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GHOST  
OF THE GLACIER  
AND OTHER TALES



Lackawanna  
Railroad



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DELAWARE WATER GAP, PENNSYLVANIA.

Where Water, Cloud and Mountain Meet.

# GHOST OF THE GLACIER

AND OTHER TALES.

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WILL BOGERT HUNTER.



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LACKAWANNA RAILROAD

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# GHOST OF THE GLACIER.

A STORY OF THE MAKING OF THE JERSEY HIGHLANDS.

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ANY years ago, so many that my age is but feebly shown by my heavy progress o'er the solid rocks, I came down from the frigid north.

Even then my age was beyond compute and the days of my youth were of the misty past.

Misty, indeed, for I was born of a fleecy cloud that was wooed by a cold-hearted king, who met her one æon as she drifted gaily through infinite space. She thought to warm his cold heart with her brightness and loveliness; but his was the stronger nature, and by slow degrees she, too, grew cold. Then I was born, a pure, white, soft, little being who reflected my mother's beauty and grace—though, in truth, I was handsomer than she.

They named me Snow Flake, and as Snow Flake I danced merrily through the ethereal blue—but, sad be it to relate—always downward. One day my wings failed me and I sank upon the cold bosom of my affinity. After the wedding I became Ice. Day by day we grew and multiplied until our kind and kin o'erspread the earth about us and we reared our proud, white heads far into space. We grew mightily in strength, too, and smothered in our close embrace giant animals that strode with mighty tread over us in our first weakness.

We were greatly attached to our resting-place on the quiet earth and thought always to stay there. But our kin in the uplands coveted it and they brought strenuous pressure on us to give way to them. So one day we began to move.

## GHOST OF THE GLACIER.

Sad, indeed, was that day of the first unrest, for so completely did the moving humor possess us that never from that day were we content to remain long in any place.

In these days I have seen humans ruled by this same restless spirit.

So restless did we become that our very disposition changed, and it came to pass that we were called Glaciers.

It was strange the completeness with which the territorial expansion doctrine ruled. From the tender, clinging Snow

Flake, and the contented, home-staying wife of the Ice King I, had grown heartless and restless. I presume it was because of the constant change of habitation.

I have seen women in these days develop from light-hearted, winsome wives into querulous scolds

from the same cause. The ambition for advancement supplanted every kindly instinct. We existed only to push onward. Our might was right, and whatever opposed our progress we ruthlessly despoiled or abducted. Great rocks we broke easily from the mountain side, and carried away prisoners in our icy clasp. Crags that stood more secure we surrounded, and our powerful, steady advance carried them bodily with us. Great trees, beside which those of today are pigmies, we uprooted and held in bondage. The thin, loose mantle of dirt with which Mother Earth had partially covered her nakedness, we tore from her.

Behind we left naught save here and there a rocky king that our mighty force could not conquer.

What a force is that of environment! The giant rocks which had lain for æons in sober tranquillity had never dreamed of ill until we possessed them with the spirit of motion. Surrounded by us constantly and moved by our example they became as ruthless and destructive as our-

LOTTA'S HOME,  
HOPATCONG.





selves. Because of their greater coherence they were valuable allies in our advance of destruction. They tore gaping wounds in the mountain sides. They gouged out great crevices in the plains. They left cruel scars for every contact.

We were a mighty force in our resistless onward sweep. We lowered mountain tops and filled valleys. O'er mighty streams we threw our icy arms and turned their merry murmurings to the silence of death. We crushed and leveled and changed their beds, and later, when our arch enemy, the South Wind, freed them of their fetters, they were forced to find others.

For æons we pressed away from our native land in the frigid north. Behind us were ever-increasing forces, pushing us irresistibly onward, swarming mightily over all that we had conquered. It seemed that our triumphant march must continue until the end of time.

\* \* \*

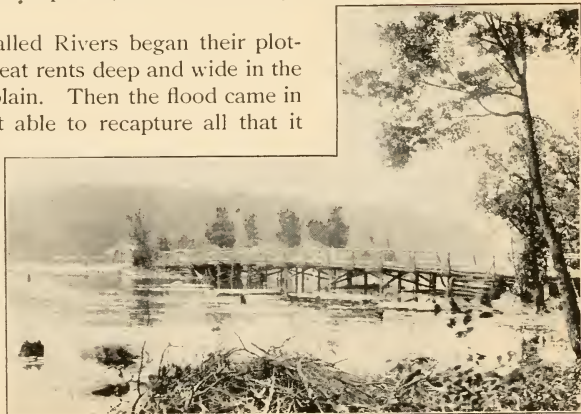
Little did we realize in our proud advance what awaited us. So long and so steadily had we moved forward, overcoming every obstacle and conquering every enemy, that we thought ourselves invincible.

As we drew nearer to that land which now is called Jersey we occasionally met scouts of our arch enemy the South Wind. It became evident that a battle was before us. We for the first time began careful observations from the loftiest eminences occupied by our forces.

Before us was a land of traditions. It had fought many battles with the waves. Internal troubles at various times had rent it. In the early ages of the world it had escaped, by the aid of some unseen power, from the bondage of the sea.

Soon the forces called Rivers began their plotting, and they tore great rents deep and wide in the comparatively level plain. Then the flood came in again, but it was not able to recapture all that it had lost. Again the powerful friend of the land came to its aid and a second escape from the sea was effected. Seven

CHINCOPEE BRIDGE,  
HOPATCONG.



such battles were fought before the sea, driven back in the last encounter, gave up the fight.

As a result of these battles and of the dissensions of the River forces, what once had been a level plain with the Palisades and the Kittitiny mountains for its borders was a region of mountains and valleys and plains.

This land, as we now viewed it, was of decaying beauty. Great trees stood in legions. Beneath were carpets that once must have been like the emerald in hue. Now all was seared and brown. Once they had been fed by neighboring streams, but now these rushing rivers had cut great gorges

LAKE HOPATCONG.



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far below the tree land and the grass land. Once, too, the Sun had wooed these rivers ardently, so ardently that their spirits had sought to join with his. But theirs was an uphill journey, and before it was scarce begun their ardor cooled and they dropped again to bring life and happiness and brightness to the trees and the flowers. Now the spirits of the sweeping streams were deep down where the Sun God never strayed and his loves no longer brought gladness to the withering plants.

Among these brown trees, eking out meager existence, moved animals which we had not known in the far north

land. Captured spies of the South Wind told us of many others which they had seen in their long pilgrimages. "Biting Beast," showing his enormous long incisors, fought with "Fearful Horn," a cruel brute that shook in rage three pairs of giant antlers. "Beast of the Uintas" and "Avenging Horn" roamed side by side. "Mixed Tooth," part hog, part sheep; "Strong Tooth," of ponderous bulk; "Thunder Beast," his great head armed with giant horns; "Saber Tooth," with fearful, tearing teeth, and "Hyæna Tooth," were these denizens of the brown wood. It was said, too, that in far countries was a strange animal



that walked erect and fashioned stone into curious implements and he was called "Man."

In the midst of this prospective battlefield was a great lake. Its waves lapped the edges of the mountains. Little islands here and there dotted its surface. Some of these were mere peaks lifting their slender crests above fathoms of water. Where now nestle pretty towns, Montville, Chat-ham, Morristown, Millington, the waters of this great lake flowed tranquilly. Convent now is built on one of the islands. On the shores of the ancient bay rests Morris Plains. On a peninsula once lapped by icy waves stands

## GHOST OF THE GLACIER.

Basking Ridge. It was not a tempting spot for our battle with the South Wind, but we had conquered in rougher country to the north, and, conscious of our great strength, we went forth in our slow, deliberate way to battle.

\* \* \*

Steadily and boldly we pushed forward. The scouts of the South Wind were met more frequently and in increasing numbers. Occasional bodies of skirmishers harassed us sadly. The white blood of our slain began to flow, and after some encounters it gathered in tiny lakelets or gurgled on in little rivulets. Though our advance was but slightly checked, we began to realize that our previous battles were to be as naught compared to this.

We pressed steadily forward. At night, while the enemy slept, we reënforced our fighting line. Each morning we presented a solid front. We laughed at the feebleness of the South Wind. We strove to think that we were all-powerful.

As the days passed we advanced with greater difficulty. Our losses increased steadily. We began to fear for our

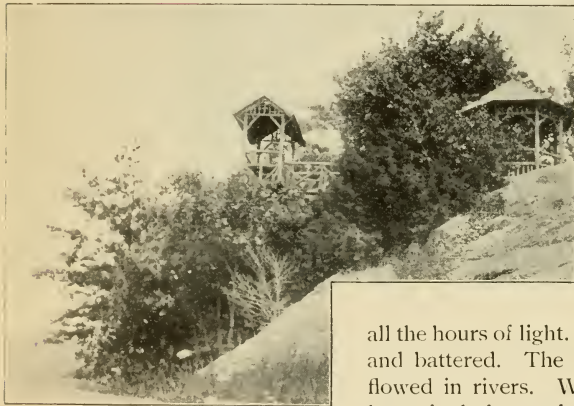
position, and to make it more secure we dug deeper into the earth and threw up ahead of us mighty breastworks of rocks and stones. Each day the fight grew fiercer. The South Wind threw its lances against us in solid masses during

all the hours of light. Our front was bruised and battered. The life-blood of our slain flowed in rivers. We were sorely pressed by a single foe, and now the Sun, too, was

giving evidence of joining with the South Wind. This probable alliance troubled us.

Still we pushed on not disheartened. Had we not unnumbered legions ever coming down from the north! Were we not making steady progress! Had we e'er lost in battle! We had advanced so that our center rested at the edge of one of the prettiest lakes in all the world which

GLACIAL SHORE  
LAKE HOPATCONG.







we builded as one of our monuments. Red men in later years called it, because of its purity, Hopatcong. We had encountered Lake Passaic and dwarfed it. Its compressed waters, striving to escape, had cut great gashes in the solid rock. Our left had advanced to the sea, where a mighty river, since called Raritan, emptied a torrent. Other legions had pushed on down a valley in which flowed a mighty river that was wearing a great gap in a mountain range to escape to the sea. Not far below this place, since called Water Gap of the Delaware, rested

the van of our right. Our front, therefore, was nearly a perfect semi-circle.

Beyond this line we never advanced far. Each day's battle was fiercer than that preceding. The powerful Sun brought all his forces to the aid of the South Wind. He hurled unseen missiles that tore through our phalanxes, rending them from top to bottom. On the flanks of these dismembered legions the South Wind descended pitilessly. We were harassed also from beneath. Our white blood flowed in torrents from our giant wounds and the raging streams tore through the great bulwarks of earth we had builded. Great bowlders from these fortifications were carried away into the enemy's country. Smaller rocks were borne forth in almost solid streams.

We could no longer bring down in the night time sufficient of our forces to replace the fallen. We were unable to repair our shattered breastworks. We could not even creep up close to their sheltering walls as before.

To add to our misfortune the great weight of the forces we had raised seemed to have tilted the earth downward to the north, and the reinforcements came with less haste. One day these reserves began a retreat. It was evident that we of the van were to be deserted. Still the South Wind and the Sun pelted us each day more fiercely than before.

There was for us no alternative. We began the retreat.

Our backward movement was much more rapid, for our enemy was growing stronger. It seemed that we were to be annihilated.

We determined to make one more stand. Back to our

## GHOST OF THE GLACIER.

aid came the reserves, and once again the tide of battle changed. We held our ground. Again we moved forward

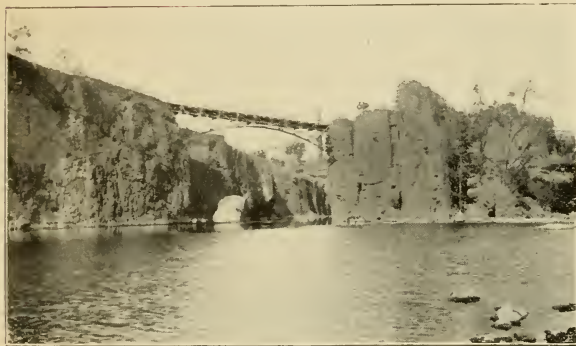
'Twas the same story as of old — the steady advance against odds that mowed us down; the building of fortifications, only to have them torn and rent by the blood of our slain — and again the retreat.

Our second advance never reached the old firing line; the second retreat went on through centuries.

\* \* \*

It was during the second desperate battle that I met my fate. I was in the very van, leading on that forlorn hope.

OLD LAKE PASSAIC  
OUTLET.



About me our forces were melting away under the fierce onslaught of the South Wind and the Sun. Their forces poured in upon us legion upon legion. They cut and slashed with invisible weapons upon our front and upon each wing of our

line. I was leading on in that awful strife, striving only to advance, thinking never to retreat. Before I realized it the enemy had surrounded me and my retreat was cut off.

Proud in my great strength I deigned not to retreat. I moved defiantly forward, though surrounded constantly by the foe. Sadly did the enemy harass me. Each day they attacked me from all sides, their fierce darts ever wearing me away. I felt myself growing weaker. I knew that the persistent attacks of the foe must some day encompass my destruction.

Still I progressed with stateliness and dignity. Only once did I deign to show to my foes the desperate strait I was in. That day I had been driven to the edge of a steep declivity on the edge of Lake Passaic. Thinking to escape the pitiless attacks of those about me I took a sudden start toward the deep waters.

Oh, the exhilaration of that swift race from the enemy!

I regained all my old strength. My desperate situation added power to what I had known in my most puissant days. I plunged forward like the rush of a meteor. I crushed all before me. I dashed from my glistening sides great clouds of débris. I knew for the first time the joys of rapid, destructive motion. On, on, on I dashed like the whirlwind. With a wild plunge that threw above me great clouds of spray I sank beneath the waters of the lake.

Here my plight was even more pitiful. The waters in which I had thought to find retreat lifted my head into the enemy's country, and again I was subjected to the scorching, invisible fire. And while the Wind and the Sun showed me no pity, the waters beat upon me and sapped my strength.

To this uneven struggle there could be but one end. One day, a tiny bit of glistening ice, I sank into the blue waters and cast my lot with them.

Years afterward, as I glistened alone on the rocks, a ray of Sunshine kissed my trembling lips, and my love carried me, a vapory cloud, toward the blue heavens.

I became the Ghost of the Glacier.

\* \* \*

I took for my home a great peak rising from the edge of that lake now called Hopatcong, and from that eminence I watched through many centuries.

I saw the remaining forces of my old brethren, the Glaciers, pushed further and further into the northland. Their old fortifications could be discerned on every hand. In some places, where these had been thrown across valleys, they had imprisoned the sparkling waters, and beautiful lakes were formed. Such a one was that which danced merrily at the foot of the peak which made my home. In other places the waters had worn

LAKE LEFT  
BY THE GLACIER.



channels through the fortifications, and were leaping in sparkling torrents to the plain below.

When the Glacier had long been driven far into the northland a great change became apparent. Over the mountains and the plains a soft carpet of green was spread, more beautiful far than I ever had seen before. Trees, smaller but prettier than the old, and flowers and ferns and mosses, took their being. These the winds wooed and the Sun kissed and the dewdrops lost their hearts to them, and they grew fairer day by day.

Strange animals found their way hither from the southland, smaller, daintier, more graceful than the old.

Then came one day that animal that walks erect and which is called Man. Red was his skin, and lithe and strong his step. About our pretty paradise he builded tradition strange and fanciful.

Then came the stronger Man, the pale face whose wonderful ways threw a gloom over the Red brother and drove him far away. These pale faces I watched for years, saw them build rude houses by the shores of the tiny lakes and upon the sides of the mountains; saw these old houses dwarfed by greater as the tribes increased; saw happy crowds come from the great cities to live for a time in the beauty and exhilaration of the little paradise over which I presided. As I watch these crowds grow greater. Some are on pleasure bent, some covet quiet homes among the mountains, some seek, not in vain, renewal of the life that is sapped in the fires of the city.

At times I am visible for an instant to these present denizens of my paradise. Just at dusk a tiny cloud sometimes rises from my mountain top, and men see and wonder. The wise tell that once upon a time an Indian, one of the last of his race, was killed here in a mighty struggle with a bear. Bruin was his totem, and the Great Spirit rules that whoso-

ever among his red children shall slay that animal which is his totem, never shall enter the happy hunting ground. So Quaquahela, the unfortunate red man, erected his

SINCE MAN CAME  
TO HOPATCONG.

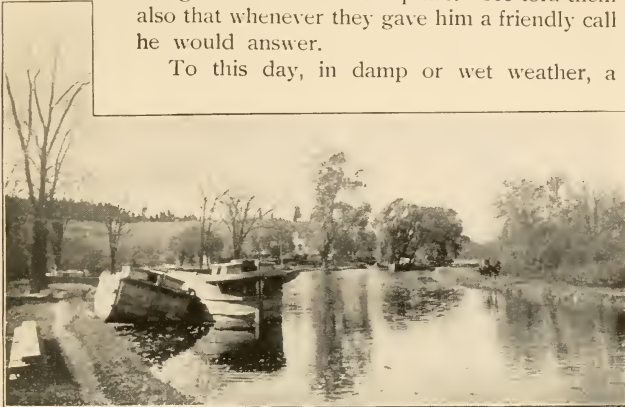




spirit wigwam on his last battleground, promising the remnant of his clan to accompany their expeditions, and that when he returned to his teepee they would know it by the rising smoke from his camp fire. He told them also that whenever they gave him a friendly call he would answer.

To this day, in damp or wet weather, a

ONCE  
POWERS IN  
COMMERCE.



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thin vapor rises from the mountain, and if a shout be given an answer rolls back.

Men say it is the camp fire and the cry of Quaquahele.

It is the form and voice of the Ghost of the Glacier.

### HOPATCONG—"LAKE GEORGE OF NEW JERSEY."

Nestled amid the highlands of New Jersey, reflecting the thousand beauties of the surrounding mountains, a diamond in the sunlight, an emerald in the shadow of the shores, a turquoise mirroring the sky, lies Lake Hopatcong.

To gaze upon waters far less entrancing, to view shores less rugged and broken, to wander over mountains not approaching these in wild, picturesque beauty, Americans every year brave the dangers of the deep, leaving behind thousands to dream of the storied, song-sung lakes of the continent. Each year from the great cities and towns and villages of the teeming east travels northward a throng that seeks the lakes "of the mountains." Lake George, the favored sailing ground of the eastern hills, lies three hundred odd feet above the level of the sea. Lake Hopatcong, the highest navigable lake within three hundred and fifty miles of New York—so like the other that it has been named

"Lake George of New Jersey"—lies nearly one thousand feet above the line against which the billows of the Atlantic break in endless harmony. Mountain breezes, sweet with the fragrance of the pines, blow and woo and sigh in the woodlands and ripple its quiet waters. Surrounding peaks lift verdure-clad heads more than a thousand feet into a summer sky that seems always to smile.

About none of the lakes of the continent or of the world that is called New is there more of history, more of romance, more of song. Created by the great Glacier, its rugged shores tell to the student the story of the formation of the world. Here the red man builded his home before the India-seeking ships of Spain turned westward from Palos. He it was who gave to it its musical name and who christened the mountains and the valleys and the singing streams. Within an hour's journey, in mountain fastnesses just like these, the tattered remnant of the army of freedom beat back the red-coats of England. Among these same hills iron was first made in the New World to be hurled from American guns against the hosts of Britain. Its waters feed one of the first of America's artificial highways of trade and travel, an old canal along which still moves a lazy commerce. Forty-two miles away is the great, throbbing city of New York.

Directory of Hotels and Boarding Houses, giving rates and complete information, will be mailed on application accompanied by 2-cent stamp.

### HOPATCONG STATION, NEW JERSEY.

Along the old feeder of the canal is one of the favorite ways of reaching the lake from the railroad station of Hopatcong, probably the most unique depot in existence, for its platform serves the extremes of travel—the up-to-date railroad express and the slow-moving canal boat. Stepping from the train the traveler crosses this twenty-foot platform to a tiny steamer, which, after much ado, saucily pokes her nose toward the deeper middle water of the canal. A half mile

of the broad waterway and the diminutive vessel sails under a tow-path bridge into

SWARTSWOOD LAKE,  
NEW JERSEY.



the narrow feeder, an avenue of trees and flowers and fragrance. Then comes a lock, in which the little boat is imprisoned between walls of great gray stone rising sixteen feet on either side. The gate behind closed and all sight of the world except a tiny square of sky shut out, there comes a great rush of tumbling water into the narrow prison and the launch rises gracefully until the low deck commands again a view of the beauty about it. The next few turns of the propeller bring it into the waters of Lake Hopatcong and it starts in earnest for the various summer resorts and private homes about the lake.

If a larger boat be wanted the traveler, landing from the train, may cross a bridge over the canal to a near-by pier where a little steamer floats gracefully at her dock on an arm of the lake. Once fairly under way this little boat will take her passenger along the narrow bay to the broader expanse beyond, and the chances are that this boat will meet the other just as the gurgling lock coughs it out.

Once fairly established in any of the numerous fine hotels, comfortable country houses or white tents of the camping grounds there are before our traveler days and weeks of delightful explorations by boat, by horse and on foot. He will have sailed many days over the sparkling waters before he has exhausted all the points of interest—and after all have been visited he will wish to go back and see them the second and the third time and many more.

Halsey Island, the site of an Indian village of days gone by, perchance will reveal to him one of the old hearthstones; it may be that the ancient burying ground will give up to him a relic of a red man's grave. He will hear how Brandt, the Mohawk, came down from the north and induced

OLD, OLD STORY ON  
OLD CANAL.



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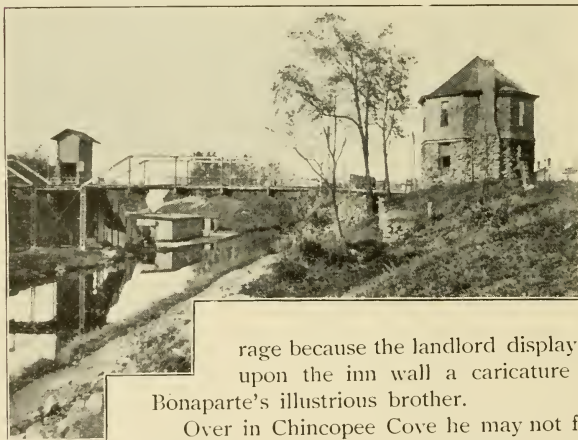
## LACKAWANNA RESORTS.

the peace-loving Naritongs to join with the British in the massacre of the Minnisink.

At Sharp's Rock, which lifts its bald head far above the silvery waters, he will hear the story of Tempe Wick, a bold and fearless horsewoman who loved her steed better than her life. While Washington was encamped with his army for the winter at Morristown, Tempe journeyed one day close to the lines and her prancing charger caught the eye of an envious dragoon, who immediately gave chase. None could ride like Tempe, none knew the country as well. She reached her home on Sharp's Rock far in advance of her pursuers and led the treasured horse to an up-stairs bedroom, where it remained for many days.

Bonaparte's Landing will become the text of the story of how Jerome Bonaparte, brother of the idol of France, once visited this lake and became enamored of its beauty. The narrator, too, hardly will fail to rehearse how Bonaparte left a tavern at Budd's Lake, a few miles away, in a terrible

WHERE  
EXTREMES OF  
COMMERCE MEET.



rage because the landlord displayed upon the inn wall a caricature of

Bonaparte's illustrious brother.

Over in Chincopee Cove he may not fail to hear of the old Naritcong Indian of that name, the last of his race, driven from his camp fire by terrible whites who feared the aged savage might go upon the warpath. Old Chincopee is one of the many heroes of the bear and wraith-of-smoke story. Quaquahela was another. Our traveler will have named to him one or the other according to the locality in which he wanders.

River Styx will be days in revealing all its mysteries. Deep, gloomy, somber are the shadows there. Mountains frown down from every side. Great trees, overhanging the banks, shut out the sunlight. Long grasses rise like serpents at the stern of the boat, trail along with sinuous movement and sink into the black depths. The dismal cry of the loon echoes and reëchoes. Herons soberly watch the intruding visitor. Perhaps the old hermit lazily may inspect the oarsman's progress up the tree-filled river.

In Bryam Cove and in Henderson Cove the rocky shores will tower hundreds of feet above his tiny boat. At Nolan's Point, "Little Coney Island" it is called, he will find on a summer evening the wherewithal for much jollity, and at Silver Spring Park, the Lackawanna's picnic grounds, when the train has discharged a throng of pleasure-seekers, he may watch city folk at play to his heart's delight.

He may sail about Bertram Island, and to Three Sisters Islands to climb the Devil's Staircase leading to an old Indian trail, which, followed, will bring him to Bear Pond and Cupid Cascades and Bishop's Falls. In the southern extremity of the lake he will find Floating Island, the flower-covered acres of which always rest just one foot above water whatever its stage. Raccoon Island will reveal to him Split Rock and Henderson's Rock and beautiful Chincöpee Bridge.

When the lake has given up its treasures of interest there remain long and magnificent drives through a mountainous country redolent with the breath of the pines, fragrant with the riches of hundreds of thousands of flowers. To Dover, a hustling manufacturing town; to Schooley's Mountain, one of the favorite summer resorts of the East and one of the oldest; to Morristown, where the headquarters of Washington are located; to Succasunna, where iron was discovered; to Port Morris, a divisional point on the Lackawanna where more coal than ever was dreamed of may be seen; to Stanhope, where Lake Musconetcong lies tranquilly and peacefully in the sunlight; to Budd's Lake, a dainty emerald in a gorgeous setting; to Lake Denmark, to Green Lake and to Sparta, to which a famous brand of applejack has given fame, these delightful drives will lead him.

Afoot he may clamber among wilds as picturesque as nature creates anywhere, for on these mountains the hand of the defamer has rested lightly. Square mile after square



## LACKAWANNA RESORTS.

mile lies just as the Great Master planned it, and the pleasure-seeker may become also a discoverer.

During the summer months he will have become a fisherman, throwing the dainty fly or the luring bait into quiet spots for bass that are said to be the gamiest in all the eastern country. In the Musconetcong and other mountain streams he will angle for spotted trout. River Styx will yield to him the long, shiny pickerel. Perch will come to his hook from his boat landing. When the fall arrives he will linger for a try in the woodlands at grouse and wood-

CRANBERRY LAKE,  
NEW JERSEY.



cock and quail, or perchance a squirrel or a fox.

Be he an epicure desiring all the luxuries of modern hotel life; a lover of a country table and an old-fashioned

chamber; a dreamer of the rougher delights of camping; modest in his demands or extravagant; lavish in purse or with but a humble supply of the coin of the realm, he may find what he wants.

Directory of Hotels and Boarding Houses, giving rates and complete information, will be mailed on application accompanied by 2-cent stamp.

## MOUNT ARLINGTON, NEW JERSEY.

Mount Arlington is another gateway to Lake Hopatcong. The traveler who takes this route gets only an occasional glimpse of the charming lake until a drive of about a mile over one of the most beautiful roads in all the east has brought him to the edge of the cliffs overlooking the sparkling water. Carriages from the big hotels about the lake await the traveler at the station. Before the express train has fairly started again the easy vehicles are on their way, winding in and out among the hills, crossing rustic bridges that span glens filled with ferns and flowers and mosses, always through an avenue of trees that interlace their

branches above. The mountain air is fresh and invigorating, the beauty quiet and restful. The traveler usually steps from the carriage with a sigh of regret but with an inward promise again to travel this delightful highway.

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### DOVER, NEW JERSEY.

The original name of this place was Old Tye. As early as 1722 John Jackson built a forge here. Moses Hurd, of Dover, New Hampshire, came to engage in the employ of Mr. Jackson. To Hurd is assigned the credit of the name Dover. In 1826 it was incorporated as a village, in 1869 as a town, and in the spring of 1896 as a city. It has a population of 6,000. It is a city of homes, an industrial center, a summer resort, a health emporium, and has possibilities commensurate with the demands and growth of all coming time. It is in the Central Highlands of the state, and occupies the highest altitude of any city in New Jersey. It is in the vicinity of many noted summer resorts. In the region adjacent are some of the finest drives to be found anywhere. Its pure air, choice spring water, and its varied natural conditions contribute to make it a very healthy place for residence and business purposes.

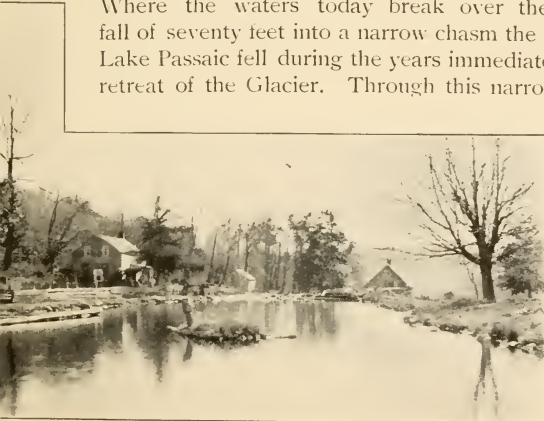
Directory of Hotels and Boarding Houses, giving rates and complete information, will be mailed on application accompanied by 2-cent stamp.

### PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.

Paterson is one of the greatest manufacturing centers in America. Its chief natural attraction is Passaic Falls. Where the waters today break over the cliff for their fall of seventy feet into a narrow chasm the waters of extinct Lake Passaic fell during the years immediately following the retreat of the Glacier. Through this narrow channel Lake

Passaic was drained, yielding one of the most fertile and picturesque portions of New Jersey. Except dur-

MORRIS  
SAL.



## LACKAWANNA RESORTS.

ing high water the fall now has lost much of its former beauty. Commerce has claimed it. It has been bridled in the aid of vast establishments which make Paterson one of the leading manufacturing cities of the world. Yet the water which pours over the artificial barriers erected at the edge of the precipice forms one of the most beautiful falls in the world. It is a fall below the surface of the earth. The chasm into which it pours is but a stone-throw across.

Paterson was the scene of the first cotton mill in America, Alexander Hamilton fathering an industry which made cloth

PASSAIC FALLS,  
PATERSON.



and prints there in 1791. The water-power, which is the finest in the world, attracted the industry. The mill was a failure. It was too far in advance of the times. Silk was made there sixty-five years ago. Today Paterson is one of the leading producers of silks in the world.

Directory of Hotels and Boarding Houses, giving rates and complete information, will be mailed on application accompanied by 2-cent stamp.

### BOONTON, NEW JERSEY.

Boonton is one of the most picturesque and interesting towns in all New Jersey. Its altitude and the surrounding pines make it one of the most healthful. From its hills may be seen the magnificent and rich Passaic valley for almost its entire length. Rockaway River and the deep, stony glen through which it flows are sources of constant delight to the lover of nature. Waterfalls of rare beauty, riffles, rapids and musical rills are met at every hand. Rocky gorges and



high hills covered with fragrant pine offer a wide field for exploration. Busy mills, fed by torrents rushing from old Morris canal add a new interest.

The canal itself presents a picture that in a few years must vanish. It is the picture of the first cable railroad. Up a long steel-bound incline connecting the canal at the top of the hill with the canal at the foot runs the giant cradle in which the unwieldy canal-boat is fastened for a short journey by rail. Power is transmitted from a wheel which was erected before the steam railroad ever existed even as a dream. Above and below on the canal are other planes up and down which canal-boats ride on cars.

Down the valley about one mile is all that remains of Old Boonton where the first iron produced in America was molded into cannon balls and transported on the backs of mules to Washington's army. A paper mill, moss-covered and picturesque, occupies the site of the old forge. It and a few quaint houses are all that remain of Old Boonton. Its history will exist forever.

Boonton is a modern city in every respect and the summer home of some of the wealthiest families of New York and the surrounding cities. It is a favorite resort of the tourist on account of its proximity to the metropolis, as well as because of its own numerous attractions.

