is no limit to this grand view, as there seems to be almost no limit to the depths down which we might be hurled were the cars to leave the track. Broad ranges of mountains spread far away to the eastward, one beyond the other, with clouds hanging over them, and the hazy horizon closing the view miles beyond Altoona, whose smokes seem far beneath us. Then we run up the second gorge, a long distance through woods, with the extra engines that have hauled up preceding trains running down the hill past us, with clanging bells, on the east-bound tracks. As we go along, the mountains seem to sink, for we are approaching their tops, but the bottom of the gorge is far below, and over on the green sloping mountain-side beyond the gorge can be traced the Portage road, most of it like the modern railway, hewn out of the rocks to get a passage. As we twist in and out on the curves and through the cuttings, the passengers can study geology and the dip of the stratified rocks. The valley is very deep, with a muddy stream far below among the trees, among which there is an occasional cleared field, where they are trying to raise a crop, but find it hard work. There are a few rude cabins, and, excepting that there are no goats browsing among the stones on the mountain-side, and that the trees grow more thickly here, the place might be imagined a part of the Alps in Switzerland. Farther up towards the head of the valley there is an iron-furnace, with its outlying slag-
heaps and the workmen's shanties, some of the latter looking rather forlorn for want of paint. This is Bennington Furnace, where there are seven coal-pits, and the coke-ovens and charcoal-heaps, in full blast, make a lurid glare and terrible smoke. Coal is mined at the summit of the mountain almost.

A short distance farther on, the train rushes into the darkness of the great tunnel at the summit, upon the top of which some houses are built, so that the train runs through the bowels of the earth beneath them. The boundary-line between Blair and Cambria Counties is laid out along the top of the Allegheny Mountain range, so that, having entered the tunnel in Blair, we emerge in Cambria County, at Gallitzin. It is a long tunnel, and as we rush through in the open car, the smoke and steam surround us, while the railway-hands with their lanterns prowl about the inmost recesses as the train darts by. This great work at the top of the mountain is two hundred and forty-eight miles from Philadelphia, and is about three thousand six hundred feet long, or more than two-thirds of a mile. The summit rises about two hundred and ten feet above it, and at the western end of the tunnel is the highest elevation reached by the Pennsylvania Railroad, two thousand one hundred and sixty-one feet above tide-water, the place at which it crosses the mountain being nearly two thousand four hundred feet high. While yet in the tunnel, our "Modoc" engine at the head of the train, which had done such good pulling in coming up the hill, left us. It darted ahead and out of the tunnel, and off on a siding, where it turned around and was ready to go down the mountain again and help bring up another train.

THE PRELATE-PRINCE GALLITZIN.

Just at the western end of the great tunnel is Gallitzin, the highest station on the railway, and named in honor of Prince Gallitzin, who did so much for the earlier settlers of Cambria County. This county is the elevated table-land between the top of the Allegheny Mountain and the ridge to the westward known as Laurel Hill, and it includes the latter. While the eastern slope of the Allegheny range is abrupt and rugged, the western descent is comparatively
gentle, and as the muddy stream in the valley bottom, which we saw just before entering the tunnel, sought the Juniata, so that its waters might flow through the Susquehanna into the Atlantic, so now we are no sooner out of the tunnel on the western side, than a diminutive rivulet appears by the roadside, whose waters go down through the Conemaugh to the Ohio, and thence by the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. But this is not all, for almost at Gallitzin and north of the railway rises the Clearfield Creek, which is a tributary of the west branch of the Susquehanna, and, after a long detour northward, gets through the mountains and flows into Chesapeake Bay. The west branch itself rises not far from Ebensburg, the Cambria County seat, eleven miles from Cresson. The Pennsylvania Railroad takes the route by the Conemaugh Valley to get down the mountain on the western side, yet so elevated is this region that at one place on the branch railroad to Ebensburg can be seen on the one side a stream flowing to the Gulf, and on the other side one flowing to the Atlantic.

At Loretto, five miles from Cresson, was the earliest settlement in Cambria County, and Michael McGuire was the first venturesome individual who went there to live among the savages, in 1790. His nearest neighbor was Thomas Blair, who lived at Blair's Gap, twelve miles away, on the top of the mountain, where the old Portage road afterwards went over. The new portage, which was abandoned almost as soon as built, came through a tunnel, emerging near the present railway tunnel at Gallitzin. McGuire and Blair, with the few companions who joined them, fought Indians and wild beasts, and led lives of constant peril, until the great missionary priest, Prince Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin, appeared at Loretto, under the humble name of Smith. During forty years he labored among the mountains, building, in 1799, a rude log chapel. His father was Prince Gallitzin, of Russia, and his mother was the daughter of Frederick the Great's field-marshal, General De Schmelten. He was born in 1770, at Munster, in Germany, and died in 1840, at Loretto, where his remains are buried in front of the Roman Catholic Church, a monument marking the spot. He was educated for the army, but, arriving in Baltimore in 1792, he renounced the military life for which he had been
destined by his parents, and entered the church under the care and counsel of the venerable Bishop Carroll. He spent his fortune as well as his life in building up Loretto, on the frontier, where he gathered a population of three or four thousand people, chiefly Irish and Germans. This settlement, named after the city on the Adriatic, was the foundation of Cambria County, and during thirty years of his ministry he lived there in a small log hut. But the coal- and iron-mines attracted the Welsh subsequently, and that thrifty race founded Ebensburg, and gave their country's name of Cambria to the county.

We leave Gallitzin and at once begin descending the mountain, going past the branch railways leading to the extensive coal-mines in the neighborhood, for the entire country as far west as Pittsburg is underlaid with bituminous coal. We descend the hill with accelerated speed and all brakes on. The scenery is by no means so grand as on the eastern slope, and the railway winds its route down the mountain, the coal-measures appearing in the sides of almost all the cuttings through the rocks. Before going very far we come in sight of the fine new hotel at Cresson Springs, with its pointed spires and peaked centre roof, standing at the top of a sloping lawn behind a grove of trees. Having come fifteen miles over the mountain the train stops, and the open observation-car is taken off. Extensive coal-mining goes on in this neighborhood also, and a branch railway runs to Ebensburg, eleven miles away.

XXX.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THE CRESSON SPRINGS.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, just before it reaches the station at Cresson, crosses a country road on a fine single-arched stone bridge. Near by flows a rivulet, one of the sources of the Conemaugh, and down to this brook run the waters from St. Ignatius' Spring, not far away on the lawn in front of the
Mountain House. This magnesia spring, named in memory of Ignatius Adams, one of the pioneer settlers, who formerly owned the ground on which it issues, together with an iron spring and an alum spring, about a mile back of the hotel, make the "Cresson Springs," whose medicinal waters are a great attraction for the visitors to this famous place. In the olden time, when the Portage Railroad crossed the mountain, and Hollidaysburg was in its glory, its Mountain House was the terminus of canal and afterwards of railway travel at the eastern base of the Alleghenies. But when the Pennsylvania route was opened by the Gallitzin tunnel, and the Logan House, at Altoona, took away the traffic at Hollidaysburg, with the abandonment of the Portage road the Mountain House had lost its occupation. So they took it to pieces, and, bringing it over the mountain, set it up at Cresson Springs. It was a famous hostelrie in its day, with the outlying colony of cottages, and became so popular that the custom outgrew it. The old and familiar house was taken down after last season had closed, and bits of it appear in the neighboring villages, where the inhabitants have set them up for stylish houses. A magnificent new Mountain House has been built at Cresson this season, the Pennsylvania Railroad investing about two hundred thousand dollars in the enterprise.

There are about four hundred acres of land in the lawns, gardens, and groves around this new hotel, and its attractions are such that it has been filled with visitors ever since the opening. About seven hundred visitors sat down at the dinner-table when I was there, and the young manager, Mr. W. D. Tyler, was at his wits' end to know how to accommodate all who wished to come. He manages this hotel and the Logan House at Altoona, together, and the difficulties of knowing how to "keep a hotel" are increased by the fact that almost all the supplies have to be drawn from Philadelphia. It is like an army gone out in the wilderness with its base of supplies two hundred and fifty-two miles away. The new hotel is a magnificent structure in the Queen Anne style, but they have rather interfered with its beauty to cheapen the first cost by putting a peaked roof in the centre instead of the ornamental dome that properly belongs there. This peak, however, will come down, and something replace it which is
more in keeping with the four conical spires flanking it, all having surmounting weathercocks, no two of them pointing in the same direction. The roof-sides and upper walls are shingled in colors, and the house has ponderous stone foundations, being built to stay a long time in its lofty mountain home. There are ample piazzas all around, and underneath them in front the nurses have taken possession with their perambulators,—this locality being known as "Baby-coachtown." The English sparrows have also come all the way out from Philadelphia and established a colony here, who have their hands full at fighting the native birds. Nestling in the shady groves around the house are about twenty-five cottages, making quite a large settlement. To these the surplus guests overflow from the hotel. A pleasant board walk leads down to St. Ignatius' Spring, while on the grounds are encamped a colony of Indians, who gain a civilized living by making bows, baskets, and bead-work, and selling them to the guests, while the little folks look on in awe in momentary expectation of being scalped.

Sitting on the broad piazza in the early morning, just as the sun comes peeping over the Alleghenies to the eastward, the view is charming. Everything is quiet, the solemn silence broken only by the singing of the birds, for the guests who were so lively at last night's hop have not yet crawled out of bed. The sky is perfectly clear, though the low clouds hang over the valley down in front of the sloping lawn, along which the railway runs far below, but we can see over these little clouds to the forest on the hill beyond. Scarcely any wind is blowing, for there is hardly breeze enough to carry away the steam from the locomotive standing on the railway just beyond the little bridge, and it hangs in a huge cloud-bank over the smoke-stack. All the lower grounds are covered with the little fleecy clouds, that gradually condense and dissipate before the rising sun. All is serene and silent about the house, excepting where a guest may have strayed out to saunter down the footwalks to the spring or the railway station; or a servant may be attending to the early morning cleansing on the steps and porches. But the birds are thoroughly alive in all the surrounding groves, and are singing merrily in every direction. The lawn, with its overhanging trees, slopes down to the railway; and beyond, where there
is farm-land, the ground slopes up again to a forest, which closes the view, all the fields on the hill-side being divided by neat white fences. The surface on this portion of the Allegheny Mountain top is gently rolling, and the scene a little later in the morning, when life has been reawakened about the house and the flag has been raised on the tall staff in front, and the young people have come out to play lawn-tennis and the babies to roll about in hammocks, or on the grass, and the loungers have set out their chairs under the trees, is bewitching. The trains run in endless procession along the railway,—those westward-bound going swiftly down the hill, while the east-bound trains toil laboriously up, with locomotives pushing as well as pulling. It is an August morning, but the air is keen, and inside the spacious halls the more delicate guests cluster around the cheerful blaze in the open English fireplaces, wood being plenty up here to make a good old-fashioned fire. In the centre of the hall, set up in capacious coolers, are all the mineral waters of the place, with those of Bedford and Minnequa Springs. You can take your choice and your medicine to suit; the less you need them probably the more you drink. The guests solemnly step up to this congregation of water-coolers and take their morning drinks,—not without grimaces, perhaps, as they detect the ancient, rusty, tin-can flavor in the product of the iron spring, or have their labial muscles drawn awry by the alum-water, but they protest they relish it. Like the love for beer and spirits, possibly, this is an acquired taste, but the fluid in these coolers, taste it well or ill, has made most of the fame of Cresson Springs. Dr. Jackson, who first discovered their medicinal value, spent years in building up his Sanitarium here, which was the original hotel, and still stands, not far from the station. He labored to establish at Cresson "a grand sanitarium, where the mentally and physically diseased dwellers in those moral excrescences in the body politic—great cities—could come and be cured by the action of God's pure air and water." The medical philanthropist succeeded, and the great cities still send out their cohorts to his Sanitarium.

THE OLD PORTAGE ROAD.

About a mile south of Cresson runs the line of the abandoned Portage Railroad, now used as a wagon-road, and
said to be the best highway in all this country. I took a
ride out to see it, going over a rough, stony wagon-track
through the woods to reach the place. This is not a famous
agricultural region; they cannot raise much good crops on
the rough and broken ground, and rarely attempt to plant
wheat or corn. What little they raise is oats, rye, or buck-
wheat, the cold and general sterility starving the other crops.
There are little cabins along the wagon-track at intervals,
and the cows with their tinkling bells wander around at will.
We reach the Portage road after some rough riding, and find
it a fine and almost level highway with the great square
blocks of stone, to which, in the earlier days, they fastened
the railroad tracks, still there in four long rows. We drive
along the level between Planes 4 and 5, on the smooth road,
occasionally jolting over these big stones. Sheep were pas-
turing, and pigs wallowing in the mud-holes, but there were
few travellers on the once famous highway. The farmers as
we passed were threshing in primitive style with flails, and
we drove to the head of Plane No. 4 and looked down the in-
ecline to the level below and far away. Some of the remains of
the old engine-house which furnished the power to draw the
cars up still remained at the summit. Turning about we
drove along the level to Plane No. 5. Down in the valley to
the westward could be seen the Pennsylvania Railroad, with
here and there the black exit of an abandoned coal-mine in
the hill-side. So backward is the season up here that the
oats were still green, and some of the clearings were yet
almost covered with field daisies, though it was August. The
sheep appear to thrive up here among the stones, as they can
get a living on ground where anything else would starve.
Thus we rode along the two miles of the Portage on the
"level," which had a gently descending grade, and found
that the blackberries, which had disappeared on the low-
lands, were still red and just ripening on this elevated land.
Not far from this part of the road are the Cresson Iron and
Alum Springs. A short walk leads up to them, where they
come out of the hill-side. The Iron Spring has been pro-
tected by a little shed, and its waters run down over the
stones, making them look as if covered with iron-rust. Quite
a flow comes from this spring. The Alum Spring bubbles out
at the foot of a beautiful green tree near by, whose roots it
laves. The current also discolors the ground over which it runs with iron-rust. The region around these famous medicinal springs looks rather desolate, with a few scattered cabins, and a hill beyond sloping upwards to a wood of stunted trees. But patriotism rules even up here, and a flag flies on top of one of the cabins in front of the springs. My little girl takes copious draughts of the alum water, explaining that she has been informed it is good for a sore throat. She don’t make a very wry face, but says it tastes better than the iron-spring alongside, which is "horrible." Why is it that in this world all healthy things are so bad tasted? The two springs unite their waters in a small stream, and this flows towards Cresson to join the headwaters of the Conemaugh, thence running down to medicate the people at Johnstown and along that famous river the Kiskimininetas. A pleasant walk of a mile through the woods has been laid out between these springs and the hotel.

Continuing our drive, we crawl up Plane No. 5, towards the summit of the mountain. This inclined plane is about a half-mile long, and rises two hundred feet. The road is rough, for the rains on the top of the mountain have made a water-course of the hill and washed all the dirt off the stones. The age of the Portage road is demonstrated by the big trees, growing out of the rocky sides of the cuttings, some of which are very deep, and almost covered with running vines. At the top of this inclined plane are some little houses, and a hotel or two, making the village of Summitville, with a little graveyard, full of white tombstones. We drive for a mile and a half along the elevated road towards the top of the mountain. All the children by the roadside look healthy. They may be ragged, but they thrive on the mountain air, and our driver tells us that the only cause of death up here is old age. We reach the highest point to which a wagon can drive on top of the Alleghenies, and get a grand view over the mountain peaks northward, extending for eighteen miles, at which distance a church-steeple can be seen. The view is restricted, however; everything around seems as high as your own elevated perch, and this spoils much of the magnificence. The extreme top of the mountain, to which we go along a by-road, is mostly wooded, with a few fields fenced in, where the children are
picking berries, the chief crop on the mountain top. We leave the road and drive along a narrow path across the top of the mountain, through the thick woods, and among the logs and stones and dense undergrowth of the primitive forest. It is one of the finest rides through wild-wood scenery the visitor can take. Beautiful ferns and wild-flowers grow on all sides, but we could scarcely look at them, our heads were kept so busy at dodging the overhanging vines and branches, which occasionally scratched the face or whisked off a hat. The mountain path brought us out on the Portage again, and we went farther along it on the summit, still through the wood, with the grass and mosses, in places, almost covering the roadway. There were beautiful vista views through the trees, and the smell of the green spruce and pine foliage, deepened by the dew and borne on the cool air, was delicious. Again we came out at the edge of the mountain, and could see as far as eyesight could carry over the hazy hills far off to the north. Returning through Summitville, we get a sight of its pleasant houses and the Catholic church, with a pretty flower garden in front of the priest’s house. This is said to be the only church on the mountain-top, and seeing it is a reminder of how carefully that church looks after the religious training of its flock in all out-of-the-way places. Not far away is the “Mountain Brewery,” for they must have beer, even on top of the Alleghenies. Returning by the wagon road, we come into the hotel grounds again, with the fresh air blowing briskly as we pass the rows of outlying cottages, and drive up to the porch, where the ladies are knitting and the gentlemen indulging in small-talk in groups on the grounds and piazzas.
XXXI.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

DOWN THE CONEMAUGH.

