

A revised edition of this volume, prepared for the season of 1869, will be published early in the coming year. A large map, covering all the summer resorts of the country, has been ordered for this edition. Tourists who discover errors in the present volume, will confer a favor by informing the compiler, at the office of publication, No. 229 Broadway, New-York.

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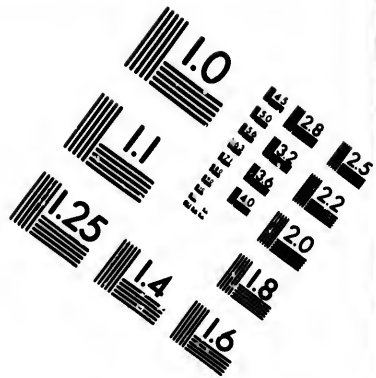
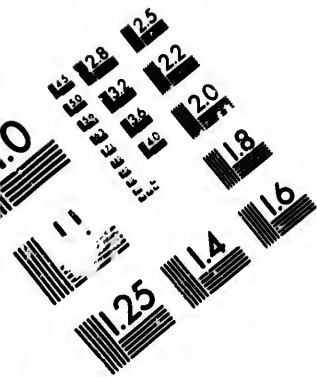
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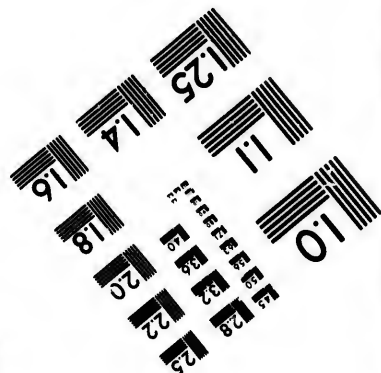
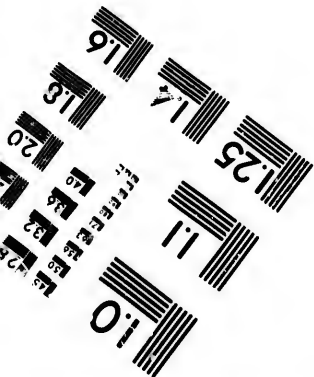
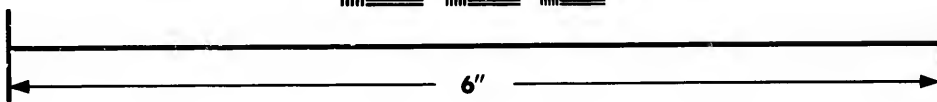
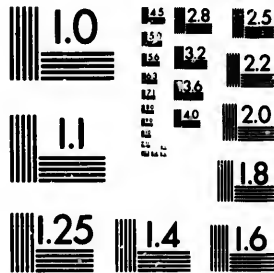
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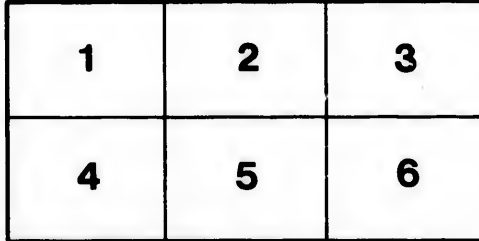
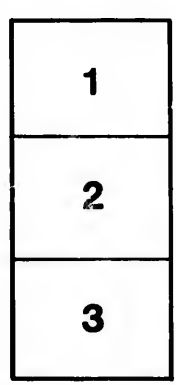
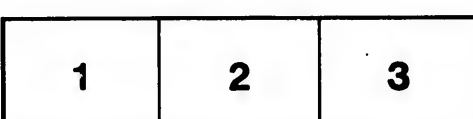
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BOOK

OF

SUMMER RESORTS,

EXPLAINING

WHERE TO FIND THEM, HOW TO FIND THEM, AND THEIR
ESPECIAL ADVANTAGES,

WITH

DETAILS OF TIME TABLES AND PRICES.

A COMPLETE GUIDE FOR THE SUMMER TOURIST,
WITH MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

COMPILED BY

CHARLES H. SWEETSER,

Author of the "Guide to the Northwest," and Editor of the "New-
York Evening Mail."

NEW-YORK :

"EVENING MAIL" OFFICE, No. 229 BROADWAY.

1868.

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JOHN A. GRAY & GREEN,

PRINTERS,

16 AND 18 JACOB STREET, NEW-YORK.

THIS BOOK OF SUMMER RESORTS is intended as a hand-book of practical information. It has been carefully and laboriously compiled, and is believed to be generally correct. Another season it will be made still more complete. We shall be happy to receive from any source facts and incidents that will add value to future editions. Our country is a splendid one for the tourist, but it has wretched guide-books. We trust that this volume will increase the interest in the former, and suggest improvements for the latter.

We have gleaned from any and all sources at command, borrowed and original. Especially have we culled from *Burt's Connecticut River Guide*, *Walling's Route Books*, *Lossing's Hudson*, *Star King's White Hills*, and William L. Stone's Saratoga writings. But a very considerable part of the book is original.

For many matters of interest to the summer tourist, we refer the reader to the introductory chapter. And for pure air, bird concerts, sparkling waters, long life, health, and happiness, we refer one and all to the places whither this book directs.

NEW-YORK, June, 1868.

THE compiler of this volume will make a specialty of reporting summer resort news through the columns of his paper, the New-York *Evening Mail*. In this journal there will be presented from time to time most valuable correspondence from many resorts, and every thing of interest to the summer traveler will be carefully noted. The *Mail* will be sent to any address during the months of June, July, August, and September for two dollars, or at the general rate of fifty cents per month.

GENERAL DIVISIONS.



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THE PROVINCES.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

ROUTES TO SOUTHERN SPRINGS.



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| Cattskill Mountain House. | Congress Hall, Saratoga. |
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| Windermere House, Greenwood Lake. | Falls of Minnehaha, Minnesota.
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| Empire and Congress Springs, Saratoga. | Mt. Mansfield House, Stowe, Vt.
Genesee Falls, N. Y. |
| High Rock Spring, Saratoga. | Franconia Notch, White Mountains. |
| High Rock Spring in 1767. | |

GENERAL INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

PRACTICAL HINTS TO THE TOURIST.

THERE are five things that an experienced traveler always makes a particular care :

- I. He owns a good trunk.*
- II. He carries thick clothing, even in the hottest weather.*
- III. His hand-satchel is never without camphor, laudanum, and brandy for medicine.*
- IV. He does not drink water in unaccustomed places.*
- V. He buys through tickets, even when not going beyond a local station.*

The summer tourist should certainly have his trip pretty well mapped out before starting. If he has four weeks and two hundred and fifty dollars, he can make either of the

LAKE SUPERIOR TRIP,

WHITE MOUNTAIN TRIP,

VIRGINIA SPRINGS TRIP,

ST. LAWRENCE AND SAGUENAY TRIP.

If he has six weeks and three hundred and fifty dollars, he can make the

TRIP OF THE PROVINCES.

For a four weeks' sojourn at the

SEA-SHORE,

one hundred and fifty dollars will suffice, even at the most popular places.

If the tourist has only two weeks and one hundred dollars, he can make a trip to

SARATOGA SPRINGS

and

LAKE GEORGE.

A young man can make the trip of the White Mountains with one hundred dollars, and wander about for ten days or a fortnight.

If one desires to breathe the sea air for a little, but does not care to spend over fifty or seventy-five dollars, he will do well to go to Branford, Ct., Watch Hill, R. I., or Rye, N. H.

The tourist should not visit Niagara, Long Branch, Newport, or Cape May, intending to live at the best hotels, without providing himself with money at the rate of fifty dollars a week.

The time-tables published in the railway-guides, although very valuable, are not so accurate as they should be. If you make extensive journeyings, you will do well to provide yourself with the time-tables of the roads over which you pass. They can be procured at leading hotels, or at central or union ticket-offices. This will save you much vexation.

Remember that the general cost of travel upon railroads is three and one third cents per mile. Upon steamboats it is generally one third less.

At Niagara and the White Mountains, there is an established rate of prices for the hackmen and stages. These you can learn at the hotel-desk, and if you then submit to extortion, it is simplest foolishness.

When you have long days of journey before you, carry lunches in your satchels. It will save extravagant expenses, and will afford a vast deal more comfort than the railroad restaurants.

Long Branch, Saratoga, and the White Mountains are incomparably the three great summer resorts of the country. Of the Lakes, Mahopac is first. The "Gregory House" there is unequalled in the country. The "Pequot House," at New-London, is certainly the most fashionable summer hotel in the country.

If you are planning a trip among the Adirondacks, remember that Plattsburg, Vt., is the grand starting-point. Go directly to Fouquet's Hotel, and there you can get all information, and make all your plans. Do not plan for less than six weeks, if you are going to the Adirondacks. Two hundred dollars will cover the expense.

In going to the White Mountains, go up the Connecticut Valley, and return by way of Portland.

For downright rough sea-side experience, the best point for the tourist is Mount Desert, Maine. You can spend a fortnight here for fifty dollars.

Some of the best fishing points are at the eastern extremity of Long Island, and which are almost the only places not fully recorded in this book. Another season we shall make this more complete. But if the tourist takes the boat to Sag Harbor, he will find a good boarding-house there, and if he goes by Long Island Railroad to Greenport, he will have no difficulty in locating among the favorite haunts of the fishermen.

For trout-fishing, go to Lake Umbagog, north of the White Mountains about 20 miles. There are no hotels here, but you can live with the farmers, and have glorious bread and milk. The starting-point for Umbagog is Gorham, N. H.

The Delaware Water Gap trip affords a view of some of the finest scenery in all the country. There are splendid hotels here, and it is a most fascinating trip to take.

For a far trip, nothing can be more interesting, varied, and healthy than up Lake Superior, across in the forests (by stage) to St. Paul, thence down the Mississippi, and home by Madison, Chicago, and Detroit. This requires six weeks, and three hundred and fifty dollars. There is superb fishing all about St. Paul. For any one inclined to consumption, no better trip can be taken in the world. Only remember in going up Lake Superior, that only one boat (the Keweenaw) goes all the way through the lake to Superior City.

The White Sulphur Springs are most popular, and are well described in this volume.

For a lengthy summer visit, Conroy, N. H., Manchester, Vt., Stockbridge, Northampton, and Greenfield, Mass., and Litchfield and Stamford, Ct., are the most delightful.

The most enchanting near mountain view in the country is from Mount Holyoke, near Northampton, Mass.

If you go to the White Mountains, do not fail to visit Berlin Falls, above Gorham. They are, inadvertently, almost overlooked in our White Mountain chapter.

Of the Long Branch hotels, "Howland's" is most exclusive, "Stetson's" most elegant, the "Continental" the largest and gayest, the "Mansion" finest situated for the water, and the "Metropolitan" nearest the cars and most reasonable in prices.

The Guilford Point House, at Guilford, Ct., is one of the very best sea-side hotels. It is quiet and yet fashionable, and the prices reasonable.

The College Hill House, at Poughkeepsie, Highland House, at Garrison's, (West-Point,) Heath House, at Schooley's Mountain, and the Saint Alban's House, on Lake Champlain, are all famous for their excellent management.

In making fishing excursions, there is little advantage in carrying with you any apparatus. It can be procured easily and cheaply at all the fishing resorts.

For mackerel-fishing, go to Swampscot, Mass. For blue-fishing, cruise among the Thimble Islands in the Sound, off Branford. For crabbing and clams, the Rocky Point House, near Providence, is celebrated.

At the Sault Sainte Marie, Lake Superior, there is a hotel that is much frequented by fishermen. At this point the Indians catch great quantities of lake trout for the market. The three best lakes in Minnesota for fishing are: Minnetonka, White Bear, and Clear Lake. There are hotels at each. There is superb fishing in the lakes about Madison, Wisconsin.

If you want a grand old buffalo hunt, go to Fort Abercrombie, by stage from Saint Paul. For the best deer hunting, go to Sunrise, Wisconsin, on the military and stage road from Saint Paul to Superior City. For brook trout, there is no place in all the land equal to "Twin Lakes," 20 miles west of Superior City.

Young men who desire adventure will find the best ocean trip from Superior City up the Saint Louis River, across Sandy Lake, and down the Mississippi to Saint Paul. This requires a week, and an Indian guide or two.

The trip "across the Continent" has been ignored in

this book, as hardly yet practicable for the ordinary summer tourist. It will doubtless take its place in our next edition.

In our account of Sharon Springs we have neglected to speak of Union Hall, one of the leading hotels there. It is kept by Mr. A. Willmann. Terms, \$3.50 per day, with a reduction for families; rooms for 300 guests. House open from June 15th to September 15th. Sulphur baths may be had here.

In our Staten Island article we have neglected to notice Pettler's Hotel, which has just been purchased by Mr. Lachmeyer, and which is now being refitted and enlarged. The house overlooks the entire Bay of New-York, and is reached from the first steamboat landing on either side.

The "New-York Hotel," at Pleasure Bay, has been leased by Mrs. Mortimer, who kept the "Cooper Cottage" last year.

Nearly all the summer hotels will open this year on the 1st of June.

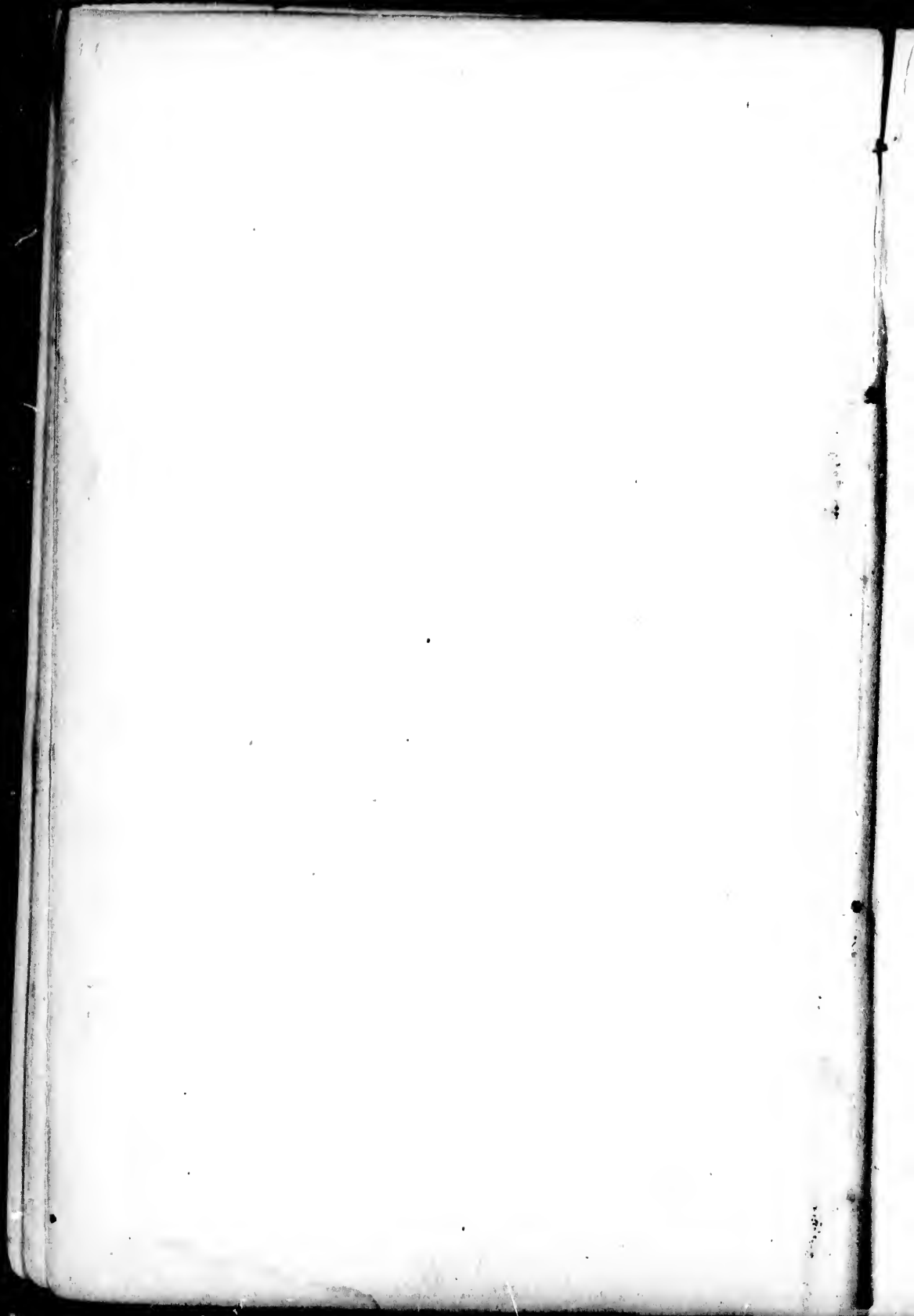
Tourists who propose to make the overland trip to California will find some useful tables among the time-tables at the end of the volume.

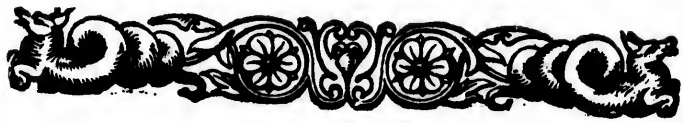
In planning for the Lake Superior trip, the tourist should remember that boats leave tri-weekly from Detroit and Cleveland. The Keweenaw goes to Superior City. The Meteor and other boats to Ontonagon only.

In going to Saint Paul, Minnesota, if you do not have the time for the steamboat trip up the Mississippi, you can go all the way by cars, crossing the Mississippi at Prairie du Chien. Maps and time-tables can be had of Mr. Prince, No. 2 Astor House, New-York.

Among the excursions announced for the summer, none will be more delightful than those planned by the New-Jersey Railway to the Virginia Springs.

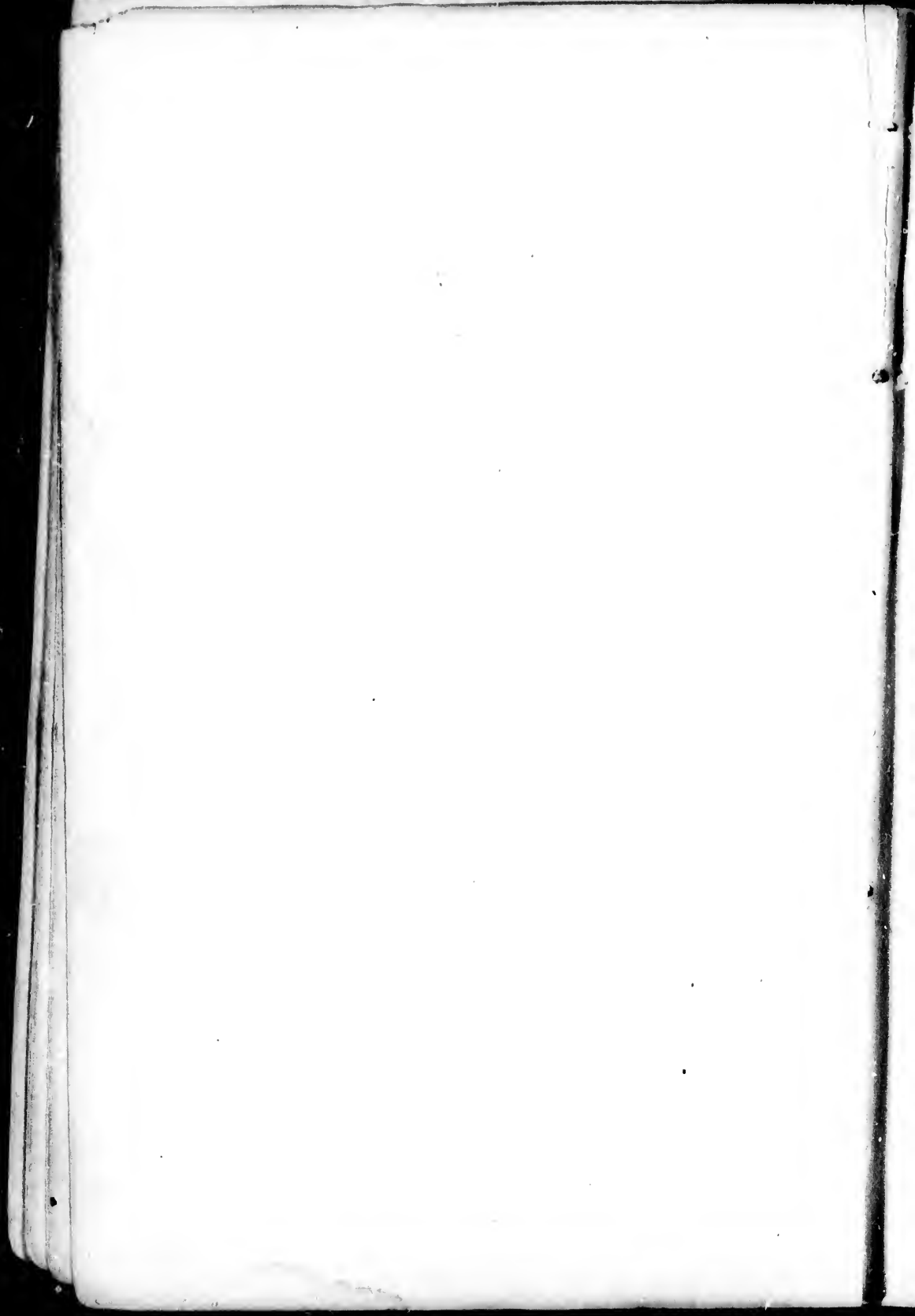
Finally, bound up with this volume, there are a number of blank pages for pencil memorandas. By filling out these, as you journey, you will serve many good and pleasant ends.





Lakes, Rivers, and Mountains.





LAKES, RIVERS, AND MOUNTAINS.



ALONG THE HUDSON RIVER.

MR. LOSSING, in his *Book of the Hudson*, (to which, with other volumes, we are greatly indebted,) well remarks, that "the past has left scarcely a record upon the shores of this river ; it is full of the living present, illustrating by its general aspect the free thought and free action which are giving strength and solidity to the young and vigorous nation within whose bosom its bright waters flow." The Hudson is commonly spoken of in comparison with the Rhine ; but, unlike that less charming stream, its beauties are those of nature, and not antiquity ; its distinction is almost wholly dependent upon the peculiar attractions of its banks, its woods and mountains. We start, therefore, appropriately, from the busiest city in the world, and shall seldom be turned aside from Nature's beauty by tradition or history till we lose ourselves in the primeval forest whence the Hudson springs. Our way lies now over the very finest route for the summer tourist in all the country ; and it is peculiarly American, as it is peculiarly beautiful.

In the present article, we shall include not only the immediate banks of the river, but points of interest along the Harlem and Piermont (Northern New-Jersey) Railways,

as fitly belonging here. The river-trip proper may be made best in either one of two ways: by the day-boat to Albany, the "Daniel Drew," or the "Chauncey Vibbard," 9 A.M., from foot of Harrison street; fare, \$1; excellent dinner (\$1) on board; or by the Hudson River Railway, in Wagner's "drawing-room cars," which afford at once elegance, seclusion without danger, and as perfect a view, through large windows, as can be gained from land; (charge, \$1 extra, over fare, to Albany.) The time to Albany is, by steamboat, about 15 hours; by rail, 6 hours on express trains, 6½ to 7 on others. Fare on railway—about one third less in summer than in winter—through to Albany, \$3.20.

For the tourist, the Hudson River will begin at Harrison or at Thirtieth street, and be little more than a place to get away from until he reach One Hundred and Fifty-second street, *alias* Washington Heights, where there is a way-station of the railway, and a large hotel just opposite.

Washington Heights may well be made a point of departure by such tourists as are unfamiliar with the elegant upper portion of New-York Island and its neighborhood. Revolutionary memories are most plentiful here, and one can almost perceive the struggle going on between the bones of the martyrs of '76 and the cabbages of our wealthy butchers and bakers, etc., who have purchased and are metamorphosing the ancient ground. A ride of 5 miles in any direction over the splendidly macadamized Bloomingdale road, the continuation (for more than 20 miles) of Broadway, or over many of the by-ways, will richly repay the visitor. The naturalist Audubon purchased and improved, a few years ago, a fine grove less than a quarter-mile above the hotel, calling it Audubon Park. The inclosure is now filled with pretty cottages, the one nearest the south-west being the original

mansion. The widow of the *savant* resides in one of the other dwellings. Near the park, toward the east, is the Trinity Church Cemetery, in which are many notable graves, among them that of Audubon. The Convent of the Sacred Heart, a large and fashionable young ladies' boarding-school as well as convent, Roman Catholic in government, is further down, upon the Tenth avenue; and the pretentious residence, with gilded dome, of the editor of the *New-York Herald*, James Gordon Bennett, commonly attracts the curiosity of a stranger as we go nearer the eastern shore. Before leaving the Heights, the visitor will also wish to examine the spot whose former occupation gives name to the mountain or ridge upon which are all these places—the old Fort Washington. This extended its earth-works quite to the river; but the citadel stood on the crown of Mount Washington, now called Washington Heights, the most elevated land on the island, overlooking the country in every direction, and having in view the river from the Highlands to the harbor of the city below. The exact location was between One Hundred and Eighty-first and One Hundred and Eighty-sixth streets, and about Eleventh avenue. The Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb stands nearly upon the spot, and the whole vicinity is occupied with charming villas. The only remains of the Revolutionary fortifications visible are in the earth-works on the river at Jeffrey's Hook.

While at the Heights, one must run over to the Harlem side of the island. High Bridge is well known to every one as a magnificent viaduct 1450 feet long, 114 high, transporting the Croton River water in huge mains over the Harlem (more properly Muscoota) River, two miles above Harlem Bridge, at One Hundred and Thirtieth

street. Morris House, on the cliff overhanging the river, is a fine old mansion, famous as the residence of Aaron Burr's widow, better known as Madame Jumel, her former husband's name. The mansion was erected in 1755 by Roger Morris, General Washington's successful (Tory) rival in a suit for the hand of Miss Mary Philipse. A fine view of the vicinity may be had either from the house or the grounds behind it.

About a mile inland, on the Kingsbridge road, half-way between the two rivers, is the Grange, the house of Gen. Alexander Hamilton, standing secluded at some distance from the road. Near the house is a group of 13 trees planted by the General, and named after the original States; the one named South-Carolina alone grew up crooked!

Spuyt den Duyvel Creek is a very pretty little stream, though too trifling to be the dividing line, as it is, of the great city from Westchester county. It takes its name from the famous attempt of Stuyvesant's trumpeter, Antony Van Corlear, to swim across it *en spuyt den Duyvel*—"in spite of the Devil!" The latter personage triumphed, and has commonly been considered master of the situation, not to say of the city, ever since! The creek runs in a north-westerly direction from the Muscoota (Harlem) to the Hudson River. Kingsbridge is a small wooden bridge over the creek, at its head, where there is somewhat of a village. It was built in 1693, and was the only means of approaching Manhattan (New-York) from the mainland. Here there was much fighting during the Revolution, and from its northern end to the Croton River the country was so unsafe that neither Whig nor Tory could live safely, whence the name of the Neutral Ground. At the northern border of it we shall meet with the interesting history of Major André.

Over the (Hudson) river, the Northern Railway of New-Jersey runs back into the country beyond the cliffs, making its most important calls at Fort Lee, Englewood, and Piermont. Englewood boasts the Palisade House, a large hotel, where many summer boarders find delightful escape from the city. Fort Lee is a village grandly situated on the southern summit of the Palisades, 300 feet above the river, and chiefly interesting from that fact. These splendid cliffs, or columns, beginning at Fort Lee, about opposite One Hundred and Sixtieth street in the city, extend some 20 miles up the river, as far as the Tappan Zee, (Sea,) a broad basin at Tarrytown. More imposing, considering their distance and height, than the rocky banks of the Saguenay, they form a magnificent contrast to the quiet beauty of the opposite shore. The formation is trap, much resembling the columns of Fingal's Cave and the Giant Causeway; but the cliff hardly varies from the perpendicular, and extends unbrokenly until it terminates as abruptly as it began. The height of the Palisades is 300 to 500 feet.

Past New-York (Manhattan) Island, the next best stopping-place is Yonkers, where is the Getty House, W. H. Doty, proprietor—always open. The village is an ancient settlement at the mouth of the Neperah, or Sawmill River, was recently incorporated, and is a favorite suburban home of New-Yorkers. The chief attraction to visitors is the ancient Philipse Manor, built in 1682 and 1745, now occupied by the Hon. W. W. Woodworth, who makes visitors welcome. Beautiful Mary Philipse, the early love of General Washington, was born and lived here. It was at Yonkers landing that Hudson found the strong tidal current from the north that revived his hopes of a northern passage to India. Font Hill, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles

down, is a mansion built in English castellated form by Edwin Forrest, tragedian, for a summer residence, in 1838. His dreams of domestic happiness were permitted realization here with his wife till 1844, when he revisited England and became involved with Macready. This resulted in the famous "Astor Place riots" in New-York City, 1848, and domestic troubles and divorce to poor Forrest. The Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity (Mount Saint Vincent) have purchased and greatly added to the building for a convent. Dobb's Ferry, (which readers of the January *Putnam* will easily recognize,) originally *Weec-ques-guck*, (Indian for "place of the bark-kettle,") is 5 miles north of Yonkers, on the railway, and is notable for the Livingston Mansion, now owned by Stephen Archer, a Friend, where Washington met, in 1783, the "Civil Governor of New-York," George Clinton, and the British commander, Sir Guy Carleton, to confer concerning the evacuation of the city. At this point in the river is the most picturesque portion of the Palisades.

The passenger by boat will stop at Piermont, on the west bank, between Tarrytown and Dobb's Ferry. Irvington is directly opposite to it. The Erie Railway formerly made Piermont its eastern terminus; but since New-Jersey has admitted that great corporation to privileges on its soil, only the freight terminus remains here. The river at this point is 3 miles wide, and still retains the old Dutch name of Tappan Zee. The village of Tappan, where André was tried and executed, is 3 miles out of Piermont.

Tarrytown must be the traveler's point of departure for the region made classic by Irving. Every body knows what there is of interest hereabout, and will need no assistance from us. André's monument, on the spot of his arrest, Van Wart's monument, at Greensburg, 3 miles

east, and the monument to the three captors, near the Pocanteco, are the chief Revolutionary reminders. One mile below Irvington is Nevis, the estate of Gen. Alexander Hamilton's eldest son, James, where may be seen the library, and a portrait by Stuart, of the illustrious officer. Not far distant is Mr. Cottinet's residence, built in French style, of Caen stone, and esteemed superior, externally and internally, to any other dwelling on the Hudson. The owner is a wealthy merchant of New-York. Another remarkably fine mansion near Tarrytown is the Paulding Manor, built of white marble in the pointed Tudor style, and exceedingly picturesque in effect.

The principal points of interest regarding Washington Irving's home and writings are : Sunnyside, his residence, with its grounds, on Wolfert Acker's Rust, 3 miles below Tarrytown ; Sleepy Hollow, just above the old brick and stone Dutch church, on the Pocanteco, where Ichabod lost his wits ; and the grave of the great Irving, behind the old church, in full view of the Tappan Zee.

At Nyack, a charming village on the west shore a little above the point opposite Tarrytown, (ferry from the latter place,) the Smithsonian House affords entertainment, whence a short drive brings the tourist to Rockland Lake, 150 feet above the river, half a mile long and three fourths wide, noted for its ice trade. The Hackensack River carries the waters of this lake to Newark Bay, near New-York. On the other side of the river there is the State prison at Sing Sing, which the tourist will hardly care to visit ; and at Croton Point, 36 miles from New-York, he will find the mouth of Croton (originally Kitchawan) River, and may profitably visit the artificial lake from which the purified waters of the stream supply the citizens of Manhattan. Dr. Underhill's graperies are located at Croton,

and are worth visiting. Recrossing the river and ascending a few miles, we are at Stony Point, made forever famous by "Mad Anthony Wayne," in 1779. The whole point is a mass of granite rock, with patches of evergreen and shrubs, except on the northern side, where is a black cliff of magnetic ore, not worth quarrying.

We are now rapidly approaching Peekskill, the second of the chief stations, (Yonkers first,) on the railway, 43 miles up. The river here becomes 3 miles broad, forming Haverstraw Bay, which extends as far north as the Dunderberg, a grand, boulder-like mountain, ("thunder mountain,") about a mile above the town, on the west bank. This and Anthony's Nose, opposite, are two of the finest elevations of the whole river-bank. The railway tunnel under Anthony's Nose is one of the most interesting objects in itself and its vicinity which the rapid traveler may enjoy. Anthony's Nose is a rocky promontory which rises to the height of 1128 feet, the base of which has been tunneled by the railway a length of 200 feet. Two miles above is Sugar Loaf Mountain, with an elevation of 865 feet. Near by, and reaching far out into the river, is a sandy bluff, on which Fort Independence once stood. Further on is Beverly Island, and in the extreme distance Bear Mountain. At Peekskill itself, the Van Cortlandt Mansion, once Gen. Washington's headquarters, the monument to Paulding, (one of André's captors,) and Henry Ward Beecher's residence, are the chief things to see. Mr. Beecher has a farm of about 30 acres, and every farmer in the neighborhood is puzzled to know how he gets so much out of it. It produces an enormous quantity of vegetables, most of which are sold in the village, and his neighbors say it nets him about \$5000 a year. It stands on the slope of one of the hills that stretch up from the Hud-

son River, and is one of the smartest and prettiest houses, though decidedly antique in architecture, that one could wish to live in. Mr. Beecher's family reside here from the beginning of summer till about the middle of the fall, and the head of the establishment spends about half of the same time.

Lake Mohegan is only 4 miles distant, and Lake Mahopac about 14. Another lake, Oskewanna, is 4 miles away. There was only one hotel at Lake Mohegan last season, but there are several boarding-houses in the neighborhood, and most of them are pretty well filled. There is excellent fishing at Oskewanna, and parties from New York ride out from Peekskill every day, spend a few hours coaxing pickerel from their cool retreat, and return next day. Most of the visitors at Lake Mahopac run out by the Harlem Railway.

Close by the Dunderberg, just below the Brocken Kill, lies Iona Island, (300 acres, 200 being marsh,) rendered notable of late by Dr. C. W. Grant's nursery and graperies. This island is upon the dividing line of temperature. The sea-breeze stops here, and its effects are visible upon vegetation. The season is two weeks earlier than at Newburg, only 14 miles north, above the Highlands. The width of the river between the island and Anthony's Nose is only three eighths of a mile—less than at any other point below Albany; and the tidal currents here, in the deep water, are so swift that this part of the river is called the Race. It is about at this point that the river takes a great bend to the north-east, recovering from the western bend by which it leaves the bay at Peck's Kill, and continues in a narrower channel till we pass Cold Spring, where it turns again to the east slightly. The last change of direction is caused by West-Point, a bold promontory of great

attractions, both naturally, æsthetically, and socially. This famous resort is reached directly by boat, and by ferry from the railway station of Garrison's, 51 miles from New-York City. The Highland House at Garrison's accommodates 50 boarders; reached by stage. Cozzens's, 1 mile below the Point, is the principal hotel; excellent, but limited (200) in accommodations. Roe's Hotel is at the extreme north end of the plateau. Both houses command magnificent views. Cozzens's is nearest to Buttermilk Falls—a small cascade 3 miles above Fort Montgomery, where Sir Henry Clinton, in 1777, successfully attacked and drove out the brothers, Generals George and James Clinton, hoping thereby to save Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga. The falls are 100 feet high, of a milk-white color when swollen, whence their name. They are situate on Sini-pink Lake, at the foot of Bear Mountain—the lake so incarnadined at the battles named above as to be otherwise known as Bloody Pond.

The best months in which to visit West-Point are July and August, not only for viewing the river scenery, which is extremely luxuriant at that season, but on account of the military exercises, better known as "exhibitions," in which all the cadets join. The Military Academy, at the extreme north end of the promontory, Flirtation Walk, a romantic shaded path cut in the rocky hillside, leading to Kosciusko's garden and monument, and numberless other minor attractions, render the point one to be long remembered with pleasure by its visitors.

Cro'nest, more commonly known as Kidd's Plug Cliff, on the western bank, casts its broad shadow upon us as we continue our voyage up from West-Point. This is one of the highest mountains found in the Highland group—1428 feet. Rodman Drake's *Culprit Fay* has its scene here.

George P. Morris lived at Undercliff, a terrace of Bull Hill, opposite Cro'nest, and wrote about it. Cold Spring is the railway station for both these points, the cliff where Kidd "plugged" away his treasures being reached by row-boat.

The village of Cornwall is on the same side of the river with Cro'nest, in Orange county. It is a favorite place of summer resort; hotel, Linden Park, kept by C. H. Ring. Idlewild, the residence of the late N. P. Willis, is a little north of the village. That genial poet has done the residents of this vicinity much good service, like Dr. Hitchcock at the hills about Amherst, Mass., in substituting Indian or poetic names for the barbaric terms often covering these splendid cliffs.

Beyond Cold Spring, on the east bank of the river, the Highland range is continued in the jagged precipices of the Breakneck and Beacon hills, in height respectively 1187 and 1685 feet. These mountains are among the most commanding features of the river scenery. Mr. Lossing remarks of this region, "I rowed to the middle of the river in the direction of Cold Spring village, (from Newburg,) and obtained a fine view of the Highland entrance to Newburg Bay. On the left, in shadow [sunset] stood the Storm King, on the right was rugged Breakneck, with its neighbor, round Little Beacon Hill, and between was Pollopell's Island, a solitary rocky eminence rising from the river a mile north of them. Beyond these were seen the expanse of Newburg Bay, the village, the cultivated country beyond, and the dim, pale peaks of the Katzbegs, [Catskills,] almost 60 miles distant. This view is always admired by travelers as one of the most agreeable from New-York to Albany."

Newburg lies on the western bank of the river, nearly opposite Fishkill, with which communication is had by

ferry. It is the youngest city in the State, and has a population of 15,000. The hotels are: United States, by H. Blake, opposite the landing; the Powelton, same proprietor, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the landing, a quarter-mile from the river. The future Boston, Atlantic, and Erie Railway will have its western terminus here, and the Company are endeavoring to obtain privilege to bridge the river here, that they may connect westward: the road now ends at Waterbury, Ct., and is known as the Providence, Hartford, and Fishkill. Newburg is the scene of many of the incidents in Cooper's *Spy*; but the tourist will find it most interesting in the fine landscape and the historical reminiscences at Washington's head-quarters, the old Hasbrouck Mansion, built 1750, now owned by the State. The Revolutionary army was disbanded here June 23d, 1783. In the spring of that year, at this place, a revolt against Congress by the soldiers was quieted by General Washington, after he had been offered the power and title of king, with such result as the reader may imagine. The old mansion stands in the south part of the village.

Two miles north-east of Fishkill Landing is the Verplanck House, interesting as having once been the head-quarters of Baron Steuben, and the place in which the famous Society of the Cincinnati was organized in 1783.

Beyond this, the first point of interest is New-Hamburg Tunnel, an excavation through a rocky promontory, 800 feet long. All over this bluff, including the roof of the tunnel, the *arbor vitæ*, commonly but inaccurately called the white cedar, grows most abundantly and beautifully. Loudon, the English horticulturist, deems these some of the finest specimens of this shrub in the world. They grow of all sizes and most perfect in form; but the most beautiful are those of 6 to 10 feet in height,

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whose branches shoot out close to the ground, forming perfect cones, and exhibiting nothing to the eye but delicate sprays and bright green leaves. The traveler can not fail to have his attention drawn to these beautiful shrubs from the deck of his steamboat. Next to New-Hamburg comes Milton Landing on the railway, a village which, with Marlborough lying further back, is noted for vast supplies of raspberries, wholly employing one steamboat during the season, for the New-York City market. At Milton, Theophilus Anthony, a blacksmith, helped to forge the chain which was stretched across the river at Fort Montgomery by the patriots in 1777. His grandsons, the Messrs. Gill, sustain a mill on his place, by the old stone mansion.

At the mouth of the foaming Winnakee Creek, 75 miles above New-York City, and the same distance from Troy, a pretty Mohegan legend relates that a young Delaware chief, with his bride, found a "safe and pleasant harbor" from pursuing Hurons; whence the name, which is in Indian, *Apokeepsinck*, now written Poughkeepsie. There are on record 42 different spellings of this name. The city was settled by the Dutch in 1705, contains 17,000 people, and is the third important station on the road to Albany. A notoriously poor restaurant at the depot affords edibles and potables during the "ten minutes for refreshments." The city is partly upon a hill-side, sloping to the river, but chiefly on an elevated plain, back of which is College Hill, whose summit is 500 feet above the town. Here is the College Hill House, standing on the Hyde Park road, 2 miles from the centre of the town: a first-class, admirable summer hotel, just opened, with rooms for 50 boarders. The Morgan House is a first-class hotel on the main street. Within a few miles' ride are Locust Grove, residence

of Professor S. F. B. Morse, author of the electro-magnetic-telegraph—a beautifully embowered villa ; Vassar College for young ladies, a splendid and most complete institution, admirable and peculiar in architecture, and the munificent gift of Mr. Matthew Vassar, of Poughkeepsie ; the famous “ Business Colleges ” of Poughkeepsie, and the Hyde Park road and village, 5 miles distant. Benson J. Lossing resides here.

Rondout is opposite Rhinebeck, which is 90 miles from New-York City. It stands on the Rondout (Redoubt) Creek, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles up which is the Delaware and Hudson Canal. The coal business makes Rondout one of the most active places on the Hudson. Rhinebeck was named in honor of the great river of the country whence came William Beekman, the first settler, a sort of Hudson River Penn, in 1647. The mansion is one of the best specimens of an old Dutch homestead to be found in the Hudson valley ; and several other fine residences attract the curiosity of tourists. Exchange Hotel affords good accommodations at Rhinebeck.

Saugerties and Tivoli, the one on the west and the other on the east bank of the river, next attract our attention. Saugerties is a picturesque and prosperous manufacturing village, at the mouth of the Esopus Creek. Rokeby, the estate of William B. Astor, son of John Jacob Astor, was built by his father-in-law, General John Armstrong, who wrote the addresses to the Continental army which came so near producing a revolt, as we saw just now at New-burg. The place is less than 5 miles below Tivoli. Near it is Saint Stephen's College, a training school preparatory to the General Theological (Episcopal) Seminary in Chelsea, New-York City, and established by Mr. John Bard, at an expense of \$60,000.

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A little above Tivoli, Clermont, the former residence of Robert R. Livingston, the first Chancellor of the State of New-York, may be seen at Malden on the opposite side of the river. Besides the eminent public services of the Chancellor, his fame is connected with that of Robert Fulton in the introduction of steam navigation. It will be remembered that the Hudson River boasts the honor of having borne upon its bosom the first successful steamboat in the world, and it is at this point that we most fitly recall that interesting chapter. Livingston furnished Fulton the means to carry on his experiments, and the first successful steamboat trip was made by the Clermont (named in honor of Livingston's residence) in the autumn of 1807. She reached Albany in 32 hours from New-York on this first trip; and thus navigation by steam, which had previously been considered a wild and chimerical project, became an established fact. Chancellor Livingston died in 1813.

Eleven miles north of Tivoli is Catskill Station, where passengers on the railway take ferry for Catskill. The portion of the river included in this region will be found fully described under the title, *THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS*.

The city of Hudson, fourth and last chief station on the railway, is 115 miles from New-York City. It is an important railway point, being the western terminus of the Hudson and Boston Railway, which connects Boston with this point by the Western road to Chatham, about 20 miles. On the other side of the river, also, the "Athens cut-off" is a new extension of the New-York Central Railway, by which the Castleton Bar in the river, as well as some of the distance between Hudson and Albany is avoided, going direct to Schenectady. There is little or nothing of interest to the tourist by the river bank here; the shores,

(except at the Catskills) have lost their boldness, and are henceforth generally low and uninteresting. By taking the cars for Canaan, however, on the Hudson and Boston road, the tourist will, in little over an hour, be set down at the railway station, whence carriages will convey him to Columbia Hall, at the famous Lebanon Springs, and Shaker village. (See article entitled **LEBANON SPRINGS.**)

Coxsackie Station deserves notice as a notable shad-fishing place. The shad are the most important fish of the Hudson, and caught in such immense numbers as to make them cheap dishes for the poor man's table. They enter the Hudson in immense numbers toward the close of March or the beginning of April, and ascend to the head of tide-water to spawn. It is while on their passage up that the greater number and best-conditioned are caught, several hundred being sometimes taken in a single "catch." They generally descend the river at the close of May, when they are called "back shad," and are so lean and almost worthless, that "thin as a June shad" is a common epithet applied to lean persons. The sturgeon is also caught on the Hudson in large numbers at most of the fishing stations. The most important of these are in the vicinity of Hyde Park, and Low Point, near Poughkeepsie. These fish are sold in such quantities in Albany that they have been called, in derision, "Albany beef." They vary in size from 2 to 8 feet long, and in weight from 100 to 450 pounds. The catch commences in April and continues until the latter end of August. The flesh is used for food by some, and the oil that is extracted is considered equal to the best sperm as an illuminator. The tourist may often see them leaping several feet from the water when chasing some smaller fish. Bass and herring are also caught in almost every part of the river.

Kinderhook, 125 miles from New-York, 25 from Troy, was so named (*Kinder's hoeck*, "Children's Point") because its first settler had a very numerous progeny. President Martin Van Buren spent the last years of his life at his country-seat, 2 miles south, called Lindenwold.

Castleton is the *horribile locus* of the river; the *overslaugh*, as the Dutch mariners called the hidden sand-bar, is, at low tide, an effectual damper on the enthusiasm of the tourist, as it is provocative of profanity to the unlearned. There is a bad sand-bar in the river, and the multitudinous efforts to destroy it have all failed, because the next freshet from the mountains will always bring down mud and sand enough to cover up the last excavation. The place is 11 miles below Albany.

The city of Albany, political capital of the State of New-York, presents an imposing appearance as you approach it from the south. Standing upon the slope of a hill which rises from the flats to a height of 220 feet, it has not failed to give to its finest buildings the full benefit of position. Among these the traveler will particularly note in his view the Capitol, the City Hall, and Dudley Observatory. There is no good view from the city to the river, as most of the country about this point is very flat and uninteresting. Albany is mainly interesting to a traveler as affording an example of how political (and nothing else) a centre of government may become; but its Dutch history will also prove very entertaining. The city most nearly approaches the cities of Holland, in both architecture, narrow streets, aristocracy, and even language, of any city on this continent. The old Dutch families treasure up their mother tongue with great zeal, the Dutch language having been until quite a recent date spoken considerably in certain circles. The name of the city was changed from Bever-

wyck to Albany at the same time that New-York took its new title, (in place of New-Amsterdam,) both cities being named for one man, King James II., then Duke of both York and Albany.

The river above Albany will hardly interest the tourist until he comes to that portion of it notable for its falls and other features of a mountain brook. The new bridge at Troy, nearly a mile in length, will attract his attention, as also the Roman Catholic Provincial Seminary of divinity for New-York and New-England, on Mount Ida, opposite Troy; but these are rather points of interest to the business traveler than to the tourist, and we may decline to pass under the arch which divides the great river of the Highlands from the quieter country above.

THE CATSKILLS.

The Catskill Mountain House, which is the central point for the Catskills, may be reached in 8 to 12 or 13 hours from New-York City, by boat or rail, and stage. By rail you leave Thirtieth street at 10 A.M., and reach the station opposite Catskill at 2.43 P.M., fare \$2.35; ferry over the river, and Beach's stage line (10 miles, \$4) carries you up the mountain to the hotel. By steamboat one may leave the city at 9 A.M. on the Daniel Drew or C. Vibbard, foot of Desbrosses street; at 5 P.M. on the Thomas (not Mary) Powell or New Champion, Franklin Street pier, Saturdays, 2 P.M., or by several other lines; fare generally, \$1 to Catskill. Besides the particular stage line referred to, from the point where the steam ferry-boat lands, carriages and omnibuses take passengers to the village, half a mile distant, or carry them directly to the mountains or elsewhere, as they may desire. The hotels

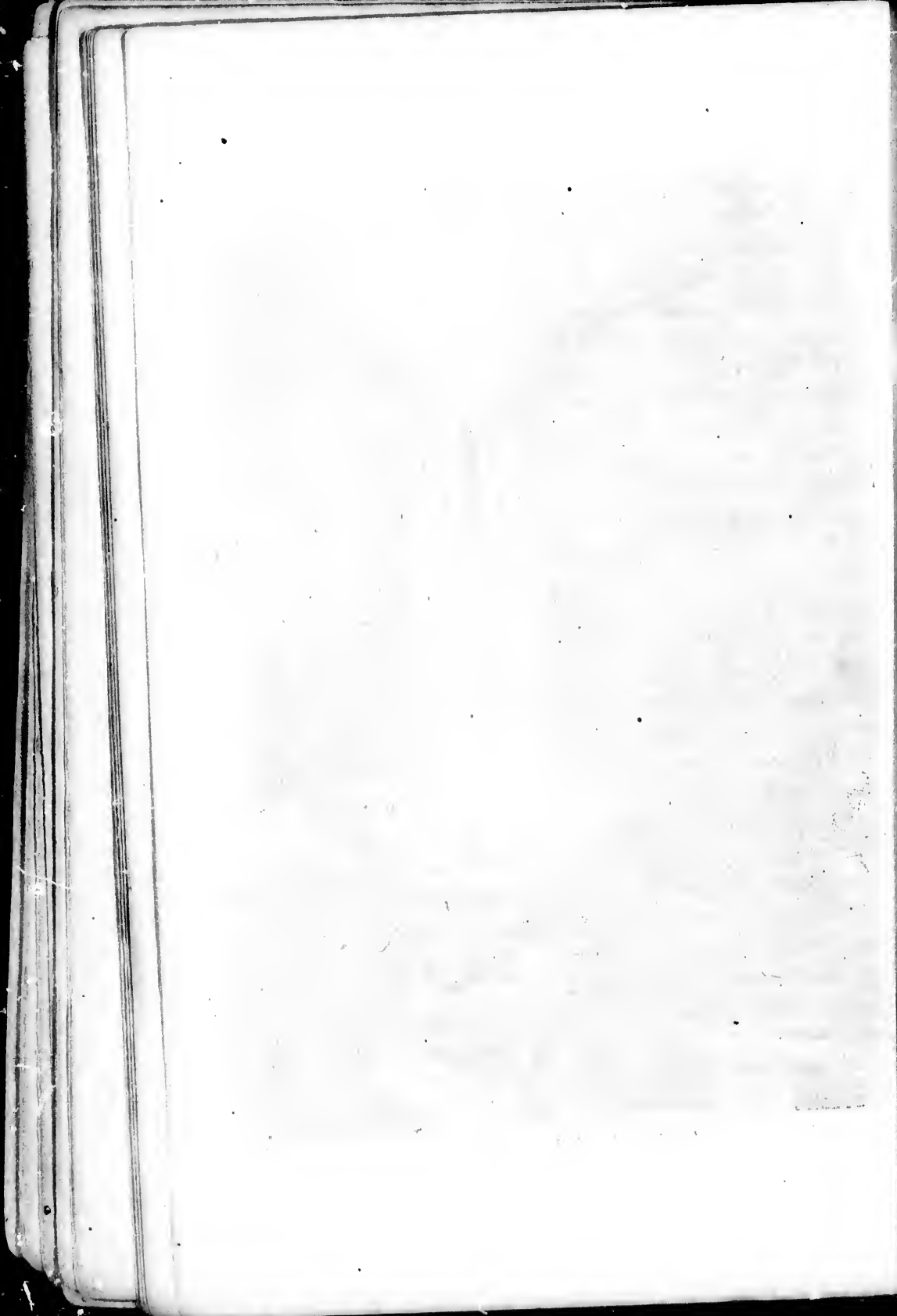
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and some of the larger boarding-houses have carriages, or stages, which run daily, or oftener, to and from them and the landing and village, while from other houses carriages are sent to meet such as are coming to them as boarders, at times previously agreed upon. Passengers from Boston reach the Catskills by the Boston and Albany (Western) Railway to Albany, 8 hours, fare \$6, and thence by steamboat or Hudson River Railway to Catskill; or, leaving the Boston and Albany road at Chatham, 1 hour less, take Hudson and Boston Railway to the river shore at Hudson, 4 miles north of Catskill; thence by rail, (Hudson River,) steamboat, or rowboat.

The scenery and the traditional history of this region are alike attractive. We will follow the two together, in a brief way. At the landing itself the good ship *Half Moon*, in the classical days (to Knickerbockers, who are the aristocrats of the vicinity) of Hendrick Hudson, anchored Sept. 20, 1609. The never-forgotten tale of hidden treasure, or golden ore, too, coming down from the days when Governor Wilhelmus Kieft gathered from these mountains a scanty store which was lost in the Atlantic, occurs to the visitor as his foot touches these famous banks. Before we reach the Half-Way House, scenes of Revolutionary memories appear, where Indians captured and carried away several of the pale-faced settlers. Just beyond the Half-Way House or Catskill Mountain Retreat of Mr. Bloom, the road divides; the branch to the right, leading directly on, past the Dutch church, up the mountain, by the Rip Van Winkle ravine, and the grandly solitary and sublime wooded road, with its lofty, overhanging cliffs, to the Mountain House. Half a mile or more before reaching the summit there is an old road on the left, leading down the mountain, to Palenville, some 2

miles south, on which is Moses Rock, a cliff 30 feet high and 80 long, covered with moss, from the base of which gushes a stream of water, whence the name. A little higher up, a path on the right leads to the North Mountain, following which, half a mile or more, you come to an abrupt rock, from the top of which the lakes and the high mountains to the south can be seen. On the north side of this rock a fine echo may be heard with four distinct reverberations. Further on is a precipice, ascended by a ladder, where is a large cavern, formed of immense rocks rudely thrown together, and called the Bear's Rock.

Two miles from the summit the coach stops at Sleepy Hollow, famous as the reputed site of Rip Van Winkle's long nap. Here a house of refreshment has recently been built, known as the Rip Van Winkle House, and kept by Mr. Ira Saxe.

The painter, Thomas Cole, made this region his home with an enthusiasm akin to the famed Hermit of Niagara, and won his first laurels by the painting of the "Cauterskill Falls." It was in the present vicinity of our journey that he caught inspirations from the mountain-views which remain upon the canvas in the "Voyage of Life" and the unfinished "Cross and the World." Indeed, one is vividly reminded, just here, of the young pilgrim in the former series: for after leaving Rip Van Winkle's "wicked flagon," and coming to a turn in the road where the Mountain House suddenly appears, seemingly near by, the traveler may fondly anticipate a speedy dinner; but like the stream that seemed to be leading the youth direct to the temple in the clouds, the road turns and crooks and climbs, and weariness ensues before mine host appears.

The Mountain House stands upon one of the terraces of the mountain, 2500 feet above the river, and 1800 above

the apparent plain. From this point every body of note has written a descriptive article, saving us the necessity. (For example, see Cooper's *Leather-Stocking*.) The view includes the Hudson River with its villages from the Highlands to Albany, and the mountains of Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, including in all an area of about 10,000 square miles. The sunrise, and a thunder-storm, are deemed especial glories; and at rare intervals an apparition like the "Spectre of the Brocken" enlivens a foggy morning. From the top of the South Mountain, 300 feet above the hotel, near it, some portions of New-Jersey may be seen, in addition to the three other States visible from this and other points. The North Mountain view, higher still, adds but little more. The highest summits are Round Top and High Peak, 3800 feet above the sea.

The Clove is a remarkable ravine 5 miles long. Bracket's Hotel, in the depths of the woods here, is a very popular resort for artists and sportsmen. The Two Lakes, North and South, are a short distance only from the Mountain House, and on the direct road to the Cauterskill Falls. These falls are 2 miles west from the house, reached by stage, or boat on the lake. The Laurel House, Mr. Schutt proprietor, stands near, where guides may be obtained. To see the falls to the best advantage, the visitor should descend the winding stairs leading from the platform of the hotel, and spend an hour or two in exploring the gorge and glen below. The descent of the first cascade is 180 feet, and of the second 80 feet; below these is another (the Bastion) fall of 40 feet. One thing which impresses the visitor as rather comical, is that the powers that be dam the waters, and upon the descent of a party to the foot of the second fall, the man at the house above very obligingly (after the payment of 25 cents each from

the party) lets the water on, and the effect is surprisingly beautiful, well paying for the fatigue of the descent and ascent. The Cauterskill has a devious and rapid course of 8 miles to the Catskill, near the village of Palenville.

Fawn's Leap, or Dog Hole, is a very attractive fall of 30 feet, on a tributary to the main stream, 200 or 300 yards below High Rocks. It is a perpendicular leap of some 30 feet, and the stream, here extremely narrowed by the rocky banks, rushes over an immense concave ledge into a caldron from which a fish could scarcely emerge. Not very far from it are Haines's Falls, a favorite resort of the artists. At the Haines House one pays the usual fee to enjoy the scene. The fall has two leaps, the first of 150 feet, and the second of 80, with a third one below of 60 feet, and others still, so that in less than one fourth of a mile the stream falls 475 feet. The water at the two upper falls breaks up into snowy masses.

A correspondent of the *New-York Evening Gazette* added the following valuable information to the common stock last summer :

"We drove down from the crest of the great turnpike from Catskill to Delhi, one of the most frequented of the great routes of travel before the days of railways, and still a well-traveled road, with its daily stage and its daily mail, into Durham, where we heard there were some beautiful falls. But little did we imagine what was in store for us. Landing at a quiet little farm-house, whose owner kindly volunteered to pilot us, we struck into the meadow, and then into a tempting blackberry patch, till we reached the edge of a steep cliff. Lowering ourselves down as best we could, we found a rocky glen over whose upper wall the stream came leaping in a perpendicular fall of 50 or 60 feet into a basin, from which, after recov-

ering its strength, it dashed over another precipice of nearly equal height. For picturesque beauty, our host pronounced it superior to the Haines Falls, well known to the visitors of the Mountain House, though these are yet almost unknown to the general public. In fact, our host, though a life-long resident of these parts, had never visited them before, and the 'Dominie of the Catskills' has never recorded them in his book."

THE ERIE RAILWAY.

Every body knows where the Erie Railway is, where it begins and ends, and what its attractions, facilities, and prices are, in general. It will be the purpose of this article to point out to the tourist the chief points of interest, where he may look from the windows or delay his journey a little, to edification physical and æsthetic.

Starting from New-York City at 8 A.M., to reach Buffalo by midnight, we have the best time for observing the early glories of the route. The depot on New-York Island is attractive beyond the usual rule; but we speedily plunge into the Bergen Tunnel, and for three minutes remain oblivious of aught but noise and terrors. The tunnel is caused by a rocky ridge which runs parallel to the Hudson River, and cuts off from it the Bergen Heights, and the salt marshes beyond, which are watered by the river Hackensack. Further up the Hudson, this ridge appears as the well-known Palisades, visible from the Hudson River Railway. As soon as we have passed the meadows, we begin to observe the suburban residences of exiled tax-payers from New-York, dotting and beautifying the landscape for nearly 100 miles in this as in all other directions from the city. At Boiling Spring several private building-parks

are rapidly becoming occupied; a spring which bubbles out of a ridge gives name to the place. Passaic Falls, at Paterson, 50 feet, are notable for their picturesque banks. The city of Paterson, one of the most beautiful on the road, owes its foundation to Alexander Hamilton, 1791, in the cotton interest. The Ramapo Valley, about 30 miles out, 2 miles from the town, is famous for Revolutionary memories of Washington, and fine natural scenery. Foremost is the Torn—the jutting out or shoulder of the Ramapo Gap. On the right a group of beeches overshadows the stream of the Ramapo, while on the left rises a knoll, capped by a cottage covered with vines; and immediately opposite and in the centre “swells from the vale” the steeped peak of the Torn, from which a very extensive view, embracing even the harbor of New-York, may be had for the climbing; and it is said that Washington often ascended there to watch the movements of the British fleet. At a distance of 1 mile to the west of the railway, at the junction of the Sterling Railway, is the beautiful Potague Lake, nestled among the hills, about 500 feet above the valley. From this point a commanding view is obtained of the surrounding mountains and the winding valley of the Ramapo.

Turner’s has the reputation of being the most picturesque station on this portion of the road. Looking toward the east, the Ramapo Valley appears; a beautiful cultivated hill-country on the north; to the west, farms, meadows, woods, delight the eye. The lover of fine scenery should ascend the hill north of the station, and from its summit view the country in every direction, having a charming view of the Mountain Gap, with its humble farm-houses and rural church, while beyond are seen the silvery surface of the Hudson, the town of Fishkill on the mountain slope,

and the spires of Newburg. Turner's is surrounded in every direction with lakes of great attractiveness. Rumsey's Lake, 2 miles east, has a surface of 100 acres of water, with fine fishing of pickerel, perch, etc.; Round Lake, 3 miles south-west, 200 acres; Little Long Lake, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles west, 1 mile long and $\frac{1}{2}$ mile wide; Mount Basha Lake, 3 miles west, 800 acres, with splendid fishing of pickerel and perch; Truxedo Lake, 6 miles south-west, is $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile long and $\frac{1}{2}$ mile wide; Slaughter's Lake, to the east, is $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile long and 1 mile wide.

The Orange Hotel, part of which is the depot of the railway at this point, is an excellent house, accommodating 150 guests. Terms, \$3 per day, or \$12 per week.

Monroe is situated in the midst of what may be termed the lake region of Orange county. Here, within a circuit of 10 miles, are many fresh-water lakes from 1 to 9 miles in extent—Mount Basha, Truxedo, and Greenwood. Greenwood Lake is distant only 10 miles from Monroe, and during the summer season has a convenient communication by stage, occupying only 2 hours' time in riding. It is a great summer resort on account of its beautiful and picturesque scenery, its celebrated fishing, and its salubrious atmosphere. The Windermier House, with its grounds embracing 400 acres, is the principal resort for visitors and families from New-York, who remain as permanent boarders during the season. The visitor should ascend the mountain and enjoy its fine prospects.

We now pass rapidly Greycourt, where a good view of Sugar Loaf Mountain appears, and where the artists Cropsey and Beekman reside; the Newburg Branch diverges here, upon which is the homestead of the Clinton family, near Washingtonville, where Governor De Witt Clinton was brought up, and perhaps born. Goshen, coming next,

is located in the centre of the great Wallkill Valley. It is surrounded by a country of much fruitfulness and beauty, presenting natural attractions and appearances superior to those of the famed New-York Central Park. The country round about for miles is gently undulating. Here is produced the famed Goshen butter, cheese, cream, and the even more famous Orange county milk. The former President of the Erie, Mr. Berdell, and Mr. D. H. Haight, proprietor of the St. Nicholas Hotel, New-York City, have elegant residences here. The trout-fishing streams of Sullivan and Ulster may be reached in a few hours' time from Goshen, via the Montgomery and Erie road, and by stage to Ellenville, one of the most sequestered and beautiful towns within the bounds of the Blue Ridge. Sam's Point, Montgomery, and Walden, and other interesting localities in the vicinity, are equally accessible by the same route. Greenwood Lake, Mount Basha Lake, the Wallkill, Otterkill, Pochuck Creek and tributaries, the Warwick Woodlands, the Great Wild Meadows, the Big Spring in the trackless Cedar Swamp, which forms a natural cover, and where haunt plover, woodcock, and quail, are all located "within hailing distance" of Goshen.

Middletown, 67 miles out, is a pretty enough town, but not of special interest for us. A stage here connects with the 8 A.M. train from New-York for Monticello. This is a pleasant village, county seat of Sullivan, of some 1200 inhabitants, situated on a hill, and of considerable attractions. Hotels: Monticello, R. B. Townsend; and Mansion, Solomon W. Roger; the latter 1 mile out. About 1 mile from the village, on the borders of Pleasant Lake, Mr. J. E. Quinlan has fitted up a house where excellent board can be had for families at \$8 to \$10 per week each person. There is also some trout fishing in the vicinity of Monticello.

Otisville is the last of the milk-depots, and is on the eastern side of the Shawangunk Ridge, one of the greatest obstacles which were overcome in building the Erie Railway. A long tunnel through the ridge was first proposed, but after thorough examination the present plan was adopted. Passing through a long and heavy rock-cut, the summit is passed about 2 miles beyond Otisville, and then the valley below is reached by gradually descending the steep and rugged slope of the Shawangunk Mountain, in a southerly direction, on a grade of about 45 feet to a mile. The character of the scenery changes wonderfully after leaving Otisville. We pass alternately through gloomy cuts, and then over side-hill embankments, commanding magnificent views of the romantic valley of the Neversink, traversed by the Delaware and Hudson Canal, and dotted with farm-houses and villages.

Five miles beyond Otisville are located the Erie and Walkill Lead Mines, owned mostly by English capitalists, who commenced work on them several years ago, and keep silently at it yet. The lead is fully 85 per cent pure metal, and is shipped to England. Sufficient silver is found in the ore to pay the entire expenses of transportation and mining. The whole of the western side of the mountain is said to be owned by three brothers, from whom land can be leased, but not bought. Eight miles beyond Otisville is Shin Hollow Switch. Here there is a deep cut through a soft soil three fourths of a mile in length and 30 feet deep. This portion of the road is of the most oppressive loneliness, for the valley is completely shut out of sight, soon, however, to reappear in heightened beauty and interest, after passing the great rock-cutting just two miles ahead of us. The approach to this last

formidable barrier in the descent of the mountain is very fine. We reach it by a high curved embankment, and see on each side of us a steep wall of slate rock, 50 feet in height and 2500 feet in length. And now let the traveler place himself on the right side of the train, (going westward,) to catch the noble prospect prepared for him on emerging from this dark pass. At its very portal the road makes a sudden curve southward, and from the precipitous mountain side, along the edge of which we descend, he beholds the valley of Neversink, its western verge bordered by a chain of mountains, at the foot of which gleams the village of Port Jervis, and its level fields losing themselves far in the south, where rolls the Delaware River; beyond which, again, the town of Milford, Pa., may be seen in the misty horizon.

At the junction of the Neversink River with the Delaware, is the corner boundary between New-York, New-Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Port Jervis is a short distance north of this place, and is the terminal station of the eastern division of the railway. It is named after John B. Jervis, the engineer of the Delaware and Hudson Canal. This canal is one of the great avenues by which the anthracite coal of Pennsylvania reaches tide-water, and it comes down the valley of the Neversink to the Delaware at this point. Port Jervis is a pleasant place of summer resort for people who are fond of beautiful scenery. Three miles beyond, we cross the Delaware River over a wooden bridge 800 feet in length. For 26 miles after we shall be in the State of Pennsylvania. The company pays to the Quaker State the annual sum of \$10,000 for the privilege of running their road on this side of the river, but are thereby exempted from further taxation.

At Port Jervis we enter upon the second division of the

railway, extending 104 miles to Susquehanna; near Shohola the road lies on the mountain side, several feet above the river, along a mighty gallery, supported by grand natural abutments of jagged rock. Three miles of this section cost the company \$300,000. The region about Narrowsburg is rendered famous in Cooper's *Last of the Mohicans*; but the scenery is not striking. At Deposit we leave the Delaware River. Summit, 8 miles further, is 1366 feet above the level of the sea, Deposit being 997 feet above, a difference of 369 feet in 8 miles. It is a wild and desolate place. From this point the road descends on a grade of 60 feet per mile for about 8 miles. As the train descends into the valley, there seems no promise of the wonders which are awaiting us; but they come suddenly, and, before we are aware, we are traversing the famous Cascade Bridge, a solitary arch, 250 feet wide, sprung over a dark ravine of 184 feet in depth. No adequate idea of the bold spirit and beauty of the scene can be had from the cars. It will richly repay the traveler to come to a full stop and explore the fastnesses of this vicinity.

We now for the first time behold the Susquehanna River, a point ranking high in the famous places on the road, and adding to the reasons for delay. The Starucca Viaduct, also, is here, a little over the State line in Pennsylvania. It is 1200 feet in length, 110 feet high, and has 18 arches, each of 50 feet span; the whole cost \$320,000. A fine painting by Cropsey, representing this great bridge and the valley beneath it, will be remembered as one of the prizes in the notorious Crosby Opera House lottery. A little beyond the viaduct, and just this side (New-York) of Susquehanna Station, the road passes over the Cannewacta Creek and village of Lanesborough, on a trestle-bridge 450 feet long and 70 feet high.

Kirkwood, 206 miles from New-York, in Broome county, must be remembered as the birthplace of Joe Smith, the Mormon.

Binghamton is a beautiful and healthful city, having a fine view of the river and neighboring country from the hill whereon stands the elegant State Inebriate Asylum of New-York. Owego is notable for similar beauties of landscape; and Glenmary, once the home of N. P. Willis, where he wrote his *Letters from under a Bridge*, on the Owego creek.

Elmira is a town of much beauty, which is more than can be said of Corning, the seat of a State arsenal. The latter is the point at which diverges the Buffalo Branch.

Hornellsville, 41 miles from Corning, 332 from New-York, is the third eating-station from the metropolis, and has perhaps the second best saloon in the State. Passengers by the night express breakfast here.

Beyond this, the main road becomes for the most part quite uninteresting, the country sparsely settled, wild, and desolate. The valley of the Genesee commences just beyond Tip Top Summit, 345 miles out, the highest grade on the road being 1700 feet above tide level. We pass over the Alleghany watershed, or ridge, at Cuba, 378 miles out, and leave the Genesee waters to flow to the Atlantic *via* the Saint Lawrence, while the Alleghany River, whose course we now pursue, flows down by way of the Ohio and Mississippi to the lower Atlantic, through Gulf of Mexico. From Olean we enter the lands of the Indian Reservation, 30 miles long by a half-mile on each side the river; the Senecas own it.

Salamanca is interesting or important to the tourist only in view of its awful desolateness, reminding one vividly of Dickens's "Eden," in *Martin Chuzzlewit*; and its

being the eastern terminus of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway. The land, low, wet, stumpy, belongs to the "poor Indian." Dunkirk, 460 miles from New-York, brings us, glad enough, to Lake Erie.

NORTH-WESTERN DIVISION.

On the branch of the Erie Railway diverging from the trunk in a north-westerly direction to Attica and Buffalo, there are few points of interest; but one of them, particularly, deserves special mention.

Portage, 362 miles from New-York, 61 from Buffalo, is a village of 1519 inhabitants, located on the Genesee Valley Canal and the Genesee River. In its immediate vicinity are the Portage Falls, three in number, each of which is remarkable for its beauty and grandeur. The upper, or Horseshoe Falls, 70 feet high, are about three quarters of a mile below the village. The Middle Falls are about one quarter of a mile further down the river. Here the water pours in an unbroken sheet into a chasm 110 feet below, which is bounded by perpendicular ledges. A cave, called the Devil's Oven, has been worn into the rocks on the west bank, near the bottom of the falls. In low water 100 persons can be seated in it; but when the river is high, it is filled with water. Two miles below the Middle Falls, before reaching the third, the river pursues a winding course between perpendicular walls, across which a man might almost leap, then descends in a succession of rocky steps almost as regular as a staircase, dives under a shelving rock, and descends into a narrow pass about 15 feet wide. Descending perpendicularly for 20 feet, it strikes against the base of high rocks, whirls back, and, turning nearly at right angles, falls into a deep pool overhung with shelving

rocks. Sugar Loaf, an isolated mass of rock, 15 feet in diameter and 100 feet high, rises from the river-bed at a bend in its course and receives nearly the whole force of the rushing waters. These falls are accessible only from the west side. The perpendicular bank on the west of the river is 380 feet high at one point. The bridge by which the railway crosses the river is the largest wooden railway bridge in the world, built at a cost of \$175,000, and standing upon 13 strong stone piers set in the bed of the river, and rising sufficiently above high-water mark to be secure against freshets. Above these piers a timber trestle-work rises 234 feet, on the top of which the track of the road is laid. The bridge is 800 feet long, and is so constructed that any timber in the whole structure can be removed and replaced at pleasure. The first and second falls can be seen from the bridge, and present a grand appearance as they are seen in the distance dashing over the rocks and plunging into the black basin. In some places the rocks of the ravine are 300 feet high, and small streams, trickling over the top of this wall, dissolve into blue mist long before they reach the bottom. The Genesee Valley Canal crosses the river on an aqueduct just above the bridge, then, running parallel with the river, passes under the railway bridge on the high bluff of rocks forming the east bank of the river. The perforations for a tunnel which was commenced and then abandoned, may be seen in driving from the hotel to the bottom of the ravine. Altogether this place will well repay the visitor who has sufficient leisure for a stay of some days. The view from below is quite necessary to one who would enjoy the full grandeur of the scene. Portageville, the nearest village, is on the west side of the river, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of the station, in the township of Genesee Falls, Wyoming county,

the river here forming the boundary between the two counties. There is a large and good hotel near the station, and another, the Ingham House, in Portageville. Stages run from the hotel to the bridge.

Gainesville, 368 miles, is a place of some interest. Good building-stone is quarried in the vicinity; and at Gainesville Creek, 4 miles from the station, a young ladies' seminary, accommodating 250 pupils, trains up scholars in the famous Mount Holyoke manner. To the north-east of Gainesville Station is Silver Lake, 3 miles long, the scene of action of the "Kraken," or monster serpent, whose alleged performances created so much excitement in 1855.

Warsaw, 48 miles from Buffalo, is the county-seat of Wyoming county. The village is about a mile east of the station, on Oatka Creek, in a deep valley, on the west slope of which the railway passes through the township at a considerable elevation. Stages run daily to Arcade, in the south-western corner of the county, 25 miles, and to Batavia, the county-seat of Genesee. On the Arcade stage-route is Wethersfield Springs, 6 miles from Warsaw, a place of some importance, and the seat of the "Doolittle Institute," founded and endowed by Ormus Doolittle, Esq. It was the early home of the Hon. James R. Doolittle, of Wisconsin.

Attica is on Tonawanda Creek, 392 miles from New-York. The Buffalo Division of the Erie Railway, which diverges from the main line at Corning, and passes through Avon and Batavia, here reunites with the North-western Division, forming a single line from this point to Buffalo. A branch of the New-York Central Railway extends from here to Batavia.

The tourist's interest subsides as he approaches a city, and it is only as an individual member of some grade in

society that he will, generally, travel through the stone-paved streets. Buffalo, to one seeking rural pleasure, therefore, will cause but little delay. The principal things to see are the Mercantile Library rooms, St. Joseph's (Roman Catholic) Cathedral—the most imposing in the State, far superior to St. Patrick's in New-York—the Episcopal church of St. Paul, with its chime of bells; the grain elevators at the water's edge, etc. Other objects of interest will be found, according to each visitor's idiosyncrasies. The chief hotels are the Mansion, corner of Exchange street, and the Tiff, farther out, both on Main (the principal) street. The city was founded by the Holland Land Company in 1801; burned by the British, 1814; every house was destroyed but one, which is still standing near the corner of Mohawk and Main streets. In 1815, buildings were again erected, and in 1825, Congress voted \$80,000 for the sufferers. The principal influence in producing the rapid growth of the city was exerted by the construction of the Erie Canal, completed in October, 1825, which has its western terminus here. Next to New-York City, Buffalo is the most important commercial city in the State. The French, who were its first visitors, named it "Buffle"—English, Buffalo—from the wild oxen which they saw in great droves around. The plan upon which Joseph Ellcott (who assisted his brother Andrew in laying out Washington City) laid out the streets of Buffalo, is worth noticing. The streets are wide and straight, and generally cross each other at right angles. A few of the side streets, however, enter Main street at an angle of 45°. These latter streets, crossing the others at their points of intersection, form a large number of places or squares, give variety to the outlines of the city, and destroy the monotony which would have been produced by a rigid adherence to a rectangular plan.

STATIONS ON OTHER DIVISIONS.

Blood's, 331 miles from New-York, 40 from Corning, near the northern boundary of Steuben county, on the Corning, Avon, and Rochester Division, is an important station, from its connection with the Canandaigua Lake route. A daily line of stages runs to Naples, at the head of the lake, and a steamer plies daily between the latter place and Canandaigua.

For Avon Springs, see article on MINERAL SPRINGS OF NEW-YORK.

Conesus, 348 miles, lies between Hemlock and Conesus Lakes, two beautiful sheets of water. Marrowback Hills, in the eastern part, near Hemlock Lake, rise to about 1200 feet above it. Conesus is widely known as the "Round-Pie Station," from the excellent small round pies long kept for sale at the lunch-room of the station-house.

At Livonia, 4 miles further, there is an elm-tree which will interest any admirer of the now destroyed "Pittsfield Elm" in Massachusetts. That venerable tree was 128 feet in height, and for 90 feet was bare of branches. The town is not of special interest.

Caledonia, on the Avon and Buffalo branch, 59 miles from the latter place, is in the northern part of the most northern township of Livingston county. Settlement made in 1797; has 650 inhabitants. At this place, $\frac{2}{3}$ of a mile from the station, is a celebrated spring, remarkable alike for the volume and purity of its waters, and for the great supply of trout originally abounding there, and still kept up by artificial means. The spring is now the property of the veteran sportsman, Seth Green.

At Leroy, 52 miles from Buffalo, 381 from New-York, is situated Ingham University, a young ladies' college, for-

merly presided over by the Rev. Dr. S. H. Cox, father of Bishop Cox of the Episcopal Diocese in Western New-York, and now under the nominal charge of the Rev. Dr. S. D. Burchard. In the eastern part, south of the creek, is an extensive tract of oak openings, covered thickly with stone, and hard to cultivate.

Batavia, Genesee county, 396 miles from New-York, 37 from Buffalo, was settled in the early part of the century. Five branches of the Central Railway converge here—from Albany by Rochester, from Albany by Canandaigua, from Buffalo, from Niagara Falls and Canada, and from Attica. The village has a population of 3000. It was here that the first meeting to advocate the construction of the Erie Canal was held in 1809. The war of 1812 put an end to the agitation of the subject, but it was renewed after peace was proclaimed. The abduction of Morgan, the alleged betrayer of the secrets of Freemasonry, took place here. He came to Batavia to write and print his work. He made no secret of this work, and soon an excitement was raised, during which, under a pretense of taking him to Canandaigua for trial for money loaned him, conspirators carried him off, no one knew whither until long after. The most probable conclusion was, that the Niagara River or Lake Erie was made his grave. The publication went on under one Miller. A civil war arose, and men armed with clubs met to demolish the office; but a cannon in the hands of the citizens kept them off until the book was published, when violence ceased.

For Oak Orchard Acid Springs, see article on MINERAL SPRINGS OF NEW-YORK.

THE ADIRONDACK REGION.

THE wilderness of Northern New-York, commonly spoken of as the "Adirondack Region," is a plateau ranging from 1500 to 1800 feet above tide. It is 100 miles in diameter. On the north and east it approaches within 30 or 40 miles of the Canada line and Lake Champlain; on the south, within 15 or 20 miles of the Mohawk River, and on the west, within the same distance of Black River. It embraces nearly the whole of Essex, Warren, and Hamilton counties, the south-west portion of Clinton, the south half of Franklin, the south-eastern third of St. Lawrence, the eastern third of Lewis, and the northern half of Herkimer. Different portions of it are known under different names. The northern portion is called the Chateaugay Woods; the St. Regis Woods lie next below; then comes the Saranac Region; then that of Racket Lake; to the east extend the Adirondacks; and below, south and south-westerly, are the Lake Pleasant Region, and John Brown's Tract.

We may here note, from Mr. Street's valuable *Woods and Waters*, (to which, indeed, we are mainly indebted for the facts in this article,) some of the principal routes into the wilderness from Eastern, Southern, and Western New-York.

I. INTO THE CHATEAUGAY WOODS.—1. From Plattsburgh to Dannemora State Prison, and Chazy Lake, 25 or 30 miles, over a road.

2. From Rouse's Point to Chateaugay Four Corners and Chateaugay Lakes.

II. INTO THE SARANAC REGION.—3. By steamboat to Port Kent, (or steamboat or railway to Burlington opposite,) on Lake Champlain. Thence by post-coach to Keeseville

(Essex county) 4 miles. From Keeseville 46 miles to Baker's Saranac Lake House, 2 miles short of the Lower Saranac Lake; or to Martin's, on the bank of the Lower Saranac; or to Bartlett's, between Round Lake and Upper Saranac Lake, 13 miles from Martin's.

The Keeseville road is a good, traveled road, planked from Keeseville to Franklin Falls, 30 miles from Keeseville.

At the village of Au Sable Forks, 12 miles from Keeseville, the visitor can turn off into a road, through the village of Jay, intersecting the Elizabethtown road, about 12 miles from Baker's. This road leads through the famous Whiteface, or Wilmington Notch.

4. By steamboat to Westport on Lake Champlain. Thence to Elizabethtown, and thence to Baker's, or Martin's, or Bartlett's. This route is about the same distance as the Keeseville route, but the road is by no means so good.

III. INTO THE ADIRONDACK, RACKET, AND HUDSON RIVER REGIONS.—5. From Crown Point, on Lake Champlain, to Root's, about 20 miles. From Root's to the Adirondack Lower Works, 20 miles; thence to Long Lake, 20 miles. A stage runs from Root's to Long Lake usually once a week during the summer.

From the Lower Works to Adirondack Village or Upper Works, by water, (through Lake Sanford,) 10 or 12 miles; by road, ditto.

From the Upper Works to Mount Tahawus, (Mount Marcy,) 4 miles, and 3 miles to top.

From the Upper Works to the famous Indian Pass, (the most majestic natural wonder, next to Niagara, in the State,) 4 miles.

From the Indian Pass to Scott's, on the Elizabethtown

road, (through the woods, with scarcely a path,) 7 miles; thence to Baker's, (over a road,) 14 miles.

6. From Glenn's Falls to Root's, over a good road, 30 miles, namely :

From Glenn's Falls to Lake George, 9 miles; thence to Warrensburgh, 6 miles; thence to Chester, 8 or 10 miles; thence to Pottersville, 6 or 8 miles; thence to Root's, and thence to Long Lake, or the Lower or the Upper Works; or, from Pottersville to the Boreas River, 15 miles.

7. From Carthage, in Jefferson county (by way of the Beach road) to Long Lake, 40 or 50 miles; thence to Pendleton, 10 miles; thence to Hudson River Bridge, about 5 miles; thence to the Lower Works, about 5 miles. Can drive the whole distance from Carthage to the Lower Works.

8. From Fort Edward to Glenn's Falls and Lake George; thence to Johnsburgh; thence to North Creek; thence to Eagle Lake or Tallow Lake, (the middle of the three Blue Mountain Lakes.) From North Creek to Eagle Lake, 20 miles.

9. By road from Saratoga Springs to Lakes Pleasant and Piseco.

IV. INTO THE JOHN BROWN TRACT REGION.—10. From Utica by railway to Booneville; thence to Lyonsdale and Port Leyden, 7 miles by stage road; thence to Deacon Abby's place, $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles, over a good road; thence to Arnold's, (over rather a poor road, although passable by wagon,) 14 miles.

The eastern portion of the plateau is exceedingly mountainous. Here lies the Adirondack range, or group, the most northerly in the State, extending in a general north-east direction from Little Falls, on the Mohawk River, to Cape Trembleau at Lake Champlain. This range presents

the conical summits cloven into sharp gray peaks peculiar to its hypersthene formation, and attains in some of its peaks more than the height of one mile—the limit of eternal snow.

These peaks are Tahawus or Mount Marcy, (which is the central and tallest, 5467 feet high,) Mount McIntyre, Mount Saint Anthony, (corrupted to Sanantoni,) and Mount Colden; they are all generally isolated, sloping somewhat moderately toward the north, but precipitous at the south. Other summits rise north, south, and west, some equal in height to those named (except Tahawus) and others but little inferior—Dix's Peak, Nipple Top, Blue Mountain, Mount Seward, (a cluster of peaks,) Cove Hill, Moose Mountain, Mackenzie's Pond Mountain, and Whiteface. The last is the most northern of all the high crests of the wilderness, and hardly inferior in elevation to Tahawus, being just about one mile high, (5200 feet.) From its summit 30 lakes may be seen. The region lying around the south base of Mount Seward was called by the Indians Cough-sa-ra-geh, or the "Dismal Wilderness."

In the middle portion of the plateau the mountains are generally rounded, and, like most of those mentioned above, waving from base to top with forest. The western portion is pleasantly varied by hill and plain. One great valley shaped like a Y crosses the whole plateau in a north-east direction. It begins at the junction of Moose River with the Black River, continues 70 miles to a point 6 miles south of Upper Saranac Lake, here branching northerly to Potsdam in Saint Lawrence county, and north-easterly to Plattsburg on Lake Champlain. A remarkable chain of lakes and streams extends along this valley and its north-eastern branch, linking, (with a few carries, and with the exception of 20 miles of rapids

on the lower end of Moose River,) Lake Champlain, through the Saranac River and Lakes, the Racket River, Long, Forked, Racket Lakes, the Eight Lakes, and Moose and Black Rivers, with Lake Ontario. The River Saint Lawrence is linked with this chain by the Racket River traversing the northern branch of this valley.

11th. From Utica by railway to Booneville; thence to Booth's Mills, 11 miles, over a good wagon road; thence to Arnold's by pack-horses, (sent by Arnold to Booth's Mills,) $14\frac{1}{2}$ miles, over a bad road.

12th. From Utica by railway to Alder Creek; thence by road to the Reservoir Lakes.

13th. From the village of Prospect (Oneida county, and reached by railway,) through Herkimer county, to Morehouse, in Hamilton county.

14th. From Ogdensburg to Potsdam, on the Racket River, by railway; thence to Colton by stage, 10 miles; thence to foot of the Little Bog at McEwen's, on the Racket River, 12 miles, by private conveyance, over a good road; thence by boat, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, to Bog Falls; then a short carry on east side of river; thence to Harris's place, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, opposite the mouth of the Jordan River; thence $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, by wagon road, to John Ferry's; thence 3 miles farther on, same road, to foot of Moose Head Still Water; thence through the latter, 6 miles; thence 9 miles to Racket Pond; and thence 5 miles to Big Tupper's Lake.

It should be added here, that two, at least, of these entrances to the Adirondacks lie upon routes highly attractive in themselves to the tourist. The fourth and last, "into the John Brown Tract region," starts from Booneville, which is upon the Utica and Black River Railway, 18 miles from the famous Trenton Falls, on the same road. (See article TRENTON FALLS.)

The second entrance is made over the plank-road leading from Port Kent, on Lake Champlain, to Keeseville. Midway between these two villages occurs the Au Sable Chasm, of late years beginning to be famous, and this spring honored with several truthful sketches in the National Academy of Design. About a mile and a half from Keeseville, the Au Sable River makes a leap of some 30 feet, into a semi-circular basin of great beauty; a mile further down, another precipice, greatly resembling Niagara in general contour, dismisses the river to a course 150 feet below, amid the wildest scenery. Following the stream, now rapidly narrowing, deepening, and foaming, yet further down, we come to the Chasm—a section fully rivaling in grandeur any thing east of the Rocky Mountains. At the narrowest point in the river, where a wedged boulder cramps the channel to a width of little over 5 feet, a great curiosity is noticed in that the walls of the river, varying hereabouts from 90 to 125 feet in height, appear on one side inclined and worn, as though some great torrent had swept over them; while the opposite wall stands erect and jagged. Still lower down, toward the lake, (Champlain,) the walls stand apart about 50 feet, more than 100 feet high, descending quite to the water's edge, in a sheer perpendicular line, and extending this mammoth canal, with occasional widenings, for more than a half-mile. The whole region is awfully grand, and is attracting multitudes of artists every year. The tourist, going to the woods, will do well to delay a day at Keeseville, and study this wonderful chasm. The Au Sable House, at Keeseville, is open all summer, and boasts a very superior table and excellent rooms. Board, \$2 per day; \$8 and upward per week.

The Chasm House is 2 miles from the village, just by the great fall.

All the wild animals of our northern latitude, the panther, bear, wolf, and wild-cat, are here, with the moose, deer, fisher, sable, otter, mink, and muskrat. The moose is the rarest of all. The eagle, the partridge, the loon, the duck, are likewise found; lake trout swarm in the broad waters, and speckled trout in the cold, clear spring-brooks and rapid streams. Ten or twelve years ago, this wilderness hardly contained a hut or shanty, and was rarely invaded by visitors. But of late the number of sportsmen and explorers has gradually but greatly increased. The trout, however, are as abundant as ever, as are also the deer; but the latter have grown more timid, and are less certainly found. The shout of the loon, too, now rarely meets the ear. There are no settlements of any size; but the edges of the wilderness are thinly inhabited by hunters and trappers, who pierce its deepest recesses in their light boats, and act as guides to visitors in summer.

The centre of the plateau comprises the region of the Saranac Lakes, the Racket River from Racket Lake to Perciefield Falls, and a tract around Tupper's Lake. In it are found all the distinctive features of the plateau—broad and beautiful expanses of water; the loveliest river of the forest; the prettiest cascades; one of the highest mountains, commanding the very grandest prospect of all; and, save one, the sublimest gorge. The chief and almost the only home of the moose lies within it; trout swarm in the myriad brooks; and the deer are as plentiful as in any other spot.

THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

A PLEASANT ROUTE TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS AND CANADA.—The best route from New-York to the White Mountains and Quebec is through the Connecticut Valley. It is 70 miles shorter than any other.

In leaving New-York for Montreal, the tourist who has no time to spare will take the 12.15 P.M. train, arriving at Springfield at 6 o'clock. Here you have half an hour for supper. From Springfield to Saint Albans, sleeping-cars are run on all night trains, going through without change. You take breakfast at Saint Albans at 6 A.M., and arrive at Montreal at 9.30 A.M. Returning, you leave Montreal at 3.30 P.M., take supper at Saint Albans, breakfast at Springfield, and dinner in New-York.

But the pleasure tourist will not rush over the ground like this. He will take the New-Haven and Hartford boat at New-York, and enjoy a delightful sail upon the Sound. This will allow of leisure for a ramble about New-Haven, or Hartford, or both, and time can well be spent in these beautiful cities. The New-Haven House in the former, and the Allyn House in the latter, are the best hotels. The true point of departure will be Springfield.

In proceeding to the White Mountains, Lake Memphremagog, Quebec, Montreal, Mount Mansfield, or intermediate points, you will take the cars of the Connecticut River Railway, in Springfield, on the north side of the depot. If you are unacquainted with the route, remember that the cars going either north or south, enter and leave the Springfield depot at its western end.

Between Springfield and Lake Memphremagog there is no change of cars. An elegantly furnished ladies' car runs through both ways on the morning trains. Going

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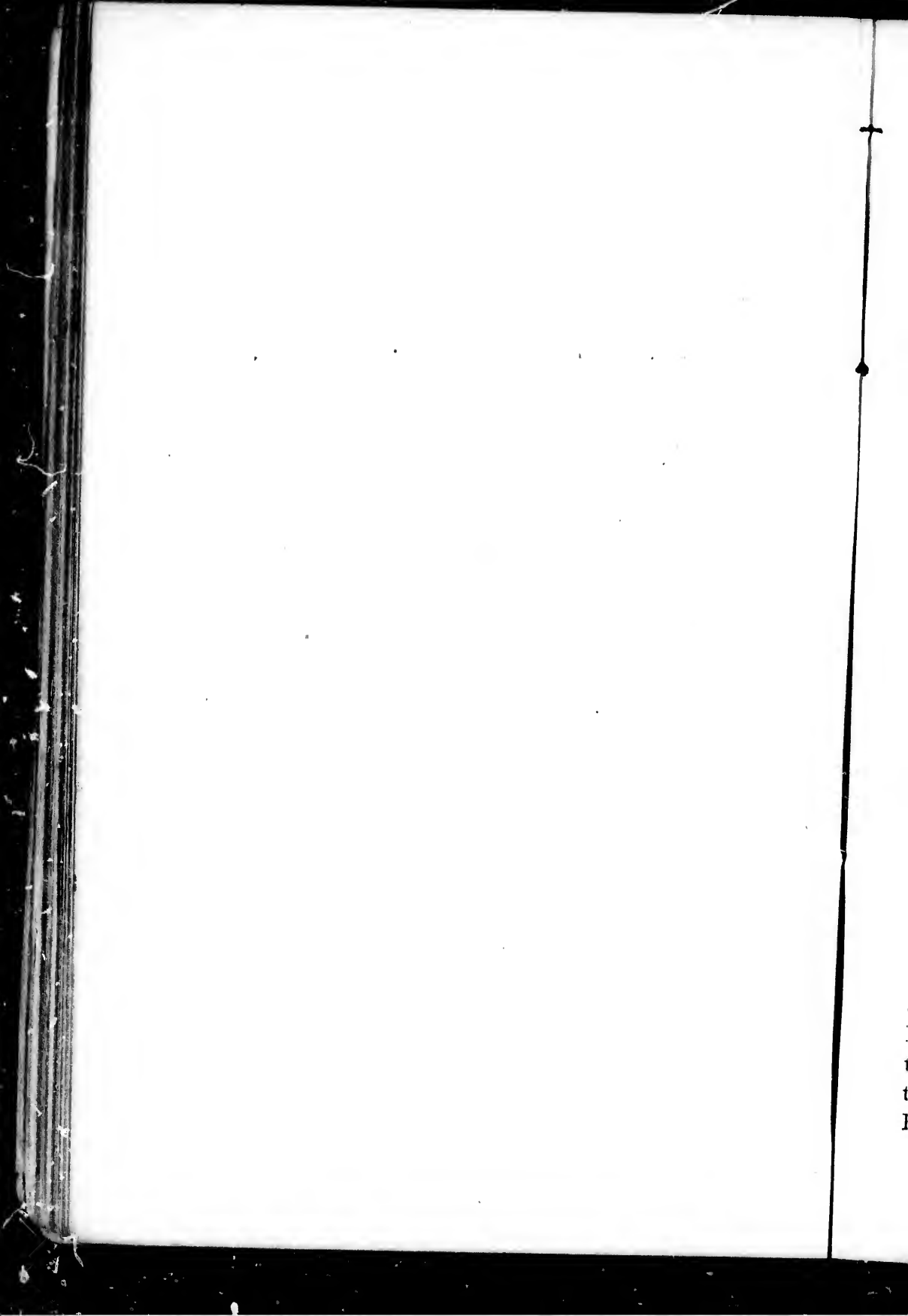
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Crystal Cascade, White Mountains.



north on the train which leaves Springfield at 7.45 A.M., you stop about 20 minutes at Bellows Falls, where you can take dinner at the refreshment-room, or wait until the arrival of the train at White River Junction at 1.15 P.M. At this place you have half an hour for dinner, either in going or returning from the White Mountains. Adjoining the refreshment-room there is a dining-hall, where you will find a good dinner. At Wells River, 40 miles from White River Junction, you change cars in going to the White Mountains. From there to Littleton the distance by the White Mountains Railway is 20 miles. From Littleton you proceed by stage to Profile House, 11 miles, and to Crawford House, 24 miles.

The tourist should bear in mind that the Crawford House is in the White Mountains, and the Profile House in the Franconia Mountains. If you call for a ticket for the White Mountains, the agent will give you one to the Crawford House. You will find it to your advantage to purchase one to the Profile House, as this will save you 13 miles of staging the same day. If you leave White River Junction at 8.20 A.M., you reach the Profile House at 1, and the Crawford House at 4 P.M. If you leave at 1.45 P.M., (the morning train from Springfield,) you arrive at the Profile House at 6.30, and at the Crawford House at 9.30.

At Lake Memphremagog, 105 miles from White River Junction, and 229 from Springfield, the cars stop at the door of the Memphremagog House, on the shore of the lake. Leaving Springfield at 7.45 A.M., you arrive there at 6.30 P.M. The next morning you can leave with Capt. Fogg on the steamer Mountain Maid, for a trip through the lake, which is 30 miles in length. You can stop at the Mountain House, 12 miles from the Memphremagog House, and ascend Owl's Head, which is nearly 3000 feet

PASSENGER RATES.		From New-York.	New-Haven.	Hartford.	Springfield.	Northampton.	Greenfield.	Brattleboro.
To Montreal, <i>via</i> Connecticut River Line and Vermont Central Railroad,	- - - - -	\$12.50	\$12.50	\$12.00	\$11.50	\$10.85	\$10.15	\$9.20
To Montreal, <i>via</i> White Mountains, Lake Memphremagog, and Quebec,	- - - - -	29.75	29.75	28.65	27.75	27.10	26.40	25.45
Montreal, <i>via</i> Lake Memphremagog,	- - - - -	16.00	16.00	14.90	14.00	13.35	12.65	11.70
Quebec, <i>via</i> Lake Memphremagog,	- - - - -	15.75	15.75	14.65	13.75	13.10	12.40	11.45
Crawford House, White Mountains,	- - - - -	13.00	13.00	11.90	11.00	10.35	9.65	8.70
Profile House, White Mountains,	- - - - -	11.50	11.50	10.40	9.50	8.85	8.15	7.20
Newport, (Lake Memphremagog,)	- - - - -	11.05	11.05	9.95	9.05	8.40	7.70	6.75
Mount Mansfield House at Stowe, by Stage from Waterbury,	- - - - -	10.35	10.30	9.25	8.35	7.70	7.00	6.50

above the lake, or proceed to Magog, at the outlet. From Magog you can stage it 16 miles to the Grand Trunk Railway, at Sherbrooke, and proceed thence to Quebec or Montreal.

In going to Mount Mansfield, you proceed to Waterbury, on the Vermont Central Railway, where you take the stage for Stowe, 10 miles further north. At Stowe there is a first-class hotel, capable of holding 300 guests. This is 8 miles from the summit, where there is another hotel, which will accommodate about 100 persons. Coaches run from Stowe to the Halfway House, 3 miles from the Summit House. The remainder of the distance is accomplished on horseback.

RIDES ABOUT HARTFORD.—Among these may be mentioned: to Tumble Down Brook, 8 miles west by Albany road; to Talcott Mountain, 9 miles west; to West-Hartford, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles; to Wethersfield, 4 miles; to Glastenbury, 4 miles; over Newington Mountain, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles; to Prospect Hill, to Bloomfield, and last to Shipman's at Rocky Hill, some 7 miles.

SPRINGFIELD.—Springfield is the oldest town in Massachusetts on the Connecticut River, having been settled in 1636. It is chiefly noted for the United States Armory, *Springfield Republican*, large depot, Hampden Park, and the residence of Dr. J. G. Holland, the author and lecturer. It has also a very beautiful cemetery, well worthy of a visit. The two principal business streets are Main and State; the former running past the depot, and the latter to the Armory.

The Smith & Wesson pistols are made in Springfield; and it is also famous for its superb hotel, the Massasoit, than which there is no better in the country. This is adjoining the depot, and is the grand point of refreshment

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for all tourists through the Connecticut Valley. There are many beautiful drives about Springfield. A day can be spent here very pleasantly and profitably. Visitors are allowed to inspect the operations at the Armory, a mile from the depot.

Passing Chicopee, and its famous Ames Manufacturing Works, whence come so many elegant bronzes, you soon look out upon the wonderful dam at Holyoke, and in a few minutes more are in the shadows of Mounts Tom and Holyoke. Arrived at Northampton, there is an abundance to attract the attention.

NORTHAMPTON, HOLYOKE, AND AMHERST.—Four miles south-west of Northampton is Easthampton, with its factories, and Williston Seminary. Six miles south-east is South-Hadley, famous for its Mount Holyoke Seminary, founded by Mary Lyon. Florence, the little village that has given the name to a popular sewing-machine, is only 3 miles from Northampton.

But of the surroundings of this lovely town, Amherst and Mount Holyoke are the most interesting. Amherst is 7 miles east, and is noted for its rare natural scenery. Upon the crest of one of its hills tower the college buildings, whence have gone forth such men as Mr. Beecher, Dr. Storrs, Dr. Hitchcock, Dr. Huntington, and Governor Bullock. Back of the town, upon a beautiful eminence, summer visitors find a comfortable hotel, known as the Orient House. There are mineral springs adjoining. The Massachusetts State Agricultural College is located here.

Mount Holyoke is on the east side of the Connecticut, 2 miles from Northampton. It is 1000 feet in height. Here in 1821 was built the first house erected on any mountain in New-England. It is a favorite place of resort,

and during a single season from 15,000 to 20,000 people visit its summit, coming from nearly every Northern and Western State in the Union. The view is beautiful and picturesque, and is pronounced by distinguished travelers to be the *finest in America*. N. P. Willis, and President Hitchcock, the latter distinguished as a geologist, have written glowing descriptions of its unrivaled beauty; while Jenny Lind, during a visit to it when on her concert-tour through this country, spoke of it in terms of unqualified praise. So great a diversity of scenery is rarely met with. Mountain, meadow, river, and valley are harmoniously blended, while here and there the tall spires of hundreds of churches are seen pointing heavenward. The view is much more extensive than one would suppose, reaching from the Green Mountains in Vermont and Monadnock in New-Hampshire on the north, to East and West Rocks on the Sound in the south, a distance of more than 100 miles. On the west, Greylock rears its stately peak, while in the east the rounded form of Wachusett meets the eye. The view embraces no less than ten mountains in four States, and about forty villages. The proprietor of the Prospect House, J. W. French, has resided on the mountain nearly twenty years, and half of that time both summer and winter. Visitors are taken to the summit by steam power, an inclined railway having been constructed in 1854, extending 600 feet down the mountain to the carriage-road, where it is to connect with a horse railway to the Connecticut River. A steamboat was built in the spring of 1866, by Mr. French, of the Prospect House, and makes trips on the Connecticut, carrying passengers to and from the terminus of the mountain railway.

The summit is less than 3 miles from Northampton,

from which place it is easily reached by carriages or otherwise.

Distance from the Prospect House to Northampton, 3 miles; Springfield, 20; Worcester, 76; Boston, 120; Albany, 122; Hartford, 46; New-Haven, 82; New-York, 158; Greenfield, 22; Brattleboro, 45; Bellows Falls, 70; White River Junction, 109.

Perpendicular elevation of Mount Holyoke, 1000 feet. Carriage-road from base to feeding-stable, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile. Railway from stable to summit, 600 feet. Perpendicular ascent from stable, 365 feet. First house built in 1821. Second house built in 1851. Enlarged to present size in 1861. First railway in 1854. Second railway in 1860. Present track laid in 1866. Number of passengers carried over its track to 1866, 125,000. Number of acres in Ox-Bow Island, 400. Number of acres in Shepherd Island, 20. Number of acres in Northampton Meadows, 8000. Number of acres in Hadley Meadows, 2700. Number of trees in West Street, Hadley, 811. Length of West Street, Hadley, 1 mile.

Round Hill, a beautiful eminence overlooking the town, with its water-cure buildings, and its grove of native forest-trees, will be noticed in the north-west, and about a quarter of a mile west of the railway.

Here George Bancroft, the historian, and J. G. Cogswell, for some years Librarian of the Astor Library, had a famous classical school—one of the most noted in this country. Dr. H. Halsted now occupies the building for a water-cure. Jenny Lind spent several months there just after her marriage, previous to returning to Europe. The view from the piazza of the water-cure is extensive and beautiful, and is nowhere surpassed.