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### HACKETTSTOWN, NEW JERSEY — GATEWAY TO SCHOOLEY'S MOUNTAIN.

Hackettstown, itself a beautiful town cradled among the Pohatcong Mountains, is the favorite gateway to Schooley's Mountain.

Schooley's Mountain carries the geologist back over many centuries, and, in a way, represents the general elevation of northern New Jersey prior to the advent of the glacier. Before the coming of the ice northern New Jersey once had a general elevation of about twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea. Schooley's Mountain was sup

BOONTON FALLS.



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posed to have been a slight elevation over what was then nearly a plain. The erosive action of the rivers already had cut deep gorges in the comparatively level plain, the effect on Schooley's Mountain having been very slight because of the harder quality of its rock. When the ice came down it gouged deeper the existing valleys and wore down the softer rock. It is supposed that the top was worn off Schooley's Mountain in this way.

At any rate Schooley's Mountain is a comparatively level plateau some twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea. Here are rich farm lands and magnificent scenery of every description. Views from this high plateau overlooking Musconetcong Valley to the north and the German Valley to the south are not excelled in beauty in the United States.

Across this plateau leads one of the oldest and most historical roads in the country. By its side is the famous Chalybeate spring, famed the world over for its medicinal qualities. This the Indians discovered long before the advent of the white man and the road over which the pleasure-seeker travels today was the original path of the red man in search of health. Teedyuscung, the renowned king of the Lenni Lenape, is said to have always kept his camp fires burning within three miles of it.

There was a hotel at this old spring in 1795 and there it stands today, a part of the grounds of a magnificent summer resort. Its rooms are filled with old mirrors and furniture with which the hotels of a century ago were furnished.

This old road later became a regular post route, and in 1809 Uncle Sam's men traversed it with great regularity.

The whole district of Schooley's Mountain is one of interest and beauty. One of the most picturesque spots is at the Cararact. Here there is an almost sudden descent of about one hundred feet from the plateau into a rock-clothed valley, down which runs a beautiful mountain brook, leaping from boulder to boulder, sending its white spray in showers, rushing through crevices, brushing up against the trunks of fallen trees and finally hurrying away down the valley of the Musconetcong. Near the top of the waterfall is a large flat rock, from which is a view down the valley for miles. Another picturesque waterfall is Stryker's Falls. Prospect Hill is reached by a journey through a picturesque ravine and a climb up a steep hill. The view here is to the Blue Ridge Mountains in the distance. Delaware Water Gap may be

seen on a clear day from the higher eminences. Budd's Lake is within easy driving distance. Fine views may be had from Eagle's Nest, Bald Mountain and Drake Hill. One of the finest is from Eagle Rock, reached by clambering up a steep path overgrown with brush. The view is well worth the trouble. The vistas up and down the Musconetcong Valley are superb. The tortuous path of the river may be traced by the trees which line its banks for miles. Here and there a glint of sunshine falling upon the waters marks clearer its course. Rich pasture lands and fields of green impart a velvety softness to the opposite hills whose natural beauty is broken by the red and white of farmhouses and granaries. A series of mountain ranges beyond fade away from dark green to delicate tints of blue which finally lose themselves in the hazy distance.

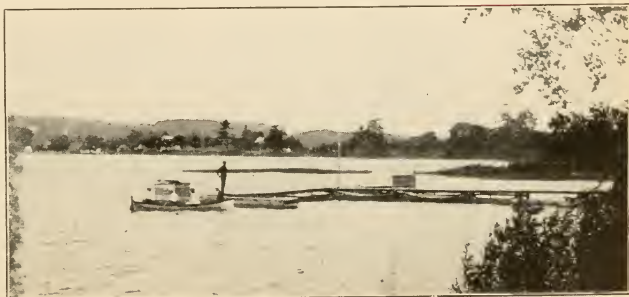
This district is the summer home of many of the wealthiest of New York, some of whom have journeyed there for nearly half a century. Fine hotels with every modern appurtenance are scattered over the plateau, though not in sufficient number to have robbed the district of its wild, picturesque mountain character. Drives are magnificent. Because of its altitude and its peculiar location, standing as it does like a grim sentinel, the air is delightfully cool and bracing, even when the temperature in the valleys is oppressive. A stage ride from Hackettstown, after the swift ride on the train, is refreshing and delightful.

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### STANHOPE, NEW JERSEY.

This little village has a double interest to the tourist and summer resorter. It not only has a charm peculiar to itself, but is also the gateway to Budd's Lake, from which stages run over a picturesque mountain road through the forests, a distance of about two and one-half miles. Stanhope is in reality a combination of two villages, for that portion lying on one side of the railroad is called Netcong. Here is a pretty little sheet of water, Lake

BUDD'S LAKE.  
NEW JERSEY.



Musconetcong by name, surrounded by forest land and picturesque shores, upon which are seen many fine summer homes. The lake is well stocked with fish, which also run up Musconetcong River to Lake Hopatcong, and offers considerable interest to the angler.

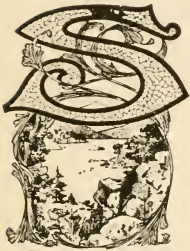
Budd's Lake lies a short distance from Stanhope station. It is a charming body of water, about five miles in circumference, lying like a mirror among the hills which give a charm to any country, and which add so materially to the attractions of north New Jersey. They are the natural reservoirs of the surrounding mountains, in the very heart of the mineral region, and while easily accessible are far enough away to give the greatest possible change of air, and as much of the rugged wildness of nature as can be found within a thousand miles. All the lakes of importance in the state are in Morris and Sussex counties. Budd's Lake is in Morris, Mount Olive township, in a direct line between Schooley's Mountain and Lake Hopatcong. It has an elevation of over one thousand feet above the sea, and in its surroundings it resembles the Scotch lakes rather than the English. The water of the lake is of crystal purity and contains an abundance of fish. It has been frequented since 1715. It was called by the Indians Habacawanning. Col. John Budd became the proprietor after the Revolution, and built the first hotel, making other improvements which naturally transferred his name to the locality. An equally enterprising descendant of the colonel gives us the following story :

“During his time (Colonel Budd) Joseph Buonaparte, ex-King of Spain, made him a visit, and was so impressed with the local beauty of the place that he proposed buying property and building a residence, but, unfortunately, he saw a caricature of the great Napoleon, representing him on horseback, a Russian bear holding the bridle in his mouth. This aroused his ire, an altercation ensued, the ex-king threw the picture at the colonel's head, and called him a traitor. The colonel retorted, calling Buonaparte a coward for deserting his brother in time of need. Neither party being armed no blood was shed, and the affair ended by the Frenchman being turned out of doors.”

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# NINE HUNDRED SQUARE MILES OF GRANDEUR.

WATERLOO THE KEY.



SUSSEX and Warren counties, New Jersey, comprising 899.96 square miles of territory, contain more natural beauty than usually is given to half a dozen states. Within their bounds they jointly harbor just an even half-hundred lakes, from the glimmering surface of which is reflected the beauty of surrounding mountains and woodlands. Together they have over 300,000 acres of virgin forest, topping mountain ranges with an average elevation of more than a thousand feet. Nearly 6,000 acres — to be exact, 5,817 — of lakes dot these wooded uplands. If Lake Hopatcong be included, and part of it does lie within the bounds of Sussex county, the water area is increased to 8,260 acres, more than seven times that of any other inland county of New Jersey. In Sussex county alone lie forty of these charming bodies of water. Lake Hopatcong, the largest lake within the boundaries of the state, has for sisters within this district the third, fourth and fifth largest.

Statistics often are interesting. Those of Sussex county are startling. In 1790 that country now embodied in the county had a population of 19,500 people. Of the counties as now laid out within the state it was the second in population. In 1895 its people numbered 22,586, just 3,086 more than in 1790, one hundred and five years previous. In 1885 its population was 22,534, just fifty-two greater than ninety-five years before. In 1820 it reached the flood-tide of its existence as a permanent home — it had 32,752 inhabitants.

The explanation has a present-day application.

Sussex county is a region of virgin forest and mountain ranges. Of its 338,393 acres, 136,538 are in woodlands, just



as the Creator planted them. Its 201,855 acres of cleared uplands are the most fertile in the world. Their richness led to them over nineteen thousand settlers in 1790. Agriculture is the pursuit of the valley and the arable acres long since were under cultivation. Sussex county, under the very laws of nature, must remain two-thirds wilderness. Yet this very characteristic will be its salvation. It will become a great summer resort. Palatial homes and modest cot-

SILVER LAKE.  
NEW JERSEY.



tages will dot the shores of the forty lakes and cluster upon the sides of the glorious mountains. Its population will grow a thousandfold.

Already this summer population exceeds the

permanent. Seekers of summer homes in the mountains, where lakes and highland streams abound, where the forests of pine and hemlock stretch away for miles, have spied it out. Each summer sees the population increased. The wilderness rapidly is being transformed.

Warren county does not offer the same study, though its statistics are not without interest. Its population has almost exactly doubled within the last sixty-five years. Not a startling showing for the very heart of the teeming east! The conditions have been practically the same. It has 231,769 acres, of which 60,205 are virgin forest. It has 1,607 acres of living water. It has mountains as rugged, many higher, than its sister county to the north. Its summer population, also, is increased many times.

Through this section runs the ranges of the Kittatinny Mountains, with their double crest, of which the easternmost is much the higher. The eastern slope, too, the one in which we are interested most, is much the steeper. The lower limit of the mountain on its eastern side is 900 to 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, and has a nearly constant altitude.

Above this level the crest of the range rises by a slope so steep as to make ascent difficult and in many places impossible, to a height which, on an average, is about 1,600 feet above the sea. Its highest point, between one and two miles south of the state line, has an elevation of a little more than 1,800 feet.

In the range there are occasional passes, one of the most noticeable of which is Culver's Gap. This is a wind gap, that is, one through which no water flows, though it was originally cut by the action of a turbulent river. Culver's Gap is four miles northwest of Branchville. The roadway through it is 915 feet above the level of the sea. The next most considerable interruption in the crest of the range is at Catfish Pond, a few miles farther south, and four miles northwest of Blairstown. The roadway at this point is nearly 300 feet higher than that of Culver's.

Immediately east of the high Kittatinny range lies the broad, trough-like Kittatinny Valley, its eastern boundary formed by the Wawayanda, Hamburg, Pimple, Sparta, Alamuche, Pohatcong and Scott's mountains. These peaks vary in height from 1,000 to 1,400 feet. The valley ranges from ten to thirteen miles in width, and extends to the Delaware River, forty miles away to the southwest.

Within the Kittatinny Valley thus outlined are two notable elevations. These are Pochuck Mountain in its northern portion, 1,100 to 1,200 feet high, and the Jenny Jump and Mohepinoke mountains on the south, more than 1,100 feet high. The great Kittatinny Valley, therefore, is a broad depression about 600 feet below its lateral boundaries, with a notable massive elevation in either end.

Even apart from Pochuck, Jenny Jump and Mohepinoke mountains the bottom of the valley is by no means flat. It does not correspond to the conventional idea of a river valley. Through it flow several streams separated by divides, which, though they seem low in this mountain region, are much higher than the divides between the streams in some other parts of the

CULVER'S LAKE,  
NEW JERSEY.



*NINE HUNDRED SQUARE MILES OF GRANDEUR.*

state. Within the main Kittatinny Valley there are two principal sub-valleys, parallel. Tributaries to these have been developed to such an extent that the floor of the great trough has been thoroughly dissected into a series of hills and valleys. The sub-valleys in the bottom of the great valley lie two hundred to three hundred feet below the divides which separate them, and the divides have an altitude of from seven hundred to nine hundred feet.

To figures again appeal may be made to give an idea of this summer paradise. Those which follow show the area of each of the lakes, the territory which it drains and its altitude above the level of the sea :

SUSSEX COUNTY.

Lake.	Area. Acres.	Drainage. Square Miles.	Altitude. Feet.
Bear .....	38	.58	977
Buckmire .....	10	.75	....
Catfish .....	14	.40	440
Cranberry .....	154	3.02	771
Culver's .....	486	6.30	848
Davis .....	14	.51	581
Decker .....	76	.38	806
Franklin Furnace.....	55	31.30	530
Hewitt's.....	35	5.15	573
Hopewell Furnace .....	24	1.01	1,060
Howell's .....	26	.21	579
Hunt's .....	37	2.12	675
Iliff.....	36	3.38	577
Lane .....	67	1.15	....
Little.....	100	3.11	....
Long (near Culver's Gap) .....	299	2.50	861
Long (near Andover) .....	117	4.76	576
Long (near Kittatinny Mountain).....	13	.46	....
Losee .....	137	....	....
Marcia .....	23	.14	1,570
Mashapacong.....	46	.77	1,124
Morris .....	136	1.50	929
Mud.....	28	.36	1,244
Panther .....	41	.47	766
Quick .....	43	.50	943
Roe .....	23	....	....
Round.....	33	.29	1,359
Rutherford .....	65	.65	1,300
Sand .....	32	.48	1,244
Stagg .....	23	.30	820
Stanhope.....	339	4.90	859
Stickle .....	35	.87	587
Sucker .....	95	1.15	911
Swartswood.....	505	16.30	480
Turtle.....	13	.10	573



NINE HUNDRED SQUARE MILES OF GRANDEUR.

Lake.	Area. Acres.	Drainage. Square Miles.	Altitude. Feet.
Waterloo.....	68	....	....
Wawayanda.....	240	6.50	1,118
White.....	17	....	572
White's.....	11	....	575
Wright's.....	31	3.36	743

WARREN COUNTY.

Allamuchy.....	56	1.80	775
Catfish.....	31	.65	1,179
Cedar.....	27	1.25	381
Glover.....	13	.28	569
Green.....	117	5.15	399
Sand.....	14	.69	973
Shuster.....	14	.64	433
Silver.....	35	3.37	419
Sunfish.....	41	.31	1,375
White.....	67	.67	449

An idea of the general altitude, in addition to that given by the table showing the elevation of the lakes, is shown in the following table :

Locality.	SUSSEX COUNTY.	Altitude. Feet.
Allamuchy Mountain.....		1,248
Summit of road in Culver's Gap.....		915
Hamburgh Mountains.....		1,496
High Point, Kittatinny Mountains.....		1,804
Lake Marcia, near High Point.....		1,570
Pimple Hills.....		1,088
Pochuck Mountain.....		1,176
Sparta Mountain.....		1,406
Wawayanda Mountain.....		1,496

WARREN COUNTY.

Bald Pate.....	1,192
Kittatinny Mountain.....	1,635
Jenny Jump Mountain.....	1,141
Montana Mountain.....	1,240
Mount Mohepinonke.....	1,140
Mount No More.....	1,145
Pohatcong Mountain.....	898
Scott's Mountain.....	1,277

To all of this country Waterloo, itself only a hamlet, is the key. From this point the Lackawanna Railroad extends through Warren county to Manunka Chunk on the Delaware River with a branch running from Washington to Phillipsburg and Easton. Oxford Furnace, Hackettstown, Washington, Blairstown and Bridgeville on the main line, and Change-water, New Hampton, Broadway and Stewartville on the

*NINE HUNDRED SQUARE MILES OF GRANDEUR.*

Phillipsburg branch, each a delightful spot in itself, are gateways to the beauties of Warren county.

From Waterloo, running to the north and penetrating the very heart of the mountains; following the Kittatinny Valley, is another branch of the Lackawanna, known as the Sussex Railroad. Andover, Newton, Branchville, Augusta, Lafayette and Franklin Furnace, all stations on this, the prettiest and most picturesque little railroad in the United States, are nestled in the very heart of the beauty of Sussex.

# MAKING A REVOLUTION.

A STORY OF NEW JERSEY IN WAR TIMES.

Copyright, 1900, by Will Bogert Hunter.



AMONG the rugged mountains and smiling valleys of New Jersey was developed the full character of the War of the Revolution.

Driven to bay in the hills; almost annihilated by the British forces; ragged, tattered, torn, famished, the shattered army of freedom there displayed first the indomitable spirit that led it on to victory, and demonstrated to the nations of the world the true quality of the men who were to lead the van of progress during the coming centuries. New Jersey no more than all of the struggling provinces of the New World, is responsible for the vigorous, tenacious courage of the followers of Washington, but New Jersey justly can lay claim to being the field from which these qualities were first strongly impressed upon the warriors of the Old World.

From the Boston massacre of 1770, the events of the Revolution had led rapidly down to the famous retreat of Washington's tattered army through New Jersey in 1776. The first Continental Congress had met just beyond the confines of the state. The battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill had followed the famous Boston tea party. Ticonderoga had been captured, and Boston evacuated. The Declaration of Independence had been signed and sealed. Washington's army had been driven to Long Island, and the British forces had just given battle in which three-fifths of the American troops had been slain. Washington had escaped to New York, closely followed by the British. He had been forced to Harlem Heights, to be driven a few days later to White Plains. New York had been nearly consumed by fire started through the carelessness of English soldiers and hirelings flushed with victories. The next move was to be upon the

very center of the nation, the Continental Congress at Philadelphia.

His army reduced to 3,000 ragged, famished, exhausted men, Washington still hoped to keep the foe from the Pennsylvania city. He warned William Livingston, famous loyal chief executive, to prepare for the invasion of New Jersey. Fort Washington was captured and Fort Lee was evacuated while the messenger was yet upon his way. Washington then crossed the Hudson and brought the remnant of his army to the Hackensack bridge, so closely followed by the British that the armies almost met. From the outskirts of Newark the Americans marched as the British entered the town from the other side. Rapidly Washington moved his troops to Brunswick on the Raritan, the British following through Elizabeth, Uniontown and Woodbridge, impressing cattle, horses and wagons, and bringing terror to the hearts of men, women and children.

So close was the pursuit, and so exhausted the army of freedom, that had Howe, the British commander, pushed the fight, the remnant of Americans must have been annihilated. But Howe halted his troops at Brunswick, and while the American generals Stirling and Stephen covered the retreat, Washington got his troops across the river at Trenton. When Trenton came into the hands of the British, the last of the American force had reached in safety the Pennsylvania shore.

New Jersey belonged to the foe.

Confident that the little band of patriots had been conquered and that the war required to end it but one more stinging blow, easily administered, the British rested quietly on the east of the Delaware, awaiting the ice which would carry them to final victory. They spread out over the surrounding country to live upon the inhabitants, and to prevent recruits from reaching the American lines. At Brunswick they collected stores and provisions. At Cranberry a recruiting station was established. Dunop's 2,000 Hessians were scattered among the farmers' homes, eight, ten and twelve to a house. Cornwallis, confident that the curtain was about to fall, was off toward England. Rahl, with 1,200 men, occupied Trenton.

On the other shore the character of the

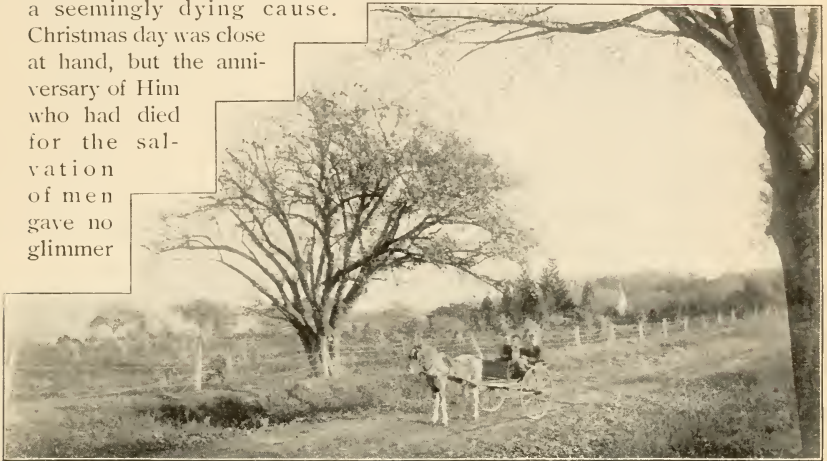
ENTRANCE TO  
STATION, GLADSTONE.



Revolution slowly was forming. The tide of American liberty was at its lowest ebb. Only a tattered relic of the patriotic army remained. Men were jaded and wretched. Many were barefooted. All were footsore and weary from the rapid march through Jersey. Hope had all but died out. The term of enlistment of many had expired ; they had determined to lay down their arms. Congress could not supply the sinews of war. Governors of the states were unable to awaken a spark for a seemingly dying cause.

Christmas day was close at hand, but the anniversary of Him who had died for the salvation of men gave no glimmer

WE LOVE  
NEW JERSEY  
MOUNTAINS!



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of hope for the liberty of a people. Here, under these circumstances, developed the character of the Revolution. On Christmas night this character began to make itself apparent.

There was no holiday cheer upon the western bank of the Delaware. Instead commanders were moving among the heroes of Bunker Hill, of Long Island, of Harlem Heights and White Plains bidding them prepare for a night of peril.

On the eastern shore hilarity reigned. Rahl, with a party of congenial friends, drank deep and often to the glory of the British arms. His men, comfortably quartered, sang of Christmas cheer in merrie England and the faderland. Outposts considered it unnecessary to watch carefully a foe that was isolated by a raging river running full with gigantic cakes of ice.

## *MAKING A REVOLUTION.*

Through all that terrible night the troop of freedom labored ceaselessly in the river. Story, poem, song have rehearsed it through more than a century, and will to the end of time. The fall of Trenton is the climax.

Four days later Washington was again on Jersey soil with his still jaded troops. Cornwallis was hastening back from New York to blot out the disgrace of Trenton. British forces were gathering at Princeton to aid in his effort. Seven thousand men opposed the little army which had crossed the Delaware. Liberty's spark seemed about to be snuffed out.

On the eastern shore of the Delaware the character of the Revolution continued to develop. Washington and his generals were in consultation and the genius of warfare presided.

After the conference the American army stole silently by the British while the redcoated sentinels watched flaming campfires that were supposed to be warning a sleeping enemy. A single regiment fed these beacon lights that lulled an unsuspecting foe. When morning dawned Washington attacked the enemy from the rear and the British were driven into Trenton.

Stung by this second defeat, outgeneraled when success seemed to be within easy grasp, the British commanders pushed forward to annihilate the American army. Washington, however, was on his way to the mountain fastnesses of New Jersey, whither the redcoats dared not follow. His first night's camp was at Somerset Court House. The following day he reached Morristown, where he took up headquarters for the winter.

In these mountains, protected from the onslaughts of the enemy by the rocky hills, Liberty's flame burned bright again. A new army was born. The character of the War of the Revolution had become apparent to the nations of the earth. A despised handful of men had become recognized as a power to command respect. Sinews of war more easily were secured. France came to the aid of the American arms. Colonists saw the revolt against the king in a new light. Misgivings and doubts were being dispelled. Recruits hurried to the new standard. Another army, animated with new vigor, marched forth from the mountains in the vicinity of Morristown when spring had garbed the highlands.

Into the security of these mountains Washington withdrew the major portion of his army each succeeding winter



of the war, except that of 1777-78, when the troops suffered so terribly at Valley Forge. The lines extended from Morristown through all the towns and villages to the Hudson River and White Plains above New York. Headquarters of the commander-in-chief during these desolate, dreary seasons were at Morristown, at Middlebrook and at White Plains.

Once only did the British strive to drive the American troops from the fastnesses of the mountains, and after that fruitless effort, in the spring of 1777, they practically abandoned New Jersey, entering only on foraging raids and to harass the Americans in their winter quarters. These raids, however unimportant compared with the greater events of the Revolution, yet have cast a charm of historical interest over the entire region.

### MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY.

Morristown, though a mountain city of rare beauty and extreme healthfulness, yet holds its chief interest to the tourist in its associations with the War of the Revolution.

Here, during the winter of 1777, Washington made his headquarters in the Freeman Tavern, a building that long since passed away, though its site is still pointed out. During the winter of 1779-80 Washington and his wife lived in the old Ford mansion, his army occupying rude log huts in the vicinity. Foraging parties of the enemy hovered near a great part of the winter. On this account was organized the Life Guard, for the protection of a leader whom the army venerated. At the first alarm these men hurried to the rude house for the protection of the commander, and it is related that many times she who afterward was called the mother of her country shivered with Widow Ford behind the curtains of the old-fashioned bed until the Life Guard thought it safe to withdraw.

Here died and was buried with military honors the Cavalier de Luzerne, the

MUTINY AT  
MORRISTOWN, 1780.



From an old woodcut.

## LACKAWANNA RESORTS.

French minister. To prevent any one from opening his sepulchre to obtain possession of the jewels which were buried with him a guard stood constantly over the grave until the remains were disinterred to be taken to Philadelphia.

Here, too, three years later, the Pennsylvania troops, having endured the greatest hardships, receiving no pay for their services and seeing no prospect of being paid, mutinied.

IN THE WATCHUNG  
MOUNTAINS,  
NEW JERSEY.



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Thirteen hundred of them drew up in parade preparatory to marching to Philadelphia to present their grievances to Congress. The officers tried first to quell the trouble by peaceful means, then

resorted to force. The troops fired in turn. For two hours there was an indescribable scene of horror and confusion. The mutineers ended the unequal struggle and marched off toward Elizabethtown.

At Morristown, on a high hill overlooking the town, was built Fort Nonsense, for the sole purpose of keeping the troops busy. Traces of it may still be found. The old Ford mansion, some years ago, was purchased by a party of patriotic citizens and today it contains the finest collection of relics of the Revolution in existence.

Aside from its historical interest Morristown is rich in those things which make a summer home or a summer jaunt memorable.

Mendham is seven miles from Morristown. It is in the heart of the mountains, and there is scarcely a cooler or more bracing spot in all New Jersey. It is renowned for its

health-giving atmosphere, and also for the long-extended view over valley and lower mountain. The place is nothing but an old-fashioned village, filled with quaint houses, honest people, fertile farms and perpetual happiness. In the warmer months it is filled with summer guests.

Directory of Hotels and Boarding Houses, giving rates and complete information, will be mailed on application accompanied by 2-cent stamp.

### MILBURN, NEW JERSEY.

This beautiful mountain town, surrounded by scenery that is exquisite, has upon its very outskirts Springfield, the scene of several of the most desperate of the minor battles of the Revolution. Prospect Hill, upon which the Americans kept a lookout for the British and where an old 18-pounder was kept to give the alarm of an approach, looks out today just as a hundred years ago upon the scene of the battles. Here, in 1776, the British, marching out from Elizabeth against the American camp at Chatham, were so severely beaten by Colonel Ford's New Jersey militia that they fell back to Newark. Again in 1777 the redcoats were defeated on this field and driven back to Elizabeth by General Maxwell. In 1780 the British general Knyphausen, landing at Elizabeth from Staten Island, started out to fight the Americans who were stationed about Short Hills and back toward Morristown. The Americans made a stand at the bridge over the Rahway. Knyphausen was forced to retreat under cover of darkness. Sir Henry Clinton, piqued at the repulse of the flower of the British army, headed a second attack upon Washington by way of Springfield and Short Hills. Again the little 18-pounder on Prospect Hill boomed forth its warning. The British general found a warm welcome. At nightfall another victory had been scored by the Continentals. It was in this battle that Chaplain Caldwell, bringing hymn books from his church at Connecticut Farms to be used for gunwadding by the American troops, delivered that famous epigram:

"Give 'em Watts, boys!"

NEAR MILBURN.



## LACKAWANNA RESORTS.

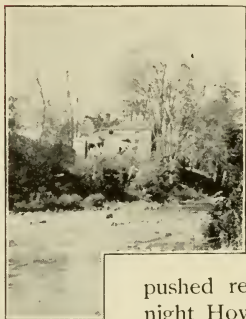
On the retreat the British burned the village of Springfield, leaving but four houses standing. Today, at Milburn, Springfield, Wyoming and Summit, all practically on the old battlefield, are some of the finest summer homes about the city of New York. Here are the Watchung Mountains, their two long ranges and hundreds of spurs enclosing magnificent valleys and producing scenic effects unrivaled.

Directory of Hotels and Boarding Houses, giving rates and complete information, will be mailed on application accompanied by 2-cent stamp.

### CHATHAM, NEW JERSEY.

Chatham was the scene of a mutiny of the troops of the American army during the winter of 1781. Encouraged by the success of the Pennsylvania troops at Morristown, those of

New Jersey, stationed at Pompton and Chatham, revolted also, determined to march to Trenton and by force of arms obtain their rights of Congress. Washington at once dispatched six hundred men under Howe with orders to march rapidly and secretly to the camp of the mutineers. The snow was deep and the cold intense, but the six hundred



PASSAIC RIVER,  
NEAR  
FAR HILLS.

pushed resolutely forward. During a bleak night Howe surrounded the camp and placed his artillery to command every approach.

When daylight broke mutineers saw ranks of armed men on every side and cannon sweeping the entire field. Howe ordered them to parade at once without arms and promised no quarter if they did not at once obey. They refused. Colonel Sprut, with a regiment, pressed forward and the mutiny was put down. Two of the ringleaders were shot, twelve of their companions acting as executioners. There were no more mutinies among the American troops.

Here are magnificent summer homes and hither come every season many transients, attracted by the beautiful drives and the health-giving mountain air. It is the gateway to as fine a country as the sun shines upon.

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**MOUNT TABOR, NEW JERSEY.**

Mount Tabor became famous on account of the annual gatherings of methodists who hold their annual camp-meetings there. It is beautifully situated and contains many pretty cottages, which are owned by people of all religious denominations. Tennis courts, baseball grounds and other means of recreation enhance the natural attractions. Water pumped from a chain of springs is one of its chief attractions. Camp-meetings are held for ten days each year during August. Social entertainments are held every Saturday evening in the large auditorium. A beautiful lake where good fishing and boating can be indulged is within five minutes' walk.

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**BASKING RIDGE, NEW JERSEY.**

Here, too, was enacted one of the memorable events of the War of the Revolution. In an old farmhouse overlooking the broad valley to Morristown, Gen. Charles Lee, Washington's rival, traitor, object of an American court-martial which deprived him of his office and his commission, was captured. During that awful retreat of Washington's army across New Jersey the American commander was importuning Lee to come to his rescue. Lee chose to dally at his headquarters at White Plains and, after starting, to take his time. At Basking Ridge he tarried one night, finding the cheer so inviting that he suffered his army to march several miles to the south before he chose to follow the next morning. A Tory, seeing his unprotected position, notified a troop of British dragoons who descended upon the American general just as he was mounting his horse and captured him. A band of seventy resolute Continentals under Col. Paul W. Sargent gave chase to the dragoons, who escaped, however,

WHERE  
GENERAL LEE  
WAS CAPTURED.



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among the hills with their prisoner. This old house still stands, though robbed of every line that might recall it as it stood during the war. The present owner, a practical old farmer, points with pride to the new siding, the sweeping bow windows and the modern porch and as proudly states that the interior has also been remodeled until the whole has made a "fine house."

In this section, too, is some of the most beautiful of all the eastern scenery. The drives are magnificent, along old mountain roads, through blooming valleys, over babbling brooks and by quiet little lakes. In the country about wealthy New Yorkers have their summer homes, palaces like unto those which look down from the cliffs of the Hudson.

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### NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

Newark had its share in the War of the Revolution, though it was but a small one. Washington spent five days there in his retreat from New York in 1776. It is stated that he stopped at the old Gouverneur mansion, now standing at the corner of Mount Pleasant avenue and Gouverneur street, a house familiar to lovers of Irving as his "Cockloft Hall," at which he often visited his friend Gouverneur Kemble. As Washington's army left the outskirts of the city the British, closely pursuing, entered from the opposite direction. The British came again during the winter of 1779-'80 from their headquarters in New York. This winter was one of exceptional severity and ice covered the North River, the East River and the bay for miles. Redcoats crossed the North River in sleighs and attacked Newark, burning an academy and sacking houses.