We will to-day leave the pleasant house at Cresson to continue our westward journey down the Allegheny Mountain side. The train we take runs steadily down grade, but the slope is not so steep as on the eastern side of the mountain, nor is the scenery so grand. We run through much woods, upon which, however, the farmers' clearings are making steady inroads. Coal underlies the whole country, and the stations are chiefly outlets for the coal-mines. Such are Sonnan and Portage, Summerhill and South Fork, and in most places the coal-mining is varied with timber-cutting, and the saw-mills are making their board piles and reducing the forests by the process. We soon skirt along the upper waters of the Conemaugh, steadily growing into a broader stream on our right hand as the train swiftly runs down the gradual slope of the mountain. The railway makes some grand sweeping bends around the edges of the hills and goes through frequent cuttings as the engineers have carved its way among the rocks. There are wild gorges running up into the mountains, and as the stream becomes wider there are more signs of general settlement as we run through a region that seems an almost continuous coal measure. As we go around the curves the long Pullman coaches swing about at a lively rate, for we are running at high speed on the Chicago express, darting frequently over a bridge across our close companion the Conemaugh. The black holes that go into the coal-mines are detected among the woods on the hill-sides, with little villages of workmen's houses near by and a branch railway usually running up to receive the coal. In some cases the coal comes down long inclined planes built upon the mountain. Heavy coal-trains, with engines pushing, are passed on the east-bound tracks, toiling up the mountain. In some places the rapidly flowing river falls more quickly than the railway, although
we are on a steady down grade. Thus we come to Mineral Point, where large amounts of fire-clay are mined, and near it cross the Conemaugh at an elevation of eighty feet on a beautiful stone viaduct with a single span. The scenery, which has been rather tame, now becomes more attractive. Beautiful vistas open, and we glide among higher hills and deeper gorges. Five miles beyond the viaduct we run into the town of Conemaugh, with its furnaces, and its two villages set on either bank of the river, between the high ranges of hills, and a great aggregation of cars on the spreading tracks. This station is regarded as the base of the western slope of the mountain, as Altoona is on the eastern side. Here the extra "pushers" are put on to help the heavy trains up the hill. It was an important place in the days of the Portage, when the transfer was here made from the railway to the canal. Now it is more a suburb of Johnstown than an independent region, its iron and coal industries being carried on by the Cambria Iron Company of that place.

KICKENAPAWLING'S OLD TOWN.

Two miles farther on our train stops at Johnstown, amid its great iron-mills and mountains of slag, while coal and iron and piles of rails are in profusion all around. Here is the Cambria Iron Company, the greatest iron and steel mining and manufacturing corporation in the United States, if not in the world. It employs seven thousand persons and does an annual business of ten millions. Its shares are quoted far above par. Its mines and furnaces spread over three counties. The Conemaugh Valley here is narrow, being but a few hundred feet wide, and bounded by high hills. In the hill to the westward are vast deposits of semi-bituminous coal, exposed to view, which make most excellent coke. On the other side of the valley, in the hill to the southward are veins of iron ore, coal, and limestone. Nature carved out this place especially for the Welsh miners and metal-workers to come here and grow rich upon her treasures. They have a great company owning over fifty thousand acres of coal and iron lands, with sixty acres covered by the works at Johnstown, that turn out over one hundred thousand tons of iron and steel yearly. The company has its own railways, broad and narrow gauge, for use in the works and mines, covering
thirty-six miles of track and employing eleven locomotives of all sizes, from the largest down to a little fellow only four feet high, called the "Dwarf." This iron city of to-day is on the picturesque site of the Indian settlement at the junction of Stoney Creek with the Conemaugh, and known as "Kickenapawling's Old Town," two hundred and seventy-six miles from Philadelphia. When the venturesome whites came across the Alleghenies, there was among them Joseph Jahns, a hardy German, who settled here ninety years ago, and gave the place his name. As the Welsh came in they soon changed Jahnstown to Johnstown, and the thrift that started from the State works was continued by the iron company, and the railway that subsequently came along. All the trade to and from the West originally floated past here along the Conemaugh to the Allegheny, and thence to the Ohio River.

The train starts up again and takes us out of town past the great mills seen to advantage across the river, and down the valley where it broadens, and there are some farms on the level land. The scenery is superb as we swing around the curves and get fine views along the river reaches. Passing the fire-brick works at Sheridan, the valley narrows again, with high hills on either hand, and thus we pass through Sang Hollow, where the signal-tower is built on top of the station, but there is scarcely another house in sight. The scenery is magnificent, the dense vegetation everywhere blooming into tropical luxuriance on the hills and in the narrow valley. As we speed along, the opposite hill slopes upward, covered with primitive forest to its top. We run through the narrow pass for a long distance, the stream alongside being shallow and full of rocks, while here and there a big boulder has rolled down the hill and stands up in the water. We pass the abandoned Conemaugh furnace as we cross the border into Westmoreland County, foliage partly covering the ruins, and, having run out of the pass, come to Nineveh, where the railway which has come northeast from Johnstown, bends with the river southwest again. The valley once more broadens. We speed over fields and through the woods across an almost level plain, beyond which the river, now a wide stream, meanders. Passing Nineveh and Florence we come to Lockport, where a pretty arched bridge
THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

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is thrown across the river. This was one of the aqueducts of the now-abandoned canal, and it stands there a monument of the olden time.

THE PACK-SADDLE AND THE KISKIMINETAS.

Rushing past smoking coke-ovens and other evidences of coal-mining, the valley again narrows and the railway runs into another deep and winding gorge, with the river far beneath us. As the gorge bends grandly around to the westward, there is a magnificent bit of landscape. This is at Bolivar, and the ravine through which we are passing is the famous Pack-saddle Narrows of the Conemaugh, one of the finest passes along its beautiful valley. Its scenery is of the greatest beauty, but the only misfortune is that it does not last long enough, for we here emerge from the Alleghenies on their western side, this Pack-saddle forming a fitting portal to the gorgeous scenery that began at Rockville, on the Susquehanna, from which the great railway has brought us nearly two hundred miles through the mountain ranges. We come out of the mountains through the Chestnut Ridge, twelve hundred feet high, at Blairsville Intersection, where the railway leaves the Conemaugh, turning southwest again and seeking a route through another valley. Here starts off the Western Pennsylvania Railroad, which continues down the Conemaugh Valley until it reaches the Allegheny River. In its route it passes the town of Saltsburg, for the whole valley is a land of the salt-makers, their wells being frequent along the route, while at Saltsburg comes in the Loyalhanna Creek. Below their confluence the stream becomes famous, for it is that river renowned throughout the land for the care with which its member of Congress looks after its interest in the River and Harbor Bill,—the Kiskiminetas. The town of Blairsville, named in honor of Blair, who lived at Blair's Gap, is not far away from the intersection, and thence another branch extends up to the Indiana County seat, where the main highway of the town is called Philadelphia Street. The Isabella Coke Works here illuminate the country all around at night, with their long lines of fire.

Our railway having turned southwest runs along the western base of the Chestnut Ridge through which we came at the Pack-saddle. The country is a vast coal-mine on the
hills to the eastward, while the rolling land to the west of the line is partly cultivated. We pass the little station at Hillside, celebrated for the "Great Bear Cave" in the mountain not far away, where the visitor can go through tortuous windings and into immense chambers studded with stalactites for a distance of over a mile under ground. This cave is a labyrinth, with hundreds of tortuous passages, and like all such lonesome places it has its subterranean stream of water and its skeleton. A young girl stolen by gypsies escaped by taking refuge in the cave. She lost her way and perished with hunger, her bones being found years afterwards. No explorer is at present allowed to attempt a visit without taking a ball of twine, which being fastened at the entrance, the route can be retraced. But we rush quickly past the coal-mines, and in the spreading tracks at Derry and the coal-cars all around find abundant evidence of the vast tonnage the railway gets from the coal measures. Soon we come into the Ligonier Valley made by the Loyalhanna Creek, and rush past coal-shutes and coke-ovens, and over bridges, to the town of Latrobe scattered about the valley along this creek, which the railway crosses just below the town. Here are several refrigerator-cars constructing, and the place has a lively air of business.

GREENSBURG AND HANNASTOWN.

Having left the Loyalhanna and Ligonier Valley, the railway starts westward up the grade towards Greensburg, through a thrifty farming region, with patches of woodland, the ground gradually developing some moderate-sized mountains, through the spurs of which the railroad goes by deep cuttings. Plenty of east-bound trains pass us as we glide through several short tunnels, and, coming out on the western side of one of them, reach Greensburg, which spreads down the hill-side and south of the railway, the train stopping long enough to give the passengers a chance to study a huge circus display bill on a big board fence. The town is prettily situated, with the houses embowered in trees, and it spreads over a large surface, three hundred and twenty-three miles west of Philadelphia. Greensburg is the county-seat of Westmoreland County, of which the earliest settlement was the building of Robert Hanna's house, a short distance out of the town, towards the
north. This house attracted about thirty log cabins, which, in the course of time, became dignified into Hannastown, well known in the early history of Western Pennsylvania. Here was held the first court west of the Allegheny Mountains, and here also were passed the patriotic resolutions of May 16, 1775, just after the battle of Lexington. Here, during the Revolution, first appeared General Arthur St. Clair, who had emigrated from Scotland, and lived in an humble house not far away on Chestnut Ridge. He had been the British commander at Fort Ligonier. During the Revolution the Indians attacked the settlers, and at the close of the war the whites retaliated with great barbarity. Subsequently a war to exterminate the Indians was determined upon, and in 1782, Colonel William Crawford’s expedition was sent against the Wyandottes, but was defeated. The Indians then wreaked a terrible vengeance, raiding Westmoreland County in July, 1782, and burning Hannastown. The place was never rebuilt. Peace came afterwards, but the glory of the town had departed. In May, 1875, at Greensburg was celebrated the centenary of the Hannastown resolutions with great spirit. The remains of General St. Clair lie in the Presbyterian church-yard at Greensburg, the monument over them rebuking the parsimony of Congress, which permitted him to suffer from poverty in his old age, bearing this significant inscription: “The earthly remains of Major-General Arthur St. Clair are deposited beneath this humble monument, which is erected to supply the place of a nobler one due from his country.” He died in 1818, aged eighty-four.

Greensburg, which appeared soon after Hannastown was obliterated, is one of the wealthiest towns in Western Pennsylvania, for Westmoreland is a region of coal-mines and rich agriculture. Our train starts again over a land of broad acres of good farms, though the hills are high and the valleys deep. These are now the railway characteristics all the way on to Pittsburg. The whole line also becomes a succession of coal-mines and coke-ovens, with workmen’s houses perched on the slopes of the hills. We rush past the locations of several famous Philadelphia coal companies, for we have come into the region of the gas coals, and the great deposit extends westward to Pittsburg and southward to the valley of the Monongahela.
COAL-MINING AND COKE-BURNING.

Five miles west of Greensburg are the dominions of the Penn Gas-Coal Company, where the railway runs alongside another little stream. Here they get the gas-coals that are shipped over the mountains to supply the eastern cities. The mining is done by shafting on an extensive scale, the coal being raised to the surface by steam-power and loaded in cars for shipment. Branch lines of railway extend through the hills in all directions to the mouths of the shafts, and from Penn they will ship a thousand tons a day. Thus we run through the gas-coal region, through Manor, which is located on one of Penn's original manor tracts, past Shafton and Irwin. Here are more lands of the Penn Company, and also mines of the Shafton and Westmoreland Coal Companies. The entire region is full of coal-cars, mines, and shafts, while the little streams, in the yellow hue of their beds, show the presence of iron springs. Within a space of ten miles along this part of the railroad will be mined and sent to market nearly a million and a half tons of gas-coal annually. Irwin is probably the chief village of this great settlement. The surface land is fertile, but the coal-mines do not permit a great amount of cultivation, though some good farming is done. As we run swiftly by these great coal measures there are also long lines of smoking coke-ovens, and the railway occasionally darts through a short tunnel. There is a big nest of coke-ovens at Larimer, a mile beyond Irwin.

Running a few miles farther we come to Walls, where they make up the accommodation trains for the suburbs of Pittsburg, fifteen miles from that city. As at Philadelphia, the Pennsylvania Railroad here runs a great number of local trains for the accommodation of suburban residents, and the railway is dotted at every mile by pretty stations. The coal-mines are thick, and at Turtle Creek we enter Allegheny County, the stream alongside the road zigzagging so that we have to frequently cross it. The characteristics of Pittsburg are evident as we approach the city through the deep valleys in the evening, amid the overhanging clouds and smoke. At ten miles from Pittsburg we reach Braddock's, the station being located at the scene of Braddock's memorable defeat, then in a thick forest, but now a scene of busy industry. It was
here that the rebellious force in the "Whisky Insurrection" assembled and marched upon Pittsburg. The great Edgar Thomson Steel-Works are now in full operation over in the Monongahela Valley, not far from the station. But with all the coal mining and coke-burning and steel-making down in the valleys about here, and the vast clouds of smoke they produce, there still are pretty villas perched up on the hills, showing that good taste exists, even though it may be under difficulties. The railway broadens into four sets or tracks to accommodate the immense traffic at the terminus, and we pass Wilkinson just outside the Pittsburg city limits, in a land of market gardens, underlaid with coal which is taken out at the rate of a half a million tons a year. We have been running not far away from the Monongahela River, but leave it and go northward around the base of the enormous hills that environ Pittsburg. The frequent stations that we glide by are finely built and ornamented with flower gardens, but smoke overhangs everything, and thus we rush past the great aggregation of stock-cars and freight-cars at Liberty, five miles out of town. A few minutes more rushing through the smoke brings us past the houses, cars, and people as we run through the valley into the station just at dusk. The first welcomes to the "Smoky City," as the passengers get off the cars, are the shouts, in stentorian tones above the general din, of "supper" from the squad of men who guide the way to the station restaurant. The hurrying passengers make a general rush for the tables, before continuing the journey westward, for here at three hundred and fifty-four miles from Philadelphia the Pennsylvania main line ends, dividing at this station into the "Pan-Handle route" on the left hand for Cincinnati and St. Louis, and the "Fort Wayne route" on the right hand for Cleveland and Chicago. With ravenous appetites and very dirty faces, the duster-clad throng sit down at the tables, and are quickly supplied by the nimble waiters. We are told that bituminous coal-smoke is healthy, so that probably the dirtier-faced a traveller gets in this region the more robust will become his constitution. What an exuberantly healthy party, therefore, must that have been which came with me to Pittsburg,—if their begrimed countenances were any indication. Thus closed our journey in one of the most prosperous American cities, for Pittsburg from its coal and iron
extracts wealth; and, if it does look from the surrounding hill-tops like a reproduction of Pandemonium, with the lurid glare and vast clouds of smoke rising from its aggregation of chimneys, the "Smoky City" is, nevertheless, a region of warm hospitality and marked business success.

XXXII.

THE READING RAILROAD.

THE NORTH PENNSYLVANIA ROUTE.