The State Lunatic Hospital, located 1 mile west of

the village, is a large and elegant structure. The erection of the building was commenced in 1856, and completed in 1858.

GREENFIELD.

Passing Whately, Hatfield, South-Deerfield, with its Sugar-Loaf Mountain, and Old Deerfield, with its Indian massacre memories, after 2 hours' ride from Springfield, the tourist is in Greenfield, one of the neatest, most tasteful, and most enjoyable towns in all New-England. The Mansion House is a capital summer hotel, and there are delightful drives all about. Among the latter we would mention that to Leyden Glen, the Gorge Road, up Green River to Still Water, in Deerfield, coming back by the Old Indian House to Turner's Falls, to Shelburne Falls, and Hoosac Tunnel. On Rocky Mountain, about a mile east of the town, are two other interesting localities—the Poet's Seat, and Bear's Den. From the former there are views of the Connecticut and the valley in the east, the locality of Turner's Falls, the town of Montague, and the valley lying to the west. From Bear's Den, a view is had of Deerfield and the meadows around that town.

Visitors to the Hoosac Tunnel leave the cars at Greenfield and proceed by stage through the village of Shelburne Falls, and thence along the Deerfield River to the western end of the tunnel.

MONADNOCK MOUNTAIN.

Just as the train approaches Vernon Station, the summit of Monadnock, 30 miles eastward, in Jaffrey, N. H., can be seen through the valley of the Ashuelot. It is 3450 feet above the sea, and is the first land seen by sail-

ors entering Boston Harbor from European ports. In clear weather, Bunker Hill Monument can be seen with the aid of the glass. From the summit, forty lakes and a large number of villages are in full view, and the scenery around the mountain is grand and beautiful. A large hotel has been erected half-way to the summit, and is under the management of George D. Rice. To reach it from the Connecticut Valley, the tourist should leave the train at South-Vernon, proceed to Keene by the Ashuelot Railway, and thence to Troy on the Cheshire Railway, from which place a stage runs to the hotel, 5 miles distant. Boston people can leave the city by the early morning train, visit the mountain, and return home the same day.

BRATTLEBORO.

Brattleboro is a bewitching country town, distant 194 miles from New-York, 250 from Montreal, and 125 from the White Mountains. It is noted for its water-cure, insane hospital, and as a once favorite resort of Daniel Webster. Larkin G. Mead, the artist, calls this his home. The Wesselhoeft House is a very pleasant summer house.

Opposite Brattleboro, on the east side of the Connecticut, are Wantastiquet and Mine Mountains, the former rising from the river to the height of 1061 feet. The latter extends eastward from Wantastiquet, and is only separated from it by a narrow gorge. During the latter part of the last century, a party sunk a shaft many feet into the solid rock on Mine Mountain, in search of silver, which they had incredulously been led to believe existed there; but after the expenditure of a large sum of money, the enterprise was abandoned.

BELLOWS FALLS.

Opposite Bellows Falls Village, in New-Hampshire, is Mount Kilburn, formerly known as Fall Mountain. It is a little over 800 feet high, and from the summit a fine view of the village and the distant mountain peaks is had. The early settlers gave it the name of Fall Mountain from the fact that at its base are the Great Falls in the Connecticut. In 1856, President Hitchcock and the students of Amherst and Middlebury Colleges met at Bellows Falls, and christened it Mount Kilburn, in honor of the hero who fought the Indians so gallantly from his little fort, just below the south end of the mountain.

Bellows Falls received its name from Col. Bellows, the founder of Walpole, and it was formerly a great fishing place with the Indians, who came here to catch shad and salmon.

The first bridge across the Connecticut was built at this place in 1785, and was 365 feet in length. For eleven years it was the only bridge across this river.

A canal, nearly half a mile in length, was constructed many years ago around the falls on the western side, and it was thought that a large manufacturing village would at some future day be built here.

Summer tourists have, of late years, spent considerable time here. The drives in the vicinity are very pleasant. A favorite one with old residents is to Warner's Pond, in Alstead, N. H., where picnics are held.

The Island House, kept by Mr. Charles Towns, is one of the best in the State, and has long been a favorite with tourists. It is pleasantly situated on the eminence east of the station, and overlooks the river and valley.

ASCUTNEY MOUNTAIN.

This mountain, which is seen on the west side of the Connecticut, is 3320 feet high, and is situated in Windsor and Wethersfield, Vt. It is an isolated peak, and its bold and rocky summit forms a prominent feature in the landscape for many miles around. Three deep valleys course their way down the western side of the mountain, and from this fact it is stated that the Indians called it Ascutney, signifying "Three Brothers." The view from the summit is the most grand and extensive of any in Eastern Vermont. Below is the beautiful Connecticut, winding itself among the hills and forests, while hundreds of farm-houses and villages are scattered seemingly over a vast plain. A road has been constructed from Windsor to the summit, a distance of 5 miles, and horses and guides can be obtained of Mr. Cushing, of the Windsor House, at Windsor. There is a rude house on the mountain, to protect the tourist in case of storm.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION.

White River Junction is one of the most important railroad stations on the line. From this point trains from the North, South, East, and West meet. The Vermont Central Railway here passes into the valley of White River, and pursues a more westerly course, while the Northern New-Hampshire road, forming a junction with it, crosses the Connecticut and connects at Concord, N. H., with other roads leading into Boston. The Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers Railway extends from this place in a northerly course, crossing White River at its mouth, just north of the station, to Newport, on Lake Memphremagog, passing through the rich and fertile valleys of the Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers. Travelers to the White

Mountains take this railway to Wells River, where they connect with the railway to Littleton, and thence by stage to the various points in the mountains.

In going either to the White Mountains or Mount Mansfield, there is no change of cars at White River Junction. If the tourist is going to the White Mountains, he should take a seat in the forward car before reaching the Junction; and if to Mount Mansfield, in the rear, or one of the Vermont Central cars.

Trains stop for dinner at White River Junction, and if the White Mountain traveler desires rest, the Junction House will comfortably accommodate him over night.

TO MOUNT MANSFIELD AND MONTREAL.

The first place of importance that tourists pass on the Vermont Central Railway, on their way to Mansfield or Montreal, is Montpelier. It is reached by a short branch road from Montpelier Junction; and although a little out of the way, is nevertheless well worthy a visit.

Leaving Montpelier Junction, the tourist enters the beautiful valley of the Winooski. Here is seen Camel's Hump, the second highest peak in the State.

At Waterbury Station, 73 miles from White River Junction and 31 miles from Burlington, the tourist leaves the railway to visit Mount Mansfield, going 10 miles north by stage to Stowe, where there is the largest and most complete summer hotel in the State. This village is situated in quite an extensive valley, surrounded by beautiful hills and lofty mountain peaks, and for a quiet summer resort it has few equals. The Waterbury Hotel, kept by Mr. N. P. Keeler, capable of accommodating 100 guests, was recently built, and has no superior for the accommodation of tourists. The drives to Bolton Falls, 3 miles west,

where there is a natural bridge over the river, and 8 miles to Camel's Hump, as well as the many others, are pleasant and charming.

To visit Mount Mansfield, you will leave the railway at Waterbury and take the stage to Stowe, 10 miles northward. The summit of Mansfield is 8 miles from Stowe, but this is the headquarters of mountain visitors, as here is the spacious Mansfield House, and here horses and carriages are provided for those going to the mountain.

The principal drives are to Mount Mansfield, 8 miles; Smugglers' Notch, 8 miles—one of the most wild and romantic places in the country; Bingham's Falls, 5 miles; Moss Glen Falls, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles; Gold Brook, 3 miles; West Hill, 2 miles; Morrisville Falls, 8 miles; Johnson Falls, 12 miles; Nebraska, 6 miles.

During the summer the stages from Stowe to Waterbury connect with all the principal trains.

Burlington and Saint Albans are the two places of importance on the line of the Vermont Central between Mount Mansfield and Montreal. The former of these places is more fully described under the heading of LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

TO WHITE MOUNTAINS AND LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

Returning to White River Junction, let us continue our journey up the Connecticut Valley proper, and to the grand old White Hills.

First in interest we pass Hanover, which is the home of Dartmouth College. Oxford is next in interest, owing to its popularity as a summer resort. It is one of the most delightful places in New-Hampshire.

Bradford is the second most important town on the route from White River Junction to Newport, Vt.

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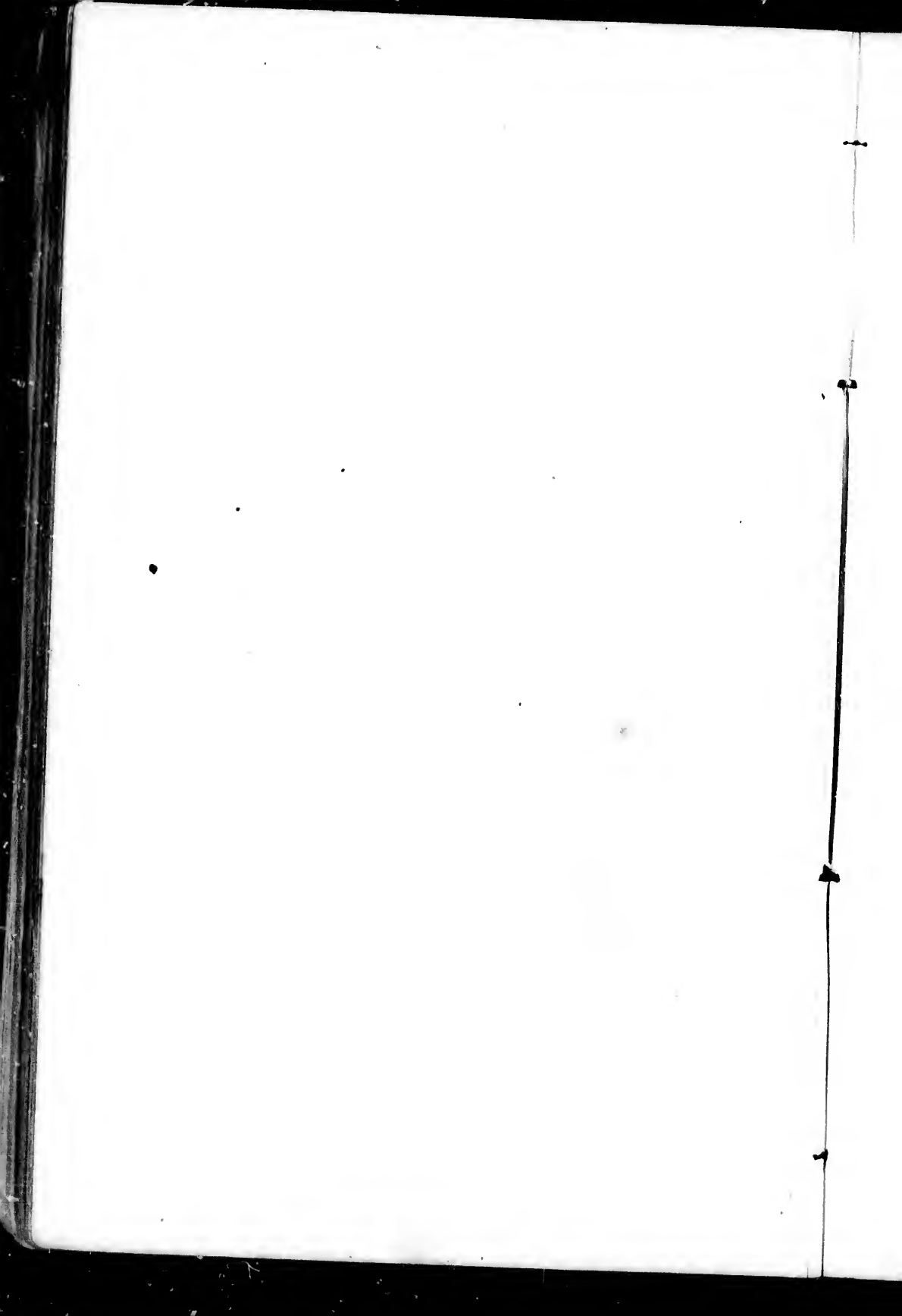
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The Flume, White Mountains.



In the north-west part of the town, in Wright's Mountain, is a cave with several apartments, called Devil's Den. It is thought to have once been the abode of human beings.

In this town, in 1812, was manufactured, by James Wilson, the first artificial globe made in the United States.

Newbury is one of the oldest towns on the upper Connecticut, and few places present greater attractions for a quiet summer residence. Here are the celebrated Newbury Sulphur Springs, long known to invalids in New-England. They are in the valley, east of the depot, where a bath-house has been fitted up. An analysis of the water has been made, and it is highly recommended by able physicians.

Directly in the rear of Newbury is Mount Pulaski, an elevation easy of access, and from it can be seen a wide extent of country. The tourist should ascend its summit and look upon the scenery spread before him. To the right is the valley of Haverhill, with its long street, and directly east is Moose Hillock. To the left of it are Sugar Loaf and Black Mountains. Further beyond, in the north-east, are the Franconia Mountains, and in a pleasant day Franconia Notch can be seen, through which tourists pass to the White Mountains. The Profile House is only about 25 miles from Newbury.

Leaving Newbury and passing the Great Ox-Bow, you soon come to the pleasant village of Wells River, in the town of Newbury, 40 miles from White River Junction. Here White Mountain tourists change cars for Littleton, it being the junction of the Boston and Montreal and White Mountains Railways. It is 20 miles to Littleton, from which travelers go by stage 11 miles to the Profile House,

and 22 to the Crawford House. The view at this point is magnificent.

NORTH OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

A short distance above the mouth of the Passumpsic, you come to McLeran's. Before the railway was built from Wells River to Littleton, this was the starting-point for stages to the White Mountains. The falls in the Passumpsic will be noticed on the right.

After Passumpsic, the tourist next passes Saint Johnsbury, a beautiful town, made famous by the Messrs. Fairbanks, of scale notoriety.

Sixteen miles from Saint Johnsbury, you reach West-Burke, near which is Burke Mountain, 2000 feet in height. At this station passengers leave the railway for Lake Willoughby, 6 miles distant. Mr. David Trull, proprietor of the West-Burke Hotel, near the station, will furnish the tourist conveyance to that place on the arrival of the trains. Willoughby is one of the most remarkable lakes in this country. It lies between two mountains, which rise abruptly from its shores to the height of nearly 2000 feet. The lake is from half a mile to 2 miles wide, and is 6 miles long. The water is so deep, in places, that no bottom has been found. Mr. Alonzo Bemis has erected a large hotel at the south end of the lake, where tourists can get good accommodations. It is a wild and romantic spot, and to the lover of nature it presents many attractions. Mr. Robert Van Arsdale, of Newark, N. J., has built a summer residence at the south end of the lake, and spends the summer months here. A good view of Willoughby Mountain, rising from the east shore of the lake, is had before you reach West-Burke Station.

Barton Landing, a few miles farther north, is the point

from which stages run to the delightful village of Irasburg, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles westward. The Irasburg House, kept by Rufus B. Richardson, will accommodate about 100 guests.

Leaving Barton Landing, you soon reach Coventry Station. Continuing northward, you come to a bay connected with Lake Memphremagog. Passing along its eastern bank, you cross it on a spile-bridge, and in a few minutes are landed in front of Memphremagog House in Newport, upon the shore of the lake.

Fuller descriptions of Lake Memphremagog and Mount Mansfield are given elsewhere.

This completes the routes of the Connecticut Valley, unless, perchance, one desires to go to the source of the Connecticut River and catch trout in beautiful Lake Umbagog—a thing which we advise young men to do. There are no hotels upon the shores of the lake, but there are pleasant farm-houses.

Speaking of the Connecticut Valley last season, the *Springfield Republican* said: "All through the Connecticut Valley we find each year increasing numbers of summer visitors. The beautifully shaded villages from Hartford to Lancaster all have more or less city boarders. Some, like Brattleboro, Northampton, Deerfield, Walpole, Windsor, Charlestown, Haverhill, Hanover, Orford, Lancaster, are noted resorts, and are gay through the summer weeks with the people and the fashions of the towns. Brattleboro has fewer guests, however, this year than usual; Orford, with many last season, has scarcely any now; but the others have full complements; and these quiet and almost decaying old towns are awakened into new vitality by this new branch of industry, to wit, 'boarding.' Their ancient hotels are brushing the cobwebs off the traditions of their staging days, and the civilization of

New-York and Boston more and more permeates and unsettles society in the remotest of country towns.

“Springfield, though as inviting as Northampton or Brattleboro, entertains but few at this season. We feel our city pride, and must go, instead of bidding our friends to come. The mountains and the seashore are our favorite resorts. These hill-towns to the west of us, like Blandford and Chester, take a few visitors, and could have hundreds of our citizens and their families, if they would but provide comfortable board for them. The air of their hills is in marked contrast, in dryness and coolness, to that of the town, and many an invalid person or child is revived by even a few days' visit to them. But the people of these villages upon the hills seem too unenterprising or unintelligent to meet the demand for accommodations. They will soon learn their opportunity and improve it, however. The chance is too good a one to be long neglected.”

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

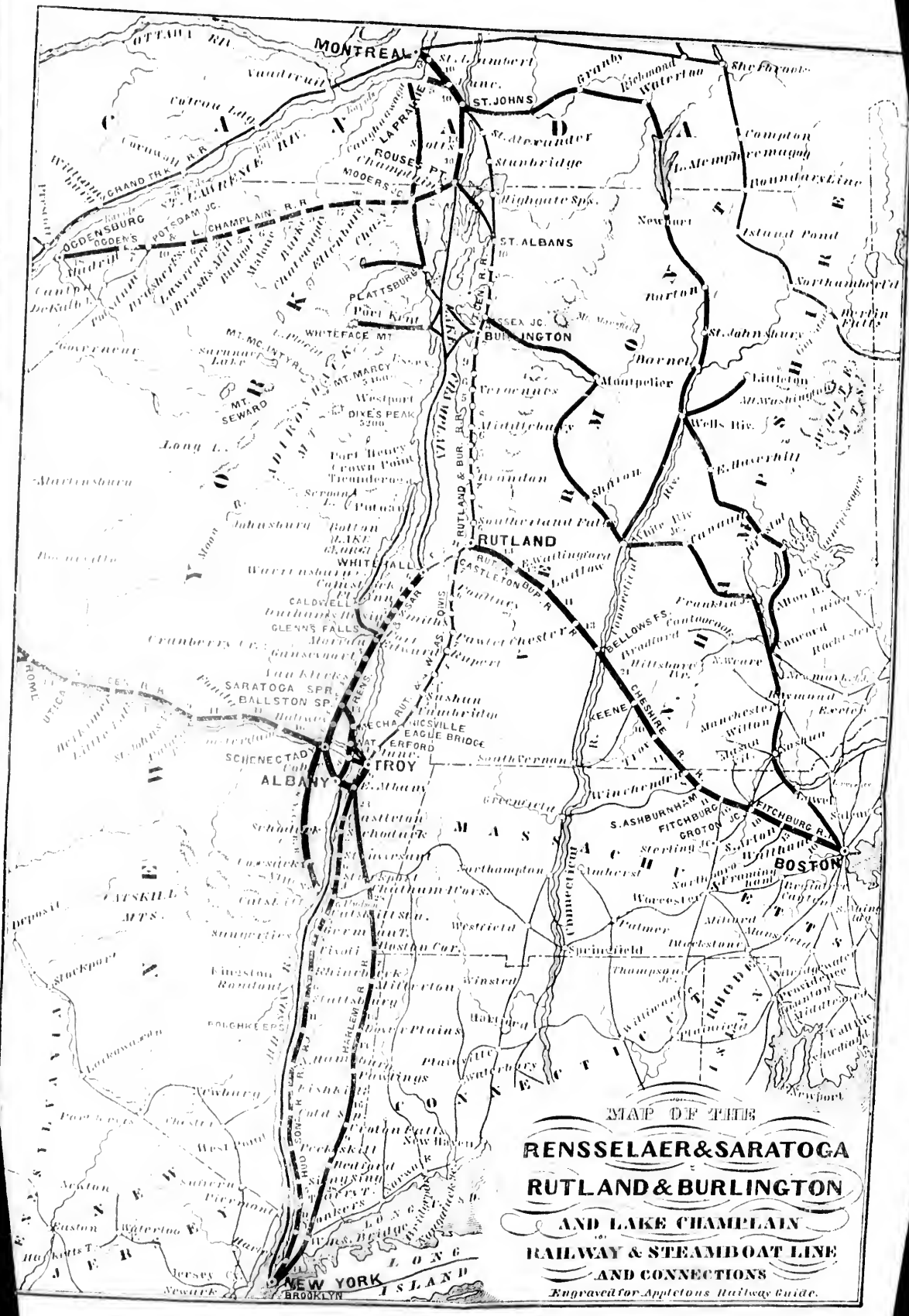
WHEN TO Go.—“It is to be regretted,” says Starr King, “that the mountains are not visited during the splendid days of the early summer. From the middle of June to the middle of July, foliage is more fresh; the cloud-scenery is nobler; the meadow-grass has a more golden color; the streams are usually more full and musical; and there is a larger proportion of the ‘long light’ of the afternoon, which kindles the landscape into the richest loveliness. The mass of visitors to the White Mountains go during the dog-days, and leave when the finer September weather sets in with its prelude touches of the October splendor. In August there are fewer clear skies; there is more fog; the meadows are appareled in more sober green; the

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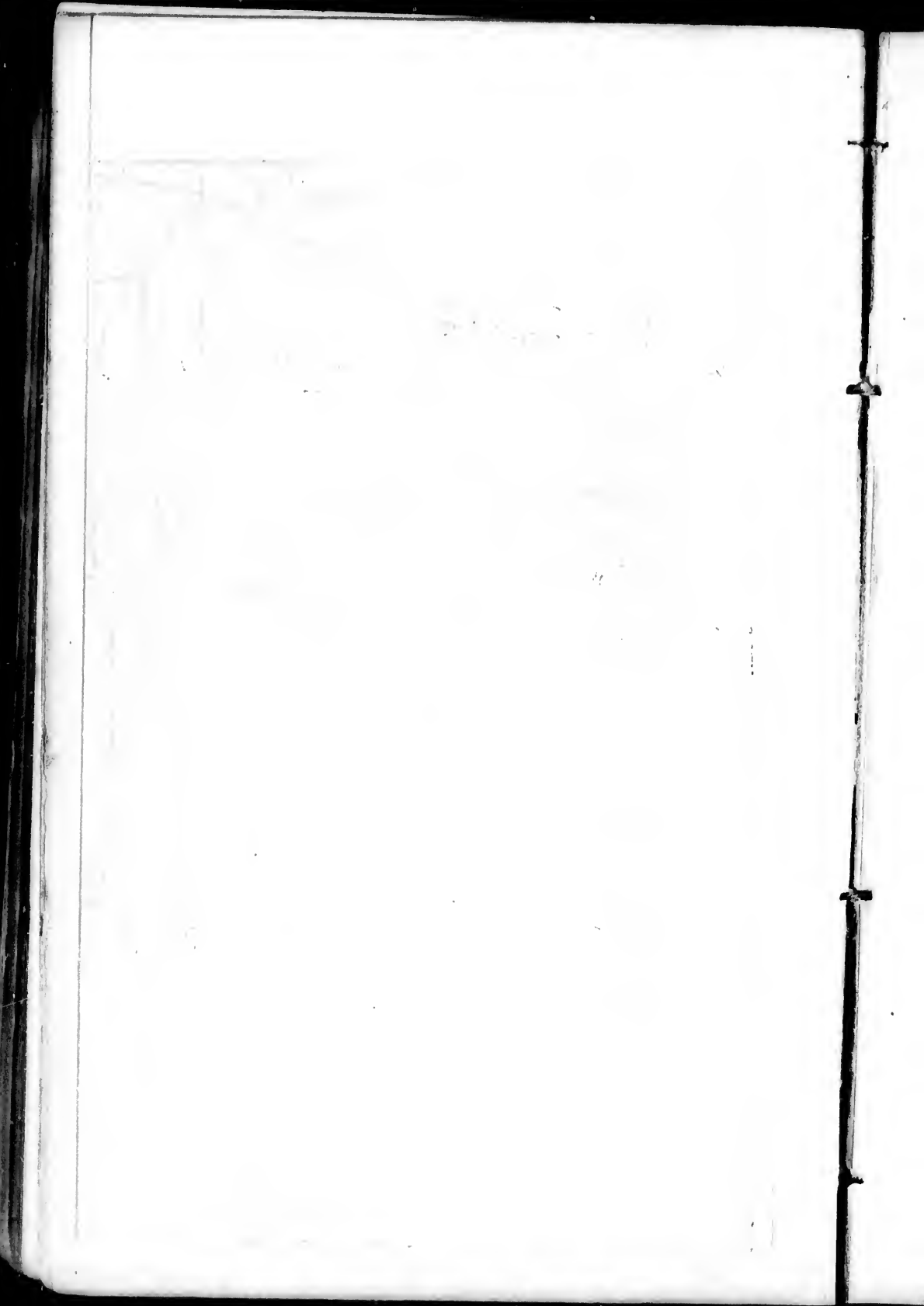
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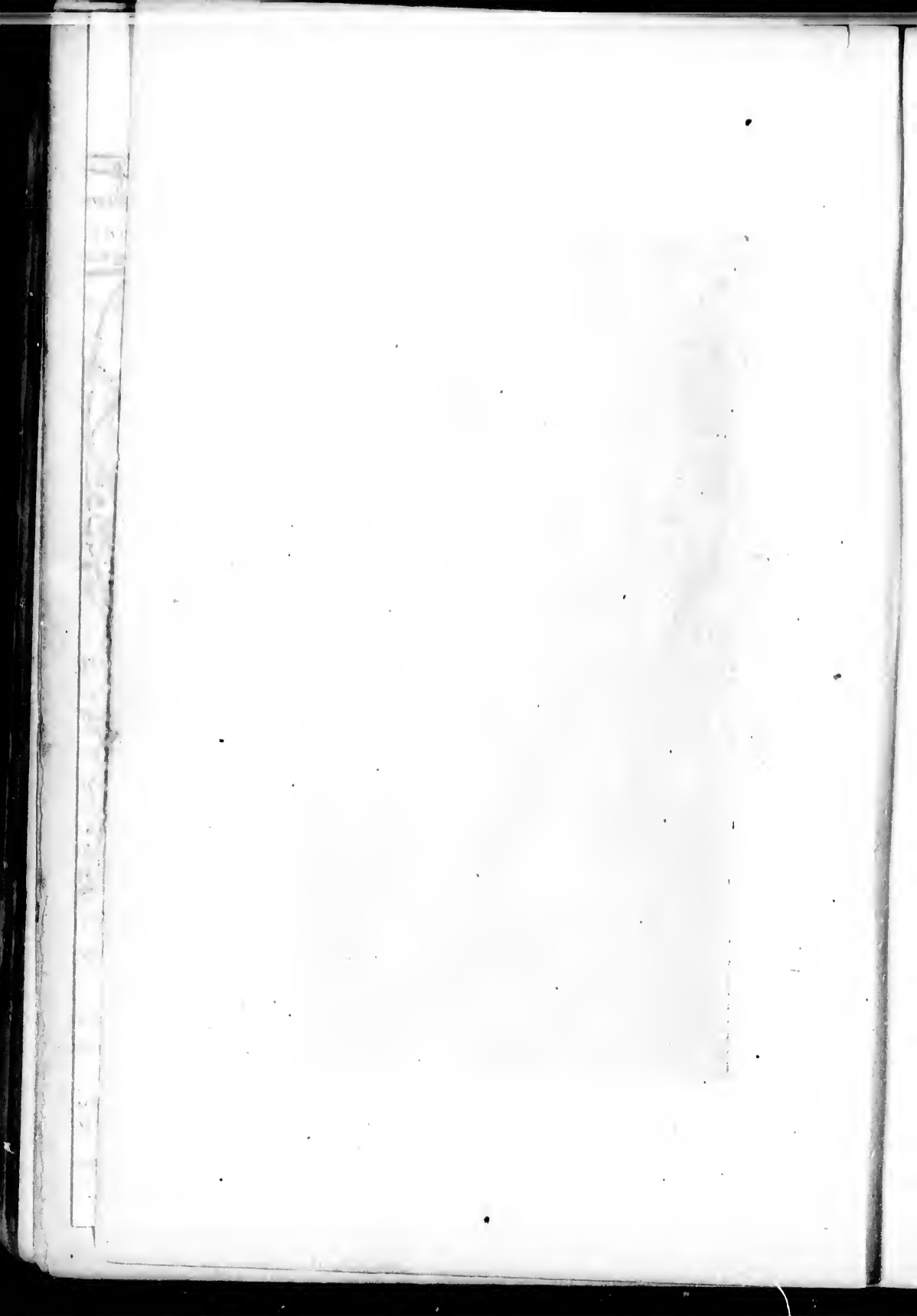
MAP OF THE
RENSELAER & SARATOGA
RUTLAND & BURLINGTON
 AND LAKE CHAMPLAIN
 RAILWAY & STEAMBOAT LINE
 AND CONNECTIONS

Engraved for Appleton's Railway Guide.





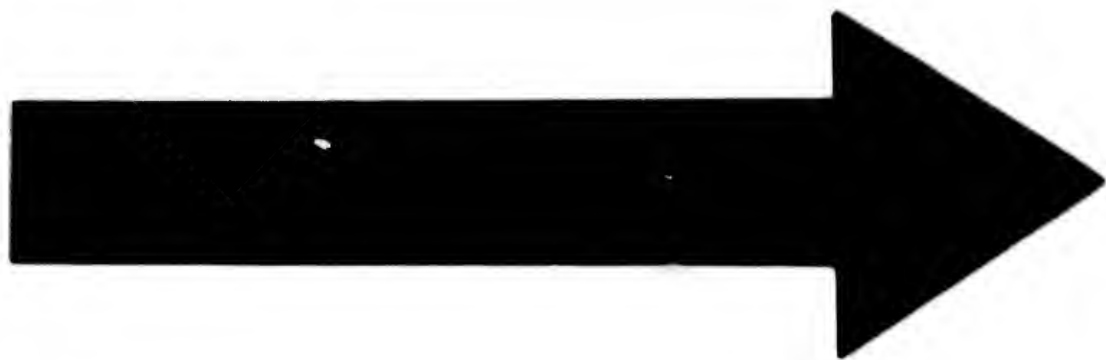
The White Mountains.

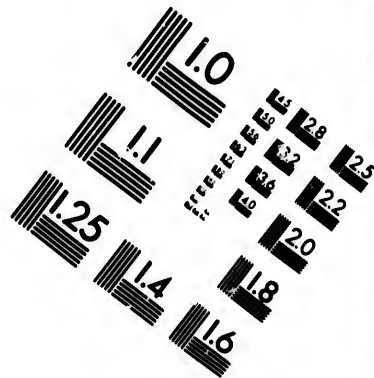
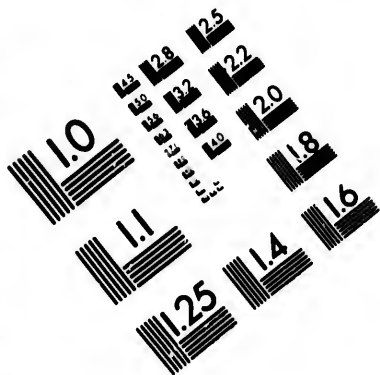


highest rocky crests may be wrapped in mists for days in succession ; and a traveler has fewer chances of making acquaintance with a bracing mountain breeze. The latter half of June is the blossom season of beauty in the mountain districts ; the first half of October is the time of its full-hued fruitage."

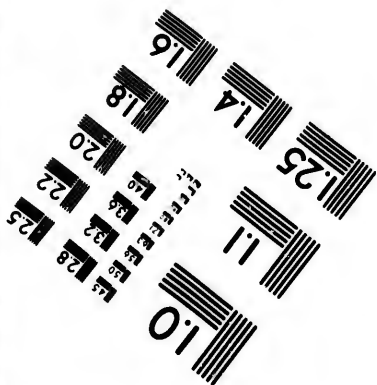
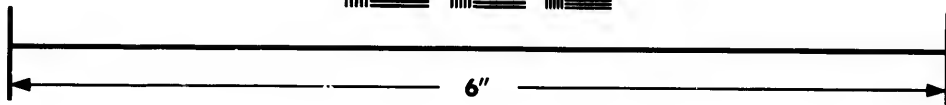
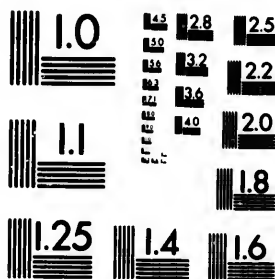
How to Go.—For tourists whose time or purse will not permit them to journey "across the continent," the White Mountains of New-Hampshire are the chief, as they are the most fashionable, of all mountain resorts in the United States. They cover an area of about 40 miles square, in Coos county, Northern New-Hampshire, and, under the general title of the "White Hills," two groups of mountains are included ; one, the Mount Washington chain, or the White Mountains proper ; the other, the Franconia range, of which Mount Lafayette, 1000 feet lower than Mount Washington, is the highest summit. To these two, the highest ranges of the mountains of New-Hampshire, there are four avenues of approach : the valleys of the Saco, the Merrimack—or rather the Pemi-gewasset, its main source—the Androscoggin, and the tributaries of the Connecticut. Railways connect with every one of these natural paths, except the Saco ; and, by each line, one may reach some point among the highest hills on the evening of the same day that he leaves Boston, or in about 17 hours from New-York.

Briefly, the advantages of these several routes are as follows : by the Androscoggin valley to Gorham, (giving this as the chief point of arrival,) the quickest access to the Mount Washington chain is afforded, (although the Saco Valley route reaches the Notch most speedily,) bringing the tourist to the extreme eastern declivities. By the Saco Valley to Weirs, Centre Harbor, or Alton, on Lake





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Winnipisiogee, (pronounced, but improperly spelled, Win-nipesaukee,) the tourist comes to the western borders of the Mount Washington chain by the delightful lake-route, the most generally chosen of all the approaches to the whole region. By the Pemigewasset (or Merrimack) Valley to Plymouth, the quickest access to the Franconia chain is afforded, coming from the south-east. And lastly, by the Connecticut Valley to Littleton, the north-western borders of the Franconia chain are reached, with 15 miles less staging than by the Pemigewasset Valley; or the White Mountain Notch may be reached more quickly by this way than by either of the other three, with the additional advantage (if so esteemed) that the highest ranges are seen first of all. With this general view of the "lay of the land," we proceed to give the principal routes which may enable the tourist, coming from New-York or Boston, to enter the mountain region by each of the four valleys respectively. And, as most of the routes properly begin at Boston, we may first state, summarily, the best routes thither from New-York City.

The finest "Sound steamers" are now the Bristol and the Providence, leaving Pier 40, North River, every day at 5 P.M. By these, passengers go as far as Bristol, Ct., whence proceed by rail to Boston, 5½ A.M. Fare, \$5; supper on board, \$1; the same prices on all boats. After these, there are the Fall River boats, 5 P.M., Pier 28, North River, transferring the passenger to railway at Newport, reaching Boston "in time for morning trains." Also, the New-London steamboats, 5 P.M., Pier 39, North River, transferring to the New-London and Northern and the Worcester Railways, thence to Boston in early morning. And, finally, there are two all-rail routes, the Springfield and Worcester line, and the Shore line (two ferries this

way) by New-London and Providence ; both start from Twenty-seventh street depot at 8 A.M. and 8 P.M., (Sundays, 5 P.M.,) reaching Boston at 4 P.M. and 6 A.M., (Mondays, 3 A.M. ;) elegant compartment-cars (English style) on day train, and good sleeping-cars at night, at extra charges. Railway fare, \$6.

ANDROSCOGGIN VALLEY ROUTE.—Starting now anew from Boston, the traveler choosing the Androscoggin Valley route will take the Boston and Maine Railway to Portland, from Haymarket square, passing the famous Phillips Academies of Andover, Mass., and Exeter, N. H., on his journey ; or the Eastern Railway from Causeway street, passing through Lynn, Salem, and Newburyport, Mass., and Portsmouth, N. H.—(the two roads unite at South-Berwick, Me.)—or by boat from India wharf daily, (except Sunday,) at 7 P.M. ; or from Commercial wharf Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8 A.M., to Portland ; thence, by Grand Trunk Railway, to Gorham, where is the Alpine House ; stage to Glen House. Time by this route—New-York to Boston, say 11 hours ; Boston to Portland, 5 hours ; Portland to Gorham, 4 or 5 hours ; say 24 hours from New-York to Gorham.

SACO VALLEY ROUTE.—The favorite lake-trip over Winnipisiogee has the following varieties, all good : From Boston, by Boston and Lowell and Concord Railways, or by Boston and Maine, and Concord, Manchester, and Lawrence Railways, to Concord, N. H. ; thence by Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railway to Weirs, on the lake ; thence by steamer Lady of the Lake, 30 miles, to Centre Harbor or Wolfborough ; thence by stage *via* North-Conway to Glen House. Or from Boston, by Boston and Maine Railway, to Dover, N. H. ; thence by Dover and Winnipisiogee Railway to Alton, steamer Chocorua to Wolfborough and

Centre Harbor,⁶ stage to North-Conway. The distance from Centre Harbor to the Crawford House, at the Notch, is 62 miles; Conway is 32 miles from that hotel.

PEMIGEWASSET VALLEY ROUTE.—By the Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railway, taking trains which connect with that road from the station either of the Boston and Maine or the Boston and Lowell Railway, the traveler bound for the Franconia Mountains reaches Plymouth, N. H., 120 miles from Boston, a little after noon. Having dined in Plymouth, he takes the stage for the Profile House, in the Franconia Notch, 30 miles distant, which will be reached before sunset. The old Flume House has gone to decay.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY ROUTE.—The same train which is left at Plymouth by those who wish to go directly by stage to the Profile House, will carry passengers some 70 miles north of Plymouth, to Littleton. This village is on the Lower Ammonoosuc River, very near its junction with the Connecticut. The cars that leave Boston in the morning reach Littleton about 5 in the afternoon. From Littleton it is 11 miles to the Profile House in the Franconia Notch, and 22 miles to the Crawford House, near the White Mountain Notch.

OTHER ROUTES NOT BY BOSTON.—Of course, there is an endless variety of routes beside the ones already named; but the tourist will not thank us for multiplying his portable pages beyond necessity. We may add, to his great benefit, three routes only, which seek the White Mountains by a shorter eastward journey than those which traverse Boston. *The first* proceeds, by the Boston express train from Twenty-seventh street depot, or by boat and rail through Norwich, to Worcester, Massachusetts, thence direct by the Worcester and Nashua and Concord Railways

to Concord, whence he may proceed, as already described, to Weirs, Plymouth, or Littleton, which are distant from Concord in the order named. *The second route* starts from Twenty-seventh street also, and proceeds to Springfield, Massachusetts. Here the traveler changes to the Connecticut River road, and pursues its connections through Brattleboro, Bellows Falls, White River Junction, and Wells River to Littleton. To the tourist who is already familiar with the Hudson, but not yet with the quieter Connecticut, this route, (although it can not include the lower river,) following, as it does, the latter stream all the way from Hartford nearly to its fountains, can not be equaled for attractiveness; and the whole day which it consumes beyond the time of the routes already named will by no means be wasted in its enjoyment. *The third route*, also occupying two days, is the finest possible of all the list, including the Hudson River trip (see article ALONG THE HUDSON for routes to Troy) and that on the Connecticut River, just given, beyond Bellows Falls, beside the beautiful mountainous region of Western Vermont. The traveler will reach Troy by rail or boat from New-York, and go thence to Rutland through Eagle Bridge, (it is useless to undertake to say by what road, until the interminable railway quarrels in Western Vermont may be somewhat quieted,) remaining over night; leave in the morning by Rutland and Burlington Railway for Bellows Falls, and thereafter pursue the course of the route just given. This completes the long list of routes which may be confidently recommended.

WHERE TO STAY.—Arriving at Gorham, the traveler may make either the Alpine or the Glen House his point of departure for the Mount Washington chain. The

Crawford House is situated upon the other (the west) side of Mount Washington.

The Alpine House is situated in the valley at the junction of the Androscoggin and Peabody Rivers. The valley is 800 feet above the sea, and its breadth is so great that the air is more dry, pure, and bracing than in the more narrow passes directly under the lofty summits. The proprietor is Mr. J. R. Hitchcock. The house may be reached either by Grand Trunk Railway to Gorham or by stage from Centre Harbor *via* North-Conway and the Glen, or from Littleton *via* Bethlehem, Crawford House, White Mountain Notch, and Glen House; or by way of Lancaster and Jefferson, (Waumbeck House.) There is a post-office and a telegraph station near by. Post-office address, Gorham, N. H. The house is open all the year. Terms, \$4 per day. From this point there is a fine road all the way—16 miles—to the Tip-Top House on the summit of Mount Washington. The distance to the base, at Glen House, is 8 miles. Trains arrive at Gorham from Portland at 11 A.M. and 6 P.M.; leave at 12 midnight and 9 A.M. for Portland.

The Glen House, 8 miles by stage south from Gorham, stands on a plateau, 830 feet above the Gorham valley, and 1632 feet above tide-water at Portland, in the midst of a magnificent mountain bowl. No public house among the mountains is situated so near the Mount Washington range as this, four of the highest summits being in full view, directly in front of the hotel. (The height of Mount Washington is 6285 feet; Mount Clay, 5400; Mount Adams, 5800; Mount Madison, 5361; Mount Jefferson, 5700.) Mr. J. M. Thompson is proprietor of the Glen House, and can make room for 500 guests from June 1st till October 16th. There is a telegraph and a post-station in the house. Ad-

dress, Glen House, N. H. Price of board, \$4 per day. Stages leave for the Crawford House and North-Conway at 8 A.M.; for Gorham in time to connect with trains. The Notch is on the Crawford road, near that hotel. The ascent of Mount Washington is now most commonly made from the Glen House and the Alpine House, by the famous carriage-road commenced in 1855 and fully completed in 1861. The average grade is 12 feet in 100, and the steepest grade in any part, which, strange to say, is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the base, is 16 feet in 100 for a short distance. The bridle-path formerly went up the mountain side in nearly a straight line, while the road winds around the ledge and up the mountain-side, making nearly double the distance. Most travelers deem the ascent more objectionable than the descent. But in no part is there any difficulty or danger in the ascent, no more discomfort being experienced than in the same amount of carriage-riding upon any of the mountain roads.

The tariff of tolls on the carriage-road is as follows:

For every person on foot.....	\$0.32
“ “ “ on horseback,.....	.80
“ “ “ in carriages,.....	.80
“ “ sulky with one horse,.....	.64
“ “ carriage with 4 wheels for 2 persons,.....	.64
“ “ “ with 2 horses and 4 wheels,.....	.96
“ “ “ with 4 horses,.....	1.28

For every carriage of pleasure or otherwise, the like sums, according to the number of wheels and horses drawing the same. Each person pays the toll for himself in addition to the price for his seat in the carriage, and the proprietor pays the carriage-toll.

The Crawford House, 100 rods from the White Mountain Notch, and in the midst of a little plateau about 2000

feet above the sea, is kept by Messrs. Doyle and Hartshorn, proprietors. Post and telegraph offices in the house. Board, \$4.50 per day; accommodations for 250 guests. The hotel is lighted with gas throughout, and all the sleeping-rooms are on the first and second floors. The office is situated in the central part of the house, and generally presents as busy a scene as the great square in a city. Hither every one comes to talk over his plans, and to make arrangements for various excursions, or for continuing his journey to other points of interest. One should be careful, as soon as he arrives, to book his name at this place for a horse to Mount Washington, if he intends to make the ascent within a few days, as often all the ponies are engaged for a day or two beforehand. The price of a horse to the summit and back, with guides for the party, is \$4; the bridle-path is 9 miles in ascent to the Tip-Top House. The steam railway up the mountain is to be completed by the opening of this (1868) season, and its base, 7 miles from the hotel, may be reached over a good road. The nearness of the summit of Mount Willard is one of the attractions at the Crawford; distance only 2 miles, over a good bridle-path. Stages arrive at the House from Littleton at 5 and 10 P.M.; from the Profile House at 2 P.M.; from the Glen House at 5 P.M.; from North-Conway at 1 P.M. Stages leave house for Littleton at 4 and 10 A.M.; for the Profile House, at 8 A.M.; for the Glen House, at 8 A.M.; and for Conway, at 8 A.M.

The Tip-Top House, including the building formerly known as the Summit House, on the summit of Mount Washington, more than 6000 feet above the sea, is a marvel of comfort to the weary traveler who has for hours been longing for its rest and convenience. Mr. J. R. Fitchcock, landlord of the Alpine House, is landlord here

also, and the house is under the immediate charge of Mr. A. H. Palmer. When we think what a labor it has been to carry all provisions to such an elevation, and that even fuel must be taken up from the forests far below, we can not fail to admire the forethought and energy that have kept the Summit House so well. Good coffee and tea, with milk, fresh eggs, new and well-made bread, generally fresh meats, as well as excellent ham, and often trout, are found on the plentifully provided table. Those who ascended Mount Washington before there was any shelter on the peak from gale or shower, or driving scud, or snow squall, that often awaited and overtook them, will know how those are favored now who find good protection, fire, and a hot dinner ready on the top. Sheets of paper and envelopes, each with an engraving of the Mountain House and Summit, are on sale there. Letters written there to friends are mailed to all parts of the country by the proprietors of the hotel. They drop the summer out of their calendar, and make their home for days above human fellowship, amid lightning and thunder, blinding fogs and sweeping sleet, to offer such service to travelers.

The Profile House, a new and large hotel, accommodating 500 guests, open from June 1st to October 16th, is situated in the immediate vicinity of Echo Lake, (half a mile,) Cannon or Profile Mountain, and The Profile, (half a mile,) the Flume and Pool, (6 miles,) and Mount Lafayette, (5 miles over bridle-path to summit.) It is on a level plain, a few acres in area, in the bosom of the hills, and has two approaches: on the north, from Bethlehem and Littleton; on the south, from the Flume House and Pemigewasset Valley. Terms, \$4.50 per day; telegraph and post-stations in the house. Stages arrive at the house from Littleton at 2 and 7½ P.M.; from Plymouth, at 7 P.M.

and from the Crawford House, at 2 P.M. Stages leave the house for Littleton, 7 A.M. and 3 P.M.; for Plymouth, 7 A.M., (and oftener if desired;) and the Crawford, at 8 A.M.

The most attractive advertisement of the Franconia Notch to the traveling public is the rumor of the *Great Stone Face*, that hangs upon one of its highest cliffs. If its inclosing walls were less grand, and its water gems less lovely, travelers would be still, perhaps, as strongly attracted to the spot, that they might see a mountain which breaks into human expression—a piece of sculpture older than the Sphinx—an imitation of the human countenance, which is the crown of all beauty, that was pushed out from the coarse strata of New-England thousands of years before Adam. The marvel of this countenance, outlined so distinctly against the sky at an elevation of nearly 1500 feet above the road, is greatly increased by the fact that it is composed of three masses of rock which are not in perpendicular line with each other. On the brow of the mountain itself, standing on the visor of the helmet that covers the face, or directly underneath it on the shore of the little lake, there is no intimation of any human features in the lawless rocks. Remove but a few rods either way from the guide-board on the road, where you are advised to look up, and the charm is dissolved. But the whole mountain from which the Profile starts is one of the noblest specimens of majestic rock that can be seen in New-Hampshire. One may tire of the craggy countenance sooner than of the sublime front and vigorous slopes of Mount Cannon itself—especially as it is seen, with its great patches of tawny color, in driving up from the lower part of the Notch to the Profile House.

Other hotels which are not actually at the Mountains, but prove to be necessary to the traveler, are as follows, (a

list which does not, of course, include all in the region, but may be relied on as accurate and entirely adapted for this summer, as far as it goes.)

The Bethlehem House, at Bethlehem, on the stage-road between Littleton (5 miles distant) and the Crawford—passing the old Fabian—House, (17 miles further,) is kept by Mr. E. R. Abbott, at \$3.50 per day for transient and \$8 to \$15 per week for permanent boarders. It is reached only by stages, arriving from Littleton at 1 and 6 P.M.; from the Profile House, at 10 A.M.; and from the Crawford, at 11 A.M. Stages leave Bethlehem for Littleton at 7 A.M. and 2 P.M.; for the Profile, at 10½ A.M.; and for the Crawford, at 11½ A.M. Accommodations for 200 guests the year round; post and telegraph stations convenient.

The old Fabian House is being rebuilt.

The Lancaster House, 16 miles north by carriage-road from Bethlehem, is also open the year round. Proprietor, Mr. E. Stanton; accommodations for 250 guests; board, \$3.50 per day, or \$9 to \$15 per week. Bethlehem is a postal station, and there is also telegraphic communication with all points. The Grand Trunk station, connected by stage with Lancaster, is Northumberland, 10 miles to the north-east. Stages arrive at Lancaster from trains from Portland at 1 and 9 P.M.; from Montreal, at 10 A.M. Stages from Littleton, 20 miles, where the White Mountain Railway terminates on the north, arrive at 9 P.M. at Lancaster. Stages leave Lancaster for Portland (*via* Northumberland) at 6 and 10 P.M.; for Montreal, at 6 P.M.; for Littleton and White Mountains Railway to Wells River Junction, at 5 A.M. The location of this house is an excellent one for summer boarding. Good board may also be obtained at private houses in the village for \$7 per week.

Sumner's Hotel is located at the post-town of Dalton,

N. H., on the stage road from Lancaster and Northumberland to Littleton, 12 miles from the latter, and 8 from Lancaster. There is no telegraph here. The house is open all the year, under care of Professor J. B. Sumner, and the terms are \$3 per day, and \$8 to \$15 per week. Stages arrive from Littleton at 8 P.M., Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and leave for Littleton on the same days at 6 A.M.

The Waumbeck House, B. H. Plaisted, proprietor, is at the postal station (no telegraph) of Jefferson, N. H., 8 miles from Lancaster and 20 from the Crawford House. Rooms for 200 guests; board, \$3.50 per day, \$8 to \$14 per week. The hotel is on the favorite Cherry Mountain road from Gorham, (the Alpine,) 33 miles to the White Mountain Notch—a *détour* of nearly 20 miles from the most direct road, but one almost always taken, for the scenery along almost the whole line of the road is grander than that over any other stage route among the mountains.

When Starr King wrote his *White Hills*, in 1859, he lamented the want of a hotel where the Waumbeck now is, remarking: "There is as much beauty to be enjoyed on other routes; but for grandeur, and for opportunities of studying the wildness and majesty of the sovereign range, the Cherry Mountain route is without a rival in New-Hampshire." The Waumbeck House is also a favorite place of resort for those who are desirous of obtaining pure mountain air. Starr King Mountain, in the rear of the house, is easily ascended. From the piazza of the hotel, with a glass, people on the summit of Mount Washington can be distinctly seen. The distance from the hotel to the White Mountain Notch is 17 miles; to the Profile House, by the way of Whitefield and Bethlehem, 28 miles; to the Glen House by the road around the base of Madison, 20 miles; to Littleton, 20 miles.

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.

ABRIDGED FROM THOMAS STARR KING'S "WHITE HILLS."

There are three paths for the ascent of Mount Washington—one from the Crawford House at the Notch, one from the White Mountain House, 5 miles beyond the Notch, and one from the Glen. The path from the White Mountain House requires the shortest horseback ride. Parties are carried by wagons up the side of Mount Washington to a point less than 3 miles from the summit. The bridle-path, however, is quite steep, and no time is gained by this ascent. The rival routes are those from the Notch and the Glen. Each of these has some decided advantages over the other. The Glen route is the shortest. For the first 4 miles the horses keep the wide and hard track, with a regular ascent of 1 foot in 8, which was laid out for a carriage-road to the summit, but never completed. This is a great gain over the corduroy and mud through the forests of Mount Clinton, which belong to the ascent from the Notch.

When we rise up into the region where the real mountain scenery opens, the views from the two paths are entirely different in character, and it is difficult to decide which is grander. From the Notch, as soon as we ride out of the forest, we are on a mountain top. We have scaled Mount Clinton, which is 4200 feet high. Then the path follows the line of the White Mountain ridge. We descend a little, and soon mount the beautiful dome of Mount Pleasant, which is 500 feet higher. Descending this to the narrow line of the ridge again, we come to Mount Franklin, a little more than 100 feet higher than Pleasant, less marked in the landscape, but very difficult to climb. Beyond this, 500 feet higher still, are the dou-

ble peaks of Mount Monroe; and then winding down to the Lake of the Clouds, from whence the Ammonoosuc issues, we stand before the cone of Mount Washington, which springs more than 1000 feet above us. The views of the ravines all along this route, as we pass over the sharpest portions of the ridge, and see them sweeping off each way from the path, are very exciting. And there is the great advantage in this approach to be noted that, if Mount Washington is clouded, and the other summits are clear, travelers do not lose the sensation and the effects produced by standing for the first time on a mountain peak.

By the Glen route we cross no subordinate peaks, and do not follow a ridge line from which we see summits towering here and there, but steadily ascend Mount Washington itself. In this way a more adequate conception is gained of its immense mass and majestic architecture. After we pass above the line of the carriage-road to the barren portion of the mountain, there are grand pictures at the south and east of the Androscoggin Valley, and the long, heavily-wooded Carter range. Indeed, nothing which the day can show will give more astonishment than the spectacle which opens after passing through the spectral forest, made up of acres of trees, leafless, peeled, and bleached, and riding out upon the ledge. Those who make thus their first acquaintance with a mountain height will feel, in looking down into the immense hollow in which the Glen House is a dot, and off upon the vast green breastwork of Mount Carter, that language must be stretched and intensified to answer for the new sensations awakened. We shall never forget the phrase which a friend once used—an artist in expression as in feeling, and not given under strong stimulant to superlatives—as

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Berlin Falls, White Mountains.



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he looked, for the first time, from the ledge upon the square miles of undulating wilderness: "See the tumultuous bombast of the landscape!" Yet the glory of the view is, after all, the four highest companion mountains of the range, Clay, Jefferson, Adams, Madison, that show themselves in a bending line beyond the tremendous gorge at the right of the path, absurdly called the "Gulf of Mexico," and are visible from their roots to their summits. These mountains are not seen on the ascent from the Notch, being hidden by the dome of Mount Washington itself. On the Glen path these grand forms tower so near us that it seems at first as though a strong arm might throw a stone across the Gulf and hit them. There should be a resting-place near the edge of the ravine, where parties could dismount and study these forms at leisure. Except by climbing to the ridge through the unbroken wilderness of the northern side, there is no such view to be had east of the Mississippi of mountain architecture and sublimity.

The first effect of standing on the summit of Mount Washington is a bewildering of the senses at the extent and lawlessness of the spectacle. It is as though we were looking upon a chaos. The land is tossed into a tempest. But in a few moments we become accustomed to this and begin to feel the joy of turning round and sweeping a horizon-line that in parts is drawn outside of New-England. Then we can begin to inquire into the particulars of the stupendous diorama. Northward, if the air is not thick with haze, we look beyond the Canada line. Southward, the "parded land" stretches across the borders of Massachusetts, before it melts into the horizon. Do you see a dim blue pyramid on the far north-east, looking scarcely more substantial than gossamer, but keeping

its place stubbornly, and cutting the yellowish horizon with the hue of Damascus steel? It is Katahdin looming out of the central wilderness of Maine. Almost in the same line on the south-west, and nearly as far away, do you see another filmy angle in the base of the sky? It is Monadnoc, which would feel prouder than Mont Blanc, or the frost-sheeted Chimborazo, or the topmost spire of the Himalaya, if it could know that the genius of Mr. Emerson has made it the noblest mountain in literature. The nearer range of the Green Mountains are plainly visible; and behind them Camel's Hump and Mansfield tower in the direction of Lake Champlain. The silvery patch on the north, that looks at first like a small pond, is Umbagog; a little farther away due south, a section of the mirror of Winnipiseogee glistens. Sebago flashes on the south-east, and a little nearer, the twin Lovell Lakes, that lie more prominently on the map of our history than on the landscape. Next, the monotony of the scene is broken by observing the various forms of the mountains that are thick as "meadow mole-hills"—the great wedge of Lafayette, the long, thin ridge of Carter, the broad-based and solid Pleasant Mountain, the serrated summit of Chocorua, the beautiful cone of Kearsarge, the cream-colored Stratford peaks, as near alike in size and shape as two Dromios. Then the pathways of the rivers interest us. The line of the Connecticut we can follow from its birth near Canada to the point where it is hidden by the great Franconia wall. Its water is not visible; but often in the morning a line of fog lies for miles over the lower land, counterfeiting the serpentine path of its blue water that bounds two States. Two large curves of the Androscoggin we can see. Broken portions of the Saco lie like lumps of light upon the open valley to the west of Kear-

sarge. The sources of the Merrimack are on the farther slope of a mountain that seems to be not more than the distance of a rifle-shot. Directly under our feet lies the cold Lake of the Clouds, whose water plunges down the wild path of the Ammonoosuc, and falls more than a mile before the ocean drinks it at New-Haven. And in the sides of the mountain, every wrinkle east or west that is searched by the sunbeams or cooled by shadows, is the channel of a bounty that swells one of the three great streams of New-England. And lastly, we notice the various beauty of the valleys that slope off from the central range. No two of them are articulated with the mountain by the same angles and curves. Stairways of charming slope and bend lead down into their sweet and many-colored loveliness and bounty.

The most unfavorable time for visiting the summit is in the noon of a summer day when the air is hazy. There are no shadows then, no wonders of color, no vague reaches of distance. And yet, because the air is genial and the cone is not veiled by mist, such a day is generally accounted propitious by travelers. It is better to encounter fogs, or sudden showers, especially if one has never enjoyed before an unobstructed prospect from the peak, than to see the landscape spiritless under a solitary noon. Cloud-effects are the most surprising and fascinating pageants which the ascent of the mountain can disclose.

THE DELAWARE WATER GAP.

Brodhead's Kittatinny House is headquarters for the Delaware Water Gap, being beautifully situated on the side of the Kittatinny Mountain, and commanding a view of the mouth of the Gap on one side, and the outline of the Blue Ridge, with the fertile and beautiful valley of the

Delaware, on the other. The season here is always a gay one, and the hotel is ever filled to overflowing.

Winging away from New-York by the Central Railway of New-Jersey, leaving the city at 9 A.M., connecting with the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railway at the Junction—or by the Delaware and Belvidere road from Philadelphia, the tourist finds himself, after a ride (through wild and startling scenery) at a fearful rate of speed around the base of the mountains, safely landed, and, at scarcely 1½ o'clock, at the little station at the foot of Kittatinny Mountain. Stages are ready at the depot to convey guests to the Kittatinny House, and a few moments' ride over the steep, winding road, and one is standing on the piazza, greeting friends, or rushing madly toward the office to secure a room or a place to hang up.

If you fail of accommodation at the Kittatinny, temporary sleeping accommodations may be obtained at the little Senape House, opposite the depot—a house, by the way, which can barely be styled a trap to catch travelers, where the landlord “doesn't take lodgers for Brodhead when the Kittatinny is full”—and whose husk mattresses and straw pillows would be fully indorsed by any prison superintendent or almshouse commissioner.

The company at the Kittatinny is quiet but select; and while there is no lack of amusement—hops on Saturdays and excursions every day—with an occasional “fair for the church,” in one of which, on a Wednesday and Thursday of last summer, they realized over \$1100 for the benefit of the Presbyterian chapel, there seems an air of comfort and sociability seldom or never met with among hotel people, except at the Water Gap, or at some such secluded and semi-occasional retreat.

Folks here take it quietly and respectably. There is

plenty to see, and one can either take plenty of time to see it in, or he can run the whole gauntlet of the sights in the immediate vicinity between Saturday morning and Monday noon, and yet carry away a complete and satisfactory idea of the Delaware Water Gap and its surroundings.

"Squire Jones," with his pretty skiff, the Minnehaha, is always ready to show Water Gap and the river, where, be the climbing fever at its height, one can go with the guide up the rugged and dangerous pathway full 1600 feet, and, standing on the ledge, out of reach of the chilling current of air from the valley below, obtain a view of mountain scenery sufficient to last him a lifetime. Or, take a resting-place some 300 feet from the base of the Jersey Mountain, with 80 feet depth of green water flowing at its base, the twin giant of the Pennsylvania Mountain, shaped like a huge elephant, rising on the opposite side of the gap, with the brown, forbidding ledges standing out upon its rugged sides, and the serpentine train of coal-cars winding slowly around the base, the train so long that the engine is lost from view on one side of the curve before the red flag signal car at the end of the train is fairly in view from the other end of the curving roadway.

The places of interest to be seen about the Water Gap and hidden away among the mountain paths, are, many of them, connected with the earlier history of the region; and the number of Indian legends told with the history of the spear-heads and antique stones in the hotel office, and of ancient date, are many of them, doubtless, of rather more than ancient veracity. Still they are legends; and the places of Indian history are to be seen and to be admired; and a more distinct and comprehensive idea can be had by walking through the mountain paths and over the ledges of rocks, with the aid of Mr. Brodhead's photo-

graphically illustrated *Guide-Book*, than by an infinite number of carriage drives and equestrian excursions.

The one great drawback to the success of the Delaware Water Gap as a popular resort lies in the non-accommodating spirit of the railway company. But one train a day each way, and no other means of communication with the world at large, and the great cities in particular, with no news at all on Sunday, nullify many of the advantages of such a place and view; though we are informed that Mr. Brodhead intends an arrangement for a special car from New-York, and to try all force of "moral suasion" upon the controlling spirits of the Lackawanna Railway. Among the guests at the hotel are usually many New-York people, who take the summer in a quiet way.

Having done the Water Gap, or, at least, all of it that can be done in a day or two, the coal mines of the Schuylkill region shall be next reported, and, till then, with the splendid valley of the Delaware losing itself in the distance as we are approaching the Lehigh, and the grim old mountains with their ledges of blue and brown stone fast merging themselves into the blue lines of the distance, we take leave of the Water Gap, the ladies, the Kittatinny, and the falls, and wing away toward the more rugged scenery about the head-waters of the Schuylkill.

DOWN IN THE MINES.

Out and away from the Delaware Water Gap, and the bright eyes and merry faces of the Kittatinny House, we leave the sullen-looking twin mountains behind, and speed over the Lackawanna road toward Belvidere and Easton. Following the winding course of the Lehigh, over a smooth road, and through a varied and beautifully undulating

country, making connections at Allentown, we again nestle down among the mountains at a hotel which is merely a fair sample of the accommodations for which the Schuylkill region seems to be remarkable, and of which the least said the better.

Over one of the dirtiest, dustiest—and prettiest—roads in the country, after a ride from Reading, through tunnels and around curves, at a rate of speed which, while it evinces confidence in a well-graded and well-ballasted railway, is nevertheless startling to the quiet-going traveler—we find ourselves suddenly brought to a stand-still at a depot built against the side of the hill, at Pottsville, the western terminus of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway. The town is a busy one, built upon and between the mountains, with its streets running at right angles. The smoke from the furnaces and rolling-mills rising up from among the hills—where every body talks coal or iron, with an occasional digression on church music—and where every one anxiously inquires the state of the market on coal, arguing the difference in prices and quality between red and white ash, “lump,” “broken,” “egg,” “stove,” and “chestnut”—brings to us at once a vivid consciousness that we are in the Coal Region of Pennsylvania.

The change of scenery from the notches of the Water Gap to the line of the Reading road and the Schuylkill is very striking; the one, wild, rugged and brown—the other, softly beautiful and green, from base to summit. Dotted about upon the mountain-sides, and breaking in upon the scenery, are the distant views of coal operations, with the heavy-timbered breakers looking down upon the roads below, and the smoke and steam from the engines and pump moving slowly upward in white and distinct lines.

Shut in among the hills, and with a high-toned and rather conservative society, Pottsville is the moneyed centre of the region, where the operators generally come to make their deposits, and, in the times of low prices and high wages, to get their paper "done" at varied rates of discount; and the field for the operation of brains and the use of capital, as shown by the success of the boldest operators, is one where perseverance is well rewarded and success made certain by energy.

A walk of a mile or more along the canal brings us to Port Carbon Landing—the grand shipping-point, where the boats are loaded for New-York and Philadelphia markets. Here the scene is a busy one, though a pair of white duck pants and a Panama hat are rather out of order by way of costume. At the further end of the basin, and at a convenient intersection of the hundred tracks or more for the laden and empty coal-cars, stands the office of Mr. John Medlar, the shipping agent, where reports are made, orders given, questions answered, the bills of lading made out, signed, and dispatched. On either side, deep down in the basin, lie the boats, loaded or awaiting a turn, while others are receiving their cargoes from the screens and shutes erected next to the little sentry-box offices of the various overseers who control the loading as the cars are brought down, where the dirty-looking boys who are hired by the miners to pick out slate (and who habitually take pains not to do so) get their directions where and how to go to work. Adjacent to the office are the resting-place stables for the mules, the weighing lock, and the dispatcher's office, whence the boats are sent forward to "order," or a market.

Back to Pottsville by the dusty road, and stopping in at the Reading Railway machine-shops at Palo Alto, we take a

look at the rolling mill, where the men at work before the heated furnaces, naked about the waist and with dampened cloths bound above their foreheads, look like so many devils hard at work amid the crashing reports and flying sparks and flakes, as the iron is being crushed into shape between the rollers, or cut by the huge circular saw. We shall study the hotel fare with no dint of satisfaction, and prepare for an early start for the mines in the morning.

Under the care of a driver who is sufficiently antiquated in garb and years to be "up" in the windings of a dangerous and stony mountain roadway, in the drizzling rain and fog, we leave the hotel soon after sunrise, for a visit to the Girardville Colliery, and a look at Ashland and the surroundings. Leaving Pottsville by the main street, we are soon rumbling along the uneven road, and almost as soon as we ascend the hill are in sight of the coal operations about the village of Saint Clair. Surrounded on all sides by great hills of refuse coal, as we descend into the valley again, the view before us is grand in the extreme. Meeting at the base, and with the cheery green of the hills along the railway, variegated by the lines of brown and black stunted shrubbery and out-croppings of coal, the magnitude of the immense interests at work, and the amount of capital invested and labor required, is apparent on all sides. Seven or eight operations—most of them idle, however, with only the pump working to keep the water from gaining—may be seen at one time, and the increasing size and number of the mountains of useless coal and dust, some of them with railways built out upon them, and trains of small cars drawn by mules, give a novel and pleasing effect, and some idea of the great means of wealth of the Schuylkill region.

Not to delay long here, we keep on over a stony and

tiresome road with great fissures on the sides, and hundreds of feet of steep precipice in convenient proximity for tumbling down it. Passing one or two abandoned or "worked-out" collieries, where the driver will point out the spot where a house and its contents were swallowed up by the caving-in of a mine, the inmates of the building barely escaping with their lives, we reach the foot of the plane, and are fairly in the centre of the coal region.

As far as the eye can reach, the black outline and glistening rails of the Mahanoy and Broad Mountain Railway mark the course of the operations and the valley, and the rapid descent of a train of laden cars rushing down the plane, with the workmen riding up in the empty cars on the other track, with the rumble of the coal passing through the breaker built upon the side of the mountain, make the scene one of peculiar wildness; while, prettiest of all, just at the foot of the road, the white and lilac tinted outlines of two pretty houses, built on terraces, and surrounded by flower-beds and overlooking the brook and trout-pond, point out to us the beautiful though almost secluded mountain-home of Mr. Beyers, of the Reading Railway.

A ride of an hour, tedious and toilsome, over a rough road, except in crossing the Broad Mountain, brings us to the little half-village of Girardville, a quiet town to the right, where a remarkably smooth and prettily shaded path leads up to the Girardville Manor House, occupied by Mr. Charles Conner, superintendent at the mine. A correspondent of the *New-York Gazette*, visiting the mines last summer, thus describes his experience, under Mr. Conner's obliging guardianship:

"Having done the Manor House and garden with a drink of cold spring water, we accepted his offer of the loan of

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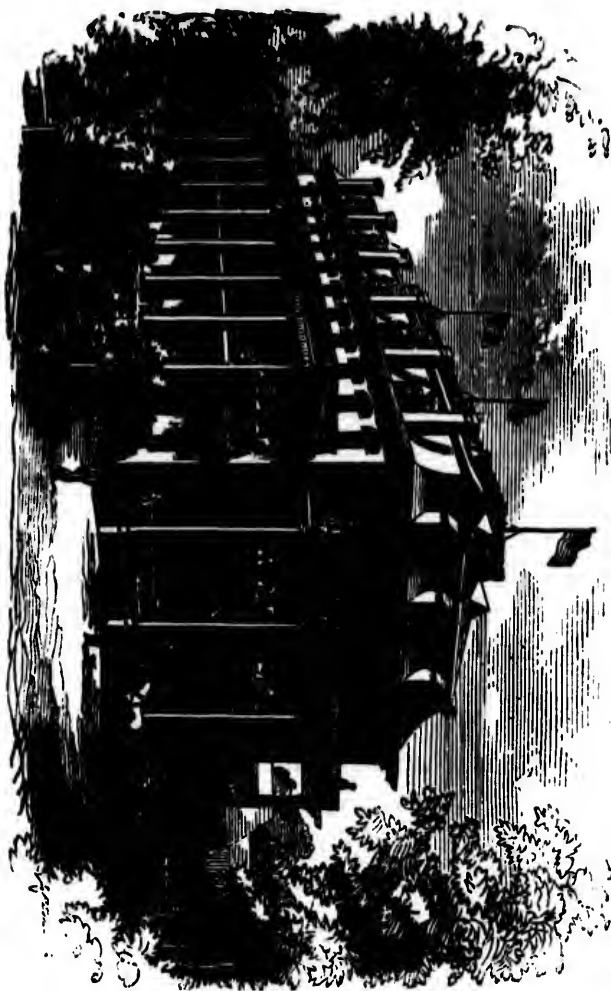
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oil-cloth coats and hats, received most gratefully his suggestion of 'thick boots being just the thing,' and went up into the dirty, ugly-looking breaker, seeing the whole thing from the platform where the cars are unloaded of their large blocks of coal, down the steps leading to the screen for making the various sizes, creeping under the wooden pipes arranged for washing the chestnut and pea coal, and then down upon the railway beneath, whence the cars are loaded for the 'landing.'

"Committed to care of Billy, the 'Inside Boss,' whom we found to be a pleasant, chatty old fellow, with flaxen hair, and a bright, twinkling eye, and decidedly foreign accent, we stopped at the entrance of the mine. Agreeably to Billy's suggestion to get fresh oil in our lamps, as the consequence of groping around in the darkness of a coal mine, with an extinguished lamp, might not be pleasant, we followed him into the opening before us, boldly enough at the outset, but rather more slowly and cautiously after a moment's walk, as the faint glimmer of daylight from the opening was soon lost in the solemn and awful blackness of the path before us. The sensation, too, of cold, almost sufficient to cause a chilling shudder, and the sound of water splashing about our feet and trickling down from the roof above us, and down the sides of the 'gangway,' were not well calculated to inspire confidence in the route we were about to travel. A short distance in the mine, we became accustomed to the dampness, and began to see measurably well, by an attentive pulling up of the cotton on our lamps, and a little straining of the eyes.

"One of the prettiest effects was the glow and dazzling brilliancy of the lamps on the miners' hats, some distance ahead of us, as they bobbed up and down in the darkness, and we were enabled to detect the motions of the miner

by the rising and falling, and jumping about, of the little star of flame fastened on his cap.

“Further in, we were pulled aside by the guide to allow a lumbering mule-train to pass, and then, climbing up through a hole scarce large enough to crawl into, we were standing upright in a vaulted cavern, with roof, floor, and sides of glistening coal, with the light of our uplifted lamps thrown back in hundreds of sparkles from the sharp and glistening corners of the newly fractured ‘Locust Mountain.’

“These openings, which are known as ‘breasts,’ vary in area from 150 to 180 feet, and are known by the technical name of ‘runs,’ being openings where the coal is worked by blasting and picks, aside from the main gangways—and are formed by working the veins from the lower stratum of slate upward, in the direction of the purest vein, through the second layer of slate which lies above it. Leaving the ‘breast,’ and still following the course of the rail-track in the gangway, a glimmer of faint blue light was seen on one side, and we were cautioned to hold our lamps high to avoid the current of fresh cold air searching down into the mine from the long and jagged excavation for an air-hole, with a patch of daylight looking no longer than one’s hand. Through this we were respectfully invited to creep on hands and knees, following Billy, if we saw fit, and were reassured we would find ourselves on the side of the mountain, a long walk’s distance from the opening.

“As we advanced, the way became more difficult in traveling, and we were fully aware of the necessity of care in looking above as well as on the sides, from one or two unceremonious bumps from the overhanging masses of coal. The ‘breasts’ were still to be seen, though smaller—but

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the veins of coal became deeper and purer, and the marks of heavy blasts in the solid coal were visible on each side, while an occasional sensation of fatigue and a slight difficulty in breathing gave good cause for heeding our guide's admonition, 'Take it easy till the end of the gangway, and save your breath for the tramp back.'

"Glad to find ourselves at the end of the path, and astonished to learn that we had walked nearly a mile under ground and into the side of the rugged mountain above us, we retraced our steps, following Billy with slow and cautious tread, but yet with no sign of daylight, and the little twinkling stars of the miner's lights a long way off, doubly brilliant in the increasing damp and darkness.

"Again we pass the mule train and the group of miners, but were not allowed to do so till we had 'paid our footing' to the men—a custom, we believe, to which all visitors are subject, but which the most knowing ones generally contrive to make a light taxation. Having paid tribute, we were allowed to proceed, through gangways closed by heavy wooden doors, to arrange and secure a good circulation of air; and then to the second opening, now being 'driven'—making a steep slope, where the track is being laid for an almost perpendicular descent into the mines, at the intersection of the side veins and the present gangway; and finally found ourselves, tired, cold, and dirty, with dimly burning lamps and sooty faces and hands, again in daylight, at the opening of the 'drift,' or main entrance.

"Heeding Mr. Conner's injunction not to take off the coats too suddenly after the cold temperature of the mines, we thanked old Billy for his courtesy, sent our regards to his good old woman, the mother of fifteen children, boys and girls, as he had taken occasion to inform us; and then climbed up the hill to the opening of the 'Buck Mountain

Vein' Colliery, soon to be in operation, secured specimens of 'peacock,' or variegated coal, and washed off at the cooling spring at the Manor House—having taken a trip underground that your correspondent doesn't care to take often, yet, having taken it, does not regret, and, with a pleasant 'good day' from the Superintendent, rode back, tired and damp."

HARRISBURG AND VICINITY.

The natural scenery of Pennsylvania is unusually diversified and beautiful. About one fourth of her territory is occupied by mountain ranges, some of which are at least 2000 feet above the level of the sea. These ranges of mountains extend over a breadth of 200 miles, including many fruitful valleys and charming waters, and iron and coal deposits that are unequaled in any other State in the Union.

From New-York City the most direct route to Pennsylvania, is *via* the Central New-Jersey or Allentown Railway, from the foot of Liberty street. By stopping at the Junction, 59 miles from New-York, and taking the Delaware and Lackawanna cars, the tourist may reach the Delaware Water Gap, whose wondrously beautiful scenery is worth looking at, (see article thereon,) or may proceed to Scranton and Wilkesbarre, in the Valley of the Wyoming, on the north branch of the Susquehanna River, and at leisure explore the surrounding coal-fields or review the scenes of Campbell's exquisite poem of *Gertrude of Wyoming*.

If the tourist desire to reach the more central or southern parts of the State, he may continue in the Central New-Jersey cars to Easton, a thriving place at the forks of the Delaware and Lehigh Rivers. About 18 miles west of Easton is the quaint Moravian village of Bethlehem,

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founded by Count Zinzendorf, in 1741, and containing a church capable of seating 2000 persons. A few miles west of that is Allentown, built upon high ground near the Lehigh River. There are mineral springs there which are greatly prized for the efficacy of their waters.

Reading, the great centre of the iron interest of Pennsylvania, is but 26 miles beyond Allentown. It is a thriving city, situated in the midst of a very interesting landscape, with railways leading to the surrounding coal and iron mines, which carry to her doors veins of inexhaustible wealth.

Harrisburg, the capital of the State, is 54 miles west of Reading by railway, on the east bank of the Susquehanna River. From the dome of the State House an extended view can be had of the winding river, its beautiful islands, its numerous handsome bridges, and the surrounding mountains. Taking Harrisburg as a centre, the pleasure-seeker will find a variety of resorts to choose from, either or all of which will prove attractive.

Toward Pittsburg he will find Mifflinton, Lewistown, Huntingdon, Hollidaysburg, and Altoona, all east of the Alleghany Mountains, and in the beautiful and picturesque valley of the Juniata. If he affects the grand and rugged in mountain scenery at high altitudes, let him go to the Summit, where unequalled panoramas of God's works will reward his effort; and if it please him, he may examine the result of man's labor in subduing nature to his uses in constructing the inclined plane for transporting merchandise across the mountain.

Or, from Harrisburg he may proceed by railway directly up the Susquehanna River to Sunbury and Northumberland, two quiet villages, surrounded by beautiful scenery, and thence up the West Branch to Lewisburg, Milton,

Williamsport, and Lock Haven, all of which have great attractions for the tourist.

Starting again from Harrisburg, we cross the Cumberland Valley Ridge and proceed direct to the ancient town of York, thence to Swiser's Station, and from thence to Gettysburg, where the decisive battle of the rebellion was fought. The National Cemetery and battle-field will always prove attractive to the visitor. Katalysine Water is also dispensed at Gettysburg for the cure of invalids.

Starting for the fourth time from Harrisburg, we take the Cumberland Valley Railway and proceed to Carlisle, a pleasant town, the seat of Dickinson College, an excellent institution, under the care of the Methodist denomination. Here, too, the United States has a barracks for training troops, which, before the rebellion, was commanded by General Lee, who was, therefore, enabled to familiarize himself with the strategic points of the surrounding country. Thirty-one miles west is Chambersburg, which, previous to the war, was regarded the most beautiful town of the State. It received the particular attention of the rebels, who set fire to it, and consumed two millions of dollars' worth of property. It has since been closely rebuilt, wearing the appearance of a city rather than that of the rural village of the past, with fine houses surrounded by beautiful flower and vegetable-gardens, and all the evidences of material comfort. Mine host of the National Hotel will make all guests comfortable, and visitors will find that the vicinity abounds in beautiful scenery, with most superb roads for riding and driving. At the base of the neighboring mountain, valuable mineral springs are much patronized by invalids seeking health. A very few miles west of Chambersburg is Mount Parnell, from which most extended views of the adjoining villages may be

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WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS.

Williamstown is the last village on the north-western
border of the State of Massachusetts, being only 2 miles
distant from Pownal, Vermont, and about the same dis-
tance from the New-York line. Beautiful as a village,
resting upon and between two hills, and surrounded on all
sides by the magnificent Berkshire mountains, it is most
attractive as a point of departure for a great number of
delightful retreats, out of the dry and dusty track of the
professional tourist. It stands at a considerable altitude,
and boasts the purest of mountain air—a great inducement
to the young men who flock from all sections to the ancient
college situated in and giving name to the village, founded
under bequest of Colonel Ephraim Williams, in 1785.

The Mansion House, A. G. Bailey, proprietor, is at present
the only public house; though limited facilities for obtain-
ing board in private families exist. The hotel is open the
year round, and can accommodate 125 guests. Commence-
ment week at Williams College comes with the first Wed-
nesday in August, after or before which the place is plea-
santly quiet. There are telegraph and mail facilities.
Terms at the hotel, \$3 per day for less than two weeks,
and \$10 to \$15 per week by the season.

Williamstown may be reached from New-York by at least
9 different routes, the best of which are: by People's Line
steamers to Troy, arriving 6 A.M.; Troy and Boston Rail-
way to Williamstown direct, arriving at 10 o'clock—stage
to hotel 1 mile: or by Hudson River or Harlem Railway,
etc.: or by New-York and New-Haven Railway, 8 A.M., to
Bridgeport; thence by Housatonic Railway (through the

beautiful valley of that name) to Pittsfield, 5 P.M.; Pittsfield and North-Adams Railway, 20 miles, 2 hours; stage from Adams to Williamstown, 5 miles, arriving at Mansion House 8½ P.M. Fare by the New-York route, river (with berth and meals on boat) and rail, \$4.95; by Housatonic, not over \$5, purchasing tickets at New-York for Pittsfield, and at Pittsfield for Williamstown direct through.

The chief attractions of the neighborhood of Williamstown are as follows:

To those disposed or obliged to confine their wanderings near headquarters, there is Williams College with its ancient and classical memories, geological museum, gymnasium, (affording excellent bowling privileges, generally available,) and library; Flora's Glen, a pretty enough ramble up the wooded banks of a mountain brook, where the poet Bryant, when a Sophomore in college, wrote *Thanatopsis*; Sand Spring, a chalybeate bath, 2 miles on the Pownal road; and some fishing in the Green river or rivulet, ¼ of a mile from the hotel. To the more active visitor there are equal attractions: Snow Hole, a rugged mountain ride of some 10 miles, to a great fissure where stubborn snow delights the eye in any month of summer; the "great bore of Massachusetts," Hoosack Tunnel, the American rival of Mont Cenis, 4 miles long—(to be and to be finished—when?) distant about 7 miles, a little beyond North-Adams; the Revolutionary localities on the road thither, not to add the great paper and woolen factories; the Natural Bridge; the Cascades, a beautiful silver thread of water falling 30 feet, half-way to Adams; but chiefly, the ride and visit to Lebanon Springs (Shakers) and Shaker Village, 20 to 30 miles to the south-east, and the grand mountain scenery. Perhaps the easiest mountain to ascend which commands a great view is Berlin, reached

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by a very precipitous carriage-road of about 10 miles in all from the hotel. The neighboring peaks, from 2500 to 3500 feet high, and the interjacent valleys, afford miniature Alpine views, too, and the outstretched landscape of Massachusetts adds the needed beautiful contrast. Greylock Mountain, distant 4 miles, difficult of access, is the highest peak in Massachusetts, 3500 feet. It is commonly considered inaccessible for ladies; but gentlemen form parties and camp out over-night on its summit, enjoying a peculiarly fine view at sunrise. Much of the ascent of the mountain itself must be made on foot, though the roads to the base are fine. There was formerly a tower on the top, now wantonly destroyed; but with little difficulty the tree-tops are surmounted to obtain the far-reaching view which richly repays every beholder.

THE RUTLAND AND BURLINGTON RAILWAY.

In the article entitled WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS., we call attention to the charming rural scenery which one may enjoy in every direction from that village as a centre. The route thither diverges at Eagle Bridge from the great northern trunk route of travel. This latter we now propose to pursue as far as Burlington, whence the sketches of LAKE CHAMPLAIN and MANSFIELD AND MEMPHIREMAGOG will direct the reader northward through the remainder of the State of Vermont.

BENNINGTON.—The town of Bennington is situated in the south-western part of the State of Vermont, adjoining the New-York line on the west, and with only one town (Pownal) between it and the Massachusetts line on the south. It derives its name from Benning Wentworth, provincial governor of New-Hampshire, and the grantor of the charter under which, in 1761, the town was originally

organized. There are at present three villages in the town, containing, in 1860, with the remainder of the town, 4392 inhabitants. The oldest village, now called Bennington Centre, is the Bennington of Revolutionary fame; the village now known by that name not having come into existence till many years later. These are 1 mile apart, and are about 5 miles from the other, North-Bennington, also a comparatively new village. Bennington is more than 800 feet above tide-water, and being so close to the mountains, is, to one accustomed to the heat of the city, never hot. The thermometer seldom rises to 90, and this only for a few days at a time. The nights are almost invariably cool, the mercury sinking rapidly with the sun.

Among the many objects of interest in the old village, is the once famous "Catamount Tavern," where the "Council of Safety," the then only government of the State, held its sittings; the "Council Room" being still preserved intact. The tavern took its name from a stuffed catamount grinning defiance at neighboring New-York from the top of a pole in its front. New-York and New-Hampshire at that time both claimed jurisdiction over the territory which was then known as the New-Hampshire Grants. The inhabitants acknowledged allegiance to New-Hampshire, but denied in most emphatic terms the claims of New-York; so there was a quarrel which lasted almost from the first settlement of the State until it was admitted into the Union, in 1791. To defend their claims against New-York, the "Green Mountain Boys" were organized, with Ethan Allen as their leader. Here, at "Landlord Fay's," they had their headquarters, Allen's house being the next adjoining, and still standing. Under Allen's leadership they became famous, and soon after the outbreak of hostilities with Great Britain, were organized into a regi-

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ment, with Seth Warner as colonel, and, conjointly with Stark's troops, won the Battle of Bennington, August 16th, 1777. The battle-ground is not in this village, nor, indeed, in the town of Bennington, nor State of Vermont, but in Hoosack, the adjoining town in the State of New-York. It can be distinctly seen from the Observatory mentioned hereafter, and the exact spot is pointed out where John Stark stood when he made the famous address to his troops: "See there, men! there are the red-coats! Before to-night they are ours, or Molly Stark will be a widow!"

Mount Anthony is the chief natural object of interest in this vicinity. It stands 2 miles behind the Mount Anthony House, on a by-path, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles by carriage-road. A tower was erected on the summit in 1864, 100 feet high; from this, one of the finest views of Vermont is to be had. There are accommodations for man and beast at this observatory.

Bennington also boasts fine drives, among which Petersburg and Prospect Mountains are sought, affording delightful views. On the road beyond Prospect, at Woodford, we pass the Big Pond, a beautiful sheet of water. Just above it, on the first eminence of the road, we cross the watershed dividing the valleys of the Hudson and the Connecticut, at a point 2600 feet above tide-water.

Besides these attractions, there is good trout-fishing in the Green Mountain streams hereabout.

Chief hotel, the Mount Anthony House, Messrs. Rogers & Nutting, proprietors; rooms for 200 guests; trains 3 times daily; station distant 3 minutes' walk. Time to Troy, $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours. Route from New-York, Hudson River by boat or rail to Troy; thence to Bennington, by Troy and Boston, etc.

MANCHESTER.—The village of Manchester dates from

the year 1761, and boasts many brilliant Revolutionary memories, which form a pleasing contrast to its present quaint and quiet appearance. It is situate in a valley between the Green and Equinox mountain ranges, distant 50 miles north from Troy, 30 south from Rutland, and 40 north-east from Saratoga, on the Bennington and Rutland Railway. The pleasantest methods of approach from New-York City are by the 10 A.M. train from Thirtieth street, or the People's line steamboat, at 6 P.M.; fare, about \$6. During some portion of last summer, an unpleasant change at Hoosack was made necessary by the railway quarrels common to Western Vermont, and passengers were compelled to reach Bennington from Hoosack (4 miles) by horse-cars; but these annoyances are seldom left without speedy settlement.

The village is quiet and beautiful, particularly noticeable for its white marble pavements, taken from the abounding quarries near by. The telegraph and mail facilities are complete, and the stranger finds excellent provision for rest and refreshment at the Equinox House, situated at the base of Equinox Mountain; this hotel is open from June until December.

The chief attractions of Manchester are in its mountain scenery, its fishing and drives, etc. The "Equinox Company" has stocked several artificial ponds half a mile from the hotel with trout; and besides these, several natural lakes afford a variety for the angler. The village and all its environs boast fine roads, among which is one leading to the house upon the summit of Mount Equinox.

Mount Dorset is an almost wholly isolated peak of the Green Mountain range, 5 miles north of the village. Its eastern side is dotted with valuable quarries of white marble; the south is noted for an extensive cave, contain-

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ing five chambers, three or four passages, a spring of water, etc. Stratton Gap is a beautiful glen following the precipitous course of a rivulet, made memorable by Mr. A. B. Durand, of New-York, in one of his finest paintings.

But the crowning glory of the place is Mount Equinox itself. From its summit, 2917 feet above the village and 3813 above tide-water, may be seen, upon clear days, Lakes George and Champlain, the Franconia (and Kearsarge) Mountains of New-Hampshire, Graylock, the highest peak in Massachusetts, Killington Mountain, third in Vermont, and the Catskills, and Saratoga Village, in New-York. Half-way up the southern side is a table-rock, affording a fine view of the subjacent valley; and on the southern side is Skinner Hollow, a deep indentation in the mountain, appearing like a vast amphitheatre, containing far within its recesses a marble quarry, a cave which holds the winter snow throughout the year, and a stream which mysteriously seeks its outlet through a neighboring cavern. These, with other attractions in nature, render Manchester a very pleasing and popular resort.

POULTNEY. — The village of Poultney, of some 2200 souls, on the Rutland and Washington road or division, 67 miles from Troy, affords many attractions as a summer retreat. The gravelly soil renders the roads for miles in all directions superior for pleasure rides to macadamized roads. The scenery of mountain and valley is varied and picturesque. The air is dry and pure, and especially favorable to those afflicted with pulmonary complaints. Summer board can be obtained during July and August at (the Rev. J. Newman's) Ripley College. The localities interesting to visit in the vicinity are Lake Austin, Lake Bombazine, Bird Mountain, Rutland, Hydesville, Castleton, West Castleton, Fairhaven, Granville, and the quarries both of slate and of marble.

Lake Bombazine, mostly in the town of Castleton, is a beautiful sheet of water, 9 miles long. Those fond of boating and fishing, may here find ample opportunity for their favorite sport. Bass, both Oswego and rock, pickerel and perch are abundant. Mr. Heath keeps the hotel at Hydeville and a boat-house at Heath's Ferry. Larned's House is also at Heath's Ferry. The works of the West-Castleton Slate Company, situated on the western shore of Lake Bombazine, are the most extensive of their kind in this country. Slate in the largest slabs and of the best quality is quarried here, wrought into a great variety of forms, and marbled to imitate different kinds of marble. The ride from Poultney to West-Castleton and return presents a beauty and variety of scenery seldom equaled.

At Lake Austin is the Saint Catherine House, C. W. Potter, proprietor, to be addressed at Wells, Vt. This hotel opens June 18th, 1868. Visitors for Lake Austin stop at Granville, N. Y., or Poultney, Vt., station.

RUTLAND.—Rutland, Vt., 85 miles from Troy, 67 from Burlington, is a county-seat with some 8000 inhabitants. Hotels, Bardwell and Central, both near the depot. The village is an important one upon our route, not less than four railways making it a station. There is a restaurant in the large and commodious, if not elegant, depot. The visitor will first be struck with the peculiar appearance which the streets present, on account of their being paved with white marble. The quarries, near by, will abundantly repay one for a visit. The summit of the hill upon which Rutland stands affords a fine view. Otter Creek passes through the village. There are a number of interesting localities which the tourist may visit from Rutland as his headquarters.

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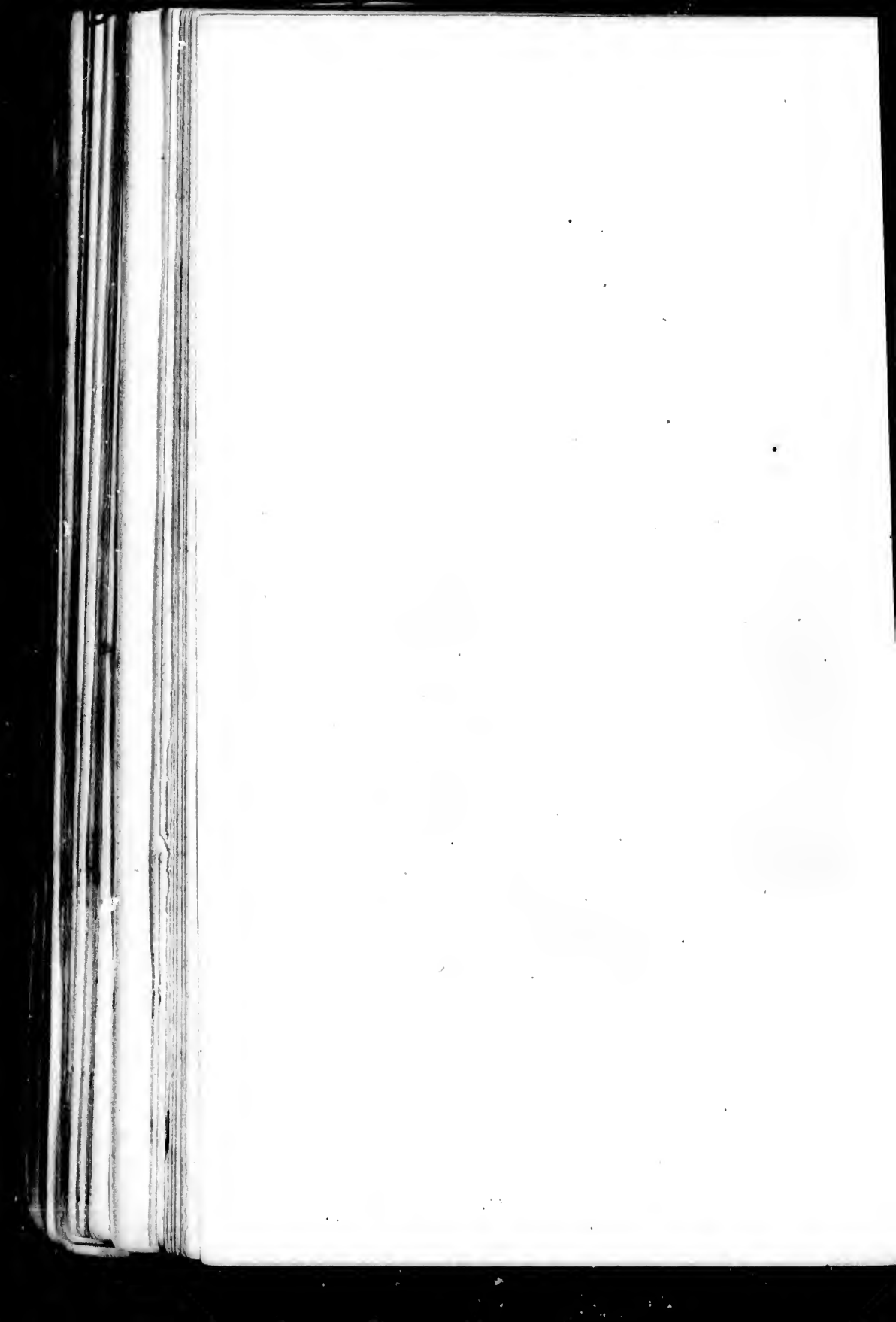
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rises on the eastern side of the village, and is the most important, perhaps, of the many notable spots hereabout. To the foot of the mountain the distance is 7 miles, and 2 miles more to the summit. On the north side is a perpendicular ledge of 200 feet, called Capitol Rock. Mount Ida, too, is not far off, beyond Killington Peak, as seen from Rutland, and northward are Mount Pico and Castleton Ridge, shutting out the view of Lake Champlain.

Clarendon Springs, a favorite place of resort, is a few miles south of Rutland, on the Rutland and Washington Railway. Stages run from West-Rutland Station, 4 miles south of Rutland. The medicinal virtues of these waters, the varied and beautiful scenery, the pleasant drives around, and the excellent hotel accommodations, make this watering-place a very desirable summer halt.

MIDDLEBURY.—The oldest college in the State of Vermont, founded 1800, (commencement second week in August,) gives a classic appearance to the pleasant town of Middlebury, situated on one of the numerous falls of Otter Creek. The principal fall of this stream, 40 feet high, bears the distinctive title of its parent, and is at Vergennes, about 7 miles from Lake Champlain, 46 miles from Rutland, and 21 miles from Burlington.

The Addison House, at Middlebury, is a large and excellent country hotel, and is a favorite point of departure for a very interesting region of Vermont. Lake Castleton, Belden's Falls, Elgin Springs, etc., are but a short distance away. Carriages may be had at reasonable rates.

Lake Dunmore, 8 miles by stage, is a wonderfully picturesque lake, 5 miles long and 3 wide, surrounded at most points by bold hills, and containing plenty of fish. A good summer hotel and several cottages tempt the tourist to delay his departure indefinitely.

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BRANDON is just midway (16 miles) from Rutland and Middlebury. It is interesting for its mineral resources; particularly, the tourist will visit two caverns of limestone, the largest containing two apartments, each from 16 to 20 feet square. The entrance is 20 feet below the surface.

SAINT ALBAN'S.—On the direct route between Burlington and Montreal, stands St. Alban's, Vt. The Welden House, Messrs. Cool & McDonald, is a large and first-class hotel, with a sulphur spring within its control. The scenery near Saint Alban's is considered unequaled, especially a view from the summit of Aldis Hill and Bellevue. The village itself is very attractive, and by some is called the most beautiful in this State. The famous rebel raid from Canada here took place, Oct. 19th, 1864.

MOOSILAUKE MOUNTAIN, WARREN, N. H.

Moosilauke Mountain can be reached by one of the regular lines of communication northward by rail. Leaving Concord, N. H., *via* Concord and Montreal Railway, a few hours' ride brings you to the little town of Warren. Here excursionists will find accommodations for the ascent of the mountain, which can be accomplished on foot or horseback. The proprietor of the Prospect House, on the summit of the mountain, usually accompanies travelers in their ascent, entertaining them with wild and fantastic stories of bears and wolves—certainly he has a natural faculty of imparting a good deal of the genial nature within to those natures without. He believes "it of no use to tell a story, unless *you call the mind into action.*"

Viewed from the south side of the town, Moosilauke presents two peaks bold, bald, and distinct. Standing upon the highest of these and turning around slowly upon your heel, the eye comprehends, to the northward, the Valley

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of the Connecticut and the table-lands of Canada ; to the eastward, the finest possible view of the White and Franconia Mountains ; to the southward, the ocean, dimly flecking the horizon ; to the westward, the rolling Green Mountains of Vermont, with Camel's Hump and Mount Marcy of the Catskill Range, New-York.

Moosilauke, from its height and isolated position, commands many advantages over all other mountains in New-England. The view from Mount Washington is more grand, no doubt. But the surrounding peaks shut down close and allow you no distance, the charm of mountain scenery. Moosilauke has every thing her own way. No high cliffs say to you, "Thus far, and no farther." The very best time for ascending the mountain is in a storm. A clear summer's day, "tenderly illumined," is very fine indeed.

WILLOUGHBY LAKE.

In the town of Westmore, in Northern Vermont, 30 miles from the Canada line, and 350 from New-York City, is Willoughby Lake, whose scenery geologically resembles that of the Yo Semite Valley in California. The lake is 6 miles long, the northern end curving a little to the east, and from a half to 2 miles wide. Its depth is so great that no reliable measurement has been made. Between the mountains, in the narrowest place, where the water is the deepest, it has been sounded to the depth of 600 feet, and no bottom was found. On either side rises a huge mountain to more than 2000 feet, Mount Willoughby, on the east side, being 2638 feet above the lake, and 3800 feet above the sea. A carriage-road was constructed several years ago along the eastern shore, from which may be had a better view of the mighty grandeur

of Mount Willoughby than from any other point near its base. For nearly 2 miles a perpendicular wall of granite rock, intermingled with silicious limestone, rises to the height of 600 feet, while below, between it and the lake, the side of the mountain, more than 1000 feet in height, covered with huge rocks, is little less than perpendicular to the summit.

Leaving the hotel just south of the lake, you enter the woods, and after a walk of 2 miles through the forest of maple, beech, and spruce, passing two springs of the purest and coldest of water, you reach the summit, and obtain a grand view. East are the Franconia and White Mountains; the Tip-Top House of Mount Washington being easily seen with a glass in a clear day. West is the entire range of the Green Mountains, among which can be seen the summits of Killington Peak, Camel's Hump, Mount Malsfield, and Jay Peak. Between these two great mountain ranges, and within your vision, are ponds, wide forests, cultivated fields, farm-houses, and villages, forming a magnificent scene. Next, going further to the west, and approaching close to the precipice, you look down upon the lake, 2500 feet below. The purity and transparency of the water of the lake is here observed. Along its shores, for several miles, every rock and sunken log can be seen. From here is a view of the entire length of the lake, the eastern shore of which seems almost in a straight line. Mount Hor, on the west side, and Mount Willoughby on the east, have the appearance of once having been united.

The walks and drives around Willoughby are numerous and pleasant. That down the lake shore, under the frowning walls of Mount Willoughby, will first claim attention. The scenery down the entire length of the lake is grand and beautiful, although not so rugged as it is before reach-

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ing Point of Rocks. The distances from the hotel to other places of interest, are: Island Pond, where there is a grand hotel, 20 miles; Newport, by team, 20; Derby Line, 22; Stanstead Plain, 23; Saint Johnsbury, 22; Barton, 11; West-Charleston, 10; Burke Mountain, 10; West-Burke, 6; Newark, 6.

On the road to Barton, about a mile and a half east of the depot, is the Flume. The stream from May's Pond passes through it, descending into Crystal Lake. In the solid granite rock is a passage-way for the water, 140 feet long, 10 feet wide, and from 20 to 30 feet in depth. The walls rise almost perpendicularly, and are as smooth as if cut by the hand of man. Some utilitarian has constructed a saw-mill over it, and turned it to practical account, thus greatly marring its beauty. It is, however, well worth visiting.

Plunket Falls, in Clyde River, at Charleston, 12 miles from Willoughby Lake House, are exceedingly beautiful. Here the river makes a descent of 100 feet in a half-mile, and at one point below the saw-mill it makes almost a perpendicular fall of 30 feet. Another favorite ride from the hotel is to Newark Hill, from which can be seen the White and Green Mountain ranges.

HOTEL.—Excepting a summer residence, built by a gentleman of Newark, N. J., and the houses of the hotel, there are no buildings in the vicinity of Willoughby Lake. The place is, therefore, commendable chiefly to families desiring a quiet summer retreat, surrounded by the best of mountain and lake scenery, and withdrawn from the noisy centres of travel. The Willoughby Lake House has accommodations for 50 to 100 boarders, at rural terms. Proprietor, Mr. Alonzo Bemis. Carriages wait at West Burke Railway Station, 6 miles distant. Lake Memphre-

magog is 28 miles north of West-Burke, and White River Junction 77 south. The hotel is supplied with pure, cold spring water, brought in pipes from the hillside. From the hotel it runs north into the lake, and thence into Lake Memphremagog and the Saint Lawrence. About 20 rods in the rear of the hotel is a little lakelet, which discharges into a small stream running south into the Passumpsic, and thence into the Connecticut. It is situated so near the water-shed between Long Island Sound and the Saint Lawrence, that a few hours' work would change its outlet from the Connecticut to the Saint Lawrence.

ROUTE.—From New-York, by New-Haven, Worcester, and Springfield, and Connecticut River Railways; from Boston, by Cheshire Railway to Bellows Falls; thence by Connecticut and Passumpsic Railway to West-Burke Station, where the hotel carriages may be found.

UP LAKE SUPERIOR.

The most varied summer trip that can be taken in this country is up Lake Superior, across the wilderness to Saint Paul, and down the Mississippi River. It requires four or six weeks, and costs each tourist not far from \$300, including hotel and all expenses. We know every inch of the way, and can assure pleasure and health-seekers that they can nowhere find safer or more inspiring recreation.