Newark, however, has far more ancient history. It was purchased of the Indians in 1666 for powder, lead, axes, liquor and clothing to the value of about \$750. The purchased property included the sites of the present towns of Bloomfield, Belleville, Montclair, Orange and Caldwell and their adjacent villages. It was built on strict religious principles, newcomers being obliged to make written oath that they would help in the "maintenance and advancement agreed upon for the upbuilding of the settled ministry and preaching of the Word." It became a manufacturing district





as early as 1676, and in 1685 its products were so great that Governor Dongan, of New York, complained in an official report that it was "robbing New York of trade." Two years before it had become famous for the manufacture of cider, of which Deputy-Governor Thomas Rudyard wrote to a friend in London that it "exceeded any we have from New England or Rhod Island or Long Island." On an old map printed in 1806 it is stated that the town "is noted for its Cider, the making of carriages of all sorts, coach lace, men's and women's shoes." Note that cider is spelled with a big C.

Newark, now a city of about 200,000, is rich in interest to the tourist. Through its very center runs the old Morris canal, once a powerful highway of commerce. Here Aaron Burr was born, and his father, a famous divine, before him.

Here is the "Cockloft Hall" of Irving, with its many memories. Here is old "First Church," established in 1668. Houses dating back over the centuries are on every hand, jostled by mansions of modern construction.

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### **BERNARDSVILLE, NEW JERSEY.**

Bernardsville is situated in the midst of the Somerset county hills, frequently alluded to as the "Alps" of New Jersey, a name not misapplied. Being beyond the first range of mountains west of New York, the distinct change from the dampness of the ocean to dry mountain air is at once felt. The entire section abounds in wild scenery,

## LACKAWANNA RESORTS.

changing from a very extensive outlook over and beyond fertile valleys to byways through gorges, alongside mountain streams amidst luxuriant foliage. Mountain roads are hard and always smooth, and lead in all directions through pretty villages dotting an extremely prosperous farming section.

Since its first settlement by New Yorkers, many years ago, Bernardsville has been the most popular of New Jersey resorts, until now its population is represented largely by summer residents, whose beautiful and costly residences grace the hills and appear at every turn in the landscape. Near here is situated "Round Top," the beautiful home of

Frederic P. Olcott, of New York city, comprising 1,000 acres of land, and the most extensive breeding farm in the east. Its miles of shaded drives are always open to the public. The Bernardsville-Mendham district has long been famous as a health resort to those suffering from rheumatism and complaints of a malarial origin;

there is no marshy ground in this section of mountain and valleys.

Among the hills between Bernardsville and Mendham is a famous inn, surrounded by cottages especially well built and luxuriously furnished for the accommodation of guests. It affords accommodations that can be favorably compared with any other first-class hotel in the country.

Special fast train service brings Bernardsville within one hour of New York by rail.

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### THE ORANGES.

East Orange, Orange, South Orange and the intervening stations—Grove Street, Brick Church, Highland Avenue and Mountain Station—known to easterners as the "Oranges," are among the most beautiful of the finest suburban places in the vicinity of New York. They date back over two centuries and contain many points of historic interest. One of the chief charms of these cities is the high mountain range that borders them. The range is called

LACKAWANNA  
STATION,  
BERNARDSVILLE.



Orange Mountains and is a spur of the Blue Ridge. It runs toward the northeast and slopes gracefully toward the valley in which the cities are partly located. At the summit of the mountain is Llewellyn Park, laid out with every elegance of taste and effect in artistic landscape gardening. It contains the homes of wealthy people and is acknowledged to be the most magnificent spot in New Jersey. Near by, from Eagle Rock, a view of twenty-five miles around the country can be had. Thomas Edison, "wizard of electricity," has a fine home in the park. The side of the mountain is flecked with imposing residences and finely laid-out grounds; among the oldest and finest being that of the Essex County Country Club, whose historic house and beautiful grounds make it one of the most charming country clubs in America.

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### MORRIS PLAINS, NEW JERSEY.

Morris Plains is built upon a high plateau, with surrounding mountains rising on the north and west. The climate is cool, the air dry and delightful, and the entire section extremely healthful. Roads are macadamized, and lead through a surrounding country intensely picturesque. Many gentlemen of wealth here have erected palatial residences. Back from the station at a distance of one mile is located the state hospital for the insane, one of the largest and best-managed institutions of its character in the United States.

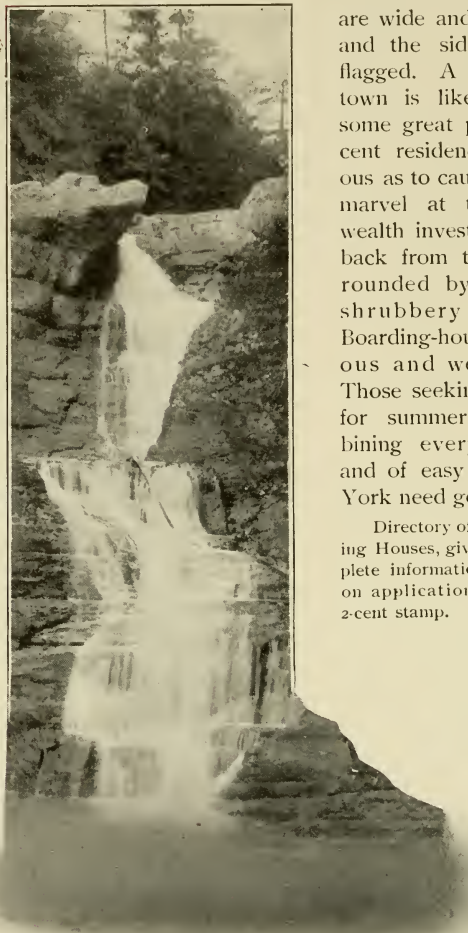
Directory of Hotels and Boarding Houses, giving rates and complete information, will be mailed on application accompanied by 2-cent stamp.

### MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY.

Montclair, beautifully situated on the eastern slope of the Orange Mountains, and containing some of the most magnificent and costly residences in the state, is one of the most desirable residential towns in the country. With a population of over 10,000, it combines all the advantages of rural life as well as the conveniences of a city. In addition to excellent public schools there is a military academy and several private schools of high standing. Verona and Caldwell, two beautiful villages widely known for their

picturesque surroundings and healthful locations, are easily reached by trolley and will repay the effort of a visit.

RAYMOND-  
KILL  
FALLS.



The streets of Montclair are wide and macadamized, and the sidewalks all are flagged. A drive about the town is like an outing in some great park. Magnificent residences, so numerous as to cause a stranger to marvel at the amount of wealth invested, are located back from the streets, surrounded by green lawns, shrubbery and flowers. Boarding-houses are numerous and well conducted. Those seeking an ideal spot for summer sojourn combining every convenience and of easy access to New York need go no farther.

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## NEW JERSEY AS A SUMMER RESORT.



O those who desire a summer among the famous resorts on the Atlantic coast and about New York northern New Jersey is an ideal headquarters. Almost any of the Jersey cities on the Lackawanna Railroad may be reached from New York within an hour and the train service is such that a jaunt can be made at almost any time of the day or night.

This service is one of the best in the United States, the very large number of commuters of the road making the running of numerous fast and comfortable trains a necessity.

Few people outside the Highlands of New Jersey ever consider any part of the state as mountainous. Within ten miles of the Hudson River, however, after crossing the picturesque Hackensack meadows, the trains begin to climb into the Watchung Mountains. At Newark, the first stop out of New York, the elevation above sea level is 235 feet. At Montclair an elevation of 509 feet is attained. The summit of Orange Mountain in Essex county, less than fifteen miles from New York, is 665 feet above tide water. Second mountain, near the Oranges, reaches up 691 feet. Bald Mountain, just out of Rockaway, has an altitude of 903 feet. Boonton is on an average more than five hundred feet above sea level. Budd's Lake is among mountains over one thousand feet high. Copperas Mountain has an altitude of 1,243 feet. Green Pond Mountain is 1,300 feet in height. The surface of Lake Hopatcong is 927 feet above sea level. Schooley's Mountain has a general elevation of 1,227 feet. None of these points is to exceed fifty miles from New York and all can be reached from the metropolis in approximately an hour.

These cold figures indicate in a general way the mountainous country. They can not, however, give any evidence of the enticing charm of the region. From the Hudson River west to the Delaware River New Jersey presents an endless



variety of mountain ranges, chains of hills and magnificent intervening valleys. Beautiful streams and pretty lakes are found everywhere. Through this magnificent country, picturesque as the Alps or any of the well-known mountain districts of the eastern country, wind macadamized roads, always in perfect condition, for New Jersey has a reputation to maintain, it already being known as the state having the greatest number of miles of improved roadways. These perfect drives lead in every direction among mountains that at many points seem not to have an inhabitant or to have known an improvement. Within the next half-mile a charming village will be found nestled upon the side of a mountain looking down into a farm-filled valley. Some of these date back nearly two centuries and they retain old houses and many queer relics of the past. Old cemeteries are filled with decaying headstones bearing odd inscriptions. Falling mills tell the story of another day. On every hand, too, will be found the homes of the wealthiest New Yorkers, modern castles surrounded by every beauty that nature can give and art enhance.

The oppressive heat of the coast region is not known among these mountains. Nights usually are cool and delightful, and even at midday the temperature is not oppressive. Magnificent hotels, comfortable boarding-houses and farm houses for the less fastidious, offer homes to those who desire to ramble in the woods and clamber in the mountains. New Yorkers by thousands spend their summers in these regions and do not tire, for there is a charm that grows not old, a beauty that seems more ideal with every springtime.

Strangers planning a summer or a short time in the east can do no better than find a stopping-place in any of the picturesque, quaint towns in these mountains. From such headquarters they can run into New York, down to Coney

Island, Manhattan Beach, to the Jersey coast resorts, up the Hudson River, take flying trips to the Sound resorts and return at night for a refreshing night's slumber and rest.

SOMERSET INN  
BERNARDSVILLE.





# SCULPTURE OF THE ELFS.

A STORY OF DELAWARE WATER GAP AND POCONO MOUNTAINS.

Copyright, 1900, by Will Bogert Hunter.



CENTURIES ago, just after the Great Glacier had retreated far into the northland, an elfin king, Majesty by name, and his bride, Beauty, ruled over a populous kingdom from a throne perched upon the westward slope of an isolated group of mountains upon which dwelt that mischievous clan which, in after years, played such pranks with the sober senses of poor Rip Van Winkle.

Fair was this queen of fairyland; fairer than tongue can tell, than brush can paint or pen delineate. On her cheek was the flush of dawn, in her eyes the twinkle of the stars of night, in her form the sinuous grace of the dancing waterfall. For her the elfin king, in the days of their honeymoon, had his only thought. Though picturesque the rocky splendor of her castle the dotting groom longed each day to see her more suitably surrounded. In a dream one night he saw her ruling her legions and his from a court that reflected her innumerable charms—and in this vapory inspiration was born the spirit of purpose.

Scarcely had the first rays of the sun peeped over the mountain top before the countless legions of elfland were summoned before their king to listen in wondering silence to the recital of the vision, to the description of the dream court and its magnificent estate. When the king had finished no sound came from the enchanted host, and he had again to break the silence.

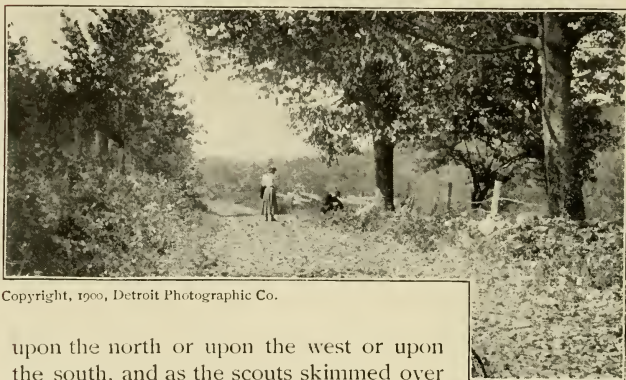
"Go," he said to the elfs of the wind, "go scour the earth for a site for my lady's court, and speed back with the burden of your discoveries."

"Plan," he said to the little architects, "plan for my bride a home like that of my dream."

“Prepare,” he said to the elfs of the water and the air and the sunshine and the frost, “prepare to carry out the plans of the architects.”

Off on their mission sped the fairies of the breeze. Before them lay a great lake seemingly without border either

CHESTNUT LANE,  
POCONO MOUNTAINS.



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upon the north or upon the west or upon the south, and as the scouts skimmed over it their silvery trail gave joy to the heart of the elf king. Some were away only for a day, others journeyed for a week; the last returned within a fortnight. To the king and his council each told of his discoveries — of the rolling hills that stretched to the westward from the farther shore of the lake; of a great gorge into which tumbled a giant waterfall that drained one rippling lake into another; of a great plain that waved with grasses on to the foothills of a chain of rugged mountains dividing the plain from the sea. Others told of the sea to the east and the mountains to the south, and a sweeping river filled with charming islands to the north.

With all these tales the king was most impressed by one which told of a narrow cleft in the rugged mountains into which the waters of the very lake beside which they were seated plunged for a thousand feet in aerial flight, to pursue the meandering way of a turbulent river journeying toward the sea. This was determined upon as the site for my lady's court, the decision being more readily reached for the reason that the architects had conceived as the very groundwork of their plan the gorge of a mighty river that should wind peacefully between verdant walls.

Next day the work began in earnest.

First the gorge must be completed. It was a herculean task to cut down the rock of the great waterfall until a river should meander tranquilly between the towering walls. But the forces were unlimited. Waters of the great lake which lay before the elf king's throne surged toward the south, cutting away at the brink of the precipice ceaselessly and powerfully. They enlisted the power of sharp, jagged rocks which crashed upon the shelf of the waterfall, grinding mercilessly. To the aid of the waters, during times when they were not employed elsewhere, came the elves of the frost and the ice, prying into interstices, then forcing away giant pieces of the bed of the cataract. Bit by bit the fall decreased in height, bit by bit the great lake above was lowered, bit by bit the gorge was dug, and one day the waters ran tranquilly along a gradually descending course. Where the mighty waterfall had been one giant precipice lifted itself almost perpendicularly one thousand feet into the sky. The facing wall descended with gentle grace to the very edge of the river.

While these elves had been at work upon the throne room, other legions were as diligently employed elsewhere, preparing the foundations for the chamber of the queen, for the great banquet hall, for the cathedral, for the rough

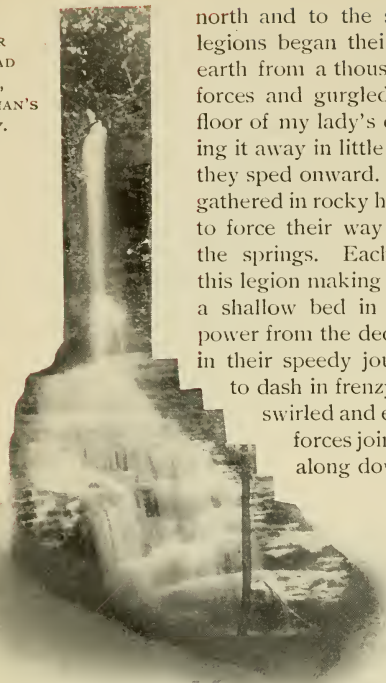
MOUNTAIN HOTEL,  
POCONO MOUNTAINS.



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quarters of the fighting hosts and the dainty apartments of the attendants of her majesty.

Starting away back in the mountains to the west, to the

SILVER  
THREAD  
FALLS,  
DINGMAN'S  
FERRY.

north and to the south of the great waterfall these legions began their work. Some burrowed into the earth from a thousand different points, mingled their forces and gurgled up, bringing white sand for the floor of my lady's court among the distant hills, bearing it away in little rills that cut deeper and deeper as they sped onward. Other myriads of the water sprites gathered in rocky hollows of the towering range, finally to force their way out to journey toward the rills of the springs. Each labored according to its force, this legion making a line of deep chambers, that only a shallow bed in the resisting rock. Many gained power from the declivities of the mountain sides and in their speedy journeys leaped from shelving rocks to dash in frenzy in splashing pools below. Others swirled and eddied among the boulders. Small

forces joined into sweeping armies that rushed along down the mountain slopes with mighty vigor. To all these the elfs of the frost and the ice lent aid during certain seasons, clipping off masses of rock which the waters were wearing only slowly, cleaving boulders that were obstructing the work of the builders.

When the labor of these elfin stonemasons was well under way there stretched away to the west, from the great cleft in the rock which marked the fairy court, a gorge deep below the tips of the mountains which, extending for more than a hundred miles, were indented with chambers deep and wide, leading to the peaceful river. Hundreds of little lakes nestled among the hills. Hundreds of mountain streams dashed through these rocky chambers. Countless waterfalls and cascades danced in the sunlight.

Westward the mountains grew higher and higher, and near the very tip legions of the elf king's forces deserted his ranks and began building courts of their own. Untrue to him, they were fickle to each other; each builded according to his own design.

BOAT  
LANDING,  
WATER GAP.





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The mightiest of these divided forces cut another gorge extending adown the mountains toward a sweeping river to the west. Others, more feeble, worked away toward the realms of elf kings to the south.

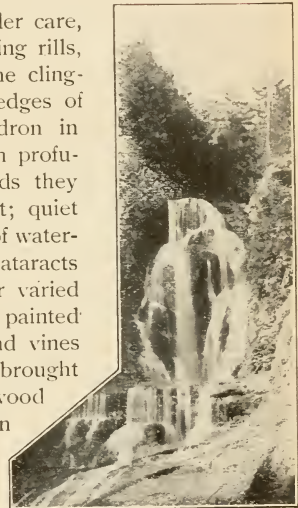
Now came the elfin decorators to embellish my lady's court. From distant lands they brought cones of pine and hemlock, the winged seed of the maple, the potent nut of oak and hickory, the dormant germs of elm and chestnut. Gay butterflies and bees they snared and robbed of the pollen of rarest flowers. They gathered sleeping life of

laurel and rhododendron and scattered it in lavish profusion o'er all the hills and in all the dells. The spores of rarest ferns and daintiest mosses, the seeds of clinging vines, they bore with them to grace the fairy realm.

These the elfin gardeners watched with tender care, trained branching trees over the beds of rippling rills, coated rocks with mosses, draped over crags the clinging vines, filled glens with ferns, fringed the edges of lakes with waving grasses, tangled rhododendron in impassable masses, sprinkled flowering plants in profusion everywhere. Couches for my lady's maids they constructed in the deep shadows of the forest; quiet pools for elfin baths they builded near the edges of waterfalls and in secluded hollows. Into rills and cataracts they put music and laughter; they threw their varied songs into the dancing leaves of the trees. They painted in every hue the woodland, and hung trees and vines with gorgeous fruit and nodding nuts. They brought captive pheasant and grouse, woodcock and wood duck and birds of plumage gay to mingle in the chorus of the watersprites and the elves of the breeze. They filled brooks with the speckled trout and lakes with the gamy bass, the gorgeous sunfish and the long, graceful pickerel.

The court was ready for its queen.

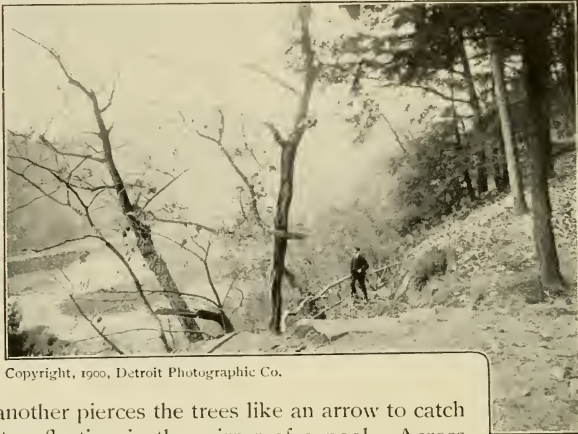
Still there was no rest among the builders of a paradise. They feared even it might grow wearisome viewed always the same, hence fairy scene-shifters ever change the view.

NEAR  
DINGMAN'S FERRY.

## SCULPTURE OF THE ELFS.

While the queen sleeps they spread about a hazy cloud through which the stars twinkle merrily. The radiant moon peeps o'er the tops of the mountains and bathes all with its soft light. The glens and dales are lost in the darkness. A ray of light touches the dancing waterfalls,

MOSS LEDGE PATH,  
WATER GAP.



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another pierces the trees like an arrow to catch its reflection in the mirror of a pool. Across the tranquil river is a pathway of silver. The chorus of the cataracts and the rills swells louder. Crickets and frogs pay tribute to their queen. An owl hoots in the woodland.

As my lady wakes a glimmer of light creeps through the great niche in the mountains, throwing a trail of light across the quiet bosom of the river. The niche becomes a diadem of incomparable magnificence, a diamond in the center from which radiates all the hues of the morning. The shaft of sunlight lifts from the water and touches the trees and the flowers, building a silvery avenue far into the ghostly valley. Shadows of the mountains guarding the throne grow shorter and lighter. Woodlands take on form. Lakelets change from black to gray. Birds waken from their slumber and pour forth their welcome to the sun which is peeping above the crown of the hills.

Perhaps during the night the elfs that feed the flowers have been gathering dewdrops from the bosom of the sleepy river. A white cloud hangs before the great notch. Where river and mountain wall have been is limitless, colorless,



objectless expanse. No point of color, no outline greets the vision.

Then comes the change.

Through the notch struggles a ray of light. It pierces the mist feebly, slowly. The mists give way. Mountains rise like ghosts. Trees forget the ghastly damps that wrap them and bathe in the breeze. "Along the high levels of the hills, trailing and losing its anchors on every ledge, drifts the night to fall in final wreck against the morning. A loon flaps his heavy way across the river. The gleam of the scarlet cardinal is seen in the lowlands, a glint of gold on the hemlocks above. There falls over the ledges a lance of light—a dazzling multitude of shafts—and conqueror day marches up the valley."

When the elfs of the frost come down to do honor is the anniversary of the doting king and his fair queen. The court takes on its most radiant dress. Fairy painters touch the rocky ranges with purple. Mountains gleam with color.



BUTTERMILK FALLS,  
POCONO MOUNTAINS.

Hickories splash with red the greens of the pines and the hemlocks. Oaks light up with brown. Maples add all the varying shades of yellow. The shumack burns a cardinal flame. Cliffs are gray in the sleepy light of the sun. The river reflects all of the colors of the rainbow. Brown grasses cling closer to the earth, dotted with red and yellow and purple and amber and gray. White rocks on the river banks gleam and glisten. Birds join in a farewell chorus

with the singing brooks and the sighing cataracts. With a whirr of wings a redhead flashes across from the hills and splashes into the water. A quail pipes in the brown fields. A squirrel laden with chestnuts chatters saucily.

So autumn passes, making way for the scene of the snow and the ice.

This is the realm, far-sweeping from the Delaware to the Susquehanna, of Majesty and Beauty.

### DELAWARE WATER GAP, PENNSYLVANIA.

Within a radius of a few miles of this pretty station with its adjoining park, which commands a full view of the famous notch through which the Delaware River flows, is

BIRD'S-EYE  
VIEW,  
PATERSON,  
NEW JERSEY.



included, a writer of note has stated, more scenic beauty, greater possibilities of comfort combined with recreation and sport than can be found in any other equal scope of country. It has been a summer resort of wealthy New Yorkers and Philadelphians and easterners in general since the first summer boarding-house was constructed there in 1833. With the years its habitues have increased steadily, and the means of comfort and luxury have augmented in proportion.

While the gap itself is the center of beauty it is surrounded by delights which weeks of exploration can not exhaust. Eureka creek comes down through a wild glen in miniature cascades. A beautiful rustic arbor by the roadside

at the entrance of the glen stands as a memento of George W. Childs, who builded it years ago. Mount Minsi, guarding the Pennsylvania shore, rising 1,400 feet from the waters of the Delaware, gives one of the most magnificent views in the world. Its favorite lookouts are The Promontory and Prospect Rock.

Winona Cliff, perched high above the Lackawanna tracks, commands a view up the valley that is superb in its beauty and grandeur. This is the spot selected by Winona for the execution of her fatal "leap," and which gave rise to the original name of "Lover's Leap." Ridge Path leads to it through the heart of the forest. Below, on the lower ledge, a magnificent mountain trail, Moss Ledge, winds its way to



Child's Arbor. Both lead to Hunter's Spring, far up on Mount Minsi.

In a recess of the mountain is Caldano Fall. Lover's Retreat commands a vista of the river and the opposite mountain as also does Council Rock. Lake Lenape lies in a depression between hills, nearly surrounded by a growth of beautiful trees, on one side the steep wooded slope of Table Rock. Sylvan Way is a pathway leading to Caldano Fall, Moss Cascade and Diana's Bath. Moss Cascade is on the slope of Table Rock.

Cooper's Cliff is on the southern crest of Table Rock, about five hundred feet above the river. The view is varied and beautiful. Moss Grotto, Eureka Falls, and a hundred

other points are incomparable. With such surroundings and sources of amusement, rambles over miles of mountain paths, vistas of great beauty opening at frequent intervals, drives in many directions in a most interesting country; steamboat and rowboat service; good trout and bass fishing, hotels and boarding-houses of the best, it is no wonder that New Yorkers and Philadelphians, the former but three hours' distant, the latter a few minutes more, pronounce this their favorite resort and resting-place.

Directory of Hotels and Boarding Houses, giving rates and complete information, will be mailed on application accompanied by 2-cent stamp.

### PORTLAND—DELAWARE, PENNSYLVANIA.

These two pretty towns nestle on the shores of the Delaware River just below Water Gap. They are backed by the high range of the Kittatinny Mountains, which are cut and slashed by magnificent brooks, forming many waterfalls, cascades and rapids. Good hotels and boarding-houses may be found throughout this district, in which lovers of the beautiful in nature and of the rod and gun may find all that they desire.

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### STROUDSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

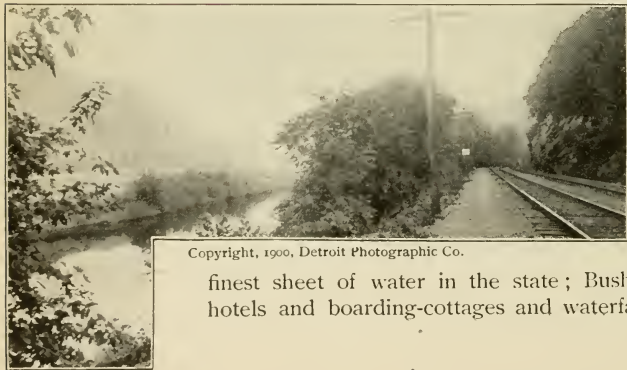
Stroudsburg, a ten minutes' run over the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western from the Water Gap, on the bank of a rushing, sparkling trout stream, Brodhead's Creek, is the station from which most of the noted resorts of the Delaware Valley are reached by stage and conveyance.

MISTY MORNING,  
DELAWARE WATER GAP.

The famous Milford bicycle and driving road, known to thousands of wheelmen, passes through or near by the following resorts and places of interest: Marshall's Creek and Falls by the same name; Echo Lake, the

finest sheet of water in the state; Bushkill, with its fine hotels and boarding-cottages and waterfalls; Forest Park,

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its lake and mammoth hotel in the wildest and most secluded mountain retreat; Dingman's, with its famous high falls; Silver Thread, its hotels and boarding-cottages and Raymondkill Falls. Thus on through to Milford is one continuous panorama of shifting scenes along Delaware's mossy

SHAWNEE RIVER,  
POCONO MOUNTAINS.



banks as it winds like a silvery thread through this enchanted fairy land.

From here, too, are reached the hunting and fishing grounds of Monroe and Pike counties; the trout streams, the lakes and river where abound the bass, shad, pickerel, perch, mountain brook trout and other specimens of the finny tribe.

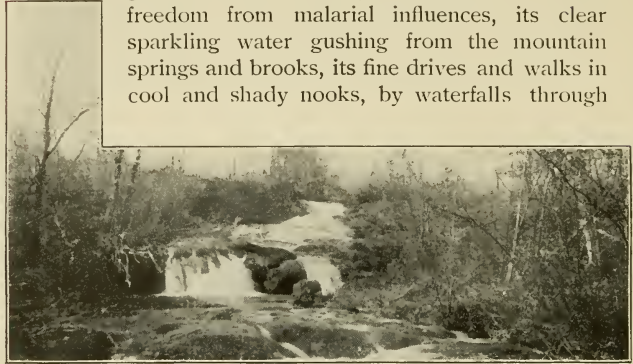
The towns of Stroudsburg and East Stroudsburg have all the modern improvements, electric light, telegraph, telephone, local and long distance, connecting with the large cities. They have a combined population of over five thousand. Charmingly situated among the mountains, nestled at the base of the foothills of the famous Pocono Range to the northwest, with the main axes of the Blue Ridge Mountains forming a boundary on the southeast, with the beautiful Highland Dell, a spur of the Blue Ridge, intervening, forming a natural and picturesque Acropolis overlooking the towns—it is no wonder that the many

## LACKAWANNA RESORTS.

thousands of summer boarders and visitors have long pronounced this the greatest resort region.

This country is justly celebrated for the beauty and grandeur of its scenery; its healthfulness and freedom from malarial influences, its clear sparkling water gushing from the mountain springs and brooks, its fine drives and walks in cool and shady nooks, by waterfalls through

FALLS AT  
FOREST PARK,  
NEAR STROUDSBURG.



mountain gorge and over peaks whose height command views of unsurpassing beauty.

Stroudsburg has a hold upon history in being one of the places of refuge of those who fled from the Wyoming massacre, and as the place of residence of Teedyuscong, the Indian chief who played so conspicuous a part on the first settlement of the whites in this part of the country. But the real progress of the town, as well as its name, dates from the latter part of the last century. Col. Jacob Stroud had command here of Fort Penn, and owned four thousand acres of land. Previous to his death, which occurred in 1806, he had erected three houses, one of which still stands and is known as the Stroud mansion.

Directory of Hotels and Boarding Houses, giving rates and complete information, will be mailed on application accompanied by 2-cent stamp.

### SPRAGUEVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

Spragueville appeals to the summer guest on account of its high altitude and picturesque surroundings. It is located on Brodhead's Creek. Many beautiful residences have been erected here. The surrounding country affords many magnificent drives.

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## CRESCO, PENNSYLVANIA.

Cresco is situated in the highlands, many points in the immediate vicinity having an altitude of from 1,700 to 1,900 feet. It is the railroad station for Paradise Valley, Mountainhome, Canadensis, Laanna, South Sterling, Promised Land, Bright Creek Park and Easton Anglers Park. This region abounds with streams of pure sparkling water and numerous falls, including Buckhill, Lockards, Levers, Rhododendron and Spruce Cabin. Paradise Valley is near. The scenery is unexcelled in this section of the state.

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## HENRYVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

Henryville is a little village very prettily situated at an altitude of 1,730 feet, overlooking the Analomink River in the Pocono Mountains. It is a region of woodland and water, where nature has undisputed sway. Few spots in Pennsylvania offer so much that is inviting. Here are some of the most prolific brook trout streams in America—East and West Branch, Brodhead, Cranberry, Heller, Paradise and Devil's Hole—all famous. Parkside, on the banks of the Analomink, is a beautiful little rural retreat, not more than three hours' ride from New York. Rhododendron and laurel are especial attractions in spring and early summer. Late in June rhododendron is in its glory, and the thousands of bushes covered with delicate blossoms make a dainty picture, worthy the brush of the most ambitious painter.

Points of interest are Echo Barn, Prospect Ledge, Point Lookout, High Rock Summit, 190 feet, directly over Analomink River; Red Rock Glen, Red Rock Falls, Paradise Falls, Quarry Pool, Cave Pool, Fenner's Grotto. Beautiful drives

BUCKHILL FALLS,  
NEAR CRESCO.