Let us make a journey to-day out the North Pennsylvania Railroad, leading northward to Bethlehem, on the Lehigh River. It takes us through the northern Philadelphia suburbs, past the drove-yard and over the extensive regions west of Kensington, that have so recently been built up, across the Connecting Railroad and out among the suburban villas. It soon runs into Montgomery County, and skirts along the ancient avenue known as the "Old York Road," which is now the highway to the rural houses of so many opulent Philadelphians. It passes many a magnificent suburban home in the region of Oak Lane, Ashbourne, and Chelten Hills, and goes not far away from the famous estate of "Ogontz," built by Jay Cooke in his day of great fame and fortune, which has recently, after many vicissitudes of both owner and house, come back into his possession again. The line runs through a rolling country in the neighborhood of the Chelten Hills, with diversified hill and vale and plenty of woodland, through many rocky cuttings, and the express-train glides past several pretty stations as the locomotive makes a steady pull up grade. Long trains of coal-cars pass us coming down to the city with the black diamonds of the Lehigh hard anthracite region. The heavy rock-cuttings show that the North Pennsylvania line was a costly railway to build. We reach Jenkintown, ten miles out, where the Bound Brook route starts off northeastward towards New York, and halt a moment to look at the attractive stone sta-
tion, with its background of dark green trees. Then we rush on again over the rolling country, with much farm-land and a great deal of woods, past Abington, where the North-east Pennsylvania Railroad starts off towards the ancient town of Hatboro', on the headwaters of the Pennypack, to which the Old York Road goes, and whose old-time inhabitants distinguished themselves as manufacturers of hats, though they don't do so any more. This is the original town of the "Crooked Billet," so called from the name of its inn, and Graeme Park, the home of Sir William Keith, is still in good preservation there.

Our train rushes on through Edge Hill and skirting the land of Moreland and the Willowgrove, till, mounting on the higher ground, we can get long views ahead, over the cornfields, of the blue ridges of the distant hills of Gwynedd and North Wales. We pass the historical region of Fort Washington, now devoted to the peaceful pursuit of providing for the summer out-of-town boarder, and rush through the rocks and over the farm-land, past the village of Ambler, with its graceful avenue of poplars leading eastward from the railway. Then we run into the country of the ancient Welsh Quakers, where the land becomes more level as we pass Penllyn, and is highly cultivated, for the Quaker farmers, who originally settled here, were excellent judges of good farm-land. We pass the low shed-like station at Gwynedd, the platforms filled with milk-cans, and then cross the valley beyond on a high embankment, and running into the woods on the ridge on the northern side of the valley, go into the deep rock-cuttings and through the North Wales tunnel. This was one of the earliest regions of settlement in Montgomery County, and its people came from Wales, and gave Welsh thrift and Welsh names to the entire country hereabout. They came as early as 1697, but were not then all Quakers, for one of the ancient chronicles of the Society of Friends says, "A place called North Wales was settled by many of the ancient Britons, an honest-inclined people, although they had not then made a profession of the truth as held by us; yet in a little time a large convencement was among them, and divers meeting-houses were built." The Welsh name of "Gwynedd" was given to the region in 1698, and this translated into English means "North Wales." Here began the "Welsh
line," a tract of forty thousand acres extending across Montgomery, Chester, and Delaware Counties; and here originally came two devout Quakers, John Hughes and John Humphrey, who worked so energetically that they soon secured the "large convincement" among their neighbors, and as early as 1700 had built a meeting-house at North Wales, while the Gwynedd meeting dates from 1714.

DOYLESTOWN AND QUAKERTOWN.

The cars rush on through this historic region, and we soon strike the old red sandstone strata, and the region of dark red soils, near Lansdale, where we halt, while the train-hands are busied with that frequent railway annoyance, a "hot box." This is the Doylestown Junction, though we are still in Montgomery County. A branch road runs off northeastward towards the county-seat of Bucks County, located among the sources of the Neshaminy Creek. Lansdale, at the junction, is an extensive town, with many comfortable houses, and enough trees to almost hide many of them. Here, as the train-hands are throwing water on the "hot box," and the conductor impatiently looks at his watch, for the annoyance puts him "behind time," we can look up the branch line towards the northeast, down which General Davis comes from his pleasant home when he runs out of news for the Doylestown Democrat, and concludes to brighten up his ideas by a visit to the city. Away off over there are the blue outlines of the hazy hills that are the outposts of the Blue Ridge. It was this branch railway that, twenty years ago, infused new life into Doylestown after it had slumbered for over a century. It is now one of the most flourishing of the smaller towns of the State.

The train starts up again through orchards and cornfields, and past the little village churches and graveyards, and over the red soil of what is now an almost level region, that is well cultivated by its Quaker inhabitants. The railway crosses frequent country roads at grade, requiring almost continuous practice on the steam whistle. Near Telford, about thirty miles from Philadelphia, we cross the line from Montgomery into the ancient county of Buckingham, one of the three original counties into which Pennsylvania was divided, and called Bucks for short. There are thrifty farm-
houses seen in all directions, and soon the railroad begins to run through rock-cuttings again, the jagged edges of the rough-hewn sandstone standing up like walls on either side. From Telford there is a fine view over the valley to the westward as we rush through the village and cross its chocolate-colored streets. Here slate roofs and even slate walls begin to appear on the houses, as we approach the great slate-producing region to the northward. We are among the hills again, the road twisting along the spurs of the ridges, to seek the easiest gradient, and we rush through Sellersville, of which little can be seen, excepting that some of its streets seem almost set on edge, they are so steep. The old Allen-town turnpike goes through the town, and the people are great cigar manufacturers, shipping their product down to Philadelphia to be put in Spanish-labelled boxes. The headwaters of the Perkiomen Creek come from the hills near Sellersville, and north of the town rises the mountain ridge of Rockhill, extending like a great backbone across the county. As the railway grade steadily rises and we go swiftly along the hill-sides there are fine views over the valleys, and after a most beautiful yet brief panorama is exhibited, extending far away to the Delaware River, we suddenly swing around a curve and rush into the tunnel through Rockhill. Emerging on the northern side we find ourselves in an almost wholly different region, rushing through rocks and boulders to the rich and level meadows of the flat valley of Tohickon Creek, where the borough of Quakertown stands. We stop a moment in the thriving village, thirty-nine miles from Philadelphia, with its broad streets and plain though comfortable houses, to let the Friends have a glimpse of us, and the passengers quickly discover that some foreigner has set up a beer-saloon near the station. Quakertown is in a great hay-growing country, and sends its team-loads of timothy down to Philadelphia. Here the Friends from Gwynedd established a meeting as early as 1710, and made a burial-ground where the Quakers and Indians after dwelling together in amity commingled their dust. Time has obliterated both the meeting-house and graveyard. The railway has greatly increased this town, as it has all of them along its line, and this reminds me that, before the Rebellion, Quakertown was a prominent station on that mysterious thoroughfare known.
as the "Underground Railroad." The runaway slaves came here by night from Westchester, also a station, were concealed by the Friends, and then transported in wagons on their road to Canada to the next station at Stroudsburg. Sometimes a dozen came in one party, and were cared for and passed on.

BINGEN AND BETHLEHEM.

We get rid of our annoying "hot box" at Quakertown, by sending the car on a siding near the beer saloon to cool off. Then the train runs across the level valley and in among the hills on its northern side, where the rocks are liberally sown and poke up their dark gray weather-worn and moss-covered heads among the fields. The agriculturist up here evidently works for his living, and it would command a pretty good premium to plough a straight furrow over some of these fields, the boulders are strewn so thickly. We run out of Bucks and into Lehigh County, and, as we approach Coopersburg, there is a magnificent view over the valley to the westward, the village sloping down the hill-side. The railway now crosses the valley, for we are passing over the lower corner of Lehigh County, and runs along the hills of the South Mountain range. Here we pass the little station of Bingen, which does not look much like its namesake on the Rhine, although some of the women are working in the fields, as many of the German women do in the Fatherland. Bingen has a fine mansard-roofed house near the station, while beyond it a pretty little brook runs over a stony bed, the railway keeping it company a little way. Then, amid the knobby-topped and tree-clad hills that border the Lehigh River we pass Hellertown in Northampton County, standing in a fruitful region near Saucon Creek. We rush through more rock-cuttings on the down grade with whistle blowing and wheels humming, and then out of the cuttings and into South Bethlehem, with its great iron-works spread along the Lehigh River. Most of the chimneys are dead, for in summer time the blast furnaces are generally idle, but the foundries and rolling-mills are going. We run some distance through the town, and finally close our North Pennsylvania Railroad journey by passing on the tracks of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, the junction being a fine brick station, with an orna-
mental slate roof and surmounting cupola. Coal-ears are moving along the Lehigh, and to the southward the green-
sward slopes up the sides of the bordering hills, the town
being spread on both sides of the pretty little river that runs
along the bottom of the valley.

Bethlehem is the ancient settlement of the Moravians, who
began to build the town in 1741, and a few years afterwards
established here the "Crown Inn," the first public house on
the Lehigh, on ground now occupied by the railway station.
They soon acquired the title to fourteen hundred acres of
land, which were the "Moravian Farms" of the last century,
the site of what is now South Bethlehem. It was the dis-
covery of zinc here nearly forty years ago, and the subsequent
establishment of the works of the Lehigh Zine Company,
that promoted the growth of South Bethlehem, then known
as Augusta, but called by its present name for the last sixteen
years. Within the past twenty years the Bethlehem Iron
Company, now a large establishment, has grown out of small
beginnings, until it covers many acres of land and employs
two thousand men. The town is a pleasant one, with very
fine residences, the western portion sloping up the hill, and
on the mountain side, not far away, is the magnificent Packer
Hall and the surrounding buildings of the native sandstone,
which make up Asa Packer's munificent endowment of the
Lehigh University, standing in a wooded park. Over on the
other side of the Lehigh is the ancient and original Bethle-
hem, distanced perhaps by the more modern splendor of its
suburb, but still stately and proud of its pedigree. It was
here that Bishop David Nitschman, from Moravia, came in
1741 to found the city that was the first and the chief settle-
ment of the Moravians in this country, and for a century it
remained a close denominational settlement. It is an odd old
town, built mostly of brick, on high ground skirting the north
bank of the Lehigh, every house, apparently, being slate-
roofed. Many are the relics shown of the ancient rule of
the Moravians, who dwelt here in a sort of Communism, and,
with South Bethlehem, it is probably the largest town of the
Lehigh Valley. For a century they maintained most of their
distinctive principles, such as the "Family House" arrange-
ments, the separation of the sexes, and the exclusion of an
additional trader in any branch, unless the amount of traffic
would warrant his setting up business in addition to the one already in the trade. It was here that the Moravian "Single Sisters," during the Revolution, embroidered a banner and presented it to Count Pulaski as a reward for protecting the town. Many of the curious old buildings still exist. The Sisters' and Widows' Houses, the Congregation House, and the old Chapel, which has stood for one hundred and thirty years, are all preserved, with their furniture, broad oak stairways, flagged pavements, low rooms, and little windows, their gables and odd roofs contrasting strangely with the modern buildings around them. Bethlehem is a quaint old town, but furnished with a modern setting.

XXXIII.

THE LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

LEAVING Bethlehem, let us take a ramble along the banks of the picturesque but crooked river which the inhabitants, in their Pennsylvania German dialect, call the Lecha. This Lehigh Valley for a few miles north of Bethlehem is one of the greatest seats of iron manufacture in the world. A railway on each bank and a canal on the river bring down the coal to vast furnaces that are spread in the narrow space the high hills have left beside the stream. We leave the station, drawn by the fine new locomotive bearing, perhaps, the best known name in the Lehigh Valley—Asa Packer—and go along the southern bank on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, of which he was the projector and manager. The river looks pleasant, flowing under the overhanging trees, with a small steam-yacht tied to the wharf, and little foliage-covered islands scattered over the surface. The wind ripples the water, and on the island at Calypso, just above Bethlehem, there is a picnic party, and row-boats, some with canopied awnings, dot the stream. The railroad winds along the crooked bank, while over on the other side is the Lehigh Canal, and beyond it the
Lehigh and Susquehanna Railroad, both belonging to the Lehigh Navigation Company, but operated by the New Jersey Central Railroad. This very tortuous river thinks nothing of making a sudden right-angled twist, and at times where the railway-builders have tried to preserve something like a straight line, the river bank goes far away from us and then comes back again. In fact, they could not run the trains at all if the crookedness of the railroad were equal to all the gyrations of the river,—the cars would most of the time be running off the track. We glide along the bank, often fringed so closely with trees that scarcely anything can be seen through them; and leaving Northampton for Lehigh County, come to Allentown at a depression among the hills, where the river makes a sudden bend to the north. We all go swinging around the great bend,—railroads, canal, and river,—past plenty of iron-mills, with pig-iron and slag in profusion; with coal-cars, oil-tanks, iron-cars, and car-loads of bark, and amid them all pass the junction of the East Pennsylvania Railroad coming down from Harrisburg. We also pass the great plant of the Allentown Rolling Mills, where work is brisk, for there is plenty to do in this branch of the iron business, and large new mills have recently been erected. All around the furnaces are huge mountains of slag, looking as if they were some immense artificial construction. They are the accumulations of years, and what to do with the heaps of refuse is sometimes a difficult problem for the iron-masters.

Allentown is the ancient borough of Northampton, founded by James Allen just prior to the Revolution. It is a beautiful town, built on a wide plateau on the river bank, its finer brick residences surrounded by superb gardens, and its opulent citizens making fortunes by the many thousands of tons of iron they manufacture. Here is the Muhlenberg College, and here comes in the Perkiomen Railroad after passing from the Schuylkill through a thick strata of Pennsylvania German in Montgomery and Lehigh Counties. We run out of Allentown to the river bank again, where a party of women and children are peacefully fishing; get among more slag heaps and more iron-mills and rolling-mills, and car-wheel and axle-foundries, where a pretty little bridge crosses the river on stone piers, and then amid another desert of slag encounter the vast iron-works of Catasauqua. This is, in the
Indian vernacular, the "Thirsty Land," though wherein the thirst consists is unexplained. Its iron-works are a gigantic institution, and dig their iron ore out of the hills around. The huge slag heaps almost hide the river that ripples over the stones in front. Most of the village is on the northern bank, and in front is a little dam with fish-ways. More huge iron-mills are on the river bank above the town,—enormous constructions where slag mountains run out like long spurs far to the westward along the bank with a railway on top to help haul the refuse out to the extreme end where it is dumped. The more prosperity there is in the iron region the bigger grow the slag heaps. We pass the great Thomas Iron-Works at Hokendauqua, and the river twists and the railway with it as we approach the Gap. There are more iron-mills and more slag at Coplay, where the Lehigh Valley Iron Company is located, and at Whitehall, which is the ancient Siegfried's Bridge. Then for a little way along the picturesque stream we are free from the iron-mills and their slag products.

SLATINGTON AND THE LEHIGH GAP.

The green hills now closely border the Lehigh, and the woods become thick, the railways having their routes hewn out of the rocks along the edge of the water on either bank, where the great spurs of the mountains closely press the river. As the water has a rapid flow, dams are made for the canal at frequent intervals, over which a good deal of water comes down. Approaching Slatington, the railway passes through the laminated rock cuttings, and, in swinging around the long reaches of the river, there are magnificent views given of the mountains ahead of us at the Lehigh Gap. Occasionally there is a corn patch on the little level places in the valley, but it does not seem to grow very well, and in fact the hills and rocks do not leave much room for agriculture. The Gap ahead looks like a little notch cut in the mountain range, and the cloud-shadows move slowly over the dark green foliage, covering the hills to their tops. We halt a moment at Slatington, where a little brook makes a depression in the hills, and up in its valley they get the slates which underlie this whole region. These slates are being loaded into freight cars alongside the station, and millions of them are sent away to supply the school children and the roofers, while broken slates
lie in profusion everywhere—enough of them to hold the ciphering for the entire country.