The best months in the year for the Lake Superior trip are July and August. During September there are very likely to be gales upon the lakes. The tourist can take the boat at Cleveland or Detroit, and will be about 5 days in reaching Ontonagon, where most of the boats stop, or 6 to Superior City, the extreme end of the lake, and where the steamer Keweenaw alone goes. The fare is about \$30 from Cleveland, which includes state-room, board, and

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every thing. The names of the boats for the year 1868 are as follows: Northwest, Capt. Kirtland; Keweenaw, Capt. Stewart; Meteor, Capt. Wilson; Northern Light, Capt. Murch; Concord, Capt. McIntyre. The Northwest will run between Detroit and Portage, leaving Detroit every Tuesday evening. This steamer will make occasional excursion trips about the north shore of Lake Superior. The other steamers will run from Cleveland to Ontonagon, 150 miles below Superior City. The Keewenaw will run to the latter place. The round trip will occupy 2 weeks. A steamer will leave Detroit every Thursday and Saturday.

Very many, in fact the majority of lake tourists, make the round trip on the same steamer. This costs only about \$60, and is really very delightful. The steamers are staunch and elegant, and life upon them is varied by much that is pleasant.

The navigation of the upper lakes is as safe as traveling in any part of the country. Very erroneous impressions exist with regard to this matter, because of several disasters which occurred during autumn gales. The very strongest vessels are built for the line, and the most expert officers are placed in charge. We know enough of the pleasures of the lake trip to assure tourists that they will be delighted beyond measure. It is an uncommon, rather than a common thing, for tourists by the steamers to be sea-sick.

After leaving Detroit, the tourist passes through Lake Saint Clair, on the shores of which are many elegant residences. There is nothing of special interest till you have crossed Lake Huron and arrived at the great ship-canal in the Saint Mary's River. Twenty miles below you pass Church's Landing, noted for "raspberry-jam" and Indian curiosities. Gander River Settlement is an Indian village 10 miles below. At the Saut Sainte Marie, or "Soo," as every body in

the West calls it, the rapids in the river that unite Lake Huron and Superior descend 20 feet in a mile, totally obstructing navigation. The ship-canal, however, which has recently been constructed on the American side, obviates this difficulty. Steamers of a large class now pass through the locks into Lake Superior, greatly facilitating trade and commerce. The village on the American side is pleasantly situated near the foot of the rapids, and contains a court house and jail; a Presbyterian, a Methodist, and a Roman Catholic church; 2 hotels, and 15 or 20 stores and store houses, besides a few manufacturing establishments, and about 1200 inhabitants. Many of the inhabitants and Indians in the vicinity are engaged in the fur trade and fisheries, the latter being an important and profitable occupation. Summer visitors flock to this place and the Lake Superior country for health and pleasure. The Chippewa House, a well-kept hotel on the American side, and one on the Canadian side of the river, both afford good accommodations.

Fort Brady is an old and important United States military post contiguous to this frontier village, where are barracks for a full garrison of troops. It commands the Saint Mary's River and the approach to the mouth of the canal.

Saut Sainte Marie, Ontario, is a scattered settlement, where is located a part of the Hudson Bay Company. Here is a steamboat landing, a hotel, and 2 or 3 stores, including the Hudson Bay Company's; and it has from 500 to 600 inhabitants. Indians of the Chippewa tribe reside in the vicinity in considerable numbers, they having the exclusive right to take fish in the waters contiguous to the rapids. They also employ themselves in running the rapids in their frail canoes, when desired by citizens or strangers.

that unite Lakes Superior and Lake Michigan, a mile, totally obviates the difficulties of navigation, however, which has hitherto prevailed on the western side, obviates the difficulties of navigation, now pass through the canal, facilitating trade and commerce. The western side is pleasantly situated, and contains a court-house, a post-office, stores and store-houses, and other establishments, and a large number of inhabitants and Indian traders. The fur trade and fishery are profitable occupations, and the Lake Superior is the outlet to the west. The Chippewa Indians live on the western side, and one on the eastern side, and good accommo-

United States military posts, where are situated. It commands the mouth of the Lake Superior, and the western settlement. The Western Company. Here are stores, including provisions, from 500 to 600 in number, and some reside in the village, and some are engaged in the exclusive trade to the rapids. The rapids in their boats, and strangers.

This canal, which connects the navigation of Lake Superior with the lower lakes, is 1 mile in length, and cost about \$1,000,000. The stupendous task of building it was accomplished in the years 1853, '54, '55, by the Saint Mary's Falls Ship-Canal Company, under a contract with commissioners appointed by the authorities of the State of Michigan to secure the building of the canal. A grant of 750,000 acres of the public land had previously been made by Congress to the State of Michigan to aid in the construction of this important work.

This grant of 750,000 acres was given to the parties contracting for the building of the canal, provided the work should be completed within two years from the date of the contract. The work was commenced May, 1853, and completed within the time specified in the contract, (*two years!*) a result reached under many disadvantages, during a very sickly season, and when great difficulty was experienced in obtaining laborers; but the unremitting vigor of those who had the charge of the work secured its completion in the most substantial, permanent, and acceptable manner. During much of the time, from 1200 to 1600 men were employed upon the work, exclusive of the force at the different quarries where the stone was cut and prepared for the locks, beside a large force employed in other necessary agencies, such as getting timber, etc. The stones for the locks were cut at Anderden, Canada, (near Malden,) and at Marblehead, near Sandusky, in Ohio. These were sent in vessels to the work, some 25 different sailing vessels being employed in this business.

On leaving the ship-canal at the Saut, the steamer ascends a beautiful stretch of the Saint Mary's River for 10 miles before reaching Waiska Bay, being an expansion of

the river of about 5 miles. Here the shores assume a bold appearance well worthy the attention of the traveler before launching out on the waters of the broad lake.

Iroquois Point, on the American side, and Gros Cap, on the Canadian side, are next passed, 15 miles from the Saut Sainte Marie. The latter is a bold promontory, rising some 400 or 500 feet above the water, with still higher hills rising in the distance.

Tonquamenon Bay is next entered, and a scene of grandeur is presented to the view; on the south-west, or American shore, the land rises to a moderate height, while on the north-east, or Canada shore, the land rises to mountain height, being elevated from 800 to 1000 feet, running off far in the distance toward the north.

Parisien and other islands, attached to Canada, are passed on the right, the bay being about 25 miles long and as many broad; in fact, forming a part of Lake Superior, whose pure waters are in full view as far as the eye can reach.

Goulais Bay and Point, another bold headland, lie to the north of Gros Cap.

The Pictured Rocks, of which almost fabulous accounts are given by travelers, are one of the wonders of Lake Superior. Here are to be seen the Cascade Falls and other objects of great interest. The Amphitheatre, Miners' Castle, Chapel, Grand Portal, and Sail Rock, are points of great picturesque beauty.

Just opposite the Pictured Rocks is Grand Island, 125 miles distant from the Saut, about 10 miles long and 5 wide, lying close in to the south shore. This is a wild and romantic island. There are several romantic bays and inlets protected from storms which are frequent on

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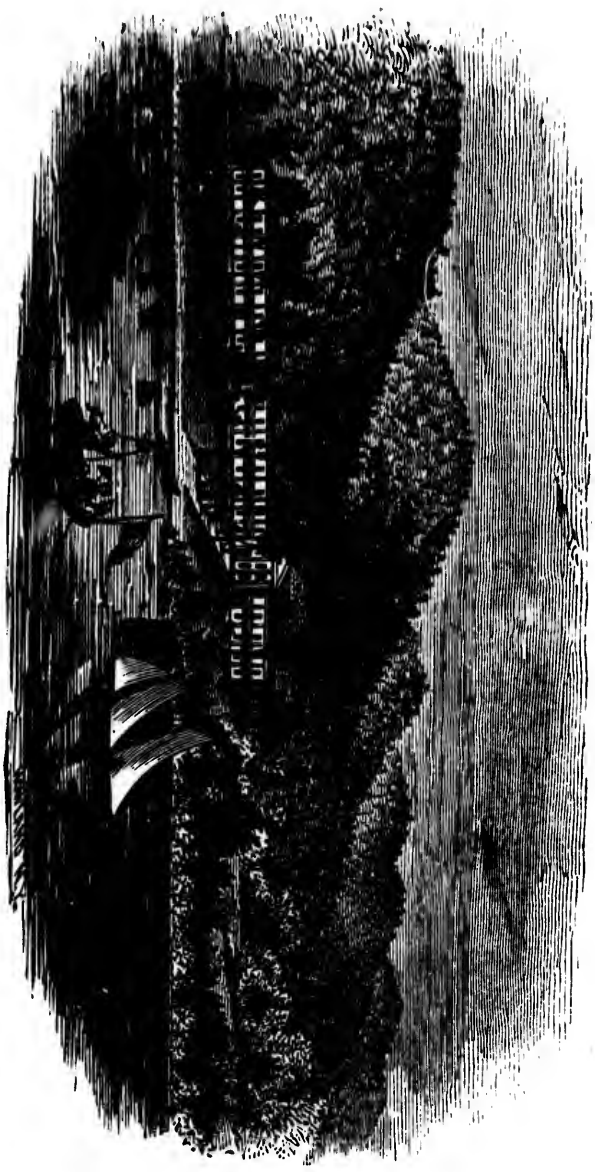
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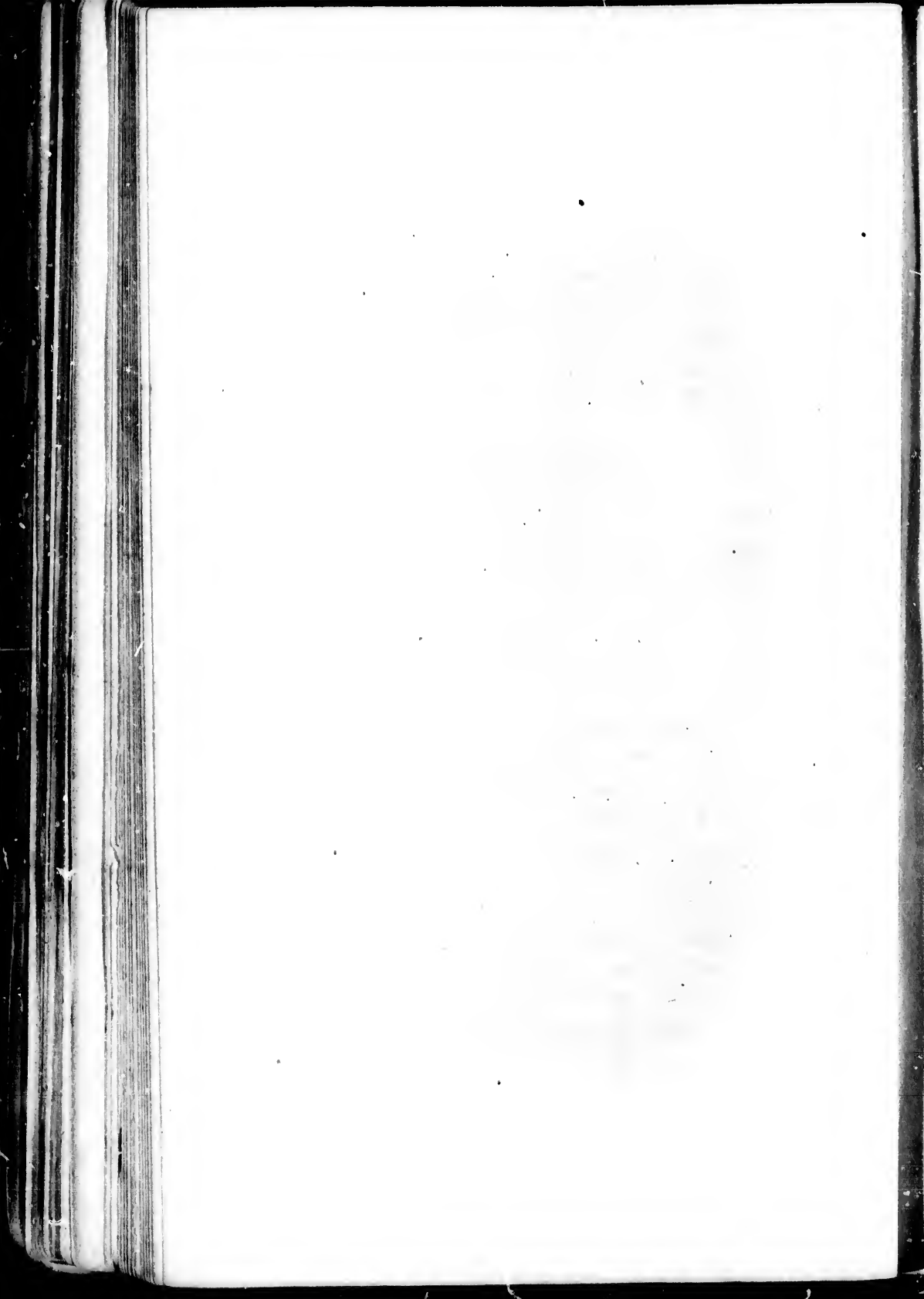
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Lake Superior, where brook trout of a large size can be caught in quantities. The forests also afford a delightful retreat.

A few families reside on the south shore, facing the mainland, where is a clearing of considerable extent. The main-shore in full sight, and the Pictured Rocks, visible from its eastern shore, altogether add a charm to this truly Grand Island, unsurpassed by no other spot in this interesting region.

Munising, formerly called Grand Island City, lies on the south side of Grand Island Bay, here about 3 miles in width. Here is a steamboat wharf and hotel, together with a few dwellings, destined, without doubt, to become a favorite place of resort, as from this place the Pictured Rocks can be easily reached by canoes or small boats during calm weather. Trout fishing is also good in Ann's River, which enters Grand Island Bay, and in Miner's River, near the Pictured Rocks.

The bay or harbor is capacious, deep, and easy of access from the east or west, being 6 miles in length by from 2 to 4 in width, with a depth of water of 100 feet and upward. It is perfectly land-locked by hills rising from 100 to 300 feet high, and capacious enough to contain the entire fleet of the lakes.

The traveler desirous of visiting the Pictured Rocks should take advantage of one of the steamers or propellers which navigate the lake, and land at Grand Island, from which he can proceed to make the tour of the interesting points in a small boat. The large vessels on the lake do not approach sufficiently near the cliffs to allow the traveler to gather more than a general idea of their position and outlines. To be able to appreciate and understand their extraordinary character, it is indispensable to coast along

in close proximity to the cliffs, and pass beneath the Grand Portal, which is only accessible from the lake, and to land and enter within the precincts of the Chapel. At Grand Island, boats, men, and provisions may be procured. The traveler should lay in a good supply, if it is intended to be absent long enough to make a thorough examination of the whole series. In fact, an old voyager will not readily trust himself to the mercy of the winds and waves of the lake without them, as he may not unfrequently, however auspicious the weather when starting, find himself weather-bound for days together. It is possible, however, in one day, to start from Grand Island, see the most interesting points, and return. The distance from William's to the Chapel—the farthest point of interest—is about 15 miles.

After the Pictured Rocks, Marquette is the next place of interest. This is the largest place on the lake, and is chiefly interesting for its famous iron mines, 12 miles back from the town.

On leaving Marquette, the tourist passes Granite Island, the Huron Isles, and Huron Bay, and passes through Portage Entry to Houghton and Hancock, the celebrated mining towns of the copper-veined Keweenaw Point. Here is the place to witness copper mining. The other stopping-places on the lake are Copper Harbor, Eagle Harbor, Ontonagon, Bayfield, and finally Superior City. Most of the steamers go no farther than Ontonagon, and here is also a capital place to witness copper mining. Bayfield is a government post, and is settled all about by Chippewa Indians. Superior City is splendidly situated at the head of the lake, and between the two rivers, Saint Louis and Nemeji.

From Superior City the tourist should not fail to take a sail along the north shore of Lake Superior, stopping at Beaver Bay, Encampment River, and Isle Royal. This latter

is the great storehouse for agates and chlorastolites. The tourist should also sail up the Saint Louis River 20 miles to Saint Louis Falls, which have a fall of 60 feet. If he can get his craft around the falls, he can ascend the Saint Louis 80 miles farther. Adventurous young ladies and gentlemen will accomplish quite a feat by visiting Black River Falls, 12 miles from Superior City.

Tri-weekly stages go from Superior City to Saint Paul, a distance of 163 miles. The time occupied is 3 days, and the fare about \$15. It is a wild and interesting trip to take.

Altogether, the Lake Superior trip is a splendid one indeed, especially for any who are troubled with bronchial or pulmonary affections. The air is cool and dry, and exceedingly invigorating.

SAINT LOUIS AND VICINITY.

At the eastern border of the great journey "across the Continent," which must be included in guide-books of our era, stands the city of Saint Louis. Situated as it is, almost midway between two oceans, and near the geographical centre of the finest agricultural region on the globe, almost at the very focus toward which converge the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Ohio, and the Illinois Rivers, there can be no doubt that it is destined to become, at no distant period, the great receiving and distributing depot of most of the vast region drained by these streams. Its natural advantages as a commercial emporium may be confidently compared with those of any other inland port in the world. The first settlement on the present site was made Feb. 15th, 1764, by Pierre Liqueste Laclede, leader of a company of merchants, under grant from the Director-General of Louisiana. The spot was carefully selected, after comparison

with many other points on the Mississippi shore. In 1770, there were 40 families at the settlement. The first brick house was erected in 1813. A city charter was given 1822. About the year 1825, the great State of Illinois began to grow and increase, and this gave Saint Louis its first great impulse. The occupation of the river by steamboat trade, (the first steamer arrived at the city in 1817,) began to assume magnificent proportions in 1822, and is now unsurpassed by any western city. Present population not far from 200,000. Saint Louis was taken possession of Aug. 11th, 1768, by a company of Spanish troops, under Captain Rious, in the name of his king, and remained under that control until its transfer to the United States in 1804. The British threatened it in 1780, but to no avail.

HOTELS.—Saint Louis has been able to boast of the grandest hotel in the United States; but an unlucky fire during the spring of 1867 destroyed its glory, unless the visitor concede to the fellow of the Lindell, the Southern House, an equal elegance. The Southern stands on the block bounded by Fourth, Fifth, Walnut, and Elm streets, and contains 500 rooms. The Planters' Hotel, on Fourth street, near the Court-House, is the "Astor" of Saint Louis, resembling that ancient structure in appearance and in comfort, and being the chief old established house of entertainment. Next after the Southern and the Planters' come Barnum's, on Walnut and Second streets; and yet more moderate in price is the Everett, on Fourth near Chestnut street. The "European plan" of hotel-keeping is not known among the chief houses in this city. Horse-cars traverse almost all portions of the city to its outer limits.

The first things which travelers will be apt to notice within the city of St. Louis, after the everlasting smoke from bituminous coal to which all western cities are

subject, are, the beauty of the building material used for houses, and the clean, noiseless, smooth wooden streets. The famous Nicholson pavement is used throughout all the recently paved sections. The material used in the fronts of buildings of pretension is a very light native stone, most nearly approaching cream-color, quarried not very far from the city. It affords the most splendid effects in the newer buildings. The most elegant residence street in Saint Louis, about a quarter of a mile further from the river than the late Lindell or the Everett, is Lucas Place, a short but wide avenue, paved exceptionally with large oblong blocks of white granite, which, with the brilliant façades of the mansions, make a most striking and attractive appearance. Lucas Place terminates at one of the few miserable parks—now being improved, we believe—which detract from the beauty of the city. There is at this point a very elegant church edifice, of the Presbyterian denomination. The principal business street of the city is Fourth, named from its relative position back from the river, to which it runs parallel. Immediately behind it (Fifth) is the next street of importance. The older portion of the town, well worthy a visit for its remains of the French civilization, is toward the south, in the vicinity of the market and the railway depots to Iron Mountain and the Pacific.

Among the most interesting public buildings are the Court-House, on Fourth street, with an elegantly frescoed dome, from which we may have a fine view of the city; the Mercantile Library, (with the best public hall,) on Fifth street, where are some of the finest marbles (Beatrice in Prison, Zenobia, [copy from the large one,] Puck, and Enone) of Miss Harriet Hosmer, who studied here, a fine collection of old paintings, and a well-collected library

the Merchants' Exchange on Main (First) and Commercial streets—admission by permit from the superintendent; the Custom-House and Post-Office, the finest abode of the mail service in the country, apart from the general office at Washington, situated on Third and Olive streets.

Outside of the city one will wish to see the curious Indian mounds for which Saint Louis is famous, being some times called therefrom, "the Mound City." These relics of barbarism are, alas! fast disappearing, to the dismay of the antiquarian and the tourist, as the city pushes its new civilization more and more into the open country about it. A few of them, however, still remain near the city, or within it; we may call attention particularly to one, mentioned in Dana's *New American Cyclopædia*, (to which, indeed, we must refer our reader for a very interesting and instructive essay, [AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES,] on these defensive or sacred *tumuli*,) on the plain of Cahokia in Illinois, opposite Saint Louis. This is 700 feet long by 500 broad at base, and is 90 feet high, covering upward of 8 acres of ground, and having 20,000,000 cubic feet of contents.

The great flower-gardens of Mr. Shaw, (we may be pardoned for refreshing the reader's memory by alluding to the lawsuit against this gentleman, which Miss Effie Carstang brought and lost some years ago,) toward Carondelet village, southward, and the United States fortifications by the river at that point, are also places of much interest to visit. Horse-cars run to the Gardens.

But the great glory of Saint Louis—that which the visitor will *nolens volens* see first and last—is the Mississippi River. It is not within our province here to describe that mighty stream, excepting as it is related to Saint Louis. They who approach by steamboat will have previously become somewhat familiar with the swiftly-flow-

ing, muddy waters, the flat-bottomed boats, which seem to be endowed with almost human nervous constitution, so delicately are they strung and so often do they commit suicide, the lofty, ornamented, black smoke-pipes, which are almost an institution and a sight by themselves, and last, but not least, the motley throngs who gather at the levees and fill the saloons. But let us suppose an arrival by land. Coming from the East, the tourist crosses the Mississippi from whatever point of Illinois Town. his particular railway may deposit him, on a ferry-boat so exceedingly primitive that he can hardly credit his senses. Steam, to be sure; but he walks or rides upon the vessel direct from a muddy shore, from no dock or pier to speak of, and lands again at the Saint Louis levee in the same singular manner. He will remember the boast of the Western captain, who "wouldn't think of havin' a boat that couldn't run on the sweat of a water-pitcher," with astonishment that it was, after all, so nearly "founded on fact." The levee is a sloping, muddy bank, lined on the one hand with most ancient-looking warehouses, and washed—rather cut away—by the rushing river. Of this hostility of the river we shall see more, presently, at Alton. Along the edge, close up to the muddy shore, come the light draught steamboats in such multitude that, as far as the eye can follow the levee up or down, there is one continuous line of them with their singular high smoke-pipes. When these vessels are on their way, the smoke of the bituminous coal used in the West rolls up with a black solidity of volume that gives a very picturesque effect to the scene.

A great annoyance to temperate travelers, at Saint Louis, as along the whole line of the Mississippi below the Yellowstone, 2000 miles up the Missouri branch from Saint

Louis, is the drinking-water. The waters of the river are sweet and delicious to the taste, and those accustomed to them consider the imposition of any other water a deprivation. But the Yellowstone River (see below, in sketch of Alton, etc.) brings down to the Missouri, and so to the main stream, below Alton, a yellow mud, which renders the waters here exceedingly unpromising to the eye, and for a while, to the taste. It is of some service, however, in destroying the native taste of the Mississippi itself at this point. When strangers are first subjected to the necessity of drinking the Mississippi water—it being pumped up to a reservoir behind the city, filtered somewhat, and supplied for use—they, not singularly, decline a beverage which appears to be full of dirt, to taste of mud, and finally to have no effect whatever towards quenching thirst; and to some it is productive of sickness. A week's familiarity with it, however, will make it as delightful as a certain sovereign syrup is said to be to children.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS AT ALTON.

Since we have alluded to the savage propensities of the Father of Waters, let us ascend to the place where meet the two great branches. Here we think we may offer the tourist the grandest single view of river scenery to be found in all the country. We may take some one of the numerous smaller steamboats plying between Saint Louis and Alton, and sail 20 miles against the current to that town. Our own visit was in the afternoon of a beautiful May day. We reached the point where the two streams meet and seek to mingle, just as the setting sun, surrounded but not hidden by clouds of sombre face and silver lining, was casting his last golden rays upon the water. It may not be the good for-

tune of every one to enjoy so fine a phase of the sunlight ; but to stand upon the deck of your steamer, looking upon the one side at the placid Mississippi, clear and limpid, flowing beautifully toward the sea ; and on the other at the foaming Missouri, rushing down upon the channel of its fellow with a muddy, furious torrent that sweeps all before it, and destroys forever all traces of that gentle stream ; this is delight unbounded, and may be shared by all who journey over the Mississippi waters. Years ago, there stood upon the eastern bank, just at the confluence, the village of Chippewa, a place of some little population and business ; but the tremendous vehemence with which the Missouri cast itself upon the clayey bank proved too much for it to stand, and the land has gone down the river to seek the ocean, along with the other accretions from the north, and also the south. All along the line of our short sail we may behold the same process almost actually going on before us. The banks, soft and yielding, are losing on the one side, (and increasing on the other in a less proportion,) as the rapid current, knife-like, cuts off great slices, carrying down trees, fences, any thing that unwarily remains to withstand such a foe. It is a most singular and a most impressive sight. We do not wonder that the Indians selected for their title of the river a name, which, while it robs us of any solemnity with which the scene might inspire us, certainly conveys to the mind the character of the work done, and the result—the Missouri is the “ mud river.”

Alton is finely situated upon the eastern bank of the Mississippi, nearly 3 miles above the actual meeting of the waters. Apart from what political interest attaches to the town as the home and grave of Lovejoy, the Abolitionist martyr before the war, we hardly need to mention

any thing. The most noticeable object is the high, hard limestone bluff, upon which part of the city stands. If, as has been suggested, the powers that be should cut away some 200 acres of the point of land between Alton and the point where the Missouri empties, (according to the popular phraseology—it is really the Mississippi that empties, as the visitor here will see at once,) the Missouri would hurl its raging torrent in vain against that magnificent bluff, and would be a little weakened in its onslaughts on the shores below. Perhaps this will be done some time. The Yankee nation is fond of conquering nature, and this is certainly a very inviting point of attack.

THE MISSOURI IRON REGION.

Another trip from Saint Louis, in the opposite direction, takes us from the active to the silent forces of nature, in the famous Iron Region of the State of Missouri. In the East, a visitor would stare amazed at his host who should invite him to an *excursion* of 80 miles; but in the West, distance is not counted among the trials of life, and a trip to Pilot Knob and its neighbors, from Saint Louis, is esteemed one of the greatest pleasures to which a courteous citizen can treat his guest.

The iron mountains of Missouri, wonderful beyond credibility were they not on a line of familiar travel, are situated at the south-western extremity of the Saint Louis and Iron Mountain Railway, 87 miles from the city. There are three of great importance and note: the Iron Mountain, the Pilot Knob, and the Shepherd Mountain, standing near together, and close by the site of Fort Pilot Knob, where the rebel Price, during the late war was ignominiously defeated. The railway hither passes a great number of block-houses, also erected for Union defense

during the war. There is also a very superior view afforded of the Mississippi River for some 15 miles beyond Carondelet, as the railway follows the line of the river for that distance on the way of the iron region.

The Iron Mountain *par excellence* is probably a solid mass of iron, 288 feet above the surrounding valleys, covering an area of 500 acres. Upon the surface is, where not interrupted by the works, a forest of oak-trees, thriving in a soil which is wholly composed of fragments of peroxide of iron, comminuted and coarse-mixed together. Excavation of the ore of this mountain was commenced in 1845, on the west side of Little Iron Mountain, a prolongation of the larger hill. There is an artesian well at the mountain. It may safely be said that the quantity of iron upon this mountain that may be quarried, without need of mining, is inexhaustible.

The Pilot Knob will interest a visitor more than the other, not merely because its iron is purer and more valuable, but because of the appearance of the summit, giving name to the mountain. It is 6 miles south of Iron Mountain, and is an isolated conical peak, covering an area of 360 acres, and rising very steeply to the height of 500 feet above its base, which is 537 feet above the railway level at Saint Louis. Towards the top the rock becomes ferruginous, and ledges and loose blocks of great size of pure iron ore and mixed ore and rock cover the surface. The top is a rocky peak, 60 feet high, forming a craggy knob, from which the mountain is named.

A third iron supply is found on Shepherd Mountain, a little over a mile south-west from the Knob. This is 600 feet high, and covers an area of 800 acres. The iron ore is magnetic and specular, and is found in great purity upon the mountain. The tourist may add to his entertainment

in looking upon these great natural wonders by picturing to himself their inexhaustibility, and the unlimited supplies from them, which will occupy the blast-furnaces which shall, as the West grows, begin to spring up in the nearest coal-districts.

UP THE MISSISSIPPI TO SAINT PAUL.

Saint Paul is best known as a healthful resort for consumptives. All the year round it is thronged with health-seekers. It is now universally conceded that for this class of unfortunates, no better resort can be found the world over. The dry and crystalline air has a wonderfully restorative effect upon those whose lungs are in any way diseased. Even the cold winter air does not prove injurious to invalids. The State of Minnesota is proved by statistics to be the healthiest in the Union, and there is not more than one locality on the face of the earth where the death rate is so small. But we will refer readers, for more particulars upon this part of the subject, to the *Guide to the North-West*, a new edition of which has just been issued. We purpose in this article to speak of Minnesota as a resort for the pleasure tourist.

When the tourist goes to Minnesota, he never fails to visit Saint Paul. This is the largest and most beautiful city in the State; is at the head of navigation upon the Mississippi, and is distant three days from New-York, or a little less by the all-rail route.

The best route for the summer pleasure tourist is by rail to La Crosse, on the Mississippi, by way of the Chicago and North-western, and Milwaukee and La Crosse roads, and thence by steamboat, 180 miles up the river to Saint Paul. If it is desired to visit the beautiful city of Madison, Wisconsin, so famed for its natural beauty, which is de

scribed elsewhere in this volume, the tourist will take the Prairie Du Chien road at Watertown, and strike the Mississippi at a point further down than by the other route. The fare from New-York, by either route, is \$43. The tourist who visits Saint Louis and the magnificent scenery at its meeting the Missouri, (see SAINT LOUIS AND VICINITY,) may combine that pleasure and this by taking steamer between Saint Louis or Alton and La Crosse. This plan will secure to the tourist the whole "upper river," and just glimpse enough of the swollen flood below the meeting of the two great branches, to afford some conception of the whole "lower river."

We can not describe too enthusiastically the superb sail up the upper Mississippi. The scenery is very like that of the Hudson, but to our mind much finer. Thackeray called it the finest he had ever seen. After leaving the lively city of Winona, the boat glides into the waters of Lake Pepin, the bluffs about which are very grand. The stopping-places are Fountain City, Wabasha, Reed's Landing, Lake City, Prescott, Red Wing, and Hastings. Eight miles from Lake City, and opposite Fontunac, is the lively little village of Maiden Rock. A fine little steamer plies regularly between these places, affording visitors a fine opportunity to view the scenery of the lake, and especially the romantic bluff known as Maiden's Rock. At Prescott you can change to the boat that goes 50 miles up the beautiful Saint Croix, a *détour* which we recommend to visitors. The scenery up the Saint Croix is very beautiful. Stillwater is the largest place upon the river.

On reaching Saint Paul, you will find pleasant quarters at the International Hotel, from which point you can enjoy delightful drives to Fort Snelling and the Falls of Minnehaha, to Lake Como and Minneapolis, and to White Bear

Lake. The latter is a superb spot for fishing, and has a sportsman's hotel. The tourist will find a few days at Minneapolis (6 miles above Saint Paul) enjoyable. From here there are tri-weekly stages to Lake Minnetonka, a splendid lake, honored with a pretty steamer, and having two hotels.

Cars run from Saint Paul to Saint Cloud, on the line of which are Big Lake and Clear Lake, great lakes for fishermen. The latter has a summer hotel. There is a tri-weekly line of stages from Saint Cloud to Fort Abercrombie, on the Red River. The fare is \$16. There is a daily stage line from Saint Cloud to Crow Wing, the home of the famous Indian chief, "Hole-in-the-day." From Crow Wing you can go by canoe to Vermilion Lake, or to Lake Superior. From Saint Paul there is a tri-weekly line of stages to Lake Superior. Fare, \$15.

For more detailed information about Minnesota and Dacotah, we refer the tourist to the *Invalid's and Tourist's Guide to the North-West*, compiled by the editor of this volume, and containing a complete map of the North-western country.

MADISON-ON-THE-LAKES—A WISCONSIN SUMMER RESORT.

Not only as a thriving State capital, but as a delightful place of summer resort, Madison deserves the attention of the tourist eager to find some pleasant novelty off the beaten track. The place is easily accessible by railway in six hours from Chicago.

Every body who has been here from the East is loud in praises of this charming place. It lies on an undulating isthmus between two large lakes, and in the immediate vicinity of three others. The highest elevation is crowned

with the Capitol building, a structure in the Corinthian style, only needing the contemplated dome to be the finest State capitol in the West. From the grounds that surround it the streets radiate down to the lakes, and a peculiarly insular effect is produced from the fact that almost every street terminates in a water front. The city is otherwise well built, many of the private residences evincing the cultivated taste of their proprietors. There is the usual supply of churches of the leading denominations. Grace Church (Episcopal) is the finest, and is a very creditable Gothic building, of light-colored stone. The interior is well finished, and the body of the church is patiently waiting for a spire, and seems, without it, as incomplete as a sturdy, prosperous young man without a blushing bride. The Catholics have a church here also, spire-less, but otherwise a fine edifice. The City Hall and the University are other buildings, so far ahead of such structures as there are usually found in towns of the size of Madison, that they are worthy of special praise.

THE LAKES.

The large Lake Mendota, or Fourth Lake, as it is called, is some 15 miles in circumference, and is navigated by a little mite of a steamboat, called the *City of Madison*, which, at present, goes at the rate of a mile an hour, but expects soon to indulge in the luxury of new machinery, and of consequent increased speed. The sail is a pleasant one, the chief objective point being the State Lunatic Asylum, a huge structure built on a promontory extending into the lake. People who have faith in fish, say that large pickerel abound in the waters. We can vouch for perch actually as large as your little finger. The tradi-

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tional one big fish, weighing from eight to fifteen pounds, exists here as elsewhere, and has been frequently caught—in piscine legendary lore.

The first and second lakes are some distance from the city. Nearer by is Dead Lake, a small sheet of water said to be gradually drying up. The third lake is the most beautiful of all, and from its surface the finest view of the city is obtained, making a panorama of striking beauty. A lively little steamboat, with an Indian name of forty-two syllables, plies across this lake to the Lake House.

THE HOTELS.

The Lake House is a spacious, commodious building, kept in first-rate style and at absurdly low rates of charge, by a well-known New-Yorker, Mr. Frodsham, formerly of the Dusseldorf Gallery, and a magnate in art circles. Like Charles V., he has retired to this convent—a mighty comfortable one, by the way—and amid its home-like walls, decorated with rare engravings and paintings that attest the critical taste of the proprietor, he dispenses goodly cheer to those who come to him as boarders and leave him as friends. In home-feelingness and really refined luxury, this hotel is only surpassed by Mr. Moore's well-known hostelry at Trenton Falls. The visitors are chiefly from Saint Louis.

In the village there is the Vilas House, a fairly comfortable place. Its best feature is the superb view from the cupola, embracing the entire town, the lakes, and the surrounding country. Other hotels in the city are neat and inviting, so that Madison is more really attractive than many better known places.

THE CAPITOL.

The Madisonians are proud of their Capitol. The Senate and Assembly rooms are models in every way, and the State authorities of Illinois will find it difficult to surpass them in the superb new structure they contemplate building at Springfield. The Wisconsin Historical Society has a good collection of local curiosities and relics in a wing of the Capitol; and the captured rebel flags, which are hung on inner walls, show that the Wisconsin soldiers were busy during the war. The Governor of the State, Mr. Fairchild, is a veteran who lost an arm at Gettysburg.

THE NEW-YORK CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Setting aside the questions of monopoly, centralized power, etc., it certainly was a great benefit to the traveling public when, in 1853, one continuous railway from Albany and Troy to the western border of the State of New-York was formed. It is quite within the memory of persons of middle age, when journeys through the length of the Empire State were necessarily made by "packet"—a species of canal-boat—or by stage. Later came the separate railways, out of which, 14 in number, the New-York Central Railway Company was formed in 1853. The first link in this chain of railways was the road from Albany to Schenectady, completed in 1831. This was followed by the construction of a road from Schenectady to Utica, in 1835. In 1839, the work was pushed to the salt-marshes of Syracuse. Antecedent to this, in 1836, a short line had been constructed from Syracuse to Auburn. This was then continued to Rochester, by way of Canandaigua, in 1840, making a continuous line of 233 miles. Only 68 miles then remained to complete the railway to Buffalo.

Twelve years, however, passed away before it was completed, and not till 1852 was the entire line open to travel. The Hudson River Railway having been completed during the previous year, the whole distance from New-York City to the shores of Lake Erie was then traversed by continuous railway.

FARES.—The fare on the Central Railway is restricted by State law to 2 cents per mile—a regulation which the Company have repeatedly, but in vain, endeavored to have repealed. The traveler, therefore, may purchase his ticket between every two stations at almost the same total cost with a through ticket, save in times of ruinous competition between this and the Erie road. There are no commutation or excursion tickets to be had on the Central Railway. The number of miles multiplied by 2, with 1 or 2 cents added for tax, will invariably give the fare between any two points between the eastern and western boundaries of the State, as well as, for the most part, between New-York City and Albany.

That portion of this great route with which at present we have to do, has two termini at the eastern end, one at Albany and the other at Troy, which meet, after 17 miles, at Schenectady. It then continues in one line to Syracuse, 148 miles from Albany, when it is again a double route for the remainder of the way; the lower line, *via* Auburn and Canandaigua, known as the "Auburn" or "Old Road," being "looped up" to the other at Rochester, about midway between Syracuse and Buffalo. The upper route is called the "Direct Road," with a justness which the traveler by the "Old" way will cheerfully accede. The Erie Canal traverses the entire State nearly on the same line with the Central, and the Mohawk River is parallel nearly as far as Rome, 110 miles from Albany. The portion of country

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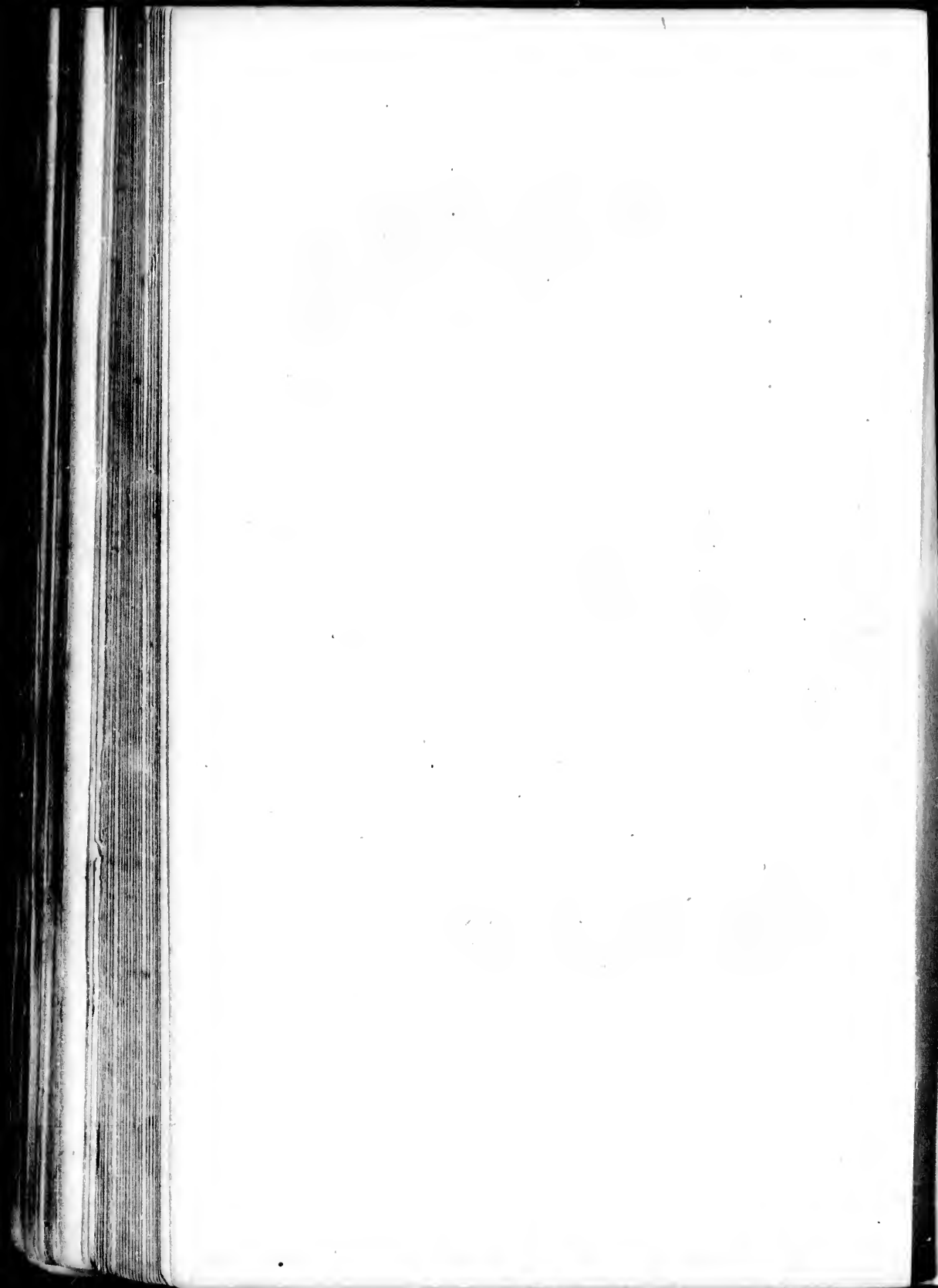
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FRANCONIA NOTCH, WHITE MOUNTAINS.



through which the railway passes possesses, moreover, much historical interest. The "Five Nations" once occupied most of the country along the route; and many localities visible from the car-windows were the scenes of savage warfare and fierce conflicts during the Revolution.

ATHENS ROAD.

The new branch of the Central, which is sometimes termed "the Athens Cut-off," is a route of some interest to the tourist. It commences at Athens, in Greene county, opposite Hudson, on the Hudson River, and runs in a direction north by west to Schenectady, saving a very little time and distance.

Athens is at present a small and unimportant village of 2000 inhabitants. A good deal of limestone is quarried near here, and three small lakes in the western part of the township give a pleasant variety to the interior.

Coxsackie, 6 miles from Athens, is an old Dutch village, settled about 1652.

Coeymans, 14 miles, boasts two falls, two caves, several mineral springs, a lake, a subterranean river, and a fossil elephant. The falls are in the village itself, and amount to 75 feet in all. Lawson's Lake is in the north-western part of the township. The caves belong to that large class of limestone ledges and hollows which characterize the eastern part (see CAVES OF SCHOHARIE) of the State. The larger of these two extends 660 feet into a perpendicular ledge. The Feuri-Spruyt Kill, doubtless frightened at so awful a cognomen, dives beneath its bed for a half-mile. The springs are impregnated with sulphate of magnesia. The elephant occurred 4 miles west of the river, on Mr. Shears's farm. The other stations, as far as the crossing of the Albany and Susquehanna Railway—namely, Bethlehem, Feurabush, and New-Scotland—have their glory in

the same phenomena. Guilderland Centre and Central Junction are not important stations, and beyond the latter 3 miles is Schenectady.

In the article entitled *ALONG THE HUDSON* we have already alluded to Albany and Troy with as much particularity, perhaps, as the tourist will desire. If he has come from the east or north to begin his journey with us, he has probably remained over night at the Delavan House, Stanwix Hall, Congress Hall, or the American, in Albany, or the Troy House, in Troy; if from the south, he has, perhaps, been enjoying the comforts of the most elegant steamboats on the face of the globe. Terms at the Delavan and Congress, \$4.50 per day; at Stanwix Hall, (most convenient for one in haste,) \$3.50; the American, \$2.50 or \$3 per day.

Schenectady, 17 miles from Albany, 23 from Troy, is the point at which the railways from Albany and Troy meet, and the Saratoga route diverges. Schenectady is upon the right bank of the Mohawk River. It is one of the oldest towns in the State, and is distinguished as the seat of Union College, founded in 1795. The buildings are discernible from the right-hand windows going west. The council-grounds of the Mohawks once formed the site of the present town. A trading-post was established by the Dutch as early as 1620. A massacre of the inhabitants by the French and Indians occurred here in 1690. In 1795, the town was made the headquarters of the Western Navigation Company, organized to navigate the Mohawk River to Oneida Lake. Schenectady was incorporated as a city in 1798.

Leaving Schenectady, the road crosses the Mohawk River and the Erie Canal, upon a bridge nearly 1000 feet in length.

At Hoffman's, 26 miles, (from Albany,) a ferry was established in 1790 by Hermanus Vedder, and was called Vedder's Ferry until 1835 ; it was then purchased by John Hoffman, whose name it has since borne.

Tribes's Hill, 39 miles, is a place of some interest. Its name is derived from the fact that the Indians were accustomed to assemble on a mound here on important occasions, where they held their councils and listened to the eloquence of their chieftains. A suspension bridge crosses the Mohawk here, and near Schoharie Creek once stood Fort Hunter. In 1710, several hundred of the Palatinates, who had been previously located on the Hudson by the bounty of Queen Anne, migrated to this neighborhood ; in 1780, they were massacred by the son of Sir William Johnson, in command of some Indians and Tories.

Johnstown, 3 miles north of Fonda, which is 44 miles west of Albany, was incorporated in 1808 ; it lies on the southern border of Montgomery county. This place was once the residence of the distinguished Sir William Johnson. This gentleman entered the wilderness as agent for his uncle, Sir Peter Warren, who had an extensive grant from Great Britain. He built a stone mansion here, surpassing in cost and grandeur every dwelling in the valley of the Mohawk. By his tact he won the confidence of the Indians, assuming their dress and learning to speak their language, and entering heartily into all their wild sports. He became agent for Great Britain, and was of great service in settling disputes with the Indians. In 1759, at his call, 2000 Indian braves assembled, and were led by him to the head of Lake George, where he defeated the French under Dieskau. For this, Parliament voted him £5000, and the King conferred a baronetcy upon him. He died in 1774, having spent forty years in the wilderness. Men-

tion of him will be found also in the articles entitled SARATOGA and LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Palatine Bridge, 55 miles, derives its name from the German Palatines who settled here in 1713, and from the bridge which crosses the Mohawk and separates it from Canajoharie. Passengers take the stage here for Sharon Springs, a place of considerable resort during the summer season. (See MINERAL SPRINGS OF NEW-YORK.) The ride from Canajoharie to the springs, a distance of 14 miles, is one of the most picturesque and beautiful to be found in this part of the country.

Fort Plain, 58 miles, was the scene of one of the raids of the notorious Brandt, in 1780; when the women in the forts, their husbands being absent, clothed themselves in male attire and frightened the redskins away by their brave appearance.

At Saint Johnsville, 64 miles from Albany, 2½ to 3 hours' ride, is the first eating-station on the road, and the best in the State.

Little Falls, 74 miles, is remarkable for a bold passage of the Mohawk River and Erie Canal through a wild and most picturesque defile. The scenery, embracing the river, rapids, and cascades, the locks and windings of the canal, the bridges, and the glimpses far away of the valley of the Mohawk, are especially beautiful.

Richfield Springs, about 12 miles from Little Falls, is quite a pleasant resort in summer, near the head of Schuyler Lake. (See MINERAL SPRINGS OF NEW-YORK.)

Utica is a large, flourishing, and handsome town on the south side of the Mohawk River. The Erie Canal and the Central Railway pass through the centre of the city. It contains several handsome buildings, among which are the City Hall and State Lunatic Asylum. It is built upon

the site of old Fort Schuyler, and has now a population of 25,000. Hotels: Bagg's, at the depot, and the National. Visitors to Trenton Falls take the Black River Railway trains at this point, the distance to the Falls being about 20 miles. Clinton, 8 miles south-west of Utica, accessible by horse-cars, is the seat of Hamilton College, incorporated in 1843.

The next station of prominence is Rome, 109 miles, where diverges the Rome, Watertown, and Oswego Railway to Lake Ontario, northward. This place was originally called Fort Stanwix, from a fort erected here in 1758. After the conquest of Canada it fell into decay, but was repaired during the Revolution. In 1777, General Saint Leger besieged it, but was compelled to raise the siege by the arrival of aid. This battle-mound lives only in history; not a trace of it now remains in Rome. Here was also a mile of portage, which kept asunder the waters of the Mohawk and Wood Creek, and interrupted the navigation from Albany to the Lakes. The Indians call it De-o-wain-sta — or "carrying-place for canoes." Over this interval all merchandise to and from the distant West had to be conveyed by men and ox-teams. Then, by way of Wood Creek and Oneida Lake, it reached Lake Ontario.

Verona, 117 miles, is a thriving village in the midst of a rich grazing country. A short distance from it is a mineral spring, said to possess the properties of the Harrowgate waters of England.

From Verona to Manlius the railway, first approaching the chain of small inland lakes of the State, runs along a line parallel with, but some distance from, the southern bank of Oneida Lake.

Oneida, 123 miles from Albany, is built upon a portion of the territory of the Oneida Indians. The word signifies

"the people of the stone." This tribe had a tradition that a certain stone followed them in their wanderings, and at length rested upon a lofty hill, upon which the Indians afterward always held their councils. A boulder of gneiss, lying upon a farm at Stockbridge, was pointed out as the object of their veneration, and a few years since was removed to the entrance of Utica Cemetery, where it still remains. The village is on Oneida Creek, and was incorporated in 1848. On the banks of the creek, and about 3 miles from the village, a society called the Oneida Community is located upon a well-tilled farm of 390 acres. The association, which includes both sexes, was organized by John H. Noyes, who originated their peculiar religious and social tenets, in 1847. They form a general community, holding a common interest in all things. The relation of the sexes is placed, not like that of civilized societies, on the basis of law and constraint, neither on the opposite one of mere freedom, but on that of "inspiration." They are principally engaged in gardening, nursery business, milling, and the manufacture of steel-traps, sewing-silk, traveling-bags, cravats, and palm-leaf hats. The men are chiefly engaged upon the land, and the women in other profitable pursuits. They also publish a weekly paper called the *Circular*.

Chittenango is 133 miles west, and is the seat of the famous sulphur springs known by its name. (See article, MINERAL SPRINGS OF NEW-YORK.)

Manlius, 140 miles, is situated on the border of Limestone Creek, where a branch of the river falls over a precipice 100 feet high, forming a fine cascade, and a pleasant summer resort. Near this place are sulphur and other mineral springs, but they have not yet attracted public attention.

In the vicinity are three peculiar ponds, called the Green Lakes, from the color of their waters.

Eight miles further on, we come to the third chief station of the road, the seat of government of the third division of the Central Railway, the "central city" of the State—Syracuse. It is a favorite place for holding conventions, political, religious, and what not ; but not a place of much interest to the tourist. There is a depot, and numberless *quasi*-restaurants, which is more than can be said for Utica. The passenger going west will be better fed at Rochester, 81 miles further by the Direct Road, or at Cayuga, by the Auburn Road, 37 miles. The Syracuse House and Globe Hotel, however, are near the depot here, and time is commonly allowed for dinner.

For account of the salt-works and springs on Onondaga Lake, near the city, see MINERAL SPRINGS OF NEW-YORK. If one have a fancy for imagining similarity of place and circumstance, he may think Onondaga the Great Salt Lake, and if not Syracuse, at least Oneida, the city of the Latter-Day Saints ; while in point of fact, that notorious imposture, the *Book of Mormon* itself, was pretended to have been dug from a hill-side at Manchester, Ontario county, not far west of this.

Passengers for Oswego, and Lake Ontario at its east end, go north from Syracuse by the Syracuse and Oswego Railway, 35 miles. There is nothing of interest on the road until the lake city is reached. Oswego is described in ONTARIO AND THE SAINT LAWRENCE.

From Syracuse diverge the two branches called the Direct, and the Auburn or Old, Roads. The passenger going by Clyde, Lyons, and Palmyra will usually have to make no change of cars, and reaches Rochester an hour sooner than he who goes by Auburn and Geneva. The

former branch is much the more agreeable to travelers in haste, or who dislike frequent stops ; but there are very few points of interest along its route. The express stations are Port Byron, Palmyra, and Lyons.

DIRECT ROAD.

Savannah, 100 miles from Albany, 32 from Syracuse, is named from the resemblance of 2000 acres of low, marshy land, which produces abundance of long, coarse grass, to the Spanish savannas. The region generally through this division is not very pleasing. Clyde, on Clyde River, 6 miles beyond, is famous for the extensive fields of peppermint which are seen beside the railway. The plant is grown for making the essence, and is said to be one of the most remunerative crops that can be cultivated. About one third of all the peppermint grown in the United States is raised in this section.

Fanaticism seems to have made its home in Western New-York, and considerably within this division. Whether this was because of the original occupancy or not, we can not undertake to say ; but it is odd that Onondaga county, which extends from Manlius to Jordan and beyond Skaneateles, should have been the residence of those (Onondaga) Indians who were to the Iroquois what the tribe of Levi was to the children of Israel—they composed the priesthood, and were greatly venerated. The Onondagas had charge of the sacred council-fires around which war was resolved upon or peace decreed. A remnant of the ancient race of Onondagas still reside upon the Reservation ; their number is about 400. When at Newark, 13 miles beyond Clyde, we are reminded that spiritualism made its first “rap” near by, at Hydesville, a small place 2 miles distant, where it was first heard by the noted “Fox

Family," on the night of March 31st, 1849; and near Palmyra, 7 miles further on, the ancestors of Joseph Smith, the Mormon, settled in 1819, when that famous impostor was 14 years of age. In 1823, he began to have "visions," and in 1827, according to his own story, he dug up the "golden plates," which constitute the first portion of the *Book of Mormon*, as has been mentioned. The young man bore a very bad reputation among the residents of this vicinity. His book was printed in 1830, at the expense of a farmer of the region, Martin Harris, who mortgaged his farm therefor. The first "conference" was held at Fayette, June, 1830, with 30 dupes. Palmyra is also a favorite site for camp-meetings with the Free Methodists—a fragment of the Methodist Church who began some 10 or 20 years ago to follow a clergyman, B. T. Roberts, whose opposition to secret societies and other extreme views caused his condemnation and removal from the Methodist Episcopal ministry. The sect is small, principally existing hereabouts and in some parts of Ohio and Illinois, and is distinguished chiefly by extreme views of dress and discipline. Between Palmyra and Chili, at which latter place they have a college just started, the "pilgrims" (their own word) have rather a monopoly of the summer camp-meetings, which one finds quite common. The *Earnest Christian*, published monthly at Rochester, is their organ.

AUBURN (OLD) ROAD.

Upon the Old Road there are more places of interest to the tourist. The twin lakes of New-York—Cayuga and Seneca—lie close upon and visible from the railway; the beautiful towns of Auburn and Geneva belong to this part of our journey; and indeed, we traverse here almost the whole inland lake region, which affords such a host of

resorts to pleasure-seekers. We must refer the reader to our sketches of THE INLAND LAKES OF NEW-YORK, for more detailed reference to these charming little sheets of water than we can give in this steam-view.

The fourth station from Syracuse (17 miles) on the Old Road is Skaneateles—the point of departure for the lake of that name, the town being located 5 miles distant. This is about midway between Albany and Buffalo.

Auburn is 174 miles from Albany and 26 from Syracuse. The American is the principal hotel, and very good, though not first-class. If not absolutely “the loveliest village of the plain,” the reasons are two: the plain here is filled with the most beautiful villages, strangely similar, and Auburn is a city. The visitor will, perhaps, be at the trouble to see Seward Park, the home of our present national Secretary of State; the Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church, headquarters of those presbyteries and synods of Central New-York which, “excised” in 1837 from the General Assembly, were the nucleus of the since great “New School” branch of that church. The State Prison will be interesting to some tourists, possibly—more particularly, if at all, for the Asylum for Insane Convicts, which, being the only one in the country is well worthy a visit.

The cemetery, called Fort Hill, (where the Cayuga chief Logan lies buried,) is built upon an eminence which evidently belongs to that large class of mysterious mounds left by our earliest predecessors upon this continent. (See articles on HOWE'S CAVE, SAINT LOUIS, and other sites.) This one is clearly believed to be a fortification of that ancient people of whom the present Indians can give us no account, being far out-dated by them. They doubtless belonged to the same general stock as the aborigines of

Mexico, the Aztecs; and they are usually called the Mound-Builders, or the Alleghans. This fort is supposed to have been built prior to the discovery of the continent by Columbus, and occupied by them for several centuries, until at last the Cayugas overpowered them. These latter called the place Osco, or Was Kough, and was their principal village until the whites came.

Cayuga, 11 miles west of Auburn, is a good eating-station, at the foot of Cayuga Lake. The merits of this beautiful and favorite sheet of water are noticed elsewhere, as already mentioned.

Seneca Falls, 5 miles further—190 from Albany—is situated upon the banks of the Seneca River, and the outlet of Seneca Lake. The river is about 14 miles long, and has here a fall of 50 feet, which furnishes considerable water-power. It was in this township that Mrs. Amelia Bloomer first introduced the dress reform, and the style of dress that takes her name. The scene of Bayard Taylor's *Hannah Thurston* is laid in this vicinity.

Geneva, (Kanadesaga was the Indian name,) 7 miles beyond Waterloo, and 10 from Seneca Falls, is perhaps the most beautiful village upon the line, having the special advantage of a lake view from the ridge or terrace, 100 feet high, along which runs its principal residence avenue. Hobart College, one of the chief institutions of the Episcopal Church, is located on this avenue, overlooking the breadth of Seneca Lake. The attractions of this most beautiful sheet of water may be found elsewhere in this volume. The country about is fertile and picturesque. Several miles out is the "Banner Farm" of the State, belonging to Gideon Lee, Esq., of New-York City; and a short distance from the village is another monument of the mound-builders. A mile and a half north-west of the village is a

plot of ground, called Old Castle. It contains an Indian burying-ground, and in giving up the country, the Indians stipulated that these few sacred acres should never be plowed. This pledge has not been violated.

HOTELS.—The Mansion House, and the United States, \$3.50 per day,

Clifton is 64 miles from Syracuse, 40 from Rochester, and 212 from Albany. It is the site of the famous Clifton Springs, under which title they are discussed elsewhere.

Canandaigua is both on the Central and on the Erie Railway, 223 miles from Albany. The name is a corruption of Gan-a-dar-que, "a chosen spot," named by the Seneca Indians. The village is located on the outlet of Canandaigua Lake, and is the capital of Ontario county. It is equally distinguished for the picturesque beauty of its situation, and the elegance of its buildings. The ground descends gently from the upper part of the village toward the lake, of which it commands an extensive prospect. Population, about 5000. In a room of the court-house are suspended the portraits of many of the most distinguished pioneers of the country, and many important officers of the United States. Brigham Young, the Patriarch of Utah, was long a resident of Canandaigua; and Fayette, where the first Mormon society was formed, in 1830, three years after the pretended unearthing of the golden plates, is in the adjoining county of Seneca.

The city of Rochester is distant from Syracuse 81 miles by Direct Road, and 104 by the Auburn Road. Distances beyond this are always reckoned by the first route, over which the express trains travel. The best hotels at Rochester are: Osburn House, Main street; Brackett House and Congress Hall, at the depot. The last of these charges \$3.50 per day, and being of limited size, accommodates

only transient boarders. Its table is the best in the city ; the other houses excel in rooms and situation, and charge about \$4 per day. The Clinton Hotel, on Exchange street, is a good second-class house, \$3 per day. Horse-cars communicate with both the distant houses, about a quarter-mile. The Erie Railway, or "Valley depot," is situated on the same street with the Clinton Hotel, more than half a mile from the Central depot ; horse-cars passing the former run within one block of the latter.

The "lions" of Rochester are the Falls of the Genesee, which may be found described under the proper title elsewhere. The city-cars run within a short distance of all three. After these, one wishes to visit the University (Baptist) of Rochester, on University avenue, nearly 2 miles out Main street. This elegant edifice contains what is called the finest geological collection in the country. The Rochester Theological (also Baptist) Seminary has a very unpromising building at present, but boasts the finest theological library save one (Union Seminary, New-York City) in the United States. Saint Mary's Hospital is a fine, light granite structure further out in the same direction. The Arcade, on Main street, containing the post-office and a variety of stores, is worth a visit. All these places are reached by the city cars, as also Mount Hope Cemetery, a very beautiful place near the Genesee River, commanding from its tower a view of Lake Ontario. On the way thither, after crossing the river, one should visit the famous nurseries (Ellwanger and Barry's, 500 acres, the chief) which are the greatest and finest in the world. Rochester is the great centre and mart of the Genesee Valley, and is the most beautiful city, beyond comparison, in the Empire State, both in its business and residence streets. Like the citizens of Providence, its thrifty people

own the dwellings they occupy, and beautify them with delightful public spirit ; but for a stranger seeking a boarding-house, there is not a more unpromising place imaginable, unless hotel-life will content him.

BUFFALO ROAD.

Passing west of Rochester, on the main road which goes direct to Buffalo through Bergen and Batavia, we come upon Chili, 10 miles out, only interesting to any one for the new Free Methodist school established there.

Byron, 253 miles from Albany, is a small station, containing about 200 inhabitants. A sulphuric acid spring, popularly known as the Sour Spring, flows from a hill near the village. Gypsum is quarried in the village.

Batavia and Buffalo.—See paragraphs in article on **THE ERIE RAILWAY**.

The Charlotte branch extends from Rochester northward to Lake Ontario at the port of Charlotte (accented on the final syllable) 6 miles. The ride to the lake is a charming one, through the woods, with many a glimpse of the Genesee River, at whose mouth it ends ; and at the dock of the Ontario Steamboat Company a fine view of the lake may be had. For the trip on Ontario, see article, entitled **LAKE ONTARIO AND THE SAINT LAWRENCE**. Passengers for Toronto from New-York come thus far by the Central Railway, and take steamboat Corinthian. Fare, about \$2.50, including meals and state-rooms. Distance, about 70 miles. Toronto may also be reached by the fine boats of the Ontario Steamboat (American Express Line) Company, whose office is two doors from Congress Hall.

FALLS ROAD.

The other division from Rochester, extending on a more northerly line to Niagara Falls, has much more interest than the Buffalo Road to tourists. It is commonly called the "Falls Road."

Brockport, 17 miles from Rochester, 245 from Albany, is a pleasant village, where is one of the new Normal Schools of the State.

Holley, 249 miles from Albany, is interesting for 2 sulphur and several salt springs in the vicinity, from the latter of which salt was formerly manufactured.

Medina, 268 miles, is famous for its quarries of Medina sandstone, excellent for paving purposes. There are several salt springs in the vicinity.

Gasport, 278 miles, derives its name from a curious spring, which emits an inflammable hydro-carbon gas or vapor. An enterprising storekeeper has succeeded in converting this vapor to a useful purpose by lighting his store with it. The place contains a church, an academy, and 300 inhabitants.

Lockport, 284 miles, is very well worthy a visit, both for its natural and its architectural attractions. Here are 5 consecutive locks of the Erie Canal, which overcome an elevation of nearly 60 feet; the surplus water affording a great power to the many manufactories of the village. In the construction of this work a solid limestone barrier was excavated from 25 to 30 feet in depth, 62 feet in width, and 15 feet for a tow-path. Water in any desirable quantity may be drawn from the Erie level, and returned to the canal, 60 feet below, without detriment to navigation. Fine limestone and sandstone flaggings and building materials are quarried here, affording employment to several hundred men. One stratum of the lime-

stone is filled with fossils, and, when polished, presents a singular and beautiful appearance. It is used for ornamental purposes.

Suspension Bridge has been already mentioned in the article on NIAGARA FALLS ; and with that we come to the end of our journey, since we have nothing to note on the small branch of the railway which diverges at Lockport, running to Buffalo.

THE WYOMING VALLEY.

The Susquehanna River, which enters the Appalachian system of mountains at Towanda, Bradford county, Pa., by breaking the western chain, rolls the great volume of its waters over a rocky bed, through several ridges in rapid succession, and enters the Wyoming Valley by a marked mountain-pass above the mouth of Lackawannock Creek, called Lackawannock Gap ; thence flows in a serpentine course about 20 miles, and leaves the Valley through another opening of the same mountain, called Nanticoke Gap. These passages, which have width only sufficient to admit the river, are partly faced with perpendicular rocks, covered by a thick growth of pine and laurel-trees. The river is in most places about 200 yards wide, from 4 to 20 feet deep, and moves with a very gentle current, except at the rapids, or when swelled with rain or melted snows. Near the centre of the valley it has a rapid, called the Wyoming Falls, and another at the lower gap, designated as the Nanticoke Falls. Several tributary streams fall into it on each side, after traversing rocky passes, forming beautiful cascades as they descend to the plain. From the north-west are Toby's Creek, Moses's Creek, and Island Run ; from the south-east Mill Creek, Laurel Run, Solomon's Creek, Nanticoke Creek ; all affording excellent

mill-sites and abounding with fish, chiefly the speckled trout.

The particular Valley of Wyoming is a continuation of that of the Lackawannock, which taken together have an extent of 32 miles, by a mean breadth of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Dr. Silliman (the elder) has thus described the Valley: "Its form is that of a very long oval or ellipsis. It is bounded by grand mountain barriers, and watered by a noble river and its tributaries. The first glance of a stranger entering it at either end, or crossing the mountain ridges which divide it (like the Happy Valley of Abyssinia) from the rest of the world, fills him with peculiar pleasure, produced by a fine landscape, containing richness, beauty, and grandeur. From Prospect Hill, on the rocky summit of the eastern barrier, and from Ross Hill, on the west, the Valley of Wyoming is seen in one view, as a charming whole, and its lofty and well-defined boundaries exclude more distant objects from mingling in the scene. Few landscapes that I have beheld can vie with the Valley of Wyoming."

In story, Wyoming is not less rich than in natural beauty and mineral treasure. (For the mineral wealth of this mountain valley is as remarkable as its natural attractions. Iron and coal abound. The whole region is one anthracite coal-field, in depths of 3 to 27 feet.) Not only did the aborigines whom our forefathers knew make this a favorite ground, but it was beloved by the race long anterior to them, whose unexplained monuments alone remain to us. One of the few of these now existing at all is a defensive mound or rampart in Kingston township, on a level plain upon the north side of Toby's Creek, about 150 feet from the bank and a half-mile from the confluence with the Susquehanna. When the Europeans first came to Wyoming, this plain was covered with a primitive

forest, chiefly oak and yellow pine; and the trees on the rampart and in the trench were as large as those in any other part of the valley; one great oak particularly, upon being cut down, was ascertained to have flourished 700 years. The Indians had no traditions concerning these fortifications, nor any knowledge of their use.

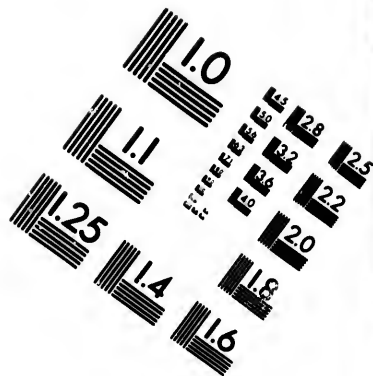
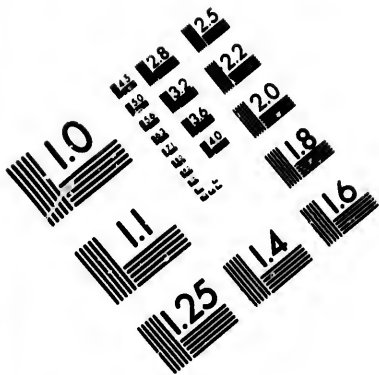
The terrible Battle of Wyoming, to which, alas! most of us are indebted chiefly for our familiarity with the name of this beautiful tract, and which has been so often a fruitful theme for pen and pencil, occurred July 3d, 1778. The colonial settlers, who had previously been at variance on account of being interested in charters from different authorities, had, at the breaking out of the Revolution, united in an effort to form a home-guard for self-protection. Two companies thus formed were, however, ordered to join General Washington, and a third, imperfectly organized and equipped, in 1778, was unequal to the terrible need that soon arose. A body of 400 British and 700 Indians, chiefly Senecas, under Colonel John Butler, entered the Valley June 30th, 1778; and the inhabitants having taken refuge in Fort Forty, (so called from the number in one of the bands of settlers, those from Connecticut,) a feeble force of 300 men, (commanded by Colonel Zebulon Butler, a continental officer,) gave battle on the 3d of July, and lost. Then followed the horrid massacre which, although it is now certain that the Indian Brant did not participate in it, and that the whole affair has been exaggerated, has had few parallels in American history until the era of secession. The whole number of sufferers is put down in Dana's *Cyclopædia* at 300. Few of the ill-fated people escaped. Prisoners were grouped around large stones, and were murdered with the tomahawk, amid yells and incantations of fiendish triumph. One of these stones of in-

human sacrifice may yet be seen in the valley. It is called Queen Esther's Rock, from the half-breed Indian woman who there avenged her son's death by tomahawking 14 soldiers, and lies near the old river-bank, some 3 miles above Fort Forty. The village of Wilkesbarre was burnt at this time, and its inhabitants were either killed, taken prisoners, or scattered in the surrounding forests. The site of Fort Forty is across the river from Wilkesbarre, past the opposite village of Kingston, and nearly west of Troy, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant. At this spot, where the slain were buried, there now stands a monument commemorative of the great disaster. It is an obelisk $62\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, made of granite blocks hewn in the neighborhood. The names of those who fell, and of those who were in the battle and survived, are engraved upon marble tablets set in the base of the monument. This praiseworthy work was done by the exertions of the ladies of Wyoming.

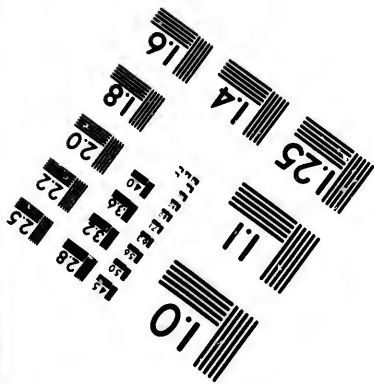
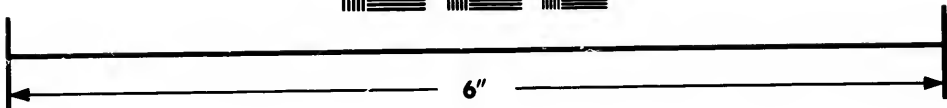
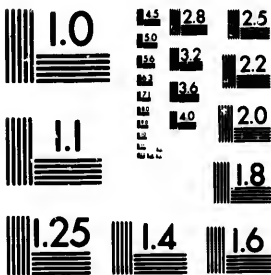
Nanticoke and West-Nanticoke are little coal-villages at the southern extremity of the Wyoming Valley, 8 miles by rail from Wilkesbarre, where, as we have already intimated, occur some of the boldest passages of the scenery of the Susquehanna. A beautiful view of the Wyoming is seen looking northward from the hills on the east side of the river near Nanticoke; and the scenes below, from the banks of the river and the canal, are most varied and delightful. The coal-mines of this neighborhood may easily be penetrated, and with ample remuneration for the venture.

Jessup's is a very cozy, lone inn, upon the west shore, 2 or 3 miles below Nanticoke, from whence are seen striking pictures of the river and its bold mountain banks both above and below; the hills in all this vicinity are impressively bold and lofty, making the comparatively narrow





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channel of the river seem yet narrower. Shickshinny and Wapwallopen are little places yet below, in the midst of a rugged hill and valley region.

The route to Wyoming Valley from New-York is by the New-Jersey Central Railway to Hampton Junction, 59 miles; thence by the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, 83 miles, to Scranton; and thence by the Lackawanna and Bloomsbury Railway, 17 miles, to Kingston, opposite Wilkesbarre, which is the headquarters of the valley district.

The route from Philadelphia is by the North Pennsylvania Railway to Bethlehem, and thence by the Lehigh Valley and Lehigh and Susquehanna Railways to Wilkesbarre. The Wyoming Valley Hotel is one of the best in the State, with ample accommodations for 250 guests. The town is reached by stage, one mile from the railway depot. It is regularly laid off in wide, well-shaded streets, with a public square and a court-house near the centre. It contains several handsome church edifices, and a population of about 7000. Among its principal attractions for tourists are Prospect Rock, which commands a fine view of the valley, Battle Monument, Harvey's Lake, etc.

THE HIGHLANDS OF NEW-JERSEY.

THE MORRIS AND ESSEX RAILWAY.

THERE can be no more pleasing region for a suburban summer residence for New-Yorkers than the line of the Morris and Essex Railway, in the State of New-Jersey. Within the past few years, exiled tax-payers have begun to wake up to the charms of Morris and Essex counties in

the "out-of-the-world" State, and now, where there used to be but two stopping-stations, there are upward of a dozen within 20 miles of the city. Recently, too, the increased facilities which the extension of the Morris and Essex Railway to Easton have offered to commerce, have made the route somewhat widely known as a new and most direct avenue to the West. The whole line of the railway, as far as Chatham (26 miles) at least, is one continued garden, such as one sees on several of the roads leading through the suburbs of Boston. The laying of a new grade and a double track, with the inconvenient increase of business, has retarded certain improvements which summer tourists will miss; but the region opened by the road is too attractive ever to lose the *prestige* which it has now among some of its frequenters.

Morristown, now a city, 32 miles, the capital of Morris county, is splendidly situated on the Whippany River. It is noteworthy as having been the headquarters of the American army on two occasions. The house occupied by General Washington is still visible from the railway. The town contains a fine public square, court-house, and several churches. Population, 4000. Speedwell Lake lies in the near vicinity of the hotels. At Chester, 12 miles by stage, (until a branch railway is completed,) summer board may be found at moderate prices at the Young Ladies' Institute, Miss Megie, principal. This is in the midst of a very pleasant, quiet region, which affords a delightful retreat for persons tired of the noisier places.

Dover, 44 miles, fare \$1.45, is headquarters for persons going to the lakes and to Schooley's Mountain. The Mansion House, by I. B. Jolley, is the best hotel in the county, open all the year round, with rooms for nearly 100 guests. The excellent livery-stable of Mr. Jolley is in

constant activity through the summer season, as most parties prefer to leave the railway at Dover and seek the watering-places by stage or carriage from Jolley's. The Stickle House, W. Jones, proprietor, can accommodate 50 persons. Distances from Dover as follows: to Schooley's Mountain, 20 miles; to Lake Hopatcong, (Brookland Pond,) 6 miles; Long Pond, 10 miles; Green Pond, 30 miles; Senecawana (Budd's) Lake, 7 miles. The remaining lake of the Highlands of New-Jersey, Greenwood, is mentioned in the article on THE ERIE RAILWAY; it is not usually included in the tour from Dover.

BUDD'S (SENECAWANA) LAKE.

Lake Senecawana, commonly called Budd's Lake, is 2 miles from Stanhope, on the Morris and Essex Railway, 54 miles from New-York City. Stages run from all trains during the summer to Forest Grove House, on a hill directly in front of the lake. Passengers also come from Dover as already stated. The entire circumference of Senecawana—it is quite circular—is not more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and its whole surface can be distinctly seen from the balcony of the hotel. One is charmed at first sight. The white, clear water, the margin of which is lined on every side with dense foliage; the sloping hill and cultivated fields, teeming, a little later in the season than this, (May,) with rich cereals, together with the mountains appearing in the distance, present a view picturesque and unique, of which the eye never tires. Fishing is the common pastime. The piscatory sportsman is not satisfied with his finny game unless he bring home some heavy pickerel. This lake, occupying one of the healthiest localities of the Highlands, is a favorite resort of the ladies, and ought to be called the Ladies' Lake. It is so easy of ac-

cess, retired, quiet, neat, and sure of good accommodations, they always feel at home. They are not afraid to sail, or row, or ride at anchor, as their boat is always in sight ; and if unsuccessful in angling, they seldom fail to secure a quantity of the white, fragrant lilies which grow near the shore, and are constantly in bloom.

The hotel, kept by Messrs. J. M. Sharp & Co., is one well-known in select metropolitan circles, and is always full of excellent society. There are rooms for about 300 guests. Terms, \$3 per day, \$15 to \$21 per week. Telegraph stations at Stanhope and Dover.

LAKE HOPATCONG, (BROOKLAND POND.)

Lake Hopatcong is 6 miles south from Senecawana, (Budd's Lake,) and 4 from Drakesville, a station on the Morris and Essex Railway. Stages from this station and from Dover, 6 miles, convey passengers to the hotel, the Lake Hopatcong House. Mr. Riker, proprietor, can find room for some 75 guests ; but the accommodations at this lake are decidedly inferior to those elsewhere in the Highlands, while the attractions of the lake itself are much greater. There is no telegraph station nearer than Dover, 6 miles. The house has usually a large and fashionable patronage during the summer, including a number of the most aristocratic families of New-York City. Mr. August Belmont has spent a number of summers here. The terms for this, as well as for the other houses in this region, will not vary far from those given for Senecawana—\$3 per day, and \$15 to \$21 per week.

The Indian name of this lake, Hopatcong, according to George Copway, signifies "Stone Water," or "Stone over Water." It was probably given to it on account of an ancient ridge here, which is a regular causeway of stone,

running from an island nearly across to the shore, a distance of about a quarter of a mile. It was, no doubt, made by the Indians, and was a work of great labor. The water is now a little above it, occasioned by the raising of the lake for the Morris and Essex Canal, which is supplied by a feeder from the Hopatcong outlet. On the opposite shore are, or used to be, found great numbers of Indian arrows, axes, and broken jars; and appearances indicate it was the site of an Indian village. The more familiar name applied to the lake by the country people round about is Brookland Pond; and the chances are, that a visitor in the somewhat primitive region close around the lake, inquiring for "Lake Hopatcong," would find that it had never been heard of. Among the children of civilization, however, the local title is ignored for the Indian one.

The lake is usually said to be 9 miles in length, though, measured in a straight line, it is not more than $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles. We can hardly speak of direct length to water that abounds in islands and has its coves and bights whose indentations are terminated by perpendicular cliffs or extensive mountain slopes. The scenery here, unlike that of Budd's Lake, is ever changing with your change of position. The shore, little cultivated, is for the most part a forest, whose deciduous foliage, interspersed with a variety of evergreens, presents every shade of green from the lightest salix to the darkest cedar. The surface of the lake is 720 feet above the Hudson at New-York, and 660 feet above the Delaware at Easton. A steamboat crosses the lake several times a day in the service of the canal. There are all manner of recreations possible here, the chief being fishing: pickerel, perch, catfish, eels, and salmon-trout are the principal ones caught. Two islands of considerable note lie over against each other—Canfield

and Halsey—the one near the head and the other near the foot of the lake. Canfield Island has a fine garden upon it; the other still maintains its primeval state, and is the favorite picnicking ground for excursionists.

From Southard's Peak, a few yards east of the hotel, you have a fine view of the surrounding country; on the west is the Delaware Water Gap, and on the east the Bloomfield Mountains.

SCHOOLEY'S MOUNTAIN.

Schooley's Mountain, the most famous resort in the Highlands, is a ridge of considerable extent, Budd's Lake being upon one part of its summit. There are two hotels, both well known and well kept—the Belmont House, D. A. Crowell, proprietor, 300 guests, and the Heath House, same capacity. Telegraph at the Belmont. The height of the mountain is about 1100 feet above the sea. Springs, containing muriate of soda, of lime, and of magnesia, sulphate of lime, carbonate of magnesia, and silex, and carbonated oxide of iron, are near its summit. The drives in the region are very fine indeed, and, for citizens of the metropolis, there is no more delightful resort within a half-day's journey. The society at the mountain is always excellent. Terms as at the lakes.

Tourists from New-York come by the Morris and Essex Railway, 62 miles to Hackettstown, and thence $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles by stage. The ride from Dover, 20 miles, is, of course, more wearisome, but attractive in its scenery. There is no stage to or from Dover. Visitors from the south proceed *via* Philadelphia and New-Brunswick, connecting with the New-Jersey Central Railway at Bound Brook, and from this line as above.

THE VALLEY OF THE NAUGATUCK.

Travelers going north and east from New-York City may find a very beautiful *détour* from the regular Connecticut Valley route, in the railway which separates from the latter at Bridgeport, and pursues the direct northerly course of a small but beautiful river, called the Naugatuck. The Housatonic Railway, taking name from the stream which it follows, also commences at Bridgeport, having its terminus at Pittsfield, Mass., 110 miles distant. The Naugatuck Railway follows the course of its river likewise, taking advantage of the passes, which it secures, through and between the hills, and ends at Winsted, 62 miles. Bridgeport is reached from New-York City by steamboat, from Pier 35, East River, at 12 M., or by railway, from 27th Street, at 8 A.M. and 3 P.M. The morning train affords the opportunity to see the country, and return to Bridgeport in the afternoon, arriving at 5.30 o'clock, or to stop over night, and in the morning go on by stage from Winsted to Canaan, (Housatonic Railway,) Ct., whence by rail to Pittsfield, at 5.35 P.M. Fare, New-York to Bridgeport, \$1.70; Bridgeport to Winsted, \$2.05; stage fare, 15 miles, \$1.50; Canaan to Pittsfield, about \$1.25. Pittsfield is 51 miles from Springfield, on the Boston and Albany (Western) Railway.

The Housatonic and Naugatuck Rivers are important mill-streams which give life and activity to a very large number of factories in all departments of mechanical labor. Such are the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machine factories, at Bridgeport; the brass and copper-mills, and the clock-shops, of Phelps, Dodge and Company, at Ansonia; the pin factories, at Waterbury; the 25 or 30 paper-mills, in Lee, etc. The Housatonic trip is made the subject of a separate sketch.

The Naugatuck River rises within the confines of Connecticut, in that mountainous corner which composes Litchfield county. The country, for the first few miles of its progress, and behind it, is not very inviting to the traveler; but at the station called Litchfield, where the railway first meets the river on the way to Bridgeport, the scenery becomes very pleasing. Litchfield, lying 2 or 3 miles west of the station, is one of the most beautiful of Connecticut inland villages. It is the county-seat, and was the birth-place of Henry Ward Beecher. (See HOU-SATONIC VALLEY sketch.) Its original Indian name was Bantam—one of the few cases where the whites have improved upon the aboriginal title. The village is an active, pleasant place, occupying chiefly two broad avenues at right angles, and boasting, like most New-England towns, a fine park or "green." In the immediate vicinity, Mount Tom (not the companion of Holyoke) rises 700 feet, and one of the largest lakes in the State affords good fishing and rowing.

Before we betake ourselves to the river-rail route, let us stop a moment at Winsted, the northern terminus of the Naugatuck Railway. It hardly boasts special attractions. The railway terminus is at the western end of the town, in what is called West-Winsted. On the summit of the hill, behind the Beardsley House, (principal hotel, where one going to Canaan will stay over night; terms, \$2.50 or \$3 per day,) there is a charming lake of clear and deep waters. The surrounding country does not tempt others than disciples of Izaak Walton.

Below Litchfield, and quite continuously to Derby, the railway traverses the banks of the river, amid the most romantic scenery. Cramped into a narrower channel by the frowning hills which shut it in on every side, and dispute

its passage with a Yankee pertinacity, the Naugatuck foams and leaps and meanders in its zeal to reach the open basin below. There can be no more charming scenery than that here afforded—where a railway, not important enough to undertake the removing of mountains and the filling up of valleys, simply affords us an opportunity to watch all along a rapid ride the changing aspects of river and woodland scenery.

Waterbury marks the half of our ride, about 30 miles from either terminus. There is absolutely nothing natural to see here, but a great deal of industry. Most of the 15,000 inhabitants are in one way or another connected with the many manufactories in the city. Waterbury is the only city in the State, west of New-Haven, except Bridgeport. Hotels—Adams Hotel, (near the depot, second-class,) and Scovill House, a quarter-mile distant. The Providence, Hartford, and Fishkill Railway has had its terminus here for some years, but hopes ultimately to reach the Hudson River at Fishkill, and cross it by a now prospective bridge. (See page 27.)

The Naugatuck River falls into the Housatonic at Derby, 18 miles below Waterbury, 14 from Bridgeport. The main river here swells to nearly a mile in width, and presents a very beautiful view. Contracts have been made for a stone bridge across the Naugatuck at the narrows, in Derby. Its complete cost will be about \$20,000. The Housatonic Railway does not come within 5 or 6 miles of the river which names it, at this point. Beyond this, the Naugatuck Railway follows the shore of the Housatonic (which is navigable up to Derby from the Sound) until it crosses at Stratford; from there to Bridgeport the cars run upon the track of the New-York and New-Haven Company, and our especial attention ceases.

WOODSTOCK, CT.

Woodstock is situated in Windham county, in the north-eastern corner of the State of Connecticut, surrounded by a country of great beauty, embracing within its reach the varied attractions of lake and woodland, hill and dale, beautiful drives, etc. It is really one of the most delightful retreats in New-England. Overlooking a valley stretching for 30 miles north and south, the view from the piazza of the hotel is one of exquisite loveliness. A mile away is Woodstock Lake, skirted by primeval woods and abounding in fish. Henry Ward Beecher, our authority for Connecticut scenery, says: "Its like I do not know anywhere. It is a miniature Mount Holyoke; and its prospect, the Connecticut Valley in miniature."

HOTEL.—Elmwood Hall, Mr. Amasa Chandler, proprietor, is open from June 15th to the close of the season. It has a fine "common" in front of the house, and a park on the opposite side of the street. Visitors to this place leave the Norwich and Worcester Railway at Putnam. Carriages from the hotel wait at every train, and a mail-coach leaves Putnam for Woodstock, daily, at 5 o'clock P.M.

MANSFIELD AND MEMPHREMAGOG.

Mount Mansfield, the loftiest (4469 feet) of the Green Hills, is 15 miles from Waterbury Station. It is easily reached from the village of Underhill Centre on the north, or yet more easily from the pleasant village of Stowe on the south, both of which points may be reached from the Vermont Central road—Underhill from Jonesville Station, and Stowe from Waterbury. Stages leave Waterbury for Stowe (10 miles) on arrival of trains. Mansfield is 20 miles from Burlington. Stowe is a pretty country village, lying in the valley between Mansfield and Wor-

cester Mountains, and one of the loveliest possible spots for a summer residence among the mountains. The walks and drives in the vicinity are delightful. Sunset Hill, east of the hotel, commands a fine view of Mansfield as well as the surrounding country. The principal drives are: to Mount Mansfield, 8 miles; Smuggler's Notch, 8 miles—one of the most wild and romantic places in the country; Bingham's Falls, 5 miles; Moss Glen Falls, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles; Gold Brook, 3 miles; West Hill, 2 miles; Morrisville Falls, 8 miles; Johnson Falls, 12 miles; Nebraska, 6 miles. The chief hotel at Stowe is the Mount Mansfield House, kept by Mr. Leonard Love. Rooms for 400 guests; billiard-tables, bowling-alley, and a fine livery stable. The summit of the mountain is 8 miles distant, as stated above; but the hotel accommodations here make Stowe the favorite point of departure. The Summit House, on the top of Mansfield, can accommodate 100 guests. The terms at each house (same proprietors) are \$3.50 per day.

Before reaching the village of Stowe, or from the observatory of the Mansfield Hotel, the tourist can get a good view of Mount Mansfield. The outline of the summit resembles human features. Old Mansfield, as is imagined, is in a reclining posture, his face turned upward. The north peak represents the chin, the middle the nose, and the southern the forehead. This mountain is the highest in Vermont, and from it can be seen elevations in every county in the State. The chin is 4348 feet above the sea, 3800 feet above the village of Stowe, and 340 above the nose. The nose is 160 feet above the forehead.

The view from the summit is very extensive. The Winooski is hardly seen, except here and there, resembling the smallest possible rivulet. On either hand, as far as you can see, the eye rests upon hundreds of mountain

peaks, stretching away into the thick, dark haze which surrounds them. West lies the great valley of the Champlain, and still beyond, 16 miles distant, is the lake itself, the whole length of which comes under the eye. A few miles from its western shore rise the lofty peaks of the famous Adirondacks. North is the wide-spread valley of the Saint Lawrence; and in favorable weather, with the aid of the glass, steamers can be seen upon its waters. Montreal Mountain, with the city (visible only in the best weather) at its base, Jay Peak, and Owl's Head, the latter rising from the west bank of Lake Memphremagog, form prominent features in the landscape. In the east, Franconia range and the White Mountains, 60 miles distant, limit the vision, while the intervening space is covered with numberless hills and mountains. South can be seen Camel's Hump, Killington Peak, and Ascutney.

THE VALLEY AND RIVER OF WINOOSKI.—The Winooski traverses almost the entire breadth of Northern Vermont. Rising in Caledonia county, its course is generally westward to Lake Champlain, 40 miles from which it passes through Montpelier. Some of its valley passages are scenes of great pastoral beauty, strongly contrasted with high mountain surroundings, the singularly-formed peak of Camel's Hump continually showing itself, sometimes barely peeping over intervening ranges, and again—as near the middle of the valley stretch—coming into full display. In places, the Winooski is a wild, turbulent water, dashing over stern precipices and through rugged defiles. It is found in this rough mood just above the village of Winooski, a few miles from Burlington, where the waters rush in rapid and cascade through a ravine 100 feet deep. This picture is favorably seen from the railway. Passing on into the open valley lands which succeed,

Mount Camel's Hump comes finely into view, as the central and crowning point of one of the sweetest pictures of all this region. This is, next to Mansfield, the highest of all the Green Mountain peaks, having an elevation of 4188 feet. It may be ascended, without much difficulty, from any side, though the usual point of leaving the railway is at Ridley's, going south from which one can reach the summit of Camel's Hump, 6 miles distant, by private teams. A good carriage-road has been constructed 3 miles up the mountain, and the remainder of the way is accomplished on horseback. Not far from the summit is a spring of excellent water, and also a house for the accommodation of visitors. The view from the summit is similar to that from Mount Mansfield. The height above the sea is 4083 feet, and some over 3800 above Winooski River. The peculiar outline of its summit, which suggests its name, and its comparatively isolated position, make it a conspicuous object for many miles around. The mountain is crowned by jagged, barren rocks, and the imposing scene which the lofty heights overlook is in no way obstructed by the forest veil, which often disappoints the hopeful climber of forbidden mountain-tops. Bolton Falls, a few miles below Waterbury, affords a pleasant excursion from the Hump. The high bluffs on either side of the river were evidently once united, forming a natural bridge. Through it the river has finally worn a deep and narrow channel. Perpendicular and overhanging rocks form the gorge, while huge boulders, piled together, nearly bridge the river at low water. Just after passing the falls, the tourist can get a good view of them from the car-window, where he will notice the foaming stream and the projecting rocks above.

LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.—Overshadowed by lofty moun-

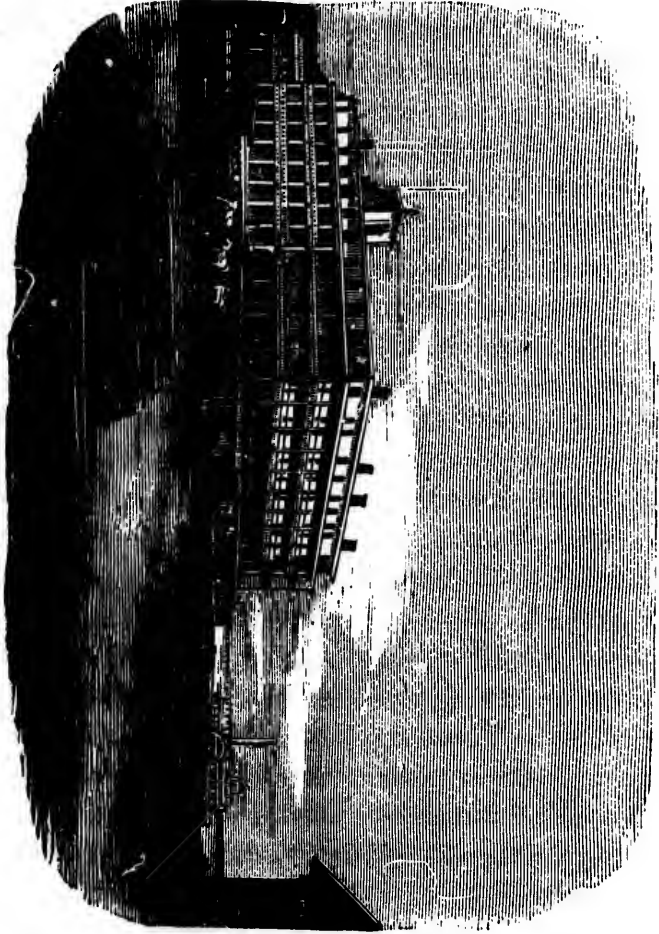
tain peaks which rise to the height of nearly 3000 feet, and bordered by dense forests and grassy slopes, in Northern Vermont and the Province of Quebec, is Lake Memphremagog—"the Beautiful Water." In general appearance it resembles Lake Horicon in Northern New-York. It is 30 miles long and 2 wide, and lies in a deep and narrow basin. About one third of the lake is in Vermont and the remainder in Canada. There are no marshes or ponds of stagnant water along its banks, and its rock-bound shores and wooded islands give it a picturesque appearance. Fed by mountain streams, pure and cold, it is the home of the prince of the finny tribe, the speckled trout, which here attains unusual proportions. It is no uncommon thing to catch those that weigh from 10 to 15 pounds, while old fishermen, who are posted on favorite localities, will occasionally show you one weighing from 30 to 40. The best fishing places are near the Mountain House, at the base of Owl's Head, where the water is the coldest and deepest.

The principal hotels on the lake are: Memphremagog House, Mr. Lafayette Buck, proprietor, at Newport, Vermont, south end, or head, of the lake; Mountain House, Mr. A. C. Jennings, proprietor, at Owl's Head, (mountain,) 12 miles from Newport; and the Parks House, a new hotel, at Magog, Quebec Province, at the head of the Magog River, through which the lake waters reach the Saint Lawrence. The terms at these houses will not be found as high as at the Newport by the sea, as this is within the influence of Vermont moderation and hospitality. The Memphremagog is the largest and most popular of the three hotels, accommodating some 300 guests. Terms, \$3.50 per day, \$21 for one and \$35 for two weeks. It stands directly upon the bank of the lake, fronting the bridges and the railway, as well as the steamboat landing, and from its

windows and broad piazzas an excellent view of the lake, the mountains, and the surrounding country, is to be had. The view of the lake is especially fine, embracing various bays and promontories, with the famous Owl's Head in the centre of the picture, and Bear Mountain and Mount Elephantis upon either hand. The merit of the Mountain House consists in its contiguity to Owl's Head, (see below,) which tourists generally wish to climb. The house stands upon the shore of a pleasant bay of the lake. The Parks House is located nearest to Montreal, (see routes below,) and affords a fine opportunity for becoming familiar with Canadian towns, people, and customs.

Newport, Vermont, the principal and only important town on Lake Memphremagog, is beautifully situated upon a promontory projecting boldly out from the western shore of Lake Memphremagog, about 3 miles from its head. This promontory, long known as Pickerel Point, consists of a lofty eminence called Prospect Hill, with a considerable area at its foot, upon which the village is built. Its extremity approaching within a few hundred yards of the eastern shore, this point was early selected as the proper locality for a bridge, and for many years the village was known as Lakebridge, a name which it would perhaps have been well to retain. Six years ago, Newport numbered but ten or twelve houses; now it is a large village, containing many tasteful residences, both of citizens residing permanently, and of others who make this their summer home. Several large manufacturing establishments give life to the place, and employment to its inhabitants, while numerous stores make it the centre of local trade for a large section of the surrounding country. Four bridges, two for ordinary travel and two belonging to the Passumpsic Railway, cross the lake here, and large wharves

Memphisnegog House.



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furnish facilities for the navigation of the lake, most of which centres at this point, the bridges preventing steamboats from ascending farther.

The fine new iron steamboat *Lady of the Lake* makes two trips daily over the lake, from Newport, 7.30 A.M. and 1.15 P.M. to Magog, returning at 10.30 A.M. and 4.30 P.M. There is a great number of interesting points on the route, which will be agreeably noted by the captain as you pass, and therefore do not need mention in detail here. The chief places are : Mason's Point and Cavern, the Mountain House Wharf, Skinner's (Smugglers') Cave, Balance Rock, Concert Pond, near Mount Elephantis ; Georgeville, (20 miles from Newport and $7\frac{1}{2}$ from Owl's Head, and having one or two hotels ;) Knowlton's Landing, (whence stage to Waterloo, 20 miles, connecting with railway for Saint John's and Montreal ;) and Magog, at the foot of the lake. Near Magog is Mount Orford, 3300 feet high, the most extensive mountain in Quebec. It is 5 miles from Magog, and a carriage-road has been constructed to its summit.

Next to the enjoyment of the lake itself, the view from the summit of Owl's Head is the great attraction at Memphremagog. The mountain is conical in shape, and 3000 feet high. Looking south, you see Clyde, Barton, and Black Rivers, Newport, all the islands on the lake, and the lake itself from end to end. To the north, Durham's Point, Dewey's Point, Knowlton Bay, the Outlet, Orford Mountain, and countless other objects. To the east, Seymour Lake, Stanstead Plain, Rock Island, Salem Pond, Charleston Pond, Derby Centre, Willoughby Lake, White Mountains, Little Magog, Massawippee Lake, Georgeville, etc. To the west, the continuation of the Green Mountain Range. To the north-west, the Sugar Loaf and Ridge Mountain, Broom Lake, and North and South Troy. In a

clear day, Montreal can be distinctly seen in the north-west.

The tourist from New-York City will start from Twenty-seventh Street depot at 8 A.M., (best,) or 3 or 8 P.M., and pass through New-Haven, Springfield, Greenfield, Bellows Falls, White River Junction, etc. The Bostonian will go by Lawrence, Manchester, and Concord, to White River Junction, unless he choose to take the less direct route to Greenfield or Bellows Falls, where he will strike the route of New-York passengers. The journey by rail for the whole distance to the lake is fine, embracing much of the best scenery of New-Hampshire or the Connecticut Valley, according to the route selected ; but that on the Passumpsic Railway is the best of all. This road, from White River Junction, continues up the Connecticut River, crossing White River at its mouth, and passes through the picturesque Passumpsic Valley, guarded by massive hills on either side. From car-windows, the tourist catches glimpses of the sparkling and bubbling brooks as the train speeds along ; of silvery ponds and miniature lakes ; of lofty mountain peaks, and deep valleys and glens ; and of rich and expansive meadows, and thrifty Vermont farms, some of which sit right on the cap of the hill. After leaving the Passumpsic, and passing the summit between the waters flowing to the Sound and those flowing to the Saint Lawrence, the route lies through the lovely Barton River Valley, until it reaches the lake.

The distance from New-York to Newport, Vermont, is 365 miles, requiring 15 hours' ride. Through fare, \$10.50. To designate the route a little more fully, we may say : Leaving Twenty-seventh Street depot at 8 A.M., you arrive at the Massasoit House, Springfield, in time for a comfortable and capital dinner ; leaving at 2 P.M., sup and sleep

at the Island House, Bellows Falls. Leaving at 11.45 A.M., dine at White River Junction, and reach the Memphremagog House, at Newport, at 6.30 P.M. This method affords a complete daylight view of the railway scenery above briefly described.

THE MAINE FOREST.

THE most interesting route for the tourist in Maine to take is perhaps that which leads through the hills, lakes, and forests of the north; but we warn him, beforehand, that it will not be one of ease. Rugged roads and scant physical comforts will not be his most severe trial; for, in many places, he will not find road or inn at all, but must trudge along painfully on foot, or by rude skiff over the lakes, and trust to his rifle and his rod to supply his larder.

A great portion of the State is yet covered by dense forests, the utilization of which is the chief occupation and support of its inhabitants. The most fertile lands lie in the central southern regions, between the Penobscot River on the east and the Kennebec on the west, and in the valley borders of other waters. The leading objects of interest to tourists are the mountain ranges, which are bold and imposing—one summit, that of Katahdin, having an elevation of 5385 feet above the level of the sea. The lakes are numerous, sometimes of great extent, and often very beautiful. They are to be found throughout the State, and more especially among the mountains in the north. Indeed, it is estimated that one tenth part of the whole area of Maine is covered by water. The rivers are numerous and large, and present everywhere scenes of

great and varied beauty. The Atlantic coast, which occupies the whole southern line of the State, is the finest in the Union, in its remarkably bold, rocky character, and in its beautiful harbors, bays, islands, and beaches. The sea-islands of Maine are over 400 in number ; many of them are very large, and covered by fertile and inhabited lands. The climate, though marked by extremes, both of heat and cold, is yet everywhere most healthful, its rigor being materially modified by the proximity of the ocean.

In these wildest regions the exploration may be made with great satisfaction by a party well provided with all needed tent-equipage, and with all the paraphernalia of the chase ; for deer, and the moose, and the wild-fowl are abundant in the woods, and the finest fish may be freely taken in the waters. Still, he may traverse most of the mountain-lands and lakes by the roads and paths of the lumbermen, who have invaded all the region ; and he may bivouac, as comfortably as should content an orthodox forester, in the humble shanties erected by the hardy backwoodsmen. The mountains of Maine are broken and distinct peaks. A range, which seems to be an irregular continuation of the White Hills of New-Hampshire, extends along the western side of the State for many miles, and, verging toward the north-east, terminates in Mars Hill. This chain divides the waters which flow north into the River Saint John from those which pass southward to the Atlantic. Many beautiful lakes lie within this territory. The wilderness of Northern New-York (see THE ADIRONDACKS) has many features in common with the northern mountain and lake region of Maine.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

Moosehead Lake, the largest in Maine, is among the northern hills. It is 35 miles long, and, at one point, is 10

miles in breadth, though near the centre there is a pass not over a mile across. Its waters are deep, and furnish ample occupation to the angler in their stores of trout and other fish. This lake may be traversed in the steamboats employed in towing lumber to the Kennebec. A summer hotel occupies a very picturesque site upon the shore at Greenville, at the foot of the lake. The Kineo House, midway, the usual stopping-place, has recently been burned. There are numerous islands on the Moosehead Lake, some of which are of great interest. On the west side, Mount Kineo overhangs the water at an elevation of 600 feet. Its summit reveals a picture of forest beauty well worth the climbing to see. The roads thither, lying through forest-land, are necessarily somewhat rough and lonely. This lake is the source of the great Kennebec River, by whose channels (150 miles) its waters reach the sea. The readiest approach from Boston or Portland is *via* Newport or Bangor, on the Portland and Bangor Railway. Stages leave both these stations for the lake, 60 miles distant. Fare from Bangor, \$4.50.