## LACKAWANNA RESORTS.

lead to Sylvan Cascades, Buckhill Falls, Pocono Summit, Mount Pocono, Pocono Knob, Swiftwater, Wiscasset, Paradise, High Bridge and others.

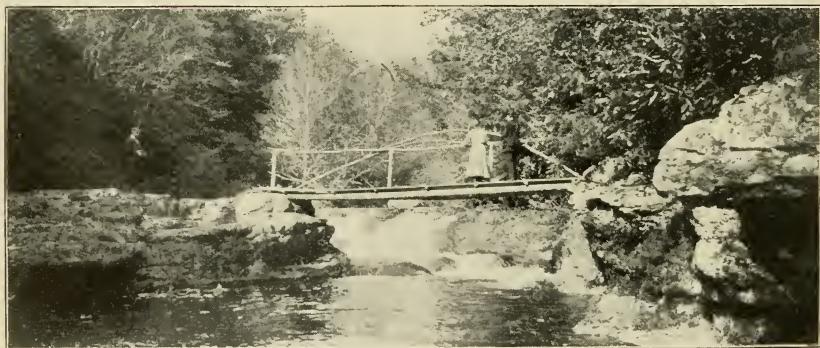
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### MOUNT POCONO, PENNSYLVANIA.

Situated at an altitude of nearly 1,900 feet on the Pocono Mountains, which cross the northeastern counties of Pennsylvania, and which belong to the same chain as the Catskills, in New York, and the Black Mountains of North Carolina, this region has been aptly called the "Switzerland of America."

From Mount Pocono a superb panoramic view is spread to the eye. Back over innumerable hills roll great broken billows of pine forest, a virgin woodland unbroken save by an occasional farm clearing. To the right and left bold spurs project their steep and rugged fronts. Pocono Knob, the noblest, thrusts forward its rock-bound summit like some huge turret or the prow of a mighty battleship. Lying between the spurs, and seaming them in every direction, deep ravines and sheer gorges form mystic depths, through whose dim recesses rush and leap the spring-fed mountain torrents. The long, straight line of the Blue Ridge, stand-

RED ROCK FALLS,  
NEAR HENRYVILLE.



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ing out against the sky like a rampart, bounds the distant horizon, except where the break of the Delaware Water Gap gives a glimpse through it of the distant hills of New Jersey.

The atmosphere is remarkably dry, far more so than at equal altitudes along the main Allegheny range. It is soft and mild, and has in it the healthful balm and exhilarating cordial of the breath of the primeval forests.

The thermometer registers on an average from ten to

WISCASSET POOL,  
POCONO MOUNTAINS.



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fifteen degrees lower than in the cities of New York and Philadelphia. Nights are cool. There is no malaria. The altitude is not sufficiently great to increase nervous conditions. Here all throat and chest troubles are benefited, and weak lungs are made strong.

The Pocono Mountains with their natural beauties of wood growth and brawling streams, of valleys, towering heights and magnificent prospects, cast a spell over those who visit them, and bring back the same people year after year. Their numbers are being steadily augmented by those who each season for the first time become acquainted with the sublimity of the region.

The various streams of the neighborhood, filled with trout, are easily accessible, and give good sport with the rod. There is also good pheasant, quail and rabbit hunting in the autumn.

Finer hotels are not found in any mountain resort. Several are equipped with all the modern appliances for the convenience and comfort of their guests. Steam heat permits the enjoyment of the cool weather, the laurel and rhododendrons of June, as well as the changing foliage of

## LACKAWANNA RESORTS.

DELAWARE RIVER  
AT WATER GAP.



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the invigorating autumn days, without discomfort. Spacious verandas and porches look out upon well kept, shaded lawns of emerald green.

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### **TOBYHANNA, PENNSYLVANIA.**

Situated in the summit of the mountains at an altitude of over 1,900 feet above tide

water, Tobyhanna is justly noted as a health resort and is extensively patronized by those suffering with pulmonary diseases. The village, which contains about eight hundred inhabitants, is prettily situated. Good hotels and boarding-houses abound, and the gunning and fishing are excellent. Like all the Pocono region this section is absolutely free from insect pests and malaria.

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### **SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA.**

Scranton combines within itself and the immediate vicinity attractions which make it one of the most interesting cities in the United States. Situated in a pocket among the mountains upon the banks of the beautiful Lackawanna River, the "Stream of Laughing Waters," with the historic Susquehanna River almost at its gates, with miles of history, romance and tradition branching out from it in every direction, it is a point to hold the tourist for many weeks. Itself a great city, with all that wealth and well-directed energy can provide in the way of comfort and luxury, the traveler finds there whatever accommodations he may desire. An old city, in which was born the knowledge of the utility of anthracite coal and the energy which compelled the recognition of the product in the markets of the world, it offers much of historic interest. Within a radius of only a few miles is produced more hard



coal than in any other district in the world. Scranton itself stands over a coal mine, the drifts and galleries of which underlie it at every point. Great mountains of culm, as the waste from the natural coal is called, tower into the sky at every hand and give evidence not only of the vast past production of black diamonds, but of the work that is going on from day to day. Near at hand are immense coal-breakers and coal-washers in which the natural product is prepared for the hearth. Great iron furnaces, fed by the fuel produced at their very doors, send upward their pillars of flame to illuminate the night sky.

About this little enclosed valley nature has distributed some of her most magnificent works. In the brooks running into the Lackawanna are waterfalls that are known the world over. Nay Aug Falls is within the very heart of the city in a magnificent park, which has been constructed upon a neighboring mountain within the last few years. The glen of Roaring Brook is one of the most picturesque in these mountains of beauty. To the northwest toward the Susquehanna the mountain scenery can not be surpassed. Down the river to its junction with the Susquehanna, giant coal-breakers may be seen upon every hand. The mines offer a study of weeks and months, a study which may be carried on with ease and with the ready assistance of those who are in charge of the collieries.

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### FACTORYVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

Factoryville is a pretty little village perched up in the mountains nearly nine hundred feet above sea level. Its proximity to Scranton makes it a favorite summer resort, not only for the residents of that city, but for tourists who desire to be within easy reach of the attractions of a large city.

Lake Winola, four and a half miles from Factoryville, is one of the most beautiful and largest sheets of water in northern Pennsylvania. It is fed entirely by springs and is as clear as crystal. It is surrounded by beautiful groves, and is noted for its fine summer cot-

NAY AUG FALLS,  
NEAR SCRANTON



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tages, boating, bathing and fishing. Here are superb black bass, and pickerel, that attract the angler from near and far. The altitude is 1,100 feet. The air is cool and bracing—free from malaria. There are many beautiful drives in the neighborhood. Scenery is unsurpassed. A large hotel that will accommodate four hundred people is situated on the bluff, eighty feet above the lake. From it a fine view of the surrounding country is obtainable. Commodious stages connect with all the important trains from Factoryville.

Lake Sheridan, three miles from Factoryville, is known throughout the east for its fine pickerel, of which it furnishes a never-ending supply. Many fine cottages, occupied in summer by people from the cities, are here located, also a number of furnished cottages for rent. A more picturesque and pleasantly situated lake for a summer outing would be hard to find.

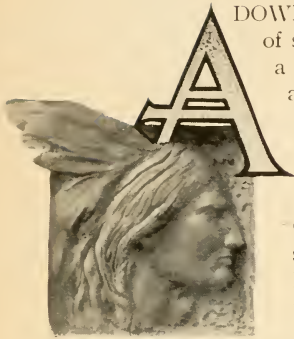
The famous East Mountain Lithia flowing well, which rivals the famous Buffalo Lithia Springs for its purity and health-giving properties, is only two and a half miles from the station.

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# SUSQUEHANNA TRAIL.

A STORY OF AN HISTORIC HIGHWAY.

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DOWN the valley of the Susquehanna, the scene of savage butchery never surpassed, once ran a great highway of an incipient nation, and along it was fought a harrowing campaign that eventually broke the back of Indian uprisings east of the Mississippi. 'Twas but a bit of a trail, packed by the moccasined foot of Mohawk, Seneca, Onondaga, Oneida, Cayuga and Tuscarora journeying southward from the strongholds of the Six Nations in search of game or plunder, or to make war upon the peaceful Delawares. Generations of redskins had trodden it before the first boat of the white man grated upon the beach of the New World. Over it marched the painted braves who made war upon John Smith in Chesapeake Bay when the fifteenth century yet was young. During that century and the next it was soaked with the blood of pilgrims toiling toward the golden west—the land of fabulous beauty, fertility and wealth. For three hundred years it has been making history, now of war, now of peaceful commerce.

From camp-fires on the Mohawk this trail led southward through the depths of the virgin forest, following the Otesquago, which drains a tiny lake perched at the very tip of a great watershed. Southward it continued to Lake Otsego, where council fires often burned; still southward through the valley of the Susquehanna among the rolling hills of New York; southward along the pathway cut by the surging waters deep into the towering mountains of Pennsylvania; southward still through the plains beyond to the sea. Along it the Great Master painted a masterpiece—a picture of wooded hills; of glistening lakes in settings of green: of

rolling prairies ; of lazy streams winding adown avenues of reaching trees ; of towering mountains ; deep indented vales ; swift-running brooks tumbling, tossing, splashing, dancing against rocky ways, and leaping in flashing waterfalls in moss-grown, fern-filled glens ; of bold promontory frowning high above a sweeping river—a picture which the vandal never can mar.

Connecting with this trail at the north, before the days of roadways and when rivers were the natural highways, was the old path from New England by way of the headwaters of the Hudson up the Mohawk. Over this adventurous hunters from Connecticut found their way into the very heart of the Allegheny Mountains. They carried back such glowing accounts of the wonderful beauty and the fertility of the valleys that hardy tillers of the ungenerous soil of New England sought this earthly paradise. Afoot, driving before them their horses and their cattle, wearily they made their way toward the valley of Wyoming. Protestant Germans, fleeing from religious persecutions in the Old World, had preceded them into the valley of the Mohawk, forming the settlement of Andrustown. Hardy Scotch already were tilling the bottom lands of the Schohaire. The new England idea was farther reaching ; the pilgrim fathers pushed on. Many found in the upper valley of the Susquehanna the ideal of their hopes. Others traveled on to the great flats in Pennsylvania.

From the south came the adherents of Penn following the old trail from the sea.

Both claimed the garden spot of the New World by virtue of purchase from the Indians, who, unused to the ways of the white man, sorrowfully watched the invasion of the domain for which they had fought through many years with a red foe from the north. Teedyuscung, chief of the Delawares, though grieving over the seizure of the lands of his tribe, yet was the friend of the whites who had taught him the Christian faith. He had seen two hundred of the New Englanders invade his territory, had watched them plant their fields and build their cabins, and, when winter approached, journey back toward the north.

In the spring, after their return, treacherous emissaries from the Iroquois murdered the old chief in his wigwam and burned his body among its ruins. His warriors, attributing the deed to the whites, without warning fell upon the peaceful settlers. Twenty fallen men were scalped while

panic-stricken women and children, protected by the men who had escaped, fled to the mountains through the Swamp of Death toward their old homes in New England.

The valley was emptied of whites.

Knowing that the sturdy Connecticut farmers would not thus yield up the fertile lands, Pennsylvania thought to forestall their return by taking possession of the valley. They builded a fort at Wyoming from which to resist the Indians and their own brethren from the north. Six years later a party of forty New Englanders, returning to the valley by way of old Susquehanna Trail, found the English in possession.

From this time on through several years English and Yankee contended for the possession of the valley. Troops were hurried up the Susquehanna from Pennsylvania to aid the English; companies came down Susquehanna Trail from New England to reënforce the Yankee ranks. Battles bloody and furious, more merciless than those waged by the redskins, raged year in and year out with permanent victory to neither. While the struggle waged on field and in courts the Revolution broke and the Pennamite war ceased from the necessity of contending forces to join arms in the service of a liberty-seeking people.

Out from the valley passed the bravest of the men to fight in the ranks of Washington. In fields labored the women and the children, commissaries for the army at the front. In the mountains others leached ashes for saltpeter and made gunpowder. The home guard and the few troops under old Zebulon Butler protected the settlements from invasions of the Indians.

At the head of the old trail events were forming that were destined to make the highway of the Susquehanna the scene of moving Continentals and red-coated British. English generals were inciting the Indians to join with them, offering as inducement gold of the realm for each dripping scalp. Brandt, chief of the Six Nations and most powerful redskin of his day, was joining forces with the British. Barry St. Leger was moving toward Albany from Oswego with a large force of British regulars, Tories and Indians. Nathaniel Herkimer, at the head of his little force of Continentals, met him near Utica and in the battle of Oriskany several hundred Indians were slain.

Brandt, stung by the slaughter of his warriors, began a warfare upon defenseless white settlements, aided and

## SUSQUEHANNA TRAIL.

abetted by the British who associated with him under John Butler. The first attack was upon the patriotic settlers of Wyoming Valley. Down Susquehanna Trail, down the less prominent trails of the Unadilla and the Tioughannock, poured the Indians to Tioga Point, the juncture of the Chemung with the Susquehanna. From this point Indians, British and Tories descended the Susquehanna on rafts to the Wyoming Valley.

The story of the Wyoming massacre needs no repetition. The treachery of the Tories within the American forts, the awful slaughter of the whites by the blood-thirsty Indians remembering Oriskany, the heroic fight of Zebulon Butler and his little band are familiar tales. A stately monument, visited each year by thousands, tells, on its simple marble tablet, the whole story.

Wyoming did not satisfy the Indians for their losses at Oriskany. It seemed only to whet the redskin thirst for blood. Later in the same year the savage horde passed northward over Susquehanna Trail, and Cherry Valley's awful story went into history.

So appalling had become the massacre of the whites and so menacing the alliance of the Indians with the British, that the American generals deemed it necessary to carry an active campaign into the enemy's country.

Susquehanna Trail was chosen as the avenue of the campaign.

Command of this expedition was offered to General Gates, but he insolently refused it. General Sullivan then was chosen as the commander of the center which moved to the valley at Wyoming. Gen. James Clinton moved in by way of the Mohawk, descending the old trail. Gen. Daniel Brodhead moved forth from Pittsburg toward Fort Niagara, the avowed destination of the expedition.

Sullivan spent the greater part of the summer in preparations. Long before he reached Wyoming Clinton was at the headwaters of the Susquehanna. Travel was difficult. He devised a clever way of making it easier for his men. They dammed the river and constructed rafts, it being the intention to cut the dam at the proper time and sail to the junction of the Chemung on the flood tide. When marching time came the army passed down Susquehanna Trail, for the

PATIENCE.





dam had gone out weeks before, flooding the valley and greatly astonishing the Indians.

Sullivan and Clinton met at Fort Tioga at the junction of the Susquehanna and the Chemung, and prepared to march against a combined force of British, Tories and Indians, who for weeks had been rendezvousing at Newton, now Elmira, from Detroit, Niagara and the northern territory of the Six Nations.

The campaign was to be one of destruction. The old Indian town of Chemung was the first met. It was destroyed to the last teepee, as were the acres of corn surrounding it.

At Newtown the British were behind weak fortifications, thrown up with the purpose of deceiving the Americans, who were expected to follow the old Indian trail and fall into an ambush prepared for them.

Sullivan was too old a soldier for the trap. He had the field carefully reconnoitered and the plan of battle carefully laid.

While the riflemen in front of the mock fortifications kept the British busy Generals Poor and Clinton moved their columns upon the enemy's left, while Colonel Proctor placed his artillery to command the entire British position.

Three hours of hard fighting resulted in the repulse of the British. They retreated in disorder toward Lake Ontario.

Sullivan's army followed with all possible haste, for it was not the intention that the campaign should come to an end with a battle that drove the British from their position on the Chemung. Indian settlements were to be burned, fertile fields of grain and burdened orchards from which the British army was receiving subsistence were to be destroyed.

Sullivan's army did its work effectually. For three weeks it marched unmolested through beautiful Genesee Valley, destroying everything before it. The return journey was along Susquehanna Trail.

This campaign broke the backbone of Indian uprisings in the eastern country. So terribly did the savages suffer in loss of braves and property that from that day the British never could induce them to enter the war either in great numbers or with their old-time savage spirit. Future Indian uprisings remained for the savages of the west, who had had no lesson in the white man's mode of warfare.

PITTSTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

Pittston, scenically unrivaled in all America, was the very heart of the struggles between the settlers from Connecticut and those from Pennsylvania for the possession of the Wyoming Valley. Situated at the junction of the Susquehanna and Lackawanna rivers it was a point of strategic importance. This the Indians recognized before the

NAY AUG TUNNEL,  
NEAR SCRANTON.



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advent of the whites, for here, at the foot of Campbell's Ledge, one of the most striking inland promontories in the world, they builded their village of Assernghny, using the top of the precipice behind as the site for their beacon fires. Here was the site of Fort Jenkins, erected by the hardy New Englanders in 1778. Directly across the river was Fort Ogden and the "Pittston Stockades." Just below was

Fort Wintermoot. Upon these forts the Indians of the Six Nations, under the command of the British general, John Butler, descended from Tioga Point, further up the Susquehanna, to begin the tragedy which has gone down into history as the Wyoming massacre. The last vestige of the forts long since disappeared; but Monocacy Island, to which escaping occupants of the forts swam to be murdered in cold



blood by their own brothers, still lifts its head above the waters.

Queen Esther's rock, upon which the infuriated Indian princess had fourteen of the Americans murdered in retaliation for the death of her son in a recent engagement, is the object of great curiosity, and the credulous believe that a dark stain upon it comes from the blood of the slain.

Here, also, was Sullivan's rendezvous before entering upon his campaign of devastation.

Views from Campbell's Ledge can not be surpassed in any land. Standing like a grim sentinel, which in the Indian days it was, lifting its almost perpendicular banks hundreds of feet into the air, it overlooks three magnificent valleys. Away to the southward, now basking in the sunshine, now hid in the shadows, now disappearing behind mountain ledges, the Susquehanna glides like a glimmering serpent. From the northwest it comes tumbling down through the rocky pass in the towering hills. To the northeast stretches away the valley of the Lackawanna, with abrupt shores upon which perch countless giant machines that bring forth from the earth its dusky diamonds. As far as the eye can reach beauty vies with beauty, each trying, as do dames at a ball, to appear most attractive.

Campbell's Ledge, too, has its history, of course. Dial Knob, it first was called, because its shadows accurately told the day. But that was before a mythical party named Campbell, pursued by the Indians, leaped over its precipice to his death on the rocks below. Here, too, was a mysterious spring that coated objects dipped in its waters with flakes of gold. A white boy captive saw an Indian chief lift a flat rock to uncover it and his tale has caused the expenditure of countless labor and money in later day efforts to discover it.

Bald Mountain lifts its venerable head for a background to this historic sentinel of the valley. A few miles up the Susquehanna Falling Spring pours its foaming waters over a bluff two hundred feet high.

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### WYOMING, PENNSYLVANIA.

This peaceful village, lazily basking in the sunlight of the present day, was the scene of the Wyoming massacre. Against a fort erected here by the Pennsylvania troops under General Ogden, in 1767, and captured later by Col. Zebulon Butler, the British, Tories and Indians under John Butler, hurled themselves on the morning of a beautiful July day in 1778. The flower of the valley's manhood had marched away to the aid of the Continental army, and were following Washington in his days of trial, while Zebulon Butler and a small body of militia guarded the women and children at



home. Upon this pitifully weak garrison the British and Indians descended, forcing a surrender. Then came the massacre, incited, it is said, by Tories, who the day before had turned over the garrison at Fort Wintermoot to the enemy, without a struggle. The reds, maddened by rum that had been served to them plentifully, seeking revenge for the blood of brethren who had fallen in battle at Fort Stanwix, ruthlessly murdered helpless women and children, and mercilessly cut down the whites. Those who escaped the scalping-knife were driven into the wilds of the forest.

On this old battlefield lay the bodies of the slain for nearly four months, until Colonel Butler brought back a force for the purpose of burial. For years even the site of the common grave was lost beneath the plow-stirred fields. In 1832 the spot was located, and over it the descendants of the heroic little band have erected a massive granite monument. Upon this is a marble tablet which tells the story of the massacre in these words :

“Near this spot was fought, on the afternoon of the third of July, 1778, the Battle of Wyoming, in which a small band of patriotic Americans, chiefly the undisciplined, the youthful and the aged, spared by inefficiency from the distant ranks of the Rebellion, led by Col. Zebulon Butler, with a courage that deserved success, boldly met and bravely fought a combined British, Tory and Indian force of thrice their number. Numerical superiority alone gave success to the invader, and widespread havoc, desolation and ruin marked his savage and bloody footsteps through the valley. This monument, commemorative of these events and in memory of the actors in them, has been erected over the bones of the slain by their descendants and others who gratefully appreciate the services and sacrifices of their patriotic ancestors.”

On another marble tablet are the names of one hundred and sixty-two of the men defenders of the fort who were thus butchered after their surrender.

Wyoming is a pretty little town, with broad, shaded streets and pretty homes. On the leading street stands today a number of tipsy houses. The back yards of these abandoned houses sank many feet not many years ago, due to the cave-in of a coal mine beneath. To the north of



Wyoming, reached by a delightful ride through a pretty valley, is the camp-meeting ground of Wyoming conference.

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### PLYMOUTH, PENNSYLVANIA.

Plymouth was one of the first settlements in the Wyoming Valley, and was the abiding-place of the Shawnees long before the white man came down from the north over Susquehanna Trail. From their village the braves went forth to the famous "Grasshopper War" with the Delawares, which resulted in their being driven from the valley. While the braves of the Shawnees and the Delawares were on hunting expeditions the women and children of the former tribe crossed the river in search of berries and fruit. One of the children caught an enormous grasshopper. Delaware children, envious of possession, began a fight for it. The women of both tribes joined in the fray, and when the Shawnees returned from their hunting expedition they were incited to attack the Delawares in their camp on the present site of Wilkes-Barre, then Maugh-wau-wame. The invaders suffered serious loss and were driven northward to seek another abiding-place.

WYOMING MASSACRE  
MONUMENT.



This village also was the scene of one of the most desperate fights of the second Pennamite war. This war, which was interrupted by the War of the Revolution, was taken up again immediately after the American supremacy over England. In 1785 a large force of Pennamites met a band of Yankees in the woods near Plymouth, and in the engagement several were killed and many wounded. The Pennamites were pursued to their fort, where they were besieged until the Yankees learned that a rescue force was upon its way. They then moved forward and ambushed the invaders near the present site of Nanticoke.

Plymouth also occupies a place in history as the point from which the first cargo of coal was shipped. In the fall of 1807 Abijah Smith purchased an ark which had been used for the transportation of plaster, floated it to Plymouth

and loaded it with fifty tons of anthracite coal. Late in the season this was landed successfully at Columbia. This probably was the first cargo of anthracite coal ever offered for sale in this or any other country.

Plymouth is a city of about 12,000 people, beautifully located on the Susquehanna River. Its brick-paved streets are picturesque and inviting; its hotels are good and its homes attractive. Electric street cars run from it to interesting points in the vicinity.

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### FORTY FORT, PENNSYLVANIA.

On the site of this picturesque river town was erected in 1769 the first fort constructed by the hardy settlers of New England for defense against the Indians. It derived its name from the fact that there were just forty Connecticut settlers to build it. At the time of the advance against the valley by John Butler it had been strengthened and materially enlarged, so much so, that in it was placed the main hope of the settlement. The British Butler, in a report to his superiors, states that after the surrender of Forts Jenkins and Wintermoot he summoned Forty Fort to capitulate, but the commandant refused the terms proposed. Two days later the American commander, following ill-advised action of a council of war, marched out to meet the foe. He was led into an ambush and thirty-four officers and 268 privates were killed; the loss to the British, according to Butler, being three killed and eight wounded. The British commander must have had a premonition of the massacre which was to follow on the next day, for in his report he said :

“What gives me the sincerest satisfaction is that I can, with great truth, assure you that in the destruction of this settlement, not a single person has been hurt of the inhabitants but such as were under arms; to these, indeed, the Indians gave no quarter.”

Up to that time he reported that his force had “killed or driven off” about 1,000 head of horned cattle, and sheep and swine in great numbers”; and had also taken “eight palisades, six forts, and burned about 1,000 dwelling-houses and all the mills.”

The site of Forty Fort is today intersected by the highway. There are no remains of it. It is said, however, that an old

log house in which a surrender was arranged still stands. In an old Methodist church, erected here in 1807, Francis Asbury and Lorenzo Dow did much to spread the Methodist faith throughout this region.

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### KINGSTON — WILKES-BARRE — HARVEY'S LAKE.

These two historic towns nestle down at the base of mountains on either side of the Susquehanna River, a long bridge and fast trolley car connections making them really one, physically if not politically.

Here was the first settlement of the Connecticut farmers, on Mill Creek. Here was the scene of the first Indian massacre following the murder of the Delaware chief Teedyuscung, and the whole valley was emptied of every white within it. Here, in 1812, was erected the first really artistic church, from the steeple of which rang out the peals of a bell cast in Philadelphia the preceding year. On this, in Latin, was the inscription, "I will sound and resound unto Thy people, O

Lord, to call them to Thy Word"; and for over a quarter of a century it pealed the knell of the departing day, and those within its reach covered their hearth fires and retired to rest. Here the Experiment, the first power boat on the upper Susquehanna, being propelled by poles set in motion by horse power, landed on its first voyage in 1824. Here, early in the nineteenth century, was established a ship-yard, from which was launched with great ado a sloop of twelve tons, the John Franklin. It reached the sea in safety, and Wilkes-Barre at once began to boom as a ship-building center. In 1812 another sloop of sixty tons was launched, and with great rejoicing christened "The Luzerne of Wilkes-Barre." She was dashed to pieces on her journey to the sea on the rocks at Conowago Falls — and Wilkes-Barre's dream of ship-building was crushed.

Just east of Wilkes-Barre, on a high mountain range, is Prospect Rock, the view from which, by many, is considered superior to that from Campbell's Ledge. Clarke thus describes it :

STARTED TOWARD A  
COAL MINE,  
WYOMING VALLEY.



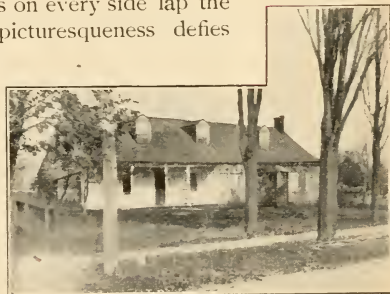
“The panorama spread before the eye is magnificent—the valley with the beautiful Susquehanna, dotted with many a verdant island, winding through it; the pleasant old villages, that lovingly cling to the banks of the river as if the stream which runs through them and links them together were a symbol of the beautiful chain of unity that in the former time bound them together against the common perils of the wilderness; the remembrances of these perils, which one sees in yonder monument (for it is distinctly visible), and beyond all these the threefold tier of mountain ridges that rise one above the other along the western sky; one of them near at hand, with its well-defined form, while the other two peer from above with their blue tops, as from some other world.”

Kingston is mainly a city of homes, though on the outskirts are some of the largest collieries in this world-famous anthracite region, the Woodward and Pettebone being among the greatest in existence. Wilkes-Barre is located on a plateau that extends nearly half a mile from the river bank. The drives are magnificent. Electric lines run in all directions from the city. A magnificent public park, extending two miles along the river bank, is one of the finest in the east. Splendid public buildings and the homes of many of the coal barons add greatly to this beautiful city of over 50,000 people.

Harvey's Lake for many years has not only attracted from the larger cities, but has been the summer refuge of the residents of the historic Wyoming Valley. It lies in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains, twelve miles from the city of Wilkes-Barre by an electric railway, at an elevation of 1,255 feet above tide-water, and is the largest inland lake in the state of Pennsylvania. Its waters on every side lap the mountain edges, and its rugged picturesqueness defies description. Not in natural beauty alone does this inland lake excel most mountain resorts. Its waters are a natural hatchery for bass and pickerel.

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AN OLD SETTLER  
OF WYOMING.



## NANTICOKE, PENNSYLVANIA.

Nanticoke was the scene of the ambush of the Pennamite rescuers by the Yankees referred to under the story of Plymouth. Even at that time it was a prosperous village of the Nanticoke Indians, from which it takes its name. Stone thus describes the battle :

“In ascending the bank of the Susquehanna, on coming to a narrow defile, naturally defended by a rocky buttress, they (the Pennamites) were suddenly arrested by a volley of musketry. An instant afterward, the invaders discovered that the rocky parapets were covered with men bristling in arms — prepared for a Tyrolese defense of tumbling rocks down upon the foe, should their firearms prove insufficient to repel them. Taken thus suddenly and effectively by surprise, Plunkett retreated with his forces behind a point of rock for consultation. He next attempted to cross the river and resume his march on the other side. But here, too, the people of Wyoming had been too quick for him. The invaders were so hotly received by a detachment in ambuscade on the other side, that they were constrained to retreat, nor did they attempt to rally again.”

This was the last military demonstration on the part of Pennsylvania to drive from the valley the Connecticut settlers.

Nanticoke is prettily perched upon the hillside, and is a city of about 15,000 inhabitants. An electric railroad connects it with Wilkes-Barre and other towns in the valley.

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## HUNLOCK, PENNSYLVANIA.

Passing Nanticoke the Lackawanna Railroad enters the mountain region along its route. The river cuts through a gorge in the mountains, which rise several hundred feet on either side. The coal-mine scenes have been left behind, and now only the glories of the hills and the river are to be seen. Here begins the fine fishing grounds of the river, and bass and pike, with now and then a huge salmon, are the delights of the sportsman. Hunlock is a quiet hamlet from which the farmers of the valley to the north do their shipping. A splendid road leads back to where there are ponds



and streams which abound in fish, and where immense quantities of lilies can be had. Rural scenes here are such as would delight an artist.

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### SHICKSHINNY, PENNSYLVANIA.

Bump, in his admirable description of the Susquehanna Valley, has this to say about Shickshinny :

“The narrow mountain pass ends in a blaze of glory at Shickshinny, where five different spurs come to the river’s edge and make their bow to each other. The village of Shickshinny is located in the hollow formed by two of these ranges, and through it runs Shickshinny Creek, which tumbles down a gorge with the echo of several waterfalls behind it. By some Shickshinny is said to mean in Indian phrase, ‘quick-dashing-water.’ By others it is said to mean ‘where five mountains meet.’ Both are apt guesses. At Shickshinny the river makes a sharp turn south, and so continues for six miles to Wapwallopen, where it again swerves westward. The left bank for this six miles is closely bounded by the Wapwallopen Hills, which terminate above the village of Wapwallopen in a vigorous and grand rocky front, 900 feet high, known as ‘Pulpit Rock.’ It is a fine outlook, for the mountains diminish below Wapwallopen.”

Back in the valley beyond Shickshinny — the Huntington Valley — there is a fine stretch of farming country, and the creeks and runs have furnished many delightful seasons to the trout fisherman. It is a hospitable country, where the drives are excellent and the scenery grand.

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### BLOOMSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

While nearly all of the towns in this vicinity have associated with them memories either of Indian attacks, Pennamite war battles or the Revolution, Bloomsburg brings to the fore one of the Civil War. This town lies about three miles back from the Susquehanna on the banks of Fishing Creek. During the War of the Rebellion it was noised

## LACKAWANNA RESORTS.

about that a number of Copperheads and some Confederates, who had come down from Canada, had erected a fort on the bank of the creek and were planning to descend upon the loyal people of the valley. Hundreds of federal soldiers were hurried there, under command of Major-Generals Cadwallader and Couch. They failed to find the much-vaunted foe, but they did put in irons nearly fifty men who were dissatisfied with the draft law.