Above Slatington the great mountain range stretches across our path, and we run apparently directly towards it. This is the Kittatinny range that we have met so often in these rambles, and the river curves through it by the Lehigh Water Gap. The stream flows over a slaty bottom, drawn in almost straight ridges directly across it. We suddenly run into the notch, and go through the Gap, the railroads, river, and canal towpath being compressed closely together, with the rocky sides of the gorge standing almost perpendicularly on either hand. The scenery is grand, the Gap is so narrow and its sides so precipitous. We run out on the northern side of the mountain range, in Carbon County, and see two pretty little villas perched on promontories over the river,—one embosomed in trees and the other standing boldly out on its rocky eminence. The valley broadens somewhat above the Gap, leaving room for level land at the bottom, but farming does not flourish, as woods cover the rocky region, which seems to have little soil to nourish the trees, though verdure clings to the rocks everywhere excepting where the railway builders have cut them down to get room to lay the rails. The river passes some more romantic but less imposing notches, beyond which can be seen the gray mountains around Mauch Chunk. Roads from the river bank go zigzag up to the tops of some of the steep hills, and at times the scenery is magnificent.

But more slag heaps spoil the romance as we come to another nest of iron-mills at Parryville, whose chimneys are set in among the mountains so deep that their overhanging smoke seems scarcely able to get out. The stream flows over its pebbly bed as we continue farther up, and at Lehighton, across the river, find that the monotony of Lehigh coal, and iron, and slag, is for once varied by a pork-packing establishment. We take off our hats to the American hog here in the town of the famous Gnadenhutten burial-ground, and then glide on to Packerton, past the great shops and yards of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Here they build their coal-cars by the thousands, and here, also, Judge Packer had his deer-park still maintained by the railway. Below Packerton the Lehigh and Susquehanna Railroad, squeezed out by
the rocks, comes across to our side of the river, and passes over our heads. The two railways run for a little way side by side, but above Packerton the huge hills compress us so closely that there is scarcely room for both to get along, when suddenly our Lehigh Valley Railroad darts across to the northern bank to get sufficient room, and we again run through the narrow space with mountains hemming us in and rising hundreds of feet over our heads. Then sharply curving around to the right we halt at the station at the foot of Bear Mountain, thirty-six miles from Bethlehem, and one hundred and twenty-six miles from Philadelphia.

MAUCH CHUNK.

"This is the oddest town I ever saw," generally remarks the visitor on first alighting at Mauch Chunk. Most things seem as if set on end. The steep mountains scarcely leave room for the houses, and the man who has a front door on the ground floor of his residence generally goes out of the back door from his third story, while the pig-sty at the end of the rear garden is usually elevated fifty feet above the roof. Mauch Chunk is certainly a queer place. The town stretches along a narrow strip of ground at the river's edge, and is set in among the mountains which curve around like a great basin, with the town standing in a little notch, behind which the great elevation of Mount Pisgah rises, with its chimney-topped inclined plane. You do not walk a dozen yards from the railway station before you halt in amazement at the novel sight,—river, canal, and railways, with the single street of the town all compressed into a narrow gorge which bends sharply around Bear Mountain, almost under which you stand. The trees hang apparently by a slender tenure to the steep rocks, among which the locomotive whistles re-echo as trains pass. The steep pathways up the hills, which are the only roads they have here, can be traced out in streaks along the mountain side. The Lehigh Valley Railroad curves closely around the base of Bear Mountain on the northern bank; then comes the canal and river, along the southern bank of which also curves around the Lehigh and Susquehanna Railroad. Bordering this is Mauch Chunk's main street, with the hotels and houses beyond, apparently built under the towering sides of the South Mountain. Every-
thing is chocolate-colored by the red sandstone, and looking
down the narrow valley its sharp bend soon takes it out of
view; while looking northward the distant sides of Broad
Mountain close the background.

Now let us cross over to the other side of the river by the
little wooden bridge that spans the swiftly-flowing current of
the rocky stream. The water foams below us, and runs in
torrents from the waste weirs alongside the canal-locks, for
however may be the drouths elsewhere they generally have
plenty of rain in this remarkable place. We go to the hotel
portico, where there is a flagstone set in the pavement that
reads "welcome" as you enter, and "call again" when you
go out. Sitting down on the piazza and looking back across
the river, the roaring of the waters over the canal-dam just
above, and in the rapids in front, is a reminder of Niagara in
a small way, though the blowing of steam from a number of
locomotives scattered about somewhat dispels the illusion.
But the panorama in front is grand. The river comes down
through its narrow valley from the northward, making a
short sweep around the conical-topped Bear Mountain in
front. Around this strange, green-clad, sugar-loaf hill every-
thing curves, although there seems scarcely room for them
all,—two railroads, river, canal, and street. Long, snake-like
trains of coal-cars move by, and the deliberate-paced mules
draw the barges along the canal. Everything is devoted to
c coal, and here, probably, wanders the ghost of the famous
Lehigh Canal boatman, Asa Packer, whose industry and fore-
sight made the great Lehigh Valley Railroad route to get the
hard anthracite cheaply to a distant market. Bear Moun-
tain rises seven hundred feet high, and to the left and be-
hind it the distant ridge of the Broad Mountain shuts off
the view, with the cloud-shadows of a gathering storm creep-
ing across its dark green sides. For people brought up in
the flat land about Philadelphia this is one of the oddest
possible places to get into. They call it the "Switzerland of
America." It is, indeed, like a miniature mountain town of
Switzerland, but its railroads do more business in a day than
all the Swiss lines put together for a week. For people who
like to have their back-yards up above the roof, Mauch
Chunk is the place to live.

Looking northward along the single street a high hill cuts
it off, and on top of this hill is a pretty little cemetery, while there are attractive villas and a fine church on the hill-sides below. But everything like romance is subordinated to the great coal traffic, the long trains moving in almost endless procession. The locomotives snort and whistle as they draw trains on the crooked roads of such great length through this odd mountain-pass that the locomotive generally disappears around one corner before the little cabin-car at the tail end of the train comes into view around another curve. If you want to realize what sort of a town this is, go to a back window of the hotel and see the yard set on end upon the hill-side. The passage-ways go out of the upper windows, and the paths are stairways up the rocks. They hang the wash-clothes out far above your head with terraces cut to give standing-room, yet the lines are apparently trailed along the ground. The back fence is so far up the hill that it can scarcely be seen. This town is the county-seat of Carbon County. The people who happened to drop down into this cavity in the wilderness, about sixty years ago, gave the place the Indian name for the Bear Mountain, opposite which it is built, and the coal trade developed it. When the town got too big for the narrow valley in which it is built, they hunted out a flat place, about two hundred and fifty feet up the hill, and built Upper Mauch Chunk, and then sought a later outlet on a plane by the river-side, farther up stream, called East Mauch Chunk. By this process of enlargement they have been able to compress six or seven thousand people into the town, among whom, just now, two have the honor of enjoying more fame than probably any other of the inhabitants. One of these is "Jim," the hotel porter, with his blue uniform coat and brass buttons and smart little cap. "Jim," who is known to all the people along the Lehigh, was originally a runaway slave, who escaped into Canada by the "Underground Railway," and whose especial forte now is to keep his eye upon the railway trains, and see that no passenger gets left. He is ubiquitous, being all excitement just before car time, when he hunts up his passengers, and those who put their trust in "Jim" will never get belated. The other famous resident of Mauch Chunk is Josiah White Erskine Hazard George Augustus Frederick Hauto Brink. He was the first white child born in this strange town, and, in
April, 1819, when he was christened, all the chief men of the settlement evinced a desire to concentrate their names upon him. There is no record kept of what his mother called him “for short” when he was in childlike danger of tumbling into the river. But Mauch Chunk’s greatest memory is that of Asa Packer. As you look upward along the single street by the river, on the steep hill-side that closes the view is seen his former home,—a broad and comfortable mansion, set apparently on a terrace in the hill, with greenhouses alongside; while to the right hand is a more modern brick villa, with mansard roofs. The hill on the side of which they are built towers far above them, and almost over the top of the house is the cemetery wherein lie Asa Packer’s earthly remains. Off to the left, in a depression at the foot of Mount Pisgah, is the picturesque old church, and down on the river-side the new castellated yellow stone church, with its surmounting conical-topped tower. The great railway prince, whose memory is kept green by so many here, was a benefactor to Mauch Chunk, and, indeed, to all the Lehigh Valley. His railroad trains roll out a steady requiem as they wind around the hill in which he is cofined.

XXXIV.

THE SWITCHBACK.

CLIMBING MOUNT PISGAH.

No visit to the Lehigh Valley is complete without a tour over the Switchback. We will go out of the hotel, and com- mingling with the people who are talking the Pennsylvania Dutch, walk up Mauch Chunk’s single street, along the river, past the office of the Mauch Chunk Democrat, which is upstairs, over a feed-store, in an ancient building that looks as if it might have been one of the earliest located on the Lehigh. Our short walk along the street is quickly ended at the foot of the hill,—for thus all Mauch Chunk highways seem to be and to end. We climb up an iron stairway, and
get upon a narrow wagon-road, leading among the villas on the hill-side. Passing the first of them, in an enclosure em-bowered in foliage, the significant initials on the iron gate—"A. P."—tell that the path within leads to Asa Packer's former house. The white mansion inside, and the brick villa farther up, are covered in with running vines and foliage, while the rocks are piled in terraces to give the flower-beds a chance to hold on to the mountain-side. Still higher up is the stable, and they have had to actually hew out the rocks to get a wagon-way into the barn. We toil along the steep path, stopping every few minutes to take breath and get a look back at the town beneath our feet. Photographers are up here taking views of Mauch Chunk and of Bear Moun-tain, across the narrow valley. To aggravate the natives who live among these rocks, they have Coney Island excursion-bills posted on the fences, praising the glories of the wooden palaces and tinselled summer show that goes on at that dead level sand-spit, where a rock the size of your fist would command a premium. We come out at the top of the hill, about two hundred and fifty feet above Mauch Chunk, where the little station of the Switchback Road is located. Arrived there, yet only at the foot of Mount Pisgah, we gaze back over the narrow little town and valley below, with its river, railroads, and canal curving like so many rings around Bear Mountain. The long snakes of coal-trains twist and crawl on the black railway tracks, with bells ringing and steam puffing. Away to the north is Broad Mountain, with a vil-lage on the level spot at its base. Here can be realized what a compressed and narrow town Mauch Chunk is, and how well the people have utilized the scanty space to get what there is of it in between the hills and the river. The cem-tery is on this hill-top not far away, and alongside, upon a little space of flat land, are the remains of a circus ring. Up here is actually the only place where a level spot can be found big enough for a circus tent, and there is only room for a very small one, for if too big it might have tipped over and slid with clowns and audience down the mountain. How many Philadelphians would climb two hundred and fifty feet up a steep hill to go to the circus,—yet Mauch Chunk does it whenever it gets a chance. In the little cemetery Asa Packer is buried, but no stone yet marks his grave. The
woman from the village who pointed it out, said in comment, "You might think it was the grave of some poor man." I understand it is to have an elaborate monument.

THE FIRST COAL-MINING.

What a tale this region has to tell of the difficulties and discouragement of the early coal-miners, whose first railroad to market was over the Switchback, and thence by boats down the Lehigh. The town of Summit Hill is behind Mount Pisgah, and about nine miles northwest of Mauch Chunk, on the top of Sharp Mountain. Here, in 1791, a hunter named Philip Ginter first discovered the coal. Specimens were brought to Philadelphia, and a year later some venturesome capitalists of this city took up about ten thousand acres of land on Sharp Mountain, and formed the Lehigh Coal Company. They opened mines, and spent the magnificent sum of fifty dollars in constructing a wagon-road across the nine miles distance to the Lehigh River. But for over twenty years there was scarcely any mining done, until, in 1815, a little coal was sent to Philadelphia, where the people laughed at it. The few who bought the Lehigh coal complained of being imposed upon, and soon no one would take it, even as a gift. Finally the city authorities permitted the coal to have a trial under the boilers at the water-works, but it was declared that it only "put the fire out," and the remaining stock was broken up and used to pave the sidewalks instead of gravel. The coal-miners were naturally disheartened; every one was prejudiced against it, and matters came to such a pass that people had to be bribed to try the experiment of burning the coal fairly, so averse were the public to the innovation. But ultimately, charcoal becoming scarce and costly, the coal was given a better trial, though it was long before those who put faith in it got any return from their investment. The Lehigh coal cost fourteen dollars per ton at that time to get it to Philadelphia. In 1818 the Lehigh Navigation Company was formed, and soon afterwards the Lehigh Coal Company, they afterwards becoming the foundation of the present Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company. In August, 1818, the Lehigh Canal was begun, and this reducing the transportation charges, coal, in 1824, got down to seven dollars per ton at Philadelphia. In 1825 the Lehigh Canal
brought thirty-one thousand tons to market, and in 1831 the shipment had increased to forty-one thousand tons. The boats were built like square boxes and joined together with hinges into long tows, and made the trip down to Philadelphia, being then broken up, the wood-work sold for lumber, and the spikes, hinges, and iron-work returned to Mauch Chunk overland to be made up into new boats. They now send down the Lehigh more coal in a single day than was shipped a half-century ago in an entire year. Judge Paeker used to tell how three hundred and eighty-five tons of Lehigh coal in 1820 "completely choked the market." The Lehigh coal-veins are of enormous thickness on top of the mountains near Mauch Chunk, in some places reaching fifty-three feet, and their product is the hardest anthracite known in the world.

It was the Switchback that originally brought this coal from the mines on its way to market. This is a gravity railroad constructed between Mauch Chunk and Summit Hill. Prior to 1827 they wagoned the coal from Summit Hill out to the river, and then this gravity road was designed, by which the loaded coal-cars could be run nine miles down a grade of over ninety feet to the mile, till they arrived at Upper Mauch Chunk, and there dumped the coal into chutes that delivered it into the canal-barges in the river far below. To get the empty cars back they were hauled up an inclined plane to the top of Mount Pisgah, then run by gravity for six miles to the foot of Mount Jefferson, were hauled up a second inclined plane to the top of that mountain, and then again run by gravity down the slope to Summit Hill. It was a cheap and ingenious method of transit, and served for many years to bring the coal out to Mauch Chunk. But now the coal reaches the river by another route, and the curious Switchback line, which belongs to the Lehigh Navigation Company, has become an excursion route for tourists. It is astonishing how many people like to slide down-hill. Over thirty-five thousand went over the Switchback last year. In making this novel journey, you are first hauled up the Mount Pisgah plane, which is two thousand three hundred and twenty-two feet long, and rises six hundred and sixty-four feet. You are then about nine hundred feet above Mauch Chunk and fifteen hundred feet above tide-water. The car afterwards,
in running by gravity six miles to Mount Jefferson, falls three hundred and two feet, when you are again hauled up the Mount Jefferson plane, which is two thousand and seventy feet long, and rises four hundred and sixty-two feet. This brings you to the highest point on the road, about sixteen hundred and sixty feet above tide-water. Then in running one mile to Summit Hill you fall forty-five feet, and on the return trip, which is all a steady fall by gravity, the road goes down grade an average of ninety-six feet to the mile. In making the circuit the car travels about eighteen miles.

GOING UP MOUNT PISGAH.

Let us start on our novel journey on a little open summer car, running upon a narrow-gauge railway, built with a very light rail. The station is a rather primitive one, and the conductor loosening his brake, we slowly slide down the short descent towards the foot of the Mount Pisgah plane. The car will hold about fifty people, and twenty-five took the journey with us, showing that this line is not just now choked with traffic. A little Skye terrier was anxious to go along, but as he had no ticket they would not let him. As we move along towards the foot of the plane we are on the edge of the hill, with the river far below, and on the way pass some of the old-time little coal-cars that used to travel on this line. Reaching the foot of the plane, the double-track railroad extends far up the mountain, with the engine-house and its two surmounting chimneys perched on the top, the railroad apparently rising about one foot in three. The two engines away up there, each of one hundred and twenty horse-power, turn two monster iron drums, each twenty-eight feet in diameter. Around these drums are wound broad iron bands, six inches wide, and these extending down the plane have safety-cars attached to them, so arranged with ratchets that if anything should break they would hold fast wherever they might be. One goes up as the other comes down the hill when the machinery is moving. Our little open car runs upon the plane over a pit in which the safety-car is sunk; then the machinery starts, and the safety-car being drawn out of the pit and coming behind us, it pushes us up. Almost like ascending in a balloon,—excepting the jar,—we thus mount the plane, steadily leaving the deepening valley be-
BRIEF SUMMER RAMBLES.

hind us. Up we go and experience the strange optical illusion, as we incline backward in the car, that all the trees and buildings look as if they were leaning over forward. The flat bands scrape and rattle over their supporting wheels as we are drawn along, and midway on the line we pass the other safety-car fastened to its iron band, going down. We seem to be pulled in somewhat unpleasant jerks sometimes as the iron band sways in its long career, but we care little for this, in the enjoyment of the novel sensation. The plane is quickly mounted, and with a forward dip our car runs through the engine-house and halts an instant on the summit.