There is a steamer over the lake every day, passing the finest scenery to be enjoyed on any Maine Lake. This, too, is the best point of departure for excursions in birch canoes.

THE ANDROSCOGGIN LAKES.

Lake Umbagog lies partly in Maine and partly in New-Hampshire. Its length is about 12 miles, and its breadth varies from 1 to 5 miles. The outlet of Umbagog and the Margalloway River forms the Androscoggin.

Androscoggin and Moosetocknoguntic Lakes are in the vicinity of Umbagog. These lakes may be reached by stage from Bethel, which is on the Grand Trunk Railway,

and noted for fishing. Hotel in Upton. J. G. Rich, a famous guide and trapper, lives at Upton.

SEBAGO.

Sebago Pond, a beautiful lake 12 miles long, and from 7 to 8 miles broad, is about 20 miles from Portland, on a route thence to Conway and the White Mountains. It is connected with Portland by the Cumberland and Oxford Canal.

THE GRAND LAKES.

The best place for salmon-trout is on the Grand Lakes, in Washington county. The Rev. Dr. Bethune came here repeatedly. Go by steamer to Calais and railway to Princeton, where guides and information may be obtained. Or, go by stage from Bangor—a very tedious route.

THE MOUNTAINS.

Sugar-Loaf Mountain, upon the Seboois River, northeast of Mount Katahdin, is nearly 2000 feet high, and from its summit a magnificent view is commanded, which embraces some 50 mountain peaks and nearly a score of picturesque lakes. Bigelow, Saddleback, Squaw, Bald, Gilead, the Speckled Mountain, the Blue Mountain, and other heights, with intervening waterfalls and brooks, are in the neighborhood.

MOUNT KATAHDIN, with its peaks 5385 feet above the sea, is the loftiest summit in the State, and is the *ultima thule*, at present, of general travel in this direction. The ordinary access is in stages from Bangor over the Aroostook road, starting in tolerable coaches on a tolerable road, and changing always in both from bad to worse. A plea-

sant route for the adventurer is down the west branch of the Penobscot, in a canoe, from Moosehead Lake. "Birches," as the boats are called, and guides, may be procured at the foot of Moosehead, or at the house, near the centre of the lake. By this approach, Katahdin is seen in much finer outlines than from the eastward.

THE VALLEY OF THE HOUSATONIC.

Henry Ward Beecher says, in his *Star Papers* : "Of all the railroads near New-York, none can compare for beauty of scenery with the Housatonic from Newtown up to Pittsfield, but especially from New-Milford to Lenox."

Let this be your authority, reader, and go ; but see to it, first, that you have Mr. Beecher's tastes, and not a Saratogian's or a sea-bather's. To the question, "What do you do for amusement?" in a summering by the Housatonic, he replies : "We do *not* receive company, or make calls, or ride about among a caravan of dandy vehicles, or 'go with the multitude' in a-swimming, or any thing else that implies excitement or company. We have a select few here, to whom *quiet* is enjoyment. We look at the picture-gallery of God in the heavens, with never two days' pictures alike ; we sit down with our books on the brow of the breezy hill, under an old chestnut tree, and read—sometimes the book, sometimes the landscape, and sometimes the highland clouds ; we wait till the evening sun begins to emit rose-colored light, and then we take rides along the edges of woods, upon unfrequented roads, across suspicious bridges, along forest-paths leading no one knows where, and coming out just at the very spot we did not expect. . . . But on other days we vary the entertainment, for there is an inexhaustible variety."

In this spirit, the rest-seeker from the great city will

thank God for the Housatonic Valley, coming once and again. Are you ready, now, to go?

Start, then, by the cleanest place of departure from New-York, the Twenty-seventh Street depot, by the New-Haven line. Your fare to Bridgeport, where you leave the trunk line and change to the Housatonic Railway, is \$1.70—unless you choose to take the Bridgeport steamboat, from Pier 35, East River, and then it will be \$1 only, or even less. The Housatonic road will want 3 cents per mile for any distance short of its northern terminus, at Pittsfield, Mass., but will convey you the whole of those 110 miles for \$3; and as the Harlem Railway also tickets passengers to Pittsfield, (by Chatham Four Corners and the Western Railway,) the through fare from New-York City is but \$3.90 on either road. The best time to leave the city is 8 A.M., connecting at Bridgeport for Pittsfield at 10.30; the train reaches Pittsfield at 3.50 P.M.; the ride is a long, slow one, but not tedious to any one who enjoys comfortable, almost dustless cars, polite conductors, and unceasing beauty of scenery. There is also an afternoon train, which leaves New-York at 3 P.M., reaching Pittsfield at 11 P.M.

The Housatonic River, whose banks the railway of its own name follows from New-Milford to Pittsfield, near its head-waters, rises among the Taconic Mountains, (the "Berkshire Hills," as the natives fondly call them,) in North-western Massachusetts. It flows almost due south as far as the lower border of Litchfield county, Connecticut, bends greatly to the east, and reaches Long Island Sound at Stratford, nearly 20 miles east of the point where a straight course would have terminated. The Naugatuck Railway follows its shore-line as far as Derby, where navigation ends; thence the road sets itself a hard task in chasing the nimble Naugatuck, (see sketch of the NAUGA-

TUCK VALLEY.) The Housatonic between Stratford and Derby is a broad, beautiful stream, rather maintaining the dignity of navigable water, however, to the detriment of its scenery; and the railway, whether appreciating this fact or led away by the irresistible attractions of Newtown, declines to seek its acquaintance for the first 30 miles of its rails.

Bridgeport, 58 miles from New-York City, is the southern terminus—our starting-point—of the Naugatuck and Housatonic Railways. Any one particularly interested in sewing-machine factories or clam-bakes will stop here and visit the former—a multitude—and go boating for the latter; or if one wishes to see a pretty ridge of city country-seats, he will go up the "Golden Hill," back of the depot, and see that of which Bridgeport is proud. Otherwise we will start at once. There is a mediocre restaurant in the depot, at which it is possible to eat if one must. A good dinner, however, waits at Kent Station, 48 miles up, at 12.52 o'clock noon.

This village of Kent, by the way—for we shall hardly need to delay for the brook-side, leaf-covered ride below, nor the long-awaited rippling of the river near New-Milford—is a very queer, quiet place. President Woolsey, of Yale University, spends his summers here, among the Scaghticoke Indians, or what few are left of them, on the banks of the Housatonic. Kent Plains are very pretty, and so quiet! During the war most of the men went to the front, and there was a period when, if a horse cast a shoe, he must go to the next village for help, for there was no blacksmith in Kent! The river all through the village is charming; there are two pretty lakelets, called respectively by the names of Hatch and Swift, both visible from the railway; and, best of all, there is, near the Orthodox

church, a hill, which rises sheer from the Plains 1000 feet, and at the summit is Spectacle Pond—a couple of oval sheets of black water, connected by a strait, just as the name imports. You will never have a finer view either, that may with strictness be called a “mountain-view,” than from the height overlooking this double lake. Looking to the west, you may behold five closely-placed ranges of mountains, spread out like the fingers of one’s hand, with not space enough between to afford any relief from the lofty scene ; the fifth range are the Catskills, of New-York, 60 miles distant. Then, descending and crossing the river—magnificent when swollen—we have varied opportunity for delight in very Wales-like scenery of abrupt mountain-sides, rapid water, and rocky banks.

Mr. Beecher’s *Star Papers* are full of loving reminiscences of all this region ; for we are now in the vicinity (Litchfield, in the county of which is Kent) of his birth ; and we can not do better than to quote his words, with such added notes as may make random letters available for a tourist. The parentheses shall be our own :

“If one has not leisure for detailed explorations, and can spend but a week, let him begin, say at Sharon or Salisbury, both in Connecticut and both accessible (Sharon Station) from the Harlem Railroad, (or from Canaan, 73 miles from Bridgeport, on the Housatonic.) On either side, to the east and to the west, ever-varying mountain-forms frame the horizon. There is a constant succession of hills swelling into mountains, and of mountains flowing down into hills. The hues of green in trees, in grasses, and in various harvests, are endlessly contrasted. There are no forests so beautiful as those made up of both ever-green and deciduous trees. At Salisbury, you come under the shadow of the Taconic range. Here you may well

spend a week, (a good hotel for families will help you to decide,) for the sake of the rides and the objects of curiosity. Four miles to the east are the Falls of the Housatonic, called Canaan Falls, (railway station, Canaan, where stage connects, 15 miles, with Winsted, on the Naugatuck Railway,) very beautiful, and worthy of much longer study than they usually get. Prospect Hill, not far from Falls Village, (67 miles up,) affords altogether the most beautiful view of any of the many peaks with which this neighborhood abounds. Many mountain-tops of far greater celebrity afford less various and beautiful views. Near to it is the Wolf's Den, a savage cleft in the rocks, through which you grope as if you had forsaken light and hope forever. On the west of Salisbury you ascend Mount Riga to Bald Peak, thence to Brace Mountain, thence to the Dome, thence to that grand ravine and its wild water, Bash-Bish—a ride, in all, of about 18 miles, and wholly along the mountain-bowl. On the eastern side of this range, and about 4 miles from Norton's House, in Salisbury, where you will, of course, put up, is Sage's Ravine, which is the antithesis of Bash-Bish. Sage's Ravine, not without grandeur, has its principal attractions in its beauty; Bash-Bish, far from destitute of beauty, is yet most remarkable for grandeur. I would willingly make the journey once a month from New-York to see either of them. Just beyond Sage's Ravine, very beautiful falls may be seen after heavy rains, which have been named Norton's Falls. Besides these and other mountain scenery, there are the Twin Lakes on the north of Salisbury, and the two lakes on the south, around which the rides are extremely beautiful. But they should always be afternoon rides; for these discreet lakes do not choose to give out their full charms except at about an hour before sunset. The rides

in all this neighborhood are very fine, and a week at Salisbury, if the weather be fine and your disposition reasonable, will be apt to tempt you back again and again.

“From Salisbury to Williamstown, and then to Bennington, in Vermont, there stretches a country of valleys, lakes, and mountains that is yet to be as celebrated as the lake-district of England and the hill-country of Palestine.

“From Salisbury to Great Barrington, the road lies along the base of the mountains, and, indeed, is called the under-mountain road. Great Barrington is one of those places which one never enters without wishing never to leave. It rests beneath the branches of great numbers of the state-liest elms. It is a place to be desired as a summer residence.”

West of Great Barrington, 4 miles by stage, (or 6 miles by stage from Hillsdale, on the Harlem Railway,) is South-Egremont, in Berkshire county. Here there is a delightful summer hotel, the Mount Everett House, Mr. John Miller, proprietor, capable of accommodating 50 guests from June 1st to November 1st. The mountain-scenery, the quiet village with its excellent roads, the fine trout-streams, and the luxurious table which the private farm and garden afford the hotel, render the place a delightful residence for the warm weather.

“Next to the north (of Great Barrington) is Stockbridge, famed for its meadow-elms, for the picturesque beauty adjacent, for the quiet beauty of a village which sleeps along a level plain just under the rim of hills. If you wish to be filled and satisfied with the serenest delight, ride to the summit of this encircling hill-ridge, in a summer's afternoon, while the sun is but an hour high. The Housatonic winds, in great circuits, all through the valley, carrying willows and alders with it wherever it goes. The horizon on every side is piled and terraced with mountains. Ab-

rupt and isolated mountains bolt up here and there over the whole stretch of plain, covered with evergreens. Upon the northern ridge lived the worthy Dr. West, known and honored among New-England theologians. It is but recently that his old house was demolished. And this very spot we came near purchasing for a summer home."

This spot, which Mr. Beecher so admired and desired, has become the summer residence of Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D., of the *Evangelist*; and when the eminent Scotch divine, Dr. James McCosh, was in this country, in 1866, he spent a week with his friend Robert Carter, the New-York publisher, in this neighborhood, and several times visited Dr. Field, and used to stand on the piazza and look off upon the landscape with infinite delight, saying that the view was equal, if not superior, to any in Scotland; a remark which he explained by adding that Walter Scott always said, "The most beautiful scenery in Scotland was *between* the Highlands and the Lowlands, where the rugged northern peaks melt down into gentler heights, with soft, winding valleys between"—and such, he observed, was exactly the character of the scenery here. On the same hill is the country-seat of David Dudley Field, Esq., of New-York, who is the largest landholder in the town, in which he owns about 1000 acres. Between the dwellings of the two brothers, and on the latter's estate, is an ancient house of much historical interest, being built by the General Court of Massachusetts, long before the Revolution, for the missionary Sargent, who came here to preach the Gospel to the Indians, Stockbridge being the seat of a powerful tribe. The Indian burying-ground is still pointed out a little west of the Congregational church. In the village also still stands the house in which, more than a hundred years ago, Jonathan Edwards wrote his famous

book on the *Freedom of the Will*. At another point in Stockbridge is the Ice Glen, a romantic fissure in the high rocks overhanging the road, where parties delight, in summer, to find a store of ice laid up in Nature's hidden places.

The whole beautiful valley stretches away, charmingly varied by the meandering Housatonic, almost as far as the eye can reach, with the white houses dotting the green fields and meadows here and there, and the brown roads following feebly the example of the river. A sunset-scene once enjoyed here may not soon be forgotten.

Around Stockbridge are many charming drives. Every ascent of a hill, and almost every turn in the road, opens a new landscape before the eye. There is an excellent hotel, (Stockbridge House, Mr. Heaton, proprietor, \$3 per day,) which is usually well filled with refugees from the arid city.

"Going north, (6 miles,) we come to Lenox, known for the singular purity and exhilarating effects of its air and for the beauty of its mountain scenery. If one spends July or October in Lenox, he will hardly seek another home for summer. The church stands upon the highest point in the village, and if, in summer, one stands in the door and gazes upon the vast panorama, he might, without half the Psalmist's devotion, prefer to stand in the door of the Lord's house to a dwelling in tent, tabernacle, or mansion." Here is the burial-ground in which Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler expressed once her desire to rest when her work on earth shall be over. "I will not rise to trouble any one," said she, "if they will let me sleep there. I will ask only to be permitted, once in a while, to raise my head and look out upon this glorious scene!"

Mr. Beecher's words are sustained by the great throng of Boston fashionables who affect Lenox, almost to the exclusion of the people of the town. For three months of

summer Lenox is a very crowded resort. It shows the influx of city people by a hotel at city prices. So, too, there are many who delight to spend their resting-season in Lee. The hotel has been burnt, and is not yet rebuilt. Hotel terms in Lenox are \$4 per day,

Pittsfield is the northern terminus of the Housatonic Railway, and is one of the most beautiful villages in all New-England. Population, about 11,000. The only hotel at present is the American House, just up the hill from the railway station ; terms, \$3.50 per day, and a reduction for permanent board. The principal buildings of importance are : the new Roman Catholic cathedral, the finest in Western Massachusetts ; Maplewood Seminary, for young ladies, near by ; the Berkshire Medical College, at the other end of South street, (the chief avenue ;) and Dr. John Todd's elegant stone church. The Pittsfield Elm, which was and is not, was one of the finest and one of the famous trees of the country. It stood in the park opposite to which is the Congregational (Dr. Todd's) church. Its remarkable height, 128 feet, was enhanced by the entire lack of limbs for the first 90 feet. Under this tree Ethan Allen mustered many of his "boys" who marched on Ticonderoga during the Revolution. When the old relic had become so decayed as to necessitate its destruction, July 24th, 1864, it was esteemed a general calamity, and specimens of the wood are yet exposed for sale at Mr. Burnell's news-store, as precious tokens of past glory. The concentric rings showed the Old Elm to be 340 years old.

The drives about Pittsfield are charming in all directions, nature and art having combined to make the roads delightfully smooth. Particularly we commend the rides to Williamstown, 20 miles ; to the Shaker Village, (Lebanon Springs,) in New-York, about 15 miles ; but, above

all, stop on the latter road at Lanesboro Pond. This exquisite little sheet of water is nearly the head-water of the Housatonic, and the views about it, particularly that of old Greylock Mountain and its twin peak, Saddle-Back, (see WILLIAMSTOWN,) are worth studying for a day at least. In the village is a pretty little pond, called Silver Lake, and a mile or two out is the fine trotting-park of the Berkshire Pleasure Association.

North of Pittsfield runs the Pittsfield and North-Adams Railway, 20 miles, a very primitive, uninviting freight-road, but passing through a charming country, especially affording some fine views of Greylock. At Adams is the fine new Wilson House, erected and named for Mr. James Wilson, of sewing-machine distinction, and affording first-class accommodations. Terms, about \$4 per day. This is an excellent point of departure for the places described in the sketch of WILLIAMSTOWN, which place is but 5 miles distant.

Cummington lies in the heart of the hills which form the southern continuation of the Green Mountain range, and embraces some of the most picturesque scenery of Western Massachusetts. The Westfield River, known as the Agawam where it empties into the Connecticut, opposite Springfield, winds through the town for a distance of 8 miles, forming a deep and narrow valley, from which the hills recede at a height of 300 or 400 feet, in ridges or table-lands of wide extent, broken into varied undulations by small brooks and rivulets. A fair supply of trout is found in these lesser streams, and the visitor, in riding over the range on either side the valley, gains many bold, far-reaching, and inspiring views. Cummington is chiefly noted as the birthplace of the poet Bryant, who has bought the old family home, (see Flora's Glen, in WILLIAMSTOWN sketch.) On the north is the town of Plainfield,



Taghkanic Falls, N. Y.

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which contains the old homestead of Gerard Halleck, and is known as the place where Dr. King, the missionary, first began his studies. On the south is the town of Worthington, resting on a beautiful table-land, and noted as the birthplace and final resting-place of Brigadier-General Price, of the New-York Volunteers.

Cummington is reached by rail *via* Northampton to Williamsburg, thence by stage 12 miles ; or by Boston and Albany Railway to Hinsdale or Pittsfield, and thence from the former place by stage 11 miles, or from the latter by carriage 22 miles ; or by rail to North-Adams, and by stage to Plainfield, 15 miles. A ride over the mountain, a spur of the Hoosick from North-Adams to Cummington, 24 miles, presents some of the finest views in Massachusetts. Old Greylock, the highest point in the State, and the valleys of the branches of the Hoosick, one stretching south to the heart of Berkshire and the other running far among the hills of Vermont, lie before the tourist and enable him to take in at a glance the rich beauty of the famed Berkshire hills. Cummington has two hotels, and several private houses where board can be obtained at very moderate prices. Mails daily ; nearest telegraph station at Hinsdale, 11 miles.

THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER.

The Susquehanna is the largest and most beautiful of the rivers of Pennsylvania, traversing as it does its entire breadth from north to south, and in its most interesting and most important regions. It lies about midway between the centre and the eastern boundary of the State, and flows in a zigzag course, now south-east and now south-west, and so on over and over, following very much the windings of the Delaware, which separates the State from

New-Jersey. The Pennsylvania Canal accompanies it throughout its course from Wyoming on the north to the Chesapeake Bay on the south. All the great railways intersect or approach its waters at some point or other, and the richest coal-lands of the State lie contiguous to its banks. The Susquehanna, in its main branch, rises in Otsego Lake, in the east central part of New-York, and pursues a very tortuous but generally south-west course. This Main, or North, or East Branch, as it is severally called, when it reaches the central part of Pennsylvania, after a course of 250 miles, is joined at Northumberland by the West Branch, 200 miles long, which flows from the declivities of the Alleghanies. The course of this arm of the river is nearly eastward, and, like the North Branch, through a country abounding with coal and other valuable products. It is also followed by a canal for more than a hundred miles up. The route of the Erie Railway is upon or near the banks of the North Branch of the Susquehanna in Southern New-York, and occasionally across the Pennsylvania line for 50 miles, first touching the river near the Cascade Bridge, nearly 200 miles from New-York, passing the cities of Binghamton and Owego, and finally losing sight of it just beyond Barton, 250 miles from the metropolis. The Northern Central Railway of Pennsylvania is along its banks from Williamsport down to Goldsborough, 106 miles, below which it is crossed only, not followed by, steam civilization. Nearly the whole of the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railway (only excepting the 9 miles from Scranton to Pittston) lies along the East Branch between Pittston and Northumberland. Nanticoke and Shickshinny are on this route, which may be reached from New-York City by the Morris and Essex Railway to Washington, 70 miles, thence to Scranton, 77

miles further. The entire length of the Susquehanna is about 500 miles, and the country which it traverses is of every aspect, from the quiet vale or cultivated farm to the wildest horrors of the stern mountain pass. The region most sought, and deservedly so, by the tourist in quest of landscape beauties, is that around and below the Valley of Wyoming. (See article under that title.) From this point down many miles to Northumberland, where the West-Branch comes in, the scenery is everywhere strikingly fine; but the best and boldest mountain passes extend from 5 to 10 miles below the southern outlet of Wyoming, around Nanticoke and Shickshinny. This is the region *par excellence* for the study of the artist. Portions, also, of the West-Branch, though not yet very much visited, are remarkably fine.

THE JUNIATA RIVER.

What scenery can arrest the hasty, longing gaze of the railway traveler more certainly than that of the famed and lovely blue Juniata? Along its charming banks the Pennsylvania Central Railway carries its passengers, often at a terrible altitude, from beyond Huntingdon to Duncannon, where it joins the Susquehanna—90 miles' ride. It rises in the south central part of Pennsylvania, and, flowing eastward, falls into the Susquehanna at this point, about 14 miles above Harrisburg. The landscape of the Juniata is in the highest degree picturesque, and many romantic summer haunts will be found among its valleys; though at present very little tarry is made in the region, from its attractions being little known, and the comforts of the traveler being as yet but inadequately provided for. The mountain background, as we look continually across the river from the cars, is often strikingly

bold and beautiful. The Little Juniata, which, with the Frankstown Branch, forms the main river, is a stream of wild, romantic beauty. The entire length of the Juniata, including its branches, is estimated at nearly 150 miles, and its entire course is through a region of mountains in which iron ore is abundant, and of fertile limestone valleys. The Raystown Branch, which rises in the southwest part of Bedford county, enters the Juniata near Huntingdon.

NORTH-CAROLINA.

To a tourist wishing to go into new grounds, the State of North-Carolina will afford an interesting field for six or eight summer weeks. He need not be alarmed on the score of health. West of Raleigh, there is no more danger than in any part of the State of New-York in any season of the year.

We shall indicate in a brief, clear way the course he may steer, and point out the things it will be worth while to see.

By the Annamessex route, one leaves New-York in the evening and next day dines in Norfolk; or he may stop at Fortress Monroe a few hours, and go to Norfolk in the afternoon. Next day to Weldon, N. C., and thence to Raleigh. Through tickets may be had to Raleigh. Stop a day or two in this beautiful little City of Oaks. Mr. Blair, at the Yarborough House, will take care of you. Visit the Capitol, the Institute of the Blind, and the Insane Asylum. The streets are delightfully shaded, and there are pleasant drives in the vicinity.

Twenty-six miles west, you may debark at Durham's and find a "daily track" which will carry you the same night to Chapel Hill, the seat of the University of North-

Carolina, a beautiful village, interesting on account of its venerable institution of learning.

You return to the railway, and go west 71 miles to High Point, where a stage meets you to take you to Salem, an old and very interesting town, belonging to the Moravians, and reminding you of the nicer kinds of German villages. If you have never been in a Moravian town, you will do well to stop a day and call upon the bishop, who will receive you politely, and show and tell you many instructive things in regard to the *Unitas Fratrum*.

Go from Salem to the Pilot Mountain, by hired conveyance, distance about 20 miles. The Pilot lifts itself, solitary and alone, no other mountain near, about 3000 feet about the level of the sea. Its position and form, rather than its height, make it an object of interest. You have fine views from the top. As you travel all about that region, the Pilot seems always in view, and to the nomadic aborigines of the country it was such a guide as to win for itself the name it bears.

The tourist may return to Salem and so back to the railway; but, if conveyance can be had at the Pilot Mountain to Statesville, it will be better. If you go back to Salem and thence to Lexington, your next place is Salisbury. *There* take the Western North-Carolina Railway to Morgantown, passing through Statesville. But, if you have gone by private conveyance over to Statesville from the Pilot, there take ticket to Morgantown.

Sixty miles of staging through a glorious country bring the tourist to Asheville. Mark, you are not driving through on *business*. It is for pleasure and health that you go. Take it along reasonably, but keep moving, and you will grow stronger and happier. Asheville is a central

and interesting place in Western North-Carolina. Persons go there and make that a sort of headquarters. Horses and vehicles can be had there to go in any direction. There are plenty of stopping-places in the several routes above named to Asheville, and indeed, all through the mountains the stranger will meet a simple but cordial hospitality ; he will often find elegance and refinement.

In Buncombe he will go to the Sulphur Springs, 5 miles west of Asheville ; he will go to Pisgah, N. C., 20 miles south-west of Asheville ; he will especially go to the Black Mountain, "grand, gloomy, and peculiar," in the summit of the highest point of which rest the remains of the late Dr. Mitchell, the martyr to science. There are many interesting peaks in the neighborhood of the Black Mountain.

There is an indefinite number of beautiful streams in Buncombe county ; there is the rugged course of the French Broad, with a scenery mocking that of the Rhine ; the beautiful Swannanoa River, and many lesser mountain streams that afford fine trout-fishing.

In McDowell, the stranger will go to the Sinville Falls, and to a nameless cave in the Blue Ridge, not yet fully explored.

In Burke, he will go to the Table Rock. In Burke and McDowell, there are beautiful mountain streams. The scenery along several of them, especially along the Sinville River, is grand.

In Rutherford county, he will go to Chimney Rock and the Falls there. The Broad River (a branch) is a beautiful and interesting stream.

In Polk, he will go to see the Tryon Mountain ; from the south face of this there is one of the handsomest landscape views to be found anywhere ; to the east and south it is boundless.

In Henderson county, the country is beautifully undulating, and portions of it, near the summit of the Blue Ridge, are elegantly improved by gentlemen of wealth, who have summer places there. The celebrated Bute Mountain Gap is in this county. At many points in this county we can not tell where we *cross* the Blue Ridge.

The county of Transylvania is the most beautiful county in the State. There are many interesting points in this county: Table Rock, Cæsar's Head, Falls of the French Broad, Falls of the Davidson River, beautiful and clear streams, sometimes moving on slowly, at others rushing furiously. There are some very beautiful farms, some in a high state of cultivation, in this county.

In Jackson county, he will go to see the Whiteside Mountain, a great and grand curiosity.

Macon, Clay, and Cherokee are noted for the grandeur of their mountains and the beauty of their streams; they are highly adapted to grazing purposes, and in many places it is beyond question that the grape culture would succeed. Whoever goes to Macon, should see Silas McDowell, Esq., an old, intelligent, and most interesting man. He knows much of the mountains and is in many ways interesting.

Strangers can always find means of transportation in the mountains, and living there is cheap. Appetites cost nothing and health is indigenous.

One can go from New-York to Greenville, Tenn., or Greenville, S. C., by rail. Asheville is sixty miles from each of these places, same distance as Morgantown, N. C. If the business or pleasure of the tourist should lead him by either route, he will have a good time.

All we are able to do for North-Carolina in this edition is to indicate general routes. The tourist will avail himself, of course, of information to be derived from intelli-

gent people along his line of travel. In our next edition we hope to be more specific, but for this summer what we give is sufficient. We beg to urge a North-Carolina trip as new and fresh. He that hath "done" only the Adirondacks, and hath not explored Western North-Carolina, is hardly half a mountain man.

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CAVES.

THE State of Kentucky, in the United States of America, boasts the largest known cave in the world. Nearly all the great caves are in limestone rocks, of comparatively recent date. They are produced by the action of the water, which, running in little streams through the strata, and carrying with it carbonic acid gas, (by which limestone is rendered soluble,) particles of the rock are taken up and removed. Thus the rock is hollowed out more rapidly than others of a softer nature are excavated by any mechanical action; and the work goes silently and steadily on through long geological periods, until subterranean passages of wonderful beauty and extent are formed.

Comparatively few of the caves in this country have attracted great attention from tourists. Even the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky—the greatest natural wonder, after Niagara Falls, commonly known in America until the recent "across the Continent" travel—has been seen by but very few people, and can hardly claim a place here on any score but that of its neglected magnificence. Weir's Cave, in Augusta county, 17 miles north-east of Staunton, Va.; Big Saltpetre Cave, in Marion county, Mo.; and Howe's, Ball's and other caves in Schoharie county, N. Y., have never attained much more than a local distinction.

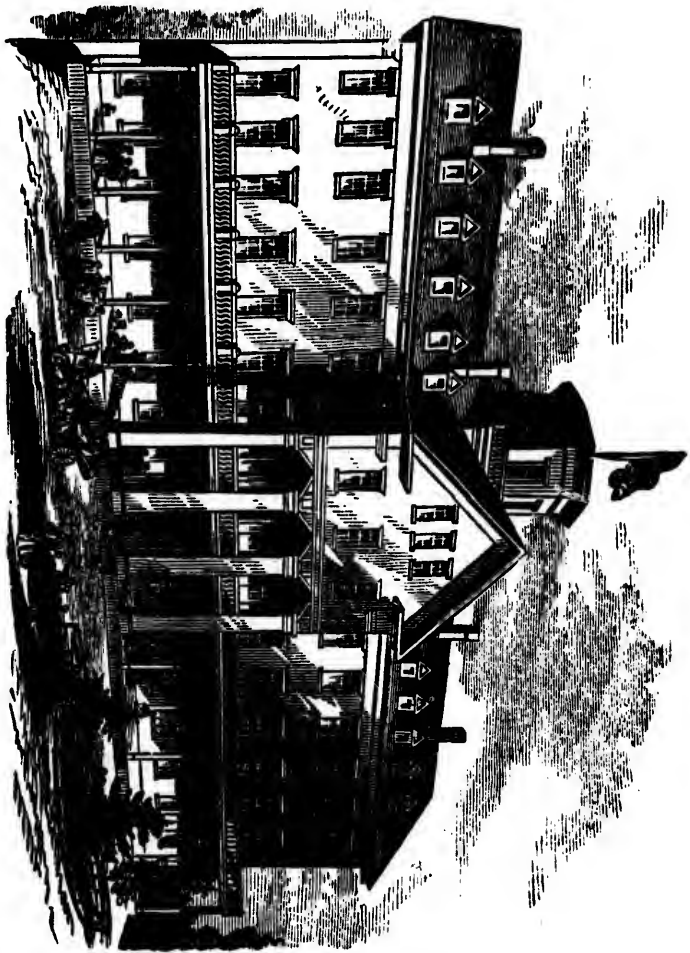
(The last named of these alone, from their contiguity to the city whence our routes mainly start, are described below.)

THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

Tourists from New-York City, going to the Mammoth Cave, have an abundant if not bewildering choice of routes. By the Erie and the Atlantic and Great Western Railways, one has the famous broad-gauge cars, the fine scenery of the Upper Susquehanna and the Delaware, and a glimpse at the Oil Region. By the Pennsylvania Central, and by way of Zanesville to Cincinnati, the startling railway ride over the mountains, and the way through the beautiful rolling country of Ohio, afford delightful contrasts. By the Camden and Amboy monopoly, and the Baltimore and Ohio, one may see the flattest and the boldest railway riding this side the Rocky Mountain passes. And so you may take your choice of routes to Cincinnati. Regular fare, \$22.40; probably lower during the summer. From Cincinnati to Louisville, the best way to go is by steamboat, leaving at 5 or 6 P.M., and reaching Louisville in the early morning. Or, if one chooses to see this part of the Ohio River by day, he may leave Cincinnati at noon, and reach Louisville in about 12 hours; so that, after a half-night's rest, he can start with those who came by the night boat, for Nashville. Fare, \$3.50, includes meals and state-rooms. The tourist leaves Louisville for Cave City, the station for the Cave, on the Louisville and Nashville Railway, about 7 o'clock, and reaches the "city" by noon. Here begins the series of absurdities, impositions, and annoyances, which Southern hotel-keepers and their fellows deem necessary to the securing of their fortunes. The stage for the Cave does not leave Cave City until 2 P.M.; meanwhile, dine at the Cave City Hotel; \$4 per day. The

stage-journey is 8 miles, fare \$2; but as the proprietor seems to have a doubt of your safe return, he insists upon payment of \$4, which entitles you to a return. The ride over to the Cave is through a very picturesque country; and you may as well enjoy it, for you can not see the great phenomenon until morning. Whether the proprietor of the Mammoth Cave Hotel thinks people never visit the place twice, we know not; but all his plans seem arranged on that basis. There are no guides to be had until morning; and of course no one will forget the many examples of people lost in the labyrinths of the Cave, to venture in alone. So you will stay at the Mammoth Cave Hotel, \$4.50 per day, rooms for 300 or 400 guests, a plain wooden caravansary, until morning.

The charge for a guide is \$1 or \$2, according to his services. Garments, suitable to be worn in the long tramp, are furnished gratis by the guide. There are two routes taken in the Cave, called respectively the Long and the Short Route. The former, for which the guide's services cost \$2, extends 9 miles and return, and occupies nearly or quite all of one day. It is, of course, performed on foot, the "sailing" on the Lethe River and Echo River being quite inconsiderable; and a person not accustomed to a good deal of fatigue will find it a laborious enjoyment. Every one knows, or should know, the general nature of the route through mines and caves, (see DOWN IN THE MINES sketch,) and we shall not need here to undertake a detailed account of the Mammoth Cave wonders. The Short Route (charge for guide, \$1) diverges from the other at the distance of less than a mile within the entrance, and is more picturesque; its extent is 3 miles, and return, as many more. There are thus in all 24 miles of usual travel; but there are probably 150 miles of journeying



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possible within the Cave, much of it quite unexplored. Of course, in this are counted all the different roads and passages, etc., in all directions. But you can not make both journeys in one day, were you ever so well disposed; the landlord has determined, in case you wish to make both, to enjoy another night's draught on your purse. When you return from one route to the entrance, you find that the guides for the other have gone for the day; to-morrow they will be at your service.

These and other trifles are the annoyances of which the tourist wishes to learn beforehand; the agreeable things alone are welcome as surprises. Of the latter he will not exhaust the supply in Mammoth Cave in less than two days; but either route alone is sufficient to give one some adequate idea of the great natural curiosity of Kentucky.

THE CAVES OF SCHOHARIE COUNTY.

After the great caves of Kentucky and Virginia—and the recent "Big Saltpetre" of Marion county, Missouri—the county of Schoharie, New-York State, affords some of the most interesting subterranean resorts in the world. They may be conveniently reached from New-York City by way of Albany and the Albany and Susquehanna Railway. Stations, Schoharie, 36 miles, and Howe's Cave, 39 miles from Albany; regular all-rail fare from New-York, \$4.30. Trains leave Albany at 7.50 A.M., and 2 and 5 P.M., reaching Howe's Cave at 9.40 A.M., and 3.58 and 8.27 P.M. Howe's Cave, which is much the most interesting one, is visible (a short walk only) from the station. Ball's Cave, nearly as large and important, is situated some 2 miles (conveyance, private carriages) from the station of Schoharie. At the latter place there are several hotels, the chief the Mansion and the Franklin; terms, about \$2.50

per day. At the Cave Station there is a more pretentious house, a little higher in its prices. Guides, oil-skins, etc., may be obtained at these houses.

The limestone region in the northern part of this county of Schoharie (not very far from Sharon Springs) contains a number of caves, very interesting in their size, passages, and minerals. The largest is Howe's Cave, named for its discoverer and owner, Lester Howe, in May, 1842. Authorities give its extent variously at from 3 to 20 miles, but it probably has an actual length of between 3 and 4 miles. The entrance is about 50 feet below the Cobles Kill. Several spacious chambers detain the wondering visitor; particularly the Chapel, called so from the usual cause, a rude resemblance to an assembly-room. Next, one comes upon a low passage-way, not high enough to enable one to pass except on all-fours; and after this is a miniature subterranean lake, 30 feet long, 20 wide, and 10 deep, with clear, limpid waters. By listening intently at certain points in the journey, the singular sound of a hidden river, hurrying on its course, and even of an invisible waterfall, may be heard in the distance. The cavern follows the course of a brook much of its remaining distance, and continues full of its wonderful surprises and beauties. Whoever may have the patience—for it hardly requires courage—to follow it to the end, will be richly repaid.

Ball's Cave, 2 miles from Schoharie Station, for which distance carriages may be had at the hotels, is almost equally attractive to the student of the hidden or the mysterious. A subterranean stream may be explored for a considerable distance here, with a boat kept in the cave for the use of visitors. There are several cascades in its course.

In the vicinity there are many curiosities and attrac-

tions, both natural and aboriginal. Utsayantha Lake, a small sheet of water in Jefferson township, affords a sunlit contrast to the Lethean waters of the caverns. There are numerous other caves to visit, if two do not satisfy the tourist.

Not very far from Howe's Cave, in the eastern part of the county, upon Schoharie Creek, there was once another very interesting curiosity, now quite destroyed. Near the village of Sloansville, by the side of a path leading to Fort Hunter, was a stone heap thrown up by the Indians, who from some superstitious reason prevalent among them, never failed to add a stone to the pile when they might pass it. A writer in 1753, (the Rev. Gideon Hawley,) remarks that this heap had been accumulating for ages, and that his native guide could or would give no other reason for the observance than that his father practiced the rite, and enjoined it upon him. He did not like to talk about it. The writer believed the custom to have reference to an offering "to the Unknown God." The heap gave name to the Stone Heap Patent, granted September 15th, 1770. The heap was 4 rods long, 1 or 2 wide, and 10 to 15 feet high; it consisted of small, flat stones. There have been similar stone heaps noticed elsewhere in the State. No trace of this monument now remains, in the original form, the unpoetic land-owner having used the stones, without ceremony, for a fence.

THE LAKES OF NEW-YORK.

THE great lake of North-eastern New-York, called by the Indians Saranac, but among us always known by the name of the French discoverer, lies directly upon the most fashionable route of summer travel. Tourists visiting the Hudson and Lake Horicon, or the Saint Lawrence country, find Lake Champlain directly on their way. It is most directly available from New-York or Boston by rail to Troy, and thence by Rensselaer and Saratoga Railway to Whitehall, at the head of the Lake. Here the fine steamboats of the Lake Champlain Company start upon their journey. Their names are: the Adirondac, (new and finest,) Canada, United States, and Montreal. They leave Whitehall at 11 A.M. and 8.30 P.M., arriving, one at Rouse's Point at 8.45 P.M., and the other at Plattsburg at 5.30 P.M. Going south, (up the lake,) one leaves Plattsburg at 8 A.M., reaching Whitehall at 5 P.M.; the other leaves Rouse's Point at 6 P.M., (leaving Montreal—the great train of the day, by Grand Trunk and Vermont Central roads—at 4 P.M.,) and arrives at Whitehall at 6 A.M. The connections between the boats and the railways in Vermont are not as direct or certain as they should be. A good deal of the lake can also be seen by passengers on the Rutland and Burlington Railway; but the road between Rutland and Troy is, chiefly, not near the lake. There is no railway on the western (New-York) side, though one is now projected.

Samuel Champlain discovered and named this lake on his third voyage from France, on July 4th, 1609, having been declared General Lieutenant of Canada by King Henry IV. War having broken out between the Iroquois Indians on one side, and the Hurons, Algonquins, and other tribes on the other, Champlain had attached himself to the latter party from prudential motives in regard to his colony, and went with the Hurons on an unsuccessful expedition against their foes. It was on this journey that he first beheld the lake. His unprovoked hostility to the Iroquois laid the foundation for their long wars with the French, and their alliance, afterward, with the English. He died in 1632.

Lake Champlain is 126 miles long, and varies in breadth from 40 rods to 15 miles; depth, 54 to 282 feet; navigable throughout its whole length for vessels of 100 tons. Its outlet, the Sorel River, carries its waters to the River Saint Lawrence. (See article on that tour.) On the south, communication is had by small boats with the Hudson River, through the Champlain Canal. Navigation closes on Champlain by the end of December, and usually opens by the first of April; but the last winter season was unusually severe. The waters of the lake abound with bass, pickerel, salmon, trout, and other varieties of fish. The scenery of the region is not to be surpassed. The Vermont shores are, for the most part, fertile and highly cultivated, delighting the eye; while on the New-York side a grand contrast is afforded in the wild, rocky, and barren country which, at a short distance inland, develops into the mountainous and lake region of the Adirondacks. That famous range begins at Cape Trembleau, near Port Kent, 1500 feet high, and extends south-westerly to Little Falls, on the Mohawk River.

Starting from Whitehall at 11 A.M., we travel for 40 miles upon that narrow portion of the lake which seems rather to belong to a great river. The first boat-landing is at Benson's, 13 miles down the lake—a small village on the (right-hand) Vermont shore; the next at Oswell, 20 miles on the same side; and then we come to Fort Ticonderoga, 24 miles from Whitehall. Here is a good hotel, and some distance back from the lake, commanding a very pleasing view of it, stands the old fort itself. This landing is the point of departure for Lake Horicon. (See article on LAKE GEORGE.) The place is notable for its water-power, (think of using the lovely waters of Horicon to turn a saw-mill!) its graphite works, and its lumber business. Particularly, however, visitors care for the old fort, now quite a ruin, with its supposed underground passages, magazine, etc. The French built the fort in 1755, and called it Carillon, ("chime of bells,") in allusion to the waterfalls on the Horicon outlet, near it. It was soon afterward called by its present Indian name. Sir William Johnson, of the British army, would have undertaken its reduction, in the same year, (1755,) in the interest of that long question of supremacy of the lake between the French and English; but learning that the former had reënforced it strongly, he was content to fortify William Henry, at Caldwell. Montcalm reduced that fort, however, on the 3d of August, 1757. General Amherst laid siege to Ticonderoga in 1759 with 12,000 men, and the French were obliged to abandon it, July 30th. Crown Point was also abandoned soon after. The English Government then enlarged and strengthened the two fortresses at a cost of \$10,000,000, making them the best in the country. After the cession of Canada, in 1763, the fort was allowed to fall into partial decay, and had but a small garrison; and Ethan Allen

surprised and captured it, May 10th, 1775—one of the first fruits of the uprising of the colonies. Burgoyne compelled its evacuation again July 4th, 1777, and kept it till his surrender. It was last occupied as a point of importance by General Haldeman, with a company of British soldiers, in 1780.

Two miles further is Shoreham, an unimportant landing (to us) on the east shore. Crown Point comes next, 35 miles down. The French erected the Fort Frederick here in 1731, while the French settlements along the lake were springing up. Its history is closely allied with that of Ticonderoga, and its present appearance is not more promising. Sir William Johnson intended to have moved upon Crown Point, as well as Ticonderoga, when he was obliged to retire to William Henry. The whole region came into the hands of the English in 1759; and Allen took both these fortresses, as has been already stated.

Port Henry is an interesting landing and town, 44 miles from Whitehall, in the midst of some of the most pleasing, quiet scenery on the lake.

Westport, and Essex, 55 and 65 miles, are at the base of the mountainous region which has been already alluded to. And at Port Kent, the next landing on the New-York side, 90 miles down, tourists who are wise enough not to lose the scenery of the Au Sable Chasm, leave the boat and take stage over the plank-road to Keeseville. The Adirondack region is entered from four of these landing-places on the lake: Crown Point, Westport, Essex, and Port Kent. For descriptions of the routes to the Adirondack Forest, and of the grand Walled Banks of the Au Sable, see article entitled *THE ADIRONDACKS*. While the boat stops at Port Kent, however, the traveler who remains on board will have time to observe the fine old

stone mansion of Colonel Elkanah Watson, upon the hill just back of the lake. Colonel Watson originated the first agricultural society in the State of New-York, and his record of a journey which he made at the age of 19, in the year 1777, is the best account which we possess of the principal towns and villages of the colonies in the Revolutionary period. He died in 1842, and his children still occupy the old place.

Opposite Port Kent, or nearly so, (the lake is here 10 miles wide, and clear of islands,) lies the late town, now city, of Burlington, in Vermont. There are but two cities in the State of Vermont—Vergennes, population 1286, (last census,) and Burlington, 7713, incorporated within 5 years. There is not a great deal to see in Burlington, its charm to the tourist being rather in its views of the lake and the mountains and forests beyond. In this respect, we venture to declare it the finest lake-view in the country. Standing in the cupola of the University, on the summit of the hill behind the city, we behold, upon the north, Plattsburg, the great islands of the lake and their circumjacent waters, and the landscapes of Vermont and the Canadian Dominion. On the eastward view, Mount Mansfield and the chain of the Green Mountains, running down to Mount Lebanon and Camel's Hump toward the southward, shut out the great Connecticut Valley, and leave a very attractive view instead. The little creek and village of Winooski lies at the foot of Burlington Hill, toward the north-east; and beyond it the Vermont country stretches away in a remarkable similarity to Western prairie-land. To the south-west lies a great expanse of lake, as far as Fort Ticonderoga. But the western view is the one which will first catch our eye, and to which we shall oftenest return. Ten miles' width of the lake makes a capital foreground

for the famous wilderness of Northern New-York, above whose unbroken forests rise the towering peaks of McIntyre, White Face, and Tahawus, (Marcy,) to an altitude, at the greatest, of 6000 feet. We have counted more than 60 peaks within the scope of our vision in this most magnificent and inspiring view.

If the tourist has a little time to spend about Burlington, he will visit the tomb of Ethan Allen, in the cemetery just above the village of Winooski, on Burlington Hill—a very fine shaft of native granite, which will, some time or other, be surmounted with a statue. Allen died here February 13th, 1789. The University of Vermont, founded 1791, will receive some attention as the tourist seeks its cupola; particularly he will notice the corner-stone of one of the more recent dormitory buildings, laid by General La Fayette during his visit to America in 1825. The elegant and picturesque residence of the late Bishop Hopkins, and his seminary, at Rocky Point, 2 or 3 miles down the shore of the lake, will well repay a visit. Visitors are made quite welcome to inspect the establishment.

HOTELS.—The American House, fronting the square in the centre of the city, half-way up to the University, and the Lake House, close to the depots, are the principal public houses. Terms, \$3.50 per day. The visitor coming by boat should not fail to see the depot of the Vermont Central and the Rutland and Burlington Railways, close by the fine steamboat wharf; it is one of the most ornate in the country. From Burlington, tourists start for the White Mountains, Mount Mansfield, and Montreal by rail. For the first, see article entitled **THE WHITE MOUNTAINS**; the route to the second is given on page 56.

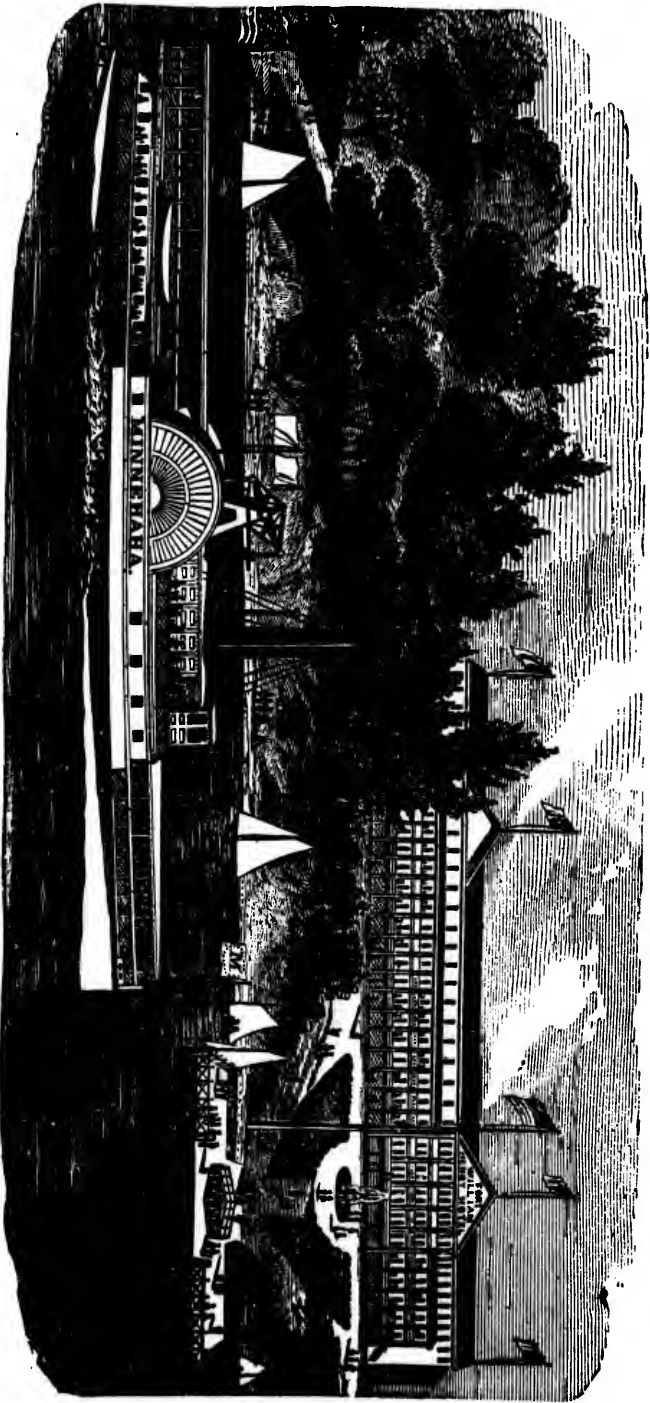
Plattsburg, 105 miles from Whitehall, 69 from Rouse's Point, is the next station on our journey. This is a village,

with some 8000 inhabitants, of Clinton county, New-York, standing upon Cumberland Bay, at the mouth, and on both sides of the Saranac River. Hotel, Fouquet's; terms, \$3 per day. The spot is not interesting for any thing present, but has high historical distinction. Cumberland Bay was the scene of the victory of McDonough and Maccomb over the British naval and land forces, under Commodore Downie and Sir George Provost, and familiarly known as the Battle of Lake Champlain. Here the American commodore awaited the arrival of the British fleet, which passed Cumberland Head about 8 o'clock in the morning of September 11th, 1814. The first gun from the fleet was the signal for commencing the attack on land. Sir George Provost, with about 14,000 men, furiously assaulted the defenses of the town, whilst the battle raged between the fleets, in full view of the armies. General Maccomb, with about 3000 men, mostly undisciplined, foiled the repeated assaults of the enemy, until the capture of the British fleet, after an action of about two hours, obliged the latter to retire, with the loss of 2500 men and a large portion of his baggage and amunition.

Twenty-five miles farther we reach Rouse's Point, on the west or New-York side of the lake. This is our last landing before we enter Canada. Montreal is now 44 miles distant, and may be reached direct only by rail, (Montreal and Champlain;) time, a little less than 2 hours; fare, \$2. The River Sorel (see article RIVER SAINT LAWRENCE, near the end) is the outlet of Lake Champlain, carrying its waters to the Saint Lawrence in a course of 80 miles, emptying at the head of Lake Saint Peter on that river. Its breadth and rapidity are greatest at this (southern) end. Near the centre of its course it expands into the basin of Chambly. It is called by not less than four

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Fort William Henry Hotel, Lake George.



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names. The Northern Railway runs from Rouse's Point to Ogdensburg, 118 miles, \$4; passengers for the Thousand Islands, above Ogdensburg, or the Rapids below, in the River Saint Lawrence, take this route.

LAKE (HORICON) GEORGE.

The very best way to arrive at Lake George (assuming that you are in its neighborhood) is by the stage from Fort Ti, and the afternoon boat to Fort William Henry: the very best way to leave Lake George is to take the 4 A.M. special stage from William Henry Hotel to Moreau Station. By the first, you assure yourself of a sunset on the lake, with all the glorious, deepening shadows of the afternoon introducing it; and by the latter, you see the dawn breaking over the hills and piercing into the depths of the water between them, as—believe us—you never can see it on the piazza of the great lodging-house, or, probably, anywhere else.

Americans should call this lake by its native name of Horicon, ("the silvery waters,") although that is not the only title which the Indians gave it. It was discovered by the French in 1609, and by them called Saint Sacrement; and they regularly transported its pure waters to Canada, as New-Yorkers now import the waters of the Jordan, for baptismal purposes. The English afterward honored King George I. by re-naming the beautiful lake for him. We shall not be expected to remind the reader that Revolutionary stories fill all the waters, hang over all the cliffs, and rustle in all the trees throughout this whole region.

The tourist may approach Lake Horicon either from north or south, but only by stage. The least staging is by Fort Ticonderoga (generally called "Fort Ti" hereabout) route. Fort Ti is 24 miles (by boat only) north from

Whitehall, which is the southern terminus of the Lake Champlain steamboat line, and a station on the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railway, 73 miles north-east from Albany, 26 miles south-west of Rutland. A line of stages, 4 miles, 75 cents! connects Fort Ticonderoga with the nameless foot of Horicon, where the steamboat Minne-ha-ha stands waiting to convey its noisy, happy, numerous load to Caldwell or elsewhere. Fare to Caldwell, \$2, with privilege of return same day free. The approach by the southern or upper end of the lake (most New-York waters flow northward, v. p. 30 in article on Erie Railway,) is as follows: leaving the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railway at Moreau Station, 48 miles from Albany, 47 from Rutland, stages run (through Glenn's Falls, on the Hudson) to Caldwell direct, 13 miles, fare \$1.50—a beautiful though fatiguing ride, in excellent coaches.

Let us suppose ourselves arrived from Lake Champlain, after a 4 mile "outside" stage-ride over a romantic road, following the wild course of the passage, full of bold rapids and striking cascades, by which Horicon reaches the waters of Lake Champlain. (Ladies, as well as gentlemen, customarily avail themselves here of the ample and excellent seats upon the tops of the stages, and we counsel our fair readers to suffer no timidity to withhold them from the enjoyment of this beautiful ride, which can only be secured in this way.) Our baggage and ourselves transferred to the Minne-ha-ha, we are ready to listen to the welcome information which an employé of the boat company kindly proclaims. Prisoner's Island, 2 miles up, where the English confined their captives during the wars of long ago, and Howe's Landing, on the west from the island, are the first points of interest. Lord Howe fell in the English attack upon Ticonderoga in 1758, and this

landing is named for him. Rogers's Slide on the right, and Anthony's Nose on the left, are two promontories some 2 miles further up the lake, which form a sort of gateway to a grand and beautiful bay. The Slide (400 feet high) is named for Major Rogers, (1758,) who tricked some redskins into the belief that he slid down its face prior to his escape to Fort George. By looking at the precipice, the tourist will see that he didn't. Anthony's Nose, opposite, is less interesting—but the pass will remind one of that other Nose of Anthony, on the Hudson River, where the Dunderberg answers to the Slide.

The lake now broadens suddenly, as we leave Rogers's Slide and Anthony's Nose, and gains from the people here the misnomer of "bay," as far as Sabbath-day Point, 7 miles distant. The greatest width is about 4 miles; and the little village of Hague, on the western (right-hand) side, 3 miles south from the Slide, monopolizes this broad extent. The well-known Garfield's Hotel here was formerly a chosen resort of fishermen and artists: it was burned 4 or 5 years ago, but was rebuilt last summer, and was opened at moderate prices—\$2.50 or \$3 per day. Hague is the point of departure for Lake Pharaoh, a favorite trout-pond, 12 miles to the north-west, surrounded by wild and picturesque scenery.

At Sabbath-day Point, on the west shore, the sterility which hardly the western shore escapes, and which characterizes the whole eastern side of the lake throughout its length, breaks a little, and for a brief space our eyes feast upon fertile, level land. The Point is a narrow bit of meadow-land, which projects far into the lake; along its edge we may glance down to the pebbles beneath the pure water, and lose ourselves in the sweetness and beauty of our surroundings. Good reader, take our advice here, and

leave military stories to your neighbor : stand aside, and think of this spot without its traditions or its history, suffering Nature alone to work the charm of her silence upon you. Think here, if you will, of the baptismal waters beneath whose depths you may look, seven fathoms down, upon the yellow sand ; of the chief islands, which may mark Sabbaths in the calendar that Horicon keeps by her islands ; and forget, beyond these, all but the Point, the Sabbath it honors, and the Lord of both.

After passing Sabbath-day Point, we begin to come upon the islands of Horicon in multitudes ; and here, as we wander about among them, the *cicerone* will say that "these islands are said to greatly resemble the celebrated Thousand Isles of the Saint Lawrence." The parallel may fairly be extended further. Excepting only the rapids and the poisonous water, (see sketch of SAINT LAWRENCE,) this little *Caniderioit* ("the tail of the lake," as the Indians sometimes called it, from its relation to Champlain) affords a complete epitome—a pocket edition, bound in blue and gold—of the whole great tour of the Saint Lawrence. Every thing is miniaturized, but the copy is faithful : the "thousand isles"—here they correspond (in theory) in number to the days of the year—with their singular channels, their abounding fish, their rustic summer-houses, and the unutterable beauty of their pebble-fringed elges ; the mountainous country round about, now lofty and abrupt enough to recall the Saguenay walls, and now receding like the pretty village-dotted banks from Quebec to Tadousac ; the long, river-like views ; the oft-broadening stream, like the Lakes Saint Louis and Saint Peter, on the Saint Lawrence, extending suddenly and again closing the inroads of the water upon the banks, and the gay crowds (here in miniature again—most often children have the

majority at the little docks.) But the comparison may hardly be continued when we look down into the lake. The waters of Horicon are pellucid, exposing the sandy bed to view to the depth of 40 feet ; but the liquid emerald which, flowing over Niagara, was called by the natives *Ontario*—"beautiful"—comes down very little changed in hue to fill the channels of the Saint Lawrence. The comparisons ambitiously drawn, also, between Horicon and the European Lomond and Geneva, are not wholly unjust.

The islands of Horicon are said to equal in number the days of the year, as the round number, 1000, is applied to the Isles of the Saint Lawrence. The number is exaggerated here, as it is underrated there ; but the notion is a pleasing one, and surely quite harmless ! The lake is indebted to them for its beauty, as to its mountain sides for its magnificence. Their variety is charming, both as to form and aspect. Some are of considerable extent, level and cultivated ; others rise in rugged cliffs from the water, their summits crowned with tufts of vegetation, and their crevices filled with clinging shrubs and stunted trees ; some are bare rocks, on which the water-fowl make their nests ; and many are mere points, rising but a few feet above the water ; but all are beautiful and interesting to those who have the good fortune to traverse their labyrinths. In the absence of an engraving to suggest to our readers these peculiar attractions of Horicon, we may avail ourselves of a brief pen-picture by the eminent artist, T. Addison Richards, N. A. :

"With every changing hour," he writes, "dawn, sunset, and night—with the varying weather—from the calm of drowsy morning to the eve of gathering storm—these islands are found in ever-changing phases. As they sleep for a moment in the deep quiet of a passing cloud-shadow,

you sigh for rest in their cooling bowers. Anon the sun breaks over them, and you are still as eager to mingle in their now wild and lawless revelry. You may shake up the lake like a kaleidoscope, seeing with every varying change a new picture, by simply varying your relative position to these islands. Now you have a fore-ground of pebbly beach, or, perchance, of jagged rock or of forest *débris*, with the spreading water and the distance-tinted hills, to fill up the canvas; or, peeping beneath the pendent boughs of the beech and maple, an Arcadian bower discloses vistas of radiant beauty."

The islands surround us like nereids until, yes, after, we are fairly in the Narrows. At this point the hills extend into the lake and contract it very considerably, while the height of the mountains renders the contraction more impressive and apparent, giving to our view the boldest and most picturesque parts of the shores of Lake George. The water here is 400 feet deep, and wonderfully pellucid, permitting the eye to penetrate far into its depths. The Black (2200 feet) and Buck Mountains stand on the eastern shore, the latter toward the south. At the base of Black Mountain are some ten or a dozen turtle-shaped islands, which lie as if threateningly guarding the approach: for these some patriotic nomenclator has, within a year or two, thought up the name of "Gunboats" as appropriate. Tongue (sometimes also called Black) Mountain, on the western side, is so named from its projecting down into the lake like a tongue.

Just above the Narrows, on the eastern side, lies Fourteen-mile Island, so named (correctly) from its distance from Caldwell. Derrom's Hotel, on this island, is by some considered the best eating-place on the lake—terms, \$2 per day, \$10 to \$12 per week.

Bolton, at the south-western end of the Northwest Bay, is a small village, with a hotel (terms low) which can accommodate 70 or 80 guests, (a favorite place for families,) and is usually crowded, like most of the public houses on Horicon.

Trout Pavilion, on the east, 4 miles diagonal from Bolton, is a hotel (no village) kept by J. Cronkhill, at the very best fishing grounds on the lake. Terms, same as at Derrom's.

Between Bolton and Caldwell there are one or two fishermen's houses, where parties out late sometimes stay over night; but of regular accommodation, there is an entire lack.

In the middle of the lake, 12 miles from Caldwell, lies Doom or Twelve-mile Island, where Secretary Seward's Saint Thomas earthquake was falsely reported to have spent a day or two on its northern tour last summer. The story was "manufactured out of whole cloth;" no volcanic disturbance has been known upon it.

Caldwell is a place of no interest to the tourist, save for its ruined Revolutionary forts. Fort William Henry stood upon the ground now occupied by the hotel bearing its name. An inhuman massacre of 1500 men of Colonel Monroe's (English) garrison, by Indians allied with the French army, occurred here August 9th, 1757. About a mile south-east from the site of Fort William Henry are the ruins of Fort George, which we shall pass on the road to Glenn's Falls.

There are two first-class hotels at Caldwell, where Lake Horicon ends. The Fort William Henry Hotel, Daniel Gale, proprietor, we can commend as excellent in table and rooms. A band of music is employed during the height of the season, and the piazzas in front command a

priceless view of the lake. At the steamboat dock, a few steps down from the piazza, row-boats may be had in abundance, upon reasonable terms. Terms of this house, \$4 per day, \$25 per week; accommodations for say 350 guests. The Lake House is another excellent house, whose piazza commands a fine view of the ruins of Fort George, the French Mountain, and Rattlesnake Hill, and of the islands and hills down the lake. Terms, \$18 to \$25 per week; rooms for 150 guests. Besides these two chief houses, there are several smaller inns or taverns, chiefly frequented by the residents of the region, for whom Caldwell is an important halting-place on the great water-route between Albany and the north country.

Before we bid farewell to Lake Horicon, we should assure our nature-loving readers of a pleasure upon the water near the echoing hills, close to Caldwell. About 1 mile from the steamboat dock, a merry row-boat party will find the shores of the lake flinging back their songs and laughter with delightful insolence; and a little attention will discern four distinct and ringing echoes, apparently from all points of the compass. A more serene enjoyment than a row on this lake, just after tea and before daylight has wholly withdrawn, can hardly be commended to a tourist in America.

THE ROAD TO MOREAU.—Let us again urgently entreat, dear reader, that our experience may persuade you to make up a party for an early ride to Glenn's Falls. The regular stage leaves the Fort William Henry at 7 A.M.—the same time taken by the boat for Fort Ti; but if a sufficient number of passengers are booked the night previous, mine host will see that you go as early as 4 o'clock, which enables you to connect at 8.19 at Moreau with the train reaching Albany at 10.50 A.M., New-York 5.15 P.M. Regu-

lar fare from the hotel to Moreau, \$1.50; and if a whole stage-load (say 12) take this extra stage, there will not (as otherwise there will) be extra charge. The start is an early one; but the back glances at the lake, from the top of the stage, as the morning sun glorifies it, are worth a day's journey. One experience of each of the two morning stages, has more than satisfied the present writer of the value of the above advice.

Four miles from the lake, we pass a dark glen, in which lie hidden the storied waters of Bloody Pond, and close by is the historic old boulder, remembered as Williams's Rock. Near this last-mentioned spot, Colonel Williams, founder of Williams College, in Massachusetts, was killed in an engagement with the French and Indians, September 8th, 1775. The slain in this unfortunate battle were cast into the waters near by, since called Bloody Pond. It is now quiet enough, under its surface of slime and dank lilies.

Glenn's Falls, 9 miles from Horicon, was the scene (1860) of one of those devastating fires which seem for some years to have been preparing the Empire State for the visit of Mr. Seward's earthquake. The village, with a population of 5000 souls, was one of the most universally admired in the State; and its rebuilding has even added to its elegance. It stands upon a fall in the upper Hudson, from which it takes its name. The passage of the river is through a rude ravine, in a descent of 75 feet over a rocky precipice of 900 feet in length. The water descends in a succession of leaps over rugged rocks, amid which it boils and foams, spurts and thunders, in magnificent style, especially when the river is in full-flood, as it finds its way through the wild ravine, and emerges into the quiet lands below. Within the roar of these rapids were laid some of

the scenes in Fenimore Cooper's novel of the *Last of the Mohicans*.

The ride over the plank road beyond the falls is a matter of no especial interest, and is only valuable for inducing an appetite, if you left the lake lunchless. Perhaps this is not a merit; for when we reach Moreau Station, we find a good country breakfast smoking on the table for us, and only about four minutes to eat it in. There is a capital restaurant in the union railway depot at Troy, but the trains connect too closely to allow more time here, and the next available eating-point will be Poughkeepsie. A four-minute breakfast, therefore, or a hurried lunch before leaving Horicon, must be counted in the price of this sunrise.

LAKE MAHOPAC AND VICINITY.

Of inland lakes or watering-places within a few miles' ride of the great metropolis, none is more popular as an elegant resort than Lake Mahopac. By the Harlem Railway, one may go in 2 hours to Croton Falls, (51 miles, fare \$1.50,) whence stages (5 miles west, 75 cents regular fare) run in less than an hour to the hotels and boarding-houses on the shores of the lake. There are three first-class hotels: Gregory's, Thompson's, and Baldwin's. Gregory's (L. H. Gregory, proprietor) is the best known of the three, lighted with gas, and having telegraph and mail facilities within its grounds; rooms for 250 to 300 guests; terms, \$4 per day, \$21 to \$25 per week. At either Thompson's (N. L. Thompson, proprietor) or Baldwin's (R. D. Baldwin, proprietor) there are accommodations for as many more boarders, at terms ranging from \$18 to \$21 per week, \$4 per day. Bowling and billiards may be enjoyed at these two houses. New-York papers arrive at all the hotels at

11 A.M. from Peekskill. The season begins about June 1st, and continues four months; a few people come as early as May. Post-office address, Mahopac, Putnam county, New-York. Besides these hotels, there is a large number of boarding-houses, able to accommodate some 500 persons. The estimate we have given of the hotel capabilities is a comfortable minimum; many more persons could be packed away on occasion, but the hotels at Mahopac are not Saratoga trunks. For example, Mr. Gregory has supplied 500 people with dinners on a single day, and the other two houses are capable of similar phenomena. Slosson's, at the east end, and Dean's, near the outlet, (west,) are the chief of the boarding-houses, and are capable of keeping 125 guests each, at \$12 or \$15 to \$18 per week. The smaller houses will charge about \$10 to \$15.

Lake Mahopac is very beautifully situated, 14 miles from the Hudson at Peekskill, and 2 from the Croton River, at an elevation of about 1000 feet above tide-water and 700 or 800 above Croton Dam. It has no inlet, being spring-fed, like Seneca. The outlet is on the western side, and discharges the waters into Croton River just above the great dam. There are three islands in the lake, called Blackberry, Petrie, and Fairy Islands—the latter the smallest, but boasting an elegant cottage. Petrie has an area of 10 acres, and is the favorite picnicking ground. The other island is of four times this extent. There is some fishing in the lake, chiefly for black bass. The roads, and the farming country through which they pass, are excellent and attractive. The favorite drives are to Croton Dam and Water-works, 16 miles south; Carmel, county-seat of Putnam, 5 miles north-east; Somers, over in Westchester county, etc. But the great charm of this resort is in the fact that it is the centre, chief, and reser-

voir (with two exceptions) of a group of 22 lakes, lying within a circumference of 12 miles radius. All but 3 or 4 of these lakelets feed the famous river which supplies the metropolis with its drinking-water; and Lake Mahopac, being one of these, presents therefore an additional attraction in the beauty and sweetness of its contents. Mahopac is nearly circular in form, 2 miles in diameter, but about 9 miles in circumference, owing to the deep indentations which it makes at many points. There is a good road lying along the shore for about half this circumference, and it is intended to complete it soon for the entire distance.

The nearest of the lakelets are but a few rods distant from Mahopac, as follows: Kirk, 20 rods west, 1 mile long; Mud, 50 rods east, $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile in diameter; Wixon, $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile north, same size; and Carmel (north) and Gilead, (south-east,) 3 miles distant, each about 1 mile by $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile in extent. Besides these, we may name more particularly several of the larger lakes of the group.

OSKEWANNA LAKE.—Oskewanna Lake is 8 or 9 miles distant from Peekskill.

Mr. Lee has established a hotel here, with rooms for 150 guests; terms, \$3 per day, \$10 to \$14 per week.

OSCEOLA LAKE.—Between Lakes Mahopac and Mohegan, 5 miles from the former, at Jefferson Valley, lies Osceola Lake, about $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile in diameter.

Jacob's Hotel here was built last summer, and will accommodate 50 boarders—probably at \$15 per week.

LAKE MOHEGAN.—Lake Mohegan is at Jefferson Valley, 10 miles south-west of Mahopac, on the Peekskill road.

There is a boarding-house here (Mr. Jones's) capable of keeping 30 or 40 persons; terms, \$3 per day, \$15 per week.

LAKE WACABAC— $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles east of Katonah Station, on the Harlem Railway, has a new hotel, (Mead's,) where some 75 people may find entertainment for \$3 per day, \$10 to \$15 per week.

PEACH LAKE.—This is about as far from Croton Falls Station as Wacabac from Katonah, and Vail's Hotel resembles Meade's in size and charges. These two lakes are each less than a mile in diameter.

CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

Chautauqua is furthest west of the many "eyes of the landscape" which brighten the face of the great Empire State. It lies in Chautauqua county, which is bounded on two sides by Pennsylvania, and is 18 miles long by 1 to 3 in width. It is said to be the highest navigable water on the American continent, being 730 feet above Lake Erie, and 1290 above the Atlantic Ocean. Steamboats run from Maysville, at its northern extremity, to the commencement of the outlet, whence small boats can descend to the Alleghany River. The name it bears is a corruption of an Indian phrase, signifying "a foggy place," and was given in consequence of the mists which frequently rise from the surface of the lake.

HOTELS.—At Maysville, the Fox House, by Horace Fox. Besides this, the same proprietor opened last year a hotel, with rooms for 50 or 60 guests, near the depot, and on the very shore of the lake, called Chautauqua Lake House. Besides the steamer which plies regularly between Maysville and Jamestown, there is a neat and commodious steamer for pleasure parties, who wish "to do the lake" more extensively. Maysville is one of the most healthful and delightful places of resort in the State, retired and

select. The Atlantic and Great Western Railway trains stop at Jamestown, which is at the southern extremity of Chautauqua, 449 miles from New-York (changing from Erie Railway at Salamanca). The home residence of Governor Fenton may be seen from the car-windows on the left, going west, at this station.

CANANDAIGUA LAKE.

Among the "interior lakes," navigable, of the State of New-York, is included Canandaigua Lake. This beautiful sheet of water lies 668 feet above tide-water, chiefly within Ontario county, but overpassing slightly the north-western boundary of the county of Yates; thus being nearly parallel with Crooked Lake, which lies to the south-east, both forming with Seneca and Cayuga a sort of inverted V upon the map. Canandaigua and Crooked Lakes are 12 miles apart.

Canandaigua is the point of arrival for this lake, and is upon both the New-York Central and Erie routes. The "Auburn," or "Old Road" of the Central, brings the passenger to Canandaigua, 75 miles west from Syracuse, 223 from Albany. The Erie Railway connects with Canandaigua by the Northern Central, formerly called at this section the "Canandaigua Branch" of the Erie, from Elmira. The Northern Central makes nearly a due northerly course from Harrisburg, Pa., through Williamsport, Pa., and Elmira and Watkins, N. Y., (see article on **SENECA LAKE**,) to this town.

A steamboat makes eight trips between Canandaigua and Naples (on the inlet, 4 miles above the lake) each day.

The shores are generally high and rocky, forcing the settlements back from the water some distance. At Seneca

Point, 10 miles from Canandaigua, there is a landing, and a pleasant summer hotel called the Lake House, Mr. C. D. Castle, landlord. Terms, \$2.50 to \$3 per day; \$12 to \$15 (probably) per week. This house boasts fine ball and billiard-rooms, and a half-mile track near it, with a beautiful grove. There is also a deep glen, 2 miles long, in the vicinity; and Canandaigua is well-known for its gas-springs, chiefly in the hollows at Bristol, East-Bloomfield, and Richmond. There is also a sulphur-spring at Canandaigua.

SENECA LAKE—THE WATKINS GLEN.

The principal watering places within a reasonable distance of New-York have been so thoroughly visited and digested that the pleasure-seeking public sigh for some new world to conquer, or some new place to "do." Not all of our roaming citizens are ignorant of the beautiful place which we are about to describe, and there is but one opinion as to its enchanting beauty among those who have seen it.

The village of Watkins is situated at the head of Seneca Lake, distant about 11 hours' ride from New-York. The route thither from this city is by the Erie Railway to Elmira, and thence by the Northern Central of Pennsylvania to Watkins—22 miles north. The village itself is a thriving, well-to-do town of some 3000 inhabitants, with two large, excellent hotels—the Jefferson House and the Fall Brook House—and several smaller ones. It lies on the level valley close about the south-west corner of the lake, creeping up the hill-side, and extending along the shore.

The Glen, of which we design more particularly to write, is a deep gorge in the hill, through which a stream

of water tumbles, and reaches the plain at the south end of the village. Passing up the main street, which is called Franklin, about half a mile from our hotel, we turn abruptly to the right and enter a huge amphitheatre, whose lofty walls of perpendicular rock seem to hang 200 or 300 feet above our heads. At the upper (west) end, these walls approach close together and seem to join, but, in fact, they lap, and between their jaws, by a winding, intricate stairway, we ascend, and are within what is called the First Glen. A narrow path has been cut in the rocks by which we walk along somewhat timidly, stepping here and there on a stray speck of sunshine, which has leaked through a crevice in the rocks. Looking up, we see that the rocks, at a dizzy height, have sloped inwardly, so as almost to meet at the top. Trees grow thickly on the brink and clinging to the walls. What with the trees and impending rocks, very little sunlight finds its way within, and the result is a grateful one on a hot day. This Glen is a trifle less than a quarter of a mile in length, and at its upper extremity has a beautiful waterfall of some 70 or 80 feet in the clear. Ascending an almost perpendicular stairway of 50 odd steps, directly in the face of this fall, we climb up the bank, and after resting awhile at the Mountain House, a well-kept refreshment saloon, where sometimes 500 thirsty visitors are "creamed" and "lemonaded" at once, we proceed with our journey. The Second Glen is as quiet and gentle as the first was romantic and wild. It is about 1000 feet in length, with a perfectly level floor, over which the stream is spread not half an inch deep. The sides are of lofty, perpendicular rock, and of a perfectly oval form. It is called the Amphitheatre, and the name is even more appropriate than at the entrance, where we used it. At the upper end

is a fall similar to the one at the head of the glen below, over which we pass and visit in succession the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Glens, each one noted for its romantic and peculiar grandeur. The scenery is no less wild than in the First Glen, but the rocky walls are not so high. On the other hand, they are much nearer together—in some places it being almost possible to touch both sides with the extended hands—while the stream passionately foams and rushes through its smooth channel below. The succession of cascades, pools, rapids, and lofty falls in endless profusion almost bewilders the visitor, and he finds it impossible to keep the run of all of them. In the Fourth Glen is a beautiful fall called the Rainbow Fall, formed by water from the hill-side trickling down the mossy bank. The path lies behind and under this fall, and, when the sun strikes the water, the prismatic effect is very beautiful. We have now traveled about a mile and a half from the plain, and having come to the end of our journey, turn back by the same path, as far as the Mountain House. After our up-hill journey, we are not unwilling to sit down for a few minutes, and can well employ the time with the stereoscope in looking over a series of 47 photographs of the various scenes of interest on our trip, which are as fine specimens of out-door photography as are taken in this country.

At the Mountain House we leave the ravine and climb the mountain which forms its side. When we get to the top, a splendid panorama greets our eye. Directly at our feet, some 500 or 600 feet below us, lies the village. It seems so near, that imagination almost furnishes the conversation to our ear, between those two men at the corner, or of that innocent flirtation in yonder shady lawn. Beyond the village, stretching away in front of us for more

than 20 miles, is Seneca Lake—its deep, never-freezing waters, of a deep sea-green, sparkling and rippling in the sun. The hills on either side slope gently down to the water and are cultivated to the very shore. Within a few years it has been discovered that the west bank offers admirable facilities for grape culture, and hundreds of acres are now laid out as vineyards.

The hills about Watkins afford an almost endless succession of drives, on which new and constantly changing scenery unfolds like a panorama. The air is pure and bracing, and the fierce heat of the mid-summer sun is tempered by the gentle breezes wafted over the waters.

There are two remarkable characteristics of Seneca Lake. First, its great depth. The lake has been sounded in some parts, and bottom found at a depth of over 700 feet. In other places the same length of line fails to reach the bed. The bottom at some points goes off almost perpendicularly, and the writer of this sketch has dropped a plummet, not 50 feet from shore, to the depth of over 150 feet before reaching bottom. Another peculiarity is, that the lake never freezes. But twice within the recollection of the inhabitants have the boats been stopped running by ice. One occasion was in 1855, and the other during the past winter. On neither of these occasions, however, has the entire surface been covered with ice; only about one third of the length at each end becomes frozen, leaving 10 or 12 miles of open water in the centre. The writer has passed over the lake in a steamboat, from dock to dock, in January, with the thermometer marking 10° below zero, and not seen enough ice in the water to cool a pitcher-full.

There are two passenger-boats on the lake, which make semi-diurnal trips from Watkins to Geneva; the A. W. Langdon, which leaves Watkins for Geneva about 8

o'clock in the morning, and returning, leaves Geneva at 4 P.M., and the D. S. Magee, Capt. D. P. Dey, which leaves Geneva at 9 A.M., and Watkins at 3 P.M. The Magee is the favorite with travelers generally, her accommodations being delightfully cozy and her table superb.

The most direct route to Watkins from New-York City is by the Erie Railway to Elmira, 274 miles ; there changing to the Northern Central of Pennsylvania, (whose trains connect with those on the Erie,) north 22 miles to Watkins. Tickets can be bought from New-York to Geneva for \$7.25, the same fare as to Watkins, (Geneva being a competing point on the New-York Central,) and the tourist at his leisure can go down the lake. Under the present competition, however, it is cheaper to buy a ticket on the Erie to Rochester for \$5, leave the cars at Elmira, and pay 65 cents thence to Watkins. The Northern Central runs through Watkins to Canandaigua, where direct connections are made with the New-York Central trains, making this the shortest route from New-York to Niagara Falls.

CAYUGA LAKE AND TAGHKANIC FALLS.

If, years ago, a distinguished poet remarked of Trenton Falls, that it was "a niche in the long corridor of travel between Albany and Buffalo—a side-scene out of ear-shot of the crowd—a recess in a window, whither you draw a friend by the button for the sake of chit-chat at ease," surely the well-informed tourist will hesitate to repeat the words at that popular resort now. They more fitly belong to the lakes Seneca and Cayuga—more, too, to the latter than the former. Trenton Falls are but a railway-step from one of the most prominent cities of the State ; these twin lakes lie upon that out-of-the way, indirect, unpopular branch of the Central Railway known as

"the Old Road." Thanks to the wealth and elegance of Geneva, and to the growing fame of the Watkins Glen, Seneca Lake is now tolerably well-known to tourists ; but the charms of Cayuga have hitherto been proclaimed only by local writers, and too often escape the notice of the loiterer along the "corridor." The two lakes are marvelously similar, in length, width, direction, and even the general manner of their scenery ; while at the southern extremity each has her own peculiar attraction, yet with the same almost amusing evidence of twinship. Seneca has a rocky, wooded ravine, whose attraction is in its walls and passages ; Cayuga has a ravine, too ; but here the wonder is at the waterfall, the highest in the State. The two ravines, like the two lakes, are the complements of each other, and the tourist will be sure of repentance some day if he miss seeing them both.

Cayuga, like Seneca Lake, is reached best by the New-York Central Railway, though it is also approached from the Erie side. Route from New-York City : Hudson River to Albany or Troy ; Central Railway to Syracuse direct, where passengers for Auburn, Cayuga, Geneva, etc., change cars. Time, (all-rail,) 13½ hours ; regular fare, (considerably less in summer,) \$7. Cayuga Station (refreshment-saloon in the building) is at the foot of the lake, and steamboats (Aurora and Kate Morgan) leave at 9 A.M. and 3 P.M. for Ithaca. The wharf is but a few steps from the rail-track ; the railway crosses the extreme north end of the lake a little beyond this station.

By the Erie Railway, one leaves Chambers Street (Pavonia) Ferry, New-York, at 7 P.M., and changes at Owego to train leaving for Ithaca at 5.51 A.M., where it connects with the steamboats leaving for Cayuga at 7 A.M. and 3 P.M. Fare to Ithaca, \$7.50 ; to Cayuga, \$8.40.

Leaving Cayuga, and going up the lake toward the south, (for the stranger must remember that the waters of New-York State are on the northerly side of the Alleghany water-shed, and so flow from the south toward the Saint Lawrence and the North-Atlantic,) the first landing is Springport. On the outcropping (upper Helderberg) limestone bluff here, the present Emperor of the French made his camping-ground for some time during his residence in America. The town is a beautiful one, like all its fellows here, and boasts a mill-pond which is wholly fed by springs, like Lake Seneca. Aurora, next landing, is considered the prettiest town in New-York State ; and whether Louis Napoleon gave the first impulse or not, its people certainly resemble the Parisian government in driving from its borders, as fast as possible, all evidence of poverty or toil. Thus one can almost see the wrathful glances of these haughty townfolk toward a large iron factory which alone mars the beauty of the bank. There are a number of very fine residences visible from deck, of which Colonel (ex-Congressman) Morgan's is the chief. The residence of Mr. W. H. Bogart, the "Sentinel" of the *World*, is somewhat inappropriately located on this inland shore. Further on, across the lake, near Frog Point, or Trumansburg, as the landing for Taghkanic Falls is unmelodiously named, the effect produced by several of the many wild ravines of this region will be noticed. They come down the sloping bank of the lake at such regular intervals as to induce the fancy of great building-lots, devised by Nature for the benefit of imaginative real-estate associations. But the chief ravine, whose present misnomer is Halsey's Creek, will demand and receive more interested consideration.

TAGHKANIC FALLS.—The tourist may land here, visit

the falls hurriedly, and get back to the wharf in time to take the same boat, after it has completed its trip to Ithaca and returned hither. A wiser course, however, will at least be to spend a day at the falls. Leaving the boat, you find a stage ready to convey you up the steep hill (1 mile—25 cents) to the Taghkanic House, just in front of Taghkanic Falls, the highest in New-York State. Mr. J. S. Halsey is landlord here, and has the reputation of keeping an excellent country hotel; terms, \$2.50 per day, \$14 per week. Post-office address, Trumansburg, Tompkins County, New-York. Telegraph station at Ithaca, 10 miles. Families may be especially recommended hither.

Halsey, or Taghkanic, Creek is one of the largest of the water-courses which intersect the fertile farming-lands lying between the twin lakes, Cayuga and Seneca. Taking its rise in the highlands midway between them, it flows in an easterly course, until at length it unites its waters with those of the calm Cayuga. Flowing with a gradual and gentle descent through a rich and flourishing country, its banks are dotted with numerous mills and manufacturing establishments, until, at the distance of a mile and a half from the lake, it would appear that Nature had determined to check its further progress by erecting an impassable barrier. This is a rocky ledge, rising some 50 or 60 feet directly in the path of the little river. But the stream has succeeded in excavating for itself a channel from 100 to 400 feet in depth, and 400 feet across at its lower extremity. Through this yawning chasm, which is properly the Taghkanic ravine, the victorious waters hurry on to the precipice, half a mile further down, where, on account of a difference in the structure of the rock, while the height of the banks remains un-

diminished, the stream falls perpendicularly 215 feet into a rocky basin, thus forming a cataract more than 50 feet higher than Niagara.

The jagged rock rift, through which the river rolls before it makes the plunge, is some 200 feet in depth, the rocky channel becoming a triangle at the brink, and the water plunges some 215 feet (as already stated) more to the bottom, where the ravine is upward of 400 feet perpendicular. "The fall is, in truth," says Dr. George B. Cheever, who visited the place in 1859, "the Staubbach of Switzerland most absolutely reproduced, and of concentrated beauty and grandeur."

To obtain the best view of the falls, it is necessary to descend to the bed of the ravine, and follow it upward until we stand at the foot of the precipice. The descent is a very wearisome and displeasing one, being over several very rickety, ill-made wooden stair-cases, which occupy one's closest attention ; but the ramble up the ravine is extremely entertaining. The visitor will also be amply repaid for a journey along the base of the cliff to the lake — if, indeed, he will not find a walk of a mile by that way preferable to the tedious climb up the pseudo-stairway again. A visit to the ravine and Upper Fall above, particularly to the point of the triangle over which the water of the chief fall leaps, is also indispensable to a complete comprehension of Taghkanic.

ITHACA is the principal town on Cayuga Lake, 38 miles from Cayuga, and is the southern terminus of the lake and our journey over it.

There are 15 falls in and about the town of Ithaca, namely, Fall Creek, 150 feet ; Forest, 70 ; Foaming, 70 ; Rocky and Tophammer ; all on the same stream, (Fall Creek ;) Enfield, 160, on Five-Mile Creek ; three on Buttermilk Creek,

the second called by its name, and the third the Pulpit Fall; the three being respectively 130, 100, and 30 feet in height; the three falls on Lick Brook, of which the highest quite rivals Taghkanic, it is thought; Well Fall, 50 feet, otherwise called the Cornell, on Six-Mile Creek; the Wisner, the second, 100 feet, and the third, Quarry, on the Cascadilla.

The Clinton House, S. D. Thompson, proprietor, can accommodate 100 guests the year round. Terms, \$3 per day.

LAKE MOHENSICK.

Mohensick, together with its neighbors, Mahopac and Mohegan, is a tributary of the Croton. We wish that we could paint a picture or write a verse about Mohensick; but the experience of Byles Gridley and his dead book constrains us to drop the brush and to let Pegasus go to grass, for there's plenty of it here. There was a very pretty picture of it in the Academy of Design, last winter, but the artist called it by its old Dutch *sobriquet* of Crum Pond.

The lake lies about 3 miles east of Peekskill, and about 900 feet above the Hudson. Its circumference is between 4 and 5 miles, and from the hills, which surround it, there are some of the finest views our eyes have ever beheld. "Far to the westward, through the haze, peak piled on peak and folded to the sky, the eternal hills sweep and spread and broaden like a dream. Grandeur than the ocean itself, there is nothing more majestic than where God sweeps his horizon with his glorious pencil of mountain blue."

LAKE LUZERNE.

Luzerne is 22 miles by the Adirondack Railway from Saratoga. This road was started 15 or 20 years ago with the design of going to Sackett's Harbor. It met a good many

reverses, and passed through the hands of a number of American companies. In 1859, some wealthy English capitalists took hold of it, but became frightened at the commencement of the war, and refused to put any more money into it. Finally, 2 or 3 years ago, Mr. Durant, of the Union Pacific Railway, came into it, and it was built to Luzerne and 3 miles beyond, and commenced running. A charter was obtained to run it from Saratoga to a point on Lake Ontario, a little above Cape Vincent. It is designed to have it pass the Adirondack Iron-Works, and develop those immense mines of the best ore in the world. It will also pass through a vast tract of great lumber wealth which has heretofore been inaccessible. The road runs from Saratoga straight up into the mountains. It ascends 700 feet the first 6 miles, and toward Luzerne it is built over a succession of hills and gorges and streams that render the scenery exceedingly picturesque. Sometimes the sandy peaks rise 70 or 80 feet above the track, and a few rods further the train will pass over a trestle-work at an elevation of as many feet from the valley below. One trestle-work is 1310 feet long, and 31 feet high in the highest part—much longer than the long trestle-work on the Athens line. The scene, in passing over the Sacandaga, near where it joins the Hudson, is especially fine. The bridge must be 400 or 500 feet in length, and it is 96 feet high from the bed of the river to the track. At one side, half the distance down, is a bridge, which used to be considered rather high, connecting with the wagon road, on a lower point of the side-hill. The railway passes within a mile of Corinth Falls. Above the Falls the river is expanded ; but as it approaches there, it contracts between the limestone rocks to a width of 50 feet, and leaps down a precipice 60 feet high, in one unbroken sheet. From the road are seen also the Catskills in the distance on the

south-west, and the nearer Kaidairosseras Range on the east.

Arrived at Luzerne, we pass over the Hudson, which, at the north of the bridge, rushes through a narrow gorge of rocks not more than 20 feet wide at places, expanding below the bridge over a level plain to a shallowness which enables one to ford it without much difficulty. From this high bridge it is said that a man once sprang into the rapids for fun; and when he came out, he was so frightened that he declared that he "wouldn't 'a done it agin for \$5."

Here, near the Hudson, in the same house which Gen. Dix occupied, Mr. Pierrepont, of Brooklyn, in honor of whom Pierrepont street in that city was named, resides. His magnificent residence on Brooklyn Heights overlooks, across the East River and the Battery, the mouth of the Hudson, where it is 2 miles wide. His summer residence here overlooks the Hudson, narrowed to a width of 20 feet.

A little further along is Mr. George Rockwell's famous and favorite hotel, where venison and trout are a staple dish, and where the happiness of the host is in exact ratio to the appetite of his guests. Mr. Rockwell's two sons keep the best house on Lake George.

And, by the way, it may be mentioned that this is a very picturesque route to Horicon. From Luzerne to the lake the stage ride is only about 10 miles, over a very pleasant road, while by Moreau it is 15 miles over wearisome though beautiful road.

There are about 150 people generally stopping for a time at Luzerne. Among other amusements they have picnics. You cross the lake in boats, and land at Stewart's Bridge. Thence you take wagons, drawn each by two yoke of oxen, by a winding road up the mountain.

Mr. Lebeau, Congressman from Long Island, has a beautiful summer residence overlooking Lake Luzerne. Out on the lake, rowing with his family, we found Mr. L. J. A. Papineau, of Montreal, the son of the leader of the Papineau Rebellion in Canada, in 1836. A reward being offered for his head, he escaped across the border in a tin box, in a peddler's wagon, with holes in it to supply air, and took refuge with Chancellor Walworth, of Saratoga.

CROTON LAKE.

Croton Lake is most directly reached by the Harlem Railway cars to Mount Kisco, a promising village 37 miles from New-York. The past few years have witnessed a remarkable increase in its size and importance. A new depot is now occupied, and a special train, leaving New-York at 6 P.M. (extended from White Plains) was established last year. Also, it may be mentioned, the Albany express makes this one of its stopping-places. The lake is about 3 miles westward, and the drive is very charming over a rolling country characteristic of Putnam county, and the eye is delighted with views of beautiful and diversified scenery.

Winding along may be seen the sparkling Kisco, tracing its course through green meadows and leafy groves, until it finally joins the lake. Soon we reach the lake, most pleasantly situated in a valley; it is about 6 miles long, with an average width of about one eighth of a mile.

There is no hotel here, save at the Dam; but a number of farmers, in the summer months, receive boarders. Excellent fare is obtainable, and moderate charges are the rule, not the exception.

About 2 miles from the dam is Pine's Bridge, made historical from the well-known fact of its being located near

the spot where Major André crossed, the same day of his capture, near Tarrytown. Close by this locality are the summer residences of Mr. Dunscomb, and Mr. George E. L. Hyatt, merchant, of New-York.

The shape of the lake is rather irregular, which we may attribute to its origin as a river; this adds to its attraction by affording, by its many little coves and miniature capes, a novelty of scene as we sail in admiration over its surface. The views of the surrounding country, especially from the summits of the neighboring hills, are very attractive. A varied landscape of woodland scenery, and undulating hills clothed in emerald, or the golden hue of the ripening grain greet the eye, gently relieved by the placid waters below.

At the head of the lake, in the vicinity of a small mountain known as Muscoota, the scenery is quite wild and picturesque.

Here may the true lover of the country find scope for enjoyment; for there is a charm in the seclusion and serenity of the place that can not fail to meet his sincere appreciation. Untrammelled with the social requirements, and removed from the glitter and frivolity of fashionable watering-places, he can here consult happiness and comfort, and freely partake of the pleasure Nature offers to her votaries.

“ Rejoice, O Croton! in thy summer pride,
Decked forth in beauty as an Eastern bride.
The green hills round thee beam with azure smiles,
And fairy-like peep out thy sunny isles;
Thy placid bosom wooed with soft embrace,
As heaven's own hues are mirrored on thy face,
Dear as the charm we linger on to see,
That marks the couch of sleeping infancy.
Then have I gazed, as if on beauty's cheek,
Thy look so calm and gentle, pure and meek,

Breathing such love and tenderness, we might deem
 Earth's cares and frailties were but all a dream ;
 The world shut out—no sorrow could prevail
 Within the precincts of this peaceful vale ;
 For thy fair stream, soft murmuring as it flows,
 Soothes every wayward passion to repose ;
 'Mid busy Fancy's pictures we might dwell,
 And close our days within thy quiet dell."

CROOKED LAKE.

There is no more pleasing summer retreat in the State of New-York than Crooked Lake, or, as the newspapers say it is to be hereafter, Keuka Lake. It is accessible by the Erie and Northern Central Railways through Elmira to Penn Yan, 23 miles beyond Watkins, and 319 from New-York City. Fare, \$7.50. A new steamboat is to be placed upon the lake this summer, and will ply daily between Penn Yan, at the foot, or north end, and Hammondsport, in Urbana township, at the head water, the latter the centre of the famous grape-growing and wine-making region. The sheltered situation of the hill-slopes about the foot of the lake affords peculiar opportunities for grape-culture. Both towns are of considerable importance, and visitors will find ample hotel accommodations at low rates.

The lake is situated within the limits of both Steuben and Yates counties, and is about 18 miles long, with a breadth at the greatest of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. At the north end it is divided by a promontory of great beauty into two forks or branches, one 5, and the other 8 or 9 miles long. The scenery along the shores is of a very picturesque character, and the place is quite a favorite resort with Western New-York people.

OWASCO LAKE.

A favorite resort for Syracuse people is Owasco Lake, a beautiful sheet of water 11 miles long, and from one half to three quarters of a mile in breadth. It is situated in Cayuga county, and is much admired for the boldness of the bluffs which shut it in through much of its length. The steamboat Owasco makes daily trips from Moravia to Owasco Village. At the former place there are the Moravia House and the Skidmore, the latter, we understand, being refurnished and refitted for this summer. Terms, about \$2.50 per day; \$16 per week. Board may also be obtained at the farm-houses which mark the shore all through its length. There is a small hotel or tavern, called the Bennington House, at Owasco, at the head of the lake, at which the most primitive prices which remain in this "greenback era" will be found.

There are a number of places of interest to people desirous of quiet country retreats; such are Martin's Corners, Scipio, Smith's Corners, etc. Auburn, on the New-York Central Railway, (under the head of which it may be found mentioned at length,) is 7 miles from the lake, and is its nearest railway station. It stands upon Owasco Outlet. Upon the eastern tributary of this stream, in the town of Moravia, is a cascade called Dry Falls, because it ceases to flow in the summer. A little below this invisible cascade is a circular recess in the face of the perpendicular precipice, 42 feet deep, and surrounded by a limestone arch, 55 feet high and 12 feet long. Upon this arch rises a lofty hill covered with trees of a primitive forest. There is much else of interest in and about the lake; such as Mill Brook Fall, 80 feet high; a large spring of highly inflammable gas, (carburetted hydrogen,) in the neighboring lowlands; a quarry of fine flagging-stone, etc.

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Springs and Falls.



SPRINGS AND FALLS.

THE MINERAL SPRINGS OF NEW-YORK.

The Empire State is the most notable in the North for the abundance and excellence of its thermal and mineral springs; the chief one, at Saratoga, having such attractions as fairly to outrival the great cataract at the opposite extremity of the State in the interest of the summer tourist. Saratoga and Syracuse have the only important saline springs; there are no chalybeate nor carbonated springs, and only one or two localities where thermal waters attract visitors. The other resorts belonging under this head are of the sulphur class, and are quite numerous. We shall consider all these separately below.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

SARATOGA is a town of about 8000 inhabitants, built up in a somewhat rambling and uneven manner, but with many pleasant streets overhung with shade-trees. About 15,000 people visit it during the summer.

HOW TO GET TO IT.—It is 32 miles above Albany, and on the route to Lake George. The Hudson River boats to Albany, and the Albany, Saratoga, and Whitehall Railway from Albany, is the pleasantest route from New-York. At Cohoes, on this railway, the Cohoes Falls can be seen from the west windows of the cars. Passengers from the West, East, and North take the cars from Albany, or come down by way of Lake George. From the depot to Congress

Springs, or to the large hotels, is only two or three minutes' walk.

The following is a table of distances from various cities in the Union to Saratoga Springs :

	<i>Miles.</i>		<i>Miles.</i>
Washington,.....	412	Niagara,.....	311
New-York,.....	182	Quebec,.....	392
Boston.....	232	Montreal,.....	212
Philadelphia,.....	274	White Mountains,.....	322
Baltimore,.....	372	Portland,.....	340
Albany,.....	32	St. Louis,.....	1030
Troy.....	31	Louisville,.....	876
Cincinnati,.....	744	Richmond,.....	542
Chicago,.....	841	New-Orleans,.....	2292

The Rensselaer and Saratoga Railway passes through the village, connecting, at Troy, with the Hudson River and Harlem Railways from New-York ; at Albany, with the People's Line of Steamers on the Hudson River, and the Boston and Albany Railway from the east ; at Schenectady, with the New-York Central Railway from the west ; and at Rutland, with the Rutland and Burlington Railway from both north and east ; and at Whitehall, with the Lake Champlain steamers. Trains on the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railway run each way twice a day during the winter months, and three or more times a day during the summer months, connecting at above-named points with trains and steamers from all portions of the Northern, Eastern, and Western States, and Canada. Passengers by the day-boats on the Hudson River have a full view of the magnificent Highlands of the Hudson, and of the Catskill Mountains, and reach Saratoga the same evening. Lake Horicon, Lake Champlain, the Green Mountains, the Thousand Islands, Niagara Falls, Trenton Falls, Richfield, Sharon and Lebanon Springs, are all within a day's travel of Saratoga.

The principal street of the town is Broadway, on which

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Congress Hall, Saratoga.





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are situated the large hotels, and which leads to the Congress and Columbia Springs, and the Congress Spring Grove.

This grove and park is owned and kept in order by the Congress and Empire Spring Company, and is exceedingly beautiful. A hill, in the shape of a horse-shoe, covered with handsome trees and laid out in smooth walks, encircles the low ground in which the spring is situated.

At the other side of the grove is Circular street, on which are the handsomest residences in the place. There are also fine residences on Franklin street, on the upper and lower ends of Broadway, and on other streets. The two principal hotels, Congress Hall and Union Hall, stand opposite each other, near Congress Spring and Grove. A little further down, and with the Washington Spring in its grounds, is the Clarendon. North of Union Hall are the American Hotel and the Marvin House.

THE HOTELS.

CONGRESS HALL.—The new hotel, which has just been completed, on the site of the old Congress Hall, (burned May, 1866,) is said to be the largest hotel in the country. It is situated on the east side of Broadway, with the Union Hotel opposite it on the west, and the Congress Spring and Grove opposite it on the south. It has a front of 400 feet on Broadway, and 300 feet on Spring street, and runs through from Broadway to Putnam street. The old Congress Hall had only 198 feet front. The new house is made so much larger by the addition of 41 feet on the south, bought from the grounds occupied by the Congress Spring bottling-house, and by the addition of 40 feet on the north, which was left by cutting through a new street. It stands upon a steep side-hill, so that there are two stores

in the rear and a row of eleven stores at the south side, under the main or first floor.

The foundations, which rest almost entirely upon the solid rock underlying Saratoga, were laid October, 1867. The new Congress Hall is built entirely of brick, and as an additional precaution against fire, has seven fire-proof brick walls extending through the whole structure, from foundation to roof; so that if a fire should break out in any part, it could be checked before communicating with other parts of the house. The foundations are of iron, stone, and brick; and there is no connection by wooden timbers between the seven different compartments.

The square space between the front building and the two wings is prettily laid out, and planted with trees, with a balcony overlooking it. The front of the building has a French roof; and is five stories in height. The front piazza is 20 feet wide and 240 feet long on Broadway, and 14 feet wide and 60 feet long on Spring street. In the centre of the top is an observatory, carried up to the height of another story, containing additional rooms. It is 75 feet from the ground, thus affording a view of all the vicinity; and being 60 feet in length by 48 feet in width, will accommodate a large number of people who desire to sit in this elevated position and receive the benefit of the evening breezes. At the ends, also, are observatories, constructed in the same style with the one in the centre, 40 by 35 feet. These are elegantly designed, and add greatly to the beauty of the building.

The house is built as a resort for the most fashionable people who visit the place. The rooms are large and commodious. Every hall is 10 feet wide, running the whole length (400 feet) of the front on each floor. Every modern appliance for convenience, comfort, or luxury that can be

found in any New-York hotel, is brought into requisition here. A row of tall and thriving elm-trees stands in front of the house. It has a beautiful dining-room, which can also be used as a ball-room, and has also very large parlors for nightly hops.

The building was erected by Mr. Henry H. Hawthorne, well known as one of the influential men of the place, and as the proprietor of the old Congress Hall. The wealthy citizens, appreciating the loss to the town by the burning of Congress Hall, held several meetings, August, 1866, to take into consideration the subject of rebuilding it. It was finally decided that Mr. Hawthorne should give a mortgage of \$400,000 on the building as completed, the furniture, the land, and also the land and buildings occupied for wash-house, etc., and that subscriptions should be taken for bonds based on this mortgage. The principal is payable in ten annual payments, commencing the first day of September, 1870, and included in the coupons. The mortgage was given and recorded, and subscriptions made by citizens, not only of Saratoga, but of New-York, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New-Orleans, and other cities.

The Congress opens on the 15th of June. The price is ordinarily \$4.50 per day. It has 800 rooms, and accommodates about 1200 people.