Bloomsburg shows in its every section the impress of a prosperous town. It is the county-seat of one of the most

prosperous of the agricultural counties of the commonwealth. The streets are exceptionally broad. They are well shaded and graded and always in fine driving condition. The town is lighted by electricity. On a commanding hillside to the east of the town is located one of the best known of the state's normal schools, with commodious buildings and grounds. The town is well sewered, has a first-class water-works, and steam-heating pipes are run through the streets. A fine iron bridge crosses the river connecting with the rich agricultural section in the southern part of the county. Here connection is made with the Bloomsburg & Sullivan Railroad, which runs northward into the lumber regions of Sullivan County, passing through the Fishing Creek Valley, and reaching



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Lake Ganoga. This is one of the paradises of Pennsylvania for the angler and the hunter, the mountain streams thereabouts being alive with trout.

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## CATAWISSA, PENNSYLVANIA.

Catawissa is situated romantically along the north branch of the Susquehanna River in a "pocket" in the hills at the mouth of Catawissa Creek. Above and below are steep

bluffs, and in the rear rises the Catawissa Mountains, from whose summit there unfolds a magnificent view of field and forest, plain and mountain, fifty miles in either direction.

There was an Indian village here two hundred years ago, of which Lapackpitton, a Delaware, was chief. It is an old Quaker settlement and within its borders still stands an old, weather-beaten meeting-house erected more than a century ago and still used by the Friends for their half-yearly meetings. This is said to be the first meeting-house erected between Wyoming and Sunbury.

Pure mountain water, beautiful scenery and romantic drives are its principal attractions for summer visitors.

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### DANVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

Danville once held the front place as an iron-producing town. Its blast furnaces were big ones and the rolling-mills turned out thousands of tons annually of rails and merchant iron. The iron ore was mined in the hills close by and hauled to the furnaces. Now the ore mines are closed and the furnaces dismantled and in ruins, cheaper production of pig iron elsewhere causing this condition. But the rolling-mills continue in operation, and these, with other industries since brought in, maintain the town at about the same plane that marked it in the heyday of the iron industry. On the hills near the town are yet seen the mansions of the iron kings, one of which, the Beaver residence, has recently been purchased by the Sisters of Mercy and is to be turned into a home for aged and friendless women.

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### NORTHUMBERLAND, PENNSYLVANIA.

Northumberland is a city of memories, haunting visions of the peaceful and war days of the redskins, of great discoveries in the field of science, of the spread of the Christian faith, of the development of the iron industry of America, of a hermit life following an awakening from a dream of love.

Count Zinzendorf established a Moravian mission here in 1745. Shikellimy, father of the famous Mingo Logan, whose speech against the white man's cruelty of the redskins is

familiar to every schoolboy, ruled a village here in 1728. Shamokin, "where gun-barrels were straightened," was an Indian village which took its name from the fact that the Moravians maintained near at hand a smithy where the redskins' guns were repaired. Dr. John Priestly, discoverer of oxygen and founder of chemistry, had his home and his laboratory here. His body rests here in an old burying-ground on the slope of Montour's Ridge, back of the town. In 1874 American chemists assembled here to celebrate the discovery of oxygen. Near at hand, in the town of Sunbury, the first United States senator from Pennsylvania, Maclay, builded a home which still stands. The old Hunter mansion stands on the site of Fort Augusta, one of the chain of defenses erected during the days of the French and Indian war, and again garrisoned during the War of the Revolution. The magazine of the old fortress, named after the mother of George III., is now used as a cellar by occupants of a house standing over it. An old cannon from Fort Augusta was recovered from the river in 1798 and is now in possession of a fire company of Sunbury.

Northumberland's position on the tongue of mountain land formed by the confluence of the west branch of the Susquehanna River with the main stream makes it one of the most beautiful spots in the Allegheny Mountains. In the united river waters, which, on account of a dam below, form a large lake here, is reflected the beauties of Blue Hill, which rises abruptly from the river edge over four hundred feet. On the face of this cliff the imaginative can see the likeness of the old chief Skikellimy. Upon its crest stood for many years a tower leaning at an angle of thirty degrees over the water. It was constructed by John Mason, who lived here the life of a hermit because of disappointment in love. The meeting waters are parted again by a picturesque island upon which is John B. Packer's model farm. Poet and historian have found soul-stirring beauty and interest here, and the artist has transferred to his canvas the gorgeous splendor of the mountains and the river.

Northumberland is nicely laid out, with streets that are arched with shade during the summer. It has a splendid supply of pure mountain water, piped a distance of five miles; electric lights and an electric railway connecting with Sunbury, two miles away. Several steamboats ply on the river between the two towns, and furnish means for rides of

several miles and to a fine pleasure ground at Island Park on Shamokin Island. Two miles from the town by a pleasant drive are lithia and sulphur springs, surrounded by cottages.

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### HALLSTEAD, PENNSYLVANIA.

Hallstead is one of the prettiest of the smaller towns on the upper Susquehanna, and like all settlements along that stream, it is rich in traditions of the Indians. Near here the river is quite narrow and from its bank tower up great cliffs, known to the early settlers as "Pictured Rocks." High upon these cliffs, at a point seemingly inaccessible, was once the picture of a red chief in full war equipment. This faded with the years, but the red remained, giving to the cliff to the present generation the name "Red Rock." Associated with a tiny graveled point near the middle of the stream is another Indian story. Here, it is said, was once an island around which, on gala days, the savages used to race with canoes, the prize to the swiftest being the honor

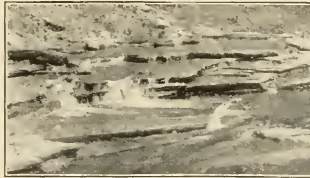
of the position of chief of the fun-makers for the day. Hallstead is set amid the high hills, of which "Manotonomee," the highest, is within a few rods. On this Du Bois, Consul-General of Switzerland, has constructed a number of quaint summer cottages. Teed, the artist, lives here, as did also Catlin, whose Indian studies won him fame.

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### MONTROSE AND HEART LAKE.

From Alford, twenty miles west from Factoryville, a branch of the Lackawanna winds away for a score of miles through a mountain country that revels in beauty. On this

STONY BROOK FALLS,  
NEAR DANSVILLE.



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COAL DUST AND  
READ.



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twenty-mile trip the engine climbs over six hundred feet. My first trip over this line was made in the cab of the engine which puffed and groaned up the steep grades though the train consisted only of a couple of cars. The engineer assured me that the road was laid out along a trail in the snow made by the driver of an ox team who had lost his way in the forest. He assured me, also, that in rounding some of the rocky bluffs the locomotive turned square corners. He exaggerated a trifle, not much. The ride over this snake-like bit of track is a constant delight. Every turn reveals new beauties. Every new vista brings a surprise. Heart Lake, only a few miles from Alford, reminds one of the dainty silver ornament which dangles from the bracelet of a woman of fashion. Its silver surpasses that of the mines, however, and the setting of green forest and rocky shores adds greatly to its charm. It takes its name from its form — almost a perfect heart.

Montrose perches in the very center and on the highest point of a moderately hilly and finely cultivated region, equal in area to forty square miles, and is surrounded on all sides by the hills of the tortuous Susquehanna River, and the mountain ranges of the Lackawanna. The outlook to these distant hills and mountains, and into seven or eight counties of Pennsylvania and New York, over the intervening region of forests, orchards, cultivated fields and pleasant agricultural homes, presents in every direction views of rural beauty and picturesque loveliness.

A natural lake of about fifty acres lies at the foot of these hills on one side, while gently sloping down the other lies the village, with its imposing courthouse and fine school building, its seven churches, its attractive village hotels, stores, and its many pretty homes, some of which are thrown open for the accommodation of summer guests.

Charming drives lead in every direction to natural lakes and streams lying but a few miles distant, and these afford

excellent fishing. The water is pure, and the air is full of exhilarating, life-giving ozone. Here there are no fogs, no malaria, no sleepless nights. Montrose is within one hour of Binghamton and Scranton, six hours from New York, and seven from Philadelphia.

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### BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK.

Binghamton, in one respect, may be likened to a maiden, a widow and a wife, for it has had three names in its century and a half of known existence. In its maiden days, when it was known as Otsiningo, it was the home of the "Three Nations," an alliance of the Nanticokes, the Mohicans and the Shawnees, though the country about was inhabited by the Tuscaroras. Its location at the junction of the Chenango and Susquehanna rivers made it easy of protection against the foes of the "Three Nations." The Tuscaroras, in 1785, sold it to the state of New York at the treaty of Fort Herkimer, though the greater part of the surrounding territory was claimed by Massachusetts, which state voluntarily retired in 1786 after the Hartford Convention. Land then was sold at the rate of 3 cents an acre. The first white settlers gave to the scattering houses on the site of a now populous city the name of Chenango Point. Its present name is due to the fact that William Bingham, one of the first senators from Pennsylvania, owned large tracts of land in the vicinity.

Binghamton is now a city of 45,000 people, bespeaking in its rapid growth and development the activity, enterprise and energy of its citizens, and its innumerable advantages as a business center and a place of residence. It is a bright, modern, active and progressive city, beautifully located among stately hills, which make it and its environments most pleasing to the eye. The one hundred miles of streets are regularly laid out and for the most part broad, beautifully shaded and lined with attractive homes and substantial business blocks. Evidences of thrift, prosperity and contentment are seen at every hand. Improvements of all kinds have kept apace. Miles and miles of asphalt and brick pavements have been laid. A large number of prominent business blocks and public buildings have been erected during the past year. Prominent public institutions are the new Federal Building, State Hospital, two Orphans' Homes, two Homes

## MECAWANNA RESORTS.

for Aged Women, State Armory, and the Commercial Travelers' Home. By reason of its situation there is no doubt that it is destined to become the metropolis of that extensive, fertile territory stretching along the southern border of the state from New York to Buffalo. Its rapid stride forward during the last twenty years may be taken as a sure indica-

COAL BREAKER ON  
SUSQUEHANNA TRAIL.



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tion of yet greater development to come. Binghamton as an objective point for excursionists is unexcelled, the beautiful surroundings, points of interest and unequaled pleasure resorts making it the Mecca of pleasure-seekers.

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WAVERLY, NEW YORK.

Waverly is one of an interesting triple alliance of which Athens and Sayre form the other factors. About these three and the country in the vicinity there is a wealth of interest. Here is Tioga Point, the rendezvous of the British, Tories and Indians before their passage down Susquehanna Trail for the



Wyoming massacre, and later the meeting-place of Generals Sullivan and Clinton on their campaign of destruction, planned because of that awful slaughter. Here is Spanish Hill, about which clusters enough of story for a book. Upon the very tip of its two hundred feet of rock Spanish coins, dating back over the centuries, have been found and for years

historian and romancer have been explaining their presence. De Soto is credited with having stopped here on his way to the Mississippi; Captain Kidd is said to have buried a part of his treasure here. A dread of this hill possessed the savages. Not a red man could be induced to climb it. According to their traditions a chief who ventured to its top was enveloped in clouds of smoke and returned with a solemn injunction to his people never to set foot upon it. Another chief who disobeyed the warning was seized and whirled into space by the Great Spirit who guarded its treasure. Near here was Queen Esther's village, upon which Sullivan's little army descended on its way to Newton, remembering the fourteen helpless settlers whom the Indian princess had watched die with fiendish glee at the rock at Campbell's Ledge. What they did to her was never known, but it is related that not a shred of the fiendish hag could be found after the departure of the troops. Here, in 1790, was the scene of the treaty between Colonel Pickering and the Indians, represented by Cornplanter and the famous Red Jacket.

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### OWEGO, NEW YORK.

"There are more romantic, wilder places than this in the world, but none on earth more habitably beautiful. In these broad valleys, where the grain fields and the meadows and the sunny farms are walled in by glorious mountain sides — not obtrusively near, yet, by their noble and wondrous outlines, giving a perpetual and wondrous refreshment and an hourly changing feast to the eye — in these valleys a man's household gods long for an altar. Here are mountains that to look upon but once 'become a feeling' — a river at whose grandeur to marvel — and a hundred streamlets to lace about the heart. Here are fertile fields, nodding with grain; a 'thousand cattle' grazing on the hills — here is assembled together in one wondrous center a specimen of every most loved lineament of nature. Here would I have a home."

Here Willis, the poet, did make his home, upon which the tourist may gaze today. Here, too, Senator Platt was



born and lived for many years before the exigencies of politics took him nearer to the law-making throne. Here Washington Gladden, famous divine, set type in a printshop. Here Pumpelly, famous geologist, was born. Here, too, in the quiet cemetery is the grave of Sasana, who labored diligently for money with which to publish a Mohawk edition of the Bible. Over her grave a modest slab bears this inscription :

SA-SA-NA LOFT

BY BIRTH A DAUGHTER OF THE FOREST  
BY ADOPTION A CHILD OF GOD.

Owego in itself is an attractive town of about five thousand inhabitants, with well-kept streets, and a pretty park. A diminutive steamer on the river runs to Big Island, a favorite spot of tourist and inhabitant.

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APALACHIN, NEW YORK.

Apalachin, a pretty little village on the Susquehanna River, seven miles distant from Owego, is a great outlet for the Pennsylvania region, a stage running between it and Friendsville, Pennsylvania, touching en route Bear Swamp, Little Meadows and South Apalachin ; also South Owego, Warren Center, Middletown Center, Neath and other Pennsylvania points. The fishing along the Susquehanna is excellent. Goat Island, one-half mile from the station, is a favorite camping-ground for summer pleasure-seekers. Near it is located the old home of the Rockefellers. Carmalet Lake, where trout are plentiful, is only seven miles away.

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ITHACA, NEW YORK.

Nature has been more lavish with her gifts in the vicinity of Ithaca than in any other one place in the Empire state. A great lake, a magnificent region where health and happiness abide, and where the eyes of mankind feast until the soul is content and the mind is benumbed with bewilderment, are its unrivaled attractions.

Ithaca has been called the "region of cascades," and the name is certainly appropriate to the surroundings. The

hand of nature here busied itself to an unusual extent in carving out of the rocks the irregular crevices through which the silvery streams of crystal water plunge and turn until they reach their natural level. In addition are many ravines which have a peculiar interest attached to them. There are ninety-six falls by actual count, which vary in height from 5 feet to 340 feet. One mile from the village is Ithaca Falls, 160 feet high, or 7 feet less than Niagara. The width of the fall is 150 feet. Nine miles from Ithaca are the world-famed Taughannock Falls, that glory in being forty-eight feet higher than Niagara.

All the falls are not directly within the town boundary, but there are fifteen close by, the height of each of which is over one hundred feet. It is generally conceded that Cascadilla and Fall Creeks furnish the most enchanting of all the waterfall scenery. Taughannock Falls is the highest in the state, being 215 feet, while the rocks rise 145 feet above it. The falls and surrounding scenery are almost unapproachable for magnificence.

Ithaca is situated at the head of Cayuga Lake, and has a population of 12,000. It is principally famous as the seat of Cornell University, founded by Ezra Cornell, whose idea is best expressed by his own words: "I would found an institution where any person can find instruction in any study." The university has turned out many a learned scholar and is too well known to require a detailed description here.

Cayuga Lake is one of the finest inland lakes that make central New York so famous as a summer resort. It is fifteen miles long, and reposes between high hills that stretch along its entire length and far beyond to the south. It is, also, one of the most magnificent lakes in this country, being clear and of great depth; it abounds in most entrancing scenery. Lake fishing, which is always a delightful

pastime, is here indulged in every season by many enthusiastic fishermen, who invariably catch sufficient lake trout, bass and other fish, to convince them that old Cayuga Lake is the veritable Mecca of anglers.

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GLEN NEAR  
DANSVILLE.



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## ELMIRA, NEW YORK.

Elmira was the scene of the famous battle of Newtown, the fight which broke the back of the Indian uprisings east of the Mississippi River, and in which General Sullivan wiped out the disgrace of the massacre of Wyoming and Cherry Valley. Rev. David Craft, a historian of some note, says of this campaign :

“It was an expedition in which not only peculiar hardships might be expected, but it was one with scarcely a parallel in the world’s history for the boldness of the design and the courage with which it was undertaken. Sherman’s march to the sea has received and justly merits the applause of men for its daring and its success ; but this expedition was far more daring, and, if the loss of life and the ends it secured be taken into account, equally as successful in its execution and deserves first rank among the great military movements in our country’s history.”

Just to the east, near the pretty station of Lowmansville, is the monument erected to the memory of Sullivan and his army.

Tradition tells of the occupancy of the Chemung Valley earlier by far than that of the white men under Sullivan, and, perhaps, earlier than that of the Indians who had their pretty villages here. Near the outskirts of the city stands Fort Hill, guarding the river which flows by it through an exceedingly narrow and wild gorge. Upon its summit early settlers discovered the ruins of fortifications that bore no evidence of having been constructed by the redskins. Whoever occupied them safely guarded the river, for no boat could have passed without annihilation. On the battlefield of Newtown, too, are a series of ridges known as the “Hogbacks,” which eminent authorities declared to be fortifications of some prehistoric race.

Within the confines of Elmira was concluded the famous treaty between Colonel Pickering and the Indians, 1,400 of whom were present, represented by Cornplanter and Red Jacket. A tree still waves in the breeze, branches under which, it is said, the terms of this historic treaty were considered. From Elmira southward down the banks of the Chemung and the Susquehanna ran an old post road to Wilkes-Barre before the days of the stage-coach, and along

## LACKAWANNA RESORTS.

this same highway the lumbering coaches afterward traveled with their loads of passengers.

Here, too, is the end of the historic Chemung and Seneca Lake canal, constructed just after the completion of the Erie

CHEMUNG RIVER,  
NEAR ELMIRA.



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waterway. Capt. Eli Wheeler, inventor of the sleeping-car, was one of the first captains to sail this inland highway.

Elmira also played an important part in the War of the Rebellion. It was one of the chief stations on the "underground railroad," by means of which so many slaves escaped from the south. Its present-day negro population is made up largely of descendants of the slaves who were harbored there. In 1861 it was one of the three military depots in the state of New York. Many regiments were recruited there and sent to the front. Here was a great military prison in which more than twelve thousand southern prisoners were lodged and guarded. Many died within its walls, smallpox carrying off nearly four hundred within a year. The bodies were laid to rest in a little cemetery, to which for years journeyed southern sorrowers seeking the bodies of loved ones.

In an aristocratic part of the town stands a forlorn, tumble-down, weather-beaten building called the Hendy House, said to be the first erected in the Chemung Valley. In another part of the city is "Quarry Farm," the summer home of Mark Twain.

Elmira has four public pleasure grounds, of which the most important is "Eldridge Park," in the northern portion of the city. This contains about forty acres, has a natural lake of crystal water half a mile in circumference, and many miles of fine drives and walks, pavilions, summer houses, a bear pit, and all the requisites of first-class pleasure grounds.

In a business way the city is a hive of industry. The railways have great shops for construction and repairs, and thousands are employed in them. The advantages of the location which gives access to the territory about it have made Elmira the greatest railroad center in the interior of the state. As a consequence, and because of its nearness to the bituminous coal mines in its vicinity, factories of almost every description are established in the city.

Electric trolley cars make all parts of the city easily accessible, including flourishing suburbs.

The drives about the city and vicinity are famous for their beauty. For the pleasure-seeker the river furnishes bass fishing, and charming boating facilities and camping-grounds are numberless. Many cottages have been erected along the riverside above and below the city, while the splendid clubhouse of the Country Club, with its golf links, is a summer paradise. No interior city of the state combines more advantages for pleasure and for business than Elmira. Its rapid growth is the highest evidence of its position and resources.

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### WATKINS GLEN—REACHED FROM ELMIRA, NEW YORK.

Watkins Glen, popular for nearly a century as one of nature's most magnificent freaks, is reached from Elmira. The glen which has attracted the tourists for so many years, is situated in the village of Watkins, Schuyler County, at the head of Seneca Lake. The village in itself is a pretty spot, but the Glen, of course, is the main attraction.

OLDEST HOUSE IN  
CHEMUNG VALLEY.



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## LACKAWANNA RESORTS.

This Glen consists of a series of arcades, galleries and weird caves, and here and there silver cascades are to be found that impart a wonderfully romantic appearance to this romantic spot.

Here human art stepped in to assist nature in exhibiting her marvelous store of wonders to the best advantage. Before any explorations could be made by tourists it became necessary to erect ladders, by means of which ascents could be made from one steep incline to another, and to cut pathways in the rock.

Probably the most beautiful of the attractions of this spot is Rainbow Falls, so called because at particular seasons, when the sun is in a certain position, it shines through the mist which emanates from the waterfall, causing it to assume all the colors of the rainbow. The other great attractions are Entrance Cascade, Trout Pool, Glen Alpha, Stillwater Gorge, Minnehaha Cascade, Fairy Cascade, Neptune's Pool, Cavern Cascade, Cavern Gorge and the Labyrinth.

A delightful feature of the chasm is the wonderful coolness of the air. The sun never shines here, and very often on the hottest day a light wrap becomes a necessary adjunct to a tour of inspection.

The air at Watkins is filled with the resinous odor of pine and hemlock.

A sanitarium is near the Glen, and is a popular place for persons seeking invigorating air and a cool atmosphere.

The view of Seneca Lake from the observatory is one of the grandest to be had anywhere.

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## LOWMANVILLE, NEW YORK.

Lowmanville, aside from its natural beauty, is of chief interest to the tourist because of its proximity to the Sullivan monument, erected to the memory of the soldiers who fell in the battle of Newtown. This monument was dedicated April 29, 1879, the centennial anniversary of the battle. It stands upon an eminence six hundred feet above the level of the sea, at the base of Monument Hill in the midst of the scene of the very thickest of the fray. It is built of quarry stone and is over fifty feet in height. Neglected for years it is crumbling to decay, and unless some one becomes interested in it this historic relic soon will be level with the dust.

Already it has lost the tablet which told the story of the battle in these simple words :

“Near this spot, on Sunday, the 29th day of August, 1779, the forces under Joseph Brandt were met and defeated by the Americans under the command of Major-General John Sullivan.”

This slab fell from its position years ago and now only small fragments of it can be found. Two other marble tablets, one bearing the figures “1779,” the other the numerals “1879,” still remain.

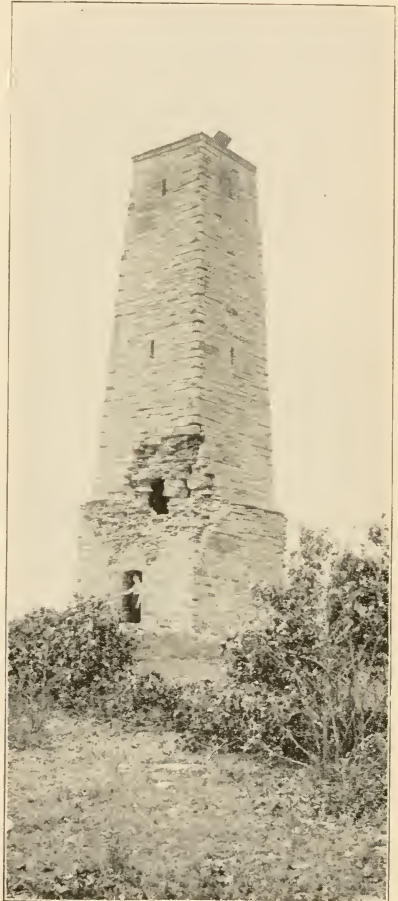
The top of the monument, which is reached by means of a spiral staircase, discloses a scene of great beauty, extending from the farthest limits of Elmira on the north to the village of Waverly on the south.

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### HORSEHEADS, NEW YORK.

During the return of General Sullivan and his little army from their campaign of destruction toward Lake Ontario the troops were obliged to dispose of many horses, upon which the heavy march had been particularly severe. The number was so great that the Indians collected the skulls in one great heap. This spot was referred to as “the valley of the horses’ heads,” from which the town takes its name of Horseheads. It had another name years after when the Chemung and Seneca Lake canal was built. A feeder entered the main waterway at Horseheads, and because of its favorable location the operators of the canal established a toll station at that point. Horseheads, feeling its

SULLIVAN'S  
MONUMENT,  
LOWMANVILLE.



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## LACKAWANNA RESORTS.

new importance, changed its name to Fairport, to indicate its greatness as a water town. Eight years after the historic name was readopted.

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### PAINTED POST, NEW YORK.

This pretty town recalls another old story of Indian days, a story to which prominence is given by a red post, twenty feet in height, once surmounted by a sheet-iron Indian which turned with the wind, and by a fine bronze statue which stands upon a monument of stone in the center of the village. The treaty with the Six Nations, made in 1790 at Newtown, was unsatisfactory and another conference was called at Painted Post, which was centrally located as regards the valley of the Susquehanna and its tributaries and the Genesee. A high red post which could be seen for miles made the place particularly conspicuous and therefore desirable as a meeting-place. Here the Indians gathered, but the treaty was not considered on that ground for the reason that Colonel Pickering could not get his boats beyond Newtown on account of low water. He went to Painted Post and prevailed upon the Indians to meet with him farther down the valley. As a result of this treaty the Indians took other grounds farther west, leaving the fair valleys of the Chenung and the Genesee to the whites.

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### BATH, NEW YORK.

Situated at an altitude of over eleven hundred feet, Bath is one of the loveliest towns in New York state. It has a population of over five thousand, and is the county-seat of Steuben County. Here is located the old Steuben mansion, the former home of Baron Steuben, which building is now occupied by an exclusive club, comprising in its membership the leading business and professional men of the town.

Bath is noted for its wide, shaded streets, excellent schools and churches, and the beautiful park which lies in the very center of the town, where band concerts are given in the evening, during the summer months, by the Soldier's Home band.

The Cohocton River flows past the town and adds to its

picturesqueness. Facing the railroad station, on the opposite side of the river, is the Davenport Home, an institution founded by the late Ira Davenport, in 1865, for the care of the girl orphans of soldiers of the War of the Rebellion.

Just out of the village is the state brook trout fish hatchery, which furnishes stock for the surrounding streams and lakes. At this hatchery the Mongolian pheasant, the most beautiful game bird on earth, is also propagated for stocking purposes.

The New York Soldiers' and Sailors' Home is located one mile and a half northwest of the town, in a beautiful portion of the Cohocton Valley, and is a model institution in every respect. The principal buildings are three-story brick barracks, affording accommodation for 1,200 men, a spacious hospital with a capacity for 200 patients and attendants, a handsome building for headquarters, a chapel, an amusement hall, a greenhouse, boiler and engine house, laundry and bathhouse, and numerous workshops and storehouses. There is also a home store, a well supplied reading-room and library of 8,000 volumes.

At Bath connection is made with the Bath & Hammondsport Railroad for Rheims, Hammondsport and Lake Keuka.

Directory of Hotels and Boarding Houses, giving rates and complete information, will be mailed on application accompanied by 2-cent stamp.

### LAKE KEUKA, NEW YORK.

Lake Keuka is justly noted as one of the most beautiful of all the lakes of the state of New York. Its situation is such that while the southern portion of the lake lies in the county of Steuben its Y-shaped forks, or northern extremities, are in the jurisdiction of Yates County. Debarking from the cars at Hammondsport, at an altitude of eight hundred feet, the tourist gets a sight of Keuka's placid sheet and vine-clad shores that will, in a measure, increase all the pleasant anticipations he had formed by reading and hearing of the "Champagne district of America"; for here, as nowhere else in the United States, does grape-growing and wine-making engross the entire population.

Within the ten miles of pleasant railway travel from Bath to Ham-

LAKE KEUKA,  
NEAR BATH.



## LACKAWANNA RESORTS.

mondspport one begins to appreciate what is meant by the Keuka grape and wine district. To the newcomer the shades and colors of the vineyard in full leaf always call forth the delight of the eye as it includes the landscape. Here is "wine in pills," fresh from the vines; and wine in cases, until one wearies of the sight.

Indian tradition rests on the region. Red Jacket's summering-place and his winter quarters are pointed out to the student of aboriginal story. That here he rested, fished and hunted is beyond successful contradiction, but no red trail of blood soils the ground nor resounding war-whoop echoes over this happy scene. Here the painted warrior laid aside his knife and weapons. Here of old, as now, was peace and repose.

It is to the sportsman that Keuka presents the greatest attraction. Owing principally to America's greatest fisherman, and to the generosity of local sportsmen in furnishing the means for stocking, these waters are celebrated. From all parts of the country enthusiastic fishermen come to lure from the depths fish which everywhere abound. Seth Green, the late veteran fisherman and United States Fish Commissioner, said: "I think Lake Keuka unsurpassed by any waters in America as a fishing resort. The purity of the water and the large amount of fish food contained in the lake tend to put the fish in the finest condition for the table and render them very strong and game when on the hook and line." Salmon trout and black bass abound here in abundance.

The lake is twenty-two miles long. Steamers making close connections with trains bring the tourist to any portion of the lake, to the villas and cottages and the hotels, which are noted for their excellence.

Directory of Hotels and Boarding Houses, giving rates and complete information, will be mailed on application accompanied by 2-cent stamp.

## CORNING, NEW YORK.

This city has gained fame for the extent and excellence of its manufactories, foremost of which is that of fine glass. In fact, Corning is the center of the glass-cutting industry of the United States, the highest award (The Grand Prize) at the Paris Exposition of 1889, having been awarded to an exhibit from this city.

The people feel justly proud of their excellent schools



and fine churches. Connection is made with the Fall Brook Railway for points north and south, and by stage for Caton and Hornby.

Directory of Hotels and Boarding Houses, giving rates and complete information, will be mailed on application accompanied by 2-cent stamp.

### DANSVILLE, NEW YORK.

Lackawanna trains, crossing Mill Creek Gorge, 130 feet above a sparkling trout stream below, round the ponderous shoulder of East Hill and reveal, like the quick turn of the biograph, 400 feet below, stretching out peacefully to the west, historic and world-famed Genessee Valley, with the beautiful village of Dansville covering its southern confines. The sudden transition from the hills and glens of Steuben County to this bewitching panorama is almost startling. Veteran tourists assert that the Old World or the New reveals no fairer scene than this.

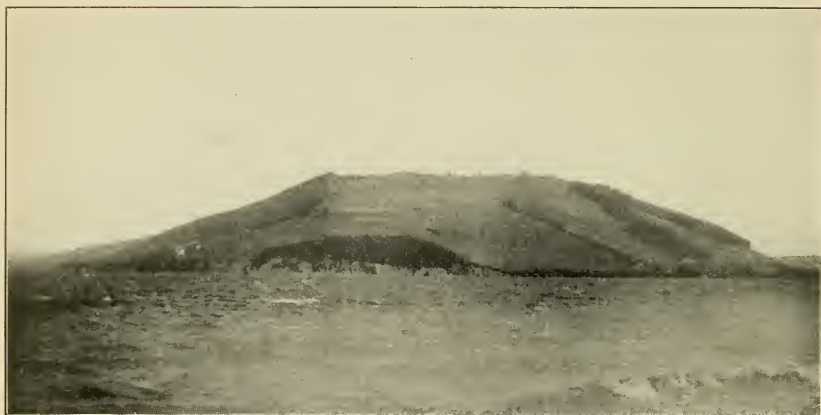
The village of Dansville is well worth a visit. Its five thousand inhabitants are comfortably housed, have the finest water supply in the state, excellent schools, churches and business houses, good hotels, and a thriving trade. Its chief pride is a sanatorium on the hillside, where, surrounded by its numerous cottages, it benignantly overlooks the peaceful village below. Thousands of people testify to the physical, moral and generally helpful results of a sojourn at this institution, which is one of the most accessible health resorts in the country. No town in the state is more delightfully situated for the tired, worn-out city denizen to resort to for rest and recreation. Beautiful drives abound and well-equipped stables furnish the best of equipages. Wheelmen find excellent country roads and side paths for riding their silent steeds, and the lover of nature discovers her here in all her most charming revelations. Numerous glens and trout streams are within easy access, and the sportsman, in the fall, finds numerous covers, where grouse, quail, woodcock and rabbits abound.