We soon start again, and run out upon the high trestle that crosses the valley behind Mount Pisgah. Here in both directions there is a grand view as we move slowly over the trestle, and some of the timorous passengers cling closely to their companions, fearful lest they might fall over the edge. There is a rain-storm coming, and its stiff breeze blows briskly over the mountain ranges. Looking down, Mauch Chunk is far below, its cemetery filled with tiny monuments, and the crooked river looking like a little brook. In all directions are gray-topped mountains, rising range beyond range, for the sight as you are perched up on the high trestle is more like that seen out of a balloon than anything else I can compare to it. Excepting down in the Lehigh Valley, there is nothing else but the mountain-tops spread out, and to the eastward the eye will carry as far as Schooley’s Mountain, in New Jersey, sixty miles away. The Lehigh Gap can be seen, with its narrow notch, and the Blue Mountain range running off to the horizon. To the north, the Broad Mountain, nearer than the others, shuts in the view, but it still is one of grand proportions. The sight from the top of Mount Pisgah lacks only the eternal snows to make it a veritable Alpine scene. The weather was warm down in the valley at Mauch Chunk, but up here, as the wind blows freshly, it is cold enough for overcoats. As we still move slowly across the trestle, the little lines of coal trains can be traced out as they move along the crooked railways, looking like a set of children’s playthings, they seem so diminutive. We pass the pavilion on the far side of the valley, and then start on our gravity road towards Mount Jefferson, running along the hillside through the woods, and at times attaining high speed.
A SUMMER STORM ON THE MOUNTAIN.

The road winds along the hill, and away across the deep valley on the left hand there is another mountain range. We glide through the cool air and almost get chilled, the temperature becomes so low. The Switchback is a remarkable road; it only runs one way, like a street-car. You cannot go back on this track, but must continue all the way round. We dart past the entrances to several coal-drifts that are opened into the hill, and have their discharging chutes far down below us, where there are great outlying piles of slate and coal-dust, the usual surroundings of a mine. Thus we run down the slightly declining grade through woods and rocks on the southern slope of Mount Pisgah for six miles towards Mount Jefferson; and, as the car glides along, rain-drops begin to come from the approaching storm, and make quite a flutter among the passengers, as the open car is but a slight protection. The storm soon bursts upon us, and then the fellows who originally grabbed the front seats in the open car wished they had not been so precipitous, for they got a sudden deluge, and jumped for safety to seats farther back. These mountain-tops quickly generate a shower, and, as the rain drives through the open car, the brake-tender slows its speed. But alas, the thin, fair-weather roof soon begins to leak, and then the deluge comes in earnest. We stand up and try to keep off the drops that ooze through the thin covering over our heads, but it is in vain. The rain falling in torrents outside saturates everything, and streams pour down over all the passengers. Then it began to hail, and this brought general demoralization, which was not allayed by terrific thunder and sharp lightning, the bolts reverberating among the hills. We were a woe-begone party of draggled tourists up on the Switchback.

We had been for weeks praying for rain to end the protracted summer drouth, and now we had all got it. Nobody thought of the scenery as the car moved along through the rain, with its passengers trying to avert the streams of water that were running down their clothing and into their pockets, while a small deluge from below was soaking their feet. It was like a cloud-burst, and took out every one’s starch and romance alike. We might as well have stood out-doors, for
the leaky roof and open sides and ends of the car were worse than no protection. The conductor protested that they had never got in such a plight before; we were sure we never would again. The car brought a limp and bedraggled party to the foot of Mount Jefferson to be drawn up the second plane, for as the road only ran one way, there was no getting back. We were in for it, and had to go all the way around. We were quickly drawn up Mount Jefferson and reached the highest point on the Switchback, where the rain had made quite a lake on the mountain-top, and all the rivulets were full of muddy water as they ran down the mountain-sides into the deep valley, where Panther Creek had become a torrent. The shower passed over us, and we slid down the second gravity road a short distance to Summit Hill, stopping at the little station, where we tried to dry our clothes around the stove, and succeeded pretty well, until somebody discovered there was no fire in it.

SUMMIT HILL.

Summit Hill is the chief mining town of the Lehigh Valley, having probably seven thousand population, all in one way or another supported by the mines. Here are the collieries of the Panther Creek Valley and Sharp Mountain, which produce so much and such good anthracite. The cars used to go down to the mines from Summit Hill on now abandoned inclined planes, but at present the coal seeks its outlet through the railway leading to Coalport, on the Lehigh, north of Mount Pisgah, going through a big tunnel. Just beyond Summit Hill is the “Burning Mine,” which has been burning since 1832, and has consumed so much of the underlying coal that the ground on the surface looks like the crater of a volcano. Small boys peddle curiosities here that are got out of the mines, showing strange geological formations. But, after all, the chief feature of the place seems to be the huge piles of slate and refuse that have been cast out by the miners.

Making a brief survey of this mining town we then start on the return trip by the gravity railroad, the conductor having got us a dry car with windows that will close up. We run steadily along the edge of the hills bordering the deep valley leading back to Mauch Chunk, going all the time down
grade,—now fast, now slow, as suits the man who holds the brake. The scene down in the valley, where the fields are partly cultivated, and the little stream runs, is essentially Swiss. The thunder claps from the departing rain-storm reverberate among the mountains, but we do not care for the rain now. How independent of rain one can be after he gets under shelter! We run at high speed under the Mount Jefferson plane in returning, and farther along again run under the gravity road between the planes, showing that the two lines of the Switchback keep close company. Our road goes almost all the way through the woods, generally winding, but having some straight reaches, down which they sometimes rush at the rate of a mile a minute, giving a good idea of the immense force there is in the law of gravity. As we dart along, some of the landscape scenes through the woods and around the curves are beautiful, until a stray cow threatens to throw us off, and compels a halt. The road occasionally runs on the edge of raging torrents, made thick and muddy by the rains. In the valley alongside our route there are iron-mills, and now and then a little village as we approach Mauch Chunk, and come in at the foot of Mount Pisgah, the place from which we started.

Getting into a stage, we ride for a half-mile down the hill by the road into the valley, the driver being kept busy managing his brakes. For this short ride the Philadelphians clamorous for "five-cent fares" on the horse-cars who were on board cheerfully paid a quarter, and thought it was all right, such being the custom at Mauch Chunk. As we left this strange region the clouds were creeping along the sides of the mountains, for the storm was not yet broken up. Our bedraggled tourist party arrived at the Lehigh Valley Railroad station profoundly impressed with the beauty of the Switchback scenery, but decidedly opposed to doing any more sliding down-hill in an open car and through a drenching storm.
XXXV.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THE VALLEY OF THE UPPER DELAWARE.

Let us enter to-day one of the comfortable cars that the Pennsylvania Railroad provides for its through line from Philadelphia to the Delaware Water Gap. After swiftly riding over the smooth rails to Trenton we leave the main line and curve around to the northward from the station to get on the Belvidere Delaware Railroad. This is the line through the Delaware Valley, running up the banks of our great river for nearly eighty miles to the Water Gap and beyond. We halt at the station a moment for the hands to make up the new train and listen to the long speech the brakeman delivers to direct the passengers aright. He is quite an orator, and runs over the names of the numerous stations with a clearness of enunciation that shows no ordinary elocutionary powers. Then remarking quietly to me, "If the passengers go wrong it won't be my fault," brakeman No. 367 is ready for the journey up the Delaware. We curve around through the hills on the outskirts of Trenton, past that very ancient passenger-car that has been shoved up on a siding for a long time, where the rains have washed the soil all over the tracks and the youthful Jerseymen have knocked out all the windows, leaving it a railway relic of past ages. Then through the town we go, over the Raritan Canal on a swing drawbridge, where several big schooners are lying at the wharves of the potteries, which are so numerous hereabout; then along the canal-bank, with Feeder Street on the other side, all the intersecting streets crossing the canal on little swing-bridges, till we stop at the pretty station at Warren Street for some of the Trenton nabobs to get aboard. Over another canal we ride, for Trenton seems honeycombed by them, and then out through the hills, with the road-bridges crossing over our heads; and having got beyond the town, the Delaware River comes into view to the westward. The
fields are well cultivated, for we are gliding past some of the best corn land and orchards of Mercer County. We pass the buildings of the New Jersey Lunatic Asylum, on the hill east of the railway, so covered in with foliage that you can hardly tell what kind of a place it is; and our obliging brakeman tells of his adventures in transporting fifteen car-loads of lunatics from this asylum over to the other State institution at Morristown in cars, with doors locked and windows fastened. Judging by the kind of people who sometimes ride on his train, he is of opinion that all the Jersey lunatics are not yet in the asylums.

We are now almost out to the edge of the Delaware, and still running swiftly along the bank of the Raritan Canal feeder. High over our heads on a long trestle and bridge comes the Bound Brook Railroad across the river and the adjacent lowlands, a train running above us as we dart under the trestle, showing the advantage of not having railway crossings at grade. We have come into the region of dark red soils, with its frequent quarries of brownstone. After running over the flat farm-land, with hills sloping on both sides of the valley, we come out on the river-bank to find the channel dotted with little islands, as we pass the low, irregular sort of rocky dam that makes what is known as Scudder's Falls. Above here the Delaware is a stream barely as wide as the Schuylkill at the Falls village, and not unlike it, flowing placidly between the wooded shores of its low bordering hills. Higher hills loom up ahead, for far away northward are the spurs of the South Mountain ranges that border the Lehigh region. The railway runs on the narrow strip between the canal and the river, the rocks in the shallow stream occasionally poking up above the water. Then, where a beautiful weeping willow stands alongside the road, we come to Washington's Crossing. Here was the ancient McConkey's Ferry, where Washington crossed in midwinter to fight the battle of Trenton. They have built a bridge since, so that Washington would now have an easier time in getting across, though the enormous sign over the bridge entrance announcing a long list of things that he must not do "under ten dollars penalty," might possibly have some effect in deciding future battles of Trenton. The stations are frequent, and the train-hands do a brisk business helping passengers in and out of
the cars at the pretty villages along the river, the edge of the
bank being frequently skirted by saw-logs, for freshets some-
times play havoc with the rafts. Rocky ledges cross the
stream, making frequent rapids, over which the water foams,
and the Jerseyman of this region thinks nothing of standing
out in the water up to his waist to fish. Soon we run among
the outlying spurs of the South Mountain, the railway curv-
ing with all the river bends around the bases of the hills.
The stream in some places becomes narrow where the rocks
closely compress the channel, and, excepting on the flat land
bordering the valley in the nooks made by the hills, agricul-
ture does not flourish. The fields back from the bank are
usually set on edge against the hill-side.

LAMBERTVILLE AND THE NOCKAMIXONS.

Boulders and shingle are thickly strewn in the river as we
approach the little dam made for the canal, below Lambert-
ville, and run into that pleasant town, built on a comparatively
level plain among the hills sixteen miles above Trenton.
A bridge crosses to the Pennsylvania shore, and the town has
a fine station, constructed of the native brownstone that un-
derlies all this part of New Jersey. Judging by the number
of people rushing about at the station, Lambertville has a
large travelling population. Bricks have built most of the
houses, for the inhabitants have not yet got to using the
brownstone and sandstone much for dwellings. The saw-
mills also do a good business at working up the rafts of logs
that come down the Delaware, and a branch railway runs off
inland to Flemington, the county-seat of Hunterdon, which
we are now traversing. Above Lambertville a succession of
villages line the shores on both sides of the river, and the
sunflowers nod brightly at us as we rush past the gardens,
while the chickens—for the sun is near setting—are picking
out their roosting-places for the night, generally selecting a
perch on their owner's best carriage. Over on the Pennsyl-
vania shore is the region of Solesbury, one of the earliest
settled in Bucks County. New Hope and Lumberville are
on the river-bank, and to reach the latter the river, railway,
and canal make a long sweep around to the westward, that
gives a most beautiful view as we run along the edges of the
brownstone hills with their frequent quarries. The rocks
stand up high upon the Pennsylvania bank with their wooded crests. The stones are so plenty here that they are piled up to make fences between the fields, and, in fact, they are in some localities the chief crop the farmer gathers on his land. We pass Bull's Island, prettily located on another grand semicircular sweep of the river back to the northward above Lumberville. The scenery becomes wild and romantic among the high forest-covered hills on both sides of the river, and here we pass the "Tumble Station," twenty-six miles from Trenton, where somebody in ancient times probably tumbled off the rocks into the river to give it a name.

Gradually we run among higher and higher ranges of hills, through which the narrow Delaware threads its tortuous way, and their stratified ledges of slate sometimes stretch far across the river, marking where the water has forced its way through. In other places, where soil has become attached to these rocky ledges, they appear as green islands in the channel. As we move along, the sun is setting behind the highest hills on the Pennsylvania shore, and as their rounded tops pass, it repeatedly sets, and reappears again in the depressions of the range, making a succession of charming sunsets. Far ahead of us is the dark blue outline of the distant Musconetcong Mountain range, one of the backbones of this part of New Jersey, which frowns down upon the lowlands, and makes the Delaware curve in a long double twist far to the southwest to get around its outer end. All the river villages have saw-mills, and thousands of logs are tied along the shore in rafts. Frequent bridges cross over—all toll-roads, with their gates shut, to keep the erratic traveller from getting across without handing out his pennies. The people are out on the smooth waters in row-boats, and wave salutes to the passing train as they enjoy the cool breezes. But the space on which they can row is restricted by the rocky rapids that occupy much of the stream. Gradually we curve around to the southwest in the gorge through the range of hills, and pass the land of Nockamixon. Rounding a great promontory, we have in full review the grand escarpment of the Nockamixon rocks over on the Pennsylvania shore, standing up in wondrous formation like the Palisades of the Hudson, the range running far away to the westward as the river again curves around to the northward. Here we pass Holland, and
if anxious to give these wonderful rocks a closer inspection, can shout across the river and get a citizen of Bucks County to come out with his boat and row us over at the rate of ten cents per boatload. These extraordinary red sandstone rocks rise about three hundred feet high, almost perpendicularly, with here and there a ravine of romantic wildness, where they have been rent asunder. At their foot the plodding mules draw coal-barges along the Delaware Division Canal. Above these rocks the valley broadens, and we glide across the Musconetcong River, near Riegelsville, where a wall of rock hems in the railway alongside the station, much of the town being on the level plain over on the Pennsylvania shore.

THE FORKS OF THE DELAWARE.

The railway continues its course along the river-bank through a pass between two jutting hills, the route being hewn out of the rocks, while stony ledges and boulders partly intercept the stream. Then sand-banks fill the channel as we move across a plain and gradually approach the hills surrounding the mouth of the Lehigh. There are frequent villages along the river, and we run across the little mountain streams, whose stony beds are almost dry, the drought has been so severe. Through another narrow pass, hemmed in by high wooded hills, the river valley goes, and then bends around to the westward to receive the Lehigh, which comes up through its mountain valley from the southwest. We run past iron-mills and their outlying slag-heaps, and halt under the great railway bridges that bring the Lehigh Valley and New Jersey Central Railroads across the Delaware on their way to New York harbor. These are high iron structures, built on stone piers, that bring them over our heads, while the canal runs underneath. It is an extraordinary place where we halt at the Lehigh Junction, coal-trains roaring over the top, and the water flowing below us. Stone, iron, and coal lie around, and as we pass on to run the half-mile intervening before the train reaches Phillipsburg, up the Lehigh Valley, across on the Pennsylvania shore, can be seen the Lehigh and the Bushkill, with the town of Easton built in ridges upon the level land, and rising in tiers up the outlying hills. The town looks pretty under the sunset clouds as it nestles among the busy coal-trains, with the Delaware
flowing in front. Its spires and steeple stands up against the western sky as we run into the station at Phillipsburg, and cross its main street just at the head of the wagon-bridge across the Delaware. Phillipsburg has a hill-bound background, up which the streets run.