THE UNION HOTEL.—This hotel, which is kept by the Leland Brothers, was the first hotel built at the Springs, and was commenced in the year 1800, and opened in the spring of 1802. It was built by Mr. Gideon Putnam, and was called Putnam's Tavern. It was surrounded by a wilderness; there were only two or three cabins in the vicinity, and though it was then only 70 feet front, it was considered a very large building for such a place. Con-

gress Spring had been discovered only 8 years, (though the High Rock Spring had been visited by Sir William Johnson 24 years previous;) but Putnam was a Yankee from Sutton, Mass., and he saw there was a great future for the place. His sign at that time was a rudely-painted representation of the original General Israel Putnam entering the den of the wolf. Putnam died in 1812, and his two sons, Rockwell and Washington Putnam, kept it until 1849. Mr. Henry H. Hawthorne, proprietor of the old Congress Hall and of the new Congress Hall, during that year bought out Rockwell's interest; and in 1854 Mr. Ainsworth bought Washington's interest. In the fall it was sold to George Putnam, who kept it until 1864, when it was bought by Leland Brothers. It has received vast additions and improvements, until it now covers with its wings, its grounds, its opera-house, and its adjacent buildings, a whole block of 7 acres. It is 650 feet in length. Its grounds are beautifully shaded by elms, under which the band plays every afternoon; its broad piazzas and elegant parlors afford seats and promenades for crowds of splendidly-dressed ladies. The interior of the opera-house is handsomer than any building in town. There is a large ball-room, and there are billiard and bowling-alleys for both ladies and gentlemen. The dining-room is 250 feet long, 53 feet wide, and 20 feet high, and will seat 1200 people.

The Union can accommodate 1200 people easily. Mr. O. G. Brown, with all the details of 800 rooms continually in his mind's eye, disposes of the guests in the most affable and expeditious manner, no matter how many there are, or how excited they may be; and Dr. Del Corral, who understands half a dozen languages, hears the complaints of any of the foreign guests who prefer to express them-

selves in their native tongue. Warren, or William, or George Leland is always on hand, and nobody doubts the ability of any gentleman of that name "to keep a hotel."

It will open June 1st. The price will be \$25 per week, or \$4.50 per day.

THE CLARENDON.—This hotel was built in 1860, and is kept by Charles Leland, who is also the lessee of the Delavan House, Albany. It is very aristocratic, and accommodates the wealthy visitors who prefer to keep a little outside of the whirl of gayety which characterizes the larger hotels. It is magnificently circled by elms, faces Congress Grove, and has the Washington, or Champagne, Spring in its grounds, from which one can get spring-water lemonades. It accommodates about 500 persons. It opens on June 1st, with the same prices as the Congress.

THE AMERICAN.—This house is on the next block north of the Union, and is kept by Mr. Wm. McCaffrey. Mr. Breslin, who was associated with Mr. McCaffrey last summer, has been captured by the Congress. The American is a very pleasant house, and accommodates about 350 guests. It is open all the year round, with a scale of prices not quite as high as the larger hotels.

OTHER HOTELS AND HOUSES.—The Marvin House will accommodate 250; the Continental, 200; the Columbian, 200; the Pavilion, 100; the Everett, 100; the Washington, 100; the Mont Eagle, 100; White's, 100; Dr. Hamilton's Medical Institute, 150; Dr. Strong's Water Cure, 100; Dr. Bedortha's Water Cure, 150; Mrs. Wilbur's, 100; the Empire, 75; the Commercial, 75; the New-York, 50; the Broadway, 50; the Mount Pleasant, 50.

At the water-cures, and at the Continental and Columbian, many clergymen and people who do not mingle in fashionable frivolities, make their headquarters. On

Franklin street there are a number of fine boarding-houses, including Mrs. Weeks's and Mrs. Spooner's, and also many in the upper part of the town, which are more quiet than the hotels, and quite pleasant, with shaded piazzas and pretty croquet-grounds. Board can be obtained at prices ranging from \$10 to \$20 per week.

THE SPRINGS.

HIGH ROCK.—This spring is the first the waters of which were drunk by a white man, and it is the natural curiosity of Saratoga. It was visited by Sir William Johnson in 1767, while Saratoga was yet a wilderness; the Indians bringing him to it on a litter, so that he might partake of its healing waters.

The water flows from an aperture, or cylindrical opening, a foot in diameter, in a conical-shaped rock, $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height and $24\frac{1}{2}$ feet in circumference. This rock is the result of the deposits of the mineral substance of the water. The water, flowing up through the centre, and running over its sides for hundreds of years, increased it to its present dimensions. At some period not long ago, when, as the Indians say, the Great Spirit became angry, the water ceased to flow over the rock, but remained at a short depth from the top of the opening, so that it could be dipped out. The cause of the stoppage of the overflow is explained on the more material theory that the rock was cracked by the fall of a tree.

In 1866—a century after its discovery by the white man—Messrs. Seymour and Ainsworth and William McCaffrey bought the spring and made preparations to tube it. A slight excavation showed that the rock only extended a few inches below the surface, and it was easily

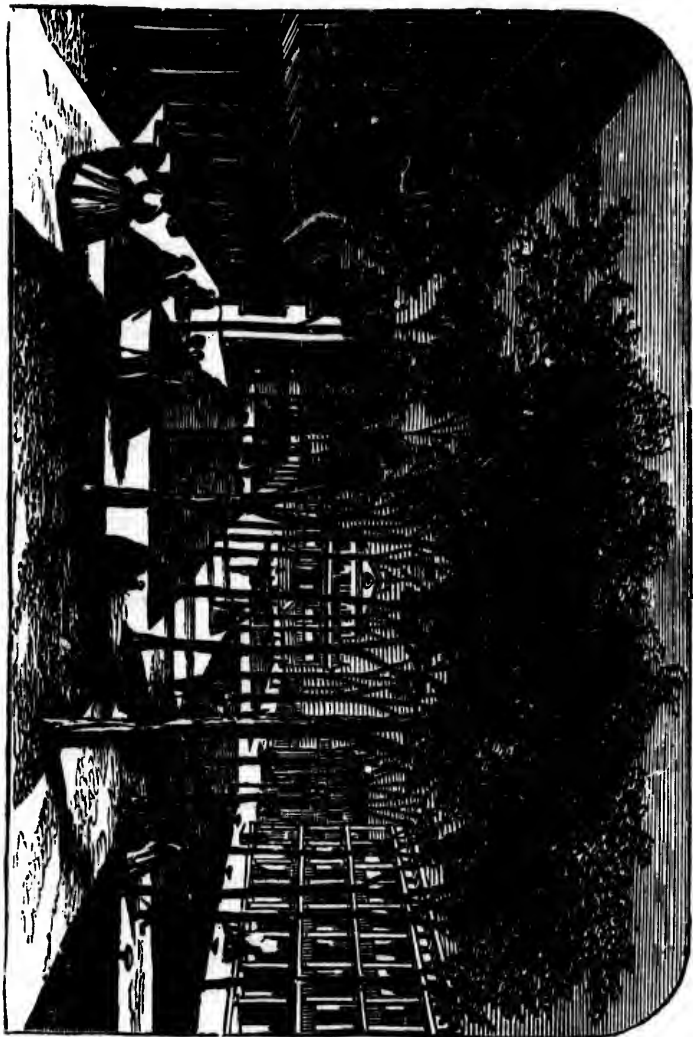
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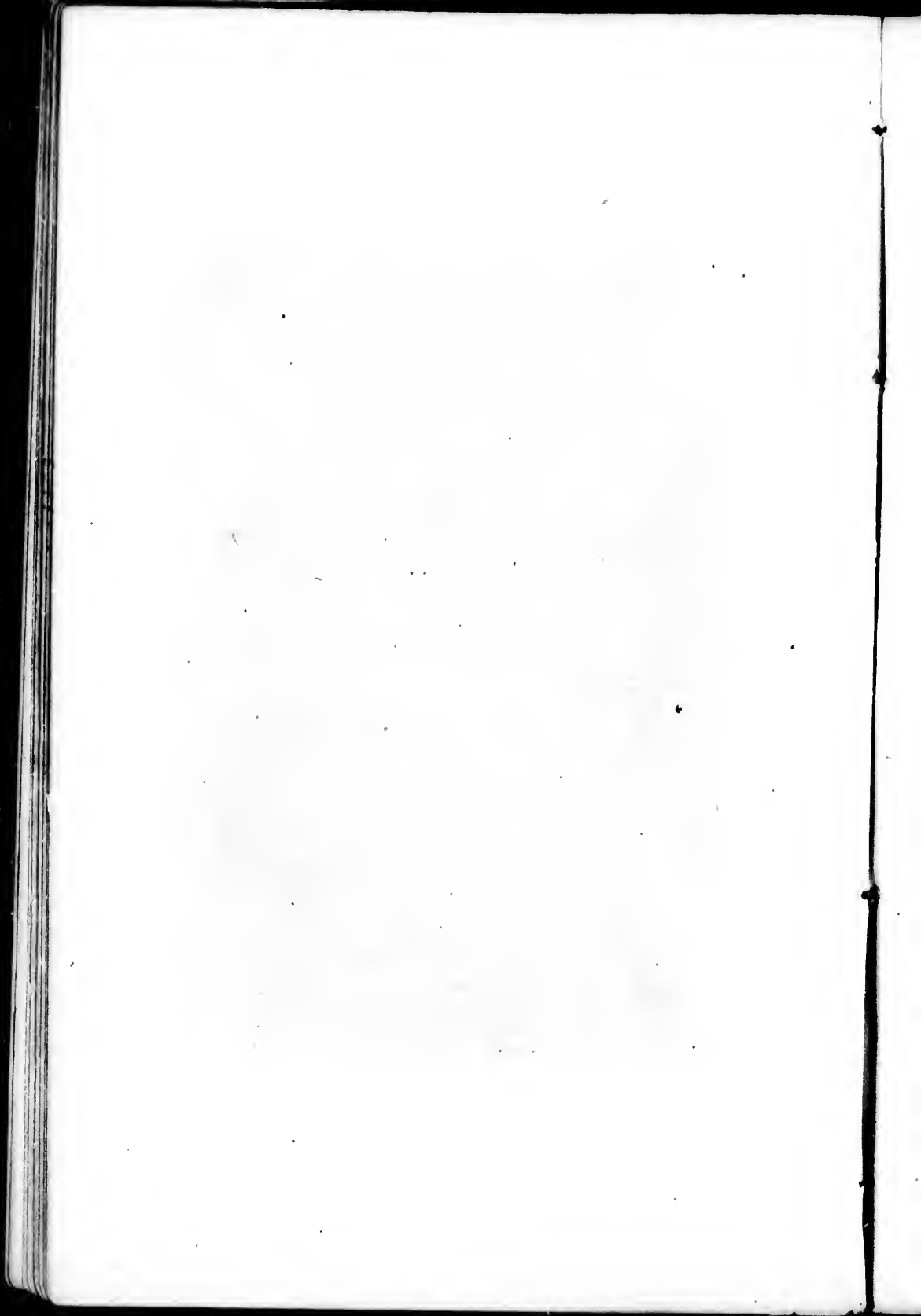
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Union Hotel and Grounds, Saratoga.





removed. Within it was a chamber about two feet in diameter, and below, a pit formed by the bubbling water, about 10 feet in depth, in which were found a large number of tumblers lost in dipping water. All around, the soil was filled with incrustations formed by the deposit from the water; but immediately beneath the rock lay the body of a tree, 18 inches in diameter, which still retained its form, and was sufficiently firm to be sawed in sections and pulled out. This tree must have fallen before the formation of the surface rock commenced, and had probably lain there hundreds of years. Several feet further down, the body of an oak, 8 inches in diameter, was found, which has suffered very little decay.

The spring has been tubed down to the solid rock from which it flows; a tasteful pagoda has been erected over it, and a bottling-house by the side, and the water is now sold very extensively.

CONGRESS SPRING.—More of the water of this spring is sold and drunk than of any other. It is owned by a company, which also owns the Columbian and Empire Springs. It represents 200 or 300 stockholders, and has a capital of \$1,000,000. The work of bottling is carried on day and night, the year round, except during a portion of the summer season, when for certain hours of the day there is so much used that the supply is limited. For visitors, the water is dipped out by boys from the tube rising out of the ground under the pavilion at the entrance of Congress Spring Park. For bottling, it is brought across the street through a pipe by a pump, worked by a small steam-engine. It enters a "drum," holding a few gallons, and from this a tapering tube descends, which fits into the neck of the bottles. The bottles are filled one at a time, and immediately corked. About 4800 may be filled in 24

hours by steady work. 30,000 dozens of bottles of the Empire water were sold last year, and about 4000 dozens of the Columbian.

The Congress Spring was discovered in 1792—25 years after Sir William Johnson visited the High Rock Spring. The discoverers were three gentlemen who were hunting in this valley, one of whom—John Taylor Gilman, of New-Hampshire—was then a member of Congress, which fact suggested the name of the spring. The low ground about the spring was then a swamp, and the mineral water issued in a small stream from an aperture in the side of the rock which formed the margin of the brook.

It was caught by holding a glass to the side of the rock ; and as this means soon became insufficient to satisfy the demands of visitors, an effort was made to confine it. The result was the complete loss of the water for some time. Gideon Putnam, that enterprising settler of Saratoga, observed bubbles breaking up from the middle of the brook, a few feet south of the rock. He turned the stream from its course, and dug down about 8 feet, when the mineral water rose from several places in the marl. He prepared a square tube of planks, and, placing it over several of the little fountains, replaced the earth around it, and thus secured the spring. It was first bottled as an article of merchandise in 1823, and is now sent to all portions of the world.

Since then, springs have been developed all along the valley, commencing at the WASHINGTON SPRING, in the grounds of the Clarendon Hotel, 600 feet south-west of Congress Spring. This was tubed by Gideon Putnam, but it was not until 1858 that the tube was extended down to the solid rock. A shaft, 11 feet square, was first sunk 30 feet deep to the rock. The stream was then found to

come from a lateral direction, and a tunnel was excavated 30 feet long. At this point the earth gave way, and the water and gas flowed in so suddenly that the workmen were scarcely able to escape, leaving their tools behind them. In 15 minutes as much as 12,000 gallons of water, and twice the quantity of carbonic acid gas, filled the excavation. A rotary pump, worked by a steam-engine, was incapable of removing the water, and a second shaft was sunk near the end of the tunnel. At the depth of 28 feet the water also burst into this, so that it had to be abandoned. Still another shaft was then sunk, 20 feet in diameter, in a south-easterly direction from the others, and was held by a strong coffer-dam. When the rock was reached, two formations were found issuing from a fissure, one of these being tubed, the water soon rose to the surface.

THE COLUMBIAN SPRING is but a few rods south-west of the Congress, in the Congress Park. It contains much more iron than the Congress Spring, and is drunk during the day. Persons drinking it before breakfast are apt to have a headache; while the Congress should only be drunk upon an empty stomach.

About 30 rods to the north-east of the Congress, and in the rear of Congress Hall, is the HAMILTON SPRING. It is owned by Mrs. White, and is not bottled. 20 rods north of the Hamilton is the PUTNAM SPRING, which is approached through an alley-way from Broadway. It is a fine water, and has a bathing establishment connected with it. Still to the north is the PAVILION FOUNTAIN, which is situated in what was once called the Willow Walk, back of the site of the old Columbian Hotel, which was burned. The walk is now not much frequented, and the water not much used. Following the course of the

valley, the Flat Rock Spring was situated next, but it is now lost, having mostly disappeared when the Pavilion was tubed. The next spring to the north is the SELTZER SPRING, which was formerly called the Barrel Spring, for the reason that a barrel was first used to confine the water, which flowed over the ground. In 1865, the spring was tubed. After digging through 4 feet of muck, a solid mass of calcareous tufa was found, 4 feet in thickness, formed in the same manner as the High Rock, by the deposits of the water.

An analysis showed it to be composed principally of carbonate of lime, carbonate of magnesia, oxide of iron, and silica. In the process of excavation, a birch-tree was also found in the calcareous deposit. This spring differs from the others in rising through a glass tube, 3 feet in height, over the rim of which it flows. The bubbles can be seen rising up through the tube, while at intervals of about a minute there is an excessive escape of gas, causing much larger bubbles and a greater agitation of the water. This spring is named the Seltzer, on account of the resemblance of the water to the Seltzer of Germany. HIGH ROCK SPRING, with its water bubbling up through the aperture in the conical rock 4 feet high, is less than 100 feet to the north.

STAR SPRING, formerly called the President and the Iodine, is a few rods north of the High Rock. Next to the north is the EMPIRE SPRING. The Saratoga A Spring is on the road leading to the Tea Springs.

EXCELSIOR SPRING.—This is situated nearly 2 miles to the east of the hotels, and is one of 10 mineral springs, none of which are used except this. The tubing is 50 feet deep, to the Trenton lime-rock, through which it flows through

several crevices. There is a beautiful walk through a grove to this spring, and also a pleasant drive.

OTHER SPRINGS.—The Eureka Spring is also still further from the town, and is surrounded by beautiful scenery. In South-Argyle, Washington county, to the east, there is a mineral fountain called Reed's Spring, the water of which, however, is not equal to that of Saratoga Springs. About 10 miles south-east of Congress Spring is Paradise Spring, formerly called Quaker Spring, which has been bottled in small quantities. About 2 miles south-west of the hotel is a spring near the railway track, at the westerly side of the embankment. It is only used by the people in the vicinity.

Near the side of Saratoga Lake, opposite Moon's Lake House, there is a sulphur spring, which is sometimes visited by persons driving around the lake.

USE AND PROPERTIES OF THE SPRINGS.

Directions are given in little circulars, at each of the springs, for their use. The Congress and Empire are used in the morning, as a cathartic. Drink leisurely two or three glasses, take a walk around the beautiful grounds, and returning to the spring, drink another glass or two, if you please, and be at breakfast in 20 to 30 minutes after; but before eating, sip a cup of tea or coffee. The Columbian and Washington are drunk during the day. The Columbian should only be drunk in quantities of a glass or half a glass at a time, or headache is likely to result.

The analysis of some of the principal springs is as follows :

HIGH ROCK SPRING.

<i>To one Gallon.</i>	<i>Grains.</i>
Chloride of Sodium.....	190.233
Carbonate of Magnesia.....	62.100

Carbonate of Lime.....	71.533
Carbonate of Soda.....	18.421
Carbonate of Iron.....	4.233
Iodide of Soda.....	2.177
Silic and Alumina.....	2.500
Hydro-Bromate of Potash—a small quantity.	
Solid contents.....	<u>851.197</u>

CONGRESS SPRING.

<i>To one Gallon.</i>	<i>Grains.</i>
Chloride of Sodium.....	385.000
Hydriodate of Soda.....	3.500
Bi-Carbonate of Soda.	8.982
Bi-Carbonate of Magnesia.....	95.788
Carbonate of Lime.....	9.809
Carbonate of Iron	5.075
Silic and Alumina.....	500
Hydro-Bromate of Potash—a trace.	
Solid contents in a Gallon.....	<u>597.943</u>
Carbonic Acid Gas.....	311 cubic inches.
Atmospheric Air	7 " "
Gaseous contents in a Gallon	<u>318 cubic inches.</u>

EMPIRE SPRING.

<i>To one Gallon.</i>	<i>Grains.</i>
Chloride of Sodium	269.696
Bi-Carbonate of Lime.....	141.824
Bi-Carbonate of Magnesia.....	41.984
Bi-Carbonate of Soda.....	30.848
Hydriodate of Soda or Iodine.....	12.000
Bi-Carbonate of Iron—a trace.	
Solid contents in a Gallon.....	<u>496.352</u>
Specific gravity	1.039
Carbonic Acid Gas.....	315 cubic inches.
Atmospheric Air.....	5 " "
	<u>320 " "</u>

COLUMBIAN SPRING.

<i>To one Gallon.</i>	<i>Grains.</i>
Chloride of Sodium.....	267.00
Bi-Carbonate of Soda.....	15.40

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Bi-Carbonate of Magnesia.....	46.71
Hydriodate of Soda.....	2.56
Carbonate of Lime.....	68.00
Carbonate of Iron.....	5.58
Silex.....	2.05
Hydro-Bromate of Potash—scarcely a trace.	

Solid contents in a Gallon.....	407.30
Carbonic Acid Gas.....	272.06 inches.
Atmospheric Air.....	4.50 “
	“
	276.56 inches.

EXCELSIOR SPRING.

To one Gallon.

Grains.

Chloride of Sodium.....	370.642
Carbonate of Lime.....	77.000
Carbonate of Magnesia.....	32.333
Carbonate of Soda.....	15.000
Silicate of Potassa.....	7.000
Carbonate of Iron.....	2.215
Sulphate of Soda.....	1.321
Silicate of Soda.....	4.000
Iodide of Soda.....	4.235
Bromide of Potassa—a trace.	
Sulphate of Strontia—a trace.	

Solid contents in a Gallon.....	514.746
Carbonic Acid.....	250 cubic inches.
Atmosphere.....	3 “ “
Gaseous contents.....	253 cubic inches.

PUTNAM SPRING.

To one Gallon.

Grains.

Chloride of Sodium.....	220.000
Carbonate of Soda.....	15.321
Carbonate of Magnesia.....	45.500
Carbonate of Lime.....	70.433
Carbonate of Iron.....	5.333
Iodide of Soda.....	2.500
Bromide of Potash—a trace.	
Silex and Alumina.....	1.500
Solid contents.....	360.587

Carbonic Acid	317.753
Atmospheric Air	3.080
Gaseous contents.....	<u>320.833</u>
Temperature	48°

HAMILTON SPRING.

<i>To one Gallon.</i>	<i>Grains.</i>
Chloride of Sodium.....	298.656
Carbonate of Soda.....	34.250
Carbonate of Lime.....	97.996
Carbonate of Magnesia.....	39.066
Carbonate of Iron.....	4.625
Iodide of Soda.....	3.593
Silex and Alumina.....	1.000
Solid contents.....	<u>479.191</u>
Carbonic Acid.....	320.777
Atmospheric Air.....	1.461
Gaseous contents.....	<u>322.238</u>
Temperature	48°

The mineral waters, as will be seen, contain large portions of chloride of sodium, carbonate of soda, carbonate of lime, carbonate of magnesia, carbonate of iron, iodide of soda, and traces of silex, alumina, and hydrobromate of potash. These solid contents passing over the ground, are precipitated, and form a rock, as is most wonderfully shown in the High Rock. The waters contain great quantities of carbonic acid gas, giving them the power of dissolving minerals, forcing them up, and agitating the top of the springs with bubbles by its continual escape. The waters may be used in making bread instead of yeast. The gas may be procured by preparing a bladder, securing to its mouth a stop-cock, fitting to this the small aperture of a large glass funnel, inverting the funnel over the spring, emptying the bladder of air, and allowing it to fill with gas. Press some of this gas into a tumbler, and,

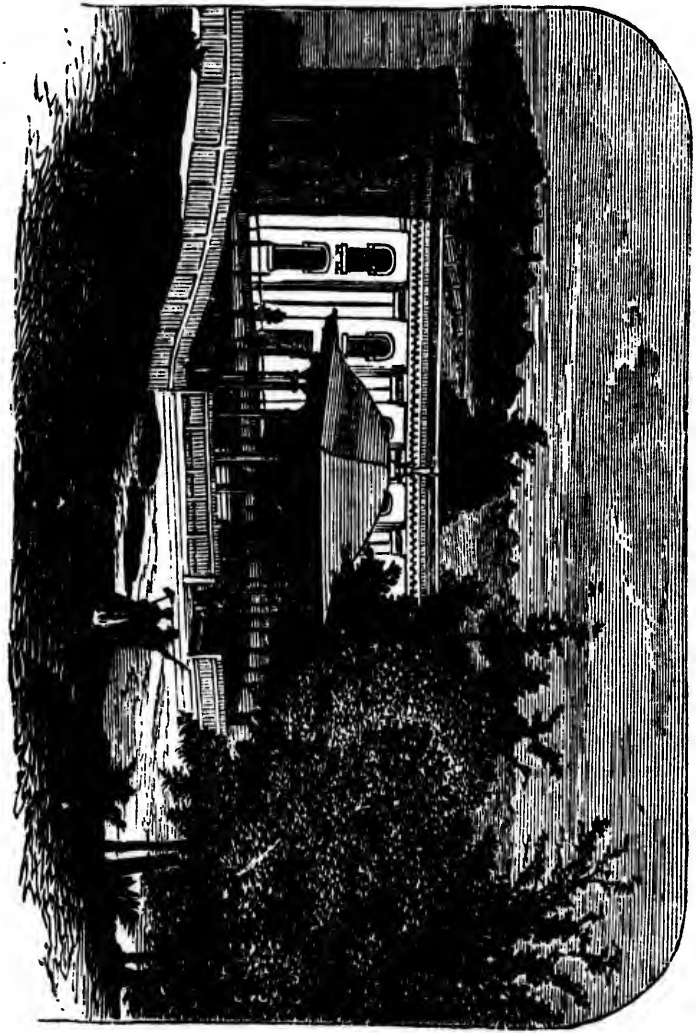
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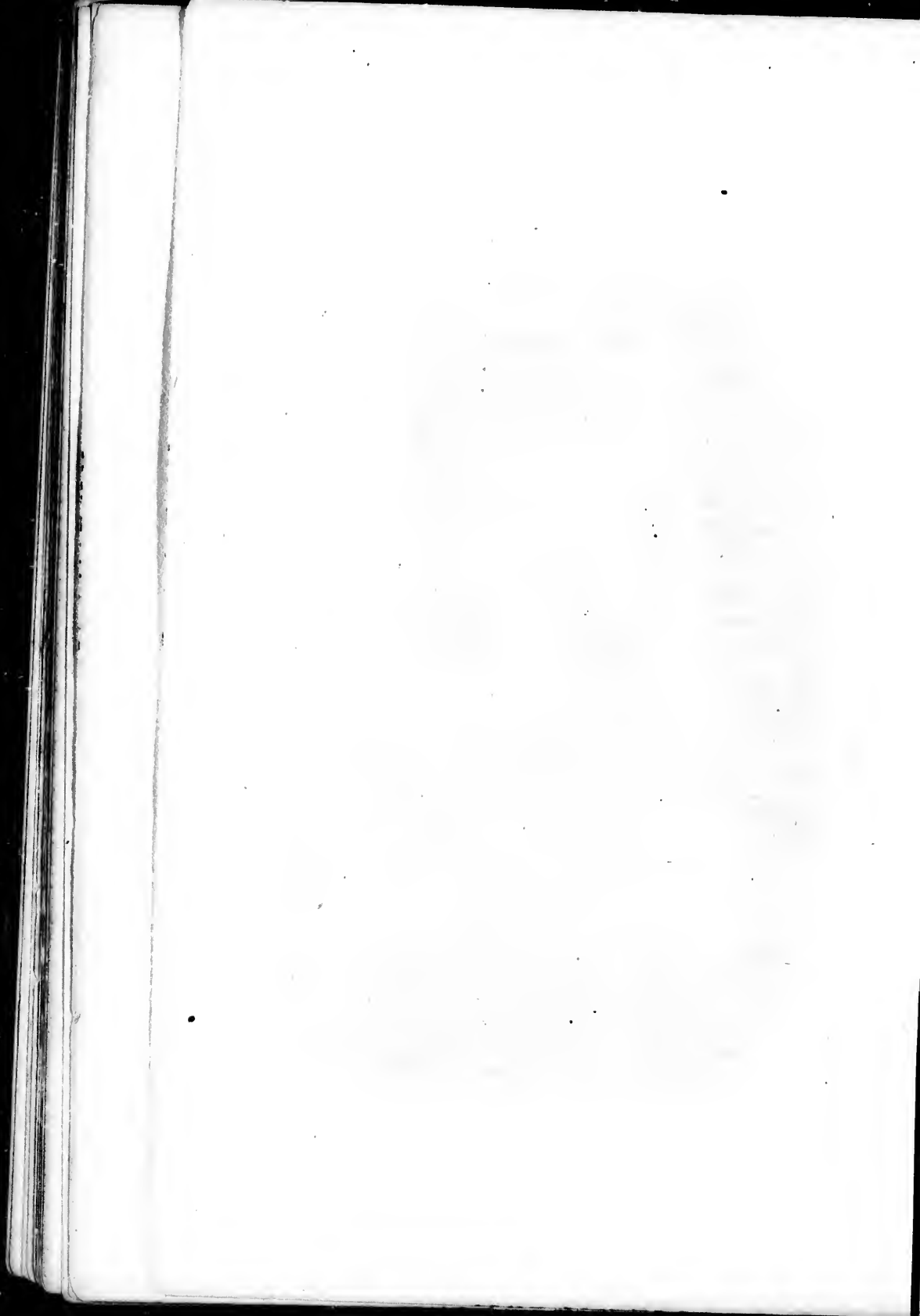
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Empire Spring, Saratoga.





of course, a lighted candle will go out in it, and a mouse will die in it in less than a minute. The water is quite cold, and remains at the same temperature winter and summer. It becomes quite pleasant to the taste after a short time, and the inhabitants drink it to quench thirst.

The water of some of the springs, and especially of the Excelsior, is put up and sent away in barrels, to be sold on draught, but it has been found very difficult to preserve the water in the condition in which it is drawn from the spring. In many of the drug-stores, where it is sold on draught; it is necessary to charge it artificially with the carbonic acid gas which it has lost in transportation. The high price of mineral waters away from Saratoga is owing chiefly to the cost of the bottles and of transportation.

The Congress and Empire Spring Company being unable to procure all the bottles which they needed, have established manufactories of their own at a village near Saratoga, which they have called Congressville, and will thus in future be able to supply the greater demand. If the water could be confined in large quantities so as to retain its gaseous and mineral qualities after transportation, it could be sent away by hundreds of hogsheads, the flow from some of the springs being estimated at between one and two hundred gallons per minute. The flow of the Congress water, however, is not more than two quarts per minute, and but very little of it is now wasted.

DRIVES.—The principal drive, and the only one patronized to any extent, is the dusty road to Moon's Lake House. This is a most delightful place on the shore of Lake Saratoga, which lies below, (down a steep hill,) and is spread out beyond, presenting a most charming view. At the Lake House the prices are high, the game dinners are good, and the fried potatoes are noted all over the world, but can be

imitated nowhere else; they are done up in papers like confectionery, and the gayly-dressed ladies riding home in fine carriages may be seen eating them with their fingers with beatific expressions on their countenances. On either side of the lake the drive is very pleasant. Lake Saratoga is 9 miles in length, and at its broadest part, opposite Snake Hill, is between 4 and 5 miles wide. Formerly, it abounded in trout, but is now filled with the black or Oswego bass, pickerel, muscalonge, and perch.

A small steamboat is run on the lake during the summer time, and stages run from Saratoga to the lake. Lake Saratoga empties by a small stream called Fish Creek into the Hudson.

Coming back by another route to the town, the drive passes Lake Lovely, which is much smaller than Lake Saratoga. On the eastern shore, steep declivities rise up from the water's edge, covered with tangled ferns and hemlocks, some of which, the growth of centuries, rise above their fellows till their tops, resembling so many spires, seem lost in the clouds. In the rainy seasons, very considerable torrents pour down the sides of these precipitous banks, tumbling through the deep ravines and glens into the lake, and in a few places forming cataracts of some magnitude. One of these glens, on the eastern bank of the lake, nearly opposite Abel's Lake House, forms an echo almost as distinct and powerful as the celebrated one in the ruined bastion of the old French fortress at Crown Point. Another small body of water near here is called Barhydt's Lake.

A drive of 16 miles on the road to Mount Pleasant leads to Prospect or Waring Hill, which is 2000 feet above tide-water, and commands a fine view.

The Saratoga Battle Ground is at Stillwater, quite a distance out of town, but easily reached by a carriage-road.

A very beautiful drive, but perhaps a pleasanter ride on the Adirondack Railway, is to Luzerne, (see the article on LAKE LUZERNE elsewhere,) which is situated about 22 miles from the springs. On the border of the lower spurs of the Adirondacks there is fine fishing and hunting; there; the mountain air is exhilarating, and a row on the lake to gather water-lilies is very delightful. Passing from the depot over the Hudson, which is here bridged, and rushes through a narrow gorge of rocks not more than 20 feet wide at places, the traveler finds George Rockwell's hotel, where dinners of trout and venison can be obtained at proper notice, that can not be surpassed. From this hotel a stage goes to Lake George, which is only 10 miles away, and the route is more picturesque than that by way of Moreau.

THE RACE-COURSE

is on the road to Saratoga Lake, only half a mile from the springs. It was laid out by Charles H. Ballard, and is the finest race-course in the country. It is a level mile-track with commodious stands, and is kept in excellent order. The races last about a week.

CHURCHES, ETC.

Saratoga has a Presbyterian, a Baptist, a Methodist, an Episcopalian, a Congregationalist, and a Catholic church. The Universalist Society usually arrange for services at Leland's Opera-House. Ministers from various parts of the country, stopping at Saratoga for a season, frequently fill the pulpits of some of the churches. Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, who has spent his summers at Saratoga for many years, usually preaches nearly every Sunday, and crowds

go to hear him. The Young Men's Christian Association have a fine room and hold daily prayer-meetings.

BURNING OF HOTELS.

Twenty-five years ago, the Pavilion Hotel, which was the favorite resort at that time, was destroyed by fire. The grounds where it stood are now occupied by the Presbyterian church. Since then nearly the whole of the east side of Broadway, from the church to Congress Spring, has been burned over by successive fires. On July 4th, 1864, Dr. Bedortha's water-cure establishment, a famous resort, capable of accommodating 200 guests, was burned, and of a loss of \$75,000 only \$18,000 was covered by insurance.

In June, 1865, the United States Hotel, worth \$300,000, and capable of accommodating 800 guests, was destroyed, and with it also the Marvin House. The Marvin House is rebuilt, but coming down from the depot the ruins of the United States are still seen. The old Congress Hall, valued at \$300,000, and capable of accommodating 800 persons, was burned in the latter part of June, 1866. The Columbian Hotel, valued at \$50,000, was burned August, 1866. It has been rebuilt. No lives have been lost at these fires; but the people of the town have been admonished of the necessity of an efficient fire department, and have established one.

THE ROUTINE OF SARATOGA LIFE.

For a lady: rise and dress; go down to the spring; drink to the music of the band; walk around the park; bow to gentlemen and chat a little; drink again; breakfast; see who comes in on the train; take a siesta; walk in the parlors; bow to gentlemen; have a little small-talk with gentlemen; have some gossip with ladies; dress for din-

ner ; take dinner, an hour and a half ; sit in the grounds and hear the music of the band ; ride to the lake ; see who comes by the evening train ; dress for tea ; get tea ; dress for the hop ; attend the hop ; chat awhile in the parlors and listen to a song from some guest ; go to bed. Varied by croquet ; the ladies' bowling alley ; visit to the Indian encampment ; other springs ; the grand ball once a week or oftener ; a performance now and then at the Opera-House ; and the Races. For a gentleman : smoking on the stoop, billiards, euchre, and the bar, to vary a similar routine. For some, a night at the gambling-houses—Morrissey's, on Matilda street, with open doors and brilliant lights, and Hill's and Hazelboom's, near the Union Hotel grounds.

SYRACUSE—SALT SPRINGS.

The salt springs, at Lake Onondaga, at the head of which (where Onondaga Creek comes in) the city of Syracuse is situated, have been known to the pale-faced race since the middle of the seventeenth century, and are the most valuable in the country, furnishing half the domestic supply. The productive springs are in great part found in the marshy lands surrounding the lake, which is an uninteresting sheet of water, 6 miles long and 1 wide, lying directly upon the side of the Central Railway. A stratum of marl, 3 to 12 feet thick, underlaid by a marly clay, forms an impervious barrier between the water raised from the wells and that of the lake. Wells are sunk or bored in the lowlands around the lake to various depths, from 200 to 300 feet, and from these the salt water is forced up by pumps into the reservoirs from which the evaporating works are supplied.

There are, in the vicinity of the salt-works, and easily

reached by horse-cars from the city, several saline springs whose waters are very popular among the Syracusans, and are growing in favor elsewhere. Occasional visitors delayed over a train seldom fail to drink of the EXCELSIOR, which is, moreover, to be had "bottled" at many towns and villages in Central New-York.

Syracuse may be reached by Hudson River steamboat or rail, and New-York Central Railway direct, 300 miles from New-York, first-class fare by rail, \$6.25. At Oswego, 35 miles north of Syracuse, by Syracuse and Oswego Railway, fare \$1.25, there have been a number of small sulphur springs discovered within 4 years, on the banks of the Oswego River. The lake view, (Ontario,) from the Pier at Oswego, will repay a visitor for his trouble in looking for it.

LEBANON—THERMAL SPRINGS.

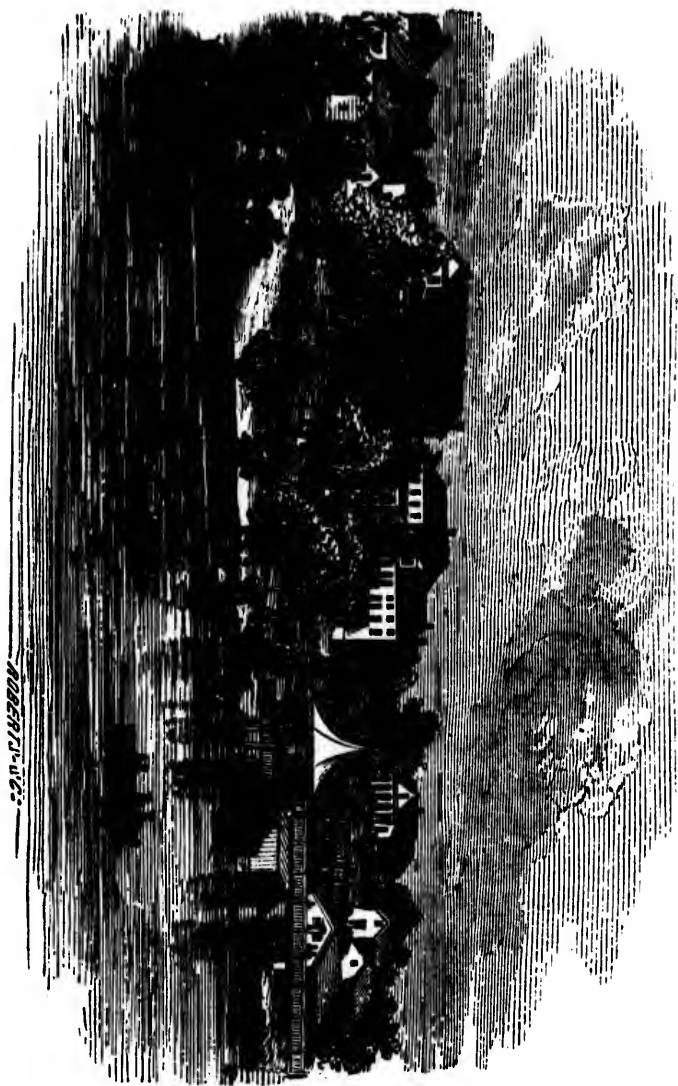
The principal, if not the only, thermal springs in the State of New-York are at New-Lebanon, in Columbia county. There is a great variety of routes: the quickest, by Harlem and Western (Boston and Albany) Railways to Canaan Station, whence stage 5 miles to Columbia Hall, a first-class, excellent hotel, within the grounds of which are the springs. The water holds a permanent temperature of 73 degrees Fahrenheit, and is abundant enough to work a mill. The village of New-Lebanon, or the celebrated Shaker settlement, founded by the disciples of Ann Lee a century ago, is 2 miles from the springs, and is a point of great interest to the visitors there, especially on Sunday when their singular forms of worship may be witnessed. This is the most perfectly arranged and constituted of the 18 Shaker communities, and here the hierarchy of the "Millennial Church" reside. The ride thither is charming,

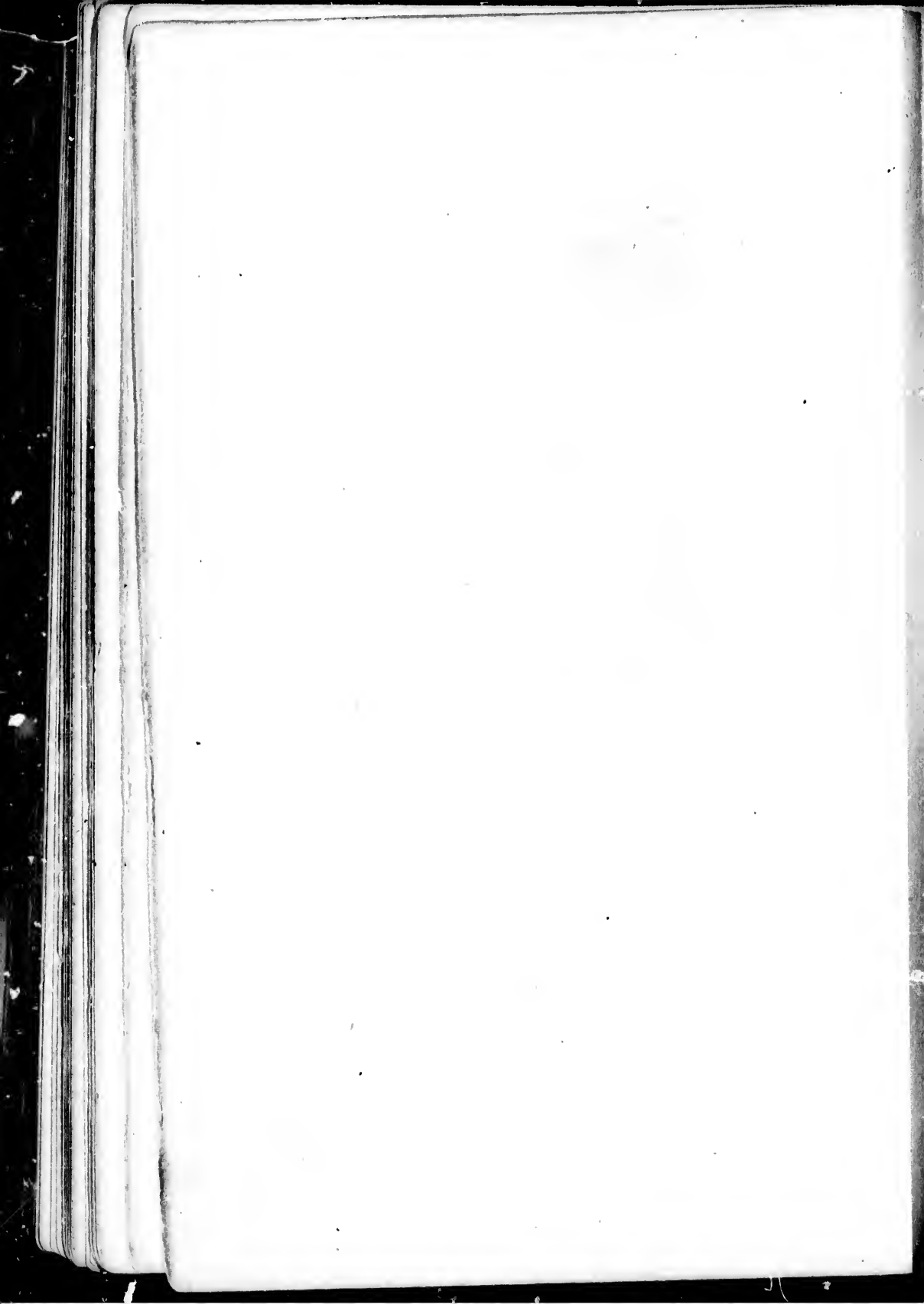
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the society in summer at the Columbia Hall very select, and the whole region one of the most quietly delightful, Sabbath-like retreats to be found. Pittsfield and Williamstown (see articles on WILLIAMSTOWN and HOUSATONIC VALLEY) are about 25 miles distant from the springs.

SULPHUR SPRINGS.

The sulphur waters of the State are found especially at Clifton, Avon, Richfield, Sharon, Columbia, (town of Stockport,) Massena, and Chittenango.

One of the most recently popularized of these resorts is

COLUMBIA.—There are 3 springs which together bear this name, bubbling up in meadow-land, just in view of the Catskills and the Hudson, in the town of Stockport, Columbia county, 4 miles from Hudson. Mr. Charles B. Nash opened the hotel here in 1854, since which time the place has been steadily growing in public favor. Hudson River Railway, or boat, to Hudson, 125 miles from New-York City.

SHARON is one of the most curious watering-places in the State, owing to the existence of 5 different kinds of springs clustered closely together. These are respectively white sulphur, magnesia, (these two the principal ones,) blue sulphur, chalybeate, and pure water. The village and the springs lie in a ravine 900 feet above the valley of the Mohawk, distant 10 miles (stage over plank-road) from Palatine Bridge, a station 201 miles from New-York City, on the Central Railway. The spring waters tumble over a ledge of perpendicular rocks, with a descent of some 65 feet, in sufficient volume and force to turn a mill. The magnesia and the sulphur springs much resemble the White Sulphur of Virginia.

The famous Cherry Valley, of Revolutionary memory, is in the vicinity of Sharon Springs, accessible also from

Palatine Bridge, and from Canajoharie, on the Erie Canal, from which it lies about 26 miles in a south-west direction. Otsego Lake and Cooperstown, famous as the home of the late Fenimore Cooper, the novelist, are also near by. Principal hotel at Sharon, the Pavilion, built in 1835, a first-class, excellent house.

RICHFIELD.—Twenty-two miles west of Sharon is the village of Richfield Springs, half-way between the Mohawk Valley and Cooperstown, (Otsego Lake,) upon a narrow plain near the head of Canaderaja or Schuyler's Lake. The tourist from New-York City will take the river to Albany as before, and the Central Railway to Herkimer, 81 miles from Albany, 227 miles from New-York. The Spring House is the principal hotel, and the springs are situate within its limits. The pretty lake near by affords excellent fishing and lovely roads for driving or sauntering; and Otsego, with its memories of Cooper, besides Cherry Valley, is within a few miles' ride.

CLIFTON.—The Clifton Spa House was erected as a dispensary in 1806, when the springs, then gushing out on the borders of a rough marsh and tangled forest, were visited by invalids from the surrounding country. For 50 years these waters have been famous for their cure of bilious and cutaneous disorders; and yet it is only since 1845, that they have been much known beyond the region of Central New-York. They are now one of the most popular watering-places, perhaps the most so, on the Central Railway. Location, 212 miles from Albany, on the "old (or 'Auburn') road," from Syracuse to Rochester by way of Auburn and Geneva. Passengers going west by the chief trains of the Central Railway are generally obliged to change cars at Syracuse—a good opportunity to stop at Onondaga Lake. (See article entitled SYRACUSE SALT

SPRINGS.) Passengers going east also generally leave the chief trains at Rochester, as the most direct route is through Lyons and Clyde, to the north, and the fast through-trains take this branch route in preference to the Auburn Road. The fare on the New-York Central Railway for any distance, through or way, is always 2 cents per mile.

AVON is a quiet, beautiful resort, situated on that branch of the Erie Railway which connects Rochester with the main road at Corning, a 5 hours' ride. Avon is 20 miles from Rochester, which is 375 from New-York by the Central Road. Passengers from New-York City by the Erie need to buy tickets for Rochester, as the competition makes the fare to that point, though it is further, cheaper than the fare to Corning or Avon. Change cars at Corning. By the Central Road the passenger comes from Albany to Rochester, and riding a half-mile in State street car, from the Central to the Erie depot, takes Erie cars for Avon. The regular fare would be \$7.90 to Rochester, (by Central,) and \$2.50 more to Avon, from New-York; but the summer competition always reduces this to about \$5 or \$6 in all, if the Erie route or the Hudson River boat be taken. The tourist bound for Avon may advantageously stop on his way to visit the three falls of the Genesee at Rochester. (See article on **GENESEE FALLS**.) Knickerbocker Hall is the chief hotel.

There are two springs a mile or less west of the village. Carriages always in waiting at the trains.

MASSENA SPRINGS.—The Massena group of springs, of which the SAINT REGIS is the principal, are situated on the verge of the Raquette River, (a rapid and beautiful stream which rises in the centre of the Adirondack region, and empties into the Saint Lawrence, opposite Cornwall

Island,) and are within 5 miles of the celebrated Long Sault Rapids. The springs belong to the sulphur class, and, it is said, their efficacy was discovered by the natives, who observed that the animals of the neighboring woods used persistently to come to drink their health-giving draughts.

Persons leaving New-York by the afternoon express train on the Harlem Railway arrive in Albany in time to connect with the night train on the Central Railway, with sleeping-cars attached, and without change to Watertown, where sufficient time is allowed for breakfast; then proceeding, arrive at Potsdam Junction about noon. Those who dislike night travel can take the 7.30 morning express train on the Hudson River Railway, and go through to Watertown *via* Central and Rome and Watertown Railways, remain over night at Watertown, (this is one of the most charming little towns in the State,) and take the morning train for the springs as above mentioned. Another very delightful trip may be arranged thus: Take morning boat on Hudson River for Albany, and railway to Saratoga; on leaving Saratoga, take the Saratoga and Whitehall Railway for Moreau Station, connecting with stage for Caldwell's, at the foot of Lake Horicon. The steamer leaves Caldwell's every morning for the upper end of the lake, connecting with morning boats on Lake Champlain, and arriving at Rouse's Point same evening. Sleep on the boat and take early train for Potsdam Junction, where carriages will be found in waiting to convey passengers to the springs. The tourist by this route passes through some of the most picturesque and beautiful scenery in the country. A more rapid trip may be made by taking the morning express trains from New-York, connecting with night boats on Lake Champlain, and arriving

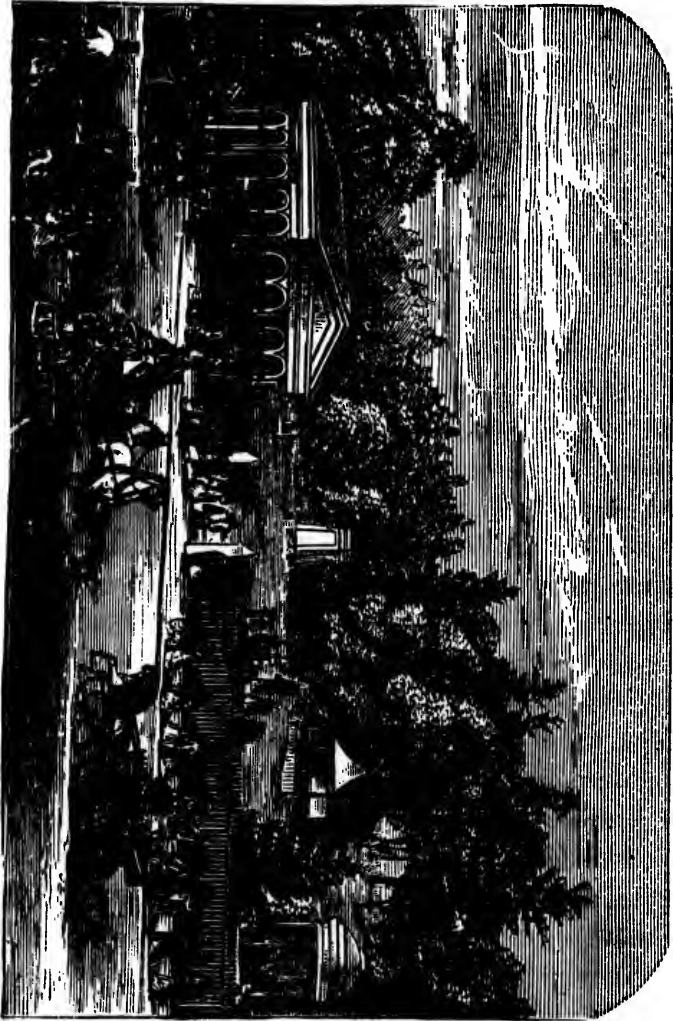
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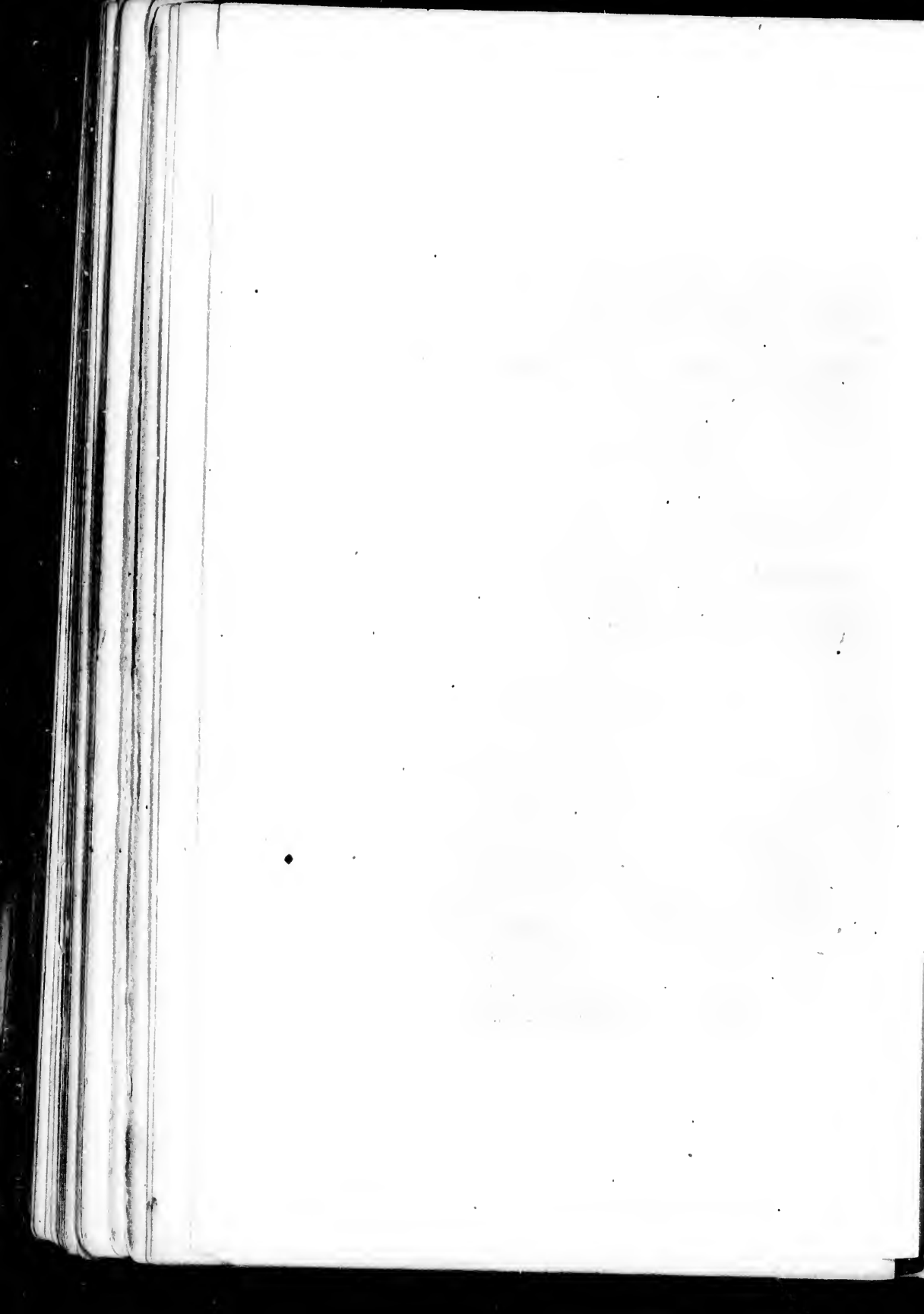
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at Rouse's Point in time to take morning train for Brasher Falls and stage to the springs.

Travelers leaving Boston by the 5 P.M. express train on the Vermont and Canada, and Vermont, Central and Sullivan Railways, go through without change of cars to Rouse's Point, connecting with morning train on the northern (Ogdensburgh) Railway for Potsdam Junction or Brasher Falls.

At the springs there is a lively little village, in which the United States Hotel, Messrs. Crocker & Co. proprietors, affords every convenience necessary to travelers.

CHITTENANGO.—The village of Chittenango, in Madison county, lies on the banks of the Erie Canal, at the entrance to the deep, narrow valley through which the Chittenango Creek, the outlet of Cazenovia Lake, makes its way towards the immense plain that extends from Syracuse to Rome, and over which it flows to Oneida Lake, 8 miles distant. A long mile up the valley from the village, near the eastern bank of the stream, gush out, from a shelving ledge of rocks, the celebrated sulphureous fountains. Along that mile, the hills rise high on each side of the narrow valley, and for a considerable distance the road traverses an oozy swamp, in the midst of which is a small edifice covering the more ancient mineral fountain in that region, known as Yates's Spring. It is now but little visited. There are both sulphur and iron springs, both pronounced by geologists to be the finest in the State. Invalids are much benefited by the baths, under the immediate charge of a physician of high standing and many years' practice, first in Cincinnati and afterward in New-York, in both places gaining an enviable reputation in the profession. The hotels and cottages (there are 4 of the latter) will accommodate 100 boarders, with an excellent table, good

beds, plenty of amusements in the way of bowling, billiards, and croquet. The whole establishment presents a tidy and inviting appearance quite refreshing. The country for miles around abounds in fine scenery, excellent roads, and good fishing.

The best route to this place is by the People's Line of steamers, leaving Pier 41, North River, at 6 P.M., reaching Albany in time for breakfast. The train leaves on the New-York Central Railway at 7 o'clock, arriving at Chittenango station at 12 o'clock, where there are stages in readiness on the arrival of each train to convey passengers to the hotel, where a sumptuous dinner, much needed, will be ready.

CHERRY VALLEY.—Not far from Sharon Springs is Cherry Valley, at the head of the valley of Cherry Valley Creek. It is a small village, in the interesting township of the same name, and has long been well known as the seat of a fine young ladies' academy, the oldest west of Schenectady. The first principal of the institution was the famous Rev. Solomon Spaulding, whose harmless antiquarian, aboriginal novel, written for his own amusement solely, was made the basis of that great fraud—the *Book of Mormon*. Mount Independence, near the centre of the township, is a rocky eminence 2000 feet above the sea. Tekaharanea Falls, 160 feet high, are to be seen on a small creek near by. The sulphur springs, in the vicinity of these falls, are a place of some resort. A new hotel is to be erected this summer, with bath-houses, etc., in the best style of summer resorts. Board may be had at \$5 per week. An additional attraction is to be enjoyed in the brine springs, which are near by, in the village called Salt Springsville. Route, same as to Sharon.

OAK ORCHARD ACID SPRINGS.

The Oak Orchard Acid Springs are situated about 12 miles north-west of Batavia, N. Y., in the town of Alabama, on Oak Orchard Creek. Railway station, Batavia, accessible either by the Erie or the Central road. These curious springs are nine in number, all located within a circle 50 rods in diameter, three of them issuing from a mound within 10 feet of each other. In no two of them is the water alike. They are found, by analysis, to contain, besides other mineral substances, a quantity of free sulphuric acid. Large quantities of the water are bottled and sold. These are the principal acid springs in the State of New-York.

VALLONIA SPRINGS.

A little east of the centre of Broome county, New-York, lies the postal village of Vallonia Springs, in the township of Colesville. It takes its name from the valuable mineral waters which render the place an excellent resort for persons desiring health, country life, and quiet. The charming Susquehanna River is but one mile distant, the town lying upon the uplands 400 to 700 feet above its valley. The scenery of the surrounding country is wild and romantic, and there is abundance of game and fish to delight visitors with more material preferences.

Hotel, the Spring House, J. B. Sands, proprietor. Route from Albany, *via* morning train on the Albany and Susquehanna Railway, 114 miles, to Afton, thence by stage to the house.

BALLSTON SPA, NEW-YORK.

The village of Ballston Spa lies about 7 miles southwest from the great Saratoga Springs. Its mineral

springs, which alone make the place a popular resort, comprise the Sans Souci, Low's Park, the New and the Old Washington, and the Sulphur. With the exception of the last-named, these evidently belong to the same class with the Saratoga group. They may be called acidulo-saline, or carbonated saline waters.

The Sans Souci Hotel, Mr. George Smith, proprietor, is a first-class, large house, well-known and popular.

THE MINERAL SPRINGS OF VERMONT.

THE State of Vermont boasts a number of fine mineral Springs, most of them not very satisfactorily analyzed, and in the north-western corner. For reference to the oldest of the popular springs in the State, those at Clarendon, see sketch of the RUTLAND AND BURLINGTON RAILWAY. Public interest has of late been centring in the comparatively new springs in the towns of Sheldon and Highgate, and on Alburg Bay, close to the Canada and Lake Champlain borders. There are four separate tracts of land occupied with these.

MISSISQUOI. 1

The Missisquoi Springs are situated about 10 miles in a north-easterly direction from Saint Alban's, Vermont, which is the nearest point of railway communication, and 2 miles north of the village of Sheldon. Their name is taken from the beautiful winding Missisquoi River, which flows immediately in front of them. They are 13 in number,

all within the space of an acre of land, and all possessed, apparently, of different mineral qualities, having distinctive tastes and colors, and, so far as tried, proving unlike in effect. One spring is cathartic, although the Missisquoi is not, but is a diuretic; another is offensive to the taste and smell, while the chief one is usually free from all unpleasant odor, and its mineral properties are scarcely perceptible, being only known by its effects. This spring is now called the Missisquoi, and has been known to the few in the immediate neighborhood, for many years, as affording a remedy for cutaneous diseases, although it is only within the last few years that it has risen rapidly in public estimation. The other springs, with a single exception, have been discovered lately. One, the cathartic, is already proving a remedial agent for dyspepsia and diseases of the liver. The specific virtues and uses of the others remain for time to develop. The character of the soil around the springs is peculiar, there being a fine and extensive vein of fuller's earth passing through them, while at the bottom of the Missisquoi are deposits of mineral substances, consisting principally of pyrites and quartz. This spring is from 4 to 5 feet deep, and the water rises in small jets through the minute apertures of a white marble-like hard-pan. Its flow is uniform, neither increasing by rains nor diminishing in droughts. The Missisquoi is the only one of the group that has been analyzed.

Visitors for Missisquoi take the Montreal train from Burlington and stop at Saint Alban's, where they may either remain at the Weldon House, (the finest hotel in Northern Vermont, \$3.50 per day,) or take stage 10 miles for (Wright's) Central Hotel, (\$2.50 to \$3 per day,) at Sheldon. This is in close contiguity to the Vermont Spring, and not very far from the Highgate.

VERMONT SPRING.

This spring is on the southerly bank of the Missisquoi River, about three fourths of a mile from the village of Sheldon, and 2 miles above the Missisquoi Spring. The side-hill rising above the spring is shaded with a beautiful grove of second-growth maple, birch, poplar, and hemlock, and forms one of the chief attractions of the immediate locality. A neat house has been built over the spring, and all necessary appliances are provided for bottling the water after the most approved manner. The curative powers are mostly in the direction of cutaneous diseases. Besides the hotel mentioned above at Sheldon, the farm-houses in the vicinity afford very pleasant accommodations at \$8 or \$10 to \$12 per week, the latter price being the hotel terms. The region is comparatively new and unfamiliar at present, but more public houses are to be erected speedily.

HIGHGATE SPRING

Is in the western part of the township of Highgate, 12 miles from Saint Alban's, and about 1 mile below the Missisquoi Spring, on the river of that name. The railway from Saint Alban's to Montreal passes between the hotel and the spring-house. The Franklin House, large and commodious, is a delightful summer retreat, (terms, \$2.50 to \$3 per day.) In the rear of the hotel, on a gentle eminence, is a grove of native trees, which add greatly to the beauty of the place.

The nearest telegraph station for these three localities is at Saint Alban's.

ALBURG SPRING.

The springs thus far described are located upon the Missisquoi River, 10 to 13 miles inland from Lake Cham-

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plain. The Alburg Spring is at Alburg Bay, standing upon a peninsula between the Canada line, Missisquoi Bay, and the Richelieu or Sorel River, (Champlain outlet,) opposite Grand Isle in the lake. There is a fine hotel here, which will be ready for visitors this summer, June 1st, but will hereafter be open all the year round. The proprietor, Mr. R. J. Severance, may be addressed at "Alburg Springs, Grand Isle county, Vermont." Telegraph station at the railway station, (same name,) one mile from the hotel. Rooms for 150 guests; prices this summer, \$8 to \$20 per week, \$1.50 to \$3.50 per day. Besides the spring, the vicinity is very attractive to tourists, the lake and mountain scenery, particularly the drives along Champlain, being very fine. Phillipsburg and Highgate are 6 miles distant, and the Canada line 8 miles.

HOW REACHED.—The route by which tourists may reach all these springs, is, from New-York, by rail or steamboat to Troy, thence by Troy and Boston, Rutland and Washington, and Vermont Central to the stations as given. At Essex Junction, 5 miles north of Burlington, passengers must see to it for themselves that they are on the right route, as the well-known Vermont Railway disagreements render the railway people very unsatisfactory in their directions.

THE MINERAL SPRINGS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

CRESSON.

CRESSON is situated in Cambria county, Pa., on the line of the Pennsylvania Central Railway, 102 miles from Pittsburg, 254 from Philadelphia, 328 from New-York, and 236 from Baltimore. It is nearly at the summit of the Alleghany water-shed, (on the western slope,) and is 2400 feet above the sea level. A more commanding situation for the hotel might have been chosen than its present one on the summit; but the present one was selected on account of convenience to the railway. The property is owned and controlled by the Cresson Springs Company, and consists of about 300 acres, neatly fenced in from the surrounding wilderness. The improvements are, one large, comfortable hotel, the Mountain House, south of the railway, and a smaller one on the north; also 17 stylish cottages, built on the mountain side, owned principally by wealthy persons from Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Steubenville, etc. These houses, all together, will accommodate about 500 guests, and are usually well patronized, chiefly from the West. Of the salubrity of the climate there can be no question. The benefit which invalids receive from a few days' residence is wonderful. The clearness, purity, and bracing nature of the air are noticed at once. The thermometer rarely reaches 75° in the hottest part of the hottest days of summer. The nights are always cool, and guests sleep under blankets the entire season. Indeed, last season, except during one week, fires were quite welcome both night and morning. The drives around the place are excellent, and abound with fine scenery. Plank walks radiate in all directions, to most enchanting walks.

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The usual amusements common to summer resorts, billiards, ten-pins, etc., etc., may be indulged in, and a fine livery-stable is attached to the Mountain House.

There are 7 springs of different kinds within easy walking distance of the hotel. The chief one, which lies about a quarter of a mile back, is of a chalybeate nature, and its beneficial effects have been experienced by many. This spring is situated on the Old Alleghany (State) Postage Railway, or rather on the ruins of it. This work may be considered as an object of curiosity, showing, as it does, what an ancient railroad was. It was purchased by the Pennsylvania Railway Company in 1854, and abandoned the next year. As it now remains, it looks like a victim to the progressiveness of our age.

Its accessibility makes Cresson one of the most desirable of resorts, as it is on the great short line route between the East and the West, with trains running to all points, indeed, to all the principal cities, without change of cars. For instance, there is no change between Cresson and New-York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and Chicago, and but one to Cleveland. Thus the merchant from these places, bound East, can bring his family here, stop a few days, then leave them, and pursue his journey further; when his business has been transacted, return to Cresson, and escort his brood westward. Hundreds of merchants do this yearly.

The Pennsylvania Railway Company is very obliging to guests at Cresson, and special trains are furnished at a small cost, to persons wishing to view carefully the magnificent scenery along this part of the road—the finest, save that of the Baltimore and Ohio, in the East. The elegant station-house at Cresson serves the double purpose of accommodating the people of the hotels and the passen-

gers from a branch railway, which has its terminus at this place, (the Ebensburg and Cresson branch.)

Within 6 or 7 miles good trout-fishing may be had ; and in its season, there is a fair show of game. Several years ago, there was fine shooting within a short distance, but the hundred trains a day on the railway have scared the game further into the mountains.

Cresson is rapidly improving. This year, the foundations of a large brick hotel will be laid, and ere the season of 1869 arrives, there will be room for upward of 1000 visitors.

The price of board will be fixed this season at \$20 per week, one third being deducted if the visitor rents a cottage. The tables are excellently kept. The first house will be kept, as usual, by that agreeable gentleman, Mr. George W. Mullin, assisted by his brother, Mr. A. Gordon Mullin.

CARLISLE AND DOUBLING GAP.

Carlisle Springs are within a short distance of the village of Carlisle, Pa., and are much patronized by families from Philadelphia and Baltimore, on account of their quiet retirement, as well as the excellent accommodations found there. Doubling Gap Springs are but a few miles away, near Newville, where pure mountain air and varied and attractive scenery may be enjoyed to repletion. These latter springs enjoy rather a local reputation only ; but there is no lack of interest either in the place or the society to be found there. Either of the springs named may be profitably visited by the tourists seeking health or recreation. Route from New-York City, at 8 A.M., by Morris and Essex (the more picturesque) or the New-Jersey Central to Easton, 84 or 72 miles, Eastern Pennsylvania, to

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Reading, 136 miles, and Lebanon Valley Railways to Harris-
 burg, 200 miles ; thence by Cumberland Valley Railway
 to Carlisle, 18 miles, reaching there at about 5 P.M.

For many years Carlisle was distinguished as being the
 most aristocratic place in all the commonwealth of Pennsyl-
 vania ; but it was rather an aristocracy of intellect than of
 wealth. Judge Gibson, late Chief-Justice of the Supreme
 Court of the State, resided here. His legal decisions are
 to-day regarded with deep reverence by the best legal
 minds at the bar. Dickinson College (Methodist) is located
 here, and is flourishing under the management of an able
 corps of professors. Near the suburbs of the borough are
 the beautiful United States barracks, which the rebel
 General Lee was magnanimous enough to spare from de-
 struction during his invasion into Pennsylvania, on account
 of pleasant reminiscences connected therewith, while he
 commanded a cavalry regiment there as an officer of the
 United States. It is within easy walking distance, and is
 always a great point of interest to strangers.

BEDFORD.

Bedford Springs, located one mile from the village of
 Bedford, on the Raystown branch of the Juniata, is an at-
 tractive place for invalid summer resort. The water con-
 tains carbonic acid, sulphate of magnesia, sulphate of lime,
 and muriate of soda. Excellent hotel accommodation for
 visitors.

Route, *via* Huntingdon, on the Pennsylvania Central
 Railway, 106 miles from Harrisburg, 204 from Phila-
 delphia, 151 from Pittsburg ; thence by the Huntingdon
 and Broad Top road to Mount Dallas, 44 miles ; thence by
 stage, 6 miles.

GETTYSBURG.

Since the Katalysine water has come into celebrity as one of the great mineral beverages of the land, Gettysburg must be accounted, oddly enough, among the watering places of interest to the tourist. A new and spacious hotel is to be opened this season, and certainly there are attractions of a certain sort at no point in the country more interesting than at this "high-water mark of the Rebellion." The spring, owned by the Lithea Spring Association, is said to resemble in effect the German Vichy; but it is nearly tasteless. It is situated about 2 miles west of the town.

ROUTE.—From New-York City one may come in one day, by the route given in the sketch of **CARLISLE**, above, to Harrisburg; then along the Susquehanna River on the Northern Central Railway to Hanover, 46 miles, then by the Gettysburg Railway, 30 miles.

A day, well employed, will suffice to show the stranger, at Gettysburg, the battle-field and cemetery, while a second and third may be spent in visiting the springs and the several objects of interest in and around the village. The battle was fought on the 1st, 2d, and 3d of July, 1863, between the Union forces, under General Meade, and the Confederate army, under General Lee, in which the latter was vanquished, with a loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, of 23,000 men. The best approach to the battle-field is that by the Baltimore turnpike, which leads southwardly from the village directly to Cemetery Hill, distant half a mile from the Eagle Hotel. Cemetery Hill forms the central and most striking feature at Gettysburg. Here General Howard established his headquarters; upon this point the heaviest fire of the enemy was concentrated;

and here is most appropriately located the National Cemetery, where are interred a large number of the Union soldiers. It was known as Cemetery Hill long before the battle, the eastern slope of it having been inclosed and used as the village burying-ground. This should also be visited by the traveler. The view from the crest of the hill is open and extended, affording every facility, with the aid of the accompanying map, for following the movements of the respective armies. As the inspection of the cemeteries must be made on foot, the visitor will save time and labor by following the route here indicated. The Village Cemetery, sometimes called the Citizens' Cemetery, in contradistinction to the National or Soldiers' Cemetery, which adjoins it, is entered through a lofty arched gateway from the Baltimore road. Following the main avenue southward, a short walk brings the visitor to a circular lot, well-nigh covered with stones, which are to be used in the construction of a vault. They present an aspect at once striking and suggestive. They cover the spot selected by General Howard on the morning of the engagement as his headquarters, and here the heaviest fire of the rebel batteries, numbering nearly 200 guns, was concentrated. With wise and kindly forethought, that officer had ordered the monuments and tomb-stones which surrounded the spot to be taken down, so that while some were unavoidably injured, comparatively few were destroyed. The marble monument erected to General Gettys, the founder and early proprietor of Gettysburg, which occupies a prominent position on the right of the avenue between the entrance and this lot, is worthy of notice. Standing on Cemetery Hill, the visitor has the key to the position of the Union forces during those eventful "three days of July." Cemetery Hill proper is the termination of the

ridge which runs southward between the roads leading respectively to Taneytown and Emmettsburg. The view from this hill is extensive and varied. Westward the horizon is bounded by the long range of the South Mountain, beyond which lie Chambersburg and Hagerstown. In the same direction, a little to the right, and rather more than a mile distant, is the Seminary, near which began the battle of the 1st, which terminated so disastrously to Reynolds's corps. From Seminary Ridge, General Lee opened a furious bombardment of the Union position on Cemetery Hill. The cemetery is inclosed with a neat railing. On the gateway are inscribed the names (18 in number) of the States represented by those buried within. The monument, the foundation of which was laid November 19th, 1863, will be completed July 4th, 1868. The designer and contractor is James G. Batterson, of Hartford, Ct., and the cost will be \$47,000. It will be 60 feet high, and crowned with a statue of Liberty. At the base of the pedestal are four buttresses, surmounted with allegorical statues, representing War, History, Peace, and Plenty. The monument occupies the crown of the hill, and around it, in semi-circular slopes, are ranged the dead, each State being represented by a separate section. The divisions between the States are marked by alleys and pathways, radiating from the monument to the outer circle, the coffin-rows being divided by continuous granite blocks about 6 inches high, upon which are inscribed the name and regiment of each soldier, as far as ascertained. Between Emmettsburg pike and Cemetery Hill lies the scene of Pickett's bloody and disastrous charge, in which 18,000 men are estimated to have been engaged. Following Cemetery Ridge, and keeping before him Round Top Mountain, says the historian of the Army of the Potomac,

a short walk will bring the visitor to one of the most interesting spots on this famous battle-field. "This is a bunch of wood to which a few—it may be a score or two—of the boldest and bravest that led the van of Pickett's charging column, on the 2d of July, attained. Thus far the swelling surge of invasion threw its spray, dashing itself to pieces on the rocky bulwark of Northern valor. Let us call this the high-water mark of the Rebellion." Seminary Ridge, College Hill, Culp's Hill, Round Top, and Little Round Top, are generally visited. Willoughby Run, where General Buford's cavalry held in check the rebel column under Hill for nearly two hours, is pointed out.

THE MINERAL SPRINGS OF VIRGINIA.

THE hotel charges at these Springs will not exceed \$3, nor be lower than \$2.50 per day, and will be about \$80 per month. Excursion tickets, at reduced rates, will be furnished during the summer by the New-Jersey Railway and Transportation Company, foot of Cortlandt street, New-York City.

Travelers from every portion of the Union can now, by railway, reach Covington, the present terminus of the Virginia Central road, about 20 miles distant from the White Sulphur.

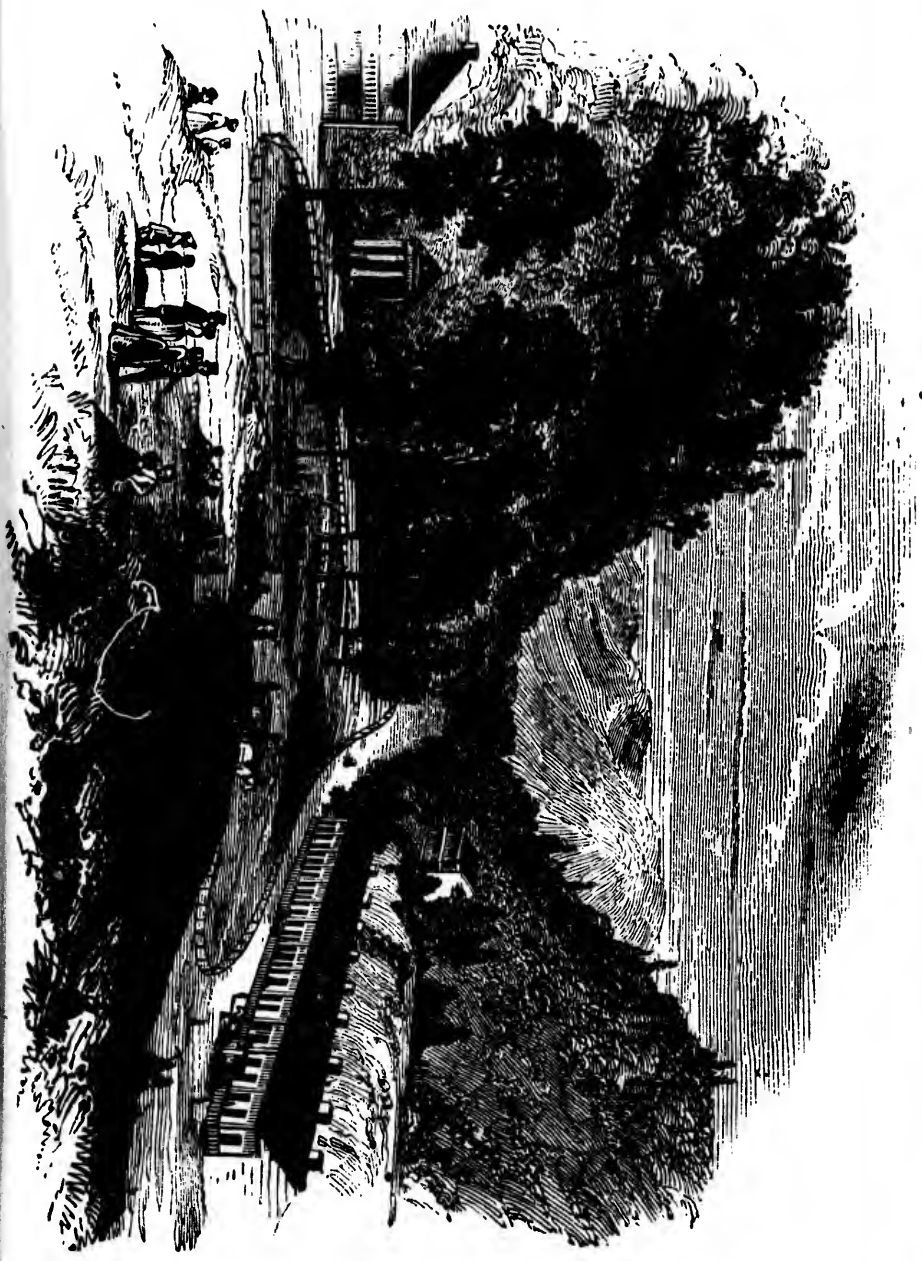
Persons wishing to reach the Springs from the North and East, as well as those from the South, who pass through Petersburg or Richmond, should make Staunton, 100 miles east of the Springs, a point in their travel.

Those traveling from the South or South-west have a continuous chain of railway routes, either by way of Richmond or by Knoxville, Tenn. Those taking the lat-

NAMES OF SPRINGS.	COUNTIES.	NEAREST RAILWAY STATIONS.	NAMES OF RAILWAYS.	STAGING DISTANCES.	NAMES OF HOTEL PROPRIETORS.
Rockbridge, (alum,)	Rockbridge,	Goshen,	Virginia Central,	8	W. Frazier.
Rockbridge Alum Bath,	"	"	"	12	Mayo & Harmon.
Bath, (alum,)	Bath,	Milburn,	"	10	Joseph Baxter.
Bath, (warm,)	"	"	"	15	George Mayse.
Healing,	"	Covington,	"	15	Col. Ewbank.
Hot,	"	"	"	18	J. MacClurg.
White Sulphur,	Greenbrier,	"	"	21	G.L. Peyton & Co.
Sweet,	Monroe,	"	"	24	Carroll & Co.
Red Sweet,	Alleghany,	"	"	23	Joseph Kelly & Co.
Salt Sulphur,	Monroe,	"	"	45	Harrison & Co.
Red Sulphur,	"	"	"	62
Stribling's,	Augusta,	Staunton,	"	12	Heffelfinger & Co.
Capon,	Warren,	Strasburg,	Orange, Alexandria & Manassas.
Coyner's,	Roanoke,	Bonsack's,	Virginia & Tennessee.	½

Red Sulphur, Stribling's, Capon, Coyner's,	" Augusta, Warren, Roanoke,	" Staunton, Strasburg, Bonsack's,	" " Orange, Alexandria & Manassas. Virginia & Tennessee.	62 12 .. ½ Heffelfinger & Co.
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White Sulphur Springs, Virginia.



ter route may proceed from Knoxville by way of Lynchburg to Charlottesville, where they take the cars on the Central road by way of Staunton to Covington ; or, if they prefer, they may leave the cars at Bonsack's, and proceed in stage-coaches, about 63 miles, to the White Sulphur.

Persons traveling from the West ought either to take the cars at Memphis and proceed by way of Knoxville, or come by way of the Baltimore and Ohio road to Washington, and thence by Staunton to Covington. On either of these routes, after leaving the railway, the traveler will find excellent stage-coaches to convey him without delay, over well-graded roads and amidst beautiful mountain scenery, to the Springs.

As soon as the Covington and Ohio road, which connects with the Virginia Central, is completed to the White Sulphur, which will soon be the case, there will be continuous railway routes to the Springs from every great section of our country. Even now there is great expedition in the travel, there being but 20 miles of necessary staging to reach them from any quarter. Travelers at this time leaving Baltimore, Washington, or Richmond in the morning, can, with comfort, arrive at the White Sulphur to breakfast the following morning, or at a much earlier hour if it were desired.

THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS.

ROUTES.

Travelers to any of the principal springs in the mountains of Virginia, either from the North, East, or West, to avail themselves most largely of railway facilities, must necessarily make Staunton a point in their journey.

From Staunton, the Rockbridge and Bath Alum, the Warm, Hot, Healing, White Sulphur, Salt, and Red Sul-

phur Springs, are conveniently reached by railway, with small amount of staging, and in the order in which they are here set down. The Sweet, and Red Sweet (now called the Sweet Chalybeate) Springs are on the same general route, and are reached by a *détour* of 17 miles from the White Sulphur.

The Yellow, the Montgomery White, the Alleghany, Coyner's, and Blue Ridge Springs, are reached by the traveler going east on the Virginia and Tennessee Railway, in the order in which they are here enumerated.

SWEET CHALYBEATE SPRINGS.

These springs, so well known to the public who have been in the habit of visiting the Virginia springs, are situated on the southern border of Alleghany county, 1 mile west of the Old Sweet Springs, and 16 south-east of the Greenbrier White Sulphur. They are 20 miles from Covington, the present terminus of the Virginia Central Railway, with which they are connected by a good road, over which stage-coaches run daily through the summer season.

They are 48 miles west from Bonsack's Depot, on the Virginia and Tennessee Railway, and a like distance from Salem Depot, on the same road. Between these depots and the springs, good coaches run daily during the watering season.

These springs were formerly known by the name of the "Red Sweet," from their abundant red deposit of ferruginous matter, and their general resemblance to the waters of the Old Sweet Springs.

But many of the friends of the waters have advised that they be called Sweet Chalybeate Springs, with a view of enabling the public more clearly to distinguish between them and the "Old Sweet," which are but 1 mile distant.

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name, not only because it will enable the distant public and strangers in our mountains to distinguish more readily between the two springs, which, although similar in the character of their waters in some respects, differ essentially in some others, and especially in reference to the relative amount of iron contained in each. In these springs, a very large relative amount of that ingredient prevails; there is thought to be a peculiar propriety in designating them Sweet Chalybeate, inasmuch as the name chalybeate better conforms to a correct nomenclature of calling waters after the leading and most efficient ingredients in their composition.

It would seem desirable, indeed, that a general reformation should take place in the naming of our mineral fountains, by which their names would more meaningly and clearly convey correct ideas of their medicinal qualities. This, while it would conform to the demands of modern chemistry, at the same time would save the stranger and the uninitiated from the common mistake of confounding waters of dissimilar chemical and medicinal character; and this, mainly, in consequence of the unmeaning but often similar names which they bear.

As samples of this inconvenience, fruitful of error, it may be mentioned that we have perhaps a score of sulphur waters in the State, designated as "White;" several under the initiatory cognomen of "Blue," "Gray," and "Black;" and three springs in this immediate region, of which this is one, whose distinctive designation is "Red." These facts, which might be extensively multiplied, are cited to show the reasonableness, nay, the importance, of correcting the nomenclature of our springs, and in apology for the desire, that these heretofore known as the Red Sweet may hereafter be known as the Sweet Chalybeate.

The property upon which these springs are situated was purchased many years ago by a gentleman of South-Carolina, in reference to its medicinal waters, and the valuable land that surrounds them. Subsequently, it was owned and considerably improved by Mr. Philip Rodgers, who for many years kept the old Sweet Springs. In 1845, the property came into the possession of John R. Sampson, Esq., who made valuable additions to the improvements. It was afterward owned and kept with great reputation as a watering-place for several years by Mr. C. Bias. The present owner purchased the property in 1862. The spring buildings, now in good repair, are ample for the accommodation of not less than 400 persons.

ROUTES.—From any point North or West, *via* Washington, Gordonsville, Staunton, to Covington, by rail; thence by a line of stage-coaches 20 miles to the springs.

Travelers from the South-west, on the Virginia and Tennessee Railway, have their choice of pursuing the railway line by way of Lynchburg to Covington, or of leaving the cars at Salem or Bonsack's, and taking stage-coaches 40 miles across the mountains to the springs.

Those traveling from the South, *via* Petersburg or Richmond, have an option to pass up the Central Railway to Covington, or to take the South Side Railway to Lynchburg, and the Virginia and Tennessee Railway to Bonsack's or Salem, and thence stage-coaches to the springs.

There are daily communications by stage between these springs and the White Sulphur, and also with the Alum, Healing, Hot, and Warm Springs.

SALT SULPHUR SPRINGS.

The Salt Sulphur Springs, three in number, are about 24 miles south from the White Sulphur, in Monroe county,

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and near Union county-seat. They are surrounded by mountains: Peter's Mountain south and east, the Alleghany to the north, and Swope's Mountain to the west, near the base of which are the springs themselves. Messrs. Erskine and Caruthers own the property, and can accommodate 350 guests.

The Salt Sulphur was discovered in consequence of having been observed as a favorite "lick" for deer and buffaloes, by Mr. Erwin Benson, in 1805. It is inclosed in a marble reservoir two feet square and two feet ten inches deep, with a pavilion.

The Iodine or New Spring was discovered by the proprietors in 1838, while opening a drain for the water of the first. Owing to a large deposit of sulphur, in combination with some peculiar organic matter which floats as a pellicle on the surface, this water is less limpid than that of the Salt. Under a strong sun it occasionally deposits a beautiful pink sediment.

The Upper or Old Spring was discovered by Mr. Alexander Hutcherson, in 1803, while searching for salt water on Indian Creek. The water of this is now almost exclusively used for the baths, having been superseded as a drink by the Salt Sulphur proper.

RED SULPHUR.

The Red Sulphur Springs are in the southern part of Monroe county, 42 miles from the White Sulphur, 17 from the Salt, 39 from the Sweet, and 32 from the Blue Sulphur Springs. They have been famous for more than fifty years, and have accommodations for 350 guests.

A few miles to the south-west is a recently improved sulphur spring on New River, Giles county. The waters, not yet analyzed, belong to the sulphur class. The ac-

commodations are good, and the vicinity is highly attractive and romantic. The celebrated Salt Pond is near by Route, stage from Newbern or Christiansburg, on the Virginia and Tennessee Railway, or from the Red, Salt, or Montgomery White Sulphur Springs.

SWEET SPRINGS.

The sweet springs are in the eastern part of Monroe county, 17 miles south-east of the White Sulphur, and 22 east of the Salt Sulphur; discovered, 1764; the first in this section of the State. Analyzed in 1774 by Bishop Madison, President of William and Mary College. The location is in a beautiful valley, 5 miles long, by a half mile to three fourths wide; bounded on the north by the Alleghanies, and south by the Sweet Spring Mountain. Accommodations for 600 to 700 guests, and these are to be doubled soon. Contents, salt, iron, and earth.

HOT SPRINGS.

The Hot Springs are in Bath county, 35 miles north-east of the White Sulphur, and 21 west of Millborough Depot. There are six baths, at different temperatures, from 100° to 106° of heat. In each of these, arrangements are made for the sweat, plunge, or *douche* bath.

WARM SPRINGS.

The Warm Springs are situated in a narrow valley at the western base of the mountain bearing their name, in Bath county, 50 miles west of Staunton, and 5 miles north-east of the Hot Springs. Their reputation is 80 years old and more. They were early in great favor, and were frequented before any other in the State but the Sweet Springs were known.

HEALING SPRINGS.

Bath county is named for its thermal springs, for which the chain of valleys which lie at the base of the Warm Spring Mountain is so remarkable. This is located in Falling Spring Valley, the southernmost of the group. There are three separate fountains here ; two close to each other, and the third 200 yards distant, in the same ravine. Uniform temperature, 84° Fahrenheit. They have not been analyzed. No accommodations were provided here for a long time, owing to a bitter feud between the parties to whom the tract belonged ; but the great demand of late for mineral waters has somewhat improved the condition of the place. See the table of Virginia Springs.

ROCKBRIDGE ALUM.

Being outside the great "spring circle," this valuable fountain was long neglected, though known 60 years ago ; but there are now accommodations for 600 to 800 visitors, which will probably be much increased by the opening of the present season. Messrs. Frazier & Randolph are the proprietors. There are five fountains, each slightly differing from the other, percolating through a heavy slate-stone cliff. A chalybeate spring adds attraction to the place, a few hundred yards from the others.

BATH ALUM.

The Bath Alum Springs are situated near the eastern base of the same mountain, on the main stage-road from Staunton to the Warm Springs themselves, 45 miles west of the former and 5 east of the latter. The grounds have been improved within 5 years by Mr. John W. Frazier. The waters fall from a slatestone cliff, 12 or 15 feet high. Good and extensive accommodations may be had here.

ROCKBRIDGE BATHS.

These are in Rockbridge county, on the stage-road from Lexington to Goshen depot, on the Virginia Central Railway, about midway. There are two baths, and hotel accommodations for 150 to 200 guests.

DAGGAR'S SPRING.

Daggar's Spring is in the extreme north-western corner of Botetourt county, 30 miles east of the Alleghanies, and just at the western base of the Garden Mountain, on the main road from Lynchburg to White Sulphur Springs, by way of the James River Canal. The Natural Bridge of Virginia is 19 miles west, by a direct road, and 28 miles by way of Buchanan, the usual route. The spring takes its name from its discoverer, who opened the place for a resort, some 40 years ago. Mr. Shields is the present proprietor, and he finds places for 200 guests, at his popular hotel. The society here is chiefly local, and most agreeable. The spring is of the sulphur class. Distance from the White Sulphur, the Sweet, and the Sweet Chalybeate Springs, each about 43 miles.

COLD SULPHUR.

This is 7 miles east of Rockbridge Alum, and 2 miles west of Goshen depot, Rockbridge county, on the Virginia Central Railway. Accommodations for 100 guests, at Mr. Leech's hotel.

VARIETY SPRINGS

Is the appropriate name given to a series of fountains impregnated with alumina, iron, sulphur, the characteristics of the Healing Spring, etc. They are situated in Augusta county, 17 miles west of Staunton, near Pond Gap Station, Virginia Central Railway. The springs are quite

new, and the accommodations are yet incomplete; but considerable local patronage has been already bestowed.

STRIBLING'S.

This popular watering-place, 30 years old, was named for its first energetic proprietor, Mr. Erasmus Stribling. Location, 13 miles north of Staunton, in Augusta county; stage communication. These are sulphur, alum, and chalybeate springs. The climate here is peculiarly good, and visitors stay quite late in the season.

RAWLEY'S SPRING

Is called the best chalybeate water in Virginia. It is situated on the southern slope of the North Mountain, in Rockingham county, 12 miles north-west of Harrisonburg, and 120 miles north-east of the White Sulphur. Accommodations for 150 guests.

BURNER'S SPRINGS, OR THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS,

Are situated on the western base of Massanutten Mountain, in Shenandoah county. Reached from Woodstock, 8 miles. The central spring is sulphur, the others are free-stone, slate, limestone, and carbonic acid.

SHANNONDALE.

On a peninsula of the Shannondale River, called the Horseshoe, in Jefferson county, are three springs, similar to the celebrated Bedford water—saline chalybeate. Accommodation for 150 persons; scenery unsurpassed.

BATH OR BERKELEY SPRINGS.

The Berkeley Springs, in the town of Bath, Morgan county, were very famous in the colonial times, when the accommodations were eminently primitive. The amuse-

ments in those days were of a character not now deemed most fitting for the quiet elegance of a watering-place. After the Revolution, the accommodations were greatly improved and increased ; but Saratoga and the White Sulphur began to rival Berkeley, and their superior arrangements soon left her far behind in the race. In 1844, a fire destroyed fourteen buildings, and one half the hotel accommodation. In 1845, however, Col. John Strother, lessee of the property, commenced building an elegant hotel, which was finished in 1848. This, and the completion of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, have restored the ancient prosperity of Berkeley Springs ; and now she entertains in every season some 1200 to 1500 visitors. There are three large springs, and a number of smaller ones, forming a bold and beautiful stream which, lower down, supplies a number of mills with water-power. The water is light, sparkling, and tasteless. Elegant accommodations for bathing ; the ladies' building has nine private baths, and a plunge bath 30 by 16 feet, of white marble ; and that for gentlemen has ten bathing-rooms, with a swimming-bath 60 by 20 feet. Strother's Hotel will accommodate 400 persons ; O'Ferrall's, 150 ; other places, 150 more.

There are several other yet unimproved sulphur and chalybeate springs, of which Ornick's and Capon are the chief.

ROUTE.

By Baltimore and Ohio Railway to Sir John's Depot, 130 miles west of Baltimore, and 49 miles east of Cumberland ; thence $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles by stage to the springs.

YELLOW SPRINGS.

The Yellow Springs are situated in an elevated part of Montgomery county, 4 miles from Christiansburg, on the

Virginia and Tennessee Railway. They are 5 miles from Montgomery White Sulphur, 13 from the Alleghanies, 35 from Salt Sulphur, and 60 from Greenbrier White Sulphur. The hotel buildings here are new, pleasant, and well-shaded by great forest-trees. The resort dates back 60 years.

OHIO WHITE SULPHUR SPRING.

Near the geographical centre of Ohio, in Delaware county, on the west bank of the Scioto, surrounded by a country broken, hilly, and beautiful, are the famous White Sulphur Springs of Ohio. The place has been known as Hart's Spring, for more than 20 years. The buildings of the public houses are pleasantly placed on an undulating plateau 120 feet above the Scioto, 800 feet back. There are accommodations for 600 guests. Bath-houses of all the improved kinds, with steam-heating apparatus, are provided. The steady force with which the sulphur water is expelled from its subterranean channel is one of the wonders of nature, quite unexplained hitherto.

Near this Sulphur Spring are three other mineral fountains, respectively chalybeate, magnesian, and saline chalybeate.

THE BLUE LICK SPRINGS OF KENTUCKY.

Sulphurous saline waters are found in several fountains on the bank of Licking River, in Nicholas county, 24 miles from the Ohio, and on the main road from Maysville to Lexington. Salt was manufactured here until within 18 years. The waters are among the most popular in the country, being extensively sent out for commerce, as well as used by the visitors.

TRENTON FALLS.

Few of the many places of resort in our country give more thorough satisfaction to the visitor than Trenton Falls. Not only are the falls magnificent as a spectacle of natural beauty, but their vicinity includes localities equally charming. Indeed, were there no cataract at all, the magnificent gorge through which the stream runs, and the rich beauty of its banks, would alone repay the visitor.

There are two hotels at the falls, the finest being Moore's Trenton Falls House. Mr. Moore, who was formerly a New-York merchant, came into possession of the property a number of years ago, and, leaving the excitement of business life in the metropolis, devoted his attention to this delightful spot. He added considerably to the buildings, and, being a man of refined, artistic taste, imparted to it all the graces with which culture and taste adorn a home. Indeed, this is the peculiar charm of the Trenton Falls Hotel. It is not a mere hotel, but, even to the transient traveler, is a beautiful home. Its rooms are quietly and elegantly furnished; its walls are hung with rare paintings and engravings, while here and there are displayed original sketches by some of our leading artists, to whom Trenton Falls is a familiar haunt. In the music-room is a large and superior pipe-organ, and among the guests can usually be found some one or more who know how to elicit its rich harmonies.

In more material features, this hotel is not wanting. The rooms are clean and spacious, and no one could ask for a better table. Dinner is served at about one o'clock, and tea on the arrival of the coach bringing passengers from the railway station. The advent of this vehicle, which also carries the mail, is one of the daily excitements at this place, and the guests always throng the wide and

cheerful piazza to look among the new-comers for any friends to whom they may add their greetings to the cordial welcome which this attractive hotel always seems to extend to the travelers who may seek its pleasant hospitality.

Visitors thus usually reach Trenton Falls just before tea. The route from New-York is by the Hudson River Railway or steamboats to Albany, thence by the New-York Central Road to Utica, where passengers take the Black River Road, and, after a couple of hours' ride northward, reach the Trenton Falls Station. Here, coaches are in waiting to convey them direct to the hotel.

After a night's rest, the exploration of the vicinity begins. Directly behind the house is a woodland grove, and a path winding through it brings one to the brink of the river near the first fall. There is also a steep staircase leading directly down to the edge of the stream, which just below the hotel emerges from the magnificent ravine through which it courses, to meander through smiling meadows and quiet farms. A path has been cut along the edge of this ravine, and it is quite possible to ascend the stream to beyond the highest fall, thus exploring at leisure all its numerous beauties. At this starting-point the visitor find the river to be very narrow—in times of drought not over 10 feet wide, and in seasons of freshets over 20—and hemmed in on either side by perpendicular walls of rock. Forty-five rods below is the outlet of the chasm, and 37 rods above, the first fall. The pathway in this latter direction has been blasted under an overhanging rock, and, though apparently dangerous, is in reality quite safe to all excepting the peculiarly nervous. Thousands of ladies every year pass along this narrow way, but there is no record of accident. At some points this pathway is as much as 20 feet above the level of the stream, and the

rapids are here peculiarly grand. In a few moments **SHERMAN'S FALL** is reached, the water dashing over an immense parapet of rock, while on either side the rocky walls of the gorge ascend in sheer precipices to a fearful height. The pathway leads over broken rocks, continually ascending until the delighted visitor finds himself on a level with the parapet wall, whence he can gaze down into the chasm of dashing waters. Of course, the force and beauty of this fall varies with the condition of the stream ; but even when the water is at the lowest, it is still grand, and, indeed, were there no water at all, the chasm itself and wild grandeur of distorted rocks around would render the spot a notable one. The falling water here often takes a rich amber hue.

Beyond this fall the stream grows wider. More rapids are passed, and the pathway leads under a mass of projecting rock where all visitors must bend low. Just beyond this point a vast flat rock expands out toward the middle of the stream, and, stepping upon this, a full and glorious view of the **HIGH FALLS** is suddenly obtained. Mr. Sherman's excellent description, written thirty years ago, is still exactly applicable : " The eye, elevated at a considerable angle, beholds a perpendicular rock 100 feet high, extending across the opening in a diagonal line from the mountainous walls on each side, rising 70 or 80 feet still higher. Over this the whole river descends, first perpendicularly about 40 feet, the main body rushing to the left. On the right it pours down in a beautiful white sheet. For a short distance in the middle the rock is left entirely naked, exhibiting a perpendicular and bold breast work, as though reared by art to divide the beautiful white sheet on the one side from the overwhelming fury of the water on the other. They unite on a flat below ; then, with a tumultuous foam, veer suddenly down an inclina-

tion of rocky steps, whence the whole river is precipitated into a wide, deep, and dark basin, 40 feet underneath, mountainous walls rising on each side of the stream nearly 200 feet, tall hemlocks and bending cedars extending their branches on the verge above, small shrubbery variegating here and there their stupendous and naked sides. On the right of the basin a charming verdure entirely overspreads a smoothly rounding and majestic prominence, which reaches half-way up the towering summit, and over the whole sky mingles with retiring evergreens, until, verging in perspective to the distant angle of incidence, they are lost in the ethereal expanse beyond. Such are the High Falls, which the pen may faintly describe, and of which the pencil may portray the outline; but Nature reserves to herself the prerogative of giving to her visitors the rapturous impression."

One of the most delightful times at which to visit this bewitching spot is late in the afternoon, when the shadow from the hill and forest on the west bank of the stream begins to creep up the rocky front of the eastern side, driving the rich sunlight up the red rock and from the richly variegated foliage. At the summit of the falls a rude house of refreshment has been built, from the balcony of which a fine view may be obtained of the falls and of the river beyond.

For the charms of this enchanting locality do not end here. About 40 rods further up the stream—now stretching out into a wide though shallow river—is the so-called Mill Dam Fall, 14 feet high and extending across the entire stream. When the water is high, this fall is exquisitely beautiful, for its graceful uniformity is then broken by a series of semi-circular jets of water formed by projecting bits of rock, between and not over which the

water runs when the stream is low. Friendly boulders lie on the bed of the river a few rods below this fall, by means of which it is frequently possible to get almost to the middle of the stream.

A little further on, the river again suddenly contracts, forming that scene of wild beauty known as the ALHAMBRA, including a cascade. Still further (after passing a curious circular hole, 5 or 6 feet deep, and called both the POTASH KETTLE and JACOB'S WELL) is the extraordinary spot known as THE ROCKY HEART, where the water, in its circumscribed limits, has worn for itself a deep hole or bay, in the outline of which the imaginative can discern the shape of a heart. It is only safe to pass a few rods beyond this point, a huge projecting rock forming a sudden end to the hitherto convenient pathway. Looking up the chasm from this point, it still appears most wildly inviting; and it is well that the tourist's route ends at this climax of wild beauty; for a few rods further the gorge ends, and the tamer scenery of low banks and cultivated fields is resumed.

To those interested in geology, the vicinity of Trenton Falls offers special attractions. There is an abundance of fossil remains, and the various strata of the rocks are displayed to the greatest possible advantage. Mr. Sherman—who, by the way, built the hotel at the Falls and first directed public attention thereto—includes in his account from which we have already quoted an interesting treatise on these geological formations. It is contained in an elegant little volume, edited by the late N. P. Willis, entitled *Trenton Falls, Picturesque and Descriptive*, to be had at the hotel. Mr. Willis, by the way, was a great admirer of this delightful spot, and frequently wrote about it in the *Home Journal*, besides describing it more fully

in a story called *Edith Linsey*, one of his earliest productions. Mrs. Fanny Kemble has devoted to it a graceful ode, and hundreds of newspaper writers have made it the subject of communications more or less appropriate. In every instance this beautiful stream and its noble cascades have received unstinted praise, to which every fresh visitor adds his or her approving word. Many, fresh from Niagara, declare their preference for Trenton Falls; but the two are so utterly different that they can not be fairly compared. At Trenton there is little of that impressive immensity that is the awful peculiarity of Niagara; but in mere *beauty* and variety it is superior.