Stony Brook Glen, two miles south of Dansville, stands unrivaled as a unique specimen of nature's handiwork. The entrance, concealed by wooded hills, gives no hint of what lies beyond; the visitor is amazed and delighted at the vista that opens up just beyond the entrance. Here is a great natural cañon more than a mile in length rent from the everlasting hills, with towering precipitous sides varying in height

## LACKAWANNA RESORTS.

from one hundred to three hundred feet of perpendicular wall. Stony Brook plunges down this narrow defile, making a descent of several hundred feet over a succession of beautiful cascades. Substantial walks, stairs and bridges make a tour of the glen safe and comfortable, and convenient picnic tables in charming groves invite visitors to stop and spread their lunch. There are also dancing pavilions, a flowing gas well and other attractions to augment the comfort and pleasure of the visitor. Midway up the glen a railroad crosses on an iron bridge that is the highest railway viaduct in the state. A good cycle path connects Dansville with the glen.

LAKE KEUKA.



Culberson Glen is a beautiful place for a day's outing. Three miles north of Dansville, on the main highway, it offers unexcelled natural attractions for tourists. Nature rules here unadorned, and the works of man are absent, except the great iron bridge of the Lackawanna that spans it far above the stream. The roar of the trains, mellowed by distance, mingles with the sound of the falling water as the stream plunges over the heights of Paterson Falls.

Two miles southwest of the town Canaseraga Creek breaks through the barrier of hills, cutting its way through the rock formation and debouching into the Genesee Valley. The cañon is just wide enough for the creek and roadway, and after getting through between the perpendicular cliffs of

Poag's Hole the road enters Pleasant Valley, which is rightly named. Here fruit and vegetables grow in profusion.

A climb up East Hill is always a paying effort. The hill is steep and lofty, the summit being one thousand feet above the town. But the road is good and the view one long to be remembered. Across the valley rise the Ossian Hills, with the swelling eminences beyond the Genesee River in Wyoming County showing dim and blue in the west. The valley at one's feet stretches far and away to the north and northwest, like a great checker-board, and the range of vision is limited only by the horizon. Such a peaceful, lovely scene is good for tired eyes and brain. It stands unsurpassed.

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### MOUNT MORRIS, NEW YORK.

Mount Morris is on a table-land south of the Genesee River, and commands a magnificent view of the valley. From this point the river winds its way across the famous Genesee flats, toward Rochester, about thirty-five miles to the northeast. At the west may be seen the commencement of the High Banks, noted in history for the ravages of the red men. Mount Morris is a noted resort for people from Buffalo and New York city, and in summer they collect here in large numbers. A huntsman's club has been formed, conducted on lines similar to the "Meadow Brook" and other kindred clubs. Periodical "runs" are among the most exciting scenes that enter into the season's gaieties. Bass fishing in the Genesee River is excellent. Drives from Mount Morris to Genesee and other surrounding villages over excellent roads are interesting, and the views are unsurpassed.

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### COHOCTON, NEW YORK.

From Cohocton fine level roads run up and down the Cohocton Valley, for driving or wheeling, with picturesque and romantic scenery on either side. Cohocton is the nearest railway station to Loon Lake, reached by a four-mile drive through a perfect panorama of delightful scenery. The lake itself is a beautiful little body of water, where great white and yellow water lilies are found in profusion. Fishing is

## LACKAWANNA RESORTS.

good. Board can be secured at very low rates, and being in the "Garden of the World"—a name given to this portion of New York state—plenty of fresh milk, butter, eggs, vegetables and fruits, is assured vacationists.

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### WAYLAND, NEW YORK.

Wayland, at an altitude of 1,361 feet above the sea, is beautifully laid out and is the center of a region rich with prosperous farms and replete with picturesque scenery. It is an ideal town in which to spend the summer months. Loon Lake is situated about four miles from here and Hune-lock and Canadice Lakes about eight miles, by fine wagon roads. Good rigs can be had at low rates.

Directory of Hotels and Boarding Houses, giving rates and complete information, will be mailed on application accompanied by 2-cent stamp.

### BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

It is expected that the census of 1900 will show the city of Buffalo to have a population of nearly or quite 400,000. In arrangement the city is somewhat the shape of a fan, widely opened. The chief business center is near Lake Erie, north of the Buffalo river. From this center broad streets radiate north, east and south. The city contains forty-two square miles, or 25,000 acres. The electric street railway system is unexcelled by that of any city in the world.

Its commercial importance is shown by the fact that it ranks as the fourth shipping city of the world.

The summer climate is tempered by the cool, refreshing breezes that blow from Lake Erie almost continually. Hot nights are almost unknown in the city and the temperature during the day seldom rises to the same degree as other cities of the same latitude.

Within thirty minutes' ride from Buffalo is the city of Niagara Falls, with its mighty cataracts, whose

GENESEE VALLEY,  
NEAR DANSVILLE.



fame is world-wide, and the greatest electric power plant on the globe. Below the Falls is the Niagara Gorge and the wonderful rapids and whirlpool, then the broad, deep, swirling river, majestic and picturesque, from whatever view-point seen, moving always with impressive silence onward to the great lake beyond.

The Buffalo and Niagara Falls Electric Railway runs within one block of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western station and lands passengers directly at Niagara Falls. Cars are run under fifteen minutes headway, passing through the principal streets of the city, affording a view of its finest buildings.

Passengers holding tickets via the Lackawanna Railroad and its connections are privileged to stop over at Niagara Falls without extra charge. This affords an excellent opportunity of viewing the many wonders of this famous cataract, which people come from all parts of the world to visit. This stop-over may be for any length of time from one to ten days — not exceeding the latter.

Passengers desiring stop-over should notify the conductor before reaching Buffalo and Niagara Falls of this fact, and he will inform them as to the necessary steps to take in order to have tickets validated for this stop-over.

Several steamboat lines cross the lakes from Buffalo, running to all points. The steamers are floating palaces and are extensively patronized by tourists during the summer months.

Next year, on account of the Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo will be the mecca of hundreds of thousands of travelers. Of the plans for this gigantic pleasure-ground *Harper's Weekly* in a recent article by Marrion Wilcox, had to say :

“The site chosen for the Pan-American Exposition is a tract adjoining Delaware Park, lying immediately north of Buffalo's finest residence district, and including the park lake, with its islands and wooded banks. The natural features suggested the creation of beautiful and brilliant effects. Already the Committee on Plans and the Advisory Board of Architects have promised wonderful fountains, new ‘enchanted lakes,’ the use of all color possible in the treatment of exterior surfaces, a great deal of sculpture, a ‘Midway,’ a great stadium for the



games and sports of the world, and such applications of electricity as the world has never seen. Electrical power, generated at Niagara Falls and carried over cables to the Exposition grounds, is to work the miracles as well as do the drudgery. We are to have an *ensemble* which will suggest the luxurious South in its rich coloring and free ornamentation even while displaying the latest achievements of the strenuous North.

And a particularly fascinating idea is still to be mentioned. With the object of illustrating progress in civilization and the industrial arts, by a comparison of Americans of today with the aboriginal inhabitants, the several republics and colonies will be urged to bring to Buffalo a village of aborigines from their own territories, and place them on the grounds 'in a manner which will show their native habits of life, customs, occupations and industries; their religious rites, their means of warfare and navigation, and such ethnological collections as shall connect the present with the prehistoric past.' Villages of the native tribes of North American Indians will also be shown."

The Lackawanna Railroad, during the Exposition, will land passengers who desire such service, in the great railroad terminal on the Exposition grounds.

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# ONCE A PILLAR OF THE WORLD

A STORY OF OSWEGO.

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FAMOUS collector of books and curios, resident in Oswego, New York, has in his possession a certain curious medal. It was issued in 1758, by Louis XV. of France. The obverse bears the somewhat flaccid profile of that monarch, and the boastful legend, "*Impera-*



*tor Orbis*"—Ruler of the World ; on the reverse are these four names :

WESEL, OSWEGO, PORT MAHON, ST. DAVID.

By this token we are reminded that a century and a half ago the little city on Lake Ontario was accounted by the king of France one of the four pillars of his kingdom. At that time, it will be remembered, Louis' affairs were at the full tide of success. Everywhere his armies had carried his Lilies to victory. The fortified town of Wesel had withstood, with honor, a furious siege, confirming his mastery of the Rhine. Port Mahon (Minorca), the most important fortress on the Mediterranean, was his by right of capture. In India the intrepid Count Laly had taken St. David, then the strongest place in the far east. Far away, across the Atlantic, Montcalm, soon to exchange life for immortality on the Plains of Abraham, had driven the English out of Oswego, strategic key to the St. Lawrence ; to the Great Lakes ; to that boundless dominion, North America.

Such a succession of victories might well have inspired a less arrogant king to boastfulness. Louis XV. saw his standards floating at the four corners of the earth and struck this medal, which is now treasured as a curio ; a souvenir of departed greatness.

But Louis did not overvalue the importance of his victory at Oswego. It was an event which, properly followed up, might have changed the history of America. Fifteen hundred English were captured by the victorious Montcalm, besides seven vessels of war and one hundred and thirty-nine guns. The British flags, having been carried in triumph through the streets of Montreal and Quebec, were hung in the cathedrals as thankful offerings. The Abbé Piquet, a zealous priest accompanying the French army, with his own hands planted on the smoking ruins of the forts a cross, bearing the words, "In hoc signo vinces." The key to the St. Lawrence, to the Great Lakes, to the Western world

TYPICAL NORTHERN  
NEW YORK RIVER.



was in French hands. "Minorca is gone," wrote "Horry" Walpole to his friend Horace Mann — "Minorca is gone; Oswego, ten times more important than Minorca, is gone. The nation is in a ferment."

But the French triumph was short-lived. Having demolished the forts at Oswego, Fort Ontario, Oswego Old Fort and Fort George, the victors moved away and suffered the place to relapse into English control. The stirring events of the next three years are written large on the pages of American history. They culminated on September 18, 1759, in the fall of Quebec, "the solstice in the ecliptic of modern institutions, since it secured America for English institutions and American civilization, to dominate the world." "It supplied to the United States," says the

historian Parkman, "the indispensable condition of their greatness, if not of their national existence."

Oswego was the base of the British operations against Montreal and Quebec and also the scene of many a bloody encounter during these eventful years. At the mouth of the river, between the reconstructed forts where now the stars and stripes float over a scene of peace and prosperity, Lord Amherst embarked with no less than ten thousand redcoats and one thousand three hundred Indians — the greatest army at that time ever seen upon this continent. It was from Oswego that Sir William Johnson, with one thousand Indians, and General Prideaux, with two thousand white troops, set out upon his long and successful siege of Fort Niagara. During their absence General Halimand sustained an almost continuous siege by the Chevalier de la Corne, who vainly strove to recapture the Oswego forts. To this day muskets, cannon balls and other relics of those "dark and bloody days" are occasionally found at the bottom of the Oswego River or upon its banks.

Nor was the preëminence of Oswego in these stirring events of the eighteenth century by any means fortuitous. For centuries — perhaps ages — before, the place had been an entrepôt of commerce or a stronghold in war. It was designed by nature to be the focus of great events. The name itself tells something of its history. Oswego is the English perversion of Chueguen, which in turn is the French version of the Iroquois Osh-wakee — the "Flowing-out of Waters."

That is it — the "flowing-out of waters." Into the deep bosom of Ontario, loveliest of the sisterhood of great lakes, Oswego River pours the limpid waters of the manifold inland lakes and rivers, caught from the fertile hills of central New York. Here was the home of the Iroquois, those "Romans of the New World," intrepid, ambitious, cunning, relentless. Eastward and southward their canoes found ample water in lake and river to the Mohawk, which, leading to the Hudson at Albany, showed the way to the sea. Oswego River carried them northward to Ontario, where, in peace or war, they met the Ottawas, Nippissings, Wyandottes. A short journey

ON LAKE ONTARIO



## ONCE A PILLAR OF THE WORLD.

eastward found the giant St. Lawrence, a noble highway, strewn with fairy islands, guarded by rocky banks, through the great empire of Quebec.

It was inevitable that the pioneers of New France—what heroes, what martyrs were of the number!—following Jacques Cartier in his glorious march, should find this lovely

“outpouring of waters” on the southern shore of Ontario and discern the advantages of its position. They found it, and the traces of their occupation remain today after

centuries of varying fortunes. As long ago as 1615—five years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock—the brilliant Champlain lingered at Oswego on his expedition against the Iroquois, with sword and cross. The patient and intrepid soldiers of Ignatius Loyola followed soon. In 1655 the Jesuit Father Claude Dabion, leading an expedition to effect a settlement among the Onondagas, found an infant settlement at the river's mouth. Thirty years later Count de Frontenac, Governor of Canada, made Oswego his base of operations against the Iroquois. His stockade was probably the first regular fortification erected there.

By the beginning of the next century a thriving colony had grown up on the site of Frontenac's stockade, and the English colonists, under the protection of Governor Burnett, were doing an extensive business in hides and peltries bought from the Indians. Governor Burnett, in 1727, erected on the west bank of the river a redoubt of masonry forty-five feet high and sixty by thirty feet. This was known as Oswego Old Fort, and later as Fort Pepperell and Fort Chueguen, or Oswego. The site has been marked by the state historical society by a handsome bronze tablet.

Governor Burnett's fort was regarded by the French as a distinct violation of the Treaty of Utrecht, and the Marquis

OSWEGO BAY.





of Beauharnais, Governor of Canada, demanded its evacuation. The diplomatic governor referred the question to London and for a time avoided the direct issue of force. But the storm was bound to break. Soon thereafter began the struggle between the two great powers of Europe for control of Oswego and mastery of the North American continent. Thousands of lives were lost on both sides. Neither combatant disdained to make use of the cruel and treacherous redskin, and barbarity was added to the horrors of civilized warfare.

For thirty years the struggle raged. Thousands of lives were lost and both sides of the beautiful river were soaked with blood. Besides the immediate neighborhood of the fort, Battle Island, Pathfinder Island and many another lovely spot, now the delight of the tourist, were scenes of violence and carnage.

Fennimore Cooper has given the region to immortality. With his delightful novels in hand one may still trace along the river's bank and its beautiful islands the footsteps of the Pathfinder, of Jasper and of Mabel.

After their victory at Quebec the English held undisputed possession of Oswego until the War of the Revolution. In 1766 Pontiac, the Napoleon of the Ottawas, having at length ceased to harry the outposts of the paleface, came to the "outpouring of waters" by Lake Ontario and smoked the pipe of peace with the Iroquois chiefs and Sir William Johnson. This event also was commemorated by medals, which were given to Pontiac and his braves as "a pledge of peace and friendship."

During the great rebellion of the colonies against the mother country Oswego stood at one side, removed from the center of activity. Colonel St. Leger, in July, 1777, moved up the river with two thousand white men and reds, for an invasion of the Mohawk Valley, his purpose being to coöperate with the ill-fated Burgoyne. He met the Americans at Oriskany and was defeated after one of the bloodiest battles of the war. Fort Ontario, which the English had erected across the river from the "Old Fort," was thereafter unoccupied for a season, and, in July, 1778, the Americans destroyed it. Later it was restored, to become the object of an expedition dispatched by General

FALLEN GREATNESS.



## ONCE A PILLAR OF THE WORLD.

Washington under Colonel Willett. This was in January, 1783, and was perhaps the last military movement of the Revolution. It failed, owing to the extreme cold.

For twelve years following the peace of 1783 Fort Ontario, though nominally part and parcel of American territory, remained under the British flag. Not until July, 1796, did the English evacuate this American city. The causes of this delay are too long to be enumerated here. They formed the subject of a long and irritating diplomatic correspondence and of much bickering at Paris and Versailles. Washington, in his last message to congress, speaks of this "necessary procrastination" in terms which leave no doubt that there was much to be said on both sides.

In the war of 1812 Oswego was captured by a British fleet of eight vessels from Kingston, carrying two hundred

PATHFINDER ISLAND,  
OSWEGO RIVER.



and twenty guns and three thousand men, under Sir James Yeo. The invaders landed and destroyed the fortifications. This was in May, 1814, and for twenty-five years thereafter the fort lay in ruins. Congress ordered the restoration of Fort Ontario in 1839. It has been occupied almost continuously by American troops ever since. The fort occupies a slightly eminence on the east bank, overlooking city and harbor.

I Company, of the Seventh Infantry Regiment, under Captain Howell, are the present occupants. Daily they mount guard over a scene now as peaceful as beautiful, but which for centuries was the center of a contest hav-

ing for its stake the mastery of a continent; the liberties and the destinies of a great nation—perhaps even all of mankind.

### OSWEGO, NEW YORK.

Few summer resorts have been so richly endowed by nature as Oswego, terminal of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western on Lake Ontario. This city of 25,000 inhabitants is beautifully located on both sides of the famous Oswego River where it empties into Lake Ontario.

The splendid old forests have been supplemented by modern planting, so that the city is fairly embowered in great trees of beech, maple and elm, which shade the wide and pleasant streets, and give a lovely setting to the stately residences which betoken the great wealth of the community.

Lake and river combine to make the climate all but perfect. Physicians have found the climate of Oswego particularly beneficial. The health reports, which indicate the lowest death rate in New York state, tell the story in official terms. No city of its size is more free from disease.

There is an abundance of sport of every variety. A large and thriving yacht club is maintained by the citizens, who vie with each other in the beauty and fleetness of their craft. The southern shores of Lake Ontario are famous for their beauty. The land rises in imposing "bluffs," thickly wooded, and these alternate with bewitching bays, which form natural harbors of perfect security. In the bays the lovers of sport have erected numerous hotels, where the yachtsman, fisherman or gunner finds welcome.

The Oswego River is ideal for rowing, canoeing and fishing. Its course is picturesque. Islands, large and small, vary its surface. Battle Island and Pathfinder Island, a few miles above Oswego, are famous in both history and romance. With Fennimore Cooper's novels in hand the tourist has a perfect guidebook to the region.

Pickerel, black bass and other game fish abound in the Oswego River. In the smaller streams near by brook trout lure the expert with the fly to even more delightful sport. The bays of the lake are also full of fish, and during the entire season are scenes of active sport.

For riding and driving inviting regions are to be found everywhere.

"Fruit Valley," just outside the city, is an enchanted

## LACKAWANNA RESORTS.

region during the summer season. Oswego fruit, and especially Oswego strawberries, are famous. From any one of a number of hills, a panorama of orchards and berry fields extends for miles in every direction. In the early season the valley is clothed in the pink-and-white of apple and pear blossoms—a delightful picture.

The valley is dotted with pretty villages where boarders can find accommodation in the comfortable cottages at reasonable rates.

Golf-players will find in Oswego some of the finest links in the state.

The hotels of Oswego are commodious and comfortable, and their rates, in and out of season, are reasonable. Numerous boarding-houses of good quality receive guests at even lower prices. The "summer prices" for horses, carriages, boats, and every requisite of the "summer resorter," will be found to be on a much more moderate scale than obtains at most resorts.

Directory of Hotels and Boarding Houses, giving rates and complete information, will be mailed on application accompanied by 2-cent stamp.

## SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

In 1793 Syracuse was a small edition of a dismal swamp. The surrounding hills were covered with an impenetrable forest. Indians occupied scattered cabins, chills and fever prevailed, and the only inducement held out to a settler of any color was salt. Salt made Syracuse as much as gold did California. The sun was the original manufacturer. Oozing from the black marsh soil the brine crystallized under the rays of our luminary and the Indians supplied their limited wants by gathering it off the ground.

The locality was known to the French as early as 1645, and a Jesuit priest, Father Lallemont, wrote about it. In 1788 the first salt kettle was put there by Colonel Tyler. It held fifteen gallons. Asa Danforth, in company with Colonel Tyler, began making salt the same year. He came from Onondaga Hollow and carried the five-gallon iron kettle on his head, using a portion of his clothing for protection. James Geddes commenced making salt in 1793 at the place now called by his name. The region, however, was declared to be state property and various

FORT PEPPERELL  
IN 1727.



From an old woodcut.

legislative enactments were made with reference thereto. Judge Freeman is considered the founder of Syracuse. He foresaw its future greatness and persevered under great discouragements in making improvements and inducing people to remove here. The canal of course gave the place a great impetus. The first packet was run April 20, 1820, and a postoffice was not established until that year. Lafayette visited here in 1825. A city charter was granted in 1846 and in 1839 the population was 16,000.

Directory of Hotels and Boarding Houses, giving rates and complete information, will be mailed on application accompanied by 2-cent stamp.

### JAMESVILLE, NEW YORK.

Few villages can excel Jamesville, with its five hundred inhabitants, in legendary romance, or beauty of scenery. Here, long before the advent of the white man, were held the councils of the five nations of Indians with the ceremonies of their pagan rites, and from here departed the legendary Hiawatha on his long journey. In the year 1669 came the black-robed Jesuit Missionary Le Moyne and a number of French colonists, who erected a chapel and established the first settlement in central New York. For a number of years those brave missionaries labored for the spiritual welfare of the savage, only to succumb to the tomahawk. The scenery is unsurpassed for its beauty and grandeur. Nowhere in the whole world has nature been more lavish in her wondering than in the chasms, caves, waterfalls, underground streams and bottomless pools of this vicinity. The famous Kai Yah Koo Lake and Green Lake, the puzzle of the geologists, circular bodies of transparent water of unknown depth, without outlet or inlet, above and around which tower limestone cliffs two hundred feet in height, and several famous caves and ice caverns abounding in stalactites being not among the least of the attractions.

Directory of Hotels and Boarding Houses, giving rates and complete information, will be mailed on application accompanied by 2-cent stamp.

### TULLY, NEW YORK.

Tully, with an altitude of nearly 1,300 feet, is located in a valley abounding with landscape scenery, an invigorating air and healthful climate. The drives, in any direction from the village, abound with the picturesque. Three miles east of the station is the wonderful Labrados Lake, surrounded by high woodland hills, the scenery of which is awe-inspiring



## LACKAWANNA RESORTS.

and romantic. A short distance from the lake may be found Tinker Falls, where pleasure-seekers can spend days amid the most picturesque scenery. To the west and south of the village are a chain of beautiful lakes, abounding with fish and surrounded by groves. A drive of one hour to the west brings the pleasure-seeker to the shores of Otisco Lake, while a drive of one hour brings him on the top of the renowned and historic Pompey Hill.

Tully Lake Park, an ideal spot for those seeking rest and comfort, is a summer resort situated two miles from the village of Tully. It borders on the shores of the largest of

GLIMPSE OF THE  
ERIE CANAL.



a chain of seven lakes, which have been lavishly bestowed by nature. Here are about thirty cottages, owned by residents of Syracuse, Rochester, Binghamton and New York city; besides a well-appointed and well-managed hotel, with rooms for the accommodation of over one hundred guests. Every pastime known can be indulged. The lakes, well stocked with bass, pickerel and perch, are the delight of all anglers. Sailing, canoeing, baseball, lawn tennis, golf and many other pleasures are indulged to a great extent. The finest of fresh-water bathing is another one of the attributes which makes Tully Lake Park far-reaching in its diversity of amusements and attractiveness.

Assembly Park is situated on the east shore of Tully Lake. Here the Central New York Chautauqua Assembly



holds sessions in August of each year. Excursions and picnics come to this park during the summer. A large auditorium, "Hotel Chautauquan," and several Assembly buildings are used for the accommodation of guests.

Two lines of buses, connecting Tully Lake and Assembly Parks, run in connection with all passenger trains. To make it still more convenient for those visiting these resorts, a station has been erected near Assembly Park, where passenger trains take on and discharge passengers and baggage daily during the sessions of the assembly.

Directory of Hotels and Boarding Houses, giving rates and complete information, will be mailed on application accompanied by 2-cent stamp.

### PREBLE, NEW YORK.

Preble is located on the Tioughnioga River in the center of a great butter and cheese producing district. Surrounding the town are many lofty mountains, some 1,800 feet above sea level. A number of beautiful lakes, which afford excellent fishing, are within easy access of the town. Among these are Crooked, Green, Goddell and Little York lakes. This section abounds in delightful drives, through some of the most beautiful scenery in the state.

Directory of Hotels and Boarding Houses, giving rates and complete information, will be mailed on application accompanied by 2-cent stamp.

### HOMER, NEW YORK.

Homer was first settled in 1791. It has a population of 4,000. It is well paved and the shaded streets are lighted by electricity. Electric street cars connect with neighboring villages. It is the stopping-place for passengers en route for Glen Haven, a famous summer resort. With its smooth roads, pure water, pure bracing air, it has many attractions.

Directory of Hotels and Boarding Houses, giving rates and complete information, will be mailed on application accompanied by 2-cent stamp.

**MESSENGERVILLE, NEW YORK.**

Messengerville, on Tioughnioga River, a stream in which pickerel and black bass abound, is in a narrow valley skirted on either side with a chain of diversified forest hills inhabited by fox, hare, partridge and other game. This is a congenial spot for quietude and sport, the inhabitants possessing the desired elements of sociability. A drive for two miles westward to the hamlet of East Virgil, through the winding narrows and by the noted "Hannah's Stump," along a small creek which abounds with trout, afford views seldom excelled.

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# FEATHERS OF FASHION.

A STORY OF RICHFIELD SPRINGS.

Copyright, 1900, by Will Bogert Hunter.



FOR more than a century around a hole in the ground in the northern part of the state of New York have waved feathers of fashion. For the first two decades these feathers trembled above the painted faces of Indian braves; during the last eighty years they have adorned the fairest of the fair of American womanhood.

Among only a few of the most highly civilized nations of the earth is the showy in personal adornment left exclusively to the ladies. The peacock struts under his rainbow plumage; the hen walks demurely in a dress of brown. The lion shakes his flowing mane; the lioness has only the simple of his dress. The savage sports the glories of the spectrum; the squaw adorns herself inconspicuously.

Following the law of nature it is reasonable that the first feathers of fashion to wave about this hole in the ground in northern New York should have surmounted the faces of Indian braves. Yet this was not then a place of display. Braves were not in wooing humor. They were weak and sick from the exposures of the trail or the tortures of battle. Among all their tribes was a tradition, handed down from generation to generation, that at the headwaters of the Susquehanna, near the source of the Mohawk but a day's journey from a vast inland sea—so located that it was of easy access to all the tribes of the east—was a spring that would cure them of their ills.

This was the famous "Medicine Water," flowing down the gentle declivity of a tree-covered hill from beneath the roots of a gigantic pine—the fountain of life and of health. On every hand was the virgin forest in which roamed the deer, singly and in herds. Bears wandered about eating of

the delicious fruit of the woodland. Beavers builded their dams across the murmuring streams. Otters were common, though now almost extinct. Panthers skulked cowardly after their prey. The ungainly moose nibbled at the dainty herbs and grasses. Elk browsed beneath the trees. Lynx, sable, fox, even the black fox, frisked through the aisles of the forest. Waterfowl of all description floated on the bosom of the lake but a short distance from the spring. The ailing Indian brave might exist in laziness while recruiting his wasted energies.

Not all were recruited. Some wasted. Their story is told by the mounds of the cemetery which the first whites discovered on the high ground rising above a little stream that meanders as peacefully now as then. Over the skulls of unearthed skeletons were found large, flat stones, pierced with holes covered with mica. Through these windows the fallen warrior gazed into paradise.

About this mighty tree, from the roots of which flowed the waters of healing, waved dancing feathers of many tribes, for it was upon the great trails of the continent. Up the Mohawk came the warriors of the east en route to Lake Ontario, and along the same trail wandered others toward the Hudson. Branching to the south was the great Susquehanna Trail, leading to the land of the Delawares and the valley of Wyoming. Another trail threaded the forest and the rolling hills toward lakes Seneca and Cayuga and Niagara beyond.

War parties gathered there as well as those of peace. A hardy producer of apples for more than a hundred years is still pointed out as the "Indian Tree," under which the braves held their councils. Close beside it is a great mound, supposed to cover the remains of a famous chief.

Just before the dawn of the century the white man began pushing from the east—from the waters of the Hudson, from the rocky shores and rocky fields of New England—up the Mohawk toward the fertile valleys of the west. His route was the Indian trail. In quiet yellow pools fed by the great spring white faces were reflected. Nor was the feather always lacking in this reflection, for the early trapper and hunter among the whites was not loath to follow the fashion of the braves of the redskins.

Twenty years after the birth of the century a physician, whose father years before had come over the old Mohawk



trail from Vermont, settled down to a quiet practice in the little village which had grown up about this hole in the earth. The medicinal qualities of the spring, already noted among the redskins, and the basis of traditions of wonderful cures, quickly attracted him. He bought the ground about it. He sought its source. No spade had hitherto touched this sacred ground except that of a party of whites who, during the days of border warfare, had come there to dig sulphur for the manufacture of gunpowder.

The giant pine over the spring soon stretched its length upon the ground. Five feet of earth were excavated. The spade turned up ripe, red plums and green leaves that crumbled and blackened upon exposure to the air.

They may have rested there for centuries. The trunk of a tree, sound and perfect, was exposed. An elk horn, its largest prong rounded as though from use as a hammer or war club, was dug out. Under all was a flat rock, through a crevice of which rushed the strongly impregnated waters, just as they bubble forth today.

The first public house here had been opened in 1798. In 1808 the Great Western Turnpike was extended from Cherry Valley. Travel increased mightily along the Mohawk Trail and the old Continental Turnpike. There were between this spring and the Hudson River, a distance of sixty-eight miles, seventy-two inns and taverns, all of which were nightly filled.

In the immediate vicinity of the spring there was but one hotel, opened in 1816. 'Twas a small beginning for a watering-place, but during the first season after the uncovering of the medicinal waters this primitive hostelry entertained twenty-five guests, all seekers of health. Three years later was built another hostelry, forty feet long by thirty feet wide and two stories high, an enormous building for that locality.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS  
IN 1859.



From "Harper's Magazine" for June, 1859.

## FEATHERS OF FASHION.

For seventy-four years this hotel entertained its guests. It grew to be known to the ends of the earth. Its smoking ruins revived for thousands memories of delightful days.

By the third decade the fame of the great springs had spread throughout the east. Up to the doors of the hotels lumbered the slow-going stage-coach, discharging guests from afar. Over the old turnpikes dashed the horses of private equipages. Only the rich could afford the long journey by stage, or the expensive trip behind their own horses. With the sick came relatives. Wives and daughters of health-seeking men sought enjoyment, recreation. The hotels and nature furnished both. Days might be spent in the most enjoyable rambling among the mountains, about the lake, in rides to half a dozen charming lakes nestled among the hills, to points that already had become historic. Indian tales enhanced the interest of the hills and the valleys. There were balls and parties at night. There was delightful converse of people of taste and education. Charming acquaintances were made that participants wished prolonged. Ill health demanded the return of many with

CANANDARAGO LAKE,  
RICHFIELD SPRINGS.



From "Harper's Magazine" for June, 1859.

each recurring summer. Society claimed as its own this little settlement, as it already had done those about like springs farther to the east. Feathers of fashion waved about it.

In 1830 another great hotel went up. Each year saw the addition of others, or the enlargement of those which already had become favorites. In 1843 an enormous hostelry was constructed. Residents of this little settlement found the entertainment of city folk a pleasant and lucrative occupation.

Isolated from the great settlements of the east, weary miles from the centers of American civilization, reached only by the great turnpikes, this little town among the rugged hills of northern New York continued to be ruled by society

of the highest type for half a century, its habits growing in number with each succeeding year.