This is the "Forks of the Delaware," the confluence of the Delaware and Lehigh Rivers, and in the "Forks" stands Easton, the chief town of the upper Delaware Valley. Here came the chiefs of the Lenni Lenapes to treat with Penn and his successors, and here the town was founded one hundred and thirty years ago, but it did not become a great business place till the Lehigh coal sought this route to a market. Its chief buildings are those of Lafayette College, located magnificently on the high bluff, north of the Bushkill, and magnificently endowed by one of the Lehigh coal princes, Ario Pardee, who has built its noblest structure—Pardee Hall—of brownstone with light sandstone trimmings. We leave the Phillipsburg Station, and as we glide up the river-bank above the town, pass Easton's fine buildings on the opposite bluff along the river, where the ornamental villas have a lovely outlook. Soon the Delaware narrows and its course winds among the hills again, as we run through the narrow gorge above Easton, where there are limestone-quarries, and long inclined planes lead down from some of them to the river-bank, while rocky ledges extend out into the water. The pebble and shingle in the channel above make long lines of shoals, over which the current foams, while, as the valley broadens again, islands frequently divide the stream. The railroad curves with the long reaches of the winding river and gives fine views as we run towards Belvidere. At times the valley is broad enough for cultivation, and then again it narrows between the hills, leaving scarcely room for the railway to pass in its rock-hewn course. Soon we reach Belvidere, the "town of the beautiful view," sixty-five miles above Trenton, and in the twilight it indeed has a superb outlook on the woodclad hills across the Delaware and the broad sweep of the river as it curves grandly around from the north towards the east to make a peninsula on which the town is built. Belvidere itself is a mixture of houses and foliage standing upon a stony creek-bed, out of which the water has almost all run. The houses are almost all slate-
roofed, and the cabbage-gardens of many of them back invitingly up to the car-windows.

THE FIRST VIEW OF THE WATER GAP.

Leaving Belvidere, we run through the farm-land and rolling hills, liberally sprinkled with stones, which slope far back from the bank. Our course is towards the northeast, the line running along the base of a promontory, with a high hill across the river, at the upper end of which the Delaware, before breaking through the range, comes down from the northwest. As we swing around the curve, and can see our engine laboring at the head of the train, the opposite hills gradually open, giving a view up the valley. At first, in the deepening twilight, can be seen the dark sides of the Kittatinny Mountain, far away. Then the view between the hills opens wider, and there is the Water Gap in all its glory, ten miles away. We run a little farther, and halt at the foot of the Penungauchung Hills, through which a double tunnel brings the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railway, from Jersey City, to unite with our line. The pretty Indian name has been corrupted by the modern railway-builder into Manunka Chunk, and here we halt, with the fresh air blowing into our faces from far away over the water to the northward at the Gap, while they make up a new train. Watermelons cover much of the station platform, and we wish there was time to cut one. The initials “P. R. R.,” made in flowers alongside the station, is the last we see of the Pennsylvania Railroad, as we go upon the other line to continue the journey to the Gap, which now stands up prominently before us, Mounts Minsi and Tammany elevated far above the lower intervening hills, Tammany rising abruptly, and Minsi more sloping. Between them is the narrow notch making the Gap, and, though it can just be detected, the dim outline of the Pocono Mountains far beyond.

The sturdy locomotive “Thomas Dickson,” named for another coal prince, takes hold of our train and draws us up the line that brings down the Scranton coal to market. We swing around with the river to the northwest and head direct for the Gap, the road being hewn out of the hill-side high above the river valley. The ununiformed trainmen who now take charge are in strong contrast with the neat blue clothing and white
hats of Pennsylvania Railway officials. The conductor comes through wearing a black slouch hat, and the brakeman rushes around in check shirt and a straw hat, looking not unlike an escaped convict. As we approach Delaware Station the valley broadens, and there is room for some farm land, and here the railway gets a chance to make a long curve, around which the cars glide into an iron truss-bridge, which carries the road diagonally over to the Pennsylvania shore from Warren County into Northampton. In the twilight can still be seen the Gap, now looking larger as we approach it, with the narrow, placid river flowing down among the nearer but much smaller hills. Although it is almost dark, the view is very fine, with the notch and the high range of the Kittatinny extending far across the scene, the low-lying Blockhead Mountain being now visible just behind and partly closing the Gap. At Portland, a long wooden bridge is thrown across the river, and we rush along comparatively low shores beyond, with great masses of stones in the stream. Then we come to the foot of the mountain, and, twisting with the river suddenly to the left, enter the Gap, the railway closely hugging the shore of the narrow stream that has broken its route through. The precipitous mountains rise high above us, and in the darkness seem almost ready to topple over. We have scarcely entered the Gap when the road swings grandly around first to the left and then to the right through the gorge, with vast masses of rock towering above us. In a few minutes we are through, and, rounding the Blockhead Mountain, sight the lights of the little station, one hundred and seven miles from Philadelphia, with the Shawnee Hills behind it, just traceable against the western sky as we curve to the northeast. The train halts, and the passengers clamber into the stages that are to haul them up the mountain. The horses laboriously drag us up the zigzag roadway, the bright headlight which each stage carries shining out in front, while behind us a succession of lights, which are all that can be seen of the other coaches, are jogging and nodding as they come along, their rays illuminating the dust-clouds our stage has raised. The place is weird-looking as we crawl along through the thick woods in the darkness, and the katydids keep up their usual disputation, now carried on all the louder, as it is the only thing we can hear. Up we toil, on the road
to "Tat's Gap," an opening in the Kittatinny Mountain range, named in honor of Moses Funda Tatamy, the old-time Indian interpreter, but now called "Tat's," for short. We go a very crooked half-mile, ascend about four hundred feet, and soon through the woods can see a broad plateau of lights. Circling around it, and finding the illumination all coming from the windows behind the broad piazzas of the Water Gap House, we alight at the entrance, and the ride up the beautiful valley of the Delaware is ended.

XXXVI.

THE DELAWARE WATER GAP.

THE KITTATINNY AND THE MINISINK.

The great mountain range of the Kittatinny has been frequently met in these rambles. The Indians gave it the name, meaning, in their figurative language, "the endless chain of hills." It is the great Blue Ridge, extending across the country from the Catskills in New York, as far southwest as Alabama, a distance of eight hundred miles,—a veritable backbone for the Atlantic seaboard, to which it runs parallel; and rising sometimes to an elevation of two thousand five hundred feet. We went through it with the Susquehanna at the gap above Harrisburg. The Potomac breaks through the ridge at Harper's Ferry, the Schuylkill at Hamburg. We also went through it at the Lehigh Gap, with that beautiful river, and twenty-nine miles northeast of this is the Delaware Water Gap. Between them are five other depressions, the chief being the Wind Gap, eleven miles from the Delaware. This depression is not so low as the Water Gap, and again the Indians appropriately described them by giving names indicating that the wind went through one gap and the water through the other. And even to this day the disappointed farmers of Monroe County, when looking for rain in a dry time, berate the clouds that give them the slip, and are blown away through the Wind Gap. Tat's Gap is
two and one-half miles from the Water Gap, and by all of
these depressions wagon-roads are carried over the great
mountain range, the Water Gap itself being eighty miles in
a direct line north of Philadelphia, though much more by
riding along the Delaware.

The river Delaware, or rather the Coquago and Popacton,
which form it, rise in the Catskills, and for nearly two hun-
dred miles they flow along the western side of the great Blue
Ridge, seeking an outlet to the sea, uniting at the northeast
corner of Pennsylvania. For half this distance the Erie
Railway uses the Delaware Valley for its road to the West.

In the dim past, it is said, the Kittatinny chain had no
Water Gap, but that it dammed up the waters of the Dela-
ware into a vast lake, covering northeastern Pennsylvania,
and having its outlet on the higher level of the Wind Gap.

But a mighty convulsion came that rent the rocks asunder
and let the waters through, so that the stream flowed down
towards the sea, to make on its gradually deepening channel,
and by the action of the current, both cobble-stones and com-
merce for Philadelphia. The vast lake was thus let out, and
the rich land that was uncovered by the process became the
happy hunting-grounds of the Lenni Lenapes, who called it
again in their significant way the Land of the "Minisink,"
meaning "The waters have gone." The mountain-chain
thus rent asunder left two abrupt peaks standing on either
hand, towering sixteen hundred feet high. These were
named in honor of the Indians,—Minsi, from one of the
tribes, and Tammany, from the greatest chieftain the Lenni
Lenapes or Delawares ever had, the great Tamanend. He
was the boss Indian politician of his day, and it is, therefore,
not inappropriate that, named after him, Tammany and its
Sachems should rule the politics of New York.

THE WATER GAP SEEN FROM ABOVE.

Go out with me on the piazza of the hotel in the early
morning, and at an elevation of four hundred feet above the
river, with the cool air gently blowing from the far northward
across the Minisink, take a view of this remarkable forma-
tion of nature. Over opposite rises the bold form of Mount
 Tammany, on the Jersey shore, and to the southward Mount
Minsi, the river forcing a narrow way between them, though
it runs far below us, and so covered in by foliage and projecting cliffs that it cannot be seen. Down in the valley the passing railway trains roll along, and they can be traced upon the black lines of rails far away to the northwest, as they run up the little stream known as Brodhead’s Creek to Stroudsburg. The Delaware itself comes sharply around the projecting point of a mountain from the northeast. The hunting-grounds of the Minisink spread all across the view to the northward, a broad expanse of rolling and rich farm-land, crossed by the lower range of the Fox and Shawnee hills, through which the creek comes by a miniature gap. The Minisink spreads as far as eye can see, with the Pocono Mountains, gray and misty, at the edge of the horizon. But to the southward the great mountains bordering the Water Gap, barely a mile from us, abruptly close the view, excepting where the river goes around its graceful curve through the opening of the narrow gorge, and is soon lost behind an intervening mountain. This precipitous, but comparatively low, mountain juts out in front of Mount Tammany, and prevents our seeing the lower part of the Gap. The obstruction is tantalizing, but it cannot be helped, and the stupid mountain that has thus put itself in the way has been appropriately named the Blockhead Mountain. With a companion cliff on the other side, it makes the entrance portal to the pass. Their sides are densely wooded, and between them the narrow, placid river, which the rays of the early sun have not yet reached down to, makes a graceful curve to the eastward. Mount Minsi, also densely wooded, rises just below, like the curved side of a great basin, and closes in the view, while the tall and abrupt wall of Mount Tammany on the other side rises in bluish haze behind the smaller Blockhead in front. Between the two great mountains can be seen the Gap, through which the river has broken its way to get on to the sea,—narrow and contracted, and just opening as it were like a pair of sliding doors. This remarkable formation is upon so stupendous a scale that everything else seems dwarfed. As we leave the grand view, the first beams from the sun have got down to the river above, and make a rippling silver streak, while the gentle air from over the Minisink country solaces the mind as we lean back in the capacious arm-chairs on the broad piazza, and, through the openings
in the waving foliage, drink in the calm yet gorgeous scene. Here, for fagged-out human nature, is the balmy restorative of the pure mountain air, and that long sight for tired eyes over the blue hills and placid waters that makes a perfect rest. Such is the Delaware Water Gap as seen from Sunset Hill.

THE WATER GAP SEEN FROM BELOW.

Now, after getting fortified by a good breakfast, for in this romantic region the mountain air quickly produces hunger, let us clamber down the hill to the river-bank. We go along steep zigzag paths, and rustic stairways, alongside little rocky waterfalls, and through pretty bits of shrubbery and flower-beds, and at a little wharf find a tiny steamboat—the "Kittatinny"—that will go out whenever it suits four persons to invest twenty-five cents apiece passage-money. We embark for a voyage through the Gap, and are on the narrow river, down in an immense basin, with the towering mountains encompassing us, their green foliage clinging to the crags, beginning to tinge with yellow and red as the north wind tells of the approach of autumn. We look back at Sunset Hill, from which we came. Up on a ledge of rocks projecting from its side, about one hundred and seventy feet above the river, is the broad white expanse of the Kittatinny House, the smokes from its chimneys going almost straight up in the calm air till they get above the hill-top, where the wind can blow them away. Farther up, and embowered in foliage on the top of the hill, can be seen the white cupola of the Water Gap House, and a part of its mansard-roof. The trees obscure all the rest of the building, which seems almost suspended from the sky, it stands so high above us. Farther to the southward, the mountains forming the gigantic basin, in the bottom of which we are floating, raise their heads still higher, the almost perpendicular crags that form them being surmounted by masses of trees. These crags become a wall of dark red sandstone, rent into a horizontal chasm that looks not unlike the open mouth of some monster, and is therefore called the "Dragon's Jaw." Far above, and perched on an eminence, is an arbor embosomed in foliage. This was the "Lover's Leap" in the older days of the Gap, but modern refinement has named it for the lover who is alleged to have made the
leap four hundred feet down into the river—"Winona's Cliff." Her pathetic story (condensed in Ledger style) may be told hereafter. To the eastward of Winona's Cliff, and farther around the basin, a wooded ravine divides the Cliff from the side of Mount Minsi, grandly rising far above. Here on the "Promontory," with a little white flag flying six hundred feet above the river, is another arbor, and one hundred feet higher up, but farther back from the precipitous face of the mountain, still a third arbor rises amid the foliage on top of "Prospect Rock." The river seems very narrow, the almost perpendicular sides of the mountains coming down to the water's edge, and in their vastness dwarfing all below, so that the distances seem much less than they really are. The railway runs up the Pennsylvania shore, the locomotive whistles reverberating from the mountain-sides as the trains run through the gorge. Such is the scene as we get aboard the little steamboat.

The tiny "Kittatinny" pipes her shrill whistle, and with one dollar and seventy-five cents freight from seven passengers, starts on the voyage through the Gap. She circles around in the water and heads for Mount Minsi, that seems to shut up the gate through which the river flows, standing there like a great obstructive wall as we swiftly round the end of Blockhead Mountain. The long curving lines of rails at the foot of Mount Minsi glisten in the sunlight as we move along. Grandly the gorge sweeps around to the left as we calmly float along on the steamboat, a lot of other fellows laboriously pulling along in row-boats, and wishing they were us. Soon passing the point of Blockhead Mountain, we see the towering form of Mount Tammany behind it, the Gap looking like a little notch cut in the range, its sliding sides opening farther and farther down, as the steamer glides along. The beetling crags that rise far above show the rocky upheaval that has made this great mountain-chain. On both sides of the gorge the range rises gradually higher and higher as we enter the Gap. Here a party of boys in a boat, tired of rowing, try to hook on to the steamboat, but by mismanagement run into us, and one of them gets knocked overboard. His companions fish him out of the water, and set him ashore to dry off, so that his mother will not find it out. The shock deranges our rudder, and we run the prow ashore
THE DELAWARE WATER GAP.

while the crew make repairs. Thus we halt at the foot of the Blockhead, the romance all gone in the stern reality of impending shipwreck. The repairs completed and the underwriters' survey being satisfactory, the voyage is resumed. Again we glide between the Blockhead and Mount Minsi, having rounded the eastern curve, and now steer direct for the face of Mount Tammany, as the river begins its second grand curve through the Gap, this time reversing it and flowing towards the south, around the base of Mount Minsi. The narrow river sharply bends to the right as we enter the pass, which is not one thousand feet wide, while directly in front Tammany rises almost perpendicularly to the towering height of sixteen hundred feet. The rocks on either hand look as if the fissure had been rent by a sudden convulsion as we go through it between the mountains, and the little steamboat whistle is sounded to show the superb echo. Around the base of Mount Tammany they are hewing the route along the rocks for the extension of the Pennsylvania Railroad up through the gorge, and to the Susquehanna far beyond the Minisink, so that, like the Rhine and the Hudson, there will soon be a railway on both sides of the Delaware River gorge. The immense crags stand up far above our heads, and the workmen crawl over them and hang on in perilous positions as they chip out the path for the railway. Here ends the Gap, for the mountains south of the narrow pass rise almost abruptly from a comparatively level plain, while rocks and ridges so cover the water that it is almost impossible to see where the river goes, its route below is so well hidden.