WALKS.—The vicinity of Trenton Falls offers some delightful rambles. It is worth while to go to the bridge which crosses the stream a short distance below the chasm, cross it, and ascend the sloping hills beyond, whence there is a fine view of the surrounding country with its rolling elevations and its richly cultivated fields. While on this side of the river it is well to follow a comparatively unfrequented pathway through the woods along the summit of the cliff, occasionally catching glimpses of the river rolling turbulently far below in its narrow gorge, and to persevere until the High Falls is reached. Another pleasant walk is along the banks of the stream, on the same side with the hotel, to Prospect Village, 3 miles distant. Here is another fall, a bridge, with a gloomy ravine, and a picturesque old mill, forming altogether a scene of rare beauty, though far different in character from those previously described. Indeed, this cascade at Prospect is not sufficiently appreciated; but no visitor to Trenton should leave the locality without witnessing this charming sight. Among other places of interest in the vicinity are the Trout Ponds, Cold Brook, Hinkley's Mills, Baron Steuben's Monument

at Remsen, and Star's Hill, commanding a fine view. These localities are rather too distant from the hotel to be included under the head of "walks," and should be visited in carriages. The view from Star's Hill includes the whole region of country southward to the Mohawk and to the hills of Clinton and Sharon; to the west, Lake Oneida can be seen, and to the east the mountains of Vermont and the Adirondack range. Far to the north stretches that vast primeval forest which covers so large a portion of Northern New-York, and extends in its unbroken solitude even to the distant Saint Lawrence.

HOW LONG TO STAY.—Trenton Falls are often visited by picnic parties, who arrive in the morning, stay a few hours, and depart in the afternoon. Such is the custom of too many tourists. Of course, in even this brief interval it is possible to walk through the gorge from the staircase near the hotel to the Rocky Heart, and to gain even a vivid impression of the Falls; but this hurried visit is by no means thoroughly satisfactory. It seems almost sacrilegious to gulp down, as it were, in one brief day the rare beauties of this exquisite shrine of nature. To fully appreciate it, one should see the scenery by the rich light of late afternoon and early twilight, and, if possible, by moonlight too. Even these two days will not allow time enough to visit the places of interest in the vicinity, and a week is not too much for even the transient tourist to devote to this charming locality. If detained over the Sabbath, places of worship will be found at Trenton Village, including the oldest Unitarian church in the State.

EXPENSES.—Mr. Moore, at his first-class hotel, charges less than in most other hotels of the same rank. By the week, we believe, the price is \$21, and by the day not more than \$4, if as much.

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Falls of Minnehaha, Minnesota.



GENESEE FALLS.

The Falls of the Genesee River, at Rochester, are to be reached either by the New-York Central or the Erie Railway. Rochester is 375 miles distant from the metropolis by the former, and 385 by the latter route. A sketch of the "Flour City" may be found in the article entitled **NEW-YORK CENTRAL RAILWAY**. Hotels: the Osburn, Brackett, Congress, and Clinton; the first most remote, the last a quarter-mile distant, and the other two close to the Central depot and nearest the Falls. The city horse-cars run to a point below the third fall, about 4 miles from the Central depot, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ or 5 from the Erie or "Valley" depot. The Middle Fall is also, owing to the position of the road, convenient of access from the great highway from the city to Lake Ontario, the favorite summer drive of Rochester people. Public hacks may be found at any street corner. Walbridge's stables, on Fitzhugh Street, 3 squares from the Brackett, Congress, or Clinton, afford excellent livery teams. The different cataracts of the Genesee evidently formed at one time a single cascade; but the different degrees of hardness of the several rocks have caused an unequal retrograde movement of the falls, until they have assumed their present position. At the Upper Falls, just north of the New-York Central Railway bridge, the water descends 96 feet over the perpendicular face of Niagara limestone, underlaid by shale. At this place the noted Sam Patch made his last and fatal leap. There is no good provision made for a view of the falls, and the visitor who would enjoy their beauty must be content to take very primitive methods of observation. There is an "observatory" in a *bier-garten*, near the brink, on the eastern side, (there is no view what-

ever to be obtained from the west bank, owing mainly to the many mills which have usurped the water-power there,) but as it is on a level with the fall, it affords a very indifferent prospect. One must clamber down the clayey bank, at about a quarter-mile below the fall, and then walk up the narrow ledge at the bottom of this cliff, again, to the basin beneath the fall. Here he has a view which repays him for his trouble. In his face is the great fall, and on the side, along the west bank or cliff, are a great number of petty falls—miniature Taghkanics—caused by the overflow of the mills, which crowd each other, with a most covetous look, on the dangerous brink.

Below the Upper Falls the river flows between nearly perpendicular walls, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the Middle Falls, where it has a descent of 25 feet. One hundred rods below, it descends 84 feet at the Lower Falls, over a ledge of Medina sand-stone, to the level of Lake Ontario. This is by far the most picturesque point in the river below the city. One will best enjoy it on the west bank, although, to have seen and appreciated the whole, he must visit also the other. To do this, nothing will do but a retracing of his steps from the Lower Fall to the Upper, where he may cross the only available bridge—that of the railway—and go down to the Lower Fall again on the east bank. The horse-cars, fortunately for economists, reach the Lower Fall on the west side. The banks of the river, throughout much of its length, indeed, but particularly here, reminds one most strikingly of the gorge through which flows the Niagara River. Several sulphur springs flow out of the rocks below the Middle Fall.

Below the Lower Fall are numerous rapids, which continue to Carthage, the end of navigation on the Genesee

River from Lake Ontario. The post-office at the village of Genesee Falls is called Portageville, while Portage Station is on the Buffalo branch of the New-York and Erie Railway, 30 miles from Cornellsville. For the fine scenery there, see **ERIE RAILWAY**.

NIAGARA.

Until commerce and curiosity shall so populate the Great West as to render it possible to determine reliably the wonders of the Rocky Mountain region, Niagara Falls must certainly hold the place of the first wonder of the natural world. It is only recently that its preëminence has been disputed. Travelers from the Great Snake River, in Oregon, have brought back word to wondering (and distant) audiences of a cataract upon that stream which, possessing all the volume of Niagara, surpasses its height by nearly 100 feet. It is not a little distressing to the tourist to know, while he stands by the hitherto unrivaled precipice, that perhaps, after all, he is only gazing upon a second-class fall; but then there may be consolation in the other reflection, that, unlike Alexander, he shall not be obliged to sigh for more worlds to conquer.

We may observe at once three recessions—"backings out," the *London Saturday Review* would probably elegantly say—concerning the great wonder of New-York. Its precipice has been gradually receding, of its own sovereign will, (which who shall hinder? as was truly observed once in Irish,) from Lake Ontario toward Lake Erie, from time immemorial; its popularity, of late years, has been likewise declining; and now the glory of its preëminence is threatened. For, not to dwell longer on the

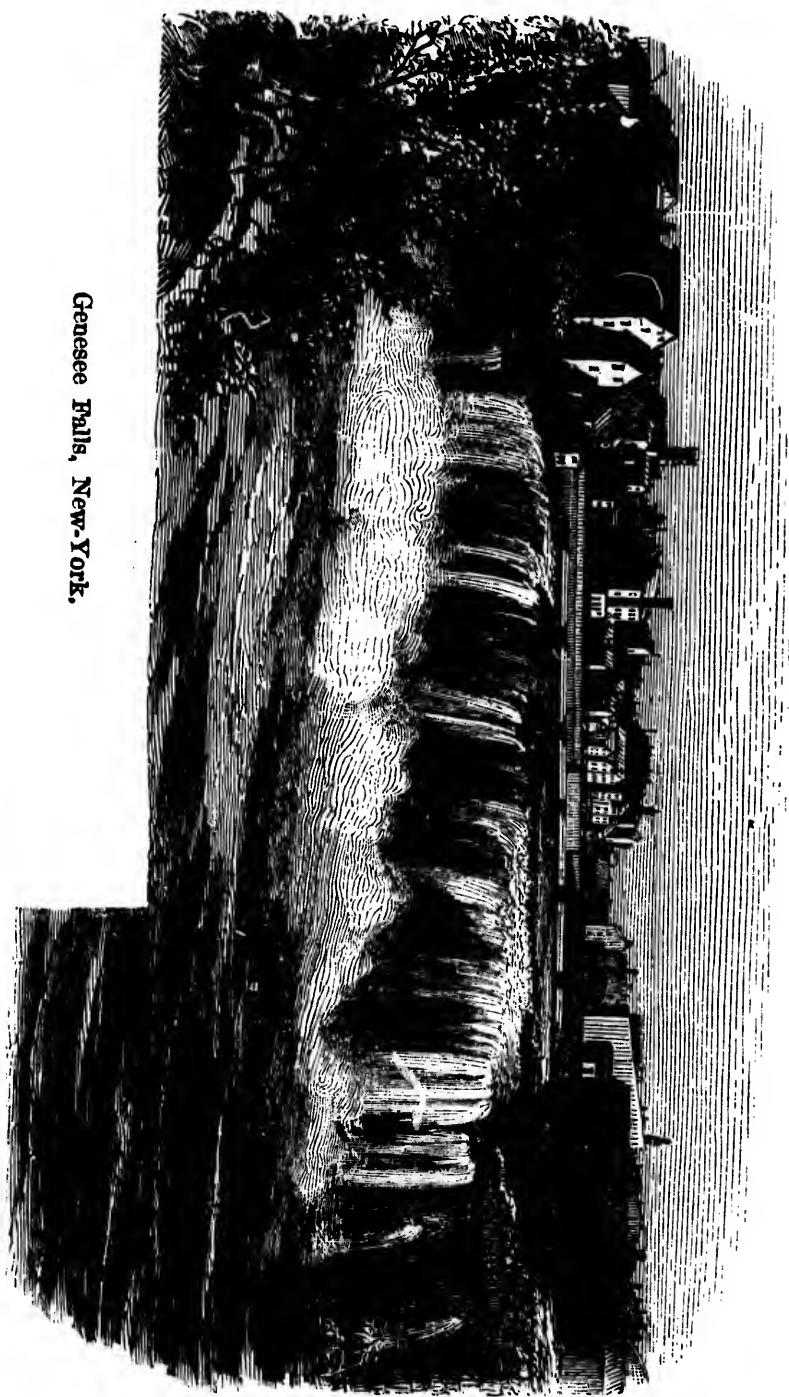
familiar geological fact and the now oft-repeated comparison, it can not be denied that Niagara Falls is no longer the favorite resort of the *beau monde*. Saratoga, Newport, Long Branch, the mountains, the Saint Lawrence retreats, are the places where one must chiefly look for the fashionables of to-day. At the Falls one will be more likely to find newly-married couples who have long been looking forward to their honeymoon and the Niagara visit with almost equal anticipations; commercial travelers, forcing Niagara upon their programme to their temporary pecuniary loss; excursion parties from New-York and Pennsylvania; and a good many people just like himself. But of all fashionable or *quondam* fashionable resorts, Niagara especially is to be visited, and is visited, *not* for its fashion and folly, but for itself—its own glorious, magnificent self: and itself we will now wholly regard.

There are two ways to see Niagara, which we will call the costly way and the careful way; the first under control of a hackman, and the second *on foot*, as reason, study, and a free moral agency may direct. We prefer the latter. Most guide-books give the first in detail, which is not necessary; the only essentials being, to arrive at Niagara Falls, put up at the biggest and costliest hotel, commit yourself unreservedly to a member of the Niagara Falls Order of Thugs, (see paragraph on THE HACKMEN midway in this article,) and go in the order he may choose, with such frequent money-lettings as he may prescribe, to the following places: Brock's Monument, at Queenstown, (7 miles,) Lewistown and its Suspension Bridge, at the same point, Lundy's Lane, the Whirlpool, the Devil's Run, the Great Suspension Bridge, the Burning Spring, the Museum, near Table Rock, the place where Table Rock was, Fort Schlosser, (that was,) Navy Island, Grand Island, the

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Genesee Falls, New-York.





Rapids above the Falls, *and so on*. Some views of Niagara Falls are often included during this experience.

A pleasure-traveler at this great point on his journey should make up his mind at the outset to two things : that he can not make the tour of Niagara Falls as he can visit most places, in a railway car or a carriage, in a delay of a few hours ; and that, whatever he do, a first, comparatively brief visit will never enable him to "appreciate" the great cataract as he will afterward. If he shall make a foot-tour of the region, he will give himself a peculiar aptitude to take in the spirit of the scene, will be able and anxious to delay longer at the really important points, and will be very unlikely to waste his time in seeing curiosities in which nothing but a morbid regret at the Barnum's Museum fires could interest him. The route usually taken by visitors to the Falls ought to be divided into two parts—one, consisting of the cataracts and their walls, and nothing else ; the other, belonging to a beautiful railway ride (which many lose) down to Ontario, and including Lundy's Lane or Chippewa, Lewiston, the two Suspension Bridges, etc. If one is not to visit the River Saint Lawrence, indeed, perhaps a carriage-ride to the Rapids above the Falls may be advisable ; but the view on the bridge connecting Goat Island to the mainland will commonly be more satisfactory.

With the convictions, then, that the great cataract demands time and trouble, and is to be treated as a friend who improves on acquaintance, let the tourist set out on his foot-journey. Five minutes' walk from the New-York Central Railway depot at "Niagara Falls"—*not* Suspension Bridge depot—will bring him, passing between the Cataract and International Hotels, to the street or road which leads across the iron bridge above the American Falls

(passage both ways, 25 cents) to Goat or Iris Island, passing Bath Island. Upon this bridge one should stop for the view both above and below. The latter is the less important, but affords a fine preparation for the mighty scene at the tower; the waters, hurrying over rocks and stones from the Rapids above, give one a keen sense of the everlasting activity which so stirs the soul to sympathy. But above, as far as the limit of the waters reaches, the tossing, furious rapids present a scene which some pronounce the grandest at Niagara. The visitor will delay here profitably some time. The walk directly across through the shady grove on Goat Island, over a road moistened with the spray from the great cataract, whose distant roar moves one indescribably, is full of charms. At the end of this walk is the Terrapin Tower, from the summit of which may be had the finest view, not of the whole fall, but of the "agony of the waters" in the centre of the Horseshoe. The depth at that point has been estimated—enormously, one must say—at 30 feet. The views across the great sweep to the Canada shore, up the torrent until it meets the horizon, and down through the magnificent gorge below the fall to Suspension Bridge, are among the great experiences of a visitor here. One will wish also to walk to the upper end of the island, and see the Three Sisters (islands) and the view up the river from the low standpoint of the shore. The roads and paths through the woods on Goat Island are highly attractive. (We are indebted to Mr. G. M. Colburn, of the International, for the following information, now first published: The Three Sister Islands, opposite the Hermit's Cascade, are now open to visitors. During the past winter three truss-bridges have been thrown across, connecting them with Goat Island. Very few persons have ever been on them

until the past winter, and it has opened some wild natural objects of interest for all. About \$9000 have been expended by Mr. D. J. Townsend, for the Porter estate, in building the bridges, walks, drives, etc.)

Returning from Terrapin Tower, one will best complete his studies of the Horseshoe Fall. The Canadian shore then will be reached by the little row-boat which plies from the foot of an inclined plane at no considerable distance from the "Museum" at the iron bridge. Ferriage and railway charge, 25 cents; there is a staircase at the side of the railway, the tedious walk up or down which reduces the charge by half a dime. The row across the river is perfectly safe, a fact which we should hardly feel obliged to state had we not known even strong men who hesitated at the brink of the tossing flood. There is a peculiar and fine front-view of the Horseshoe Fall on this diabasis.

Landed in Canada, the visitor finds the road leading to the plateau above on a steep incline; but the fatigue of the climb is forgotten whenever he turns to look at the great cataract, or the American and Central Falls, nearly opposite him. At the summit he finds himself on a more beautiful plateau than he has yet enjoyed on the American side, stretching away as far as the Lake Ontario shore on the south, and meeting the river just above its precipice. The Clifton House, near at hand, will be worthy a visit, as it is a fine specimen of a well-kept, rather old-fashioned, elegant English public-house. (See paragraph on HOTELS below.)

THE HACKMEN.—Along the plateau, up to the site of Table Rock, (which has fallen piecemeal, until now only its root remains,) the visitor would enjoy a delightful walk, surrounded with beauty, grandeur, and sublimity,

but for one thing—the curse of Niagara, the blight of the landscape, the gad-flies that hover even over the brink of the cataract—the hackmen. You will encounter them everywhere, poor victim! but this table-land seems to us their peculiar abode, hive, headquarters. Some one who has never visited Niagara has divided the human race into “men, women, and the Beecher family;” had he come here, he would have said, “pale-faces, Indians, and Niagara hackmen.” These pests accost you at every turn in the road, and at every point where it does not turn; on Table Rock and under it;* in the seclusion of Goat Island, starting forth from behind trees, and, one would almost think, springing from the earth; haunting the Cave of the Winds, and hanging on the verge of the precipice at Terrapin Tower—burrs, barnacles, bores. That they are

* **OUTRAGES AT NIAGARA FALLS.**—A journal in Western New-York says: “Those who have visited Niagara Falls, at any time within the past ten years, and ventured upon the Canadian side, to view the stupendous cataract from the famous Table Rock, have, as a rule, experienced the annoyances of a lawless gang of fellows who seem subject to no code of either International or British law, but who adopt the most direct means of relieving the pockets of their victims of as much money as possible, making exorbitant charges for imaginary services, and frequently resorting to force in extorting their demands. A Canadian paper, the *Evening Times*, of Hamilton, Ontario, has recently been warning the public against the dangers of the locality, and showing up one Saul Davis, the alleged leader in the outrages described, and proprietor of an establishment which most visitors have cause to remember, known as the ‘Table-Rock House.’ A libel suit is the consequence, and the defendant therefore appeals for evidence to sustain his statements to Americans, who have principally been the victims of the plaintiff’s persecutions. Those who have suffered at the hands of *attachés* of the so-called Table-Rock House, and who would be willing to narrate their wrongs in court and serve a cause of humanity, are desired to communicate with the office of the journal mentioned.”

a separate species of beast appears from the fact that ordinary means will not rid one of them ; they stick to you with more pertinacity than did the first postal currency, and a repulse that would annihilate a New-York newsboy seems only to indicate to them your desire for their further acquaintance. In short, the hackmen of Niagara are intolerable. If there can be any use to which the ideal "poor Indian" of Niagara, who is privileged to

"——see God in clouds and hear him in the wind,"

without the hindrance of these hackmen, can be put by Government, we think it would be to educate them up to such a civilized condition as to render them liable to hackmen, and then give them liberty to use the aboriginal tomahawk against the common foe.

The best evasion of the hack-difficulty possible is for visitors to engage carriages at the offices of the hotels. A hotel official facetiously writes us that "the hack system is not perfect;" but "the legal rates are \$2.06 per hour for *a carriage, not for each person*, as many are led to believe." Let our readers, therefore, disregard the lies which the hackmen on the street will be sure to tell them, and abide by the legal provisions. Let us also remind the reader that these hackmen receive a percentage (25 cents on the dollar) for all the custom, whether of "going behind the sheet," purchasing or observing curiosities at Saul Davis's "Table Rock Museum." This caution will disclose the text from which their eloquent orations are drawn.

To resume : the visitor who can succeed in keeping off these wretches, and the others of whom mention has been made in a foot-note, will enjoy, upon this Canada side, the grandest of the views of the great fall. We leave to our

reader's discretion the journey below Table Rock, where is the personal danger alluded to above, and the venture behind the main sheet a very short distance when the wind is right; the view there is fine, of course, but hardly essential. A little beyond Table Rock one may gain the view which inspired Gignoux's famous masterpiece. A short or long walk further up the river, according to one's time or opportunity, will always repay the trouble it costs.

Returning to the American side and the toll-gate to Goat Island, the visitor will cross from the mainland and take the right-hand path for the Cave of the Winds. This is under the Central Fall, (see statistics below,) which is between the Horseshoe and the American. The cave is 100 feet high and the same in width, and is reached by Biddle's Stairs, descending spirally. You can pass safely into the recess behind the water to a platform beyond. Magical rainbow-pictures are formed at this spot; sometimes bows of entire circles, and two or three at once, are seen. At the foot of Goat Island the Three Profiles form an object of curious interest. These profiles, seemingly some two feet long, are to be seen, one directly above the other, as you look across the first sheet of water, directly under the lowest point of rock. Luna Island is reached by a foot-bridge, from the right of Goat Island. It has an area of some three quarters of an acre. The effective rainbow forms seen at this point have given it the name it bears.

It was upon the west side of Goat Island, near Biddle's Stairs, that the renowned jumper, Sam Patch, made two successful leaps into the waters below, saying, as he went off, to the throng of spectators, that "one thing might be done as well as another!"

We have now completed the tour of Niagara Falls pro-

per ; there remain the places which we have said belong rather to the Lewiston journey. These are given below, under the separate title of NIAGARA RIVER. The reader will find some few facts concerning the river in the beginning of the sketch of LAKE ONTARIO. He will wish now to have the statistical information regarding the Falls, the way to get to them from New-York, the hotels, etc.

Niagara Falls were seen by Father Hennepin, a Jesuit missionary, in 1678, before any other white person ever looked upon them. A sketch which he made is copied in Hall's *State Geological Report*, and proves some interesting facts about the Falls. There was then a third fall, (or fourth, counting the Central as one,) from the Canadian side toward the east, across the line of the main fall, and caused by a great rock which turned the divided current in this direction. This rock fell a few years prior to 1750. Lyell, the famous geologist, thinks the falls have receded and do recede about a foot every year, varying, however, with the formation of the rock which they encounter. The present encountered "Niagara limestone" is very difficult to cut. The height of the Horseshoe Fall is 164 feet on the American and 150 on the Canadian side ; width, 475 feet. Goat Island, however, occupies about one fourth of the space with its 70 acres. The American and Central Falls descend 154 feet, the former being 660 and the latter 243 feet wide. The amount of water discharged is computed to be 100,000,000 of tons per hour. More water passes in these fearful torrents in seven seconds than is conveyed through Croton aqueduct in twenty-four hours. At the Horseshoe Fall the concussion of the falling waters with those in the depths below occasions a spray that veils the cataract two thirds up its height. Above this impenetrable foam, to the height of 50 feet above the fall, a cloud

of lighter spray rises, which, when the sun shines upon it in the proper direction, displays magnificent solar rainbows. The sound of the fall varies greatly, much of the time being audible only a little way off, and again rolling over Lake Ontario, even to Toronto, 46 miles distant. The name *Niagara* signifies "Thunder of Waters." The Cat Indians, who dwelt near it, used to endeavor to propitiate the spirit of its waters by annually sacrificing a human victim at its shrine. The most beautiful Indian maiden was selected for this honor. In the presence of a great assemblage, she was placed in a white canoe, with the finest fruits and flowers, and the fragile bark, pushed out into the stream, carried her over this awful portal to eternity.

ROUTES.—To reach Niagara from New-York City, one may take either Hudson River boats, or Harlem Railway, or Hudson River Railway to Athens, Albany, or Troy; thence by New-York Central Railway to Suspension Bridge or Niagara Falls, according to the hotel at which one shall stop. Or, the Erie Railway will bring passengers from New-York to Buffalo, and thence by Central Railway, 21 miles, to Niagara Falls, or, 22 miles, to the Bridge. Passengers from Boston take the New-York Central at Albany; those from the West may come by Buffalo or (better) the Great Western Railway of Canada, which crosses the Bridge and lands one at the Suspension Bridge depot. The fare from New-York to Niagara (either station) is regularly \$9.35; but this is sometimes reduced even as low as \$5, on account of the great competition. One may also reach the Falls from Lake Ontario or Toronto by steamboat to Lewiston and New-York Central cars to the Bridge or Falls.

HOTELS.—The International is the largest, and is a little more than one square from the depot at Niagara Falls

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High Rock Congress Spring, Saratoga.





Station. It is chiefly the favorite among transient tourists who are only to stay a day or so, as one is most sure of always getting a room at this immense house. Prices, \$4.50 per day. Telegraph and mail facilities here as at all the houses more or less. Omnibus meets all trains. Season begins May 9th, lasting six months. Proprietor, Mr. James T. Fulton.

The Cataract House, (omnibus at depot,) closely adjoining the International, is gay and fashionable, more apt to be crowded with permanent guests, and not materially different in rooms or table from its neighbor. Its rear balconies command exquisite views of the Rapids and Goat Island. Terms and season the same as the International. Proprietors, Messrs. Whitney, Jerauld & Co.

The Clifton House is on the Canada side, kept by Messrs. Bromley, Shears & Co., (postal address, Niagara Falls, N.Y.) Rooms for 250 to 300 guests; terms, \$4 per day in American currency; telegraph in office; railway station 2 miles distant, either on Canada or New-York side, at the Bridge. It is the favorite resort of foreigners and Southerners, and commands the finest views of the Falls that can be had from any house. Its omnibus meets all trains, preventing any necessity for enduring hack-extortions. Open from May 15th to November 1st.

The Monteaagle House is the principal hotel at the Suspension Bridge depot, 2 miles from the depot at Niagara Falls. Proprietor, Mr. H. L. De Camp. Terms, \$3.50 per day; \$14 to \$18 per week. Rooms for 200 guests, from May 1st to November 1st. Telegraph in railway depot. This is a very agreeable, quiet house, where one who prefers to be at a little distance from the Falls, and to spend some time, will find it pleasant to stop. The hotel omnibus conveys passengers to and from the depot, a distance

of less than a quarter of a mile. Mr. De Camp also keeps the New-York Central House, a very pleasant little inn, standing a few feet from the depot at the Bridge, with accommodations for 100 guests, and a plain but good table. For travelers consulting economy, or convenience to the cars at the Bridge, we would especially recommend it. Terms, \$3 per day.

NIAGARA RIVER TO LEWISTON.

The great wonder of the world which the tourist comes to see on the precipice of the Niagara River, is supplemented and sometimes belittled by the cupidity of men. But there is a great deal of interesting scenery, and a number of important historical localities, upon the whole length of the river between the two great lakes which the Niagara joins. If the reader please, we will separate these from the tour proper of the Falls, and collect them here.

The most usual mode of conveyance from Buffalo to the Falls of Niagara, and thence to Lake Ontario, or into Canada, is by the Buffalo, Niagara Falls, and Lewiston Branch of the New-York Central Railway, 28 miles in length. It runs through Tonawanda, 11 miles; Niagara Falls, 22 miles; Suspension Bridge, 24 miles, connecting with the Great Western Railway of Canada, and terminates at Lewiston, the head of navigation on Niagara River, 28 miles.

Another route is by the steamboats of the Ontario Steamboat, (American Express Line Company,) from Buffalo to Toronto, *via* Welland River and Canal. A third route is from Buffalo by a railway on the Canada side, but under the Erie direction, called the Erie and Ontario, starting from the Lake Huron (Grand Trunk) depot. By this route one passes in full view of the Falls, to the Clifton

House, 3 miles below Chippewa; Suspension Bridge, 5 miles; Queenstown, 11 miles, terminating at Niagara, Province of Ontario, 35 miles from Buffalo.

As the steamboat leaves Buffalo, a fine view may be obtained of Lake Erie and both shores of Niagara River. On the Canada side, the first objects of interest are the ruins of old Fort Erie, captured by the Americans, July 3d, 1814. It is situated at the foot of the lake, opposite the site of a strong fortress which the United States have erected for the protection of the river and the city of Buffalo.

The Niagara River commences at Bird Island, nearly opposite the mouth of Buffalo harbor, and passes by the site of old Fort Erie and Waterloo (3 miles distant) on the Canada side. At the latter place a steam ferryboat plies across the river to Black Rock, now forming a part of the city of Buffalo. It is here proposed to construct a railway bridge across the stream, about 1800 feet in width. The Buffalo and Lake Huron Branch of the Grand Trunk (Canadian) Railway starts from this point, and extends to Goderich, on Lake Huron, crossing the Great Western Railway at Paris.

Grand Island, attached to Erie county, N. Y., is passed on the right as we descend the river. This was the spot on which Major M. M. Noah, formerly a prominent member of the New-York press, hoped to assemble all the Hebrew populations of the world. Near the ferry there was once an observatory, or pagoda, 100 feet high, from which a grand view of the region was gained. This spot is called Point View. The island is 10 miles long, from north to south, and 7 wide; has 11,000 acres; is partly cleared and cultivated, while the larger portion is covered with a large growth of oaks and other forest-trees.

Squaw Island and Strawberry Island are both small islands lying on the American side of the stream, near the head of Grand Island. The river is here used in part for the Erie Canal, a pier extending from Squaw Island to Bird Island, forming a large basin, called Black Rock Harbor.

Cayuga Island and Buckhorn Island are small bodies of land belonging to the United States, situated immediately below Grand Island.

Navy Island, lying opposite the village of Chippewa, 18 miles below the head of the river, is a celebrated island belonging to the Canadians, having been taken possession of by the sympathizing patriots in 1837, when a partial rebellion occurred in Upper and Lower Canada.

There are, in all, upward of 30 islands lying in the Niagara River above the falls. Those just named are the chief, and almost the only ones worth naming.

Tonawanda, 11 miles below Buffalo, is situated at the mouth of Tonawanda Creek, opposite Grand Island. The Erie Canal here enters the creek, which it follows for several miles on its course toward Lockport. A railway also runs to Lockport, connecting with the New-York Central Railway, extending to Albany. A ship-canal is proposed to be constructed from Tonawanda to some eligible point on Lake Ontario, thus forming a rival to the Welland Canal of Canada.

Chippewa, 20 miles below Buffalo, and 2 miles above the Falls, is on the west side of Niagara River, at the mouth of a creek of the same name, which is navigable to Port Robinson, some 8 or 10 miles west, the latter place being on the line of the Welland Canal. The village of Chippewa contains a population of about 1000 souls. Steamboats and lake craft of a large size are built at this

place for the trade of Lake Erie and the Upper Lakes. It has obtained a place in history on account of the bloody battle which was fought near it in the war of 1812, between the United States and Great Britain. The battle was fought on the 5th of July, 1814, on the plains a short distance south of the steamboat landing. The American forces were commanded by Brigadier-General Winfield Scott, in the absence of Major-General Jacob Brown, and the British by Major-General Riall. The latter, after an obstinate and sanguinary fight, was defeated with considerable loss.

Drummondsville, one mile west of the Falls, and situated on Lundy's Lane, is celebrated as the scene of another sanguinary engagement between the American and British forces, July 25th, 1814.

Schlosser's Landing, 2 miles above Niagara Falls village, is a noted steamboat landing, opposite Chippewa, from whence the steamer *Caroline* was cut adrift by the British and destroyed, by being precipitated over the Falls during the Canadian rebellion, December 29th, 1837.

The ship or steamboat channel runs along the bank of Grand Island to nearly opposite Chippewa, where the whole stream unites before plunging over the Falls of Niagara, being again separated at the head of Goat Island. From this point the awe-struck traveler can scan the quiet waters above, and the raging rapids below, preparing to plunge over the cataract. Below Navy Island, between Chippewa and Schlosser, the river is nearly 3 miles in width, but soon narrows to 1 mile, when the rapids commence and continue for about 1 mile before reaching the edge of the precipice at the Horse-Shoe Fall. At the commencement of the rapids, "the bed of the river declines, the channel contracts, numerous large rocks heave

up the rolling surges and dispute the passage of the now raging and foaming floods. The mighty torrent, leaping down successive ledges, dashing over opposing elevations, hurled back by ridges, and repelled from shores and islands—plunging, boiling, roaring—seems a mad wilderness of waters striving against its better fate, and hurried on to destruction by its own blind and reckless impetuosity. Were there no cataract, these rapids would yet make Niagara the wonder of the world.”

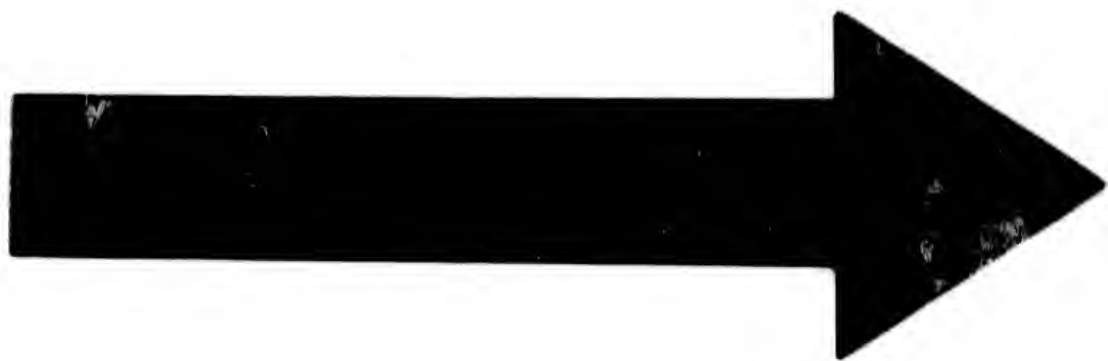
Iris or Goat Island commences near the head of the rapids, and extends to the precipice, of which it forms a part, separating the American Fall from the Canadian or Horse-Shoe Fall. It is about half a mile in length, 80 rods wide, and contains over 60 acres of arable land, being for the most part covered with a heavy growth of forest-trees of a variety of species, and native plants and flowers. A portion of the island, however, has been cleared off, and a garden inclosed, in which are some excellent fruit-trees, and a variety of native and foreign plants and flowers, and a fish-pond. The island is remarkably cool, shady, and pleasant, and is an object of unceasing admiration from year to year. Comfortable seats and arbors are placed at the most interesting points, where the visitor can sit at ease and enjoy the beautiful and sublime views presented to his sight, often entranced by a deafening roar of mighty waters in their descent, accompanied by changing rainbows of the most gorgeous description.

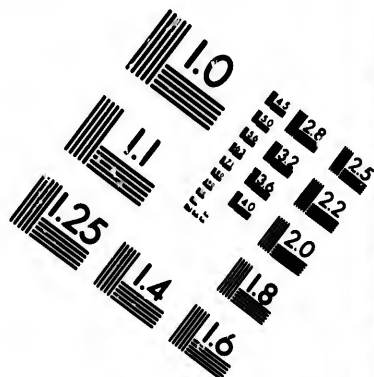
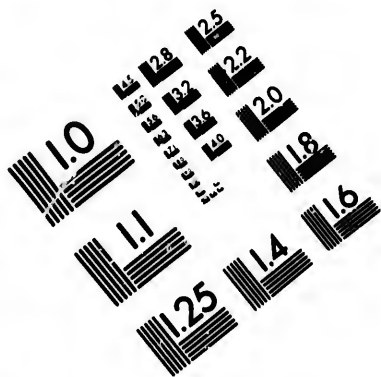
Among the places pointed out as interesting to visitors, near the Falls, is Bender's Cave, midway between the Suspension Bridge and the Clifton House. It is a recess, 6 feet high and 20 in length, made by a decomposition of the limestone. Termination Rock occupies a recess behind the centre of the Horse-Shoe Fall, reached by the descent

of a spiral stairway from Table Rock, the traverse for a short distance of the rude marge of the river, and then of a narrow path over a frightful ledge and through the blinding spray, behind the mighty fall. Before descending, visitors should make a complete change of toilet for a rough costume more suitable for the stormy and rather damp journey before them. The Museum, (see p. 189,) near Table Rock, contains specimens of minerals, birds, fishes, and animals, many of which were collected in the neighborhood of the Falls. Admittance, which includes the use of the dress, and admission behind the sheet, 50 cents. The Burning Spring is near the water, 2 miles above the Falls. The carbonated sulphuretted hydrogen gas here gives out a brilliant flame when lighted. (Before visiting this place, the tourist will do well to read the note on page 189, under the sketch of NIAGARA FALLS.)

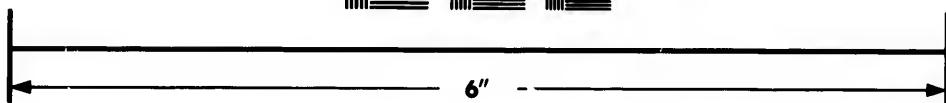
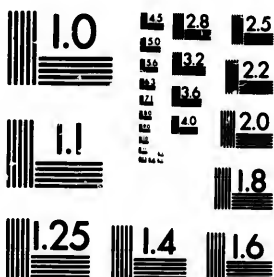
Below the Falls, the first objects of interest are the Ferry Stairs and Point View on the American side. About 30 rods below the Ferry Stairs is the spot where the hermit Abbot was drowned. Half a mile below the latter point is Catlin's Cave, formerly much frequented.

The Suspension Bridge, the greatest artificial curiosity in America, is situated two miles and a half below the Falls. Its total length, from centre to centre of the towers, is 800 feet ; its height above the water, 258 feet. The first bridge, which was built by Mr. Charles Ellet, was a very light and fairy-like affair, in comparison with the present substantial structure. The bridge, as it now stands, was constructed under the direction of Mr. John A. Roebling, at a cost of \$500,000. Here has recently sprung into existence the village of Suspension Bridge, on the American side, and Clifton, on the Canadian side of the river, here being about 800 feet in width, with perpendicular banks of 325 feet.





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The railway ride (New-York Central) from Suspension Bridge to Lewiston is one of the grandest in the world. The cars follow the bank of the river, and the views of the mammoth ravine are wonderfully exciting. No one should miss this excursion; no carriage-ride can surpass, perhaps none can equal it.

The Whirlpool and Rapids, 1 mile below the bridge, are sights of great interest, and well worthy a visit. The Whirlpool, 3 miles below the Falls, (American side,) resembles in its appearance the celebrated Maelstrom on the coast of Norway. It is occasioned by the river making nearly a right angle, while it is here narrower than at any other place, not being more than 30 rods wide, the current running with such velocity as to rise up in the middle 10 feet above the sides. This has been ascertained by measurement. There is a path leading down the bank to the Whirlpool on both sides, and though somewhat difficult to descend and ascend, it is accomplished almost every day. The Devil's Hole, 1 mile farther down, is also a point of great attraction, together with the Bloody Run, a small stream, where a detachment of English soldiers were precipitated in their flight from an attack by Indians during the old French war in 1759. An amphitheatre of high ground spreads around and perfectly incloses the valley of the Devil's Hole, with the exception of a narrow ravine formed by Bloody Run, from which, against a large force, there is no escape, except over the precipice. The Ice Cave is another object of interest connected with the Devil's Hole; and Chasm Tower, three and a half miles below the Falls, 75 feet high, commands fine views (seen, if you please, in all hues, through a specular medium) of all the country round. A fee is required.

The Rapids below the Whirlpool are the next object of attraction; then Queenstown Heights and Brock's Monu-



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ment on the Canadian side, and the Suspension Bridge at Lewiston. Queenstown is well worthy a visit from the sojourner at the Falls, and affords a most delightful drive. It is historically as well as pictorially interesting. Here General Brock and his aid-de-camp McDonnell fell, October 11th, 1812. Brock's Monument, which crowns the heights above the village, is 185 feet high, surmounted by a dome of 9 feet, which is reached by a spiral flight of 250 steps from the base inside. The remains of Brock and his comrade lie in stone sarcophagi beneath, having been removed thither from Fort George. This is the second monument erected on the spot, the first having been destroyed by Lett, in 1840. The Suspension Bridge, at this point, was built by two joint-stock companies, one incorporated by the Legislature of New-York State, and the other by the Provincial Parliament. The roadway is 849 feet long, 20 feet wide, 60 feet above the water; cost, \$58,000; erected, 1850. The Niagara River is navigable from Lewiston to its mouth at Fort Niagara, a farther distance of 7 miles, or 14 below the Falls of Niagara. See sketch entitled LAKE ONTARIO AND RIVER SAINT LAWRENCE, which takes up the journey at Lewiston, and continues it to the Gulf of Saint Lawrence.

Before we leave our readers to put our counsels to practice and test, let us add one or two cautions. Especially beware of hackmen; look upon them as sworn raiders on your pockets, and if you must employ them, make your bargain at the start. Next in importance, let us advise, that you be not deceived by any appearance of water or cliff, so as to venture into danger. And finally, what we hope you will read, friend, before you come within sight of the Great Cataract, don't be absurd, and leave your umbrella in the cars because you see water falling from a cliff instead of out of the sky.

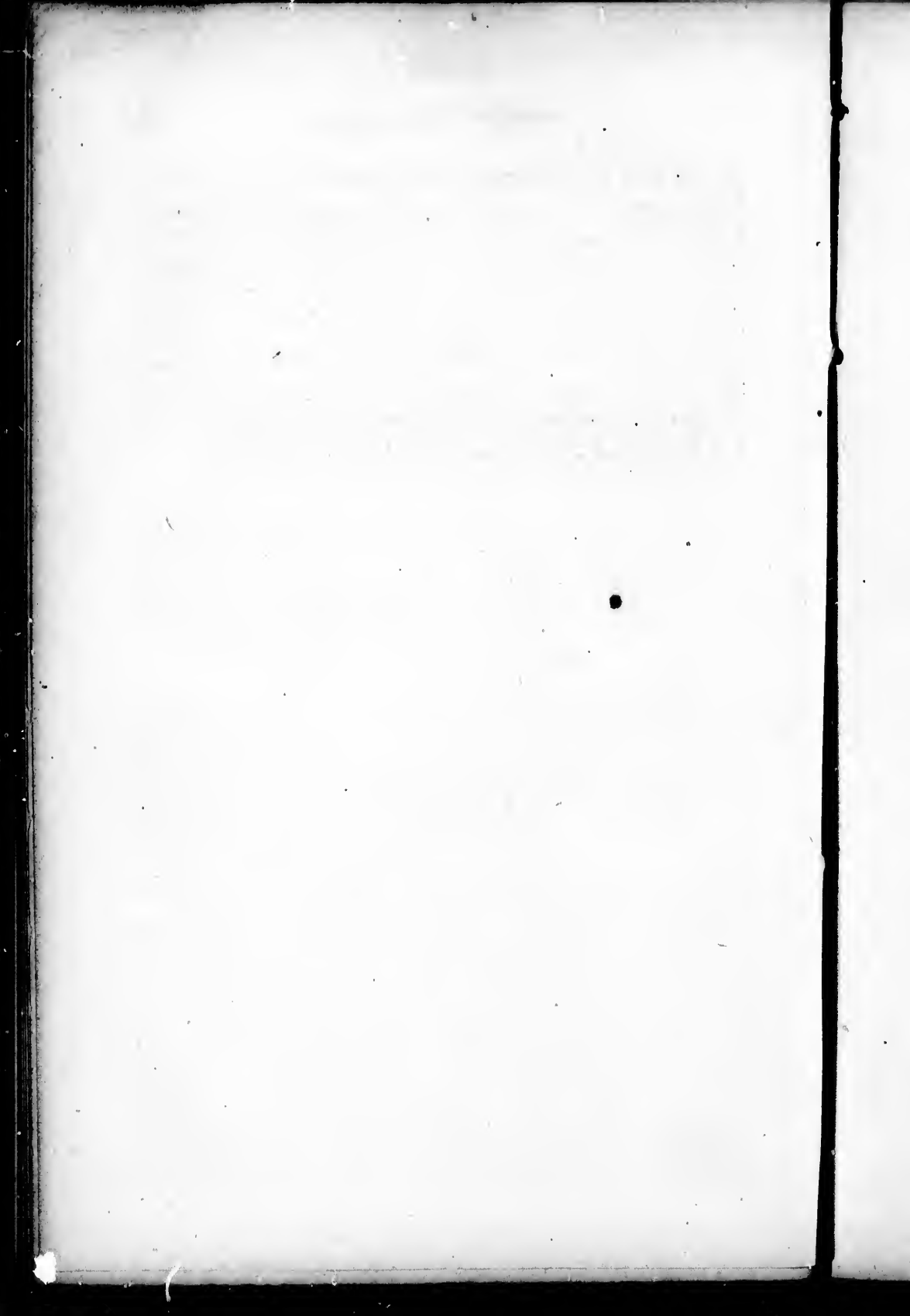
BAKER'S FALLS.

This romantic locality is but little known to the traveling public. It is a cataract in the Hudson River, between the villages of Fort Edward and Sandy Hill, in both of which places (only 2 or 3 miles apart) there are comfortable inns. The Falls are easily accessible to the pedestrian, and are well worthy a visit. Tourists on the way to Lake George will do well to lie over a day at Fort Edward, and visit the finest falls which the Hudson River can boast of. That magnificent stream is unusually free from these picturesque obstructions, and Baker's Falls are by no means unworthy even the noble Hudson. The water here shoots down a steep descent of ledges, in all 76 feet in 60 rods, forming a scene of great beauty, and affording an extensive water-power.

PASSAIC FALLS, PATERSON.

Paterson, N. J., on the Erie Railway, is celebrated as affording one of the most romantic waterfalls in the country, and the neighboring scene is of a highly picturesque character. The fall in the Passaic River, originally 70 feet, (50 feet in the perpendicular line,) has been increased to about 90 feet by a dam above. From this dam a short sluice conducts the water into a basin or reservoir, partly made by art and partly by nature. A causeway has been raised across an immense chasm, walled in by rocks, presenting almost perpendicular sides from the bottom to the upper edge of the precipice. The rocks being of basaltic character, are rectilinear in form and perpendicular in their position, and this accounts for the comparatively smooth sides of this immense excavation. Below the causeway the chasm continues in its natural state and receives the remaining waters of the river a few rods below. Branch-

ing off from the larger opening, there is another, running nearly parallel with the river, which gradually diminishes to a mere crevice between the perpendicular sides of the rock. Into this crevice the waters of the Passaic, suddenly turning from their course, leap and dash with an impetuosity converting the whole mass into foam. Seven miles from Paterson, the river passes through the romantic and picturesque village of Acquackononck, and soon reaches the immense flats which border the Hudson River and the Bay of New-York on the Jersey side.





Sea-Side Resorts.





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THE PHILADELPHIAN
FOR OUR SEVENTH CENTURY ANNIVERSARY
PUBLISHED BY THE PHILADELPHIAN COMPANY
1876

1876

PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1876

THE PHILADELPHIAN

PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1876

It is well known that Philadelphians formerly drove to this point, then an Indian camping-ground, for bathing purposes ; a boarding-house was erected for their accom-



From New York
Philadelphia
07 M. by R.R.

Middletown
Red Bank
Shrewsbury
Eatontown
Ocean Post

15 miles
Scale of Miles
Scale of Feet

Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1855, by J. B. Collins, Jr.

LONGITUDE EAST



Tourist's Map of LONG ISLAND SOUND

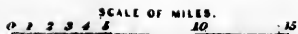
Prepared for the Summer Tourist's Book.

1868.

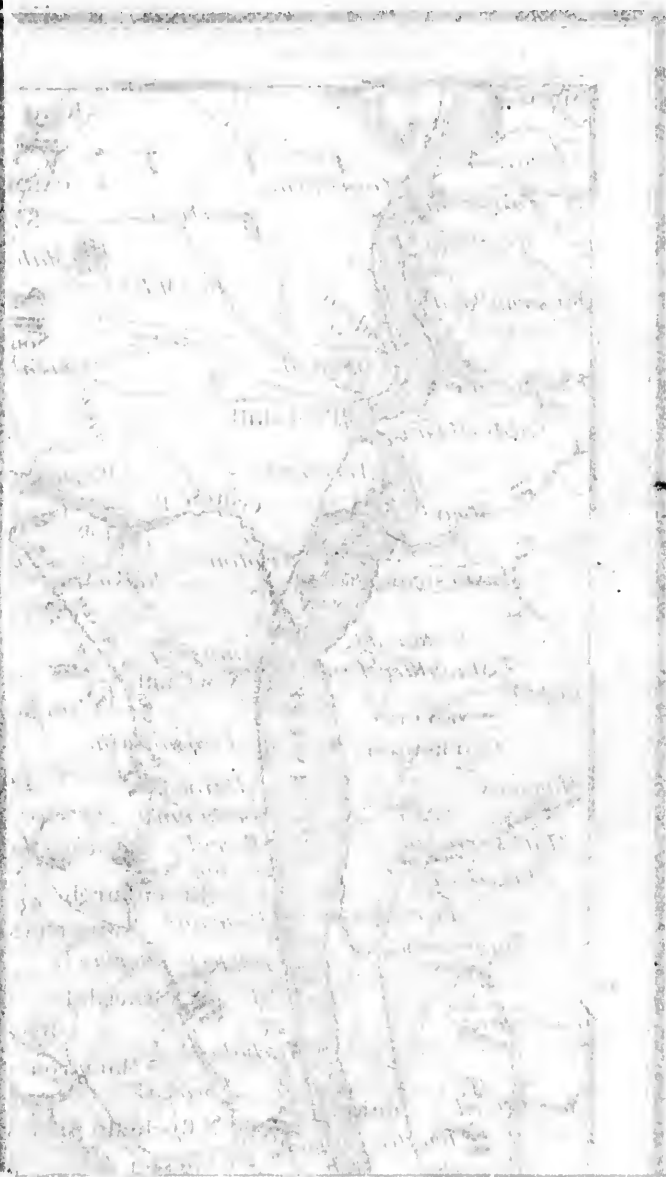
Maps of every description
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EXPLANATIONS

- Rail Roads
- Common Roads
- Canals
- State Capitals **HARTFORD**
- Cities
- County Towns **HADDAM**
- Towns **Norwalk**
- Villages P.O. &c **Arsonia**



Drawn in the Year 1856, by J. H. Colton, & Co. in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York



SEASIDE RESORTS.

LONG BRANCH, N. J.

HABITUES of the "Branch" become accustomed to the designations of "The Shore," "The Lower Pole," and "The Pole." The first is applied to the sea-shore, skirted by hotels and summer cottages, at a convenient distance from the beach, upon which, when the white flag indicates the proper bathing hour, the most grotesque groups, clad in parti-colored costumes, are congregated, sporting in the surf with hilaricus *abandon*.

The "Pole" indicates the village of Long Branch, and at a point where two roads intersect the main village street, a majestic liberty-pole has been maintained with laudable patriotism many years. This village, some two miles from the shore, was founded by the fishermen, whose humble tenements there found greater protection from the wintry blasts.

The "Lower Pole," where a humbler pole is erected, is a collection of houses, within half a mile of the shore, occupied by the proprietors and others interested in the hotel and business establishments of the sea-shore, who are thus conveniently near to look after their interests during the stagnancy of the bleak winters.

It is well known that Philadelphians formerly drove to this point, then an Indian camping-ground, for bathing purposes; a boarding-house was erected for their accom-

modation, near the present Metropolitan Hotel ; from this pioneer enterprise gradually sprang others, as the increasing demand for accommodation would justify.

This leading resort, some 32 miles from New-York, has risen to a remarkable degree of favor and prosperity. Last year some 50,000 guests were there during the summer. The leading hotels pride themselves on their tables and accommodations, and the bathing arrangements are such, that years have passed by *without* a serious accident, although bathers disregard all rules, oftentimes with a suicidal recklessness. Many of the cottages and improved grounds are elaborate and costly. Some 70 new ones have been erected during the winter, and some property has increased in value sixteen-fold in four years, real estate having increased here some \$4,000,000, as shown by the tax lists.

Among some elegant artistic efforts, for which this place has been drawn upon, is an oil painting by Rosenberg, "Long Branch by Moonlight ;" the scene being laid at the bluff fronting the Continental Hotel. It is a gem, and the largest painting we have seen of any watering-place. A collection of 100 photographic views of the vicinity, with letter-press sketches, is also issued for this season. A map showing the various drives, resorts, cottages, (occupants,) etc., is also announced for 1868, for the assistance of strangers in their peregrinations.

HOTELS.—The largest and principal hotels are, the Metropolitan, Continental, Mansion House, Howland's and Stetson's, designated in their geographical order. The Metropolitan was rebuilt in 1865 by the present firm of Cooper & Laird, (Joseph H. Cooper and Samuel Laird.) It is a fine structure, in L form, located some 300 yards short of the Sea Shore Railway terminus, with a depot on the premises.

Capacity, some 600 guests ; terms, \$3 to \$5 per day. A Philadelphia band is engaged for the season.

The Continental Hotel, immediately south of the depots, was built by the present proprietors, Messrs. Sprague & Stokes, in 1866, embracing the old National and Congress Hall hotels, as wings to the new structure, presenting a solid frontage of 700 feet, with half a mile of galleries. A portion of the building extends back 250 feet. The dining-room is 75 by 200 feet, the largest ball-room on the Branch, if not at any watering-place. The billiard-room has nine tables. Bowling-alleys, shooting-galleries, brass and string bands, and other accessories are abundantly provided. Capacity, 800 guests ; terms, \$3 to \$5 per day.

The Mansion House was originally built as the pioneer hotel ; it has been owned and kept by Mr. Samuel Laird for a number of years ; location, adjoining the Continental on the south. The house and grounds are well kept up. The New-York Seventh Regiment band furnishes the music. Billiard-room in a separate building. Capacity, some 300 to 400 ; terms, \$4 per day or \$25 per week ; usually remains open later than other houses.

Howland's Hotel will be conducted this season by two of the original proprietors, Messrs. Howland & White, Mr. Herbert having retired. The original portion of this structure was built over 40 years since. It has been largely patronized by Philadelphia families of retired dispositions, by some of them since the first opening. Mr. Howland has conducted it some 25 years. Capacity, over 300 guests ; prices ranging same as other first-class houses ; location, north of the Stetson.

The Stetson House is located over a mile south of the depots, at the farther end of the beach. It was built by a company in 1866, and leased to Charles A. Stetson, Jr., & Co.

It is handsomely furnished; the appointments are extensive; a billiard and bar-room, etc., provided in a building detached from the main structure. The latter is in L form, presenting two fronts; distinct in appearance from any other house in having no upper galleries; rows of tall columns from the ground floor supporting the projecting roof. Capacity, 600 to 800; terms, \$5 per day.

Gilmore, of Boston, furnished last year the bands for this house and the Continental. He will furnish his inimitable music this year to the Stetson at least.

The Pavilion Hotel is situated about half a mile south of the depots, S. C. Morris, proprietor.

The Bath (or Green's) Hotel, formerly located south of the above, destroyed by fire in the spring of 1867, will not be rebuilt. Three cottages are erected on the site.

The United States Hotel, a little south of the Mansion, recently bought by New-York capitalists, has been leased, and will be open from July 1st.

The Clarendon, the nearest to the depots, conducted last year by Jenkinson, (now of the Highlands,) will be conducted by Mrs. Mortimer, who last season had the Cooper Cottage.

The Atlantic, kept by Cristala, about half a mile north of the Metropolitan, is largely patronized by those of the Israelitish faith.

Cooper Cottage, near the Metropolitan, is a popular boarding-house, with rooms for 100 guests. Samuel Laird, proprietor. \$3 per day, or \$17.50 per week.

Charles Jackson's Cottage, on the Pleasure Bay road, corner Long Branch avenue, is of a similar character, though not so large.

These hotels generally open early in June, and close late in September.

They are all upon the beach shores, with bathing-grounds attached, the principal houses having separate gas-works. A company has been formed with the intention of erecting public gas-works in time to supply the sea-shore this summer, and the village in the fall.

The Dunbarton House is located some 4 miles back from the Branch shore, on a fine prominence, a short distance from Oceanport Station, kept by Mrs. Downs, of Fifth avenue, New-York. The vicinity abounds in private boarding-houses, at prices ranging from \$8 to \$15 per week, and many private families bring into requisition every available room during the "season."

At Deal, some five miles south from the railway terminus, are two hotels, Hathaway's having been extensively rebuilt this spring. The bluff does not extend to this point. With the new buildings, Hathaway will accommodate 400 guests. Abner Allen's Hotel accommodates 250 guests. The prices at Deal are moderate, and the houses keep open through the entire season. Telegraph and post-office at Deal.

Shark River, a short distance beyond Deal, is a pleasant drive from the "Branch ;" and, during the summer, is the rendezvous for picnic parties and excursionists, who resort thither for boating, crabbing, and to sit in judgment upon the relative excellence of *these* bivalves and those found at Pleasure Bay.

PLEASURE BAY.

This is an attractive resort, about a mile north of the depot, on the Shrewsbury river, for lovers of boating, fishing, and aquatic sports, and where bivalves, crabs, and shell-fish in considerable variety are found, and served up

in a style of *cuisine* of the first order. The New-York Hotel is the principal house, built and opened by Isaac P. Cooper, in 1867. Good accommodation. Rates, \$2.50 per day, or \$15 per week. "Old man West," in the immediate vicinity, and Price's Hotel, also afford good entertainment. Open May 1st to October 1st.

ATTRACTIVE POINTS.—The drives are mostly over well-graveled turnpikes, that skirting the principal bluff being regularly sprinkled. Mineral Spring is near Oceanville, a drive of two miles from the Stetson House. The waters are highly medicinal, as a tonic, one gallon containing one and a quarter grains of carbonate of iron. These springs are romantically located, and form a pleasant resort. A fine park of over 200 acres is being elegantly improved, with choice shrubbery, etc., and already forms a splendid drive upon the bluff, south of Stetson's, toward Deal. This has been mapped out, and the improvements designed, in detail, by Olmstead, of the Central Park, New York. The wrecking station, with life-car, etc., seen upon the beach in approaching the above park, is well worth a visit; and the officer in charge, Mr. Charles H. Green, resides at the old Green homestead hard by, and will explain the *modus operandi* of the various apparatus. The grounds of John Hoey, Esq., are on Cedar avenue, a short distance beyond the Stetson, and are magnificently improved. They are thrown open to the public to as great an extent as is compatible with the labor necessarily bestowed on them. A drive to Eatontown leads past "Turtle Mills," a most picturesque view. The road over the dam, skirted by willows, the mill-race, and the mill, still running, though built before the Revolution. Another fine view is from Newman Springs, in the vicinity of Eatontown and Shrewsbury. At this point the famed

Navesink River takes its rise. Nauvoo is a cluster of fishermen's residences and ice-houses, upon the beach, a few miles north of the shore, on the large tract of Dr. A. V. Conover, who rents it for a nominal sum to the fishermen. Gifford, the New-York artist, has made this the subject of a fine painting. The euphonious designation of Nauvoo is a synonym for Salt Lake City, probably suggested by the *salting* of quantities of fish for market. The return scene on this beach, of the men and boats, is sometimes highly romantic.

POST-OFFICES, ETC.—Branch Shore Post-Office, N. J., is at the Continental Hotel, and all letters for hotels on the beach should be so addressed. Telegraph offices at depots, Continental, Stetson's, and intermediate points.

HACK HIRE, ETC.—To prevent extortion, a recent ordinance forbids hackmen to charge *more* than \$2 per hour. Omnibuses charge 25 cents from the depot to any hotel. Mr. Cooper, of Pleasure Bay, will run an omnibus to his hotel, from any point on the beach, for the same price, and ten cents between different points along the beach.

BASE BALL.—This popular exercise is much in vogue at the shore. The "Sea Sides" have played some very successful match games. The "Chelsea Club" is a recent organization of amateur gentlemen.

ROUTES TO LONG BRANCH.—The oldest and permanent route is by the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railway by boat from Pier 32 North River, at 4 P.M., connecting at Port Monmouth with trains. Returning, leave Branch Shore at 7.15 A.M. These trains run throughout the year. During summer, some four trains each way are run. Boats touch also at Pier 1, North River. Time-tables in the daily papers. Commutation fare, \$90 per annum, or about \$20 per month.

SEA SHORE RAILWAY.—By this road, which runs during the summer season, boats leave foot of Clarkson street, connecting at Sandy Hook with trains running along the shore to the Highlands, and the Long Branch terminus. From the 15th of June to 15th September, leave New-York at 10.30 A.M., and 4.00 and 5.15 P.M. Leave Long Branch at 7.15 A.M., 12.45 and 6.15 P.M. Fare on either road \$1, or \$1.50 for the round trip.

HIGHLANDS OF NAVESINK.

These commanding bluffs are upon the line of the Sea Shore Railway, 24 miles from New-York, or reached by stage, 7 miles from Highland Station, on the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railway, some 7 miles from Long Branch. The Red Bank boats touch at the dock.

HOTELS.—Thompson's Atlantic Pavilion is the oldest and principal house, on a sloping lawn upon the bluff, looking seaward. The steamboat Stewart, belonging to the proprietor, conveys guests across the river to the depot and to the bathing-grounds, for excursions, etc. Opens 1st June and until late in the fall. Rates of charge, \$3 per day, and lower to families.

Schenck's Hotel is leased by Charles Jenkinson from Long Branch, and is opened on a much improved scale. Opening and terms about the same.

ATTRACTIONS.—The well-known U. S. light-house building rears its massive towers behind these hotels. The views from the bluffs are splendid, and the scenery and walks rugged and romantic. Elegantly improved cottages are springing up on every side. The Neptune Club House in this vicinity forms a delightful resort for the members and their friends through the summer.

RED BANK, N. J.

The view of this pretty town, from over the Shrewsbury River, upon which it is located, is, in the summer season, one of surpassing loveliness. The environs are attractive, and afford subjects for many off-hand sketches. Hence it is the chosen summer residence of Arthur Lumley and other artists.

The sailing, boating, fishing, crabbing, etc., are very fine, and shell-fish abound in profusion. The river affords salt-water bathing.

HOTELS.—The Globe Hotel, kept by Hendrickson, is a standard, well-kept house throughout the year. French's Hotel is at the depot.

The "Riverside" and "Atkins'" are summer houses, open from June to October. Rates, from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per day.

ROUTES.—By the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railway, on express trains, same time as to Long Branch. Time, one hour from New-York.

By steamboats Sea Bird and Helen, from New-York, changing time half-hour each day with the tide. Monthly time-tables in advance in New-York papers. The distance is about the same as that of the Highlands.

NEWPORT, AND SURROUNDINGS.

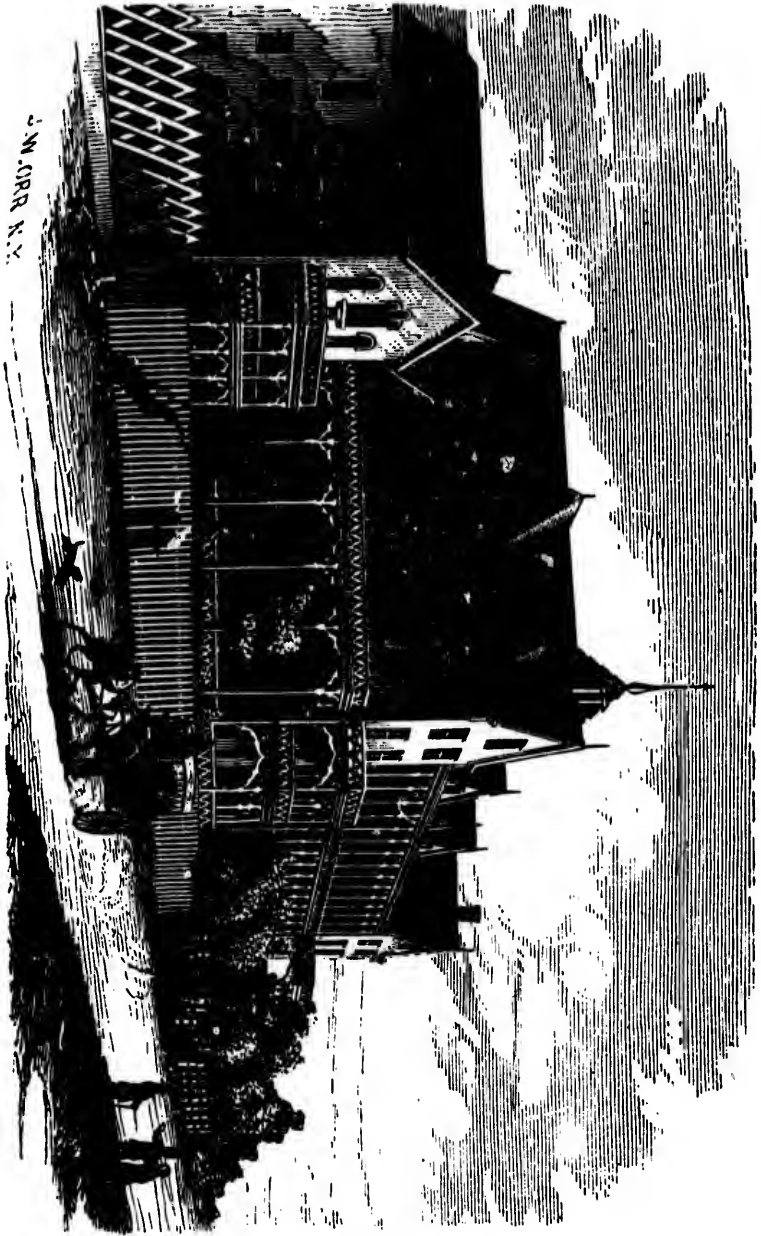
To Newport, the most elegant watering-place of the United States, as Saratoga is the most popular, there is a great variety of routes from New-York City, the chief difference in them being according to a traveler's preference for the rapid rail journey, a voyage partly by river, or one by the Sound. The nearest approach to an all-rail route begins at Twenty-seventh street depot, New-York, 8 A.M.,

and reaches Providence in 8 hours by the Shore Line, going thence to Newport direct by steamboat in 2 hours—a constantly interesting sail. Or one may take the Hartford boat from Peck Slip, East River, and from Hartford take the Providence, Hartford, and Fishkill (more properly called the Boston, Atlantic, and Erie) Railway, 4 hours to Providence, whence by boat as before. The principal and most fashionable route, however, is that through Long Island Sound, by the Fall River Line of steamers, from Pier 28 North River, foot of Murray street, New-York City, 5 P.M., to Newport direct, arriving early in the morning. The boats, which are among the finest on the Sound, are the Metropolis, Capt. Simmons, and the Newport, Capt. Brown. Fare, \$4; state-room and supper, \$1 each. A messenger of Dodd's Express will call for baggage to go by this line, in New-York and Brooklyn, upon notice being left at offices—foot of Cortlandt street, North River, and 944 Broadway, New-York, and at No. 1 Court street, Brooklyn.

Arrived at Newport, the visitor finds any number of stages at the wharf or depot, ready to convey him to a hotel. The Ocean House is the most fashionable, and the nearest to the beach, being on Bellevue avenue, corner of Bowery street, about half a mile up from the wharf. Capacity for 600 guests; generally open from June 15th to September 10th; telegraph office in the house; post-office near; New-York and Boston papers always on hand; table tolerable; terms, \$5 per day—same by the week or season. The Atlantic House is situated at the corner of Pelham and Touro streets, directly opposite Touro Park and the Old Stone Mill. It is kept by William W. Hazard, assisted by John Peckham as clerk, and the post-office address is Box 893, Newport, R. I. It will accommodate 250 guests, and is generally open from May to October. The house is

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Ocean House, Newport, R. I.



lighted by gas and heated by steam—a very important item to those who sojourn in Newport. There is a telegraph station near by. The Atlantic House was used by the Government as a Naval School during the late civil war. Always supplied with New-York and Boston papers. The Aquidneck House is situated at the corner of Pelham and Carne streets, just below the Atlantic. It is kept by William Hodges, assisted by B. A. Winslow, as clerk. Post-office address, Box 777, Newport, R. I. It will accommodate 150 guests, and is open the year round. The Pelham Street House is a short distance below the Aquidneck, at 12 Pelham street; proprietor, James T. Potter; Box 779, post-office address; open all the year, and will accommodate 60 persons; terms for the summer of 1868, \$2.50 per day, and \$12 per week. The Perry House is situated opposite Washington Square, at the head of Long, or Steamboat Wharf; proprietor, George W. Hodges; Box 784. This house is nearly new, first class, accommodating 150 guests, and is the nearest the railway, wharf, and the business part of the city. Shanahan's Opera-House adjoins it—the finest theatre, outside of Boston, in New-England, 128 by 50 feet, seating 1000 persons. The prices at the Perry House are, for the summer, from \$3.50 to \$4 per day, according to rooms taken; \$15 to \$25 per week. In the winter the charge is \$3 per day. The United States Hotel (George H. Copeland, Box 787) is on the corner of Thames and Pelham streets, near the Providence boat landing, in the business section. Capacity, 60 guests; open all the year; prices from \$2.50 to \$3 per day. There are also many large boarding-houses in and near Newport, which are always well patronized. The most popular method of living, however, among the leaders of fashion, has become the dwelling in cottages, purchased or

rented for the summer, and really among the finest attractions of the place as a summer resort, albeit their increase has been marked by a falling off in hotel patronage. The extreme charges of the leading hotels have seriously injured the popularity of Newport with such tourists as can not afford time or money for the elegant cottage-life.

The facilities for surf-bathing at Newport are not excelled by any place in this country. There are three fine beaches, called Easton's, Sachuest's, and Smith's. Easton's is the one generally used by the majority; and it is so situated that there is no danger to the bathers from under-currents, while the breakers follow each other in majestic succession. This beach is about half a mile from the principal hotels, and public conveyances ply regularly to and fro.

The drives about Newport are excellent. In 1867, a new one was made by the city authorities, commencing at Bellevue avenue, near the Ocean House, and continuing south 2 miles; thence west 3 miles, along the shore; thence north 1 mile; and thence north-east to Bellevue avenue, 3 miles. The entire drive is 10 miles long, 80 feet wide, and is macadamized. It is pronounced the best one in the country, and some of the finest residences in the city are located on it. An unobstructed view of the Atlantic Ocean is afforded for nearly the entire length of this road.

Near Sachuest Beach, at the northern extremity of the Bluff, is a dark chasm called Purgatory. By actual measurement, the chasm is 160 feet in length; from 8 to 14 feet wide at the top; from 2 to 24 feet wide at the bottom; 50 feet depth at the outer edge; and 10 feet of water at low tide. Near by are the Hanging Rocks, within whose shadow it is said that Bishop Berkeley wrote his *Minute Philosopher*. The Glen and the Spouting Cave are charming places to ride to, when the weather invites. Lily Pond,

the largest sheet of spring water on the island, is easily reached from Spouting Cave. The waters of the pond swarm with perch.

The city of Newport is so ancient, and once so prominent a town, that it would be of interest to the visitor, wholly apart from its present fashionable relations. Indeed, Newport may be said properly to be two places—an old metropolis, and a watering-place; and, like Quebec reversed, it has its upper, or new town, and its lower, or old town. The harbor is one of the best and deepest in the world. The entrance to it is 2 miles in width, 29 fathoms in depth, and in only one instance has it been closed by ice since the first settlement. As late as 1769, the city exceeded New-York in the extent of her foreign and domestic commerce. In the Revolution, the British long held possession of the place, during which time (till 1797) the population decreased from 12,000 to 4000. Among the interesting relics to be found in the town are: Franklin's printing-press, imported by James Franklin in 1720. It is in the office of the *Newport Mercury*, established in 1758. Upon this press the first newspaper issued (1732) was printed. The Chair of State, in which Benedict Arnold sat at the reception of the charter in 1663, is in the possession of the Gould family. The First Baptist Church, founded in 1638, and claimed as the oldest church in Rhode Island, is worthy a visit.

Newport was the birthplace of the gifted miniature-painter Malbone, and Gilbert Stuart's place of nativity may be seen in Narraganset, across the bay. Stuart made two copies of his great Washington picture for Rhode Island, one of which may be seen in the State-house at Newport, and the other in that at Providence.

The Old Stone Mill, in Touro Park, opposite the Atlan-

tic House, is a curiosity, and is tenderly cared for by the city authorities. It is sometimes called the Round Tower. The origin and early history of this "old mill" is a mystery, and has led to many fruitless conjectures. Some antiquarians claim for it the honor of having afforded a secure shelter to the Norsemen, who, they say, built it as a lookout and a tower of defense; but the modern observers deny it this enviable renown, and maintain that it was built by Governor Benedict Arnold, the first charter governor of the colony, who owned the property at the time of his death, and calls it in his will "my stone-built windmill." Redwood Library, near the opera-house, established by Abraham Redwood in 1750, contains one of the very best collections of paintings, choice books, and statuary in the country. The Jewish Synagogue, on Touro street, was built in 1672, and up to the Revolutionary War was regularly opened for worship, and was the only place in New-England where Hebrew was chanted and read weekly. There were many families of wealthy and influential Jews in Newport at that time; now there are none. Abraham Touro left \$20,000 in charge of the town authorities, the interest to be expended in keeping the synagogue and grounds, and street leading to it, in repair; and the wishes of the donor have been carefully complied with. Besides these places, the visitor should see the Perry Monument, Commodore Perry's house, built in 1763, and long known as the "Granary;" the fortifications in the harbor, Fort Adams, Fort Wolcott, Fort Brown, and the Dumplings. Fort Adams, on Brenton Point, is one of the largest works in the United States, mounting 460 guns.

Passing now out of Newport itself, we find ourselves in the midst of a most interesting and beautiful region.

Half-way between Providence and Newport, the two capitals of great Rhode Island, is Rocky Point, a favorite resort. Marked Rock is another famous excursion place, a few miles higher up the bay. It is reached in 40 minutes from Providence by boat. The towns of Warren and Bristol, across the bay, are each worthy of a visit. They may both be reached several times a day from Providence, *via* the Warren and Bristol Railway. Mount Hope, the famous home of the renowned King Philip, the last of the Wampanoags, is just below Bristol, upon Mount Hope Bay, an arm of the Narraganset on the east. From the crown of this picturesque height is beheld a fine panorama of the beautiful Rhode Island waters. In summertime, boats ply twice a day on excursion trips from Providence to various rural points down the bay, charging 50 cents only for the round trip. Rocky Point is the most favored of all these rural recesses. Thousands visit it in the course of the season, and feast upon delicious clams, just drawn from the water, and roasted on the shore in heated seaweed, upon true and orthodox "clam-bake" principles. The hotel is large and well fitted up, with 100 acres of ground, bathing-houses, and an observatory, about 125 feet above the summit of the hill. Bowling-alleys, billiard-rooms, pistol-galleries, etc., are on the grounds, and boarders at the hotel have the use of them at reduced rates. Proprietors, Messrs. De Camp & Cole. Rooms for 200 to 400 guests; prices, \$4 per day, \$25 for single persons, and \$20 for each of two together, per week.

The city of Providence is beautiful, and a very worthy place for the tourist to spend a little time in; but it is said to be the wealthiest city (proportionately to its population) in America, and the self-possession resulting therefrom has hindered the establishing of any hotels worth the name; the visitor will therefore make the tour of

the city to advantage within the sunny hours of a single day. Very moderate accommodation can be had at the Aldrich House, (new,) near the railway depot, and the City Hotel, (old,) near Broad street.

The city was founded by Roger Williams in 1636, and is the seat of Brown (Baptist) University, a very interesting place to see. Providence was once a very important commercial depot, its rich ships crossing all seas; and at the present day the city is equally distinguished for its manufacturing and commercial enterprise. In the former department of human achievement it early took the lead, which it still keeps, the first cotton-mill which was built in America being still in use in its suburban village of Pawtucket; and some of the heaviest mills and print-works of the Union being now in operation within its limits. It has also extensive manufactories of machinery and jewelry.

At Hunt's Mill, three or four miles distant, is a beautiful brook with a picturesque little cascade, a drive to which is among the morning or evening pleasures of the Providence people and their guests. Vue de l'Eau is the name of a picturesque and spacious summer hotel, perched upon a high terrace 4 miles below the city, overlooking the bay and its beauties for many miles around.

The What Cheer Rock, where Williams landed, on the shore of a bay in Seekonk River, is a place of much beauty as well as historic merit.

At Portsmouth Grove the celebrated Rhode Island Coal Mines are located. The south and main shaft is worked by the Mount Hope Coal Mine Company. It is worked down 1265 feet below the surface of the earth, on a slope of 33 degrees. 15,000 tons of coal are mined annually. It is supplied with engines and breakers, and with fric-

tion gear for hauling of the most improved pattern, and has a wharf and railway tracks to facilitate shipping.

The north shaft is worked by Messrs. Crocker & Brothers, (Taunton Copper Company,) who have a smelting-works on the ground and another in Taunton, and they use this coal exclusively at both places, and consider it the best for smelting copper and zinc ores. They mine from 8000 to 10,000 tons annually, using about 40 tons per day for generating steam. This shaft is 600 feet below the surface, on a slope. The quality is constantly improving and the supply is thought to be inexhaustible.

The coal is a very sharp red ash, possessing a large proportion of carbon, and an entire absence of sulphur. It is extensively used in stoves and modern furnaces, and is considered a superior fuel.

A large army hospital was located here during our late civil war.

The northern limit of this town is the dividing-line between Rhode Island and Massachusetts. It is quite a resort during the summer season, and the best of fishing, boating, and bathing privileges can be obtained. The Lawton House, seen about a mile from the station, is a new one, furnished with all necessary modern improvements, and kept in first-class style.

A turnpike road diverges from here toward Seconnet Point, distant to the south about 13 miles, passing through Tiverton Four Corners and Little Compton.

The Seconnet River is crossed at Tiverton, opposite the Lawton House, on a substantial stone bridge, several hundred feet in length, and the railway crosses on a bridge about 1500 feet long, built in a most improved manner, with a pivot draw-bridge, and 70 feet of water under it in the main channel, the whole costing \$75,000.

Tiverton was once noted as the location of the battle-grounds of the Indians in earlier years, and there are many places that bear aboriginal names in consequence. The surrounding view from Tiverton Heights is a beautiful one.

The road from Tiverton to Newport, 14 miles, is laid along the west shore of the island of Rhode Island; and an excellent view of Narragansett Bay, with its islands, is given. This is one of the pleasantest railway rides in New-England in the summer season.

Fall River, north-east from Newport, and the terminus of the Fall River line of steamboats before communication by rail was completed, takes its name from a stream by that name, which here falls into the bay from the east, by a descent of over 130 feet. This river forms the outlet of Watuppa Ponds, which lie about 2 miles east of the city, and from which comes the principal water-power of the place. Fall River is almost without a parallel in respect to the union of an extensive hydraulic power with a position immediately upon navigable water. At its highest elevation, it is 150 feet above the level of the sea. The sunset views from here have been pronounced as beautiful as those of Italy, and the surrounding scenery is thought to be superior to any in New-England. The harbor is safe, easy of access, and of sufficient depth for the largest ships.

Mount Hope is situated on one of the islands across the bay, and was once the home of the Indian King Philip and his tribe. Probably in no place in New-England can be heard so many legends of the Indian tribes, and nowhere are the names of the celebrated chiefs so well perpetuated.

THE CONNECTICUT SHORE.

STRATFORD, CT.

An early arrival by the boat at New-Haven enabled us to take the first train westward, which in half an hour left us at Stratford. This village, like nearly all the settlements in this part of New-England, was settled early in the 17th century. The green, or public square, where the church stands, dates back to about 1750. The quiet streets, and ancient, towering trees, under which wander the beaten paths, not strictly lined out, but winding through the green turf, impress the visitor with a Sunday feeling, and remind him of English villages, till some ambitious, heavy-corniced dwelling, erected by some townsman come home rich from the city, banishes the idea, and recalls the progressiveness of this "great country." There is no inn here, and the rule for the wicked stranger who invades the place is, that he pass on or starve. Our errand carried us to the shore, and from thence can be seen, and reached by such as love to go down to the Sound in cockle-shell boats, a house of resort for fishermen and transient visitors, kept by Mr. George Smith—a place which has the appearance of a pleasant sportsman's retreat. The shore here is flat, marshy, and uninviting, and we being faint with hunger, besieged by a legion of fierce and fell mosquitoes, apparently bent on avenging the wrongs of their Indian predecessors, and obliged to hold our only intercourse at that early hour with a deaf citizen by writing with chalk on his door, beat a retreat, and took the next train westward.

FAIRFIELD.

Fairfield, our next stopping-place, lies three miles west

of Bridgeport. The busy streets and glaring piles of brick which Bridgeport boasts, were passed by without a tear. But the shady walks, the flowers, the delightful dwellings, with their lawns and gardens, the air of quiet refinement at Fairfield, might well tempt the weary traveler to stop and seek repose. He would not be disappointed under the quiet, hospitable roof of the Fairfield House, where mine host is capable and kind, and the table is certain to please. Fairfield has one of the finest bathing beaches on the Sound. It lies within half a mile of the village, and the sea-view from it is limitless and ocean-like. The neighboring country is gently rolling, highly cultivated, and affords beautiful drives. Like many New-England villages, peaceful Fairfield has its history of blood and terror. The infamous Tryon attacked and burned the whole place in July, 1779. We copy from Dr. Dwight's graphic description the following: "While the town was in flames, a thunder-storm overspread the heavens, just as night came on. The conflagration of near 200 houses illumined the earth, the skirts of the cloud, and the waves of the Sound, with a union of gloom and grandeur. The sky speedily was hung with the deepest darkness, wherever not tinged by the melancholy lustre of the flames. At intervals, the lightnings blazed with a vivid and terrible splendor. The thunder rolled along, and beneath, the roaring of the fires filled up the intervals with a deep and hollow sound. Add to this, the sharp sound of muskets occasionally discharged, the groans here and there of the wounded and dying, and the shouts of triumph; then place before your eyes crowds of miserable sufferers, mingled with bodies of militia, and from the neighboring hills taking a farewell prospect of their property and their dwellings, their happiness and their hopes—and you will

form a just but imperfect picture of the burning of Fairfield."

As the present court-house and church were built to resemble the old ones as nearly as possible, the village green presents much the same appearance as in 1779.

SAVIN ROCK, NEAR NEW-HAVEN.

Savin Rock is a popular summer resort, especially with New-Haven people. There is a pleasant hotel called the Rock House, accommodating 130 guests. It is four miles southward of New-Haven, and a mile from the New-Haven Depot on the New-York and New-Haven Railway. During the summer, stages run hourly between New-Haven and the Rock House. Telegraph station at the house. Messrs. Burgess & Renshaw are the proprietors, to whom all letters should be addressed at New-Haven. Prices from \$15 to \$25 per week.

GUILFORD.

We now returned eastward, the many trains on the New-Haven Railway enabling us to go at almost any time, and proceeded by the Shore Line as far as the ancient town of Guilford, which, like Stratford, dates from about 1639, and where is or was, recently still standing in good repair, a stone house built in 1640. In this building was solemnized the first marriage in the town, and a sumptuous wedding supper was provided of pork and peas.

The Sea-Side Hotel here is on the shore, half a mile from the railway. It is a roomy and pleasant building, with a noble piazza or porch, and a good lawn. The host is fully impressed with the gravity of his position as commandant of the central spot around which, in his view, New-England revolves. The company is agreeable and somewhat fash-

ionable, and doubtless sheds additional lustre upon mine host, thus enhancing the splendor of his naturally lofty position. The country here is flat and uninteresting, and the bathing inconvenient, being upon a stony and muddy bottom.

The Guilford Point House is kept by the veteran Capt. Hunt. Accommodations for 100 guests, from June 20th to September 20th. Telegraph office at the railway station, half a mile distant. Trains from New-Haven at 7.30 and 11.30 A.M., and 4 and 7 P.M. Hotel terms, \$3 per day, \$18 per week. Fine fishing, sailing, driving, and a host of pretty girls, combine to make the place irresistible. If you doubt it, skeptic, start boldly forth some Saturday afternoon, as did your humble servant, and return a champion of its excellences.

There was, till within a few years, a fine hotel at Sachem's Head in this town, which was destroyed by fire. The name was derived from the execution by the celebrated Uncas of a captive Pequot chief, whose head was cut off and placed in the crotch of a large oak here, where the skull remained for many years.

BRANFORD AND INDIAN POINT.

We next took a return train to Branford, which is a centre from which at least half a dozen different resorts may be visited. There is the Double Beach House with its magnificent old oak, known for half a century back as one of the finest trees in this vicinity, and its pretty little isthmus of sand, washed on both sides by the clear waters, and leading to a picturesque rocky and shady knoll, whence a broad and lovely view of the sail-dotted Sound is to be had, tempting you to linger there for hours.

The Double Beach House, F. B. Linsley, proprietor, is

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quite near the Branford Point House, and is a very good point for lovers of fishing. It has accommodations for 100 guests, and is open from January to the 1st of October. The post-office address is Branford, Ct. This is not one of the high-priced houses. Terms, \$3 per day, \$17.50 per week. Splendid place for young men fond of yachting and fishing. Route, New-York and New-Haven, and New-Haven and New-London Railways.

There is the Montevese, a new hotel standing on the shore, with a fine beach running immediately in front, and which is, we believe, as airy and well-kept a house as might be wished, though it has the draw-back of being destitute of shade-trees. There is Pine Orchard, noted for the excellence with which the Sheltons serve up their sea food, and which is a quiet little house, usually occupied for the season by permanent boarders. There are the small hotels at Stony Creek, to be reached also more easily from the station of that name, and which are favorite resorts for the people from inland Connecticut. The pleasant house kept by N. C. Frink, at Indian Point, deserves more than passing notice. Though his buildings and rooms are small, his activity and efforts to make his guests enjoy themselves are unbounded. This is the best place to go to for a few days of rowing or sailing among the numerous picturesque islands which form the groups laid down as the Thimbles, and which afford a specimen of scenery unique in this part of the country so far as I know. In one of these is a secure harbor, quite concealed by high rocks and trees from the view of any one passing along the Sound, and large enough for several small vessels to lie in. It was a resort of Kidd, the pirate, who lay there ready to pounce upon the unsuspecting vessels "as they sailed, as they sailed," and whither, when pursued, he could retreat, and

suddenly disappear from his enemy as if swallowed up by the waves. Like all of Kidd's haunts, the island's have their legends of buried treasure among the rocks. They are now much frequented by lovers of black-fishing and duck-shooting, and the bay of Stony Creek has long been famous for its exceedingly fine oysters and other shell-fish, of which the guests of Mr. Frink will have abundant opportunity to judge. Deponent can speak with knowledge of the sweetness of the small lobsters, and the magnificent grandeur of the great Stony Creek oysters. A word to the wise, etc.

Finally, let us introduce the "forlorn and weary brother" for whom these jottings are intended, to the spot of all others where he will find panacea for all his ills. At the head of the rocky-shored and island-sprinkled bay of Branford, he who is lucky enough to get his first view from the water will observe a long, irregular row of white buildings, sharply relieved against a background of hills and trees. As he approaches, he will see a large covered saloon or pavilion, centrally placed in the building, open on both sides to give easy passage to the ever fresh sea breeze, and tenanted by provokingly cool and comfortable-looking personages. Hastening to land, he will perceive numerous sail-boats of all sizes, kept by sundry bold if not ancient mariners, for the amusement of the visitors. A billiard-room, a bowling-alley, a croquet-ground, a fine grove, lawn, and flower-garden, and, not least of all, a kitchen-garden, which promises varied and abundant provender enough for the most rigid vegetarian, next meet his gaze, and cause his features to relax from the knitted frown of observation to the complacent smoothness of satisfaction. As he joins the group of cool and happy ones in the open saloon, he is aware of a magnificent view of Branford Har-

bor, bounded by low, wooded hills, specked with rocky islets, and stretching out beyond into the ocean-like expanse of the blue, glittering Sound. White sails flit across the rippled surface, and far off appear and vanish, as if seeking the isles of the blest. The breeze freshens, the sea darkens, ever-changing cloud-shapes vary and adorn the sky, and the declining sun begins to cast a roseate splendor over the water, like the bloom of the gardens of Paradise. Move not, until he sinks into darkness, and moonlight silvers all the sea! The flood of light is thrown in a broad pathway far out upon the watery waste—and one weird-looking sail of some homeward-bound vessel glides through it like a ghost. You watch it with half-unconscious interest; it seems to lead and beckon you into a dreamy reverie, until, when you lose it in the distance, you turn away with a sigh that such moments come but seldom in life, or rather that we so seldom are in tone to appreciate the beauty and suggestiveness which Nature is continually flinging broadcast before us.

On this charming spot is the Branford Point House, kept by Mr. King, so long and well known to the citizens of New-Haven as an accomplished and attentive landlord. For the past two years he has been gradually improving and embellishing this place, until it is now one of the pleasantest retreats on the coast, and has gained a reputation which, as is testified by his need of constant enlargement, is advancing year by year. Here we ended our day of wandering, somewhat distracted by the diverse attractions before us, but in a mood fully appreciative of them all, and can sincerely recommend those who delight in boating, bathing, sea-views, shady walks, or a cool lounging spot while the dog-star rules, to follow our example.

The Branford Point House is 8 miles from New-Haven,

east of the city, and is reached by cars on the New-London and New-Haven Railway, which runs within a mile of the hotel, or by stages from New-Haven. It will accommodate 200 guests, and has long been a favorite resort with persons residing in all parts of the country. Prices, per week, \$12 to \$25. The post-office address is Branford, at which place there is also a telegraph station. Trains leave New-Haven at 6.40, 10.55, 3.15, 6.05 and 11.15. Excellent fishing and boating. Good place for families.

INDIAN NECK.

This is a cozy little resort, 5 miles from Branford Station. There are several pleasant boarding-houses, but no hotel. Accommodations for 50 guests at the Indian Neck House. A charming place for bathing and boating, and very quiet. Families will find it a desirable resort. Address Benjamin E. Goodrich, Indian Neck, Branford, Ct. Price, \$10 per week.

EAST-LYME, or "Niantic." This pretty village, generally known as *Niantic*, is delightfully situated in full view of the Sound, on Niantic Bay, at the mouth of Nehantic (or Niantic) River. A long, narrow peninsula, upon which the railway is constructed, lies between the latter and the former, which are united by a narrow channel, spanned by the railway bridge. It is a popular place of summer seaside resort, for fishing, bathing, etc.

NEW-LONDON.

New-London is the favorite among all the summer resorts on the Sound, its nearness to Providence, Hartford, New-Haven, Boston, and New-York, rendering it very accessible. The plying of the steamers between here and

the metropolis, in connection with the railway to all points in and out of New-England, also aid to popularize New-London.

A STAGNANT TOWN.—“New-London,” writes Junius Browne, “is a stagnant old town that imagines it has three or four or five thousand inhabitants, but which does not seem to have more than half as many. Nothing moves there except the fish and the boats in the harbor. The natives, who loiter around corner groceries and fish-stalls, live so somnolently that, when any thing happens, they pinch themselves to determine if they are awake. The restlessness of the American character does not belong to them. Believing they have done their work in being born, they leave affairs to the guidance of Clotho and her sisters. Catching fish and eating them comprehend the whole of existence; and sitting in the shade and smoking, the highest luxuries they long for.

“We have an esoteric conviction that New-London was one of the antediluvian villages, which was at the time of the Cataclysm too lazy to drown, and consequently floated off to the far West, and, after centuries of aqueous continuance, lodged against a point of Connecticut, at the mouth of the Thames River, and has remained there ever since.”

PATRONAGE OF THE HOTEL.—The Pequot, with its 8 cottages, will accommodate about 500 persons, and has generally 300 within its boundaries. A number of families are usually here from New-York. The price of board at the Pequot is \$5 per day, which is very willingly paid, with liberal outlays for “extras,” by those who think they obtain “exclusiveness,” and value it as the immediate jewel of their serenely complacent souls.

The other houses of summer resort are the Ocean, on

the other side of the harbor, and Thompson's, further up the river, in Groton. They are said to be well patronized, but not by New-Yorkers. They make no such pretension to fashion as the Pequot, which entirely ignores their existence.

The villages and cottages about New-London are very beautiful, but would appear better if they had less the air of being starched every morning and ironed out every night. Several on the Harbor road we have never seen surpassed for elaborate completeness and artificial precision. Men are employed to roll the grass and gravel-walks constantly, place every pebble in its place, and clip every green blade which, after microscopic inspection, is one hundredth of an inch above its fellow.

Edwin Booth, William Stuart, and other New-Yorkers have cottages here.

ROCKY POINT.

The Point is pleasant and cool-looking, and the opportunities for bathing and fishing are excellent. A number of people from New-England, New-York State, and the West, gather here to spend the summer, preferring the quiet and informality, the grateful *insouciance* of the Point, to the greater gayety, the fashionable display, and the rigid social exactions of Newport and Saratoga.

STONINGTON

is of course not changed. It looks exactly as it did twenty years ago. Indeed, no one would believe the staid inhabitants of the place had moved in that time. They might have slept, for all they have done in developing or improv-

ing their old-fashioned village. The glory of Stonington is in the past. It looks backward for its fame, and to the present and all the future for its drowsy content. The motto of Metternich, *Quieta non movere*, is adopted here, and never will be altered.

Stonington was settled in 1660, or thereabout, and forty or fifty years ago was an important commercial and trading point. Its whaling interests were next to those of Newport, and for a long while it enjoyed a monopoly of sealing. Men now living went to the Shetlands on three years' voyages, in vessels of 40 or 50 tons.

Its present population is less than 4000, augmented by a few hundreds every summer, and not likely to increase during the present century. There is a good deal of private wealth here, mostly in the hands of retired whale and seal-men; and the town can boast of a number of handsome residences. Stonington has, like most New-England villages, white, gable-ended, green-shuttered, cool-piazzaed houses, with shrubbery and pleasant grounds about them, relieved by small, time-worn frame tenements, suffering from architectural marasmus.

The hotels are three, the Wadawanuck, Tremont, and Steamboat House, though the last two are very small, and patronized only by transient people. The Wadawanuck is the only hotel worthy the name; is comfortable and pleasantly situated, occupying an entire square with its inclosing grounds, which are handsomely laid out. The piazzas are broad, the table is very good, and the chambers are plain, but neat and airy.

The Wadawanuck accommodates about 150 persons with entire convenience, but can increase the number to 200 if necessary. The price of board is \$3.50 per day, and the patrons of the hotel are mostly families who come here

with their children for the air and bathing, which is good, though there is no beach. The distance from here to Providence is 55, and to New-York 150 miles.

None of the features of a fashionable watering-place life are visible here. Those who visit Stonington are expected to find their pleasures in each other, and their satisfaction in riding, fishing, and talking.

Captain R. F. Loper and Mr. Rogers, of Philadelphia, Warren Stanton, of New-Orleans, Captain Charles P. Williams, and Ephraim P. Williams, State Senator, have handsome residences in Stonington.

NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I.

Narragansett Pier, in South-Kingston, R. I., situated on the sea-shore at the mouth of Narragansett Bay, and about one hour's sail from Newport, has been known as a watering-place for over twenty years.

At first the patronage was limited, as were the accommodations, there being at that time but one private boarding-house, Benjamin Hadwen, proprietor. As the place became more generally known, others turned their attention to the business, which has rapidly increased within a few years. At present there are nine hotels and boarding-houses, each accommodating from 50 to 100 guests, besides a number of cottages which are rented by families. A new hotel is in process of erection by Messrs. Matthewson & Watson—it being their intention to open it the coming season. The demand for accommodations still exceeds the supply, so favorably is the place known, and many have purchased lots preparatory to erecting summer residences. Among the attractions may be mentioned a splendid beach for bathing or riding, pronounced by tourists to be the finest in the United States. The

water deepens gradually, which, with an absence of strong currents, renders it perfectly safe. Excellent fishing from rocks or boats, while the adjacent country affords many pleasant drives and rambles. Narragansett Pier Post-Office has recently been established, at which mails are received twice daily. Any of the hotels are within twenty minutes' walk of the beach. Telegraph station at Kingston Depot. It is accessible from New-York by steamboat (from Pier No. 34, North river) to Stonington, thence by Stonington Railway to Kingston, or by the "Shore Line" Railway, (from corner Twenty-seventh street and Fourth avenue,) stopping at Kingston. From Boston there are several trains daily, *via* Providence. Stages connect at Kingston with every train. The price of board for the coming season will be from \$12 to \$15 per week for single rooms, and from \$25 to \$30 per week for double rooms, according to size and number of occupants.

HOTELS.

NAME OF HOUSE.	NAME OF PROP'R.	No.	Prices for Rooms		WHEN OPEN.
			Single	Double.	
Hadwen House	Benj. Hadwen...	80	\$15 00	\$25 to \$30	In June.
Narragansett "	Eshon Taylor....	60	15 00	25 00	July to October.
Revere "	Jas. H. Rodman.	55	15 00	24 00	June 15 to Oct. 15
Whaley "	Wm. E. Whaley..	50			July to Oct.
Sea View "	Wm. J. Browning	50	12 50	25 00	June to Oct.
Atlantic "	Abijah Browning	80	15 00	25 00	June to Oct.
Mettatoxet "	John H. Caswell	65	16 00	25 00	June to Oct.
Atwood "	Joshua C. Tucker	175			June.
Mansion "	W. G. Caswell...	50	15 00		June to Oct.

Applications to any of the above-named proprietors should be addressed to Narragansett Pier Post-Office, Washington county, R. I.

EAST-HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND.

Of places which the *blasé* tourist or the invalid covets most ; where there are no hotels nor hops ; to which Mr. Potiphar doesn't find "all the *parvenus* going," and consequently doesn't rush himself ; where there are tombstones two hundred years old, and a similar quaintness pervading every thing ; where nobody knows enough to keep a hotel, but every body will entertain "company," (at \$10 per week ;) of such places East-Hampton, on the Long Island coast, is one. There is capital surf-bathing at fifteen minutes' distance from the town. The means of access are by steamboat River Queen, Peck Slip, to Sag Harbor, L. I., thence by stage six or seven miles over a pleasant road ; or by the Long Island Railway, from foot of Atlantic street, Brooklyn.

PATCHOGUE, L. I.

Long Branch in its success, and Newport in its desolation, have had their share of attention ; but, Patchogue, thy praises at last will be sung. Go to the Long Island depot, and procure a ticket for Medford, where do you find the stage which will take you thither, 4 miles, for 40 cents. There are two lines ; but ask for Sill's stage. Sill is huge ; Sill weighs two hundred and fifty avoirdupois. When he gets upon his seat, it bends—it cracks ! But he is clever, and it is a pleasure to ride in a comfortable stage. The ride to Patchogue is a pleasant one, through the woods all the way. There are two or three pretty good hotels in the place ; but if you can get in, go to Mrs. Willett's. When you see her, you will say "Grandmother" in spite of yourself. Her house is a farm-house, large and roomy, with nice, old-fashioned bedsteads, and

such linen as you will find only in New-England and Patchogue. But the food! Such delicious coffee and cream—such fresh vegetables! Such fresh fish—as blue-fish and other members of the finny tribe—such clam fritters! and so might we go on *ad infinitum*. But go and eat for yourselves, and remember us who told you the good news.

Patchogue has about 3000 inhabitants. It has the look of a New-England village, and the people are like New-England people. This charming little village is about three quarters of a mile from the water. But you have no need that we should tell you of the bay which runs from one end of Long Island to the other. The bay is about four miles wide, and when you cross the sand-bar, which is, perhaps, 200 yards across, you come to the ocean.

Go down about the middle of August and Captain Dan will take you out blue-fishing. That's fun, you know. As you know, Mrs. Oakes Smith, the distinguished writer, lives here, and is much respected and liked.

LA TOURETTE HOUSE, BERGEN POINT.

Within half an hour's distance of the Empire City lies a charming little watering-place, Bergen Point, to wit, which is unknown and undreamt-of by the general throng of pleasure-seekers, and which consequently may be said to "waste its sweetness on the desert air." The place has many advantages of scenery and location to recommend it, besides its sea-side situation. It is buried in the picturesque woods of New-Jersey, is easy of access, and has such genial, invigorating air, that it is a wonder it has remained so long unknown, and, like the happy valley of Rasselas, enjoyed only by a favored few. The ride down by road, either by the New-Jersey Central Railway, or the "dummy engine," or again by the best means of all, a fast

team, prepares one for the thorough quietness and seclusion of the Point. The plank-road along the sea-shore is the most picturesque route of all. It winds all along the many curvatures of the Jersey shore; here it goes awhile inland; again it skirts the marshy flats; and then again it runs close by the water, and one is enabled to have a delightful view of the Bay of New-York and the wood-crowned steeps of Staten Island.

The best charm of Bergen Point, however, is its hotel, which is unlike most of the country shanties usually dignified with that title. No exorbitant charges frighten the visitor away after he has perused that interesting document, his first week's bill; and the landlord, Dr. Armena, understands the difficult art of playing "mine host" with ease and propriety. La Tourette House, the hotel mansion, is a fine, rambling structure, situated at the very apex of the Point, and looking down on the Kill Van Kull and over Staten Island. It is surrounded with trees, and stands in its own grounds like a private gentleman's residence. The hotel makes up 300 beds, and has accommodation for nearly 600 visitors, including the scenic lot, "men, women, and children," although the ladies ought, in deference, to be placed first. This spot is so retired and shut out from the world that one is forcibly reminded of Horace's praise of a country life, and is irresistibly led to the conclusion that here only can one enjoy that charmed existence—*solicita jucunda oblivia vitæ*—"a sweet forgetfulness of the ills of life." Bergen Point can be reached by water as well as by land, to wit: Two boats, the Magenta, from the foot of Barclay street, and the Red Jacket, from Liberty street, run hither twice a day, and only occupy half an hour in conveying the country-seeking Manhattanese to this blissful oasis of comfort and retirement.

STATEN ISLAND

Is one of the most beautiful spots, with its sea-girt shores, hills, splendid villas and cottages, to visit in this region. In natural beauties it strongly resembles the famed Isle of Wight, the favorite summer residence of the Queen of England. The island is only a few miles from the city, and reached every hour by steamers, its most distant landing requiring not much over 60 minutes.

The Quarantine boats start from the foot of the Battery, commencing as early as sunrise, making several landings on the east side of the island. These all connect with a shore horse-railway, running down to the Narrows, where has been recently built perhaps the most admirable United States fort on the coast, protecting the lower and upper bay and its main channel. Very few finer prospects of land and ocean can be found in any region finer than from this high bluff. There are located along the banks some of the finest country residences of New-York citizens, the Aspinwalls foremost. Private and public boarding-houses are to be found, with churches and good schools. At the middle (Quarantine) landing commences the Staten Island Railway, running through its whole distance of 12 or 14 miles to the terminus opposite Perth-Amboy, with which it connects, by a new steamboat, in a few minutes. This road passes through the most cultivated farming region of the island, on the south side, keeping the magnificent Lower Bay in view nearly all the time, and distant Sandy Hook with its lights, and the bold hills of Monmouth. Totenville, at the end of the road, is a very beautiful, growing village, with fine fishing, oysters, and bathing. Fare, 25 cents each way. We know of no more pleasant trip than this. To extend it a little, cross over to Amboy and take the railway back to the city, passing

through Woodbridge, Rahway, Elizabeth, and Jersey City, in a couple of hours. From Tottenville, once or twice a day, steamboats also run to New-York, and at times connect with Keyport, N. J. Near Tottenville stands the old Billop House, well worth a visit. It is a high, prominent stone edifice, now very venerable. Its associations are very interesting. Col. Billop was the British militia officer of the island during the Revolution, and in this house, after the unfortunate battle on Long Island, Lord Howe met a deputation from Congress, to consult about the national quarrel. Franklin and Rutledge were among them. Here they met, did nothing but talk, and dismissed. The old mansion has remained unaltered ever since—a privilege which all old famed houses can not boast.