Then came a railroad, the only one which ever penetrated to this earthly paradise. It tapped the great cities of the east, it made easy of access the health-giving waters and the invigorating air of the hills. Society had not yet shown a predilection for the seacoast. The watering-place was the vogue. It gave the excuse for journeying; it furnished the gayest society of the continent. It was still the extravagance of the wealthy and refined. Thither went the butterflies of society. There waved the feather of the latest fashion.

Two years after the railroad entered this quiet settlement, in 1872, there were seven great hotels in a total of 210 dwellings. The resident population numbered only about 800 people, yet

the number of letters received during that year was 80,000 and the number mailed 75,000. In a single summer nearly 400 registered letters came into its postoffice bearing burdens that helped sport the feathers.

During this year Harriet Beecher Stowe visited this village about a hole in the earth. Cherry Valley, of massacre fame, had called her into that section. From there she wrote :

“Cherry Valley today is an innocent, quiet Arcadia, lying within an hour’s distance of three of the most fashionable watering-places, so that a short ride may bring you in sight of all the pomps and vanities that one may desire to see. Sharon Springs and Richfield now rival Saratoga in attraction and number their thousands. I visited Richfield and passed a day very pleasantly. It is a village of hotels and boarding-houses and it was said 3,000 visitors were there summering. Richfield has a high, pure air, which is said to be very health-giving; and it is a fact, we are told, that people who once begin to go there come back year after year with increasing interest.”

Three thousand feathers of fashion in 1872!

ONE OF RICHFIELD'S  
FIRST HOTELS.



From "Harper's Magazine" for June, 1859.

Twenty-five years later Richfield Springs had lost none of its glory. Rather had it increased with the years. Its hotels had grown in number, in capacity, in taste, in luxury. Baths of most modern design had been erected regardless of cost. Of the Richfield of 1897 a well-posted writer says :

“Richfield was primarily ‘made’ by the seeker after nature’s beauties and the seeker after health, yet with them came Society, and Society with a capital S is by no means to be ignored. For Society, which came for pleasure, hotels, which three-quarters of a century since were not dreamed of, have been built. For this same potent factor in success drives have been put through which rival any in the country, both in beauty of ever-changing vista and in smoothness of road-bed. Parks have been laid out, shaded with forest trees, gay with tropical verdure, made musical with plashing fountain. For Society every possible amusement has been inaugurated; witness the new hunt and golf clubs. Cycling academies, to say nothing of the many ‘spins’ in every direction, cater to Society. Rowing, sailing and fishing on the water, driving, riding and walking on the land, all outdoor sports abound, while indoors one may dance or bowl or play billiards, or gossip to one’s heart’s content the livelong day. And yet, withal, Richfield is an eminently ‘proper’ place, and a place where one might, if he wished, spend the most quiet of lives, make ‘dress’ an entirely secondary matter, and yet have no end of good times. And it is done, too. Here, as elsewhere, there are the rich and the poor, the old and the young, the grave and the gay, and the sun shines just as brightly on one as upon another, and just as many hours in the day.”

Richfield today is all that it ever was, and more. As the watering-places in other parts of the east have lost their exclusiveness Richfield has grown in popularity. Among its summer inhabitants it now numbers scores of wealthy people, who have erected upon its hillsides magnificent homes in which to rest and entertain their friends. Golf links have made demands upon neighboring fields. A hunt club follows the singing hounds over the open country. Horse shows hold forth at the old-fashioned fair grounds. Tallyhos speed



over the magnificent roads. Victorias, cabriolets, drags, traps of all kinds contest the way in the winding highways. Orchestras play each evening in the hotels. Wealth and elegance dominates, at least in the summer.

It is the realm of the feather of fashion.

### RICHFIELD SPRINGS, NEW YORK.

Richfield has an elevation of 1,750 feet above the sea. Its altitude and its peculiar location among the high hills of northern New York make it a delightfully cool spot even when the thermometer is seeking the nineties near the seashore. About it are clustered points of interest almost without number.

It is the region of Fenimore Cooper. Only a few miles below, connecting with Lake Canandarago, which lies at its very gates, is Lake Otsego, on the shore of which Cooper lived and died and which was the scene of one of his best novels. This lake was the "Glimmerglass" of "Deerslayer." Fine roads lead to the head of Lake Otsego, to which Richfield is the favorite gateway, a stage-line running to the northern shore of the lake to deliver passengers to small steamers. The drive from Richfield about this lake is one of the most beautiful in the world.

Lake Canandarago, at the very gate of the town, is as charming as its sister to the south. It is skirted by a macadamized road, which daily is thronged with pleasure vehicles.

Four miles north of Otsego is Summit Lake, which in ordinary times discharges indirectly into the Susquehanna, but in high water runs toward the Mohawk. Mount Otsego, once called Rum Hill, is 2,800 feet above sea level and 1,600

feet above the surface of Lake Canandarago. Upon its highest point is an observatory, from which can be seen the Adirondacks on the north, the Green Mountains in Vermont, the Catskills, and ranges of the Alleghanies to the south.

HOTEL GROUNDS,  
RICHFIELD SPRINGS.





## LACKAWANNA RESORTS.

Near at hand and reached by a fine road is the site of the Andrustown settlement, the members of which were massacred in 1756. Cherry Valley, the scene of another historical massacre, is within easy driving distance, the driver passing Sharon Springs, once a noted watering-place, en route. Up Fly Creek Valley the scenery is charming and points of interest are numerous. Sunset Hill, an accessible and much-frequented eminence, is situated immediately to the south, and commands an extensive and delightful view. From Waiontha Mountain, directly to the east, can be seen the lands of nine different counties. To the north are Bear and Panther mountains. To the northeast the Adirondacks plainly are visible. The silver course of the Mohawk may be followed for miles. To the east lie the Catskills and the highlands of Massachusetts. To the south is the Susquehanna Valley. Six distinct lakes are visible—Otsego, Canandarago, Allen's, Young's, Weaver's and Summit.

AMONG NEW YORK'S  
PEACEFUL HILLS.



Copyright, 1900.

Near Summit Lake is a deep sink called the "Kyle" into which a stream flows into a subterranean passage to reappear several miles away. At the base of the mountain are twin lakes called Waiontha. Mohegan Hill presents other delightful vistas. Gano's Hill, Canandarago Hill and Wilder's Hill yield charming views. Panther Mountain has its outlooks and its history.

The pivots about which everything revolves, of course, are the sulphur springs and the bathhouses, in the latter of which one can have any kind of treatment known to science. There are pulverization, inhalation, douche, vapor and massage rooms, Turkish and Russian baths, sun baths, electric baths and a large swimming-pool of sulphur water. The waters rank among the most powerful in the world and the cures which yearly are made are many and wonderful.

Richfield is up to date in every particular.

Directory of Hotels and Boarding Houses, giving rates and complete information, will be mailed on application accompanied by 2-cent stamp.

### UTICA, NEW YORK.

The situation of Utica, without exception, is equal to that of any other large city in central New York. It is built

STARTING HOPS  
TOWARD MARKET.

upon gently rising ground, the larger portion of the residential section being of suitable elevation to command good drainage and pure air. Building lots are wide and deep, affording ample room for gardens and lawns, giving free scope to landscape decoration. This feature renders the city very desirable as a place of residence, and many who have unburdened themselves in part from active business affairs are every year making Utica their permanent home. There is no need to seek the country in summer for fresh air and relief from heat, and for those desiring recreation the surroundings of Utica are extremely beautiful. Within a circuit of twenty-five miles are fascinating precincts of the Adirondacks, the wild scenery and purling streams in the Sauquoit and Chenango Valleys, peaceful, highly cultivated farms, more attractive in this section than in any other part of the state.



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### CEDARVILLE, NEW YORK.

Cedarville is at the head of a creek which flows into the Mohawk. On Richfield Hill, two miles away, are located several natural caves and springs of unusual excellence. The surrounding country is very beautiful and affords many picturesque drives.

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### BRIDGEWATER, NEW YORK.

At this point, situated at an altitude of 1,184 feet, connection is made for stations on the line of connecting roads to points further south in the Unadilla Valley, down to its junction with the Susquehanna River.

The Unadilla Valley is famed for the salubrity of its climate. Nights are always cool. The broad valley, dotted here and there with blooded cattle grazing peacefully, presents a scene of extreme beauty. Drouth is never known. Grass and foliage always maintain a beautiful green during the summer season. The beautiful Unadilla River flows the entire length of the valley, winding in and out among osiers

## LACKAWANNA RESORTS.

and willows with peaceful current. The valley, about forty-five miles in length, is an attractive place for summer residences.

Directory of Hotels and Boarding Houses, giving rates and complete information, will be mailed on application accompanied by 2-cent stamp.

### EARLVILLE, NEW YORK.

Earlville is situated at an altitude of nearly 1,200 feet on the east branch of the Chenango River, and one and one-half miles south of Lake Earlville. With its numerous cottages and pleasant drives this pretty village offers unusual inducements for summer tourists, especially to those who are fond of boating and fishing. Cottages may be rented by the day, week or season for a small sum. A 'bus meets all trains for conveying passengers to hotels, the lake or private residences.

Directory of Hotels and Boarding Houses, giving rates and complete information, will be mailed on application accompanied by 2-cent stamp.

### SHERBURNE, NEW YORK.

Here nature is in her element. Among the attractions are Rexford Falls and Mad Brook Ravine, full of romantic beauty. The ravine is a mile in length and has a depth of 120 feet. At its deepest point Rexford Falls dashes over a precipice sixty feet high into the chasm below. At the foot of the falls is a white sulphur spring, which contains rare medicinal qualities. Chenango Lake, eight miles away, is a magnificent and transparent sheet of water, where fish abound. Sherburne village is unsurpassed for beautiful shaded streets, well-kept lawns and palatial residences. Hotels are of the very best. Unrivaled scenery waits the tourists at Pratt's and Hunt's mountains, also all along the many beautiful driveways that go out in all directions, extending to all points of interest in the Chenango Valley.

Directory of Hotels and Boarding Houses, giving rates and complete information, will be mailed on application accompanied by 2-cent stamp.

### NORWICH, NEW YORK.

This is one of the most charming towns in southern New York. It is situated in the beautiful Chenango Valley, surrounded on both sides by hills rising to an altitude of five hundred feet and bordered by the Chenango River on one side and the Canasawacta Creek on the other, both affording good fishing in season. It is distinctly a residence town. Its altitude

and pure spring water have made it free from all prevailing epidemics. Six miles out of town and along a good road is Chenango Lake, a romantic sheet of water possessing charming scenery and plenty of game fish. At the lake are hotels and cottages, accommodating permanent and transient guests. The surrounding pine and hemlock woods add a charm and benefit that are soon appreciated. The lake has already earned a reputation as one of nature's sanitariums.

Directory of Hotels and Boarding Houses, giving rates and complete information, will be mailed on application accompanied by 2-cent stamp.

### GREENE, NEW YORK.

Greene is a most beautiful village of twelve hundred inhabitants situated at the base of high mountains on the east and west and at an altitude of nearly 1,000 feet. The beautiful Chenango flows quietly through the eastern portion of the town. No village in the state of its size offers better accommodations to summer guests.

Directory of Hotels and Boarding Houses, giving rates and complete information, will be mailed on application accompanied by 2-cent stamp.

## FOUR HUNDRED MILES OF BEAUTY.



NOWHERE within the bounds of the United States can be found a four-hundred-mile panorama of greater beauty than that offered by the Lackawanna Railroad between New York and Buffalo. This one day's journey—it may be made with a start after breakfast and be concluded before the sun has set below the margin of Lake Erie—ever yields to the traveler glimpses of nature's grace, meadow, hill, mountain, valley, plain, each cut by sweeping river or hurrying brook, each guarding picturesque lake or gleaming pond.

Leaving the New York shore the traveler, seated comfortably on the upper deck of a powerful ferry, looks for a delightful interval upon the beauties of the Hudson River and the great bay into which its waters empty. Stately ships bearing the flags of foreign nations, sloops, schooners, tugs, luxurious launches, queer windmill-bearing craft that bring down ice, ferries of people and of freight, dot the waters as far as eye can see up sweeping river and o'er widening bay. New York, like a curious jumble of children's blocks, slowly slides into the background. Great docks of seagoing ships and immense coal chutes of Hoboken occupy the foreground. The eye is entranced, blood rushes quicker under the stimulus of the life-giving breath from the sea, the hand trembles to reach out and hold it all.

Then comes the busy activity of a great railroad terminal, the cry of the gatemen, the jingle of baggage checks, the hurrying bevy of uniformed trainmen, the scurry of impatient passengers, and then—rest in the comfortable seat of a coach or the luxurious chair of a parlor car or sleeper.

Three minutes after the monster locomotive gets its life from the seething boiler comes the first sensation—a dive



into a tunnel hewn through the solid rock of Bergen Hill, for almost a mile, a tunnel so perfectly ventilated that it seems only that night suddenly has fallen. Like a flash comes the sunlight again and the locomotive begins its rapid journey over the Hackensack meadows, waving with long grasses and rushes and dotted with flowers. Snake Hill, on its crest a prison and a poor-house, lifts its head close to the track, the only relief in the wide grassland.

Paterson sweats under the lash of an unrelenting commerce in a valley of power, in the foothills of the Watchung Mountains. From the train, rounding Garrett Mountain high above, may be seen the whole city, threaded by beautiful streams that turn thousands of mill wheels, by shaded streets lined with magnificent homes and beehives of industry.

Sweeping round this rocky point the train glides over the high bridge spanning Passaic River, of which the eye gets just a glimpse before rolling lands to the west claim attention.

Now the old Morris canal presents its charms. For miles it will be a constant companion, a fascinating one with its wealth of beauty, its queer, slow-going craft, its moss-grown locks, its memories of days long gone. Boonton reveals another of its charms, a scene not to be found except upon this old waterway within the bounds of the United States and not duplicated save for a few spots in the world. Here within full view boats ride up and down a long hill on cars.

A word about these old planes — there are many of them to be seen from the window as the train pushes on. Locks, the ordinary means by which canal boats are transferred from one level to another, could not be used in this mountainous country. The builders resorted to railroads, the original type of the now common cable line. They stopped the canal near the top of the hill. They began it again at

NEW YORK  
FROM THE RIVER.



## FOUR HUNDRED MILES OF BEAUTY.

the bottom. At the summit they diverted the water to a powerful wheel which winds a heavy cable. Cutting the cable they fastened the ends to a mammoth cradle, hinged in the center that it might not break on the crest of the hill. Into this cradle the canal boat, also hinged at the center, is guided. The great wheel turns. The cable drags cradle and boat to the top of the hill or retards its descent. Tow ropes again are fastened and the canal boat pursues the even tenor of its way.

Miles on either side of Boonton present mountain scenery of great beauty. The hills, in season, are green or gold. A little lake occasionally glistens in the sunlight. Creeks and rills tumble down the ravines or flow sluggishly o'er the levels.

Lake Musconetcong, backed by a giant iron furnace and another canal plane, shows for a minute near Stanhope. A picturesque valley lies off to the right, dotted with little farms and fields. The high western range of the Kittatinny Mountains is seen in the distance. The foothills frown upon the track. Off to the left is the high plateau of Schooley's Mountain. Frowning across at it is Malvern Hill. Through the superb Musconetcong Valley runs the musical river of the same musical name. It is followed to Washington where Pohatcong Mountain lifts its head. Here, too, we sever the delightful companionship of the canal. It is on its way southward to the Delaware; we are rushing northward to the same stream.

On through Oxford Valley speeds the train, rounding a curve to touch an iron-making center a century old. Pequest River shines like silver. Jenny Jump Mountain shows its tip in the distance. We dip into another tunnel

EMERGING FROM  
PARADISE TUNNEL.



to emerge at Manunka Chunk to one of the most magnificent views in all creation. For miles and miles a magnificent valley, hill-filled, tree-dotted, farm-marked, stretches away toward the great Delaware Water Gap, the only break in the encircling crest of the Kittatinny Mountains. Through the center

winds and twists, like a gigantic sea monster, the Delaware River, upon which we look down almost perpendicularly from our window-seat. Tree-spanned roads, gleaming white in the sunlight, wind through the valley to touch tiny farms. On the right a great precipice lifts its tree-crowned crest.

This charming view is not for a moment, nor from a single point. The train skirts the edge of this circular valley, on a track half way up the side of the mountain range, for miles until, looking straight across, may be seen the mouth of the bore from which the locomotive and its long chain of cars emerged. Backward the view is, if possible, more entrancing than before. The black mouth of the tunnel shows close

DRIVE OVERLOOKING  
DELAWARE RIVER.



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to the edge of a promontory which frowns down upon the valley. Around this point wind the tracks which lead to Philadelphia. The train which stood beside ours at Manunka Chunk may be seen speeding away toward the southeast.

Up the right bank of the Delaware hurries our carriage, the window commanding imposing views toward the mountains beyond. An old mill, its great wheel long since run to decay, claims its second of thought. Then Delaware River moves slowly underneath the long bridge which spans it.

Now it is on the left, presenting views as entrancing as those from the other shore. It is coming down a tortuous path between giant walls of a gap in the mountain range. Cliffs at the right rise higher, steeper. Down ravines in them tumble noisy brooks. On the sides perch rustic cottages. Hamlets crouch between the tracks and the hillsides. Every curve and turn of the great river is followed by the rumbling cars.

## FOUR HUNDRED MILES OF BEAUTY.

Nearer comes Water Gap. Mount Tammany lifts its 1,600 feet of New Jersey soil against the sky. Its ribbed, rent, torn side gleams in the light. Mount Minsi slopes gracefully back from the river edge. Its green back is a perfect foil to the gray of Tammany. Cliffs push the track closer to the river. The stream seems to end at the feet of the towering mountains. Through the gap is seen only the green of the highlands.

HOW CANAL BOATS  
RIDE ON CARS.



We round the base of Mount Minsi. Ahead lies the long stretch of the river, island-dotted, forest-fringed. Across from the mountains of New Jersey. Perpendicularly rise the cliffs of Pennsylvania. Our train runs over a track hewn from the side of a mountain. Every curve reveals beauty divine. Ahead is a mighty gorge, a giant basket o'erflowing with splendor. To the east, in a massive frame of rock, is a picture of blue sky, a horizon line of forest, a foreground of river and hills.

Into the gorge plunges the train. A tiny creek marks the edge of Cherry Valley, a cup in the mountains, with Brodhead's Creek watering its diminutive farms. Far away rise hazy summits of peaks in the Blue Mountains. Across the Delaware are rugged hills of the Kittatinnies. A few tumble-down houses nestle between the track and the river.

Singing, dashing Analomink surges beneath a bridge and flows beside the track for miles, flashing like silver as it assails obstructing boulders. The track again hugs the mountain side. A narrow valley, wild as when nature planned it, intervenes between the steep wall of the facing range. Higher still we climb. Tree tops sink to the level of the car window; then drop below it. The higher plane yields farther views and more sublime. An east-bound train puffs white steam away off to one side, almost at right angles to the way we are going. Around the edge of the giant basin we circle toward it. Twenty-five miles of this are given before one takes as a last look at this lovely valley a quick glance at Water Gap, over thirty miles away.

On climbs the train into the very heart of the Pocono Mountains. Away off in a vale a huge summer hotel stands beside a brook. Higher up on the steeps is another. Bold



mountains rise one upon another. Long, narrow, deep, filled with forest and stream, stretches away Paradise Valley. Along its rim we skim. Through a tunnel in an obtruding cliff we plunge to feast again upon its beauties.

Still upward! The valleys are shallower, fewer. Elm, chestnut, maple have given way to pine and hemlock. Skeleton trees, charred, blackened, relics of camp fires, stand specter-like amid the green. Peaks no longer show. The horizon is broken only by outlines of hills rolling away in giant billows. Scanty pines fringe a lake. A monster saw-mill hugs the shore of another. The air is cool, bracing, invigorating. This is Pocono Summit, the tip of the mountains.

Now into the valley of a rushing brook we dip toward the Lackawanna. The scenery is wild, picturesque, glorious. Little towns, hewn out of the wilderness, show for an instant and are left behind. Hills grow in height. Soon they loom up again on either side. A great reservoir glimmers like a diamond. Its overflow flashes white in the sun. The ravine to the left grows deeper. Roaring Brook leaps through the narrow pass. A colossal coal washer stretches its great arms across the ravine. Monstrous heaps of waste coal loom up. A rocky glen opens its gaping mouth to the right and a glimpse of a waterfall is caught. A cleft in the hills frames a bit of a city—the next curve shows a great valley in which cluster thousands of houses. We dash into the very center of them. This is Scranton.

Off we go again, leaving behind the sweeping Lackawanna, to climb more mountains. We are in the bottom of a ravine this time, with towering cliffs on either side. We wind through the rift in the hills following the crazy course of a brawling creek. A tannery, surrounded by stripped trunks of trees, attracts for an instant. Long milk sheds line the tracks at stations. Across a deep pocket in the Blue Mountains is a village. True as though drawn by a compass, the track circles to it. This is Horseshoe Curve.

Now the track accompanies Tunkhannock and Martin's creeks through

UP THE RIVER FROM  
WATER GAP.



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## *FOUR HUNDRED MILES OF BEAUTY.*

their beautiful valley. A wider stretch of water shows itself. On the far side rise massive mountains, threaded by trains to Heart Lake and Montrose. We continue sweeping through the valley toward the Susquehanna, precipitate hills on our right, the superb valley to the left.

Emerging from the hills we greet the Susquehanna and follow it. Now it is upon our own level, now far below.

PARADISE  
FALLS,  
POCONO  
MOUNTAINS.



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Uplands rise from its farther shore. Islands dot it. To the right are the rolling hills of New York, cut evenly by field fences. Mile upon mile of this — then Binghamton.

Still we follow the Susquehanna. Tioga Point rises like a sentinel over the two rivers which flow at its base. High hills show at the right. From their crest we get on one side a view of the river, on the other the rolling farm lands. Into

*FOUR HUNDRED MILES OF BEAUTY.*

the valley of the Chemung we dip, mountains on one side again, a sweeping river on the other. Vistas are longer. The opposing wall of the hill-girdled flats rises here a mile away, there two or three. White tents glisten occasionally by the river's edge. Waving fields show green or gold or amber. Ancient orchard trees throw gnarled limbs across long avenues. Tobacco lands lay back from the tracks.



From away in the distance the Chenango winds away toward the Chemung, watering another valley.

Great red buildings surrounded by veterans in the blue of the nation, flash into view and out.

More hills are climbed. The range of vision widens constantly. In every direction cluster farmhouses, barns, stacks of grain. Pastures are dotted with grazing cattle.

## *FOUR HUNDRED MILES OF BEAUTY.*

Villages, towns, hamlets look like heaps of blocks. A winding course in the hills is taken. A break in the uplands comes like a flash. Below is the Genesee Valley, a paradise amid high hills. Little farms lay it out geometrically. Lines of trees, with a ribbon of gray between, mark the highways. Vineyards cover the sunny slopes. Four hundred feet below are the weather-worn roofs of a thriving city. This is Dansville.

It flashes to the rear. The precipitate wall of rock on the right shrinks steadily. Mountains away off to the left sink lower. The train dips into the valley of the Genesee, to follow its course for an hour.

The back yard of a big city intrudes. Small lots replace great fields. Houses cluster close. Heavy drays lumber over paved streets. Street cars reach long, thin arms to the wire that gives them motion. Giant elevators stand up by a sluggish canal. Houses no longer are detached ; they join in long lines. A teeming city street shows to the right. To the left is caught a glimpse of Lake Erie.

Uniformed employes greet the disembarking passenger. Hackmen beckon. A street car waits.

The last scene of the four-hundred-mile panorama has been shown.

## JUST A THOUSAND WORDS ABOUT THE LACKAWANNA RAILROAD.

**T**HE Lackawanna Railroad is the shortest line between New York and Buffalo and between New York and Chicago via Buffalo.

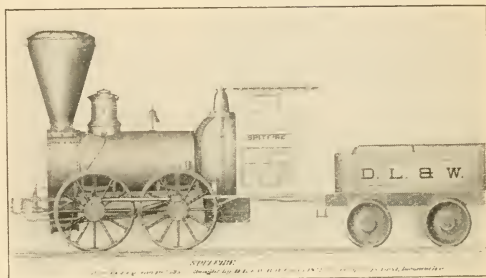
The Lackawanna Railroad is also the shortest route between Buffalo and Philadelphia, to and from which point trains are run in connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad. At Manunka Chunk Lackawanna trains and Pennsylvania trains use the same platform, and passengers to or from Philadelphia have only to step from one into the other. From the territory west and northwest of Buffalo the Lackawanna in connection with the Penn-

sylvania Railroad therefore offers also the shortest and most direct route to the southeast and the favorite Atlantic Coast resorts. The two also offer the shortest and most direct route from the Atlantic seacoast by way of Philadelphia to the Canadian northwest.

The Lackawanna Railroad is the shortest and most direct route between New York and Scranton, Binghamton, Oswego, Syracuse, Utica, Richfield Springs, Elmira, Ithaca, Bath, Corning, Dansville and Mount Morris, and offers also the best line between New York and the Susquehanna River cities south of Scranton to and including Northumberland.

In connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad it offers the most direct route from northern New York points to Philadelphia and the south.

LACKAWANNA'S FIRST  
LOCOMOTIVE.  
BUILT IN 1838.





**FIVE DAILY TRAINS BETWEEN  
NEW YORK AND BUFFALO.**

The Lackawanna Railroad runs between New York and Buffalo five magnificent trains in each direction every day in the year. A train from New York and another from Buffalo makes the trip, in the summer time, in broad daylight, giving magnificent opportunity to view some of the grandest scenery in the United States. Each evening in the year two of its trains leave New York for Buffalo, and two leave Buffalo for New York, making the journey in the night. One of these two night trains in each direction leaves its terminal early in the evening. The other makes its start about midnight, enabling those who desire, to spend an evening among friends or at the theater in either New York or Buffalo. Luxurious sleeping cars are run in these night trains. The passenger wakes to find himself near his destination. His journey is completed about the time business men seek their stores, factories or offices.

WISCASSETT GLEN,  
NEAR MOUNT POCONO.



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**THREE DAILY TRAINS BETWEEN  
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.**

The Lackawanna Railroad runs three trains between New York and Chicago in each direction every day in the year, in connection with the Nickel Plate Railroad, trains using the most convenient railroad station in the city of Chicago, it being located in the very heart of the hotel and business district. These trains are equipped with the finest coaches, and sleeping-cars fitted with every convenience. Time made by these trains is just up to the standard—twenty-seven hours. Trains depart from New York and Chicago at convenient hours and arrive at these terminals either in time to begin the business of the day or to prepare for an evening's pleasure.

**MAGNIFICENT AND LUXURIOUS TRAINS.**

Two of the finest trains that money can buy have just been placed in service on the day runs between New York



and Buffalo. These have observation cars, luxurious parlor cars, elegant dining-cars and coaches that are as comfortable and commodious as ordinary palace cars.

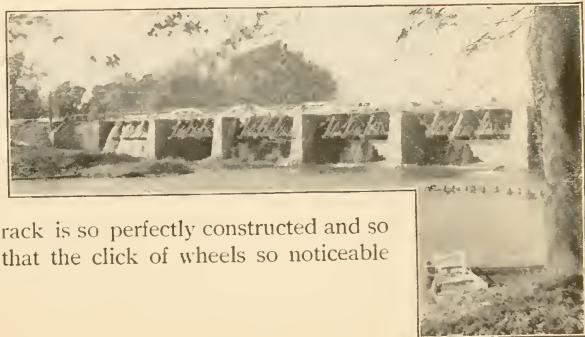
### DINING-CAR SERVICE.

Dining-car service of the highest standard hereafter will be a feature of the Lackawanna magnificent service. On February 1, 1900, the company took this branch of its service into its own hands, appointing as the head of the department Mr. F. B. Smith, one of the most experienced railroad caterers in the United States. Magnificent new dining-cars—the peers of any in the world—have been placed in the service and others are building. Already enough have been placed to serve three meals a day upon every train. These cars are stocked with the choicest things a great city like New York can furnish, while fruits, cream, butter, eggs and like produce are supplied fresh every day from the magnificent farming and dairy country tapped by the road. Passengers are not compelled to rise early for breakfast, for that meal is served in dining-cars until almost noon. Luncheon is served until 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon, at which time it is found necessary to close dining-cars to prepare for dinner. All meals are served on the à la carte plan, patrons paying only for what they order.

### FINEST ROADBED IN AMERICA.

The roadbed of the Lackawanna Railroad is conceded by experts to be the finest in America, bar none. Most of it has lain for over half a century and has been constantly improved throughout all those years. Its original constructors, looking far into the future, laid out its way with a view to running trains at a rate of seventy-five miles an hour. As a result the passenger does not feel a curve in the road (although the course through the mountains necessitates many), and the evidence of the eye alone tells that there are any. The track is so perfectly constructed and so persistently watched that the click of wheels so noticeable

CANAL CROSSING  
RIVER  
NEAR DENVILLE.



## *JUST A THOUSAND WORDS.*

on almost every other railroad, is not heard during the entire journey over it.

### **CLEANEST RAILROAD IN AMERICA.**

The Lackawanna Railroad is the cleanest in America. It can not help being so. Its track is ballasted with rock. It has no dust of its own. What little there may be along it must blow in from the outside, and as the entire length of the line is through fertile fields or rocky mountains, there is little dust to come in from its surrounding territory. There is absolutely no smoke from its locomotives. These all burn anthracite coal—the company owns the mines from which it is taken and it is not in the market

for soft, smoky coal when it has an unlimited supply of anthracite of its own.

### **COACHES BUILT FOR COMFORT.**

Lackawanna Railroad coaches have been built for the comfort of passengers, according to special designs. Aisles are wide. Pintsch gas lights every one. Seats are of the most comfortable pattern. Toilet rooms are as roomy as in the modern sleeping-car.

### **LUXURIOUS PARLOR CARS.**

Lackawanna parlor cars from the shops of the Pullman Palace Car Company are run on the through day trains between New York and Buffalo and between New York and Syracuse and Ithaca. In summer time parlor cars are run between New York and Richfield Springs also.

### **SLEEPING-CARS OPEN EARLY IN THE EVENING.**

Lackawanna sleeping-cars are placed at the largest cities along the line, such as Scranton, Ithaca, Richfield Springs, Utica, Binghamton and Syracuse, so that those who desire may retire early and hours before the locomotive picks them up. These cars, dropped off during the hours of the night, may be occupied until late in the morning. A full night's rest may be enjoyed, therefore, whatever the destination of the passenger in a sleeping-car.

HOW CANAL BOATS  
RIDE ON CARS.



### **INTERESTING STUDIES AT HAND.**

The beauty of the Lackawanna Railroad already has been depicted in the preceding pages. The road also gives an excellent opportunity for study of one of the oldest canal systems in the world, of the monstrous machinery and operation of the greatest coal district in the world, of the resources and development of an old section of the United States replete with historic interest.

### **ELECTRIC HEADLIGHTS ON LOCOMOTIVES.**

Lackawanna passenger locomotives have electric headlights, the only ones in use on any railroad of the east, thereby erecting another bar to any improbable accident.

### **CHECKS BAGGAGE TO HOME OR HOTEL.**

The baggage-checking system of the Lackawanna Railroad is such that at all of its commercial centers, on payment of a small fee to cover the cost of the special service, luggage may be checked to any hotel or home within the city of New York or any other of its commercial centers. The special delivery lands the baggage at destination practically as soon as the passenger. People going to hotels or to visit friends and having use for their baggage at once find this a great convenience. To those who do not desire to take advantage of the special baggage-delivery service is offered the same excellent service that is given by all other railroads.