We turn about and retrace the journey through the Gap, a stiff north wind blowing down the narrow pass into our faces. As we move between the two great mountains again, a factory smokes on the shore just ahead of us, engaged in the unromantic occupation of making slates. The row-boats are out on the river in numbers, and we quickly retrace our course through the river's double curve, past Minsi and the Blockhead, when the ladies are startled again by a baby leaning far over the side of a row-boat to dabble in the water. They expect it to topple over and get drowned, but the Providence that guards babies and journalists alike allows no news item of this sort to be telegraphed from the Gap. We
head for the Promontory, with its arbor perched on high, and then rounding the Blockhead, sight the two hotels elevated on Sunset Hill, one apparently on top of the other. As we go along, the youth who fell overboard is seen on the shore wringing out his wet clothes and taking his first lesson as an amateur Chinese laundryman, while just above him, behind the railway, is the prettiest rustic arbor in all this romantic region, that which Mr. Childs has put at the entrance to the Eureka Glen. Steaming on a little farther we can see up the valley of Brodhead's Creek and over the village of the Water Gap, nestling at the foot of another hill, just at the edge of the river, with the Shawnee range of hills running off in the distance. Returning to the landing after this romantic and not unadventurous sail through the Gap, we toil on foot up Sunset Hill, and speak in admiration both of the view and of the inventor of that boon to ascending humanity—the elevator. Having mounted the hill, the journey is appropriately ended by getting our photographs taken with Mount Minsi in the background.

XXXVII.

THE DELAWARE WATER GAP.

THE MINSI PIONEERS.

Nature made the Delaware Water Gap, but art has made it accessible, and unfolded its greatest beauties to the human gaze. Philadelphia began sending its tourists here sixty years ago, when the laborious journey was made by stage. The venerable Caleb Cope is probably the only survivor of the earlier visitors, and a half-century ago the beginning of what is now the Kittatinny House was built. The throng increased, so that greater accommodations were needed, until at present there are probably thirty hotels and boarding-houses within a small circuit around the Gap, the latest and finest of them being the Water Gap House, on top of Sunset Hill. The visitors made the foot-paths that have displayed the beauties
THE DELAWARE WATER GAP.  275

of the mountains, and as early as thirty years ago a party of them opened a path through the finest of the attractions on the mountain-side, the Eureka Glen. Soon after there was made a regular organization, called the "Sappers and Miners," composed of visitors at the Gap, who opened roads and footpaths and put up direction marks. Many well-known Philadelphians who would not like to be seen mending highways and chopping wood at home were willing to pay eighteen dollars a week board at the Water Gap for the privilege of chipping rocks and cutting out undergrowth, getting thereby a better appetite than they ever knew in Philadelphia society circles. The "Sappers and Miners" were a grand organization, having the right idea about the proper formation of such a corps. They were nearly all officers. They had a hundred offices of various grades of dignity, and the single man whom all these officials commanded was known as the "High Private." They also know well that the commissariat was an important department for a working force, and whenever they started out on a road-making expedition, enough ladies were taken along to prepare a lunch and care for the wounded. These "Sappers and Miners," however, fell into desuetude, and afterwards were superseded by the "Minsi Pioneers." These pioneers were industrious road-makers for several years, but they too, like all things earthly, have dissolved into little else than a memory, though many of the best paths and prettiest views at the Gap were opened by this organization. At the hotel, in the hall, there is put up on the wall in rustic emblems,

"The Minsi Pioneers,"
"Organized August 21, 1875."

Beneath are twelve axes, supposed to be the tools with which the pioneers did their work. But these axes are no longer taken down—there is no more road-making,—even the anniversary, once a day of extra jollification, this year passed unnoticed. The glory of the corps has departed, and the road-making at the Gap is now the task of the hotel-keepers and Mr. Childs, who has been a visitor there since boyhood. A check from Sixth and Chestnut Streets now influences more road-making at the Gap than all the rusting axes of the pioneers that hang on the wall.
Let us make an exploration of some of these roads, which, like the Appian Way for the Romans, recall in this modern day the skill of the "Sappers and Miners" and the "Minsi Pioneers," the ancient road-makers at the Gap. The journey, however, has to be made on foot. No carriage is allowed to invade the sacred routes, laid out on the mountain-side of this romantic region. Horses are permitted to haul you from the railway station, but you must do your own transportation afterwards. We will begin with the Sylvan Way, laid out along the romantic banks of the wild Caldeno Creek. This little stream comes down the mountain and crosses the side of Sunset Hill in a ravine, down which goes the precipitous path to the steamboat-landing. We explore it above this, however, taking it at about four hundred feet elevation and ascending. Three of the ancient road-makers named this stream after themselves, each generously contributing a syllable to its name of Cal-den-o. It must be remembered as we start upon the pedestrian tour, that the people who in Philadelphia cannot go a half-dozen squares on a level street without getting into a horse-car, think nothing, when they are here, of clambering for miles over the mountains before breakfast. Such is the exhilarating effect of the mountain air—and fashion. Before we start, we get our breakfast, so as to be sure of that much; and then, walking inland a little way from the hotel, reach the "Lakelet," not far off, a pretty piece of water, surrounded by rocks, shrubbery, and rhododendrons, with a rustic arbor on the edge of the bank, where the pedestrian takes a rest. This little lake is availed of for a water reservoir. Then we go on along the Sylvan Way, up the valley of the little stream, now almost dry. Over rustic stairways, among the laurel bushes, we climb, following a rocky pathway through the wooded glen, mounting steadily upward. Great jagged crags poke out, and the long pull up-hill takes the wind out of some of the fat fellows, but we keep on in good cheer. Everything is still in the wild woods, excepting the song of the locust, and occasionally a voice from the people who are wandering along the paths. Clambering over rocks up hill and down dale, and getting into a profuse perspiration with the exertion under a strong summer
sun, whose rays sometimes pierce through the foliage that keeps off all the breezes, we watch the young squirrels darting about, and then on a rustic bridge cross the little creek. Soon we come to the pretty "Caldeno Falls," where a straight ledge of rocks stands up and makes a waterfall that, in the wet season, must be a miniature Niagara; but now in time of drouth, only a small current comes over one side of it. A tree has been cut down, and falling across the top of the rocky ledge, it makes, with a hand-rail and a few footboards, a rustic pathway up to the top of the fall. Above, the water come down over a shelving ledge of broken rocks, making a succession of rapids, and at intervals the stream is tapped to furnish a water-supply. Every householder here can establish his own water-works by running a pipe or a trough out to some water-course on the mountain-side.

DIANA'S BATH.

Not far above the waterfall, in the course of the rapids, a projecting ledge of rocks that stand almost upright across the stream makes a perfect basin, and here set in among the trees, which grow so luxuriantly around, is "Diana's Bath." We stop to take a drink of the cool water from the basin thus formed by nature, and then look at the "Moss Cataract" just above it, down which the water slides over an inclined bed of moss-covered rocks into the bath. It is a fascinating, but slippery-looking place, and the chaste Diana, when she used to sport around these pleasant dominions, must have had a good time gliding down this rocky slide into the bath. It is about fifty feet in length, and at an angle of forty-five degrees, and so thickly hedged in by foliage that the sun never shines upon the rippling current darting down the slide into the basin below. We linger long in this enchanting nook, but ultimately leave it, to clamber again over rocks and roots up the path along the bank of the little stream, where, in cosey and retired spots, the young men and maidens from the hotel are reclining on the grass and enjoying each other's society and the scenery, for it is a glorious spot for a picnic. The huckleberries are ripe, and on the lower bushes underneath, the teaberrries are beginning to show themselves. Then we leave the creek, and, like all amateur wanderers through the woods, soon get a little mixed, because sign-
boards are missing. Coming to where four paths meet, we deliberate awhile and then plunge along one of them, but soon discover our mistake. A couple of trials on the others ultimately set us right, and after more walking through the woods and among the pretty ferns, a gradual descent of the hill out towards the river again brings us to the end of the woods path, and we have finished our exploration of the Sylvan Way. This woods path leads to another and apparently more travelled footway, just where it crosses a little rustic bridge over a stream-bed that is now dry.

THE TRUE RIDGE PATH.

This much travelled path is the chief pedestrian route of the Water Gap, and the crowning labor of the "Minsi Pioneers." It is a footwalk of over two miles' length, constructed from the hotels up the face of the mountain, and winding in and out of the ravines till it reaches the summit of Mount Minsi. It is not a highway in the usual meaning of that word, but to gain some of the elevations reached by it, your panting breath suggests that as the most appropriate name. Not far away from the hotel is the entrance to this wonderful road, a pretty arbor, with its roof looking rather the worse for wear, on the front of which the Minsi Pioneers have carved their name, and the date, "1875," in rustic emblems, together with the Latin motto "Inveniam Viam Aut Faciam," with which to terrify the untutored who may come this way, including myself, and show that they are true descendants of the old Roman road-makers, and like them have disappeared, but left this enduring work behind them. Entering, it is found a dusty and evidently much travelled path along the face of the mountain, with frequent views through the trees out over the magnificent river valley. We enter it not far from its beginning, where it crosses the little rustic bridge above referred to. The eminent travellers that have gone along this way before us have written and carved their names all over the wood-work, stairs, and hand-rails that help to ease the weary route along the "True Ridge Path"; and it crosses frequent tiny bridges over the beds of mountain torrents and ravines, and leads steadily upward by flights of stone steps and inclined and tortuous ways, until, at a distance of probably a half-mile from the entrance arbor, we come out on the
face of the mountain and, at an elevation of about four hundred feet above the river, reach an open place where there is a grand view, and another arbor perched just on the edge of the crag, where you can sit down, and, as you pant for breath and wipe off the perspiration induced by such unusual exertion, can enjoy the marvellous scene over the river, the mountains, and the valley, far away to the northward.

THE CONDENSED STORY OF WINONA.

This is "Winona's Cliff," and here is the condensed version of Winona's story, which Mr. L. W. Brodhead tells at length in his attractive little book about the Water Gap. Wissinoming was the noble chieftain of the Delawares, who reigned over the Minisink two centuries ago, and Winona was his beloved and only daughter. After skipping several pages descriptive of the gorgeous beauty and accomplishments of the fair Indian princess, it is discovered that an attractive young Dutchman, of high rank, named Hendrick Van Allen, appears upon the scene. The Holland Government sent him out to work copper-mines, as is alleged, but, according to the story, his chief occupation was going out rowing and fishing with Winona, in a little red canoe. We omit several more pages descriptive of these expeditions, simply remarking, it is generally noted, unlike similar voyages of the present, that the maiden did the rowing. In the course of time, as is sometimes usual in such cases, Wissinoming died, causing the filial Winona several paragraphs of grief, and his son, Manatammany, becoming the chief, a lot of impudent Indians from New York and elsewhere came around to whip the young man, but after several years' trial found it could not be done. The many pages describing these Indian wars are also omitted, because they have nothing to do with the story, and besides the prudent young Dutchman, Hendrick, managed to keep himself out of harm's way all the time. The wars, however, embroiled the Delawares with the whites, and here the fair Winona exerted her qualities as a diplomatist and made peace between them, even offering to die as a sacrifice. The unaccepted proposal restored peace, and as the story goes on, "years of uninterrupted friendship followed." Being now out of danger, Hendrick reappeared, and between the several years of war and the subsequent years of peace, it was evi-
dent that Winona was getting—well, not to put too fine a point upon it—was verging towards the estate of an old maid. Several more pages describe the manner in which the spark of love kindled in Winona's bosom was fanned into flame by advancing years, until the English having conquered the Dutch at New York, orders were suddenly sent Hendrick to go home to Amsterdam. It requires many paragraphs to tell the difficulty with which he made up his mind to break the sad news to Winona, but finally he took her up on the cliff to the place where we now sit in the arbor, to do it. Here he read her the fatal letter (written in Dutch). The effect of the dialect was not surprising. She was a little out of breath with toiling up four hundred feet of steep hill, but, "standing firm and erect as the forest oak, displaying the heroism of her noble ancestry," Winona addressed him to the extent of nearly two pages of grand old English blank verse and "then disappeared. Hendrick ran to the cliff; caught her in his arms; they reeled on the precipice; and — ." Such is the condensed story of the "Lover's Leap" at Winona's Cliff, with the full text of its ending in the book. The reader must imagine the rest.

The arbor is built where the lovers made the leap, and back on the cliff, where Hendrick drew out of his pocket the fatal Dutch letter, is now a little booth, where lemonade and birch beer regale the fatigued but less despairing lovers of to-day who may climb to the top of this cliff. Had lemonade been sold here in the days of the fair Winona, her fate might have been different. We look out over the Minisink from our elevated perch, and can see the hotels nestling among the trees, apparently on the steep mountain-side that incloses the view of the valley, and can also see for miles away over the flat land where the Delaware comes down past a series of islands partly formed by the incoming currents of Cherry and Brodhead's Creeks. Little houses nestle among the foliage on the hills below the hotels, and the valley gradually narrows into the Gap, the river running through the contracted gorge in front of us, and then grandly curving around first to the left and then to the right between the two great mountains, Tammany standing up abruptly, while Minsi is more sloping. All the crags are thickly wooded, excepting where the rocks are too steep to hold the trees.
Here can be seen to perfection the effect of the mighty con- 
vulsion of nature that has let the river through the mountain- 
ridge. As we sit under the arbor to enjoy the glorious 
scene, a sudden puff of wind comes and blows a lady's hat 
about a half-mile down through the Gap,—and, like Winona, 
it disappeared. Thus do perils environ the rambler in this 
wondrous region. Our thirsty party drink to Winona's 
memory in lemonade, while the hornets cluster around us, 
for they like lemonade too, being attracted by the sugar in 
the glasses, to the dismay of some of the drinkers.

THE PROMONTORY AND PROSPECT ROCK.

Resuming the journey along the Ridge Path, we make a 
steady climb farther up the mountain-side, finding the woods 
strewn with rocks, and the ground covered with the dried 
leaves of last autumn. Broken trunks of trees lie around 
among the crags just where they have fallen, for the path is 
opened along the wildest part of the mountain. It leads 
over more miniature bridges, and again starts the perspiration 
out as we toil up the ascent. We stop to take a drink 
where a hollowed trunk of a tree is availed of to bring the 
current from a little spring out to where it is accessible, 
alongside the pathway. Winding around a grand ravine, we 
move onward and steadily upward. Much labor has been 
required in some places to hew out the road. After toiling 
for a half-mile from Winona's Cliff, the path finally brings 
us out to the edge of the mountain again, this time at the 
"Promontory," on this side of Mount Minsi, at an elevation 
of about six hundred feet above the river, and so nearly per-
pendicularly over the water that, if so inclined, one could 
jump down into it. There is another grand view to the 
northward, far away over the hills of Monroe County, to the 
distant Pocono Mountains, where they gather the berries for 
our hotels. In walking around the ravine to reach the 
Promontory we have gone by much of the first curve of the 
Gap, so that now the view to the southward shows the river 
gorge curving grandly around to the right hand between the 
mountains still towering far above us. Beneath our feet, 
along the edge of the water, runs the railway, its four bright 
rails like streaks upon the ground. Up here the leaves have 
already begun to turn, and the ladies collect foliage of the
variegated hues. The clouds creep over Mount Tammany, which looks like a vast recumbent elephant, and their shadows move slowly over the dark green trees. Down in the bottom of the gorge, on the river-shore alongside Blockhead Mountain, is a narrow space of cultivated land. Looking northward, far below us and over on the other side of the intervening ravine, can be seen the top of the arbor on Winona's Cliff. The little row-boats creep along the smooth surface of the river like tiny insects, and tied to its wharf is the miniature steamboat, dwarfed by the huge surroundings. On top of the Promontory arbor is the white flag we had discerned from its deck when out on the river below. It is found to be a piece of white muslin, whereon is put, in rather demoralized-looking letters, "Philada. Ramblers, 1881." The signwriters who did the work must have been out of breath from toiling up the mountain.