The ferry-boats to the north shore of the island leave hourly, from the foot of Dey street, by steamers Huguenot, Thomas Hunt, and Pomona; fare, 12 cents; passage within the hour. The landings are, New-Brighton, Snug Harbor, Factoryville, Port Richmond, and Mariner's Harbor, each a mile or two from its neighbor. For a short sail over the fine bay and its unrivaled scenery, no trip is easier made or more charming, and thousands enjoy it. New-Brighton is a popular spot, with its fine houses and extensive hotels, and these are immensely patronized. The horse-railway is now being finished, connecting the Narrows with a point opposite Elizabeth Port, N. J., and following the winding shore of this lovely island the whole way.

The Sailors' Snug Harbor is a pleasant walk from New-Brighton, and one of the noblest institutions of any land. There are some 300 old seamen, supported for life, if they wish, from the liberal legacy of a Scotchman who died years ago in New-York City. The buildings and grounds, embracing 40 acres, have been expensively improved. The farthest

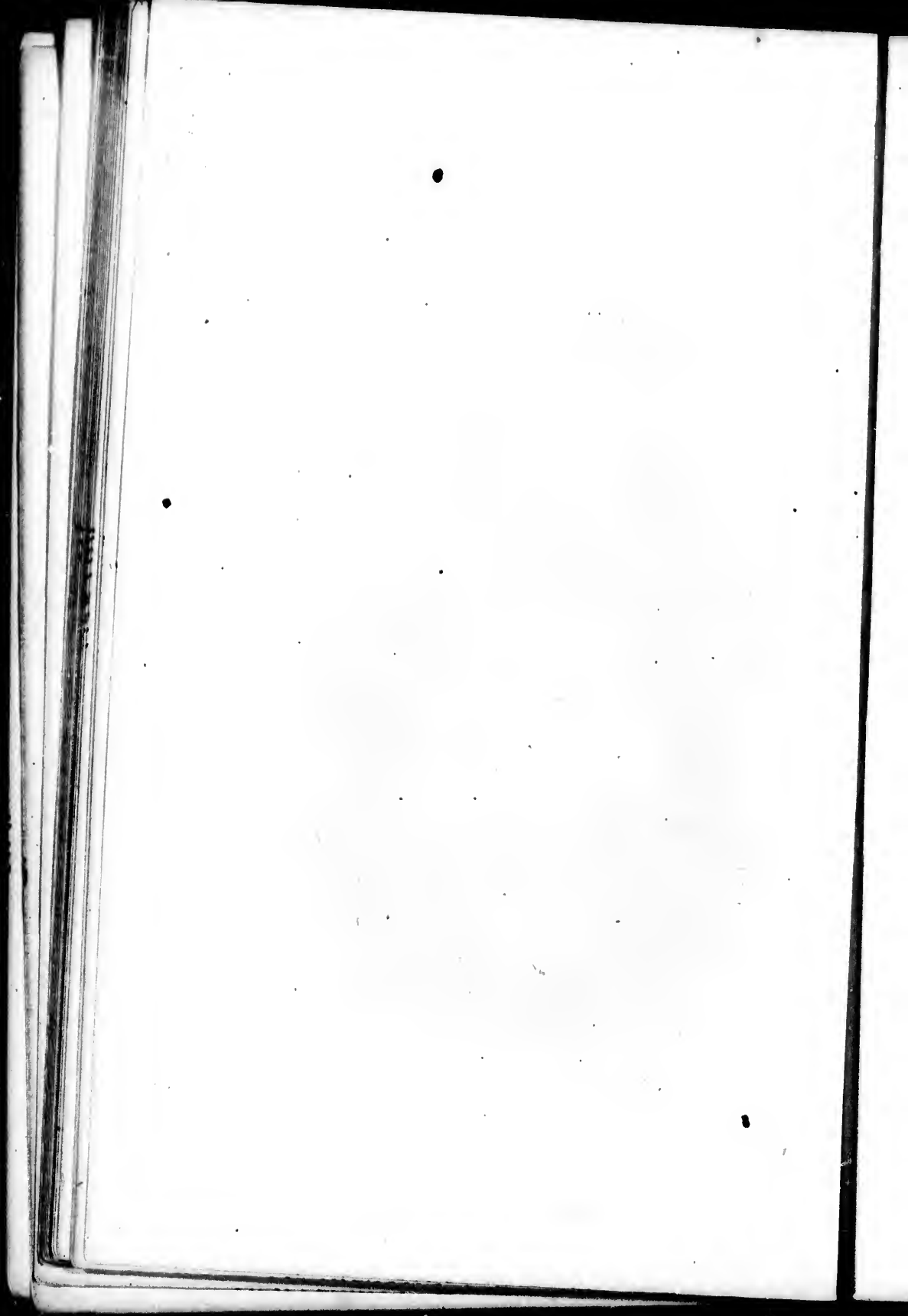
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Arched Rocks, Lake Superior.



landing on the north side of the island is at the Long Pier, not far from Elizabeth Port, and opposite Newark Bay and its light-houses. This point is reached by the steamer Red Jacket twice a day on her way to the Central Railway depot at Elizabeth Port, and this forms a connection between the island and that point for passengers or vehicles. Mariner's Harbor is the last landing of the North Shore steamers. Before the Long Pier is reached, there is the Willow Grove Hotel, (German,) a popular pic-nic ground directly on the shore, with fine oysters and fishing. The long bridge of the Central Railway spanning Newark Bay is directly in front view, and is one of the most perfect works of the kind to be found anywhere.

The north side of the island can also be reached now by the Central New-Jersey Railway, from the foot of Liberty street. On the way to Elizabeth it stops at Bergen Point, and thence you can cross the Kills to Port Richmond. In the evening this new route may be used later than the boats. The Newark and Elizabeth steamers also stop at Bergen Point. The steamboat for Rossville and Tottenville at the west end leaves the foot of Murray street twice daily. There are no steamboat landings on the south side, owing to its exposed condition on the lower bay.

There are few rides and drives so fine as those on the island for variety and loveliness of scenery. It is only about a dozen miles long and from 3 to 5 broad, divided by a ridge of hills running east and west. On the north side the visitor enjoys the variegated views of the ever-moving panorama of the Kills, and its sails and steamers, with the far-distant spires and masts of New-York, and the nearer at Newark and Elizabeth. The majestic hills and mountains of New-Jersey bound the far-off view. Then turning his horses toward the south, and climbing the gentle ridge, in

half an hour the tourist reaches the summit level, and the view becomes at once entirely changed. Now, you have the land and water, the Lower Bay, Sandy Hook and its lights, the Highlands of Navesink, Coney and Long Islands, with their shining white sand, the hills of Monmouth on the west, and following them, at last the eye takes in the distant magnificent Atlantic. We know no region like Staten Island which thus strikingly unites inland and water and sea views within its own borders, so easily accessible.

CONEY ISLAND AND VICINITY

Is distant from the Battery, New-York, 10 miles, by steamboat during the summer season, and from Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, about the same distance, by street-cars to Greenwood Cemetery, 4 miles, and thence by "dummy" train to Coney Island, 6 miles, passing through Bath and New-Utrecht. Also by street-cars from Fulton Ferry, *via* Prospect Park and Coney Island Plank-Road. The island is formed by the Atlantic Ocean on the south and east and Coney Island Creek on the north, which runs from Gravesend Bay, about 2 miles above Fort Hamilton, in New-York Harbor, to Rockaway Inlet, to the east, and is 5 miles in length. The island is about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles long by about one half wide in its extreme width. Sandy Hook is a little south of west, 10 miles distant. Sheep's Head Bay is about 2 miles to the eastward. Coney Island is noted for the "best beach on the Atlantic coast," and its proximity to New-York makes it a popular place during the summer months. There is an unbroken view of the ocean. There is but one hotel of any pretensions, but several smaller ones, where clam and fish dinners are served, and good bathing privileges can be enjoyed near all of them.

FELTER'S HOTEL is situated on the eastern end of the

island, 3 miles from the boat-landing, and close by the depots of both railway lines. It is near the beach, and has an excellent garden and 3 acres of play-ground attached. Also bowling-alleys, billiard-rooms, and stabling for 100 horses. The house contains 80 rooms, furnished in first-class style, and has large parlors and reception and dining-rooms, and claims a first-class table among its attractions. The view from the verandas surrounding the house is a splendid one, and takes in New-York Bay, Staten Island, and the Atlantic Ocean to the front, and the environs of Brooklyn to the rear. Bass and blue-fish are numerous in the Bay, and also in the creek which helps to form the island, where weak-fish and soft-shell crabs are also found in plenty. The drives from the island are mostly over plank-roads, while that on the beach, for 3 miles, is excellent. Fort Hamilton is 5 miles distant; Sheep's Head Bay, 4 miles; Flatbush, 5 miles; Prospect Park, Brooklyn, 6 miles. The house is open from May 1st to the last of October, 1868. Price, per day, \$3.50; per week, \$21. Samuel W. Felter, proprietor.

PAVILION HOTEL, west end of Coney Island, $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Fulton Ferry, and about 10 miles from the Battery. By — O'Neill, proprietor. Principally used as a restaurant.

POINT COMFORT HOUSE.—By John McPherson. Near the above, and used for same purposes.

TIVOLI HOUSE.—Situating about 2 miles from the steam-boat landing, and at the terminus of the dummy railway. Used principally as a restaurant, on the European plan. Benjamin William Hook, proprietor. Open from May 25th until September 10th.

SEA-VIEW HOUSE.—By John McPherson. Same purposes as "Tivoli House."

WYCKOFF HOUSE.—By George E. Green. Contains 40

rooms, and is at the terminus of the Coney Island Street Railway. Used for boarders, and open the year round.

GREEN'S HOTEL.—Adjoining Wyckoff House. By George E. Green. Restaurant, etc.

CONEY ISLAND PLANK-ROAD.

WINDSOR TERRACE is on the Coney Island Plank-Road, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Fulton Ferry, and 6 from Coney Island. It is opposite the New Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, and is in a beautiful situation, commanding an extensive view of the park, skating-pond, and the Kings county parade-ground. There is a look-out in front, on Prospect Hill, 250 feet high, from which a good view of New-York, Brooklyn, New-York Harbor, and the Atlantic Ocean, etc., can be had. The house contains 18 rooms, is entirely new, and it is intended to make it a first-class place. William Ward Hopkins, proprietor.

TUNISON'S HOTEL.—Coney Island Plank-Road, 5 miles from Fulton Ferry and 4 from Coney Island. By M. C. Tunison. Family house, for the pleasure and convenience of riding parties.

POST'S HOTEL.—Coney Island Plank-Road, $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Fulton Ferry, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ from Coney Island. Hicks Post, proprietor. Same purpose as above.

CONROY'S HOTEL.—Coney Island Plank-Road, $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Fulton Ferry, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ from Coney Island. By J. W. Conroy. Same as above.

CAPE MAY.

Few among the standard and recognized places of summer resort enjoy a wider celebrity than Cape May, and of late years, since railway communication has made it more accessible, its list of visitors has largely increased.

It is the favorite resort of Philadelphians, and even the growing popularity of its new rival, Atlantic City, has affected it but slightly. The easiest way to reach it from New-York is by railway to Camden, opposite Philadelphia, and thence by a four hours' railway ride, passing through Vineland, and a number of other towns, to Cape May. The route is not particularly interesting, the southern part of New-Jersey being flat and tame, as regards scenery ; but the attractions awaiting the visitor at the end of his journey are quite enough to compensate for the tedium of the route.

Cape May is at the extreme southern point of New-Jersey, where the Delaware Bay enters into the sea. The little insulated bit of land on which all the hotels stand, is known as Cape Island, and occupies an area of about 250 acres. The village has a permanent population of about 1200 souls ; but in the summer season, the numerous visitors to the place swell the number of Cape May denizens to thousands. It is then a gay and brilliant place. Over a dozen hotels are crowded with health-seeking myriads from New-York and Philadelphia, and especially from Baltimore and Washington. In the more prosperous days of the South, before the war, Cape May was the favorite resort of Southerners, many coming from as far as New-Orleans, Cape May being the nearest place of sea-side resort for them. At present, they do not come in such large numbers ; but as times improve, it is expected that they will return to their old haunts. In the West, Cape May is well known, Saint Louis, Cincinnati, and Pittsburg being all represented in her huge hotels.

The season at this admired place of resort usually begins about the first of June—that is, the hotels open then ; but the season is not at its height till the first of July, or

thereabouts. The usual recreations of a sea-side resort can be found here to perfection. The beach, over 5 miles long, is very hard and compact, and offers an unsurpassed course for driving. Bathing is, of course, the feature of the day, and is attended with all its usual health-giving and mirth-producing concomitants. In the evening, strolls along the beach or on the hotel piazzas, offer attractions to those who do not care to join the groups of gay dancers in the parlors. Occasionally concerts of more than average merit are given by vocalists from the metropolis.

On leaving the cars, at the station, the traveler can either walk to the hotels or enter the omnibuses, which convey passengers to them without charge. The distance from the railway depot is but trifling.

There are some fifteen or sixteen hotels at Cape May, though two of them of wide celebrity in their day—the Mount Vernon and the Mansion—have been destroyed by fire. The leading hotel at Cape May is undoubtedly “Congress Hall,” kept by Mr. Cake, of the Wadsworth House in New-York. It is an immense structure, capable of accommodating 1000 guests, and noted for the excellence of its management and the variety of its table. The price of board at this establishment is \$4 a day, or \$25 a week.

Another first-class house is the Columbia, which has accommodations for 700 guests. Of a similar grade is the United States Hotel, where 450 tourists can find all they need in the way of food and lodging. Other hotels are :

Delaware House, accommodating	. . .	300 persons.
Atlantic Hotel,	“ . . .	400 “
Centre House,	“ . . .	400 “
Washington Hotel,	“ . . .	200 “
Tremont “ “	. . .	150 “

National Hotel, accommodating	. . .	250 persons.
City " "	. . .	200 "
Sherman House, " "	. . .	250 "
American Hotel, " "	. . .	150 "
Merchants' Hotel, " "	. . .	150 "

Still another hotel will be opened this summer, (1868.) It has a veranda 20 feet wide, and will probably be called the West-Jersey Hotel.

The Cape May hotels are built almost on the beach itself, and, of course, in full view of the ocean. The present prospects of the place are most flattering, and this favorite old watering-place seems determined that none of its younger rivals shall surpass it.

ROCKAWAY BEACH, LONG ISLAND.

We remember when Rockaway Beach, a dozen years ago, at the old Pavilion, about 6 miles east of the present Sea View, was the most fashionable resort in the immediate vicinity of New-York. That location is now an Irish settlement, and the beach has been spoiled, they say, by a sand-bar.

The Beach has lost much of its distinction now, but still affords a pleasant sea-side resort for city-tied and tired people. The Bay View House is in a very fine position, facing Jamaica Bay. It is built upon made land entirely. Less than a year ago the high tide covered the present site of the hotel with a depth of about five feet. The terms at the Bay View were, last season, \$4 per day, and \$17.50 by the week. The terms across the bay at the Sea View, where is the surf, are \$3 per day, and \$15 to \$18 by the week. The house is lighted by gas manufactured on the premises. Lessee and landlord, Mr. A. D. Failing. Further information can be had from the Secretary and Treasurer of the company owning the dummy railway

and the hotel, Mr. Henry Johnson, of 36 Pine street. There are several other hotels here, also several private boarding-houses. The best route to Rockaway, if one be burdened with baggage, is by the Long Island Railway to Jamaica, 12 miles, thence by stage 8 miles over an excellent road to the beach. During the summer season a steamboat plies between New-York and Rockaway. There is also a railway between Jamaica and Rockaway. Another route, pleasanter to the baggageless, is by city cars, 8 or 9 miles, from the Brooklyn ferries, $3\frac{1}{2}$ of which is through a pleasant country by steam, occupying something less than 15 minutes. The time is about 50 minutes on the street-cars to East New-York. The fare on the dummy is 15 cents, and on the boat crossing to the Sea-View House, 30 cents. The ride across Jamaica Bay in the boat is about 6 miles in high tide and about 8 in low, as the route must be changed when the water is low.

There is not much to see at Rockaway ; but "not much" is more than "two trees and a brook," of which many of the Long Island *towns* are said to be composed. Rock Hall, built by Dr. Martin, is a fine old mansion, and contains some valuable pictures. In the burial-ground of the Methodist church, built 1790, is the grave and monument of the victims of the wrecks of the Bristol and Mexico, which were lost November 21st, 1826, and January 2d, 1837.

FIRE ISLAND, LONG ISLAND.

Fire Island is a long, narrow strip of beach, jutting out into the ocean from the Long Island shore. It is about 25 miles from New-York, and is reached by the Long Island Railway, which takes passengers, by stage, within 3 miles of the bay, and by the Southside Railway, from

Hunter's Point. On leaving the railway, passengers take the steamboat and cross the bay over a beautiful sheet of water about 8 miles wide. There are only 2 hotels on the island. One is kept by D. S. S. Sammis, and will accommodate about 200 boarders. The rooms are small, but made pleasant by a constant breeze from the sea. The price is about \$20 per week.

The other hotel is a small house called Dominic's Hotel, and will accommodate but a small number. The beach is perfectly arid and desolate. It is about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile wide. From Sammis's Hotel a plank walk extends to the water, where there is to be found surf-bathing as fine as any in the country. There is good blue-fishing in the bay, which is called the Great South Bay. Persons frequently go out 12 or 15 miles and catch the largest species of fish. Within a few rods of Sammis's Hotel is a light-house, which is one of the finest structures of the kind on the coast. Opposite Fire Island, on the Long Island shore, there are boarding-houses where the advantage of drives is obtained.



THE MASSACHUSETTS COAST.

FROM BOSTON TO PORTLAND

SWAMPSCOTT has, within the last eight years, become the most popular watering-place on the New-England coast for Bostonians. It is to Boston what Long Branch is to New-York, and Cape May or Atlantic City to Philadelphia. Fashionable Boston moves to Swampscott in July. Whole families are transported thither in their carriages

or by rail, and a grand establishment of dogs, horses, domestics, and children is moved in a few hours from Beacon street to their "cottage by the sea."

Here the same faces are met which have been seen daily for nine months on 'Change, and the young ladies who have been, perchance, your partners in the winter's Germans, flash by you on the road, the dashing charioteers of pony-chaises.

When the traveler examines this place, he will see little which can account for its extraordinary popularity. There are few beaches along the coast which are not larger and more attractive than those of Swampscott. The walks and drives are not of remarkable beauty, nor are the streets sufficiently broad to make rapid riding safe or comfortable. Nevertheless, these narrow streets are crowded with carriages and equestrians, and the beaches continually ornamented by groups of ladies intent on exercise or bathing. The scene is one of most lively animation, and all visitors are impressed with the fact that Swampscott is beloved by the Bostonian.

The secret of this so evident popularity is the nearness of the village to Boston and its accessibility at almost any hour of the twenty-four. A ride of forty minutes brings the traveler to the neat depot, where omnibuses are in waiting to take him to cottage or hotel. Private carriages cover the roads and surround the station on the arrival of the afternoon trains. A drive of a mile and a half through Fisherman's Village and by Philip's Beach gives an opportunity of obtaining an idea of the natural advantages of the place. And when the stranger is lodged at the Great or the Little Anawam, or at the Lincoln House, the ocean is spread before him, the heights of Cape Ann stand forth, and the white houses along the beach of Lynn,

while in front is Egg Rock, near to the land, but exposed to many a buffet from the in-rolling Atlantic.

The coast of Swampscott and vicinity is exceedingly dangerous to the seaman. The beaches are short, the rocky bluffs high and long. A more unpleasant spot the Oceanidæ could never find whereon to drive a ship which they had determined to destroy. The surf, pushed onward by a "north-easter," rushes with tremendous force against the jagged cliffs, and would sweep to destruction the strongest vessel.

The large hotels are three in number—the Anawams, Great and Little, and the Lincoln House. There are also innumerable boarding-houses and several hotels of a smaller size. The village extends from the depot to the sea. It is a thriving settlement, adorned here and there with a church or a private residence erected by Bostonians. As the road winds downward to the ocean, it passes through Fisherman's Village, where numerous boat-houses stand, with their names brightly painted upon them in a style which suggests Yarmouth in Old England. Further on are the beaches and boarding-houses. The road follows the shore with many a curve, now approaching the beach and now directed toward the woods, which here, as on all the coast of New-England, fringe the seaside.

From the hills, covered with these green woods, a lovely scene is presented. The fleet of fishing-vessels at anchor in the harbor or marked against the eastern horizon, the distant steamers on their way, and passing yachts are always visible in the daytime, and at night the surf and the moonlight make a most effective combination.

The bathing is excellent, the water deepening not too rapidly, and being warmer than at Nahant or Rye. There is no undertow whatever. The fishing is proverbially

fine, and the many yachts which grace the harbor show that the facilities for sailing are appreciated by the gentlemen who, for the summer months, make this their home. The town is fast increasing in valuation under the impetus of so many city guests. Real estate has rapidly risen. Many a fair cottage is built, and each year the number grows, though he who builds a summer residence finds the luxury sufficiently expensive to do credit to the claims of Swampscott as a watering-place of the highest fashion.

Close to this village is Salem, the home of witchcraft and the East-India trade. A good road leads to the centre of the city from the Ocean House at Swampscott. By day it is almost depopulated, many of its most worthy citizens going to Boston for business purposes, and returning to dinner and domestic joys. It is an old city, but without that indescribable air of aristocratic age which surrounds Portsmouth. Its wealth has been chiefly accumulated in the East-India commerce direct from its own port. But now the business is wholly conducted in Boston, and Salem's wharves are desolate. The modern Athens has attracted to herself capital and talent, and the towns of lesser growth around her can nevermore be centres of thriving trade. The Common is a source of pride. Handsome houses surround the open square, which in summer is deserving of much admiration. The nearness of the little city to the ocean makes its suburbs a popular resort for visitors. The drives in every direction are pleasant, leading toward Lynn, Swampscott, and Nahant, crossing the river to Beverly, or penetrating into the interior. In every direction the traveler can see something, when the sun is shining, of interest, and a week of rainy weather can be profitably devoted to the examination of

the town records, the reading of the local literature, and the study of the monstrous and ever-memorable history of the Salem witches.

Nahant was for many years a favorite resort for the *élite* of New-England. It has never recovered from the loss by fire of its principal hotel several years ago. Although the work of rebuilding was quick and energetic, the tide of travel was in the interval diverted, and has not returned in full force to the former channel. The beach is delightful, and far superior to that of Lynn or Swampscott. Nothing equaling it is found until we approach the Hamptons. The surf is magnificently high, and the beach long, broad, and hard.

There is but one large hotel at Nahant. It has become a spot for cottages and a residence for families who desire more beach and less society than they would find at Swampscott. It is the abiding-place of Cambridge professors, of prominent *litterateurs*, and the professional men of Boston who, after the arduous labors of eight or nine months, are refreshed by the sea-air, by the study of the habits of the finny tribe, and by leading them captive with line and hook.

A steamer runs regularly to Nahant through the summer. Three quarters of an hour are agreeably passed in running down the bay and in observing the forts and Hingham, where the boat touches. Much has been said and sung of the beauties of Boston Bay. The unfortunate sailor, coming on the coast in a driving snow-storm in January, may fail to perceive its attractions as he watches through freezing eyelids for the lights which point out home and safety; but the traveler can not fail to appreciate them when the summer sea is calm beneath and the summer sky above him.

Chelsea lies near Boston, on its outskirts. The advancing growth of the city, which has absorbed Roxbury, may soon include the Chelsea beach as part and parcel of itself. But now it has a separate name and fame. Horse-cars run hourly to it, and the Eastern Railway takes the traveler thither by a ten minutes' ride.

The beach is well known as extensive and beautiful, abounding in game and furnished with sundry hotels wherein the best of cheer awaiteth the guest. It is a popular place with Bostonians, who drive to the shore, bathe, eat a game-supper, and return by moonlight. The marshes are visited through September by many birds, which not even the neighborhood of a large city can frighten away.

For bathing in the fresh rollers of the Atlantic, Chelsea is unsurpassable, and sailing-boats are always in readiness for those who prefer to be rocked upon the waters to being tossed about within them.

Hampton Beach is on the line of the Eastern Railway, 45 miles from Boston. It is next to Rye, and the stranger can drive from the Atlantic or Ocean House at that watering-place directly to the Boar's Head, in Hampton. The beach was widely celebrated in earlier times, and the colonists of New-Hampshire often rode down to this part of the coast for a clam-bake, or the more solemn ceremonies of prayer-meeting.

Hampton is not as crowded by the fashionable world as its neighbor, Rye, but the visitor has no less facilities for enjoyment. The hotels are excellent, the bathing and fishing superlatively fine, and the scenery better than from any other point of the New-Hampshire coast. From the Isle of Shoals alone is a better view to be obtained. Boar's Head juts out into the sea for several miles, and is

always deliciously breezy throughout the hottest August. Lovely roads lead to Rye, to Portsmouth, Exeter, Greenland, and Stratham Hill, all well worth the careful inspection of the tourist.

Boarding-houses are numerous, and the accommodations so good that it is said no one fails to revisit Hampton who has ever remained there during a whole day. Hampton Falls and North-Hampton are different villages behind the same long beach. Between them and the ocean lie wide marshes, over which trains rush almost hourly. The traveler is reminded of English scenery as he passes these old settlements with the gray marshes and distant sea beyond the little white villages, which fill the route from Newburyport to Portsmouth.

For one who has an inclination to see all that is most beautiful in New-England, no better route from the White Mountains could be suggested than that to Red Hill and Centre Harbor, on Lake Winnipiseogee—down the lake to Wolfboro and Alton Bay—by rail to Dover, and thence to Portsmouth and the neighboring beaches, thence across the Piscataqua into Maine.

Three superb beaches lie upon the Maine coast—those of York, of Wells, and of Saco ; this last is better known as Old Orchard.

The traveler can reach Cape Neddick by a short ride over the Portsmouth, Saco, and Portland Railway from Portsmouth. Or, if he prefer the better views and greater leisure of a slower passage, he can take the daily stage which leaves Boston at eleven in the morning. At Cape Neddick is York Beach and Bold Head Cliff, yearly visited by crowds of curious strangers. Agamenticus is but a mile distant, from whose imposing summit can be seen the harbors of Boston, Portsmouth, and Portland, the coast of

Maine, New-Hampshire, and Massachusetts, and the peaks of the White Mountains.

Continuing onward by stage or cars, the tourist is conveyed to Wells, a place unfrequented by the gay fashionables of New-York and Boston, but dear to the heart of every sportsman.

This beach is 6 miles in length, and covered with crowds of snipe and curlew. Partridges and woodcock abound in the woods, and a large trout-stream, filled with these delicious fish, arising from the sea, crosses the beach. Following this stream as it winds into the deepening shades of the forest, many smaller brooklets are found, running back into the country as far as North and South-Berwick.

These localities are thoroughly explored by the gunners and fishermen who come each year from the large cities as regularly as the game they seek.

Biddeford and Saco are the most flourishing of the smaller cities of Maine. Their business is chiefly of a manufacturing nature, and during the war large sums were invested therein by sagacious capitalists. On one side of the Saco River is Saco, on the other Biddeford, and a few miles to the east is the beach.

This, like Wells, is a favorite resort of the sportsman. The bathing and fishing are remarkably fine, and numerous picnics, camp-meetings, and similar entertainments are located each season upon the hard and gleaming sand which extends for miles along the shore.

A wonderful curiosity of this neighborhood is Saco Pool, which should be seen by every traveler. The sea, by a small passage, runs up a quarter of a mile into the land, and fills a large, circular basin, near which stands a hotel. This deep basin is scooped from the solid rock, and is emptied and refilled as the rushing tide rises and falls

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again. The singular pool excites much attention from the geologist. The poetic fancy might people it with marine deities or graceful sea-nymphs, who have made a quiet court-chamber apart from the surging waters of the outer ocean. But never by the noonday sun or the pale moonlight have their forms been seen. Nevertheless, this theory is assuredly as plausible as any of the many which have been framed to account for this work of nature, so strange and beautiful.

CUSHING'S ISLAND, PORTLAND HARBOR.

In the harbor of Portland, Maine, about 3 miles from the city, is situated a lovely little island of 250 acres, known as Cushing's Island. It commands as fine a view of Neptune's domains as any spot on this continent. Route from New-York, most direct by Portland steamers *Dirigo* and *Chesapeake*, from Pier 38, East River, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 4 P.M. On this island, standing high above the level of the sea, is a first-class hotel called the *Ottawa House*, under the management of George Allen, Esq., formerly of the *Marlboro Hotel*, of Boston. Canadian guests usually have the majority at this resort. Here fashion succumbs to comfort, and the guests, inspired by the example and efforts of their worthy host, do their utmost to make each other happy. About 200 yards from the hotel, on one side of the island, is a beautiful beach for bathing, with bathing-houses, dresses, etc., for the accommodation of the guests, while on the other side of the island is equally as fine a beach, where the visitors bathe. Old Izaak Walton, moreover, has his devotees, who gratify their tastes by piscatorial raids, either in deep-sea fishing some 10 miles out on the briny deep, or from the rocks in the immediate neighborhood of the house, where fish, suf

ficient in quantity and quality to feed 200 people, can be caught in a few hours by two or three amateurs. Terpsichore also has her willing votaries, and nightly in the parlors Young America trips the light fantastic toe with Canada's fair daughters. Charades, dramatic performances, etc., each claim their share of the patronage, and thus the time is pleasantly employed, while for those who turn away from the enjoyments of the parlor there are fine bowling-alleys and a billiard-room.

THE MAINE COAST.

CAPE ELIZABETH AND PORTLAND.

CAPE ELIZABETH is 2 miles distant from Portland, the commercial capital of Maine, and shares with it the attractions located in or near the city. Portland harbor is one of the best on the Atlantic coast, the anchorage being protected on every side by land, while the water is deep, and communication with the ocean direct and convenient. It is defended by Forts Preble, Scammell, and Gorges, and dotted over with lovely islands. These islands afford most delightful excursions, as is the case all along this charming coast, and are among the greatest attractions of the vicinity. On the highest point of the peninsula, upon which the city stands, is an observatory, 70 feet high, commanding a fine view of the city, harbor, islands in the bay, and, on a clear day, the misty summits of the White Mountains. The great fire of July 4th, 1866, has left traces in Portland which are not yet repaired.

At the Cape there is a large hotel called Cape Cottage,

recently renovated. The place is a popular one, and the visitor will hardly need fear the absence of good society.

One may go by the Outside Line of steamers, from Pier 38, East River, at 4 P.M., Wednesdays and Saturdays; fare, \$6, state-room and meals extra.

BELFAST AND CAMDEN.

Camden, on the west shore of Penobscot Bay, just a little way in from the Fox Islands, is a much-frequented resort. Hotel, the Atlantic; Mr. Johnson, proprietor.

Belfast and Castine are some 30 miles below Bangor, where the Penobscot enters the bay which takes its name. Belfast on the west, and Castine on the east shore, are 9 miles apart. Both are small ship-building and fishing towns. The reader of Longfellow's *Kavanagh* will be interested to see the localities of Castine involved in that interesting poem. Baron Castine, an old Frenchman, lived here, and gave name to the place, at some time during the eighteenth century; and his old house, with its quaint, worn steps, is one of the curiosities of the neighborhood. The fort in the noble harbor, built during the Revolution by the English, is another place generally visited. During a certain part of the summer season there are often Methodist camp-meetings held hereabout.

The chief source of enjoyment, however, is in the delightful sailing, fishing, and hunting. There are so many islands in the bay, and the water is so delightfully smooth and unruffled, that there are always multitudes of chowder parties, fishing parties, picnickers, etc., profiting by their recreating powers. Inland, there is fine shooting available; and furthermore, at this point, we are on the direct route for Moosehead Lake and the Maine Forest, (see article so entitled,) by way of Bangor.

The Penobscot, the largest and most beautiful of the rivers of Maine, is formed by two branches, the east and the west, which unite near the centre of the State, and flow in a general south-west course to Bangor, 60 miles from the sea, and at the head of navigation. Large vessels can ascend to Bangor, and small steamboats navigate the river yet above. At Bangor, the tide rises to the great height of 17 feet, an elevation which is supposed to be produced by the wedge-shaped form of the bay and by the current from the Gulf-Stream. The length of the Penobscot, from the junction of the east and the west branches, is 135 miles; or, measuring from the source of the west branch, it is 300 miles; though, as far as the tourist is concerned, it is only 60 miles—being that portion between Bangor and the ocean. This part, then, the Penobscot proper, ranks, in its pictorial attractions, among the finest river scenery of the United States. In all its course there are continual points of great beauty, and very often the shore rises in striking and even grand lines and proportions.

MOUNT DESERT ISLAND.

Mount Desert Island is an out-of-the-way nook of beauty in Frenchman's Bay, east of the mouth of the Penobscot River. It is 40 miles from Bangor, and may be reached from Boston by steamer to Bucksport, on the Penobscot, fare, \$4, (from Portland, \$2.50 or \$3,) and thence by stage, *via* Ellsworth, 40 miles, or from Castine, on Penobscot Bay, hard by. If the visitor here can not sketch the bold, rocky cliffs, (for this is a choice resort of the landscape painters,) he can beguile the fish to his heart's content. And, moreover, there is hardly a limit to the places and wonders that are to be seen. The island itself, 60,000 acres in extent, boasts Green Peak, 1800 feet high, the loftiest land on the

Atlantic coast within our borders. The view from its summit, of course, can not fail to impress deeply every one who visits the island. The vigorous and varied rock-bound coast of New-England can be nowhere seen to greater advantage. The mountain most nearly overhangs Bar Harbor, where also are the Spouting Horn, a place where the sea (as at Newport) casts up its foamy waves to a great height; and Schooner Head, such a phantom ship as may be seen, or used to be, on the most northern portion of this coast, at Gaspé. (See sketch of ONTARIO AND SAINT LAWRENCE, *ad finem*.) At the other (south-west) harbor is the Sea Wall, where old Neptune has heaped up the stones of the shore until there is now a huge wall which, at the proper tide, resounds with the breaking of the billows against it. Pulpit Rock is far out on the crags, and not approachable by the weak-nerved; and when you reach it, you let yourself down into a pulpit of stone, over the front of which you look down a sheer precipice of 50 or 60 feet into the angry billows, and feel the jar of their assaults upon the base of the cliff, or think you do, which is just as well, so far as the sensation is concerned. From the pulpit—indeed, from almost any point on the eastern side of the island—we see the breakers dashing over Mingo Rock, a mile or two out, and exposed on all sides to the long wash of waves. The foam-crested billows climb its sides like great white leviathans, and finding they can not quite reach the summit, spout a cloud of spray over it, and slide back again into the dark abyss. Ever returning to the charge, baffled but not disheartened, they appear in new forms of beauty continually. Sitting on the highest point of the island, one may see almost every rod of it, and the 7 smaller islands that encircle it. The near view is unique and pleasant. Gray rocks constitute full half the surface,

and you can go all over the island, with a little care, and not step on the soil. In the dells, where a rood or two of soil is kept moist by the stone basin in which it rests, beds of iris bend in violet waves before the gale, and seem as if they would be blue or purple like the sea if they were large enough. The moss and grass among the rocks is of more lively hues than are common on the main land at this season. Nor is other vegetation lacking. Here, for example, is a bunch of yellow clover, very delicate and beautiful, that continentals know nothing about, except by the botany books; and there are quantities of splendid sea-mosses for whomsoever has the industry and patience to prepare them for preservation. For animated nature, there is a flock of sheep of spotless whiteness, such as are never seen on the main land, except in pastures; and half a dozen cows, who have a habit of going to the eastern cliffs, lying down together, and looking out earnestly over the sea. Doubtless they are of foreign breed, and have instinctive yearnings for fatherland. Also, let us not forget the one black horse, who can draw a cart, run the treadmill, and in trotting is without a rival. If there are hogs on the island, they avoid observation. Occasionally one comes from the main land, disguised in fashionable toggery; but the air does not agree with them, and they eat one dinner and leave. As long ago as 1647, Richard Cutts and John Cutting sent a sharp remonstrance to the General Court against the practices of one John Reynolds, who, "contrary to an order of court, which sayeth, 'No woman shall live on the Isles of Shoals,' hath not only brought his wife hither, with an intention to live here and abide; but also hath brought upon Hog Island a great stock of goats and swine, which, by destroying much fish, do great damage to your petitioners and others, and also

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spoil the spring of water upon the island, rendering it unfit for any manner of use, which affords the only relief and supply to all the rest of the islands; your petitioners therefore pray that the act of court may be put in execution for the removal of all women from inhabiting here, and that said Reynolds may be ordered to remove his goats and swine from the island without delay." The General Court ordered Reynolds to remove his goats and swine within thirty days; but "as to the removal of the wife, it is thought fit by the court that, if no further complaint come against her, she may enjoy the company of her husband." Women have been tolerated here ever since; more than tolerated, to speak truly; and when the daily steamer approaches, the first effort is to count through the telescope the number of women on board.

These islands were once agitated by revolution. Possibly, it was the first organized rebellion in North-America, though it never got beyond organization. It originated with the clergy. A quarrel between Rev. Mr. Gibson and Rev. Mr. Larkham, in 1642, which was wholly personal at first, led to a revolt of the islanders against the government of Massachusetts, which then claimed and held the islands. The Rev. Gibson, by whom the revolt was instigated, before it came to open war, made his own submission, and persuaded the islanders to renew their allegiance, and there was a general amnesty by tacit consent. Gibson and Larkham are not the only pastors of note and influence in the history of these islands. Twenty years after them flourished the Rev. John Brock, who had such power in prayer as to restore children apparently dead, and to raise sunken boats from the ocean. The details of his achievements are preserved in authentic records. It

does not appear, however, that he exercised his faith upon dead adults, or any craft larger than a fishing-smack.

HOTELS.—At Bar Harbor, Roberts's Hotel; at Southwest Harbor, Clark's and Freeman's. Terms low. Season, from June to November.

EASTPORT.

The uttermost point of the Atlantic coast under protection of the Stars and Stripes is Eastport, Maine—a place worthy of visit, if only for that reason. It is, however, interesting for its own natural attractions; for more charming scenes, on land and on sea, than are here, can rarely be found. The Passamaquoddy Bay extends inland some 15 miles, and is, perhaps, 10 miles in breadth. Its shores are wonderfully irregular and picturesque, and the many islands which stud its deep waters help much in the composition of pictures to be enjoyed and remembered. Calais stands at the head of navigation, on the Saint Croix River. The lumber trade is large, and ship-building is extensively carried on. It is connected with Saint Stephen's, in New-Brunswick, by four bridges. The Calais and Baring Railway connects the town with Milltown and Baring. From Baring the Lewey's Island Railway extends 17 miles to Princeton. Population, 6000.

Eastport is 234 miles north-east of Portland, and is reached thence and from Boston by regular steamboat communication to and from Saint John's, N. B. Steamboats run also to Calais and places *en route*, 30 miles above at the head of navigation, on the Saint Croix River. The town is charmingly built on Moose Island, which embraces 2000 acres, and is connected to the mainland of Perry by a bridge; and by ferries with Pembroke, Lubec, and the adjoining British islands. Fort Sullivan is its shield and buckler against any possible foes from without.

THE NEW-HAMPSHIRE COAST.



PORTSMOUTH—ISLE OF SHOALS—RYE.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., is one of the most beautiful of New-England cities. It is easily accessible to the tourist, lying in the direct line of the travel to the White Mountains, to Portland, Montreal, or the Isle of Shoals. It is on the Eastern Railway, and can be reached by a ride of two hours and a half from either Portland or Boston. Travelers from Winnipisiogee, the famous lake of New-Hampshire, can, by taking cars at Concord or at Dover, be carried by a short journey to this city. Like Newburyport and Salem, it has seen its most lively days. Unless some unexpected change in the course of trade should occur, it will never again be the bustling town of 1812. But, unlike these sister cities of the New-England Coast, it does not lament the loss of commerce and bewail the past opportunities which once made it a rival of Boston. A refreshing calm has settled upon the inhabitants, who lead a life of unaspiring tranquillity, which would have charmed the soul of Irving had he seen it, as it did that of Hawthorne, who came, and saw, and was enraptured. The absence of the rush and contention which characterize towns of a smaller size but of a different history, is a great attraction to the traveler. The evidences of unostentatious wealth, the ancient buildings, the high houses, large gardens, and shaded streets, give constant gratification to the visitor who is transported from the clatter and dust of travel into an atmosphere of repose. In the suburbs he can not fail to find many a spot by nature fitted

“For poet’s dream or summer idyll;”

and never yet came hither a traveler who did not confess that, however far he may have wandered on this continent or beyond the seas, he has found no lovelier scenes.

The Navy-Yard presents an attractive feature to the stranger. It is upon the Maine side of the Piscataqua, whose broad stream rolls downward to the Atlantic between fair country-seats and rich meadows, till it sweeps against the venerable wharves of the city. The number of the workmen has been reduced to a "peace basis," and the scene is by no means as animated as during the four years of the late war. The purchase by the Government of Seavey's Island adds considerably to the area of the yard. Here new houses for the officers will soon be erected, and cool and pleasant summer quarters established.

A steamer runs every hour to and from the yard, landing her passengers at the foot of Daniel Street in Portsmouth. It is a capacious vessel, and there is always room for a party of sight-seers.

In Portsmouth are various objects of peculiar interest. Among them are the antique church of St. John, the Athenæum, the Custom-House, and the residence of Governor Langdon, described in a recent *Atlantic* by Hawthorne. Near the Navy-Yard is the tomb of Sir William Pepperell, well known in the history of the State as a successful merchant and popular ruler of the province. Several elegant country-seats are around the mansion which once was his, and which now is tenanted by the sole relic of the Sparhawk family. On this side of the river is Fort Macleary, a century old, now remodeled and strengthened.

A short ride takes the traveler from Portsmouth to Newcastle, crossing, by several bridges, branches of the Piscataqua, and furnishing beautiful views of the city and of Little Harbor. Fort Constitution stands at the en-

trance of the lower harbor, and terminates, with its high walls, this road. These walls are of granite, and upon them work is still progressing.

There are various hotels in Portsmouth, of which the oldest and perhaps the best known is the Rockingham House. This was once the private home of one of New-Hampshire's early governors. It is noticed by Holmes, in his *Elsie Venner*, as a famous hostelry of olden time. The Philbrick House, conducted by the veteran of Rye Beach, the City Hotel, and the Franklin, are establishments where the stranger can find comfort at a reasonable price.

The ISLE OF SHOALS is 11 miles from the city. A steamer runs daily from Railway Wharf, connecting with the morning trains from Boston, Portland, Concord, Dover, and Great Falls. The voyage is but an hour in length, and the scenery, as the boat passes down the river through the Narrows, stemming bravely the rushing tide, or borne surfing upon it, is most delightful. Sliding by Fort Constitution and the Whale's Back Light-House, the steamer is soon upon the wide Atlantic. Directly in front is the dim outline of the islands, while behind stretches the white line of the coast. In the distance rise the hills of New-Hampshire and the blue sides of Agamenticus, the high mountain of York. As the boat approaches the Appledore Island, the hotel unfolds its size and proportions. Landing by row-boats, the traveler ascends, by an easy path, to the portico, where an expectant crowd is assembled.

The "Appledore" is conducted by Oscar and Cedric Lughton, whose father is well remembered as the former proprietor. His grave is now one of the interesting and noteworthy spots upon the rocky surface of the island.

Here also are buried the unfortunate crew of a Spanish vessel driven upon the cliffs on a winter's night. This incident has been made the subject of an effective poem by Longfellow.

The steamboat reaches the Appledore at 1 o'clock each day, and starts upon its homeward trip at 3 P.M. Visitors to the other islands of the group are carried across in small boats. The distance is short to Gosport, where is a small village of some 30 houses, a church, and a school-house. The population are hardy fishermen, among whom can still be traced the Portuguese features of the original colonizers from the fleet of John Smith, by whom these islands were discovered. A disaster fell upon them a year ago, in the shape of fire. Half their little settlement was consumed in a single night; and this calamity, to so hard-working a people, excited much sympathy throughout New-England. Assistance was given them, and they are now recovering from their losses.

Near by is White Island, where a revolving light casts a crimson glow over a sea which sleeps through the summer months, but which rises in the winter storms with mighty strength. The other islands are known by the euphonious names of Smutty-Nose and Hog. They are visited only by sportsmen, and are a refuge for innumerable sea-fowl.

Amid this group, the summer weeks go by with many delights. Fishing, shooting, sailing, and bathing are daily to be obtained; and not the least attraction is the constant charm of the sea, the breezes, and the fair perspective.

The beaches of RYE are becoming each year more popular. They are reached by the Eastern Railway at the stations of Hampton, Greenland, or Portsmouth. From

Greenland and Hampton a stage runs regularly on the arrival of the trains from Boston or Portland. From Portsmouth, the distance is 7 miles over most excellent roads.

The largest hotel is the Ocean House, of which Job Jenness & Son are proprietors. Near this are the Washington and Surf Houses, and numerous cottages for boarders. At the other end of the beach is the Atlantic House, formerly known as Philbrick's, and the new and capacious Farragut House, which has experienced two most successful seasons. Scattered along the roadside are pleasant boarding-houses, crowded during the heat of July and August.

All these hotels are of excellent character and well patronized. The fields and lawns are filled with croquet-players, and the long, wide beach with bathers, sportsmen, and carriages. The scene is always lively by day, and at night, hops, Germans, and private theatricals give to the guest unfailing excitement and variety.

The drives through the surrounding country are inviting, and the neighboring villages of Hampton, Greenland, and Exeter are thoroughly explored each season by gay parties from the hotels of Rye.

NEW-BEDFORD AND MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

Although in the city of New-Bedford there are no hotels devoted exclusively to the entertainment of summer tourists, and no places of great historical interest or natural curiosity, yet perhaps there is no place along the whole coast of New-England better fitted by nature for the quiet enjoyment of the warm season. This city is situated on the side of a long hill, sloping gradually to the Acushnet River, and is

thus by position one of the cleanliest, and consequently healthiest, localities in New-England. It is in a direct line south of Boston, about 50 miles distant, and may be reached from New-York by the way of Boston, or more easily by taking the shore line through Connecticut and changing cars at Mansfield, Mass. The most frequented route, however, is by the New-York and Bristol line of steamboats through the Long Island Sound, which in pleasant weather is delightful. The boat leaves New-York about 5 o'clock in the afternoon and reaches Bristol early in the morning, where passengers take the cars for New-Bedford. There is also a propeller running once or twice a week from New-York to New-Bedford, chiefly devoted to the transportation of freight.

The Acushnet River is nearly a mile wide and flows through Buzzard's Bay out into the ocean. The water is very clear and the shores sandy and well suited for bathing purposes.

During the summer, this place is resorted to mainly by travelers who prefer the quiet pleasures of a home near the sea to the attractions of the more popular resorts of wealth and fashion. Perhaps there is no city in America of its size and wealth where so few are tempted to go elsewhere for summer recreation; and the few who leave go rather for health than pleasure, desirous of taking the milder air of the inland towns.

There are many fine drives in and about New-Bedford, one extending several miles out into Buzzard's Bay on a narrow tongue of land laid out and graded at great expense by the city exclusively for purposes of pleasure. During the sultry summer weather the cool breezes from the sea render this drive a most attractive resort, and by some it has been regarded the finest drive in America.

The extreme point of this road commands a fine view of New-Bedford, the broad river which separates it from the town of Fairhaven, the Elizabeth Islands, and, afar off but plainly discernible, the famous cliff of Guy Head in Martha's Vineyard. But aside from healthy climate, the main attractions of New-Bedford and vicinity are the rare facilities here afforded for bathing, boating, sailing, and fishing, and the various pleasant resorts for pleasure, to which excursions are continually being made from the city during the summer, both by land and by water.

As most of the citizens are at home during the summer, entertaining their friends from abroad, there is a full supply of all the various methods of sea-side recreation. No place along the coast has done more to popularize in modern times the felicities of the old-fashioned New-England clam-bake.

The whaling enterprise in which the people of this vicinity are engaged, being carried on across the sea far away from home and mainly by the labors of strangers coming among them, gives to all classes an unusual amount of leisure, which their peculiar situation affords them ample opportunities to enjoy.

The hotels of New-Bedford are: the Parker House, central, commodious, and well kept; the Mansion House, and various smaller public houses. There are also a large number of private families with whom, at less expense, a greater enjoyment of the season may be derived. There are by the sea-side, in the neighboring towns, numerous places also, where during the summer the houses are opened to strangers. In the town of Marion, about 10 miles from New-Bedford, there is on Great Hill, near the shore of Buzzard's Bay, in one of the most delightful spots of New-England, an excellently kept hotel, which has for

several years furnished a home for hosts of summer tourists.

Travelers wishing to pass a few weeks in the vicinity of New-Bedford should by all means so arrange as to select that part of the month of August during which is held the great Wesleyan Camp-Meeting on Martha's Vineyard. Steamboats leave New-Bedford twice a day, carrying people to the island from all parts of the State. Every one living in the vicinity of New-Bedford expects to pass at least one day in the year at the camp-meeting. The island of Martha's Vineyard is about 30 miles from New-Bedford. In reaching it, the boats pass through Buzzard's Bay by the islands of Pasque, Nashewena, and Nanshou, (the first now under the control of the New-York Club, and used by them as a fishing and yachting headquarters, and the last, the summer residence of Hon. John M. Forbes, of Boston, by whom it is owned,) then through Quick's Hole and across the Vineyard Sound to the "Camp-Meeting Landing," on the east side of the island. The meetings are held in a magnificent grove owned by the trustees of the association, which, though consecrated especially to religious worship, has in latter years become a general resort for healthful and honorable recreation. Small cottages and tents have been erected in great numbers, some of them with great elegance. The grove is laid out in avenues radiating from the central place of public worship, and others running somewhat in the manner of concentric circles, the inner circle being lined with larger tents, which are used by the members of the various parishes for domestic and religious purposes. Oftentimes there are as many as fifteen or twenty thousand persons present at one time; but the arrangements made by the trustees for the comfort, convenience,

and happiness of all in attendance have become so perfect that, notwithstanding by far the largest part are present for recreation, any disturbance or indecorum seldom if ever occurs. Ample provision is also made for boarding and lodging visitors at the Grove, though the more common custom is to go and return the same day. The fare on the boats is very small, and the trip across the Bay and Sound is charming.

But let not the traveler fail to go to Nantucket and see the islanders. This island is nominally under the government of the United States. They have a first-rate hotel, the Ocean House, well ordered and kept; the Adams House, less expensive but of excellent character, its host and hostess attentive, its tables liberally spread with well-cooked food, and its lodging-rooms clean and spacious. There are also numerous boarding-houses. Visitors fond of fishing will not go away disappointed. First, there is the shark-fishing, which is a sport almost equal in excitement to the hunting of the buffalo with the lasso. The shark is the Ishmael of fishers, he has no friends. The timid desire to keep out of his company. They are willing to let him alone, contented if he will let them alone; but bolder spirits, when they go to Nantucket, at once plan to go sharking. The first thing is to engage the services of an experienced skipper provided with a stout boat, for sharks are not fond of being hooked. But boat and skipper being provided, you start in the morning, first for the blue-fish ground; for fish eat fish, and the blue-fish is bait for the shark. Taking the bait is a good introduction to taking the shark; for there is no fishing, unless it be spearing of salmon, quite equal in excitement to blue-fishing. The blue-fish is deceived by appearances; he is caught with a hook inserted in a bit of pewter shaped

somewhat like a smelt, and about as large. The line is trailed by the boat, and as the bait is simply drawn flashing through the water, the blue-fish darts at it, and, seizing it, is drawn to the boat, not without a vigorous struggle for liberty, and sometimes, when not firmly hooked, he throws out the hook and is off. When this minor sport has been sufficiently enjoyed and bait enough obtained, the party starts for the haunts of the shark. Arrived at the fishing-ground, a big piece of blue-fish is put on to a big hook, and the baited hook is dropped. Next the hook is a fathom or two of iron chain, for the hooked shark would make short work of hempen line. Presently a dull tug is felt, and the line begins to run out; when a few fathoms have been taken out, the lasso is held fast and the shark is firmly hooked and drawn toward the boat. This unexpected operation is not received very pleasantly; and the guerrilla of the sea looks any thing but amiable as, snapping and struggling, he is drawn to the side of the boat, where a few vigorous blows with a club upon his nose reduce him to submission.

Besides this gigantic sport, Nantucket can offer the tourist tamer fishing of porgies and perch. In the height of the season they have "squankams," or clam-bakes, as the "off-island folks" call them. A large party—the larger the better, but well assorted—assembles at Quidnit or at Quaise, Abram's or at Mattaket, and spends the day in innocent mirth, stimulated by song and dance and ramble, and regalement of roasted clams, and other dainties, to which the free air of the plains fresh from the ocean gives relish. The evenings at Nantucket in summer are enlivened by pleasant dancing-parties among the hospitable people of the place, for Nantucket still merits its old reputation of being hospitable to strangers. The little village

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of Siasconset lies on the south-eastern bank of the island on its very verge ; and north of this perch is Sancoty Head, about a mile distant and rising about 90 feet above the sea, which lies below with only a narrow bench. Whoever has read Irving's story of his musings at the main-top of the ship which carried him to Europe, and sympathizes with his feelings, would enjoy a stroll from Siasconset to Sancoty, especially if he were to climb to the gallery of the lofty light-house, where he can look out on an expanse of ocean limited only by the shores of the eastern continent. Here lies what to very many is the peculiar charm of Nantucket. Extensive unfenced plains and gentle undulations, rising here and there into very considerable elevations, from which an extensive view of the ocean is enjoyed, air sweetened by the fragrance of wild herbage, perfect seclusion if desired, and yet nearness of human life and just as much of social intercourse as one desires. Few visitors go away from Nantucket disappointed in their expectation of enjoyment. To those who are not in search of fashionable amusements, but real rest and recreation, a sojourn at Siasconset, or any other dwelling-place at the east end of the island, will be found full of comfort and delight, and can be found at few other watering-places or summer resorts. Newport and Nahant are delightful, especially Newport ; but the same seclusion and naturalness of locality and surroundings can not be had, even there.

STAMFORD, CT.

Stamford is located on Long Island Sound, 34 miles from New-York, to which head centre it is linked by the New-Haven Railway, 13 trains running each way per day, and by a steamboat making regular trips.

It has well-kept roads, schools of a high order, (of which that of Mr. James Betts is worthy of especial mention,) sea breezes, commanding sites for houses, a population orderly, moral, and refined, prospects unsurpassed for quiet loveliness, and the church of your choice. It is no wonder that such a combination of attractions has arrested the search of so many of those who leave the lower end of the busy city with plethoric pockets and satisfactory bank accounts.

Stamford, as a suburb of New-York, is scarcely a score of years old; but Stamford, as a quiet, well-to-do New-England village, reaches back to the days of the Pequods and Miles Standish. For several generations it lay dreaming on the margin of the Sound, the gently swelling hills running down in long emerald slopes to the well-washed shore; and these were cultivated by the descendants of those early Connecticut farmers, who settled Windsor and Hartford—men who feared God, revered the Sabbath, and were at peace with their fellows; people who, like Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Edward, were as upright downright *good* men as ever labored six days and rested on the seventh. Prominent among them was Abraham Davenport, the Connecticut worthy, who has of late been made immortal by the muse of Whittier, and still, near the spot

"Where the Sound
Drinks the small tribute of the Mianus,"

a descendant of that early hero, in his beautiful sea-side villa, leads a pure life, and awaits a "tranquil death." On one of the growing streets of the village the inhabitants still point to a structure which nothing but rich associations has saved from the march of improvement. Here, for a short time, Washington had his head-quarters during the Revolutionary war. As soon as one learns this fact, how

the narrow windows, the low ceiling, the bulging walls, and the rickety roof take on a character of dignity, almost of sanctity! We look with a feeling little less than veneration upon the worm-eaten threshold, when we remember the august form that almost a hundred years ago passed over it.

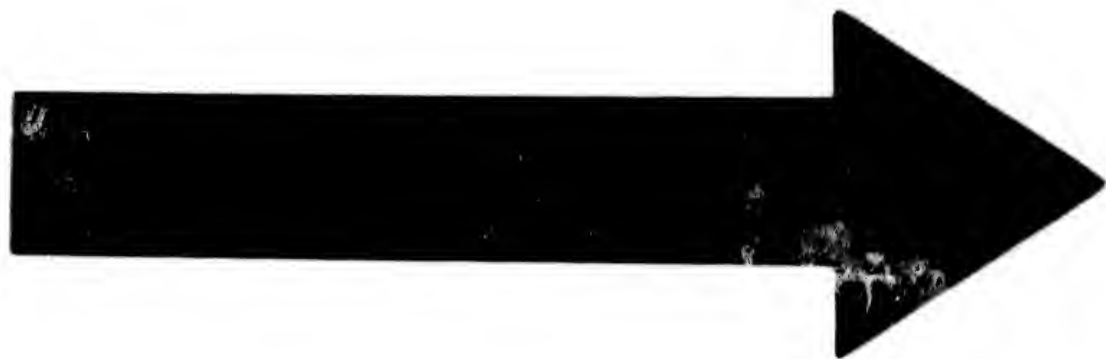
From the era of the Revolution to the era of the railways, the place had a slow, natural growth, the streets gradually extending, and a somewhat larger fleet of coasting schooners rocking gently on the shoal and narrow harbor. But since the scream of the iron horse broke the rural charm, New-York has laid a finger on the soil, villas, palaces, mansions have sprung up, thousand-dollar teams prance the streets, their owners wrapped in gorgeous afghans, their drivers stiff with buckram and spangled with gold lace. Scholars, as well as merchants, have been attracted hither, men of solid attainments as well as men heavy in Wall street. On the verge of a hill commanding a view of the glittering expanse beneath, stands a stone structure having an air of mediæval repose and seclusion. It looks like the home of a scholar. Here Dr. John Lord prepares those recondite and eloquent lectures for which he has long been distinguished, and from here, more recently, he sent forth *The Old Roman World*, that brilliant and influential addition to our list of historical writings. Prof. William H. Woodbury, the eminent German scholar, whose text-books have a world-wide reputation, also has his home here; and at the head of a chief avenue lives Mr. Joseph B. Lyman, a gentleman of rising literary celebrity, who occupies a responsible position on the staff of one of the great dailies of the metropolis, and whose accomplished wife is a frequent and valued contributor to several well-known periodicals. At a little distance is the home of Mr. Wm. W.

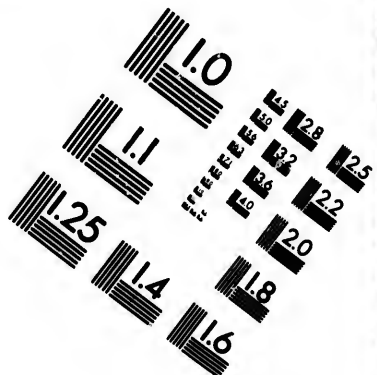
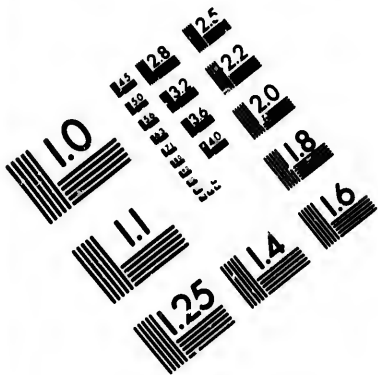
Gillespie, of the excellent *Advocate*, a newspaper well sustained and appreciated, and having an enviable local reputation. Still further on is the simple residence of the Hon. Truman Smith, once a name of power in State and national politics. Advancing years have quenched the vigor of mind and the rugged eloquence that made him famous in his prime; but they have not abated the soundness of his judgment or the warmth of his patriotism.

But looked at merely as a place of resort for the summer months, Stamford really offers rare inducements to people who consider quiet comfort as more to be desired than ostentation and empty show. Of this class little less than a thousand, mostly New-Yorkers, come hither every season. The place possesses an enchanting combination of country and suburban charms. There are delightful drives shaded by patriarchal elms and maples, and winding up to heights from which there is wealth of broad and beautiful views. There are good facilities for salt-water bathing, and to those partial to the angler's art unusual attractions are offered. Picnics are not unfrequent, and "The Cave" and "Pound Rock" are especially popular in this connection. The latter is a precipitate ledge that runs far into the sea, ornamented with clumps of trees, beneath whose leafy spray it is pleasant to recline and watch the tides that ripple at its base, or look away for many leagues on waters dotted with snow-white sails, or ruffled by great boats outward bound.

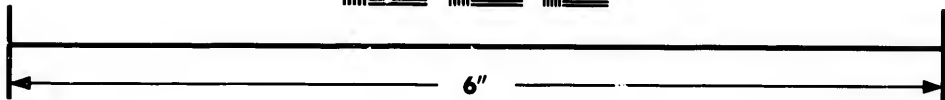
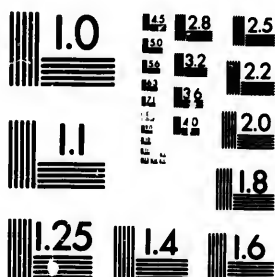
At a brief remove from this peninsula is another of exceeding natural beauty known as "Shippan Point," which is to be placed in charge of a landscape gardener, and laid out partly as a park and partly as grounds for private residences. It is clear to see that in a few years it will thus become one of the loveliest features of a lovely *environ*, to which, all things considered, it is not strange that those

who come once, should wish to come again, or that the army of invaders should each year be augmented by new recruits. If the city readers, wearied with the "human hubbub," will embark on the pretty steamer "Shippan" at Fulton Ferry some summer afternoon, he or she will receive kind care at the hands of Captain Waterbury, have a pleasant sail, and at the end of the journey find Stamford, of whose charms the half has not been told.





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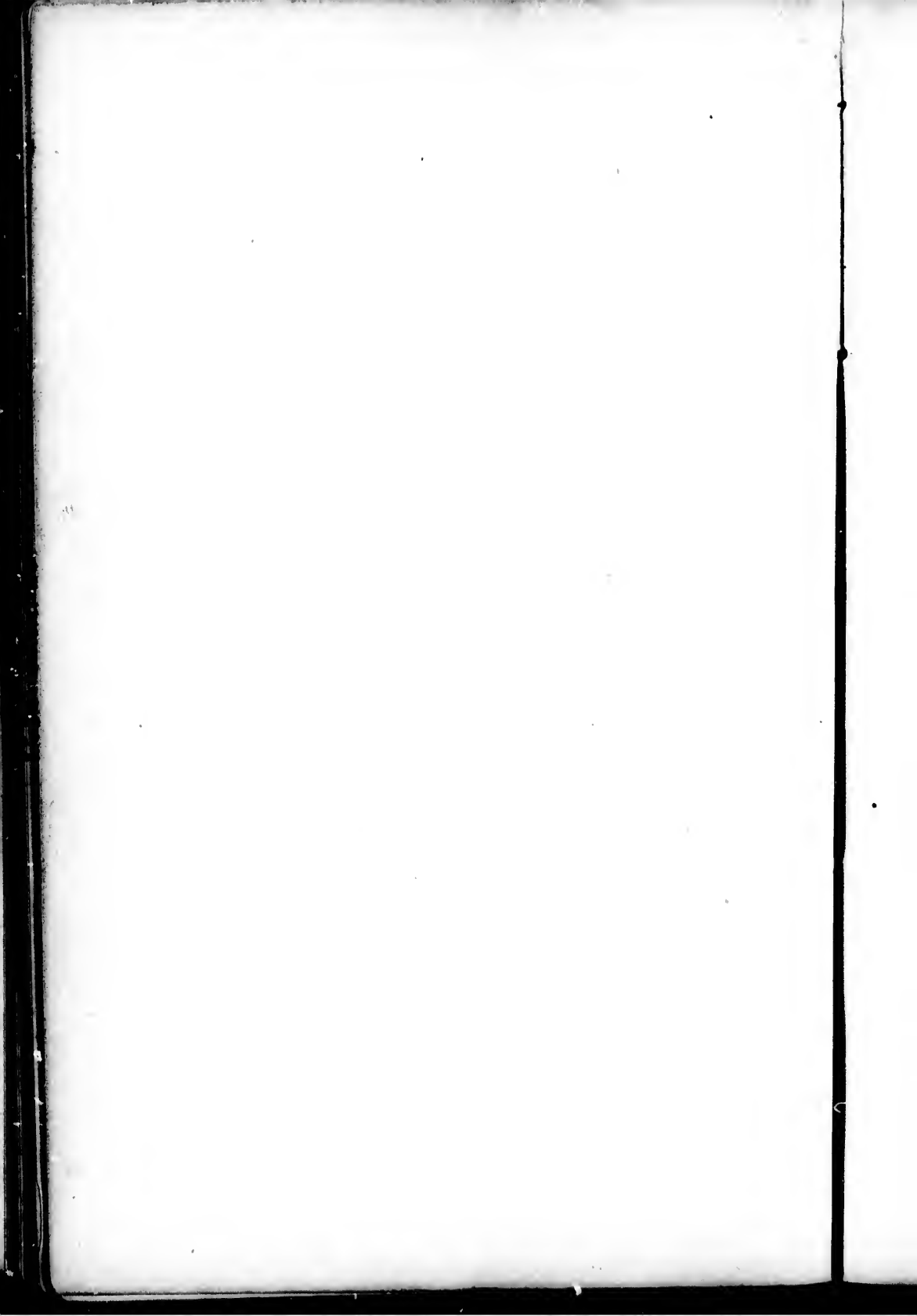


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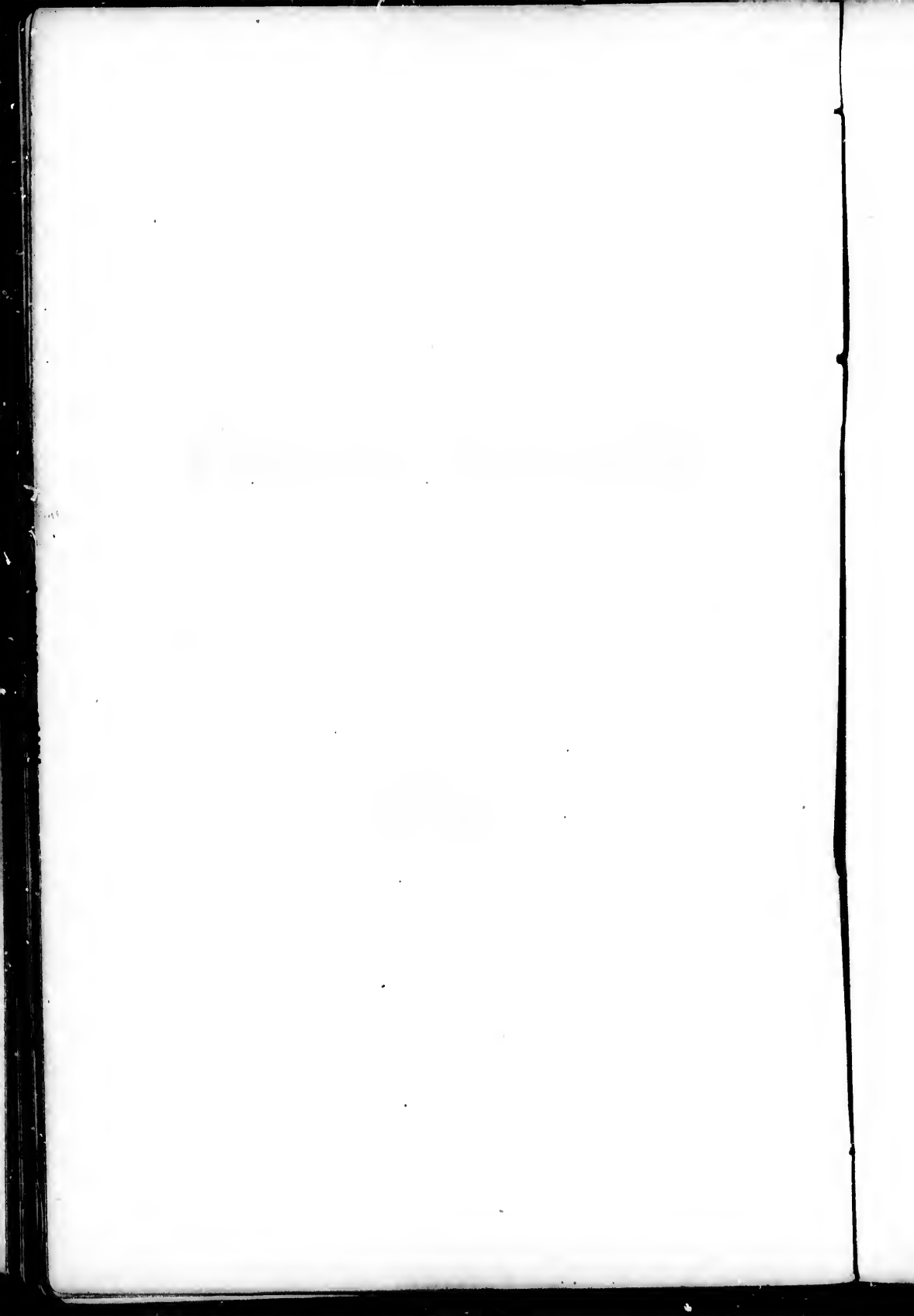
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The Dominion of Canada.





THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

LAKE ONTARIO AND THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

We have placed the Hudson River trip in the front rank of summer attractions for the tourist in accordance, unquestionably, with popular opinion; and the *superior* claims of the Upper Mississippi have also received their due acknowledgment. The voyage down the River Saint Lawrence, however, is also a river-trip, and claims high place; and if all these were to be directly compared, without considering the great difference between them, it would be hard indeed to give either great trip only the second place. The three routes are, however, vastly dissimilar and each incomparable. The professed tourist never thinks of omitting either; and the chance traveler who peruses these pages while sailing upon the emerald waters of Ontario or the Saint Lawrence will be quite ready to admit that "all the world," some time or other, has honored that great excursion. We trust that other readers will see enough in the summary view we give below to leave no longer unsought so delightful and inspiring an enjoyment.

The Gulf of Saint Lawrence is about 250 miles in length, and the river is the furthest navigable of any of the waters on the globe. From the mouth to the harbor of Quebec the distance is 360 miles, and vessels from Europe ascend to Montreal, which is 180 miles higher up its course;

while vessels suited to river navigation (as high as 500 tons burthen) may traverse uninterruptedly the entire distance between the sea and the mouth of the Saint Louis River, at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. In other words, the River Saint Lawrence, with some little help from man in the shape of canals here and there, for the matter of actual navigation, really comprises the waters called by the following names: Gulf and River Saint Lawrence, Lake Ontario, Niagara River, Lake Erie, Detroit River, Lake Saint Clair, River Saint Clair, (these three bodies of water have no more claim to separate names than the Saint Lawrence proper between the Long Sault and Montreal, as we shall see,) Lake Huron, Saut Sainte Marie or Saint Mary's River, Lake Superior, and Saint Louis River. If the whole length from the head of Lake Superior be reckoned, it will be 1910 miles; or, including the Saint Louis, the head stream of that lake, 2100 miles. The width of the waters varies greatly; at the mouth of the gulf, meeting the sea, 100 miles; at Tadoussac, the entrance, perhaps, of the river into the gulf, 22 miles; at Lake Saint Peter, above Quebec, 9 miles; at Montreal and Quebec, 2 miles, etc. The waters thus located drain a territory of over 400,000 square miles, and the "basin" contains, it is said, more than half of all the fresh water on the globe. Peculiarly, therefore, this great Northern Amazon may call for our study and admiration. To us it will be most interesting—along the limited portion from Niagara to Anticosti, which is comprised in our present plan—because of its "thousand isles," its exciting rapids, its tributary streams with their rapids and falls, the contrasting nationalities and religions on its opposing banks, the antiquity of its legends and history, its cities and its village-edged shores, the exquisite beauty of its pernicious

water, and last, but by no means least, the abounding fish within its own and its tributary streams.

The portion of "the Great River" west of Lake Ontario will be found described under the proper titles ; our voyage now begins where the Niagara ceases to disturb navigation, at the head of Ontario, and follows the emerald current until after the ocean sends in upon it the tides which destroy its loveliness and crown it with grandeur. The routes by which the traveler may reach Lewiston, standing midway (7 miles each side) between Niagara Falls and Lake Ontario, and at a point where the lower Suspension Bridge kindly bars to navigation the foaming river, will be found under the article entitled NIAGARA RIVER, and the routes over the lake and river may be found at the end of this article. It may be well, however, to state here, that tourists, desiring for any reason to omit the lake, or a portion of it, from their voyage, may take cars direct from Niagara Falls over the New-York Central Railway to Rochester, where, changing to train for Charlotte, they go to the lake at that point, (this will allow 5 hours of Ontario sailing between Charlotte and Sackett's Harbor, opposite Kingston ;) or may keep on to Syracuse and change to Oswego and Syracuse branch for Oswego, or to Rome and change to Rome, Watertown, and Ogdensburg road for Sackett's Harbor, (a rather roundabout route.) But the best way is to take the American Express steamboats at Lewiston and sail right through (changing at Ogdensburg) to Montreal.

Having completed the visit to Niagara, then, with that notable railway ride along the brink of the chasm below the Falls, let us suppose ourselves upon the deck of the steamer which shall convey us to Ogdensburg. Behind us is the lower Suspension Bridge, at one side is the vil-

lage of Lewiston, and opposite lies the Canadian village of Queenstown. Neither of these places possess much interest for tourists. The Brock Monument, at Lewiston, is included usually in the Niagara visit; and beyond this, and the fact that the British burned every building in Lewiston, and "gallantly defended" Queenstown, (as the Canadian guide-books truly say,) during the war of 1812, we need not delay. Our voyage now commences, and for 7 miles lies along the Niagara River. The stream, anon so turbid and precipitous, grows more gentle as we near the great lake, and its banks betray but little of their character as hitherto displayed. The river retains, rather than enlarges, its accustomed breadth, and at Fort Niagara pours into Lake Ontario at a level 334 feet below that of Lake Erie. We may observe the fort as we pass, recalling the scenes of bloody conflict between whites and Indians, and English and French in the years long gone.

The village of Youngstown lies a short distance south of the fort. On the other shore Fort Massasauga formerly guarded, and Niagara Town profited by, the head of the lake. The construction of the Welland Canal, however, has damaged the latter, as the Erie Canal injured the American towns, and Massasauga is only interesting as a monument of a past age.

The Welland Canal terminates northward at Port Dalhousie, on Lake Ontario, about 10 miles west of the mouth of the Niagara—a work so important to navigation that the tourist will be sufficiently interested to pay it a visit. The canal extends from Port Dalhousie to Port Colbourne, on Lake Erie, the last part of it being conducted by way of the Welland River, from which it takes its name. The canal is navigable for vessels of 500 tons, is 28 miles in

length, and has two feeders. By means of it, transhipment to avoid Niagara Falls is rendered needless.

We now enter upon the last of the five Great Lakes of the North. The first glance at the sheet of water lying so placid and brilliant before us can hardly fail to provoke the exclamation, "Beautiful!" So said the Indian dwellers in this region when they first beheld the lake, saying, in their native tongue, "Ontario!" The journey to Cape Saint Vincent is not, perhaps, so interesting in its land scenery as very many others; but nowhere, save on the preceding sections of this great water, does the traveler have so unfailing a source of delight in looking into the emerald depths over the vessel's side. The whole State of New-York is full of lakes, whose water is of a beautiful color, and often sweet to the taste; but to sail for a day over one perpetual, liquid volume, whose sparkling and flashing green surpasses the hue of Nature's carpet, is a pleasure that will be abundantly appreciated by an attentive observer.

The Lake Ontario is the lowest and smallest of the great chain above alluded to, extending 180 miles from west to east, with a breadth of 55 miles at the greatest, 35 for the average. Its mean depth is 500 feet. By reason of its great depth it is much less disturbed by storms than Lake Erie, and its navigation much less obstructed by ice, being very rarely interrupted. Its chief supply comes, of course, through the Niagara chasm; but the Genesee, Oswego, Black, and other rivers bring other considerable accessions.

The first noticeable feature of the lake shore is the Lake Ridge, a narrow elevation on the south, ranging from the mouth of the Niagara to Sodus Bay, in Wayne county, New-York, nearly parallel with the edge of the lake, and

at a distance of from 3 to 8 miles back. Its elevation is in some places nearly 200 feet above the lake, and generally exceeds 160 feet. The line of the ridge is not, however, always sharply defined. Being composed of sand and gravel, it makes one of the finest natural roads in the world, and the principal highway along this side of the lake has been upon its summit. This ridge was doubtless an ancient shore line.

The New-York, or, as it is oddly called, the American side, will not call for our special attention henceforward until we reach the mouth of the Genesee, while the Canadian shore is presently of much interest. It is unfortunate that both the American and the Canadian lines of boats follow their respective shores—chiefly from necessity of avoiding constant crossing—so exclusively. The American boats go to Toronto alone of Canadian towns; but the opposition do not even do as well by the Americans as that, sending, instead, an extra steamer to Lewiston, and neglecting Rochester (Charlotte) altogether. As the chief attractions of this lake-trip, however, lie in the passing view, the most important towns will best be visited separately, if at all, and often by other routes.

The surface of the country on the north shore rises gradually from the lake shore and spreads out in broad plains. The lake extends some 50 or 60 miles west of the point at which we entered it. The important Canadian city of Hamilton stands upon Burlington Bay, at the extreme western limit, invisible from our boat. Hamilton is built upon an acclivity extending back from the bay to the base of a mountain which rises in the rear of the town to a considerable eminence, affording a fine view. The name of the founder was given the city, and it dates from 1813. Population, 25,000; historical reminiscences as a "retiring-

room" for several British commanders in "the last war," some of whom afterward advanced to victory. Burlington Bay is one of the most commodious and safe harbors of Ontario, 5 miles long and 2 wide, and navigable in all parts. It abounds in pike, bass, perch, and eels, caught preferably by "spearing." During the winter, a number of spearing-houses are erected on the bay; they are rendered impervious to light, and a circular hole about a yard in diameter is cut in the ice, which, in the dark, renders the water quite clear. A brilliantly painted decoy-fish is made available, and, while the unhappy dwellers in the deep hover around it in admiration, the spear-holders testify *their* admiration in a most direct manner. This pastime is forbidden by law wholly after February, and at any season must not victimize any fish but bass, pike, and a few other kinds.

The cities of no two sections of the United States differ more strikingly (we had almost said so strikingly) than those of the two Provinces of Ontario (formerly called Upper or Western Canada) and Quebec, (Lower or Eastern Canada.) Of the former, Toronto leads, while in the other section Quebec is most strikingly peculiar. In the one, American bustle and hurry seem to have exerted a contaminating influence; in the other, the ancient landmarks have not been removed. It will be well for the tourist upon whose immediate route lie both Provinces to mark the character of each as he has opportunity. Hamilton, "though not equaling Chicago in its sudden growth and expanse, (as says the *Canadian Hand-Book*,) has, from its zeal and eagerness, been named 'the ambitious little city.'" It owes its greatness to its fine location, and its prominence as the seat of the Great Western Railway of Canada. It has many fine buildings of most modern

style, but it is indebted mainly for their beauty to a valuable quarry of very light freestone or limestone near the city. There is a number of pleasing resorts outside the "heated pavements," which we need not specify here. King street is the chief thoroughfare. Hotels, Anglo-American and the City Hotel.

Toronto may next interest us along the lake. The bay upon which it stands is caused by a sand-bar, 7 miles long, stretching out to the west and terminating in Gibraltar Point. This bar has doubtless been caused by the action of the lake-water and that of the River Don, which enters the bay upon the east. The city itself stands on land sloping too little to make the distant view one of interest. Population, 60,000. In 1793, Governor Simcoe began the settlement under the name of York, changed, when it was incorporated, in 1834, to Toronto—meaning, in the Indian tongue, "the place of meeting." One of the principal thoroughfares, Yonge Street, extends, through a flourishing district, to the rare length (for a *street*) of 36 miles. The buildings are chiefly made of the material commonly called "Milwaukee brick." The vicinity affords no very interesting localities, and the visitor must content himself chiefly with the public buildings—chiefly the University with its Park.

Port Hope is 63 miles from Toronto, a pretty town after the Canadian pattern, rather sombre to American taste usually, and chiefly interesting for the hunting in its vicinity. Partridge, hares, woodchuck, and deer are the game available. The back-country here abounds in lakes. One route to the deer-shooting is, Port Hope to Lindsay by rail, Lindsay to Fenelon Falls, Portage to Cameron Lake, and then there is shooting on Cameron and Balsam Lakes and up Brent River.

Cobourg, 7 miles further, county-seat of Northumberland and Durham, is a town of considerable importance. The Victoria (Methodist) College, chartered 1842 by act of Provincial Parliament, is the most interesting locality in this vicinity.

Passing Grafton and Colbourne, we next come to Presque Isle Bay, (town of Brighton,) a perfect lagoon, one of the best of the many fine indentations of the lake on the north coast.

Across the lake, Rochester lies 6 miles inland, on the Genesee River, which comes down to Ontario, with its famous leaps, 85 miles from Fort Niagara. The city and its environs have been already described at length in the article on Genesee Falls, and we only need here—at Charlotte, the small town which serves as the port of Rochester—to notice the mouth of the Genesee. Here, as at the other chief tributaries below, the muddy, shallow river water does not at once mingle confusedly with the clear, deep flood of the lake, but leaves a very distinct line to mark the point of division.

The next port (and the most populous) on the American shore, is Oswego, a city almost rivaling Rochester in the beauty of its streets, and far surpassing it in its lofty position on the Oswego River, overlooking the lake. The pier (1259 feet long) at the light-house on the lake, is a favorite promenade in the hours of twilight and moonlight. The tourist will notice the demarkation of the opposing waters at this point also. Upon the edge of the Oswego River, down upon the docks, several fine sulphur springs (see SPRINGS OF NEW-YORK) were discovered some four or five years ago, but have never been made available to any extent. Population, 20,000. There is nothing to see at Oswego that will interest the tourist much, beyond Fort

Ontario and the usual Indian stories, the great grain elevators, and—when you are lucky enough to see it—the lake *mirage* that occurs here when Nature demands it. The famous system of “object-teaching” originated in the public schools of Oswego.

Sackett's Harbor, on Black River Bay, 45 miles further down, and 20 miles from the head of the Saint Lawrence, was named for a Mr. Sackett, who came here and made a village of it in 1799. Population now, 2000. Madison Barracks is the name of a disused military post of the National Government. The harbor, being the best upon the lake, was made available as a naval station during that war (1812) of which one, on this lake, never hears “the last.”

Cape Vincent, which the Canadians, who have a peculiar passion for nominal sanctity, call Cape Saint Vincent, guards the entrance to the River Saint Lawrence. Just before reaching it, we pass a group of islands, of which Steney, Gallop, and Duck are the largest. Amherst and Grand Islands, much more important, are near the Canadian shore, further down. There is nothing whatever of interest at the Cape, unless it be found in the fading view of the lake, or the railway depot on the wharf, terminating the Rome, Watertown, and Ogdensburg Railway.

On the opposite (northern) shore we have Kingston, standing 4 or 5 miles in from the lake and river, upon a harbor formed by Wolf and Garden Islands lying across the Bay of Quinté. The city was the original capital of Canada. Modern as it appears, it looks far back for its history, as its advantageous *locale* did not fail to attract the notice of the early French discoverers. The French, under De Courcelles, began a settlement here in 1672, and called their fort Cataraqui, which was afterward changed to Frontenac. Colonel Bradstreet's expedition against

the French and Indians destroyed Fort Frontenac, in 1758. The British captured and re-named the place in 1762, since which time it has been called Kingston. Queenston, rather Queenstown, is a sort of complement of Kingston, standing at the other extremity of Lake Ontario. The military and naval defenses of Kingston are second only to Quebec, of all the British stations; and the advantages of its commercial position are nearly as great. It is not only at the outlet of the lake into the Great River, but is the terminus (south) of the Rideau Canal, and also at the junction of the waters of the Bay of Quinté and the great Cataraqui Creek. Rideau Canal flows in a northeasterly course to Ottawa, following the course of the Ottawa River much of the way. Population of Kingston, about 20,000. The most interesting places to see in the city are, the fortifications, including the forts on both Henry and Frederick Points, with the martello towers and long wooden bridge; the Provincial Penitentiary, and the two Colleges. Hotels—the Burnett House and the British American, neither very far from the dock or from the other.

The American traveler who has attentively noticed the aspect of the two shores, will not fail to be struck with the characteristic appearance of the city of Kingston, and so on throughout his further journey. As we are now about to reduce the breadth of our horizon from 60 miles to 2, we shall frequently have opportunity to compare Canadian with American life. The towns of the latter have, in most cases, that "bright red brick and painted wood" look which distressed Charles Dickens so greatly thirty years ago; a look of activity, hurry, and business. On the other side, as you approach a large town, you are struck with the sombreness of its appearance, caused first

by the singular contrast which a few dashing roofs of unpainted tin make with the rather dismal stone in almost universal use ; while at the smaller places the square stone dwellings and stores are supplemented often by ill-kept buildings of wood. The contrast extends to the people also. On the Oswego wharf, the irrepressible newsboy and his brother, the boot-black, will divide the air with the hackmen ; on the north shore, the boat's arrival will be as quiet an event as the departure of an Erie train from a country station. So, too, there is a marked distinction in the general look of the country, affording a continual study, which can hardly fail of beguiling any possibly tedious hours.

We have now fairly entered the River Saint Lawrence. From Kingston to Montreal it is by some natives called Cataraqui ; by the early French settlers the whole stream, down to the gulf, was often popularly called the Great River, as it deserved ; and the name Canada was probably applied to the river in honor of the French settler, De Cane, before it was given to the adjacent country ; but the prevailing name has always been Saint Lawrence. Jacques Cartier, the famous navigator, began to explore it on the calendar festival of that martyr, in the year 1535, and, like a good Christian, honored the Saint rather than himself, by naming the waters for him.

It is an unpleasant duty to begin so pleasing a journey with a warning ; but we must present here a leaf from the book of experience. The traveler who betakes himself to the Saint Lawrence voyage, will often reach its commencement wearied with a long railway journey, and in such a case is, more than another, exposed to the evils of changing air and water. But, for any one, the water of the River Saint Lawrence, though beautiful to the eye, and

even delicious to the taste, is exceedingly pernicious, inducing diarrhoea, often violent, when drunk to any considerable extent. The traveler is often cautioned against 'Montreal water,' and may think the fault is in the dark Ottawa; but it is in the sweet water of the Great River, beginning at Cape Vincent, and extending as far as to the limit of the tides, above Quebec.

The first 40 miles of the Saint Lawrence have been called "The Lake of the Thousand Isles," from the continuous string of islands, isles, and islets, which interrupt the channel at all sorts of angles and distances, from Cape Vincent clear to Ogdensburg. The statistical people have declared that the exact number (of which we are unfortunately in ignorance) is nearer 1800 than 1000; though how any human being ever resisted the romance and poetry of nature in this lovely "lake" sufficiently to make his journey arithmetical, is a puzzle to us. The islands are "of every imaginable shape, size, and appearance, some of them barely visible, others covering many acres; some only a few yards long, others several miles in length; some presenting little or nothing but bare masses of rock, whilst others are so thickly wooded over that nothing but the most gorgeous green foliage in summer is to be seen, whilst in autumn the leaves present colors of different hues hardly imaginable. The passage through the Thousand Islands by steamer is generally made in the early morning. You pass close to, and near enough, often, to cast a pebble from the deck of the steamer on to them, cluster after cluster of circular little islands, whose trees, perpetually moistened by the water, have a most luxuriant leaf, their branches overhanging the current. Again, you pass little winding passages and bays between the islands, the trees on their margin interlacing above them,

and forming here and there natural bowers ; yet the waters of these bays are so deep that steamers might pass under their shade. Then opens up a magnificent sheet of water, many miles wide, with a large island apparently dividing it into two great rivers ; but as you approach it, you discover that it is but a group of small islands, the river being divided into many parts, looking like silver threads. Again, the river seems to come to an abrupt termination four or five hundred yards in advance of you ; but as you approach the threatening rocks, a channel suddenly opens out on the right. You are whirled into it, and a magnificent amphitheatre of lake opens out before you. This, again, to all appearance, is bounded by a dense green bank ; but at your approach, the mass is moved, as if in a kaleidoscope, and a hundred beautiful little isles appear in its place. Such, for upward of 40 miles, is the scenery through which you glide."

Clayton, the first landing after leaving the Cape, is about 15 miles down the Saint Lawrence, about in front of the channel between Gore Island on the north, and Howe and Wolf (the latter one the most westerly) on the south side of the river. A railway is projected between this point and Philadelphia, on the Rome road. Clayton is a favorite stopping-place for Izaak Walton's disciples, and has good hotel accommodations at very low prices. The post-office address is Clayton, Jefferson county, New-York. The place was formerly known as Freud Creek.

On the Canadian shore opposite is the village of Gananoque, in Leeds county, at the mouth of a small creek.

Cornelia is a small place just below Clayton ; but the next point of importance is Alexandria Bay, another large fishing station, some 25 miles lower, opposite the northern extremity of Wellesley Island, and just above Bathurst

Island. This town was the first of the river-settlements to be occupied as a watering-place, and a capital one it is with good (and cheap) hotel accommodations. It is built upon a massive pile of rocks, in a highly romantic neighborhood. Two or three miles below, there is a spot where 100 of the islands may be comprised in one view. Americans will prefer the New-York side of the river for their headquarters in these great fishing-grounds, as well for the greater frequency of hotels as because nine tenths of all the summer visitors come from "the States," and make life at Clayton and Alexandria so very agreeable. There is no difficulty in getting canoes or accommodations at any of the farm-houses, but hotels are hardly to be found save at the points just named. Life on this river is eminently primitive. The fishing among the islands for pike, maskinonge, (often as large as 40 or 50 pounds,) black bass, dorée, etc., is the best in the whole length of the river. Myriads of wild fowl are caught at great advantage, on account of the ambush one may have upon the little woody islets; and spearing fish at night is still another of the sports that may be enjoyed here.

Morristown is a post-village below Alexandria, near Black Lake, inland. The village is 14 miles from Ogdensburg. On the Canadian shore opposite lies Brockville, an important town in the united counties of Leeds and Greenville, Ontario Province. Population, 3000. Campbell's Hotel is in sight from the landing, a short distance up. At this point in the river the great multitude of islands ceases, and we come somewhat unexpectedly upon the open river, 2 miles wide. Henceforth most of the islands which we shall see will be large, and in the midst of the rapids.

Ogdensburg and Prescott lie opposite each other, more

than 40 miles from Cape Vincent. The former is the most northerly town of importance, except Rouse's Point and Plattsburg, in the State of New-York. Population, about 10,000. It lies on land sloping considerably up from the Saint Lawrence and its tributary, the Oswegatchie River, commanding a fine view ; is much more quiet and old-fashioned than most of the cities or large towns which one commonly sees in the State, and contains one really very singular residence. It was built a long time ago by a Frenchman, in a quite indescribable style, resembling the French dwellings in Canada more nearly than any thing familiar to American tourists at home. The grounds, quite in the heart of the city, occupy an entire "block" or "square," and are surrounded by a high, dismal, red-brick wall. Within, the dwellings of the various animals—horses, hens, pigs—are mainly adorned with elm-bark walls. There is considerable roadway, and a mansion of much apparent splendor, which must be seen to be appreciated. The visitor will also go to see the ruins of the old Fort, "La Presentation," built in 1748, to shelter the mission of the Abbé Piquet, "the Apostle of the Iroquois."

Ogdensburg is connected by rail with a number of prominent points south, west, and east. It is the proper terminus of the Rome, Watertown, and Ogdensburg Railway ; but the tourist will prefer to know that it is also at the western end of the Northern Railway, coming from Rouse's Point, which is east by north. By this road tourists, who have been enjoying Lakes Champlain and Horicon, come to Ogdensburg to see the Islands, or even to go northward through the Rapids ; and here, also, of course, the Rapids may be omitted from our tour and the Champlain route be entered upon. Through fare to Rouse's Point, \$4. The wharf of this railway at Ogdensburg is a very superior

one, and the scene, when a steamer lands its passengers or receives them, is very pleasing.

Prescott, on the Canada shore, (population 2500,) is rapidly recovering its *prestige*, lost when the construction of the Rideau Canal won its trade away to Kingston ; for now the railway just named approaches it at Ogdensburg, and another connects it with Ottawa City, on the Ottawa River ; beside which advantages, it is on the line of the Grand Trunk route. (For the fine trip up the Ottawa river, see article under that title.) From Prescott may be seen the windmill and the ruined houses, mementoes of the attempt at invasion by Schultz and his band in 1838.

Past Windmill Point, a mile or two below Ogdensburg, on the Canada side, we begin to discern a change in the flowing of the river. The waters show signs of unusual commotion ; their current, at the shores, is noticeably accelerated ; and now, when we behold again the reappearing islands, off Point Cardinal, we find ourselves for the first time in the Rapids of the Saint Lawrence !

We shall not undertake to describe the "shooting of the rapids" in detail throughout their long and almost uninterrupted extent from Point Cardinal to Montreal. A few facts are all for which we can afford space, beside a list of the rapids. The channel through the chief rapids was first found some 30 years ago by observing the course which some lost rafts took ; and steamboats began to "shoot" this course in 1840, piloted by the Indian Teronhiahéré. The pilots are generally Indians now ; but the absurd stories told by some guide-books about their exclusive infallibility, should be taken *cum grano salis*. The passage is perhaps the most exciting experience possible to tourists anywhere but on the Ottawa or the ocean ; that at the last one, the La Chine, near Montreal, being the

culmination of the whole journey. In the course of this rapid the vessel passes between rocks not 3 feet from the side, one of which can be seen grimly rising several feet above the water. There is also a very perceptible pitch and plunge as the boat passes this point. There need be no fear on the part of the most timid in "shooting" the rapids; for the course is perfectly safe, perfectly familiar to the pilots, and no accident has ever occurred with loss of life. So nearly as we can state now, there has been but one case in which a vessel has missed the channel; then she was at once guided to shore, and no damage whatever distressed the people on board.

Of course, it is impossible to pass the rapids on the return trip; and for the accommodation of steamers on these, and before the discovery of the channel, on the down trips, canals have been cut upon the Canada shore. We append a list of the rapids and the canals.

At Point Cardinal, the Gallopes Rapids, 4 in number; at Point Iroquois, Plate Island, the Plate; the Depleau, just above Mariatown. Now we come to the Long Sault, through many (several large) islands. This rapid is 9 miles long, and runs at the rate of 20 miles to the hour. Emerging into the Lake Saint Francis, ($5\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide,) the current subsides only partially, until we have passed its length of 25 miles; the river then narrows, and within its contracted part are the Coteau, Cedars, and Cascades. At the end of these, the dark Ottawa, the greatest of the streams which flow into the Saint Lawrence, comes storming down to seek the ocean with the pure waters of the Great River. Parrot Island stands at its mouth. The Lake Saint Louis, 12 miles long and 6 wide, leads us now more placidly to the La Chine Rapid, the shortest but the most terrible of all; and after them we shortly behold the towers of Notre Dame and the Victoria Bridge at Montreal.

CANALS ON THE SAINT LAWRENCE.

	Miles.	Locks.	Length in Feet.
Gallopes Canal.....	2	2	8
Point Iroquois.....	3	1	6
Rapid Plate.....	4	2	11.6
Farren's Point.....	$\frac{3}{4}$	1	4
Cornwall (Long Sault).....	$11\frac{1}{4}$	7	48
Beauharnois (Coteau).....
Cedars, Split Rock, Cascade.....	$11\frac{1}{2}$	9	82.6
La Chine.....	$8\frac{1}{2}$	5	44.9

The tourist should not fail, if he can command his time, to take a few steps backward, going up, say the La Chine Canal. By this means, and by that of making a visit at some points along the shore of the rapids, he will see the boat descending the course, and gain a more perfect idea of the scene than he could have by experiencing the "shooting" only.

Returning now to the Point (Cardinal) at which we first encountered the rapids, we resume our observation of other features of our journey. A little above the entrance of the Long Sault, 28 miles from Ogdensburg, on the American side, Grass River or creek has caused the formation of a small post-village, called Louisville, in Saint Lawrence county. Stages run from this place to Massena Springs, (see article under that name,) 7 miles distant, on the Racket River. Dickinson's Landing is a little further down, on the Canada shore, at the head of the Long Sault Canal.

At the lower end of the Long Sault, where the north and south channels dash against each other so forcibly as to give the name of "Big Pitch" to the point of contact, are the villages of Cornwall on the north shore, and Saint Regis, on the south. Excellent duck-shooting is to be had

at Cornwall, in the fall of the year, when the birds spend several weeks at the foot of the rapids before they go south. Saint Regis is an Indian village, (population 900,) quaint and interesting because of its (Iroquois) inhabitants, but also noticeable on our route as the point where the boundary line of 45°, between the United States and the Dominion of Canada, strikes the Saint Lawrence. The Saint Regis River is at a little distance, wholly on the New-York side of the line.

The Lake Saint Francis, at the head of which Saint Regis stands, is a very attractive part of the Great River ; the Lake Saint Louis will be more interesting from the occasional and tantalizing glimpses which one gets of Montreal in the winding course of the steamer.

Caughnawaga, (cok-nah-wau-gah,) 10 miles from Montreal, is a curious little Indian settlement, just above the La Chine Rapid. Here, better than anywhere else, one may see to what degradation the aboriginal race has sunk. Without any of their native grandeur of character, debased, immoral, and wretchedly poor, the huts of these unhappy creatures will hardly be places for the tourist to visit with pleasure. A great many of them will be seen as we travel along, particularly in Montreal, where many of them spend the hours of daylight in petty street-trade.

This brings us to the great commercial capital of the Canadas, the city of Montreal. The traveler will land at the splendid granite wharf, and make his way up to the business portion, where he will find abundant hotel accommodation. The Saint Lawrence Hall, and the Ottawa House, both on Great Saint James street, which runs parallel to the river shore, are the first hotels ; the Donnegana, on Notre Dame street, one block nearer the river, is also first-class. Besides these leading establishments, there

are many other comfortable houses and cafés, where travelers of all ranks and classes may be lodged and regaled according to the varied humors of their palates and their purses. The terms at the chief hotels are \$3 per day, in silver or Canada money ; \$4.50 in greenbacks.

For routes from New-York to Montreal direct, see article entitled THE SAGUENAY RIVER. A very pleasant route, though not quite direct, is by way of the Stanstead, Sheffield, and Chambly Railway, to Lake Memphremagog, (where a number of wealthy Montrealers have their summer residences,) and thence down the Connecticut Valley (see sketch under that title) from Newport, Vermont, by the Connecticut and Passumpsic, Connecticut River, and New-York and Boston Express Line Railways.

The "Broadway" and "Bowery" of Montreal may be found, in Great Saint James street, on which are the Saint Lawrence (opposite the Post-office) and Ottawa Hotels, Molson Bank, the American Consul's, (in the first-named hotel,) the Colonial (dry-goods) Hall, etc. ; and Notre Dame street, next toward the river, on which are the Donnegana Hotel, and the principal stores for all sorts of goods. The bankers and brokers are on Saint Sacrement street, which bounds the Convent of Notre Dame on the north. The traveler, particularly if Montreal be his first point in the Dominion, will want to visit these gentlemen, as American money is most decidedly uncurrent across the line, the very beggars flinging it back at you. Silver, gold, or Canada paper money may be purchased at the same rates as rule in New-York ; telegraphic communication being kept up with true brokers' constancy.

The settlement of Montreal dates from 1535, when Jacques Cartier, the French navigator, sailing under commission of Francis I. through these northern waters, reach-

ed (October 2d) the Indian settlement of Hochelaga. He was so pleased with the splendid mountain lying just back of the settlement, that he called it, in his fidelity to his fidelity to his monarch, Mont Royal; but the settlement, afterward made by Europeans, was not called by the corruption of that title which now designates the city, until more than two centuries after. The French authorities consecrated a site upon which they founded the city, calling it Ville Marie, on August 16th, 1642. The British became the possessors of the city September 8th, 1760. General Montgomery captured it in November, 1775, and held it until the following summer. There have been 3 great fires here—1765, 1768, 1852—which have done much, as fires always do, toward bringing the general appearance of the city into its present modernness. The splendid limestone quays date from a little after 1830. Population, about 90,000.

The view which we gain of the mountain, island, and city of Montreal, is very grand. The mountain is visible far back in Lake Saint Louis, and there, too, we even catch a glimpse of the city upon the island, "with its tin roofs," as Thoreau has said, "whose reflections fall upon the eye like the clash of cymbals on the ear. Above all," (to quote further from this genial writer,) "the church of Notre Dame is conspicuous, and anon the Bonsecours Market-house, occupying a commanding position on the quay, in the rear of the shipping. This city makes the more favorable impression from being approached by water, and also being built of stone, a gray limestone found on the island. Here we have found a city's harbor, to which ships of 600 tons can ascend, and where vessels, drawing 15 feet, lie close to the wharf, 540 miles from the Gulf; the Saint Lawrence being here 2 miles wide."

Other distances of Montreal are : 180 miles south-west from Quebec, and 420 north from New-York. The Mount Royal is about 1000 feet high. The island is 30 miles long, and 10 at its greatest breadth ; the city lies upon its south side, and a branch of the Ottawa River comes into the Saint Lawrence opposite, where it is divided again for a little by the Island of Jesus (23 miles by 6) into 2 branches or mouths, called the Saint John and the Prairie Rivers. The ride "around the mountain," giving one an opportunity to see something of this section, is a favorite one with residents, as is also that of La Chine, where, at the proper hours, one may enjoy the great sight of the steam-boats and rafts "shooting" the rapids.