### **CAB AND CARRIAGE SERVICE.**

Arrangements have been made with the Westcott Company under which cabs and carriages are available at the New York terminal. The rates are reasonable and the service excellent. Carriages or cabs may be secured either upon arrival at destination or by notice to the conductor. In Chicago the same excellent cab and carriage service is maintained.



HOW CANAL BOATS  
RIDE ON CARS.

### **COMFORT OF THE PASSENGER.**

The up-to-date idea of the management is indicated by the fact that it has just placed in its suburban service electric-lighted coaches and club cars, seats in which may be reserved

## *JUST A THOUSAND WORDS.*

by daily travelers from its immense suburban territory to New York and return. These cars are models of comfort and enable a suburbanite to have his own easy chair on every journey between his home and his business and to surround himself with his particular friends. This same thoughtfulness of the comfort of the passenger permeates every part of the passenger service.

### **DOUBLE TRACK AND ALL SAFETY APPLIANCES.**

The Lackawanna Railroad is double-tracked every inch of the way between New York and Buffalo, and these tracks are lined with the most modern equipment for the safety of trains.

COAL DOCKS,  
BUFFALO.



# COST OF AN OUTING.

FROM TO	NEW YORK.			BUFFALO.		
	Miles.	One Way.	Round Trip.	Miles.	One Way.	Round Trip.
Ackerson..... N. J.	69	\$2.15	\$ 3.25	376	\$8.60	.....
Alden..... N. Y.	389	8 00	.....	21	.35	.....
Alexander..... Pa.	376	7.75	.....	34	.68	\$1.25
Alford..... Pa.	180	5 00	7.45	230	5.85	.....
Ampere..... N. J.	10	.20	.30	495	8 05	.....
Andover.....	58	1.75	2 65	395	8 25	.....
Apalachin..... N. Y.	221	5 40	8.60	190	4.60	.....
Apulia.....	267	6.06	10.25	263	6.80	.....
Athenia..... N. J.	13	.45	.65	398	8 00	.....
Atlanta..... N. Y.	320	6.95	.....	90	2 41	3 20
Augusta..... N. J.	70	2.20	3.30	377	8 70	.....
Avoca..... N. Y.	308	6.75	.....	102	2.77	3.70
Avondale..... Pa.	167	4.50	6 70	287	6.95	.....
Baldwinsville..... N. Y.	298	6.30	11.25	295	7.65	.....
Barker.....	224	5.15	8.95	220	5 50	.....
Basking Ridge..... N. J.	34	1.05	1.40	495	8 50	.....
Bath..... N. Y.	301	6 60	.....	110	2.95	3 95
Beach Haven..... Pa.	186	5.08	7.50	306	7 00	.....
Bellevue.....	147	4.35	6.05	267	6.55	.....
Bennett.....	161	4.35	6.50	281	6.80	.....
Berkeley Heights..... N. J.	26	.75	1 10	397	8.20	.....
Bernardsville.....	35	1.10	1.45	406	8.55	.....
Berwick..... Pa.	189	5.08	7.60	309	7 00	.....
Big Flats..... N. Y.	273	6.15	10.65	137	3 25	.....
Binghamton.....	207	5.00	8 00	204	5 00	.....
Bloodgett's Mills.....	246	5.70	9.90	244	6.20	.....
Bloomfield..... N. J.	12	.25	.45	408	8.10	.....
Bloomsburg..... Pa.	202	5 08	8.10	322	7 00	.....
Boonton..... N. J.	30	.80	1.25	380	8 00	.....
Branchville.....	72	2.25	3.35	379	8.75	.....
Branchville Jct.....	66	1.95	2.95	373	8.50	.....
Briar Creek..... Pa.	192	5.08	7.70	312	7 00	.....
Brick Church..... N. J.	11	.25	.40	403	8 00	.....
Bridgewater.....	76	1.95	3.20	334	8 00	.....
Bridgewater..... N. Y.	293	5.15	.....	290	7 60	.....
Brisbin.....	232	5.00	8.72	229	5.75	.....
Broadway..... N. J.	73	1.85	2.75	345	8 00	.....
Buffalo..... N. Y.	411	8.00	.....	.....	.....	.....
B. R. & P. Junct.....	365	7.55	.....	45	1.02	1.50
Cameron..... Pa.	219	5 65	8.65	339	7 00	.....
Campbells..... N. Y.	291	6.45	.....	120	3 05	.....
Candor.....	238	5 80	9.45	194	4.70	.....
Caroline.....	249	6.10	10 25	205	5 10	.....
Catawissa..... Pa.	205	5 08	8.10	325	7 00	.....
Cattatunk..... N. Y.	233	5.65	9.15	188	4.55	.....
Cedarville.....	300	5.35	.....	297	7 80	.....
Chadwicks.....	294	5 00	.....	291	7 60	.....
Changewater..... N. J.	69	1.80	.....	345	8 00	.....
Chatham.....	24	.65	1.00	390	8 00	.....



*COST OF AN OUTING.*

TO	FROM	NEW YORK.			BUFFALO.		
		Miles.	One Way.	Round Trip.	Miles.	One Way.	Round Trip.
Chenango Bridge	N. Y.	212	\$5.00	\$8.25	209	\$5.15	.....
Chenango Forks	"	218	5.00	8.60	215	5.35	.....
Chester	N. J.	52	1.50	2.25	379	8.45	.....
Chinchilla	Pa.	150	4.50	6.15	260	6.60	.....
Chulasky	"	217	5.60	8.55	260	7.00	.....
Clark's Summit	"	152	4.60	6.30	258	6.55	.....
Clayville	N. Y.	291	5.00	.....	287	7.50	.....
Cohocton	"	316	6.90	.....	94	2.53	\$3.40
Conklin	"	198	5.00	7.85	214	5.25	.....
Conklin Centre	"	201	5.00	7.90	209	5.15	.....
Convent	N. J.	28	.75	1.15	386	8.00	.....
Coopers	N. Y.	286	6.35	.....	124	3.15	.....
Corning	"	280	6.25	10.90	131	3.25	.....
Cortland	"	250	5.80	10.00	246	6.25	.....
Coventry	"	235	5.00	8.72	232	5.85	.....
Craigs	"	357	7.30	.....	53	1.29	1.80
Cranberry Lake	N. J.	56	1.65	2.45	393	8.15	.....
Cresco	Pa.	106	2.95	4.45	395	8.00	.....
Curtis	N. Y.	289	6.40	.....	122	3.10	.....
Dalton	Pa.	156	4.75	6.50	254	6.55	.....
Danville	"	213	5.35	8.45	333	7.00	.....
Dansville	N. Y.	333	7.00	.....	77	2.02	2.75
Darien	"	382	7.90	.....	28	.60	.....
Delawanna	N. J.	10	.35	.45	400	.....	.....
Delaware	"	80	2.05	3.40	.....	.....	.....
Denville	"	34	1.00	.....	.....	.....	.....
Depew	N. Y.	399	8.00	.....	.....	.....	.....
Dover	N. J.	39	1.10	.....	.....	.....	.....
Duryea	Pa.	153	4.35	.....	.....	.....	.....
Earlville	N. Y.	264	5.00	.....	.....	.....	.....
East Alexander	"	374	7.70	.....	.....	.....	.45
East Bethany	"	369	7.65	.....	.....	.....	1.30
East Buffalo	"	404	8.00	.....	0	.05	.....
East Lancaster	"	396	8.00	.....	15	.20	.....
East Orange	N. J.	11	.25	.35	403	8.00	.....
Easton	Pa.	81	2.10	3.00	358	8.00	.....
East Winfield	N. Y.	298	5.30	.....	295	7.75	.....
Elkwood	N. J.	22	.60	.95	391	8.00	.....
Elmhurst	Pa.	135	4.00	5.60	275	7.40	.....
Elmira	N. Y.	264	6.10	10.45	147	3.30	.....
Espy	Pa.	199	5.08	8.00	319	7.00	.....
Factoryville	"	160	4.90	6.65	250	6.50	.....
Fargo	N. Y.	386	8.00	.....	24	.40	.....
Far Hills	N. J.	39	1.25	1.65	411	8.70	.....
Forty Fort	Pa.	160	4.35	6.50	280	6.80	.....
Foster	"	172	5.00	7.15	238	6.10	.....
Fox Hill	N. J.	33	.90	1.40	378	8.00	.....
Franklin	"	75	2.35	3.50	382	8.85	.....
Fulton	N. Y.	310	6.50	11.50	397	7.90	.....
Galea	"	254	5.00	9.35	251	6.40	.....
Gillette	N. J.	28	.85	1.15	399	8.30	.....
Gladstone	"	43	1.40	1.85	415	8.85	.....
Glenburn	Pa.	155	4.70	6.45	255	6.55	.....
Glen Ridge	N. J.	13	.27	.47	408	8.12	.....
Gonldsboro	Pa.	124	3.60	5.15	286	7.80	.....
Greene	N. Y.	226	5.00	8.72	223	5.60	.....
Greigsville	"	354	7.20	.....	56	1.39	1.85
Groveland	"	341	7.00	.....	70	1.81	2.45

TO	FROM	NEW YORK.			BUFFALO.		
		Miles.	One Way.	Round Trip.	Miles.	One Way.	Round Trip.
Grove Street	N. J.	10	\$0.20	\$0.30	403	\$8.00	.....
Hackettstown	"	57	1.65	2.45	353	8.00	.....
Hallstead	Pa.	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	5.00	7.75	217	5.40	.....
Harrison	N. J.	8	.15	.25	406	8.00	.....
Haynes	N. Y.	243	5.00	8.72	240	6.15	.....
Heart Lake	Pa.	186	5.20	7.85	236	6.05	.....
Henryville	"	100	2.75	4.20	310	8.00	.....
Hick's Ferry	"	183	5.00	7.35	304	7.00	.....
Highland Avenue	N. J.	13	.30	.50	401	8.00	.....
Hoboken	"	.....	.....	.....	410	8.00	.....
Homer	N. Y.	252	5.85	10.00	249	6.35	.....
Hopatcong	N. J.	46	1.30	2.05	364	8.00	.....
Horseheads	N. Y.	268	6.10	10.45	142	3.30	.....
Horton's	N. J.	50	1.40	2.10	376	8.40	.....
Hubbardsville	N. Y.	271	5.00	.....	268	6.90	.....
Hunlocks Creek	Pa.	172	4.70	6.95	292	7.00	.....
Huntly	N. J.	20	.55	.80	394	8.00	.....
Ironia	"	47	1.35	2.05	374	8.30	.....
Ithaca	N. Y.	262	6.10	10.50	217	5.40	.....
Ithaca Junction	"	249	5.80	10.00	246	6.30	.....
Jamesville	"	279	6.06	10.75	276	7.15	.....
Kanona	"	304	6.70	.....	106	2.80	\$3.65
Kenvil	N. J.	44	1.25	1.95	369	8.15	.....
Killawog	N. Y.	233	5.35	9.35	230	5.80	.....
Kingsland	N. J.	8	.25	.35	402	8.00	.....
Kingsley's	Pa.	177	5.00	7.30	233	6.00	.....
Kingston	"	162	4.35	6.50	282	6.80	.....
Lackawanna	"	152	4.35	6.30	272	6.55	.....
Lafayette	N. J.	67	2.05	3.10	374	8.55	.....
Lamson's	N. Y.	303	6.40	11.35	300	7.75	.....
Lancaster	"	398	8.00	.....	12	.15	.....
La Plume	Pa.	158	4.80	6.60	252	6.60	.....
Laurel Grove	N. J.	18	.55	.75	392	8.00	.....
Lehigh	Pa.	126	3.70	5.25	284	7.60	.....
Leicester	N. Y.	351	7.10	.....	59	1.51	2.05
Lestershire	"	209	5.05	8.10	201	4.91	.....
Lime Ridge	Pa.	196	5.08	7.85	316	7.00	.....
Lincoln Park	N. J.	23	.75	.95	387	8.00	.....
Linwood	N. Y.	360	7.40	.....	50	1.20	1.75
Lisle	"	229	5.30	9.20	226	5.65	.....
Litchfield	"	241	5.70	9.40	209	4.00	.....
Little Falls	N. J.	19	.65	.80	391	8.00	.....
Little York	N. Y.	257	5.95	10.00	254	6.40	.....
Looneville	"	393	8.00	.....	17	.25	.....
Lounsbury	"	233	5.55	9.00	77	4.25	.....
Lowmanville	"	257	5.90	10.00	153	3.50	.....
Lyndhurst	N. J.	9	.30	.40	401	8.00	.....
Lyons	"	32	1.00	1.30	403	8.45	.....
Madison	"	26	.70	1.10	388	8.00	.....
Manunka Chunk	"	78	2.00	3.30	332	8.00	.....
Maplewood	"	16	.45	.65	398	8.00	.....
Marathon	N. Y.	236	5.45	9.50	233	5.90	.....
Messengerville	"	240	5.55	9.65	237	6.00	.....
Milburn	N. J.	17	.50	.75	396	8.00	.....
Miller's Mills	N. Y.	302	5.40	.....	299	7.90	.....
Millington	N. J.	31	.95	1.25	402	8.40	.....
Mill St.	"	16	.50	.70	394	8.00	.....
Mine Brook	"	38	1.20	1.60	411	8.65	.....

*COST OF AN OUTING.*

TO	FROM	NEW YORK.			BUFFALO.		
		Miles.	One Way.	Round Trip.	Miles.	One Way.	Round Trip.
Minetto.....	N. Y.	316	\$6.50	\$12.00	313	\$8.05	.....
Monroe.....	N. J.	72	2.25	3.45	379	8.75	.....
Montclair.....	"	14	.30	.50	397	8.15	.....
Montrose.....	Pa.	191	5.40	8.20	241	6.25	.....
Montville.....	N. J.	28	.80	1.15	382	8.00	.....
Morris Plains.....	"	32	.90	1.35	381	8.00	.....
Morristown.....	"	30	.80	1.25	379	8.00	.....
Moscow.....	Pa.	132	3.90	5.50	278	7.50	.....
Mountain.....	N. J.	14	.35	.55	400	8.00	.....
Mountain View.....	"	21	.70	.90	380	8.00	.....
Mt. Arlington.....	"	44	1.25	1.95	366	8.00	.....
Mt. Morris.....	N. Y.	348	7.00	.....	62	1.60	\$2.15
Mt. Pocono.....	Pa.	111	3.15	4.65	299	8.00	.....
Mt. Tabor.....	N. J.	36	1.00	1.50	378	8.00	.....
Murray Hill.....	"	24	.70	1.00	395	8.15	.....
Nanticoke.....	Pa.	160	4.55	6.80	289	7.00	.....
Nay Aug.....	"	139	4.20	5.80	271	6.60	.....
Newark.....	N. J.	8	.15	.25	405	8.00	.....
New Hampton.....	"	72	1.85	.....	348	8.00	.....
New Hartford.....	N. Y.	208	5.00	.....	205	7.70	.....
New Milford.....	Pa.	187	5.00	7.70	223	6.65	.....
Newton.....	N. J.	63	1.90	2.85	371	.....	.....
New Village.....	"	73	1.90	3.00	37	.....	.....
New York.....	N. Y.	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
N. Y. C. & St. L. Jct.....	"	408	8.00	.....	.....	.....	.....
Nichols.....	"	236	5.60	.....	.....	.....	.....
Nicholson.....	Pa.	167	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
North Brookfield.....	N. Y.	2	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
North Fulton.....	"	31	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Northumberland.....	Pa.	225	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Norwich.....	N. Y.	248	.....	.....	.....	5.25	.....
Onativia.....	"	272	.....	.....	.....	6.95	.....
Orange.....	N. J.	12	.....	.....	402	8.00	.....
Oswego.....	N. Y.	324	6.25	.....	321	8.10	.....
Owego.....	"	227	5.50	8.85	183	4.40	.....
Oxford.....	"	240	5.00	8.72	237	6.00	.....
Oxford Furnace.....	N. J.	71	1.85	3.05	339	8.00	.....
Painted Post.....	N. Y.	283	6.30	.....	127	3.20	.....
Paradise.....	Pa.	109	3.00	.....	301	8.00	.....
Paris.....	N. Y.	284	5.00	.....	281	7.30	.....
Passaic.....	N. J.	12	.40	.55	398	8.00	.....
Paterson.....	"	15	.50	.70	395	8.00	.....
Peapack.....	"	42	1.35	1.80	413	8.75	.....
Phillipsburg.....	"	81	2.05	3.00	357	8.00	.....
Pittston.....	Pa.	154	4.35	6.40	274	6.55	.....
Plymouth.....	"	165	4.45	6.60	285	6.85	.....
Plymouth Junction.....	"	164	4.40	6.55	284	6.80	.....
Pocono Summit.....	"	114	3.25	4.75	296	8.00	.....
Poolville.....	N. Y.	267	5.00	.....	264	6.80	.....
Portland.....	Pa.	83	2.15	3.50	327	8.00	.....
Port Morris.....	N. J.	47	1.35	2.05	363	8.00	.....
Port Murray.....	"	64	1.70	2.75	346	8.00	.....
Port Oram.....	"	41	1.15	1.80	369	8.00	.....
Port Washington.....	"	68	1.75	.....	342	8.00	.....
Portway.....	N. Y.	328	7.00	.....	82	2.17	2.90
Preble.....	"	259	6.05	10.00	256	6.55	.....
Ray.....	"	379	7.80	.....	31	.59	.....
Richfield Junction.....	"	288	5.00	.....	285	7.15	.....

TO	FROM	NEW YORK.			BUFFALO.		
		Miles.	One Way.	Round Trip.	Miles.	One Way.	Round Trip.
Richfield Springs	N. Y.	310	\$5.65	\$10.75	307	\$8.10	.....
Rockaway	N. J.	39	1.05	1.60	375	8.00	.....
Roseville Ave.	"	9	.15	.25	404	8.00	.....
Rupert	Pa.	203	5.08	8.10	323	7.00	.....
Sangerfield	N. Y.	279	5.00	.....	276	7.10	.....
Sauquoit	"	293	5.00	.....	290	7.55	.....
Savona	"	295	6.55	.....	115	3.00	.....
Scranton	Pa.	145	4.35	6.00	265	6.55	.....
Secaucus	N. J.	04	.15	.25	406	8.00	.....
Sherburne	N. Y.	259	5.00	9.70	256	6.55	.....
Shickshinny	Pa.	178	4.85	7.15	298	7.00	.....
Short Hills	N. J.	18	.55	.80	395	8.00	.....
South Columbia	N. Y.	306	5.55	.....	303	8.00	.....
South Granby	"	305	6.45	11.40	302	7.80	.....
South Orange	N. J.	14	.40	.60	399	8.00	.....
Spragueville	Pa.	97	2.65	4.05	313	8.00	.....
Stanhope	N. J.	49	1.40	2.10	361	8.00	.....
Stiles	N. Y.	294	6.25	11.20	291	7.60	.....
Stirling	N. J.	29	.90	1.20	400	8.35	.....
Stewartsville	"	76	2.00	3.00	353	8.00	.....
Stoudsburg	Pa.	93	2.50	3.85	317	8.00	.....
Stouffville	N. J.	45	1.30	2.00	372	8.25	.....
Stuyvesant	"	21	.55	.80	393	8.00	.....
Stuyvesant Ave.	Pa.	155	4.35	6.50	275	6.55	.....
Stuyvesant	N. Y.	209	6.06	11.00	206	7.40	.....
Stuyvesant	Pa.	148	4.35	6.10	268	6.55	.....
Stuyvesant	"	188	5.30	8.05	238	6.15	.....
Stuyvesant	"	119	3.40	4.95	291	8.00	.....
Stuyvesant	N. Y.	254	6.06	10.00	251	6.70	.....
Stuyvesant	Pa.	248	4.95	.....	162	6.40	.....
Una	N. Y.	294	5.15	.....	291	7.60	.....
Utica	"	302	5.00	.....	299	7.85	.....
Vestal	"	215	5.25	.....	195	8.40	.....
Wallace	"	311	6.80	.....	99	2.71	\$3.60
Washington	N. J.	67	1.70	2.85	343	8.00	.....
Washington Mills	N. Y.	296	5.00	.....	293	7.70	.....
Water Gap	Pa.	88	2.35	3.70	322	8.00	.....
Waterloo	N. J.	52	1.50	2.25	359	8.00	.....
Waterville	N. Y.	280	5.00	.....	277	7.20	.....
Watsessing	N. J.	11	.23	.40	406	8.08	.....
Waylly	N. Y.	246	5.75	9.60	164	3.85	.....
Wayland	"	326	7.00	.....	84	2.23	3.00
West Alden	"	391	8.00	.....	19	.30	.....
West Paterson	N. J.	16	.50	.70	394	8.00	.....
West Pittston	Pa.	156	4.35	6.50	276	6.60	.....
West Summit	N. J.	22	.95	.95	393	8.10	.....
West Winfield	N. Y.	296	5.25	.....	293	7.70	.....
White Church	"	247	6.10	10.15	203	5.10	.....
Whitehall	N. J.	26	.80	1.05	384	8.00	.....
Whitney's Point	N. Y.	227	5.25	9.15	224	5.60	.....
Wilseyville	"	244	5.95	9.75	200	4.85	.....
Wilkesbarre	Pa.	163	4.35	6.50	283	6.80	.....
Willards	N. Y.	219	5.00	8.72	216	5.35	.....
Williama	Pa.	250	5.85	3.70	169	9.75	.....
Willow Grove	"	194	5.08	7.80	314	7.00	.....
Wyoming	N. J.	17	.50	.70	397	8.00	.....
Wyoming	Pa.	158	4.35	6.50	278	6.65	.....
W. N. Y. & P. Jct.	N. Y.	349	7.00	.....	61	1.58	.....

For rates, time of trains, and all information concerning the Lackawanna Railroad, apply to any of the following representatives of the company :

- T. W. LEE, General Passenger Agent,  
26 Exchange Place, New York City.
- HOWARD J. BALL, General Eastern Passenger Agent,  
429 Broadway, New York City.
- GEO. A. CULLEN, General Western Passenger Agent,  
103 Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.
- FRED P. FOX, Division Passenger Agent,  
289 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
- M. L. SMITH, . . . . . Division Passenger Agent, Scranton, Pa.
- W. C. BRAYTON, . . . . . Division Passenger Agent, Syracuse, N. Y.
- H. N. BUTTERFIELD, Traveling Passenger Agent,  
103 Adams Street, Chicago.
- GUY ADAMS, Traveling Passenger Agent,  
26 Exchange Place, New York City.
- J. H. MCGARRITY, . . . . . City Ticket Agent, Utica, N. Y.
- A. E. KENT, . . . . . Ticket Agent, Binghamton, N. Y.
- HENRY HILL, . . . . . Ticket Agent, Oswego, N. Y.
- F. S. CLARK, . . . . . Ticket Agent, Elmira, N. Y.
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- C. A. PALMER, . . . . . Ticket Agent, Newark, N. J.
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- J. FRED FRACE, . . . . . Ticket Agent, Wilkesbarre, Pa.
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Or Agents at the following ticket offices of the Company:

NEW YORK :

- |                |                                   |
|----------------|-----------------------------------|
| 429 Broadway,  | 52 Lafayette Place,               |
| 113 Broadway,  | 133 West 125th Street,            |
| 95 5th Avenue, | 674 Columbus Avenue,              |
| 14 Park Place, | Barclay Street Ferry Station,     |
|                | Christopher Street Ferry Station. |

BROOKLYN, N. Y.:

- |                    |                     |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| 338 Fulton Street, | 726 Fulton Street,  |
|                    | 106 Broadway, E. D. |

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City Ticket Office, 289 Main Street.

PHILADELPHIA :

City Ticket Office, 629 Chestnut Street.

CHICAGO, ILL.:

City Ticket Office, 103 Adams Street.

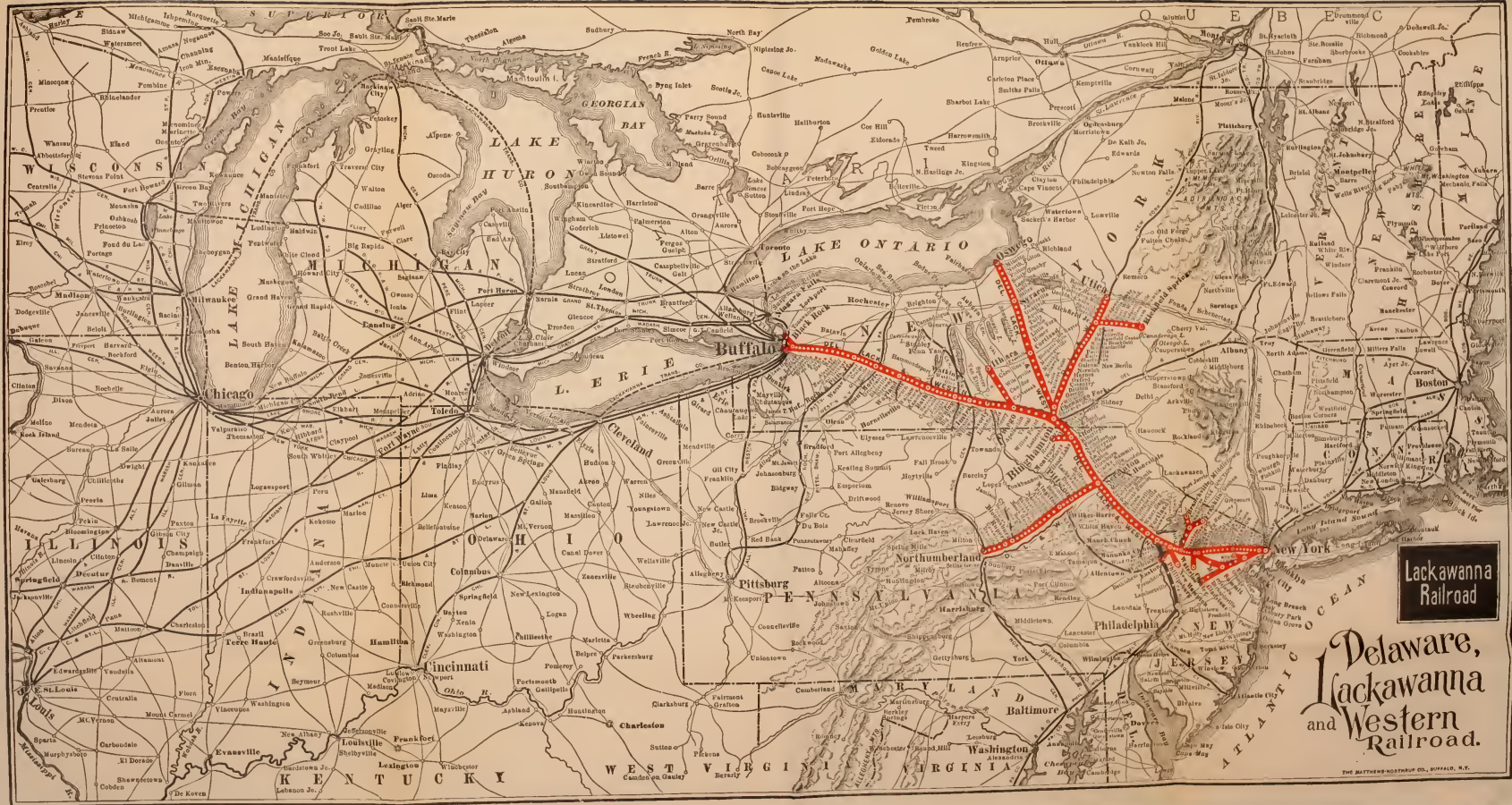


The Lackawanna Railroad, in addition to selling reduced rate tickets to all resorts located directly on the line of the road, will sell excursion tickets to all summer and winter resorts in the United States, Canada and Mexico at greatly reduced rates. Full information in regard to routes, rates, etc., may be had on application to any of the company's agents, or to T. W. Lee, General Passenger Agent, 26 Exchange Place, New York City.









Lackawanna  
Railroad

Delaware,  
Lackawanna  
and  
Western  
Railroad.

THE BUFFALO GROUP CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.





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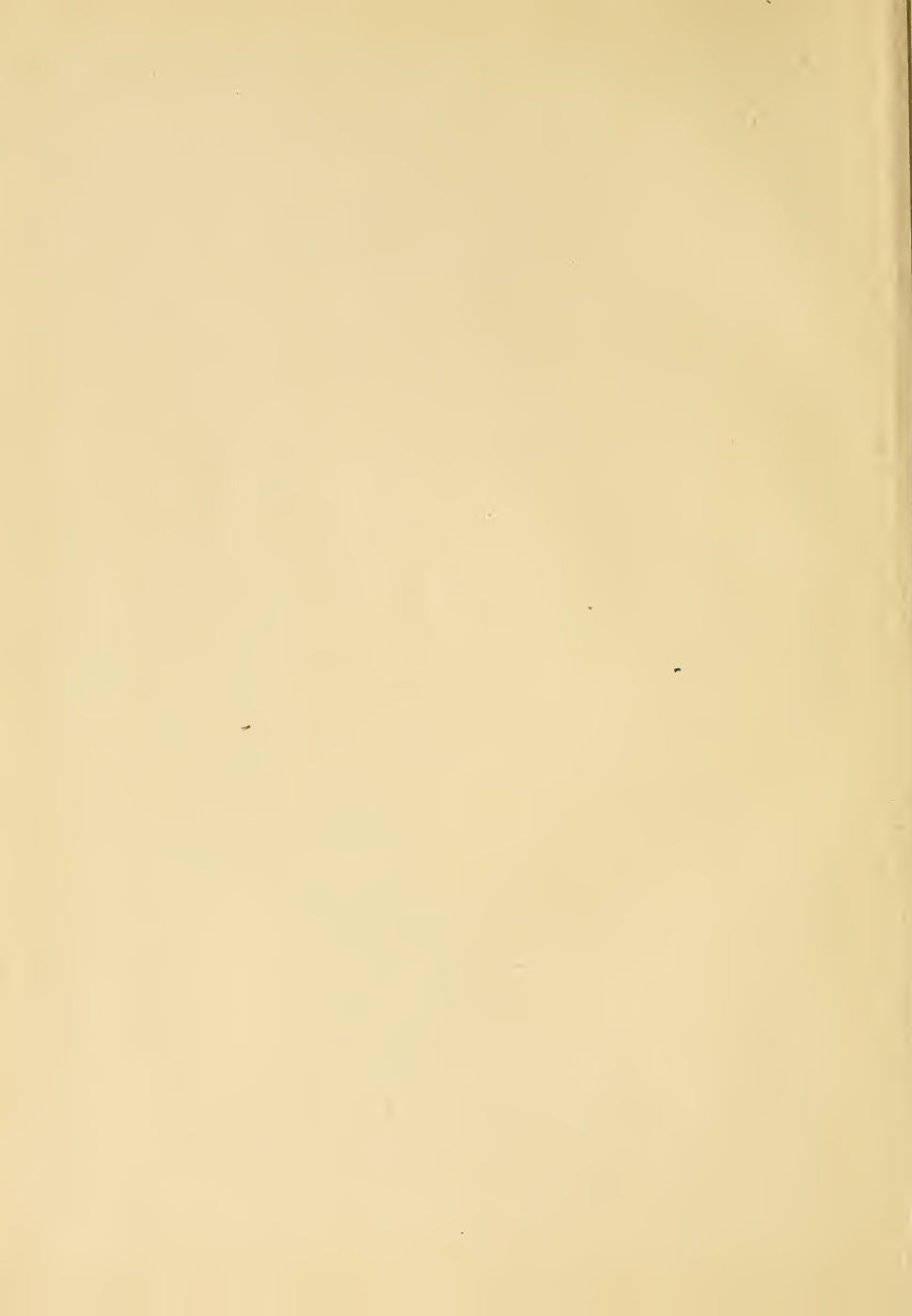


DELAWARE WATER GAP ON LACKAWANNA RAILROAD.

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