Then we climb still higher up the path over the rough sandstone, on a tortuous and difficult way, and mount a hundred feet farther to the "Prospect Rock," where there is another arbor. This gives almost the same view as the Promontory, but, as it is more elevated and back from the edge of the precipice, it loses the grandeur of the abrupt scene over the water. In fact, the Promontory gives, probably, the finest landscape at the Water Gap, but from the Prospect Rock the eye will carry to the northward many miles over the Minisink, while nearer, the white walls of the buildings at the Gap village nestle among the green foliage almost covering them. Excepting when the wind rustles through the trees, all is silent, though the occasional hum of a bumblebee who, like us, has come up to this elevated region, shows that his bumble-ship is more neighborly than is always agreeable. The Ridge Path goes on over rocks and stones and through the woods a mile farther, to the "summit." It mounts higher, but the result scarcely repays the toil, for, though there are long and grand views both north and south on the mountain-top, they lack the transcendent beauty of the scene from the less elevated spots just over the river's edge. The summit scene to the northward is called the "Miner's View," and that to the southward the "Sapper's View." Here, it used to be the custom annually to raise the flag on the highest tree on the top of Mount Minsi, and here
the Ridge Path ends. We have explored it thoroughly, and then, turning about, scramble down the hill again, and are astonished to find that this, in its way, is as difficult a task as the ascent, though it brings different muscles into play. Looking sharply at our footsteps over the rough rocks and giving only occasional glances at the scenery, we turn into another path, and, after stumbling along what appears to be several thousand feet down alongside a ravine and getting very hot at the work, we come to the Eureka Glen, which is the most romantic gem at the Water Gap.

XXXVIII.

THE DELAWARE WATER GAP.

THE EUREKA GLEN.

The great family at the Delaware Water Gap—for all places have their great families—are the Brodheads. The sturdy Captain Richard Brodhead, of the grenadiers, came over from Yorkshire in 1664 to help capture New York from the Dutch, and his descendants wandered into Monroe County, Pennsylvania, so that there might rise up in the sixth generation the present popular landlords at the Gap,—W. A. Brodhead, of the Kittatinny House, and L. W. Brodhead, of the Water Gap House. The sacred records of this charming place are all kept in the ancient hotel register of the Kittatinny House,—a book that is treasured as a priceless gem by its owner. Herein are recorded all the transactions of the old time road-makers, and its pages, among other important matters, contain the history of the early exploration of the gem of the Gap,—the Eureka Glen. It is therein written that on August 17, 1852, a party of three ladies and three gentlemen from Philadelphia "did, with great toil, labor, work, and diligence, discover, lay out, survey, and explore a certain waterfall, cascade, cataract, stream, basin, and grotto, being and lying within the bounds of Monroe County aforesaid, and with divers instruments and tools, to
wit: One dull axe, one sharp hatchet, two jack-knives, and one pine-tree, did thereto and thereabout build, construct, and open a certain path, or public highway, for the use and benefit of all foot-passengers and pedestrians forever, and did, upon and over the said stream, erect a certain bridge, or causeway, of rocks, and, then and there, by virtue of the powers, privileges, and immunities in them as discoverers of the said location, by the law of nations vested, did thereto assign the following names, to wit: To the said falls the name of ‘Eureka Falls’; to the said bridge of rocks, the name of ‘The Bridge of Sighs’; to the said bath or basin, the name of ‘Rebecca’s Bath,’ and to the said grotto, the name ‘Moss Grotto’; and moreover, at the same time and place above mentioned, it was by the said parties then and there assembled unanimously resolved and determined that the said Falls, Bath, Grotto, and Bridge, so as aforesaid more particularly named and described, were, and the same are pronounced and decreed, and shall hereafter be deemed and taken to be, in all respects, superior to all other Falls, Baths, Bridges, and Grottos whatsoever, and wheresoever situated, within ten miles circular of the home and habitation of William A. Brodhead, proprietor of the house commonly known as the Kittatinny House.” This formidable declaration is duly signed and sealed, and it records the first exploration of the Eureka Glen, nearly thirty years ago. The “Bridge of Sighs” was afterwards destroyed by the opening of a carriage-road near the river-bank, but the other attractions remain, the present excellent path through the Glen having been made by Mr. Childs, who, like all other visitors, thinks this the gem of the Gap.

High up on the side of the mountain rises the Hunter’s Spring, where Wissinoming and the fair Winona went to slake their thirst; and the stream from it comes down a precipitous gorge, wild and romantic beyond all description, the overhanging foliage shutting out the rays of the sun for the entire distance, so that the growth of mosses and ferns is very beautiful. At times the piles of moss-covered rocks almost cover the stream that percolates through them, and makes a succession of cascades for over a thousand feet down the incline, until it darts under the railroad and out into the river. Entering the Glen from the top, the broad foot-path cleared
of rocks is a pleasure to walk upon, as we turn into it from the "True Ridge Path." The pretty stream runs swiftly down the Glen, over its broad bed of moss-grown rocks, although the drouth has shrunk its dimensions. The path has long rustic stairways and bridges, so placed to display all the beauties of the Glen. At times it crosses the wild gorge, which is certainly the most enchanting of all the wonders of the place. As we sit on the rustic benches and listen to the running of the water, and the tinkling of the distant cow-bells down in the valley, with the foliage dense overhead and the cool air fanning us, the effect is delicious. The Glen is abrupt in its descent, so that the path goes down lengthened stairways and winds in full view far below, as you look through the trees down the wild, rough, rock-lined gorge.

We pass the Falls, where but a small stream is now going over into the Grotto, where the brownstone rocks stand up like a grand amphitheatre, and come to Rebecca's Bath, a little water-basin formed so naturally that it looks as if art had put it just at the exit of the Glen by the river. We come down the steps, some made of rustic branches and some of rocks, piled into a winding staircase, and here find alongside Rebecca's Bath the finest arbor at the Gap, built with open sides and pyramid roofs, all constructed and highly ornamented with the branches of trees. Appropriate mottoes are inscribed upon it in rustic work, and, as we sit in the arbor, the water runs over the edge of the bath alongside us, and disappears under a little bridge. Such is the Eureka Glen.

THE DRAGON'S JAW.

We turn from the Glen upon a path constructed along the face of the precipitous cliffs that here make most of the mountain-side. Scrambling over more rocks, for this path has not been cleared like the one in the Glen, we crawl along the face of the crags that tower far above. This is the Giant's Cliff, and it discloses several caves, just such caverns as you would imagine a giant hiding in, while down the cliff he could throw you hundreds of feet to the carriage-road far below. Gradually climbing up a zigzag route along the rocks the path goes through a fissure cleft in the face of the cliff, that makes the "Dragon's Jaw." Rough rocks stand
up on the outer edge for teeth and fangs, and it looks for all
the world as if the monster would close the jagged orifice,
and crush us as the giant jaws came together. You can
stand straight upright within the Dragon's enormous mouth.
It was a tough job to get up there, and some of us went
through it, while others didn't. Then we zigzag down the
face of the rock again, and going around another crag, climb
a rustic stairway, and sit upon the stones to rest. The strat-
ified rocks lie in vast ledges, pried open by the roots of the
trees apparently. This is the "Tower Rock," piled up enor-
mous and high, and in some places looking as if built there
for a wall of masonry.

Winona's Cliff is above, and we pass under it, scrambling
up hill and down dale, over the stones and roots along the
rocky path, with huge crags often protruding far over our
heads. It is a hot job laboring along this rough path on a
summer's day, and strongly provocative of thirst. Finally
we come out on the face of the cliff and have a good view
over the river valley, with its water bubbling over the rapids
near the Jersey shore. This whole region seems set on edge,
with enough loose rocks lying around to build the biggest
city in the world. The rough road finally brings the perse-
vering pilgrim out on the Ridge path again, at the pleasant
nook known as the "Lovers' Retreat." Across, on the very
top of Blockhead Mountain, a venturesome Englishman has
built a villa in a lonely spot, and amuses himself raising
strawberries. The river rapids flow almost under his feet.
A short distance more up-hill and our weary walk ends at
the hotel, bringing back a dusty, footsore, and hungry party,
who nevertheless appreciated the romantic beauties which
only a long pedestrian tour could disclose at the Gap.

THE CHERRY VALLEY AND STROUDSBURG.

Having had enough of walking, let us now take a carriage
with a strong brake—necessary in this region of steep hills
—and explore the pretty valley of Cherry Creek, which ex-
tends to the southwest along the northern base of the Blue
Ridge, and has been described as "full of dimpling hills and
fine orchards, among which stalwart men live to a ripe old
age upon the purest apple-whisky." With brake on we slide
along the road, which goes about three hundred and fifty feet
down hill in less than a half-mile. We pass the pretty little "Church of the Mountain," built by the Presbyterians, and then through the Delaware Water Gap village, full of boarding-houses. We drive up the broad valley, with the creek meandering through the bottom-land, and the cows trying to pick up a living among the rocks on the hill-sides. They have old-time log and plaster houses out here in Monroe County, and the inhabitants utilize their tomato-cans for flower-pots. Circus-bills are posted on the outbuildings, and we are told that nothing so stirs up this region as a travelling show. The creek furnishes water-power for slate-factories, whose dams make pretty cascades. All the sign-boards point to the Water Gap one way and the Wind Gap the other way, as the road gradually ascends the side of the Fox Hill, which is the ridge dividing Cherry Valley from the Pocono Valley to the northward. Thus is this charming Cherry Valley said to be located between wind and water, and, mounting the Fox Hill, we get a long view over the romantic region. The rocks are almost all slate-measures, among which we wind until, crossing the summit of Fox Hill, the Pocono Valley on the other side is disclosed, with Stroudsburg spread along the bottom, and the Pocono Mountain range far beyond. Down in the lowest part can be seen the locomotives gliding along the railway on their journey from the Delaware River to Scranton, to reach which they pass the village with the unique name of Tobyhanna. It is a grand panorama, this broad valley spread out at our feet, with its villages scattered along the centre, and the Stroudsburg Methodist Church spire rising loftily above the rest of the town. Quickly we slide down the hill, with the brake on, past the little stone "powder-house," for they have to store their gunpowder a half-mile away, and then over the level land into the town.

Stroudsburg stands in the Minisink, the hunting-ground of the Lenni Lenapes, and spreads along the Pocono Creek, with which McMichael's and Brodhead's Creeks unite on the eastern edge of the town, and then flow together as Brodhead's Creek down to the Delaware. We cross McMichael's Creek below a beautiful cascade. Daniel Brodhead originally called the place Dansbury, but Daniel Stroud improved and newly named the town, and his son, George M. Stroud, came to Philadelphia in early life to practice law, and ultimately
became a judge. He always loved his native place, and they tell how he once made it a visit, leaving, as lawyers are wont to do, a placard on his office door which read "Gone to Stroudsburg; return in half an hour." It is a pleasant town, extending at great length along its Main Street, with rows of shade trees and comfortable houses built behind broad gardens. The residents sit on their cosey porches and watch us as we go by. The ancient graveyard stands near the edge of Brodhead's Creek, down which we drive on the return to the Water Gap. Fancy cottage architecture has reached up here, making some of the suburban houses quite ornamental. Stroudsburg is a centre of the tanning trade, and its people also make thousands of clothes-pins for Philadelphia housekeepers. Through the buckwheat-fields, all in white blossom, we drive back towards the dark Blue Ridge, and as evening falls go through the miniature gap, where Brodhead's Creek flows between the Fox and Shawnee Hills. Past water-cure establishments and pulp paper-mills down the creek the carriage glides, through a wild gorge where the new railroad is building high up on one side, while the old railroad runs on the other. Then we come into full view of the Water Gap, with our hotel a white spot up on the hill. Passing the "Church of the Mountain" and the Methodist Church over on the opposite side, we cross Cherry Creek near a pleasant cottage nestling among the trees, and then climb the hill in the darkness to our hotel, with its beacon-lights shining out as the katydids hold their usual evening disputation.

REMINISCENCES OF THE GAP.

A volume could be filled with the history, the romance, and the beauties of the Water Gap. It could be told how the whites, by their treacherous "Walk," in the year 1737, took the Minisink hunting-grounds away from the unwilling Indians, and caused relentless wars for years afterwards. It could be told how Nicholas Depui, the Huguenot, came here to seek refuge from religious persecution in France, and settled at the Water Gap in 1725, living in amity with the Indians for many years, so that the great passage of the waters was known as "Depui's Gap." Also, it could be told how the three brothers, La Bar, more refugees from French religious persecution, desiring to be solitary, built themselves a
cabin just below the Gap, and plodded miles through the gorge to get their wheat ground at the nearest neighbor's—Depui's mill. They married Dutch wives, but in 1808 this region became too crowded for them, and one of the brothers, at the ripe age of eighty-five, then emigrated to Ohio to find more room. His wife died when he was ninety-eight years old, and out on the Ohio frontier, in his one hundredth year, he took to himself a second wife, and then lived till he reached one hundred and five. This venerable Benedict left his son at the Gap, and he—George La Bar—was its famous centenarian, who died at the age of one hundred and seven in 1876, being a vigorous wood-chopper almost to the day of his death. A great-grandson of the Ohio patriarch, and grand-nephew of George La Bar, who is one of the youthful pillars of the Ledger Office to-day, expects to imitate the family longevity and be still a hearty youth upon the Ledger corner until about the year 1970. George La Bar's son was twenty-one when he married his wife aged thirteen, and both are vigorous octogenarians. George's brother lived beyond ninety-eight. Such is the longevity induced by the bracing air of these marvellous mountains. We might explore the Bushkill farther up the Delaware and be enchanted by its beauteous falls; or recite the story of the unfortunate Tatamy, the veritable "Last of the Mohicans," whose memory is kept green by the appellation of "Tat's Gap." We might recount the catalogue of Indian relics found in the many graves exhumed in the Minisink, or describe the long wars after the infamous "Walk," and how Depui's house for many years was used as the outpost fortress by the whites. It was Antoine Dutot, a companion of Stephen Girard, who founded the Water Gap village, and opened the first road through the Gap in 1800, afterwards making it a toll-road. Tradition tells how the mischievous youth of that day drove through his gate, pretending not to understand his broken English when he asked for toll. He selected his own grave on Sunset Hill, and lies there solitary and alone, while the locomotives draw their trains over what was formerly his highway through the Gap.
Here will end our rambling. The summer is over, and the wanderers are returning to town. They have been to the seaside, the farm, or on the mountains; to the myriads of pleasant places that attract the summer visitor, and come back satiated with sight-seeing, and, possibly, with flat pocket-books. The hundreds of thousands of Ledger readers have been on the go, in the flesh or the spirit, since early in June. It has been demonstrated that the short excursion will give as much recreation and at less cost than the more elaborate tour. The object of these sketches has been to show that it is within almost every one's power to get summer recreation. No matter how exacting the employment, a day can be got now and then, for a short trip, and none of these "Rambles" has occupied the writer more than a day or two in the making. Most of them were taken in a single day. It is the brief excursion, so sharply in contrast with the regular daily occupation, that gives the best relaxation, if taken wisely and without dissipation. The neighborhood of Philadelphia presents abundant opportunity for such short trips, and in the series now closing the desire has been to delineate the method and the comparative ease with which they can be taken. We have the finest Park in the world at our own doors for rambling over. We are within two or three hours' ride of all the great seacoast resorts; and four hours will take us to the Blue Ridge, and seven hours to the top of the Alleghenies. Railway extensions and improvements during later years have made hundreds of most charming places easily accessible, and there is no end to the attractions they offer for the briefest as well as for more protracted summer sauntering. Without in any way breaking in upon the demands of a daily newspaper life, these "Rambles" have been taken, and the sketches of them hastily prepared and generally on the spot. As the series has progressed, it has had the effect of awakening new interest in the attractive places visited; and has possibly aided in swelling the current of brief excursion travel out of Philadelphia, which has increased this season to an extent far greater than ever before known. With the hope that the labors of the summer may have given pleasure to all the great circle of readers to whom the Ledger daily goes, I will now close the record of these "Brief Summer Rambles."
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