The places to see in Montreal are many : an American will be most surprised in the older or lower part of the town, beginning in the vicinity of Notre Dame Cathedral. This quarter resembles Quebec considerably in its mediæval, uncouth, indescribable houses and streets. If possible, the visitor, who wishes to see the real peculiar life of these French Canadians, should be in Montreal on the Corpus Christi festival of the Roman Church, otherwise called *Fête Dieu*, (occurring, this year, June 14th,) when the "Host" is carried in solemn procession through the streets, and an immense throng of believers bow in veneration before it. The Notre Dame Cathedral stands near the quays and the Bonsecours Market, and, hardly excepting the Victoria Bridge, is the greatest object of interest in the city. Indeed, the Roman Catholic churches are first in the usual catalogue of tourists ; for this is a Roman Catholic city to all intents and purposes. It is the see of a bishop of that church, but is also the see of an Anglican archbishop, who is the Metropolitan of Canada. The great cathedral is of Gothic architecture, 255 feet long, 134 wide ;

with 2 principal towers, 220 feet high; the great bell, whose ringing is an event, weighs 14 tons, and occupies the south tower, while in the other are a chime of bells; and the church will contain 10,000 to 12,000 people. There is a convent connected with the estate. The Jesuit Church, on Bleury street, has the finest frescoing in the city, or, some say, in the land. The new Christ Cathedral of the English Church on Notre Dame street, and the Irish Cathedral, and the church of the Scotch "Kirk," on La Gauchetière street, are each well worthy a visit. So, also, one will wish to see the Crystal Palace, the Skating Rink, the Hotel Dieu, the Molson Bank, a most ornate edifice, on Great Saint James street, the McGill College, on the mountain side, the Bank of Montreal, near Notre Dame, the monument (1801) to Nelson, in Trafalgar square, at the Place Jacques Cartier, and the Champ de Mars. At the latter place you will see fine drilling, but you may meet the "red-coats" everywhere in the city, as, indeed, in all Canada. Thoreau said, with more pungency, perhaps, but with much the same spirit that would animate most Yankees here: "The soldier here, as everywhere in Canada, appeared to be put forward, and by his best foot. On every prominent ledge you could see England's hands holding the Canadas, and I judged by the redness of her knuckles that she would soon have to let go." Montreal is the headquarters of the British forces in North-America, and is under command of Major-General Russell, one of the noblest and most genial Christian gentlemen in the land. Beside all these matters of interest to strangers, there are, of course, the usual places and things curious in a city or a metropolis. There is nothing of note in the local government; for the Parliament buildings, formerly located here, were burned in 1849 by a political mob, have been re-

placed by others at Quebec, that city having been made the seat of government in consequence.

The finest views of the city and vicinity are to be had from the top of the great bell-tower of Notre Dame, from the reservoir on the shoulder, and the grounds of Mr. James Redpath, on the summit, of the Mount Royal. These places are usually all accessible. But the Victoria Bridge, which spans the Great River at the city, is the lion *par excellence* of Montreal, the eighth wonder of the world, the link of the Grand Trunk Railway, connecting (for railway purposes only) the city of Montreal, on the island, with the mainland to the south, giving to the ancient Hochelaga an unbroken railway communication of 1100 miles in length, besides connections. The length of the bridge is 9194 feet, or nearly 2 miles. It rests, in this splendid transit, upon 24 piers and 2 abutments of solid masonry, the central span being 330 feet in length. The heavy iron tube through which the railway track is laid is, in its largest dimensions, 22 feet high and 16 feet wide. The total cost of this bridge was \$6,300,000. It was formally opened, with high pomp and ceremony, amidst great popular rejoicings, by Albert, Prince of Wales, during his visit to America in the summer of 1860. It is possible for the visitor to obtain permission to walk through the great tube, by applying at the Grand Trunk offices at Point Charles, near the Bridge. Of course the time for such a feat must be carefully chosen. By this means one may gain a better idea of the magnitude of the undertaking than he would be likely to have by the mere rail transit. On our journey we pass under the bridge, before reaching the city—the smoke-stacks of steamboats being made so that the upper portion of them can be lowered on occasion.

The "Ice Shove," a most imposing spectacle, may be

witnessed by those travelers who arrive at Montreal toward the beginning of April. This strange phenomenon results from the crowding of the ice about a mile below the city, where the channel of the river is comparatively narrow; there it is packed, piled, and frozen into a solid mass of 20 to 30 feet in thickness, which, when lifted by the rising waters above, and set in motion again by the whole hydraulic power of the gigantic stream, rushes onward until again impeded by the banks of the narrowing river. The lateral pressure it there exerts forces the *berdage* up on the land, where it not unfrequently accumulates to the height of 50 feet.

Leaving Montreal, the tourist usually loses most of the scenery to Quebec, as the journey is made between 7 P.M. and 7 A.M. Our Saguenay-bound friends will be on the river with us now, until they leave us at Tadoussac; but the excursions to Anticosti, Saint John's, and Halifax, being really a sea voyage, are made in larger vessels.

Passing down the river below Longueuil, (4 miles,) and the junction of the north branch of the Ottawa, steering a course among a number of islands scattered about in the stream, we come to the head of Lake Saint Peter. This is the third of the great expansions of the Saint Lawrence, and the last before the whole stream widens its course, and casts itself into the Atlantic Ocean by the Gulf. We are now 45 miles below Montreal. Here is a village called Sorel, standing at the mouth of the river, which contributes the waters of Lakes Champlain and Horicon to the great river. This strait is 80 miles in length, and has four names: Richelieu, Sorel, Saint John, and Chambly. Rouse's Point stands at its head, just over the international boundary.

On the way to the lake, we should perhaps mention

Varenes, 15 miles from Montreal, because of its mineral springs, now coming into some fame. But Sorel is our first stopping-place. The place is also called William Henry, after King William IV., who, when in the naval service, and lying off Quebec, visited this shore. There was a fort built here in 1665, by De Tracey, and for many years was the summer residence of successive governors of Canada. The town occupies the old site. There is splendid snipe-shooting in this neighborhood in October, and good fishing all the year among the islands.

The Lake Saint Peter is 25 miles long and 9 broad; a place of no manner of interest, excepting to such unlucky wights as are "stuck" or shipwrecked in its miserable basin. There is very good pike-fishing here, we should say, and good duck-shooting along the shores; but the most part of the lake is shallow, and the channel, which has been dredged out with much labor, is very intricate, and in stormy weather the Lake Saint Peter is a dangerous as well as uninteresting place. For want of other excitement, the traveler by daytime, if by any chance there might be such an individual, might here notice the rafts or raftsmen of the river. They constitute quite a feature in the river life. Oftentimes, one could see quite a collection of the rafts lashed together, floating lazily down with the current, or courting a breeze with huge pieces of canvas spread out from an upright fir-pole. On the rafts each proprietor erects a shanty for his temporary residence, occupied often several weeks, and when, with gayly-decked flag and sail-poles, shouting and singing "Canadian boatmen," and a good impulse, these queer craft go hurrying down the river, the effect is picturesque enough to entertain many dull hours.

At the northern or lower end of Saint Peter we find the

city of Three Rivers, so named because the Saint Maurice, pouring in its waters at this point, divides, as it enters, into three channels. This is about the middle point between Montreal and Quebec, being 90 miles from each. A Roman Catholic bishop has his seat here, and the cathedral is said to be one of the finest in Canada. The city is mainly indebted to the lumber business for its prosperity; but the Saint Maurice Forges, where bog-iron is converted into car-wheels, box-stoves, etc., have been in operation for more than a century.

The River Saint Maurice is a large and important tributary of the Saint Lawrence, 400 miles in length, rising in the fine lake country in the north, but very little is known of it. A trip up this river is highly recommended to such tourists as love to seek wild scenery through the difficulties of a primitive country. There are innumerable small lakes in the section between the Saint Maurice and the Saguenay, and the woods and waters teem with those creatures which seem to have been created for the delectation of sportsmen.

About 30 miles up the Saint Maurice the River Shawenegan joins it, and a little above this point, on the former stream, are the Falls of the Shawenegan, 150 feet high. The current of the river, though rapid, may be ascended by canoes, and the tourist may engage these, with *voyageurs*, at Three Rivers. There is another fall, the Grand-Mere, above, with a portage between. A steamboat plies on the waters of the Saint Francis between Grandes Piles and La Tuque, the latter 80 miles from the Saint Lawrence. Algonquin guides can be had hereabout who are able to start a moose from cover in the proper season.

We should observe, before we leave Three Rivers, that

it stands at the head of tide-water, 90 miles from Quebec and 290 from the ocean.

Batiscan, Sainte Anne, and Jacques Cartier Rivers (the last formerly a good salmon stream, now being improved again by a Quebec club) break the monotony of the remaining distance to Quebec.

Below Quebec we come to a new phase of the Great River. The banks, which have hitherto been low and fertile, now begin to manifest a sense of the dignity which becomes the shores of so mighty a torrent. We have long passed the limit of salt and tide-water, and shall no longer be in danger of taking a treacherous beverage from over the boat's side. Shortly after the river passes the walled city, it begins to widen ; and, except that just beyond Isle aux Coudres it is narrow for a little, the breadth is kept, in the main, and steadily increased, being at Tadoussac, which some call the end of the river, fully 18 miles.

The Quarantine for Quebec is 30 miles down, at Grosse Isle—a beautiful place, but saddening in the memory of the 6000 Irish emigrants buried in one grave here, in the terrible year of famine in their native land.

There is a group of islands about 36 miles down, of which the chief, united by a belt of low land, are Crane and Goose. They are the resort of myriads of geese, ducks, and teal. The game-laws are rigidly kept by the McPherson family, owners of this Seigneurie ; but permission for a day's shooting can be obtained without difficulty.

Chateau Richter, below, has a fine vicinity. The swamps bearing the same name furnish 3000 or 4000 snipe per season, and so on. It is easier to say where game is not to be had hereabout than where it is. The *Canadian Hand-Book* remarks, " The shores of the whole

of the lower Saint Lawrence are probably unequaled in the world for the numbers and variety of wild fowl which frequent them. In the fall of the year especially, they swarm with ducks, teal, and other sea-fowl. At the entrance of the gulf the bird-rocks are tenanted by large numbers of gannets, puffins, guillemots, auks, and kittiwakes, and their eggs are an article of traffic to some of the neighboring coasters."

There are also many attractive places here, particularly the Falls of Sainte Anne, of Féréol, and the Seven Falls. The ravine of the first of these is described as exceedingly bold and fine.

The river below Goose Island, as far as the mouth of the Saguenay, at Tadoussac, is nearly 120 miles wide ; the tides rise 18 feet, the water is clear and cold, and the channel very deep. Here may be seen oftentimes the black seal, the white porpoise, and the black whale. Murray Bay, on the north shore, and Riviere du Loup and Cacouna, on the south, share with Tadoussac the distinction of *sea-side resorts* for Montrealers.

Murray Bay, 80 or 90 miles below Quebec, is a small, quiet watering-place, flanked with frowning hills and wild scenery, with good fishing in a river of the same name. It is a place well adapted to persons seeking quiet enjoyment and society (being well patronized by excellent people) during the summer. Our vessel will stop at the bay.

Eight leagues beyond Murray Bay, on the same (north) shore, is a very lofty cape, at a place called Les Baies des Rochers. On its summit, where man has never been, there has existed from time immemorial a raven's nest.

Riviere du Loup is another favorite, more fashionable watering-place, 114 miles below Quebec, named from the Du Loup, which comes into the Saint Lawrence here, after

indulging itself, a mile back, in a fall of 80 feet. The Grand Trunk Railway stops its northward aspirations at this town. Sea-bathing, fishing, and society form the attractions of Riviere du Loup in the season.

Cacouna is 6 miles below—120 miles from Quebec. It is to Canadians quite as fashionable and favorite a place as Newport or Long Branch to Americans. It occupies a fine position upon the river, choice in climate and bathing facilities, and is much patronized also by visitors from "the States."

The Grand Falls of the Saint John River are comparatively easy of access from Cacouna, by way of Riviere du Loup, by tri-weekly stage. The falls are midway upon the journey (450 miles in all) of this the great river of New-Brunswick to the sea. At a sudden turn the river contracts to a width of not more than 50 yards, and plunges down in a solid mass to a basin 40 feet below; then follows a succession of falls, making 40 feet more of descent in about a mile. The water rushes through what might be termed a winding chasm, whose sides are perhaps 150 or 200 feet high, perpendicular, and composed of a bluish slate. Generally speaking, the entire distance from the first fall to the last presents a sheet of foam, though around every jutting point is a black and apparently bottomless pool, teeming with fish. There is a comfortable stopping-place kept at the falls by Mrs. Russell.

Tadoussac is said to stand at the entrance of the Saguenay into the Saint Lawrence, 140 miles from Quebec and 320 from Montreal, but really it is 5 miles up that great tributary. (See sketch entitled THE SAGUENAY RIVER.) It is a place of not a little popularity for its sea-bathing and fishing, but to the traveler it will be most interesting on account of its antiquity and history. For here, so tra-

dition, confirmed by nature, hath it, was erected the first of all stone and mortar buildings on the continent of America. Father Marquette, the famed Jesuit missionary, honored in name on the extreme western portions of the Great River, built here a stone church some time in the sixteenth century, and its ruins may still be seen, a little back of the landing, on the hill. From the centre of the ruin has grown a cluster of pine-trees, which must have existed as much as 200 years.

The town of Tadoussac is charmingly situated upon a semi-circular terrace at the top of a beautiful bay with a sandy beach, hemmed in by the frowning cliffs of the Saguenay. There is an agent of the Hudson's Bay Company here, and an American consul, whose flag, waving with the Union Jack to bid welcome to the approaching vessel, usually seems one of the brightest objects upon the landscape to the eyes of our tourists. The Tadoussac Hotel, by Mr. Browning, charges \$3 per day.

Trois Pistoles is our first station below Tadoussac on the route to Halifax, and 140 miles from Quebec, on the south shore. The fishing here is something fabulous. The rocky islet 2 miles or so from the shore is called the Isle of Rosade, and was the scene of a dangerous adventure of some 40 persons who were rescued and brought back to it from ice upon which they had ventured and been carried from safety. A cross marks the memorial which their gratitude has set up. We are now fairly upon the broad and constantly spreading arm of the sea, far removed from all accustomed river scenery, and fast hastening, like the waters which bear us, to the open Atlantic. It is quite an unsettled question whether the gulf begins at Anticosti Island or at Tadoussac; but certainly, whichever be our theory, we can not but be impressed with the

change which a day's sail has wrought upon the beautiful river. The geological observer will perhaps agree with us in finding the opening of the river into the gulf at Trois Pistoles, although the gazetteers, etc., give the mouth of the Madeleine (lat. $49^{\circ} 30'$) as the true point; for we mark on the southern coast of the Saint Lawrence, at a distance varying from 10 to 40 miles inland, the range of mountains variously called Notre Dame, Shickshock, and Sainte Anne Mountains—a sign, ordinarily, of an ocean coast. These mountains begin about south of Trois Pistoles, and extend all the way to Gaspé Bay.

Thirty miles beyond Trois Pistoles are island, promontory, and harbor of Le Bic, (the Eagle's Beak,) an excellent ancient landing-place, still honored. Near it is the L'Islet au Massacre, remembered as the scene of the bloody massacre of all but 5 of 200 Micmac Indians by their Iroquois foes.

Rimouski, still on the south shore, is 180 miles from Quebec, on the river of the same name. Hotel, Saint Laurent's, excellent. The trout-fishing up the river is the chief inducement to stop. There is a good deal of business done in town in saw-mills, ship-yards, and the like, and the government wharf here is very fine.

Metis is 200 miles from Quebec, on the south shore, boasting the best of the government wharves. It is a whaling town, after a manner; the "hump-back" species, yielding three to eight tons of oil, are hunted in schooners, and harpooned in the regular orthodox manner.

Some 50 miles further down, we reach the Point de Monts, on the northern coast, and Cape Chatte, a few miles above Sainte Anne, the most northerly town on the southern coast of the Saint Lawrence. Here are the last approaches of the two shores; beyond Point de Monts the

northern shore turns almost due north, receiving Trinity River at the bay of the same name (not the famous telegraph station) a few miles distant in that direction. The southern shore rounds away again after it has ceased to be a river coast and at its most northerly point (there are no more settlements of any importance) the River Madeleine empties into the gulf amid the wildest scenery. There are horizontal layers of limestone here, fretted away all around their base by the action of the tides and waves, which assume the most fantastic shapes. A legend of the fishermen dwelling here explains the moaning sound in the hollow, surf-filling caverns, by the tale from which the place draws its name. Of a shipwrecked family an infant only was washed ashore alive, and its wailings, resulting in its relief, are imagined to be yet identical with the moans of the waves, hence the name *Le Braillard de la Madeleine*.

Rounding now the great shoulder of the Province of Quebec, we come, on the eastern side, to Cape Roziere, passing, meanwhile, the western half of the desert Anticosti Island. Anticosti has 2600 square miles, or one fourth more than the State of Rhode Island; its interior is mountainous and wooded, and, as might be supposed, the climate would be very severe. The northern coast is high and has no harbors; the southern coast is low and very dangerous. A light-house warns vessels off the southwestern point. At Cape Roziere, just over Gaspé Bay, on the most eastern projection of the Province, there is a curious natural arch, called *Perce Rock*, under which a fishing-smack under full sail may pass. Formerly there was also a fantastic boulder closer to shore—for *Perce Rock* is at some distance out—called *Ship Head*, so fashioned as to resemble strikingly, in calm weather, a large ship under

full sail. It has toppled over now ; but there is some oddness in the remaining rocks, called the Old Man, as the phantom was sometimes disrespectfully termed the Old Woman.

Cape Desespoir is the most dangerous point on the coast ; and passing this, we soon come to Chaleurs Bay. Here we will take leave of the tour, which no longer fairly comes under the title of the "Saint Lawrence Voyage," and leave the reader to those mercies of the remaining sea-voyage to Halifax and Saint John which seldom leave much preference for the perusal of "resort-books."

THE SAGUENAY RIVER.

Next to the great and popular Saint Lawrence voyage—of which, indeed, it is properly a part—the trip up the Saguenay River, from Tadoussac to Ha! Ha! Bay, or the Lake Saint John, is the very grandest which the traveler may seek east of the Missouri. Within less than ten years, public attention has been considerably attracted thither, and that region, which formerly appeared in all its fitting wildness to the stray traveler, is now becoming more and more frequented every year. Not the least of the attractions of this great journey is its singular cheapness. If one shall go from New-York City, with explicit reference to it alone—a more costly method, of course, than to add it to other trips north and east—the expense will be about as follows : Fare, all rail, from New-York to Montreal, (the water journey on the Hudson and Lakes George and Champlain, if meals and state-rooms be included, will not be materially less,) \$12.50 ; the Saguenay round trip proper, by steamboat, (transfer made at Quebec going and returning,) \$7 in silver, berth in state room and meals included between Montreal and Quebec ; below

Quebec, meals and state-room berth 50 cents each, in silver. A day in Quebec (which the regular delay of the boat affords) will cost from \$1 (always silver, till you return to the Stars, Stripes, and greenbacks) to \$10 or more, according to the amount of "sight-seeing" done; and the tour of Tadoussac, or of Grand Basin, will add a dollar or two more. Probably, the traveler will be obliged to spend Sunday in Burlington or Montreal, adding \$6 to \$10 American money; for, as the time from New-York to Montreal is 17 hours, (it has been done in 14,) leaving New-York at 7 A.M. Monday, and as the boat leaves Montreal at 7 P.M. Monday, the tourist must either spend Sunday within reach, or wait for Wednesday's or Friday's boat, or take the possible chance of overtaking Monday's boat at Riviere du Loup, by Grand Trunk Railway from Montreal. The whole cost from New-York to the Saguenay and return, therefore, need not exceed \$60.

The route to the Great River will vary according to the tourist's preferences. Most of the methods of approach will be found described in other parts of this volume. (See ALONG THE HUDSON, LAKE GEORGE, LAKE CHAMPLAIN, RIVER SAINT LAWRENCE, etc.) The briefest is as follows from New-York: Leaving Thirtieth Street depot (Hudson River Railway) at 7 A.M., the traveler will reach Montreal at 7 the next morning. The steamboats for the Saguenay leave Montreal (beginning about July 20th) at 7 P.M. on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Taking the Monday boat (the best, usually, we understand) for an example, her trips are as follows: Quebec, Tuesday, 6 A.M.; Tadoussac, (mouth of Saguenay,) 10 P.M. Ascending the river in the night, the chief points are passed just as day is breaking: Ha! Ha! Bay, head of steam navigation,) 6 A.M. Wednesday. Four hours' delay at this point,

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allowing an ample visit to the village. The day is consumed in the grand river journey, passing Capes Trinity and Eternity (the chief points) just before dinner; Tadousac again about 5 P.M. Several hours of daylight remain for the fine sail in the broad Saint Lawrence, and the next dawn (Thursday) shows the Falls of Montmorenci, and soon after the city of Quebec. The whole day, until 4 P.M., is at the tourist's command, which most will improve by a tour of the American Cadiz; carriages for the day, to go to the Falls—7 miles—the Plains of Abraham, etc., may be hired at the wharf (make your bargain at the start) for \$3 in silver. The steamer upon which the journey was made from Montreal to Quebec is again taken, and, after a fine night's rest, the traveler finds himself back at the granite docks of the city of Montreal just in time (usually) to ride rapidly (hack charge, 50 cents) to the morning trains going southward from Bonaventure Station. We take occasion here again to caution strangers in Montreal, or anywhere else upon the shores or waters of the River Saint Lawrence, to use the greatest moderation in drinking water; for the river water, universally used hereabout, though delightful to the taste, is almost invariably provocative of violent diarrhea to those unaccustomed to it.

In regard to the steamers making the Saguenay excursion, there is usually more or less competition against the Royal Mail or Richelieu Line, which is the "regular" one; and the traveler will probably find a pleasant financial economy in avoiding the over-crowded Richelieu boats for their less popular but equally good—often superior—rivals.

The journey up the Saguenay has a wide fame for its grandeur; but the tourist must not form too peculiar an estimate of its character. The common supposition among

those who know of it only through inaccurate sketches or guide-books, that it is a narrow, almost bottomless chasm, with beetling, rocky banks, which shut out the light of day, is entirely mistaken, and should be abandoned before one visits the river. A most suitable preparation for the Saguenay trip, which we earnestly recommend to the tourist from New-York, is a visit to the *Au Sable Chasm*, near Lake Champlain, (see article on THE ADIRONDACKS, near the end,) lying almost directly on the route from New-York to Montreal. By leaving the all-rail route at Burlington, and crossing to Port Kent and Keeseville, the tourist will be able to spend his Sunday, after seeing the chasm, at the latter village, and start Monday morning in time to catch the evening boat to the Saguenay. Hotel at Keeseville, Au Sable House; excellent rooms and table, and charges much lower than at Montreal or even Burlington.

The tourist from Boston may catch the Monday boat from Montreal by taking the Grand Trunk Railway, through Portland, to Quebec or Riviere du Loup—a tedious journey. The route *via* Concord and Wells River Junction is far preferable; but at the present writing we can not be sure that the 7.30 A.M. train from Boston will reach Montreal in time for the Saguenay boat. Probably local trains between Essex Junction and Montreal will be adapted to this want.

Close upon the boundary-line between the Dominion of Canada and the Hudson's Bay Territory rise eleven considerable rivers, which flow from that uninhabited wilderness into the Lake Saint John, 150 miles above the Saint Lawrence, and nearly due north of Quebec. This lake is 30 miles long and, in its widest part, as many broad; its climate is preferable to that of the sea-coast; the waters

are uncommonly clear, and abound with the choicest fish ; and the fall of the Oueat Chouan, (signifying in Indian, "Do you see a fall there?") 236 feet high, is so conspicuous as to be seen 40 or 50 miles distant. The Saguenay River is the sole outlet of this lake, flowing for the first half of its course in a narrow (half a mile) stream, over falls and rapids, through an unbroken wilderness ; most of the latter half comprises the famous scenery which the tourist seeks. There are but four settlements upon the whole length of the river : *Chicoutimi*, 68 miles from the mouth at the Saint Lawrence ; *Ha ! Ha ! Bay*, or *Grand Basin*, at the head of navigation, 60 miles ; *Saint John's Bay*, 33 miles ; and *Tadoussac*, 5 miles from the Saint Lawrence. The steamboats ascend the river to Ha ! Ha ! Bay in the night ; and so the tourist first beholds the great river at the northern extremity of its wilder portion. Below Ha ! Ha ! Bay (so named because of the delightful contrast which the first French voyagers there beheld after the awful solitude of the lower river) the stream deserves its Indian name, *Chicoutimi*—"deep water ;" for henceforth it flows between rocky banks, often perpendicular, from 500 to 1500 feet high, with a channel 2 miles wide, and so deep that the largest ships might sail from the mouth to Grand Basin. The great depth of the water—varying from 100 to 1500 feet—as well as, perhaps, some mineral deposit within it, renders it of an inky blackness, greatly adding to the grandeur of the whole scene. The rock region begins a few miles below Ha ! Ha ! Bay, with the *Tableau*, a lofty plateau of dark-colored granite 600 feet high and 300 wide, smooth as though cut by the hand of art, and terminating suddenly with a single perpendicular rock, 900 feet high. Further on, *Statue Point*, a great boulder, 800 feet high, is noticeable for a cave half-way up its face, ut-

terly inaccessible from above or below, having an orifice probably 40 feet in diameter. Again, upon one of the few ravines which break the desolate solitude of the rocks, a waterfall appears high up among the cliffs, some miles back from the river, presenting, at a distance, the beautiful illusion of a castle, such as distinguish the Rhine. But the culminating scene of all is at Capes Trinity and Eternity. Thirty-nine miles from the Saint Lawrence, a mountain stream, bursting its way through the granite wall to join the Saguenay, has formed a bay, whose two banks, north and south, are the most tremendous promontories on all the river. Approaching from the north, *Cape Trinity* appears first—a single mountain of granite and syenite, 1500 feet high, but so shapen as to seem a giant staircase, the great altitude being equally divided by three steps or shoulders, each bearing a profile upon its edge, the central one of which has been pronounced as distinct as that at the White Mountains. With a turn in the river the scene changes, and one may now behold three giant columns, separate at the lofty summit, but joined at the base, completing this mighty work so fitly called Cape Trinity. *Cape Eternity* is a vast, rounded mountain, 1800 feet high, bleak and bare as its neighbor across the bay, but even more tremendous in its majesty. Here, indeed, the rock hangs so threatening overhead that one shudders and shrinks instinctively, while the actually measured depth of the water is one mile and a quarter; and we leave the place fully conscious that the Saguenay has no rival along the thoroughfares of fashionable travel. This conviction must be fixed by the remaining journey, lying, as it does, through an almost unbroken, unchanging, dismal wilderness of granite, without beaches, coves, or any creeks but mountain torrents, and barren of birds,

ducks, or squirrels, with nothing but shoreless, lifeless, perpendicular banks of rock.

The grandeur of this Saguenay excursion is, of course, not in its beauty or life, but in its eternal solemnity; and therefore, nothing but a strong love of contrast can pardon our recurring to the villages upon the river. The tourist, however, sees Ha! Ha! Bay before he realizes the scenes through which he has already passed. He will find upon the shore a throng of semi-savage beings, Canadian Indians mostly, who are anxious to put a *calèche* (called *calash*) at his service for a silver half-dollar. One hardly knows, at first, which object to wonder at most, the driver or his vehicle; but one soon finds the two most intimately related. In dry weather, the clay road around Grand Basin is full of ruts that can only be called awful; and the eager fellows put their little ponies to such a high rate of speed (deeming this course the shortest way to an American's heart) that the unhappy passenger almost longs for the conveyance common to victims of Judge Lynch in the South. The *calèche*, universally used in this portion of the country, is merely a buggy, with a narrow board in front of the proper seat for the driver; but the concern adopted by the savages at the basin omits the springs! and it is only necessary to add, to show the full horror of "the situation," that the driver understands no tongue but the French Canadian *patois*, and invariably translates any ejaculations on the part of his passenger to mean "Go faster!" The victim will then be thankful to know that the *patois* term for "stop" or "delay" is *arret*, (pronounced as if it were English.)

There is nothing to see at the village of Grand Basin, 2 miles up the bay, more than the general primitiveness of civilization—the little thatched cottages, where lamps

of the veritable Pompeii pattern are used, the two-story stoves, the birch-bark canoe, in which every one should have a row, the Hudson's Bay agent, and the hotel where fashionables spend part of the summer. If possible, the tourist should stop at Ha! Ha! Bay for some time, and make the trip to the upper river with some native by birch-bark canoe, a course which very few take, but without which no man can truly say he has "done" the Saguenay.

Chicoutimi is interesting chiefly for its ancient church, in which the curious will find a bell on which there is an inscription which no one has deciphered. *Saint John's Bay* is merely a lumbering station, notable, however, as the point at which the deepest soundings of the river have been found. The average depth of the channel is estimated at 145 fathoms (870 feet.) At Saint John's Bay the depth is *one and one half miles!*

Tadoussac is described in the article on the RIVER SAINT LAWRENCE, as is also the sail on that river between Tadoussac and Montreal. It remains only to explain to the Saguenay tourist that the commotion which he will observe where the waters of the Saint Lawrence and the Saguenay meet is caused by a ridge across the mouth of the latter. The bed of the Saguenay, within this ridge, is 840 feet below surface, while the Saint Lawrence bottom, outside, is but 240 feet—a very remarkable fact.

THE OTTAWA RIVER.

The Ottawa (or Grand) River is the largest stream wholly within the Dominion, being the chief river tributary of the Saint Lawrence. Visitors from New-York reach it by Hudson River, Saratoga, Lakes Horicon and Champlain, or Saratoga and Whitehall, and Rutland and

Burlington Railway to Rouse's Point, whence by rail to Montreal. From Boston one may go by the Grand Trunk Railway direct from Portland, or by the White Mountain route, (see WHITE MOUNTAINS,) or by the Connecticut Valley, (see MANSFIELD AND MEMPHREMAGOG.) Most travelers, however, will reach Montreal and the Ottawa from Ogdensburg and Niagara, and in any case they should time their journey so as to be able to leave Montreal for the Ottawa at 7 A.M. by the La Chine Railway. Going toward New-York, on their return, we commend that travelers take the 4 P.M. train from Bonaventure Station, Montreal, and remain over night at Plattsburg. This will enable them to have daylight for Lake Champlain, and the fading hours, the very choicest for that scene, for Horicon. (See sketch of LAKE GEORGE.)

The city of Montreal will be found described in its order in the article on LAKE-ONTARIO AND THE ST. LAWRENCE. The best hotels are Saint Lawrence Hall and Ottawa Hotel, \$3 in silver, \$4.50 in American currency, per day; they are nearly a mile from the railway station.

It is a singular fact, and rather significant of the rapid growth of American cities, (even when in the Canada section,) that the great river at whose mouth stands the chief commercial city of Her British Majesty's "Dominion" on this continent, is but a half-known, mysterious passage to a savage wilderness. Excepting among those employés of the Hudson Bay Company who *must* have some knowledge about it, no one can certainly tell the length or the source of the Ottawa River. In 1846, lumberers had penetrated as far north as Lake Temiscaming, about 400 miles from the mouth. Formerly, also, some 40 to 50 canoes used to ascend the river annually with articles of traffic, as far (about 300 miles) as the point opposite to Lake Ni-

issing, the chief expansion of that series of lakes called the French River. Here they would go by portages across the narrow strip of country from the Ottawa to the lake, and descend to Lake Huron, where they traded with the *coureurs de Bois*, who brought furs from the Indian hunting-grounds above. And this is all that is certainly known of that mighty river, whose width and force and general appearance below would imply a total length of 700 to 800 miles, if not more. An opinion prevails in the Dominion that the Ottawa River and the Georgian Bay will some time be united by canalling that narrow strip already mentioned, and improving the navigation of both the Ottawa and French Rivers. A governmental survey to this end has been set on foot.

The entrance of the two great branches of the Ottawa into the Saint Lawrence may be found fully described in the article on that tour. One enters at the head of Lake Saint Louis, and the other just below Montreal. The refusal of the waters of the two rivers to mingle, at first, is quite noticeable; the dark, iron-like color of the Ottawa contrasting strongly with the fading emerald that has come down from Niagara.

The steamboat Prince of Wales leaves La Chine on the arrival of our train from Montreal, and to that we shall trust ourselves, although Ottawa navigation is of such an irregular nature that we shall change vessels frequently before we reach our journey's end. We are about starting on a journey which possesses certain merits and charms which none in "the States" can boast, and some which surpass even the sensations felt on either the Saint Lawrence or the Saguenay. There is no tour in the Dominion which affords within itself alone so complete an idea of the peculiar natural attractions of this wild, half-known, glorious

country for tourists, as that up the Ottawa. The Upper Ottawa may also be reached by railway direct, from Prescott on the Saint Lawrence to Ottawa City.

At the entrance of the Ottawa into the Saint Lawrence, lies the picturesque village of Sainte Anne, 21 miles from Montreal. Here is the old church dear to the *voyageurs* of the Great River and its tributaries, as the last of those consecrated to their tutelary Saint; and here, too, we are to remember that Tom Moore wrote his *Canadian Boat-song*, a household word to many who may never behold "Utawas tide." His journey from Kingston to Montreal occupied five days—hardly conducive, one would imagine, to the spirit of his gentle words. But, if we do hurry by more rapidly, we do not gain that familiarity with the waters which we want to carry away with us.

There is a massive bridge—to recall ourselves from the unpractical and poetic—crossing the river here, supported on 16 stone piers, for the central section of the Grand Trunk Railway. Here also are locks for the vessels which must avoid the shallow rapids; and to this vicinity, too, the yacht clubs of the Canadian metropolitans delight to come.

Two miles below Sainte Anne, at the western extremity of the Island of Montreal, are ruins of three old towers built in the long-past days of war. The river now expands, and takes the name of Lake of the Two Mountains, a title beautiful and unfamiliar enough to justify poor Thoreau's carping at the stolidity which renders the international line most perceptible by our silly names compared with Canadian allusions and epithets. The hilly character of the scenery here, clothed to the water's edge with the richest verdure, presents more the appearance of an inland lake than of the banks of a river. The higher of

the "Two Mountains" is called Calvary, and is held sacred by the Canadians and the remnant of Indian tribes, (Iroquois, Algonquins, and Nipissings,) living at its base. Near the lake, on the north-east, are three towns celebrated (particularly Saint Eustache) in the rebellion of 1837, which we meet so often in our Canadian travels. Saint Eustache was taken and burned by the loyalists. Saint Benoit and Saint Scholastique profited by the example, and surrendered. The insurrection terminated here and thus for Lower Canada.

Point Fortune, 27 miles from Sainte Anne, is the diverging point of demarkation between the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, the Ottawa River being from here upward the natural boundary. Up the North River, here, is Saint Andrew's village, 2 miles, and La Chute, 9 miles.

At Carillon ("Chime of Bells," a name which seems to have been brought from Lake Champlain, it being the old name of Fort Ticonderoga) a canal ends which begins at Grenville, 12 miles distant. This is necessitated by the rapids, the Chute à Blondeau, and the Long Sault of the Ottawa. At this point the first change occurs, tourists being obliged to leave the boat for a train which conveys them through a pretty forest-country to Grenville. Opposite this village, at the head of the Long Sault Rapids, is Hawkesburg, the first of the great lumber establishments to which the river owes its development. These mills are chiefly supplied from the rivers Gatineau and Rouge. The lumberers are a race of men peculiar to the Canadas, Maine, and New-Brunswick. Their work begins in the depth of winter, in the backwoods, where they fell the huge red and white pines. Then these logs are drawn out of the snow by oxen and piled on or near the sides of the frozen rivers, till spring gives them way ;

then what a mass of lumber fills all the streams in May! Here commences the most dangerous work; the logs, loosely joined together in huge, uncouth rafts, are set adrift, and the lumberer guides them, as he best may, with his uncouth oars and poles, down the rapids and currents, swollen and fierce with the loosened snows. As long as the logs hold together, all is well; but, hurried and tumbled over rapids, as they are, they often break up, and then, rolling in fierce confusion the one over the other, and smashing down from rock to rock, till they reach some clear opening in the river, they keep the lives of their owners in continual imminent danger. When thus broken up, they often get lodged and wedged together on the brow of some rapid, stopping miles of their following companions. Then they must be liberated—a preëminently dangerous task; for when once the logs which bar the passage are half cut through, the might of the pressure behind breaks them like straws, and some ten thousand trunks of trees come plunging down with a rush and confusion that but too often renders all the coolness and activity of those who are trying to escape the avalanche of no avail.

Pursuing our journey up the river from Grenville by steamboat again, we find ourselves in a densely-wooded country, in many places as primitive as when the Jesuit missionaries first sailed through it. The current of the river is gentle, and the scenery diversified by numerous islands, the foliage of whose trees seems almost to touch the water, and by glimpses of infant settlements on the skirts of the forest and the margin of the stream.

L'Original is a small town, 6 miles above Grenville, on the Ontario side; 9 miles distant are the Caledonia or Plantagenet Springs. (A separate sketch is devoted to

them.) Thurso is a large lumber village further up, and Buckingham, 5 miles up the Rivière du Lievre, boasts two interesting falls near by. The population is about 2000; hotel, McKnight's. The Lower Fall is about 70 feet high, with a beautiful, closely hemmed-in basin of some extent. The Upper Fall is 25 miles distant from the village, approachable, if you choose to endure a bad road, by vehicle, or better, by canoe. It is 40 feet high, and of a considerable inclination, like Montmorenci. Still further on, White Fish Lake is a great resort for fishermen, and high carnival is held there in the fall season. A remarkable cave called the Church, strewn with fine white sand, affords a fine (and romantic) camping-place. There is great mineral wealth (not gold, miser!) about here also.

The largest and most important tributary of the Ottawa, the River Gatineau, empties into it 1 mile below the national capital. It is 350 miles long, and has much attractive scenery. The Fanner's Rapids and Falls are 7 miles up, and for the next $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles are four or five rapids and cascades; then the Lake Saint Mary's, Pemachunga, and Thirty-one-miles-long Lake, are fine fishing places in the wilderness, 40 miles up.

Ottawa City is now a very important city on this continent, being the capital of the United Provinces, (if they are united; the disaffection in the Eastern Provinces still furnishes newspaper scandal,) namely, Ontario, (formerly Upper Canada, or Canada West,) Quebec, (formerly Lower Canada,) New-Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, and Nova Scotia. The consolidation of these Provinces, under the national name of "Dominion of Canada," was concluded last year, and Lord Monck inaugurated as Governor-General on the first "Dominion Day," July 1st, 1867.

The city of Ottawa was laid out by the royal engineers

under Colonel By's command, in 1823, and named for him Bytown. It is 126 miles from Montreal and 54 from Prescott. There are three sections of the city: Lower Town, (east,) Upper Town, (north-west,) and Central Town, (west;) but all on the south-west side of the Ottawa, and consequently in the Province of Ontario. On Barrack Hill, in many respects a counterpart of the citadel of Quebec, are situated the Parliament and departmental buildings in full view of the *Chaudière*. These are all in the Italian-Gothic style, and are built of a kind of stone found in the vicinity. There is connected with the legislative halls a library capable of containing 300,000 volumes. Among the other principal buildings are the Roman Catholic church, one of the handsomest in the Dominion; the Queen's Printing-House, etc. The city is the emporium of the Canadian staple, lumber. It is connected with Lake Ontario by the Rideau Canal from Kingston, 95 miles.

The *Chaudière* ("Caldron") Falls, the second in importance exclusively in the Dominion, are at the western extremity of the city. They are 40 feet high, 200 and more wide, and the sounding-line has not found bottom at 300 feet. Immediately below the Falls, a fine suspension-bridge connects the two Provinces and affords a fine view of the chasm. At the north-east end of the city are two other falls, over which the waters of the Rideau River pour into the Ottawa, and although inferior to the *Chaudière* in sublimity and grandeur, they are not without many attractions. Toward Chelsea, in the north-west, is a range of hills which the visitor will notice, one especially, conspicuous for its superior altitude and naked summit. This is Bald Mountain.

The great timber-slides afford the chief sensation to

daring tourists at Ottawa City. When a quantity of lumber is brought down to the Falls, a special contrivance, called a "slide" or "short," is necessary to get it past them. A part of the river is dammed off and turned into a broad, wide channel of timber. Down this most rapid of all rapids in America the waters of the river rush at terrific speed. The head of the slide is placed some 300 yards above the Falls, and terminates after a run of three quarters of a mile, in the still waters of the river below. As, however, a raft on such a steep incline, and hurried along by such a mass of water, would attain a speed which would destroy itself and all upon it, the fall of the shoot is broken at intervals by straight runs, along which it glides at comparatively reduced speed until the force of the next pitch again accelerates it. Some of these runs terminate with a perpendicular drop of some 4 or 5 feet, over which the raft goes headlong, and wallows in the boiling water beneath, till the current again gets the mastery. More than 20,000,000 cubic feet of timber come down these shoots each year. The rafts are generally made of from 15 to 20 trees, with two transverse ones to secure them at each end, and a kind of raised bridge for the lumberers to stand upon, who without such aid would be washed off it. To go down the Rapids of the Saint Lawrence is comparatively nothing; but to go down the rapids of a timber shoot, to keep pace with the flying waters, and to see them hissing and rushing up over the raft beneath your feet—this is the most exhilarating adventure in all the *répertoire* of American travel. We recommend all travelers, desirous of novelty, by all means to make one of these trips. It may be easily done by making application to any of the large lumbering establishments, with a small financial arrangement with the *voyageurs* your companions.

Above Ottawa, the traveler may proceed by carriage or by stage, 9 miles, to the village of Aylmer, and thence by steamer to the Chats Falls; thence by railway 2 miles; then again by steamer 20 miles, to the Portage du Fort; now, wagons for a while, and then again a steamer to Pembroke, 70 miles from Ottawa, and yet another thence 40 miles, to Deux Joachims. Beyond this, the canoe will be the tourist's only resource. Before reaching Aylmer, we have the Little Chaudière Fall, 13 feet, the Remoux Rapid, 2 miles above, and the De Cheine Rapids, opposite the village of Britannia, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles further. Aylmer itself is on the Lac de Cheine, an expansion of the river, 26 miles long, navigable for the largest vessels. The Chats Portage (or Chats Falls) are a series of cascades about 20 feet high, 3 miles long, surrounded by scenery much like that at the Thousand Isles. Just above these rapids is the magnificent Lac des Chats, on the river, 20 miles long and from 1 to 3 wide. If the tourist be interested in royalty, he may see an oak at Arnprior here, (the northern terminus of the Prescott and Ottawa Railway, where the River Madawaska comes down,) which the Prince of Wales planted on his Ottawa trip in 1859. The scenery about Portage du Fort Rapids, beyond, is charming in every respect; one feature not hitherto met with, is the white marble banks of the Ottawa, extending for some distance. Deux Joachims, 110 miles above Ottawa City, is at the extreme limit of steamboat navigation at present. It is, however, but 50 miles from the mouth of the Lake Matawan, the connecting stream between the Ottawa River and Lake Nipissing, through which the proposed Ottawa and Lake Huron navigation is expected to run. If that scheme shall ever come to completion, the tourist may include Superior City, Ottawa City, and Quebec, on one tour.

The route between Pembroke and Deux Joachims, 40 miles, passes through the Upper and Lower Allumette Lakes, with all their soft and romantic beauties, and through the stern and gloomy grandeur of the Deep River, whose mountains, 600 feet in height, rise from the water's edge, while their bases are as far beneath its surface. Beyond Deux Joachims is the utter wilderness, which we shall not seek to penetrate. There are lakes, as ever, fishing, and, doubtless, some very unpleasant hunting, in this neglected country; but until "the hardy sons of the forest" have been succeeded by the ladies and gentlemen of civilized climates and regions, we must leave unsolved the problem of the source of the Ottawa.

QUEBEC.

"Quebec is the most notable and curious city in America," writes a recent London correspondent; and if history does not entirely justify the first part of the assertion, a visit most abundantly proves the latter. Curious it certainly is, and to strangers who find their way into her Majesty's new Dominion during the summer months, this is doubtless its chief attraction. "Quaint," "queer," yet never beautiful, a day suffices to do Quebec; and curiosity and the tourist, both satisfied, generally depart together.

The first view of the city is striking. That tremendous precipice, the solid wall, and its surmounting line of grim fifty-six pounders, have ever been remarkable, and the odd and stolid buildings of a thousand different shapes thickly scattered round the base, and scaling and overgrowing the high, rocky promontory, present from the river a scene of novelty bordering on the grotesque. It reaches under, up the side, and all over the hill, like moss on a decaying

stump; and when the sun shines, the whole flashes and glitters like some fabled city not paved, but roofed with silver and gold. The fact is, in the early days, tin or metal being cheaper or more convenient than slate, nearly all the roofs were covered with it, and for some reason it does not seem to tarnish or corrode in that climate.

THE STREETS.—On entering the city itself, the disappointment of the traveler commences. The first thing on landing is, of course, to scale the heights, as the lower town is now given up to heavy business and commercial warehouses. It is like the ascent of Mount Washington—a tortuous, twisted path, yet through the very heart of the city nevertheless. In many places the stones of the precipice have been removed to make way for houses; queer old places they are—ill built, and forming steep, narrow, and badly paved streets. A difficult causeway winds under a monstrous arch into the upper portion of the city. Once inside the walls, the queerness increases. Boston has been described to be as crooked as ten acres of rams' horns; but if Doesticks should dip his pen into the streets of Quebec, the crookedest simile would prove a failure. There is no other city on this continent like it. Lanes, alleys, gulfs, and ditches, isosceles triangles, and parallelo-pipedons, a lunatic dream of Utopia, is a rational plan in comparison. Certainly, poor old Jacques Cartier had no vision of Quebec before his eyes when his prow turned up the Saint Lawrence, or he would have set sail for Terra del Fuego sooner than enter.

PLACES OF INTEREST.—Little slips of paper containing a formidable list of these are scattered about the hotels. Falls, monuments, buildings, churches, and drives, all of undoubted interest—to the citizens themselves; but rather more, by seven eighths, than the general traveler will care

to visit. The Falls of Montmorenci, a drive of 9 miles, the Citadel and Wolfe's Monument, are the leading attractions. It is not difficult to find these—coach and hack-drivers, visible in overpowering numbers, await an opportunity to pounce upon the unwary who may step out of doors, and forty whips are leveled at his breast if he shows the slightest indication of timidity. The four hundred coaches about the city, answering in effect to the cabs of Paris, are very convenient for the sight-seer of moderate means, snug and comfortable, and the regular charge is only fifty cents in gold per hour; the drivers understand the theory of making hay by sunshine, however, and very readily ask a dollar and upward of strangers, particularly if they appear to hail from the United States.

WOLFE'S MONUMENT is just back of the town, upon the illustrious Plains of Abraham. We go out from the walls, pass the toll-gate, turn off the road a short distance past one or two wretched huts, and in a rolling meadow just before us stands the clearly chiseled column—

HERE DIED
WOLFE,
VICTORIOUS!

THE CITADEL is well worthy a visit. Situated upon the highest point of the promontory, and holding in range the entire town and a wide sweep of the river both above and below, it is alike commanding and unapproachable. It is surrounded on every side by difficult glissades, and between its double walls the fearful ditch, every foot of which is exposed to a raking fire from within—is large enough and terrible enough to be the veritable last ditch indeed—and the impregnable chain-gates, bristling port-holes, under-ground passages, connecting towers, and the immense

wall stretching each way like two gigantic arms clasping the city in its embrace, are enough fairly to confound a denizen of Brother Jonathan's peaceful corporations; and one can very readily believe the gentlemanly serjeant who informs us that Quebec can only be taken by starvation—and that the fortress holds provision sufficient for seven years.

THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCI are ever the same combination of majesty and beauty—"admission twenty-five cents," as a small board tells us at the entrance to a field near by, from which the only good view can be obtained. The old piers still stand above, and the guide points out the very place where stood the boy, the woman, and the cart, when the frail bridge gave way and plunged them into the whirling abyss.

The French Cathedral near the market is quite a prominent object—a high and mighty pile—whose lofty galleries are like attics, affording from the front a bird's-eye view of the interior, and back under the rafters both room and distance from the voices of the worshipers for meditation and quiet.

About two thirds of the residents of Quebec are descendants of the old French occupants, and the element is plainly observable in the churches, newspapers, houses, and in the streets; the latter are all named in French as well as in English, and *N'appliquez point d'affiches!* adorns the fence just above the sententious "Stick no bills!" Although so extensive, the French portion is not the ruling element, being composed mostly of the lower class, and in fact, who know much less of France beyond the language than the Yankee school-boy. They have little of the vivacity and volubility of their cousins over the water, and seem to have lost that *suaviter in modo*, without which it is hardly possible to conceive a genuine Frenchman. The

Terrace—a wide platform overlooking the river—is a favorite promenade for them on Sunday afternoons.

Not far from the Terrace, and near the centre, an odd sort of cottage is pointed out as the oldest building in the city—the one where Montcalm held his first councils of war. It is now a barber-shop, and you may shave for a *fi* and pick up any amount of historical *on dits gratis*. Just opposite stands the Saint Louis Hotel, large and flat, very like the National in Washington, the only one of note, and this only open during the warm season. The guests of the Saint Louis are perhaps the most transient of any in the country. Curiosity brings large numbers to Quebec during the summer months, and scores of trunks are brought up in the morning from the Montreal boat, and carefully conveyed to the different rooms, as though the owner intended taking permanent quarters; but somehow they all manage to come down in time for the evening train, and the next day tells the same story. The amount of travel in Canada from the States is increasing very rapidly.

The daily steamboats between Quebec and Montreal are really fine, and compare favorably with some of our North River crafts; they are manned mostly by Frenchmen who never saw France, and have French cooks, but not French cooking. The time between the two cities is about twelve hours.

THE TOUR IN THE EASTERN PROVINCES.

Having given so great a space to the popular and inviting tour of the Saint Lawrence, it would be unjust to the tourist should we leave unmentioned the great claims of these more eastern Provinces—Nova Scotia, New-Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island—which are now legally

termed "The Dominion of Canada," under the governor-generalship of Lord Monck, at Ottawa, the federal capital.

The attentive observer of the advance of American civilization is well aware that, with the completion of railways and telegraph lines the opening of new water communications has made easy of access a new field for the summer travel—a field full of interest, romance, and pleasure—in the land of the blue noses, Acadia, mentioned by Longfellow, is his poem *Evangeline*, a tale of Acadia, (Nova Scotia.)

Wolfville, the Grand Pre Basin of Mines, the head waters of the Bay of Fundy, where the tide rises more than 50 feet, is a place to which a visit the coming season will pay the tourist, will invigorate and recuperate the invalid.

The scenery, also, on the river Saint John is equal to any in the world. There is the route from Moncton, on the European and North-American Railway, across the Westchester Mountain *via* Dorchester, Amherst, Westchester, the Acadia Iron-Works, through Londonderry to Truro, Nova Scotia, *en route* by rail to Halifax. On this route the view to be seen at Sackville and Amherst, N. S., of the reclaimed lands from the Bay of Fundy waters, and the view from Westchester Mountain, (at Purdy's,) of the Gulf of Saint Lawrence and Prince Edward's Island, embracing a scope of 60 miles of landscape, with the Cascade Waterfall on the mountain at the Acadia Iron-Works, are worth a trip of thousands of miles. The following is a list of the routes for this tour the coming summer :

To reach Nova Scotia, (where treasure upon treasure lies hidden, whose gold-fields will soon be developed and prove as rich as California,) there is the Grand Trunk Railway to Quebec, from Portland, Maine. From Quebec the Gulf Line will run A No. 1 first-class ocean-going steamships

via the waters of the River and Gulf of Saint Lawrence to Shediac, Charlottetown, and Pictou. At Shediac connect (for the city of Saint John, N. B.) with the European and North-American Railway. Moncton is on this road 19 miles from Shediac. At Moncton, the Messrs. King are prepared to entertain you in style, and by them you will be transferred on over the finest road in this country *via* the Westchester Mountain route. At Pictou, connection is made with the Nova Scotia Railway, 113 miles across Nova Scotia, to Halifax. From Halifax by railway to Windsor, N. S., 45 miles. At Windsor there is a first-class hotel, whose proprietor will transport you in splendid coaches to Wolfville, Grand Pre, 12 miles.

From Boston or Portland, Saint John, the Saint John River, and the Bay of Fundy are to be reached by the splendid steamers of the International Line, three times a week, *via* Eastport, Maine, where the tourist can make connection with a steamer up the Saint Croix River for Saint Andrew, N. B., at which place take railway for Richmond and Houlton, connecting with the steamers on the upper Saint John. Descending the river, stop off at Fredrickton, and then proceed to Saint John. This route avoids the doubling up and down the river.

At Saint John, New-Brunswick, (hotel, the Stubbs House,) you have the European and North-American Railway, (the best laid road in this country,) for Moncton and Shediac as before stated; or there is the Bay of Fundy route per A No. 1 steamer Empress (making connection with the steamers from Portland) for Windsor, and, as we have started for the Grand Pre, for Wolfville and Basin Mines; or for Halifax, with its splendid walks and drives, its fresh water, and its North Arm, with its beautiful little Dartmouth on the opposite shore; with the finest harbor in the

world, one capable of holding all the fleets of the combined navies of the world, Bedford Basin, perfectly landlocked—a drive 12 miles around, which will amply repay the tourist. Halifax is full of interest, a cheap place to live in, and we can conscientiously recommend to the tourist the Halifax Hotel, now opened in style and replete with comfort.

We think this sketch of a new summer route describes one that our readers will be delighted with. Just think of it after visiting the White Mountains and Quebec, then for a sail down the Saint Lawrence, stopping off at Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island, thence across, some four hours, to Shediac, and thence to Moncton, where, if you desire it, the hotel proprietor, Mr. King, will send you across the Cobequid Mountains, as before stated, to rusticate a few days with mine hosts of the Weldon Hotel, Dorchester, and the Cumberland House at Amherst.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

Nova Scotia, a country of 13,000,000 acres, and containing a population of 370,000 persons, looks upon Halifax—the great capital, metropolis, head and seat of government, and residence of His Excellency, Lieutenant-General Sir William Fenwick Williams, of Kars, Baronet, Knight Commander of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath, Grand Officer Legion d'Honneur, First Class of the Turkish Order of Mediji, Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over the Province of Nova Scotia and its dependencies—as a place of immense importance. There are facts to support this belief. It has the best harbor in America, a tremendous old crowning citadel garrisoned with 4000 of Her Majesty's red-coats, and big guns enough to blow the whole town and shipping up; and it has been

frequently remarked that, with the addition of a few hundred live Yankees, it would soon have a first-class hotel, half a dozen railway depots, twenty cotton factories, and an unlimited competition in sewing-machines and piano-fortes.

The following bird's eye view by a live Yankee gives a capital idea of Halifax :

"Africa, Aug. 5th, 18—; 4 to 8 P.M. at Halifax; fine harbor; rugged coast; location high; climate cold; fogs. Streets narrow. Muddy. Buildings—wood, low, yellow. Parks, 6; hotels, 21; newspapers, 10; clubs, 3; currency, mixed \$ £; people slow; society ditto; women tall. Living—fish, bacon. The Lakes—Downs—The Citadel."

The leaf was countersigned with the word dead, a very forcible expression for quiet and repose, said to be appropriate in the connection, though confederation is expected to work miracles.

THE LANDING—CUSTOM-HOUSE.—The arrival of a Cunard steamer is an *event* in the city, and looked forward to with great interest. She brings passengers, merchandise, express, mails, and two weeks of news, and dailies from "the States." We may expect quite a gathering of impatient citizens at the landing, dozens of misses on hand to see who's come; scores of hackmen, baggage and express wagons, carmen, and *gamins* in a state of internal fomentation after the papers, all of which can be seen any day at almost all of our inland towns, where the steamboat and train are daily institutions. Imagine the confusion in prospect when the institution is only fortnightly!

There is, however, no occasion for alarm; just three men—and no more—appear peacefully smoking as we approach the dock; and after sundry delays, receiving our cable, the ship is made fast, a plank thrown, and the passengers walk down the long, dreary pier into the street in

search of conveyances. Not a very enthusiastic reception, certainly.

A solitary buggy finally appears, which takes the mail. The papers—two weeks of dailies, mind you, and the illustrated weeklies—are handed into a shed by the ship's crew, where they lie for an hour or more without molestation. The trunks are also trundled into a shed for examination. So much for the landing.

It is something singular with what a degree of suspicion Her Majesty's Lower Provincials regard their neighbors from the "States." Wooden nutmegs and *'cuteness* are looked upon by them as our regular stock in trade; and the story of the ship laden with wooden hams which once landed in this port is as green in their memory as though of yesterday's occurrence.

You get an inkling of this feeling in the baggage-searching. Several former residents of the Province, returning after an absence, were suffered to pass their trunks without even opening, while that of ourself was most remorselessly ransacked, possibly with the intent of making up by thoroughness what was lacking in rapidity. Even his Sunday coat and best boots received a *crushing* scrutiny, to ascertain positively that cargoes of tobacco, beeswax, and chipped logwood were not concealed about them. Satisfied at last, a carriage was obtained through the agency of a small boy, and he was *passed*.

Coming down from the wharf, a good opportunity is offered of viewing the buildings, of the larger portion of which our hotel is a fair specimen—a heavy wood, low, shingled on the sides as well as the top, and painted *that color!*—how shall we describe it? Imagine a painter, in a fit of color-ic insanity, combining a mixture of equal proportions of the semi-neutrals, yellow ochre and coal-dust,

and conceive the effect. Nearly the whole city wears this odd hue—"mouse" tint some call it—"subdued mouse" undoubtedly, though we think *enraged rat* would be quite as appropriate.

Much of the business portion of the city is built of brick and stone, as are the public buildings, some of which are fine; but the houses, to a unit, are Nova Scotia oak and spruce—low, heavy, very many shingled all over, and all on the "mouse," giving the town certainly a unique appearance.

THE STREETS are narrow. They are long in one direction like those of New-York. They are almost as dirty. They are not as crowded. In walking fifty rods on Granville street, the leading thoroughfare, at 5 P.M., July 4th, it being wet and rainy, we met and passed two persons, a single vehicle being visible in the distance. Had the weather been pleasant, the number might have been doubled or tripled. Coming from New-York or Boston, it seems like a perpetual Sabbath. A crowd is a thing unmentioned in the papers; no omnibuses rattle over the pavements, and, O happy people! hand-organs are unknown. A horse-railroad extends through on a parallel with the coast, and now and then a car is seen containing one or two passengers; fare, seven cents in *gold*.

BUSINESS is said to partake of the general stagnation of the States. In a shopping excursion, possibly one might be reasonably excused from fancying it had taken the whole of it. Old-fashioned gold and silver are the general currency—British sovereigns, half-crowns, and shillings—though counted by dollars, a sovereign representing five.

N. B.—In buying sovereigns in Wall street to take abroad, they are valued at \$5.02 American gold; otherwise, at \$4.85, as usual.

Nearly all merchandise comes direct from England. Dry-goods are cheap. Alcohol is only thirty-five cents a gallon. Paper comes from Belgium. Books, about equally from London and the United States. Ices, chocolate, caramel, and nougat are *out of market*, as Maillard and Bigot do not advertise in the *Halifax Herald*. That the living is high, however, we give one (to-day's) dinner-bill *verbatim*, same being written on a half-sheet of commercial note :

"HALIFAX HOTEL.—Bill of Fare : Soup. FISH.—Salmon, Cod, Herring, Olivers. Potatoes. ROAST.—Beef, Pork. ENTREES.—Eggs, Bacon, and Greens. Potatoes. PASTRY.—Pudding."

We have never tasted as fine fish or better bacon. We have strawberries, too, at tea, so small you might put a hundred in your mouth and whistle almost any air with tolerable accuracy, but of delicious flavor.

The water, coming from inland lakes, is said to be very pure and soft. From our own experience we should say it held in solution definite proportions of assafoetida and sal epsom. Its effect as a beverage is not happy. Even the "Haligonians" (regular appellation of citizens) themselves do not favor it. The best of English ale and liquors are plenty and cheap.

THE PEOPLE.—Standing a sort of connecting link between Great Britain and the United States, it would be supposed natural that the inhabitants should partake, to a certain extent, of the characteristics of each nation ; but the actual condition exhibits a great deal of Her Majesty and very little of Uncle Sam.

There is a sturdy steadiness about the people very unlike the pert briskness and wide-awake activity of Uncle Sam's boys.

They are slow to anger, or to any thing else ; largely cau-

tious, distrustful of strangers, and not particularly given to rapid or brilliant conversation.

It takes time, and considerable of it, to inculcate an idea with the masses; and when once engrafted, it never changes or goes out.

They don't catch at novelties with avidity. A genuine invention, we believe, was never known as originating in the Province, and mowing-machines and soothing-syrup are hardly appreciated.

THE SIGHTS.—“The Lakes,” a most romantic little chain of trout-ponds, some distance up country; “The Gold Mines,” “Downs,” a noun in the possessive, referring to the estate of Mr. A. Downs, naturalist, ornithologist, and “genius,” whose grounds present a most lively diversity of birds, beasts, and reptiles, in a state of natural preservation. He has caged apes, boxed otters, penned gazelles, house parrots, penned bears, stuffed alligators, and the American eagle, alive and screaming, covered with a high netting to prevent a return to “home, sweet home”—a perfect Barnum's out of doors, and the resort of the Haligonian public and the world generally, who are politely requested “not to tease the bear.”

“The Citadel,” a roomy fortress occupying the top of a vast hill, whose base forms the inner circle of a crescent, which the city in shape very nearly resembles, the outer circle of the crescent being represented by the shore of the beautiful harbor.

One thousand of the British regular infantry are quartered there at present. Three regiments are also in barracks at the upper end of the town.

Through the kindness of Hon. Mr. Jackson, United States Consul, we were permitted to view the interior. No foreigners are allowed to take notes.

That Halifax is attracting much more attention than formerly, is seen by the not unfrequent arrival of New-Yorkers, either for curiosity or pleasure.

SAINT JOHN'S, NEW-BRUNSWICK.

Drive down to Commercial Wharf in Boston very early some of these hot July mornings ; take one of the International Company's first-class steamers and a breezy sea voyage along the bleak coast of Maine. Portland, with her poor, scarred visage invites your attention ; her fair formed harbor, rounded by graceful, grassy islands, cool and tranquil, is a refreshing prospect. Further on, ponderous Atlantic on the right, and at the left a coast sublime in its bleakness and barren rocky chaos. Eastport, the full realization of "away down east," terminus of the prohibitory law and brown bread. St. John's, commencement of the new Dominion, and the only city in New-Brunswick. A little more alive than old-fashioned, sea-beaten Halifax, a little less a modern city than any other west of the Bay of Fundy—a lumbering Saint John in both the literal and figurative. Walk up the hill from the landing and take a look about. The "thoroughly Hinglish hideas" impress a stranger at once. Prince William, King, Queen, Duke, St. George and Princes streets are the royal avenues you pass. "London House," "Victoria Store," etc., attract the eye.

The city, built in the acute angle formed by the river and the bay, lies upon a hill slope, from the top of which the entire town lies at your feet. Miles of the broad river, too, Partridge Island, Suspension Bridge, and the Bay of Fundy, noted from time immemorial for bold scenery, and its high, sudden tides, 25, 40, and 60 feet against the steep and precipitous shores, whose rocky headlands succeed each other with picturesque effect.

What billions of fish there are in that bay, if you could only count them: Forty thousand salmon, seventeen thousand barrels of shad—cod, pollack, hake, haddock, halibut, herring, gaspererux, lobsters, and "small fry" innumerable, taken every year, and *just as many left*. Two hundred boats and five thousand men constantly employed, and the produce divided between Europe and America. Verily, if you want "to be pleased and eat a fish," as Walton hath it, this is the place to visit. Bring along an I. R. overcoat with you, and an umbrella, at any price; ten to one you'll land in a rain-storm, and the fog is dense enough to dip almost any morning. Not much in the fast and fashionable line, this isn't. Novelty is the leading attraction; fogs, fishes, and militia red coats making quite a change to the Saratoga programme. There is a park up the hill, at the head of the principal street—called King Square. It has a huge gateway like the entrance to our Greenwood, done in white oak plank. Greenwood lies behind it, too, or at least a cemetery curious and ancient, the burial-place of the early settlers, but now made a pleasure park by the citizens. Winding walks and rustic seats and gay flowers, and, over all, grave-stones! No signs or appearance of mound or grave left, but simply the brown slabs rising out of the same. Singular ornaments for a pleasure-ground! Fancy Central Park dotted all over with brown tomb-stones, sticking in the turf in all directions and at all angles. "Blossom and decay" indeed! Here and there, where the newer walks have been cut, they stand like hitching-posts against the graveled edge, and occasionally an old sepulchre is seen transformed into a broad seat for the benefit of the lively promenaders.

Antiquated inscriptions these stones bear—quaint records

of the century past. Let us read a few of them. One standing near the entrance is quite prominent :

“Sacred to the memory of Mary Edward, spouse of Thomas Majoribanks, who departed this life the 29th of August, 1788, aged 50 years, sincerely regretted by all who knew her. This stone was erected by her surviving partner, who feels and deplores her irreparable loss.”

Another near the north-east corner, very much worn and defaced by time and weather :

“In memory of Ann Peel, wife of Humphrey Peel, who died Jan. 15th, 1785, in the 37th year of her age :

‘ Now I am dead and in my grave, ,
And all my bones be rotten ;
Those lines you see remember me,
Though I am quite forgotten.’

Certainly, if the reverend ancestors of this thoughtless generation are *not* remembered, the very stones cry out against them. Numbers of the graves must have contained several persons, whole families and some relations in many cases, judging by the inscriptions. Here is one in partnership apparently :

“This stone was erected by Thomas and William Waters, in memory of their beloved wives, Ellen and Mary. Mary, the wife of William, who departed this life Oct. 23d, 1821. Ellen, the wife of Thomas, who departed this life April 12th, 1822 ; likewise her four infant children. *Requiescant in pace.* Amen.”

Really, one would hardly believe that any thing short of an English churchyard contained such unique specimens.—St. John is generally flooded with strangers during the summer—Canadians coming down to get a breath of the sea air, and to see their cousins ; business men from the “States,” who make an annual visit to their customers,

and settle old scores. Many come out of curiosity ; some for the fish and some for the ride—going abroad in an abridged way without the long voyage and immense pocket draught attendant.

A trip up the Saint John River is pleasant, and puts one in mind of a sail up the Rhine—possibly, but probably, a good deal more of a ride up the Connecticut. It is estimated that no less than 13,000,000 feet of lumber comes down this same river Saint John every year. Two steamboats ply daily 90 miles to Fredericton, the capital of the province, said to be a very pretty place, by the way, and well garnished with red coats, enough of which are visible anywhere across the Canada line.

No "Americans" that I hear of remain here for the summer—all transient—a look and off. Of the hotel accommodations the least said the better. Park, Waverley, and Stubbs are the principal houses.

CANADIAN MINERAL SPRINGS.

CALEDONIA.

THE famous Plantagenet water, and some sulphur waters, are to be found at Caledonia, (L'Original,) Ontario, 72 miles from Montreal. The route thither is that pursued in the article entitled TO RIVER OTTAWA: from Montreal by La Chine Railway to La Chine, thence to the steamboat station, L'Original, by steamboat and cars ; thence by stages, 9 miles—or to Point Fortune, opposite Carillon, instead of L'Original. The journey from Montreal occupies about 12 hours, and is one of the grandest in the Dominion.

The springs may also be reached from Prescott, opposite Ogdensburg, on the Saint Lawrence, by rail to Ottawa, and thence by boat and rail, as described in the article on RIVER OTTAWA.

The Plantagenet water is too well-known as a valuable curative for rheumatic and cutaneous affections to need description here, and the contiguity of the springs to the Canadian metropolis assures the tourist of meeting there abundant and excellent society. The "season" is during the heats of August.

The Plantagenet water was first discovered, it is said, by the pigeons; and they used to flock thither in such great numbers that human curiosity investigated the place, and found that the pigeon's instinctive scent of salt had led him aright. There are hotel accommodations so excellent that *Lippincott's Gazetteer* has made them the chief subject of remark in mentioning the springs.

THE SAINT LEON SPRINGS

Are at the village of Saint Leon, on the Rivière du Loup en Haut, between Montreal and Quebec, 26 miles by stage from Three Rivers. As is stated in the article on ONTARIO AND THE SAINT LAWRENCE, (which see,) this city stands at the mouth of the River Saint Maurice, at the foot of the Lake Saint Peter, midway between Montreal and Quebec. The scenery in the region is very grand, particularly up the Saint Maurice to the Shawenegan Falls.

SAINTE CATHERINE'S.

THE famous springs of Saint Catherine's, chiefly prized among Canadian mineral waters, are located at the town of the same name, in Ontario Province, 11 miles from

Niagara Falls, and 32 from Hamilton. It is reached by the Great Western Railway of Canada, either from Detroit or Suspension Bridge. The resort is popular, not only among Canadians, but with great numbers of tourists and health-seekers from the United States. The hotel arrangements have not come to hand at the latest moment, and we are therefore obliged to omit them.

LIST OF SALMON AND TROUT RIVERS BELOW QUEBEC.

(From the *Canadian Handbook and Tourists' Guide*.)

	Miles.
From Quebec to Murray Bay.....	78
The Saint Lawrence here furnishes a few salmon and many fine trout.	
From Murray Bay to the Saguenay.....	44
The fishing here is for the white porpoise, and has been mentioned in the article on the SAINT LAWRENCE.	
River Escoumain.....	23
Between this and the Saguenay are two branches of the Bergeronne, both furnishing a few salmon and many trout.	
River Portneuf.....	26
Plenty of trout and salmon.	
Sault au Cochon.....	9
Impassable for salmon, but full of trout.	
La Val.....	2
Superior salmon and trout.	
Bersemis.....	24
In all its tributaries are many fine salmon; between it and La Val are the Columbia, Plover, and Blanche, all poor salmon streams.	
River Outardes.....	11
Manicouagan.....	16
Mistassimi.....	12
Betscie.....	3
Godbou.....	15
A celebrated salmon river, one of the best in Quebec Province.	

	Miles.
Trinity.....	15
Good salmon and trout.	
Little Trinity.....	10
Calumet.....	3
Pentecost.....	14
Not a salmon river.	
Sainte Marguerite.....	36
One of the best for both salmon and trout.	
Moisie.....	23
Celebrated for fine, large salmon.	
Trout.....	7
Manitou.....	35
Good trout fishing ; salmon obstructed by falls.	
Sheldrake.....	16
Magpie.....	22
Only a few salmon.	
Saint John.....	5
An admirable salmon stream.	
Mingan.....	16
Probably the best salmon river in Quebec Province, and excellent for trout.	

The streams emptying into the Saint Lawrence from the south are ruined by mill-dams for salmon, excepting those emptying into Gaspé Basin ; but they all afford superior trout fishing. This section of country may be reached by steamer for Saint John, leaving Boston at 7½ A.M. ; time out, 32 hours ; fare, \$6 ; meals extra. Or, one may go by rail to Portland, and intercept the steamer—or go from Portland to Calais, Maine, by another steamboat, and thence by rail to Woodstock, New-Brunswick, on the River Saint John, whence by stage (Grand Portage road) to Rivière du Loup.

STEAMBOAT ROUTES.

There are two lines of steamboats traversing the whole length of Lake Ontario and the Saint Lawrence from the

western end to Montreal. One is English and the other American. The former, the Royal Mail Line, office in Great Saint James street, Montreal, follows the English shore exclusively until it reaches Clayton and Alexandria Bay, in the river. The latter, the Ontario Steamboat Company, also known as the American Express Line, Capt. H. N. Throop, Oswego, N. Y., Superintendent, touches at all the American stations on both lake and river, and at Toronto, Kingston, Prescott, and, of course, Montreal, besides. The fare on both is about the same, but the gold question affords some annoyance always on the English side. American travelers usually much prefer the Ontario Steamboat Company's arrangements, although there is one change of boats at Ogdensburg, which there is not on the other. The fares and times have not been sent us; but the American boats will probably leave Lewiston (having come from Toronto) for Oswego, Ogdensburg, Montreal, etc., at 11 A.M. each day during the season, which begins very early and continues till November. The American boats are the Ontario, Bay State, Lord Elgin, etc., and the English boats are the Magnet, the Alexandra, the Columbian, etc. Below Montreal, the Richelieu boats are under the same control as the Royal Mail Line; of American boats we have received no intelligence. There is usually some opposition line running from Montreal to Quebec, and thence to the Saguenay. All boats change at Montreal and Quebec.

There are "excursions" from Montreal to the city of Ottawa and to all points below Montreal, even to Halifax and Saint John's. Handbills referring to them may always be found at the principal hotels in Montreal. The prices stated, it should be remembered, are in silver, not greenbacks.

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WHITE MOUNTAINS.

Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers Railway.

GOING SOUTH.			STATIONS.	GOING NORTH.		
Mail.	Frs.	Miles.		Miles.	Frs.	Mail.
A.M.	Leave	Arrive	...	P.M.
7 00	0	... NORTH-DERBY...	110	7 25
7 18	0	5 NEWPORT.....	105	4 20	7 12
7 30	30	10 Coventry.....	100	3 05	6 58
7 40	55	15	... Barton Landing ..	95	3 75	6 47
7 57	80	20 BARTON.....	90	3 65	6 29
8 12	95	25	... South-Barton....	85	3 50	6 18
8 32	1 30	33	... West-Burke.....	77	3 15	5 51
....	1 55	40 Folsom's.....	70	2 85
8 53	1 65	42 LYNDON.....	68	2 75	5 34
9 06	1 80	47	.. St. Johnsbury Cen..	63	2 60	5 18
9 18	1 90	49	.. St. JOHNSBURY ..	61	2 50	5 11
9 25	2 00	52 Passumpsic....	58	2 40	5 01
....	2 15	56 McLeran's.....	54	2 25
9 46	2 30	59 Barnet.....	51	2 10	4 40
9 51	2 40	62 McIndoes.....	48	2 00	4 34
....	2 55	66 Ryegate.....	44	1 85
10 13	2 70	70	... WELLS RIVER...	40	1 65	4 17
10 28	2 85	74 Newbury.....	36	1 50	4 00
10 35	2 95	77	... South-Newbury ..	33	1 40	3 43
10 45	3 10	81 Bradford.....	29	1 25	3 32
11 02	3 35	88 Fairlee.....	22	95	3 16
11 16	3 55	93	... North-Thetford...	17	75	3 04
11 24	3 65	95 Thetford.....	15	65	2 55
11 35	3 85	100	... Pompanoosuc ...	10	45	2 44
11 50	4 05	106 Norwich.....	4	25	2 30
12 00	4 20	110	WHITE RIVER JUNC.	0	0	2 20
NOON			Arrive	Leave		P.M.

RAILWAY CONNECTIONS.

AT WELLS RIVER, with White Mountains Railway for Littleton, (the nearest railway station to White and Franconia Mountains,) and Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railway for Concord.

AT WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, with Northern (N. H.) Railway for Concord, Manchester, Portsmouth, Nashua, Worcester, Providence, Lowell, Lawrence, and Boston. *Vermont Central Railway*, for Waterbury, Mount Mansfield, Montpelier, Burlington, Ogdensburg, Montreal, and Saratoga Springs. *Vermont Central and Connecticut River Line*, for Windsor, Bellows Falls, Rutland, Saratoga Springs, Keene, Fitchburg, Worcester, Providence, Brattleboro, Northampton, Springfield, Hartford, New-Haven, New-York, and Southern cities.

STEAMBOAT CONNECTION.

Steamer leaves Newport daily, during the pleasure travel season, for Magog, connecting with coaches for Grand Trunk Railway, (Sherbrooke Station,) arriving at Montreal or Quebec same evening.

**BOSTON, CONCORD, AND MONTREAL, AND
WHITE MOUNTAINS (N.H.) RAILWAYS.**

CONCORD TO LITTLETON. | LITTLETON TO CONCORD.

Acc.	Mail.	Mls.	STATIONS.		Mls.	Acc.	Mail.
P.M.	A.M.		Leave	Arrive		A.M.	P.M.
3 25	10 34	0	CONCORD ¹	113	10 05	3 25
3 3 ²	10 41	2	East-Concord.....	111	9 58	3 18
	5	North-Concord.....	108
3 54	11 02	10	Canterbury.....	103	9 33	2 57
4 10	11 20	13	Northfield.....	100	9 20	2 47
4 25	11 35	18	Sanbornton.....	95	9 00	2 28
4 35	11 45	22	Union Bridge.....	91	8 50	2 18
4 52	12 02	27	Laconia.....	86	8 33	2 02
4 57	12 07	29	Lake Village.....	84	8 28	1 57
5 12	12 22	33	Weirs.....	80	8 13	1 43
5 25	12 35	37	Meredith Village.....	76	8 00	1 31
	41	Foggs's Road.....	72
5 49	1 08	45	Holderness.....	68	7 36	1 07
	48	Bridgewater.....	65
6 05	1 23		arrive {	PLYMOUTH {	leave	7 20	12 52
P.M.	1 48	51	leave {	arrive	A.M.	12 26
	57	Quincy.....	56
	2 11	59	Rumney.....	54	12 03
	2 20	62	West-Rumney.....	51	11 54
	2 34	67	Wentworth.....	46	11 40
	2 45	71	Warren.....	42	11 29
	3 15	79	East-Haverhill.....	34	10 59
	3 30	84	Haverhill and Newbury..	29	10 44
	3 43	89	North-Haverhill.....	24	10 33
	4 00	93	Woodsville.....	20	10 17
	4 05		arrive {	WELLS R. ² {	leave	20	10 12
	4 20	93	leave {	arrive	20	10 06
	4 40	98	Bath.....	15	9 47
	4 57	103	Lisbon.....	10	9 30
	5 13	108	North-Lisbon.....	5	9 15
	5 28	113	LITTLETON.....	0	9 00
	P.M.		Arrive		Leave		A.M.

¹ RAILWAYS DIVERGING FROM CONCORD.—Boston, Concord, and Montreal, *above*; Northern; Concord and Portsmouth; Concord and Claremont; Concord, Manchester, and Lawrence.

² Connects with Connecticut and Passumpsic River Railway.

Steamer Lady of the Lake, during the season of navigation, leaves Weirs for Centre Harbor, Wolfboro, etc., on arrival of each train.

Stages leave Plymouth and Littleton for White Mountains and Franconia Notch.

Stages leave Sanbornton for New-Hampton and Gilmanton; Meredith Village, for Conway; Plymouth, for Franconia; Littleton, for Lancaster; and Barton, for Stanstead and other places, (see Connecticut and Passumpsic Railway,) on the arrival of the first up-train from Boston.

New-York to New-Haven.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY.—New-Haven, New-London, and Stonington.

Mail.		Exp. Mail.		Mails.		STATIONS.		Miles.		Fares.		Mxd.		Acc.		Exp. Mail.		Mail.	
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	Mails.	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.	Miles.	Fares.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.
1 15	6 05	3 15	10 55	6 40	2	New-Haven.....	ARRIVE.	50	1 75	9 25	1 40	4 25	7 35	2 00					
	6 13	11 03	6 50	6 50	5	Fair-Haven.....		48	1 50	9 15	1 31		7 27						
	6 21		7 00	7 00	8	East-Haven.....		45	1 50	9 08	1 21		7 20						
	6 30	11 20	7 10	7 10	8	Branford.....		42	1 50	9 00	1 14		7 12						
	6 40	11 30	7 22	7 22	11	Stony Creek.....		39	1 40	8 47	1 04		7 03						
	6 52	3 50	11 42	7 40	16	Guilford.....		34	1 25	8 34	12 52	3 50	6 52						
	6 57			7 46	18	East River.....		32	1 30	8 26	12 44		6 45						
	7 03		11 53	7 54	20	Madison.....		30	1 10	8 20	12 37		6 40						
	7 13		12 03	8 07	23	Clinton.....		27	95	8 07	12 27		6 31						
	7 25		12 15	8 25	28	Westbrook.....		22	85	7 53	12 15		6 20						
	7 35		12 25	8 38	32	Saybrook.....		18	70	7 41	12 02		6 10						
12 50	7 42		12 30	8 45	33	Conn. River.....		17	65	7 35	11 50		6 05	12 50					
1 00	7 55	4 30	12 40	9 05	33	Lyme.....		17	55	7 25	11 45	3 05	5 55	12 40					
	8 00		9 05	9 11	36	Black Hall.....		14	55	7 20	11 40		5 49						
	8 07		9 18	9 18	39	South-Lyme.....		11	45	7 10	11 32		5 42						
	8 15		1 02	9 30	43	East-Lyme.....		7	30	7 00	11 23		5 34						
	8 25			9 40	47	Waterford.....		3	15	6 49	11 13		5 24						
1 30	8 35	5 00	1 20	9 50	50	New-London.....	LEAVE.	0		6 40	11 05	2 35	5 15	12 10					
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.		ARRIVE.	LEAVE.			A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.

New-Haven to New-London.

New-London to New-Haven

For the White and Franconia Mountains and Lake Memphremagog.

This is the most direct and pleasant route to White and Franconia Mountains, Lake Willoughby, and Lake Memphremagog, passing near the villages of Norwich, Vt., Hanover, N. H., (where is located the celebrated Dartmouth College,) Thetford, Vt., Lyme, N. H., Fairlee, Vt., Orford, N. H., Bradford, Vt., Haverhill, N. H., Newbury, Vt., (the location of the sulphur springs, much resorted to for their medicinal qualities,) Wells River, Vt., (where White Mountains Railway connects for Littleton, the nearest railway station to the White and Franconia Mountains,) Barnet, St. Johnsbury, Lyndon, Barton, and Newport, (the head of Lake Memphremagog.)

The hotel accommodations along the entire line are first-class. "Smoking-cars" run on all trains. Luxuriously furnished "ladies' cars" run daily between Springfield and Lake Memphremagog during the pleasure-travel season.

FROM NEW-YORK.—The route *via* New-York and New-Haven Railway, or New-Haven Steamers and Connecticut River Valley, is *sixty miles shorter* than any other, and the time correspondingly quicker. The scenery along the valley of the Connecticut River, which is followed for some 200 miles, is unsurpassed for beauty and variety. There is no change of cars between Springfield and Lake Memphremagog.

FROM BOSTON.—The route is *via* Boston and Lowell, Boston and Maine, or Fitchburg Railways to White River Junction, there connecting with Passumpsic Road for points as named above. No change of cars between Boston (Lowell Railway depot) and Lake Memphremagog.

FROM SARATOGA SPRINGS.—The route is *via* Lake George, Lake Champlain, and Burlington, or *via* Rutland and Bellows Falls to White River Junction, as above.

FROM QUEBEC.—The route is *via* Grand Trunk Railway to Sherbrooke, thence by coach to Magog, connecting with steamer for Newport, thence by Passumpsic Railway to White and Franconia Mountains, New-York, or Boston.

FROM MONTREAL.—The route is *via* Grand Trunk Railway to Sherbrooke, or *via* Montreal and Champlain and Stanstead, Shefford and Chambly Railways, to Waterloo; thence by coaches to Magog or Knowlton's Landing, connecting with steamer for Newport, thence by Passumpsic Railway to White Mountains, New-York, or Boston.

TIME TABLES.

THE NEW-HAMPSHIRE AND MAINE COASTS.—Boston to Portland.

BOSTON TO PORTSMOUTH AND PORTLAND.				PORTLAND AND PORTSMOUTH TO BOSTON.			
Pass.	Pass.	Pass.	Mls.	Pass.	Pass.	Pass.	Mls.
P.M.	P.M.	P.M.		A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	
5 50	5 00	12 15	0	8 45	9 35	11 30	108
6 00	5 06	12 21	2	8 36	9 25	11 23	106
6 04	5 10	12 25	3	8 28	9 16	11 18	105
6 10	5 14	12 29	4	8 14	9 05	11 05	104
6 20	5 25	12 42	6	8 10	9 00	11 00	102
6 25	5 30	12 47	11	8 08	8 58	10 58	98
6 35	5 42	1 00	12	8 00	8 50	10 50	97
6 42	5 50	1 07	16	7 50	8 40	10 40	96
6 46	5 54	1 13	18	7 45	8 32	10 35	92
6 51	6 05	1 23	20	7 35	8 27	10 30	90
7 00	6 15	1 33	22	7 25	8 15	10 20	88
7 07	6 23	1 43	27	7 15	8 05	10 13	86
7 20	6 40	1 55	31	7 05	7 55	10 00	81
		2 01	36	6 59	A.M.		77
		2 09	42	6 51	9 40		72
		2 13	43	6 47	9 35		70
		2 21	46	6 40	9 30		66
		2 26	49	6 31	9 15		65
		2 31	51	6 25	9 10		62
		2 40	56	6 15	9 00		59
		P.M.	108	A.M.	8 40		57
		P.M.			6 45		52
		P.M.			A.M.		0
		P.M.					ARRIVE
		P.M.					LEAVE
		P.M.					ARRIVE
		P.M.					BOSTON
		P.M.					SOMERVILLE
		P.M.					SOUTH-MALDEN
		P.M.					CHELSEA
		P.M.					NORTH-CHELSEA
		P.M.					WEST-LYNN
		P.M.					LYNN
		P.M.					SWAMPSCOT
		P.M.					SALEM
		P.M.					BEVERLY
		P.M.					NORTH-BEVERLY
		P.M.					WENHAM
		P.M.					IPSWICH
		P.M.					ROWLEY
		P.M.					NEWBURYPORT
		P.M.					EAST-SALISBURY
		P.M.					SEABROOK
		P.M.					HAMPTON FALLS
		P.M.					HAMPTON
		P.M.					NORTH-HAMPTON
		P.M.					GREENLAND
		P.M.					PORTSMOUTH
		P.M.					PORTLAND
		P.M.					ARRIVE
		P.M.					LEAVE
		P.M.					ARRIVE
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		P.M.					PORTSMOUTH
		P.M.					PORTLAND

CONNECTICUT RIVER RAILWAY LINE, and Connections.

Express.*	Express.	Express.	Express.	Express.*	Express.	Express.	Express.	Express.*	Express.
11 30 A.M.	6 40 P.M.	5 30 A.M.	12 50 P.M.
4 00 P.M.	10 55 P.M.	9 15 A.M.
5 05 "	8 00 "	8 05 "
7 25 "	6 30 A.M.	6 00 "	5 48 "
8 00 "	7 00 "	5 35 "	5 20 "
7 00 "	6 00 "	7 00 "	7 00 "
9 48 "	8 42 "	4 03 "	3 22 "
10 05 "	9 00 "	3 45 "	3 00 A.M.
1 10 A.M.	11 55 "	1 15 "	11 55 P.M.
6 45 P.M.	7 00 A.M.	6 45 P.M.	1 25 "
7 00 "	7 15 "	6 30 "	1 10 "
9 00 "	9 18 "	4 33 "	11 10 A.M.
12 30 "	4 30 "	9 30 "	4 00 P.M.
3 00 "	7 00 "	6 30 "	1 00 "
5 00 "	9 00 "	4 40 "	11 15 A.M.
10 00 "	10 13 "	3 33 "	10 00 "
11 40 A.M.	12 00 M.	1 25 "	8 20 "
1 25 "	12 25 P.M.	1 15 "	9 00 P.M.
- 05 "	1 00 "	12 45 "	8 00 "
1 25 "	12 00 M.	2 00 P.M.	11 10 "
3 32 "	2 25 P.M.	11 45 A.M.	12 35 A.M.
4 27 "	3 15 "	10 35 "	10 00 P.M.
.....	2 15 "	11 50 "	8 55 "
4 46 "	3 40 "	10 00 "
5 15 "	4 14 "	9 26 "	8 35 "
5 31 "	4 35 "	9 08 "	8 06 "
5 53 "	5 05 "	8 40 "	7 45 "
6 21 "	5 30 "	8 12 "	7 19 "
6 27 "	5 55 "	8 12 "	6 53 "
7 00 "	6 00 "	7 50 A.M.	6 30 "
8 10 "	6 50 "	7 15 "	6 00 "
9 45 "	8 00 "	6 00 "	12 40 "
10 20 "	8 35 "	5 14 "	11 20 P.M.
12 30 P.M.	10 45 P.M.	3 00 P.M.	10 33 "
								8 00 A.M.
								12 15 P.M.

* Night Express with sleeping-car attached.

LONG BRANCH.—Raritan & Delaware Bay Railway.

GOING SOUTH.					STATIONS.	GOING NORTH.					
Accom. Train.	Long Branch Express.	Way Passenger.	Philadelphia Express.	Miles.		Miles.	New-York Express.	Way Passenger.	Long Branch Express.	Accom. Train.	
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.					P.M.	A.M.	A.M.		
					Leave						
					Arrive						
.....	4 00	4 00	11 15	0	{ NEW-YORK ...	11 3	2 00	9 35	9 35	
.....	4 15	4 15	{ Pier No. 32, N. R. }			9 20	9 20	
					{ Pier No. 3, N. R. }						
					(Steamboat)						
.....	5 22	5 35	12 40	19	P. M. PIER.....	94	12 40	7 55	8 07	
.....	5 45	12 50	20	..PORT MONMOUTH..	93	12 32	7 48	
.....	5 52	22Highlands.....	91	7 41	
.....	5 59	23Middletown.....	90	7 34	
.....	5 43	6 11	1 10	26RED BANK.....	87	12 12	7 22	
P.M.	6 17	28Shrewsbury.....	85	7 15	P.M.	
12 02	6 26	1 21	29Junction.....	84	12 02	7 09	1 13	
.....	6 31	1 26	30	BRANCH {	85	11 56	7 02	
.....	6 36	1 31	31	Eatontown.....	86	11 51	6 56
12 20	5 59	6 42	1 37	33	Oceanport.....	88	11 46	6 51	7 30	1 01
12 24	6 02	6 46	1 41	34	Branchport... ..	89	11 40	6 45	7 25	12 56
					LONG BRANCH..					

HOUSATONIC RAILWAY.

BRIDGEPORT TO PITTSFIELD. | PITTSFIELD TO BRIDGEPORT.

Pass.	Pass.	Mls.	STATIONS.		Mls.	Pass.	Pass.
P.M.	A.M.		Leave	Arrive		P.M.	P.M.
5 35	10 30	0	BRIDGEPORT.....	110	2 20	8 25
6 03	10 53	10	Stepney.....	100	1 53	7 55
6 14	11 10	15	Botsford.....	95	1 39	7 41
6 25	11 21	19	Newtown.....	91	1 23	7 29
6 41	11 35	23	Hawleyville.....	87	1 11	7 16
6 59	11 50	29	Brookfield.....	81	12 55	6 56
7 15	12 05	35	New-Milford.....	75	12 39	6 34
7 31	12 22	42	Gaylordsville.....	68	12 22	6 16
8 01	12 52	48	Kent.....	62	12 07	5 56
8 20	1 09	57	Cornwall Bridge.....	53	11 34	5 33
8 34	1 23	61	West-Cornwall.....	49	11 24	5 19
8 50	1 38	67	Falls Village.....	43	11 08	5 00
9 06	1 53	73	Canaan.....	37	10 52	4 44
9 11	1 58	75	Ashley Falls.....	35	10 45	4 36
9 21	2 08	79	Sheffield.....	31	10 35	4 26
9 36	2 24	85	Barrington.....	25	10 19	4 11
9 45	2 34	87	V. Deusenville.....	23	10 10	4 02
9 52	2 42	89	Housatonic.....	21	10 05	3 57
10 00	2 51	92	Glendale.....	18	9 56	3 48
10 06	2 58	93	Stockbridge.....	17	9 51	3 44
10 11	3 05	95	South-Lee.....	15	9 45	3 37
10 23	3 17	99	Lee.....	11	9 34	3 28
10 28	3 26	101	Lenox Furnace.....	9	9 26	3 20
10 32	3 30	102	Lenox.....	8	9 22	3 12
10 45	3 38	106	Deweys.....	4	9 12	3 03
11 00	3 50	110	PITTSFIELD.....	0	9 00	2 50
P.M.	P.M.		Arrive		Leave	A.M.	P.M.

Through Fare, \$3 10.

New-Haven..... 6 00 " " 10 33 " " 8 00 P.M.
 Bridgeport..... 5 14 " " 10 15 " " 8 00 A.M.
 NEW-YORK..... Leave 3 00 P.M.
 * Night Express with sleeping-car attached.
 New-Haven..... 2 05 " " 8 00 " " 8 35 " " 10 20 " " 12 30 P.M.
 Bridgeport..... 2 40 " " 8 35 " " 10 45 " " 12 30 P.M.
 NEW-YORK..... Arrive 4 55 P.M.

NAUGATUCK RAILWAY.

BRIDGEPORT TO WINSTED.				WINSTED TO BRIDGEPORT.			
Pass.	Pass.	Mls.	STATIONS.	Mls.	Pass.	Pass.	
P.M.	A.M.		Leave	Arrive	A.M.	P.M.	
5 20	10 15	0 BRIDGEPORT.....	61	10 00	5 30	
5 32	10 26	3 Stratford.....	57	9 50	5 18	
5 39	10 33	5 Junction.....	56	9 44	5 13	
6 05	11 00	14 Derby.....	48	9 17	4 46	
6 14	11 09	16 Ansonia.....	46	9 09	4 37	
6 26	11 21	20 Seymour.....	42	8 55	4 24	
6 37	11 32	23 Beacon Falls.....	39	8 44	4 13	
6 49	11 44	27 Naugatuck.....	34	8 31	4 01	
6 53	11 48	28 Union City.....	33	8 28	3 57	
7 08	12 03	32 WATERBURY.....	29	8 16	3 45	
7 18	12 13	35 Waterville.....	26	8 03	3 31	
7 40	12 35	41 Plymouth.....	20	7 41	3 12	
7 57	12 52	47 Camp's Mills.....	15	7 25	2 55	
8 05	1 00	49 Litchfield.....	12	7 17	2 47	
8 14	1 10	52 Wolcottville.....	9	7 08	2 38	
8 31	1 27	57 Burrville.....	4	6 52	2 22	
8 44	1 40	62 WINSTED.....	0	6 40	2 10	
P.M.	P.M.		Arrive	Leave	A.M.	P.M.	

Through Fare, \$2.05.

TRENTON FALLS.—UTICA AND BLACK RIVER RAILWAY.

Mixed.	Pass.	Mls.	STATIONS.	Mls.	Mixed.	Pass.
P.M.	A.M.		Leave	Arrive	A.M.	P.M.
5 30	8 00	0 UTICA.....	35	11 10	3 30
5 48	8 20	6 Marcy.....	29	10 50	3 10
6 00	8 35	10 Stittsville.....	25	10 38	2 58
....	12 Holland Patent.....	23
6 24	9 03	16 Trenton.....	19	10 13	2 35
....	17 TRENTON FALLS.....	18

TIME TABLES.

CAPE MAY RAILWAY.

Woodbury Accom.	Bridgeton & Salem Pass.	Cape May Mail.	Bridg., Sal., & Mil. Mail.	STATIONS.		Woodbury Accom.	Bridgeton & Salem Pass.	Cape May Mail.	Bridg., Sal., & Mil. Pass.
P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Leave	Arrive.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
6 00	3 30	3 15	8 00	PHILADELPHIA.		7 52	9 07	9 52	5 37
6 10	3 40	3 27	8 10	... Camden...		7 43	8 57	9 43	5 22
				... Junction...					
6 24	3 53	3 40	8 22	... Gloucester...		7 31	8 46	9 32	5 08
6 30	3 58	3 45	8 27	... Westville...		7 24	8 41	9 28	5 03
6 40	4 07	3 54	8 36	... WOODBURY...		7 15	8 34	9 20	4 54
P.M.	4 18	4 03	8 48	... Mantua...		A.M.	8 23	9 11	4 42
...	4 23	4 08	8 53	... Barnsboro...		...	8 18	9 07	4 36
...	4 21		9 01	... Marlboro...		...	8 13	9 03	4 30
...	4 40	4 21	9 11	... GLASSBORO...		...	8 06	8 54	4 22
...	4 47	...	9 19	... Union...		...	7 58	...	4 13
...	4 51	...	9 23	... Harding...		...	7 54	...	4 09
...	4 57	...	9 28	... Monroe...		...	7 48	...	4 03
...	5 06	...	9 36	... PITTSTOWN...		...	7 41	...	3 56
...	5 15	...	9 45	... Palatine...		...	7 30	...	3 45
...	5 21	...	9 51	... Husted...		...	7 24	...	3 39
...	5 31	...	10 01	... Finley...		...	7 14	...	3 29
...	5 40	...	10 10	... BRIDGETON...		...	7 05	...	3 20
...	5 06	...	9 36	... Pittstown...		...	7 37	...	3 52
...	5 16	...	9 47	... Newkirk's...		...	7 27	...	3 42
...	5 21	...	9 52	... Daretown...		...	7 23	...	3 38
...	5 25	...	9 56	... Paulding...		...	7 19	...	3 34
...	5 30	...	10 01	... YORKETOWN...		...	7 15	...	3 30
...	5 37	...	10 08	... Oakland...		...	7 07	...	3 22
...	5 43	...	10 14	... Alloway...		...	7 01	...	3 16
...	5 48	...	10 19	... Middletown...		...	6 56	...	3 11
...	5 58	...	10 29	... SALEM...		...	6 45	...	3 00
...	P.M.	4 23	9 11	... Glassboro...		...	A.M.	8 53	4 10
...	...	4 34	9 23	... Fislerville...		8 43	3 58
...	...	4 42	9 31	... Franklinville...		8 36	3 50
...	...	4 45	9 34	... Crane's...		8 33	3 47
...	...	4 52	9 41	... Malaga...		8 26	3 40
...	...	4 59	9 43	... Newfield...		8 18	3 31
...	...	5 02	9 51	... North-Vineland...		8 14	3 28
...	...	5 14	10 02	... Vineland...		8 04	3 18
...	...	5 22	10 11	... South-Vineland...		7 55	3 09
...	...	5 31	10 22	... MILLVILLE...		7 45	3 00
...	...	5 32 Millville...		7 43	P.M.
...	...	5 50 Manumuskinn...		7 25	...
...	...	6 07 Belleplain...		7 05	...
...	...	6 16 WOODBINE...		6 56	...
...	...	6 22 Mt. Pleasant...		6 49	...
...	...	6 31 Seaville...		6 40	...
...	...	6 42 Swain...		6 27	...
...	...	6 51 C. M. Ct. House...		6 18	...
...	...	7 04 Millerton...	
...	...	7 11 Rio Grande...		6 02	...
...	...	7 20 Bennett...		5 54	...
...	...	P.M. CAPE MAY...		5 45	...
...	Arrive	Leave	A.M.	...

ER

ass.

M.

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RENSSELAER AND SARATOGA RAILWAY.

Accom.	Mail.	Miles.	STATIONS.		Miles.	Accom.	Mail.
P.M.	A.M.		Leave	Arrive		A.M.	P.M.
4 25	7 10ALBANY ¹	10 50	9 00	
4 50	7 45Schenectady....	..	10 05	8 25	
4 40	7 30	0TROY.....	95	10 35	8 50	
4 45	7 36	1Green Island....	94	10 30	8 45	
4 58	7 49	4Waterford....	91	10 18	8 30	
5 06	7 58	6	..Albany Junction..	89	10 13	8 22	
5 21	8 13	12	..Mechanicsville...	83	9 56	8 07	
5 50	8 46	25Ballston ²	70	9 24	7 36	
6 15	9 10	32SARATOGA.....	63	9 05	7 17	
6 44	9 35	43Gansevoort....	52	8 33	6 44	
7 00	9 48	48Moreau ³	47	8 19	6 29	
7 07	9 53	49	...FORT EDWARD...	46	8 13	6 24	
7 16	10 01	52	..Dunham's Basin..	43	8 02	6 15	
7 28	10 12	57Smith's Basin..	38	7 50	6 04	
7 39	10 23	61Fort Ann.....	34	7 39	5 53	
7 50	10 33	65	Comstock's Landing.	30	7 28	5 42	
8 06	10 50	71	} .. Junction.. { } L. CHAM. ⁴ . { } .. Junction.. {	24	7 10	5 25	
...	73		..	26
8 10	10 53 Junction..	..	7 05	5 20	
8 32	11 18	79Fairhaven.....	16	6 43	4 58	
8 38	11 23	81Hydeville....	14	6 37	4 52	
8 47	11 32	84CASTLETON ⁵	11	6 28	4 42	
9 05	11 50	91	...West-Rutland...	4	6 12	4 25	
9 15	12 00	95RUTLAND ⁶	0	6 00	4 15	
P.M.	M.		Arrive	Leave		A.M.	P.M.

- ¹ Connects with Hud. R. Railway ; Troy and Schenectady Railway ; and Troy and Greenbush R'way.
- ² Junction of Saratoga and Schenectady Railway.
- ³ Glenn's Falls, Lake George, etc.
- ⁴ Steamboats to Burlington, Plattsburg and Montreal.
- ⁵ Junction of Rutland and Washington Railway.
- ⁶ Connects with Rutland and Burlington Railway.

**WHITE MOUNTAINS
Grand Trunk Railway of Canada.**

Pass.	Express.	Miles.	STATIONS.		Miles.	Pass.	Express.
A.M.	P.M.		Leave	Arrive		A.M.	P.M.
7 40	1 10	0PORTLAND.....	861	8 10	2 15	
7 55	1 25	5Falmouth....	857	6 55	2 00	
8 10	1 40	11Yarmouth....	850	7 40	1 40	
8 14	1 45	12	..Yarmouth Junction..	849	7 35	1 35	
8 43	2 15	22	...New-Gloucester..	839	7 03	1 00	
9 00	2 30	27	..Danville Junction..	834	6 47	12 45	
9 27	2 55	36	...Mechanic Falls...	825	6 18	12 15	
9 40	3 10	41Oxford.....	820	6 05	12 00	
10 00	3 30	47South-Paris....	814	5 45	11 40	
A.M.	4 10	62	...Bryant's Pond...	799	A.M.	11 00	
.....	4 40	70Bethel.....	791	10 30	
.....	5 15	80Gilead.....	781	10 05	
.....	5 30	86Shelburne.....	775	9 50	
.....	5 50	91GORHAM.....	770	9 30	

Condensed Time Table of the Route between New-York and Montreal.

NEW-YORK TO MONTREAL.			MONTREAL TO NEW-YORK.		
STATIONS.	Express.	Express.	STATIONS.	Express.	Express.
Leave New-York <i>viz</i> Hudson River Railway.....	10 00 A.M.	11 00 P.M.	Leave Montreal.....	7 15 A.M.	4 00 P.M.
Leave Albany.....	4 30 P.M.	7 10 A.M.	" Ogdensburg.....	5 30 "	11 30 A.M.
" Troy.....	4 40 "	7 30 "	" St. John's.....	10 00 "	5 05 P.M.
Leave Schenectady from West.....	4 55 "	7 45 "	" Rouse's Point.....	5 40 "
Arrive at Saratoga Springs.	6 10 "	9 05 "	" St. Alban's.....	12 00 M.	7 25 "
Leave Rutland.....	1 30 A.M.	2 05 P.M.	" Burlington.....	1 35 P.M.	10 00 "
" Burlington.....	4 15 "	4 30 "	" Rutland.....	4 15 "	1 45 A.M.
" Saint Alban's.....	6 05 "	6 15 "	" Saratoga Springs.....	7 17 "
" Rouse's Point.....	Arrive at Troy.....	8 50 "	5 40 "
" St. John's.....	8 05 "	9 50 "	" Albany.....	9 00 "
Arrive at Montreal.....	9 15 "	10 55 "	" Schenectady for West.....	8 23 "
" Ogdensburg.....	1 00 P.M.	5 30 A.M.	Arrive at New-York <i>viz</i> Hudson River Railway..	6 00 A.M.	12 15 P.M.

CONNECTIONS.—At Albany, Troy, and Schenectady, with New-York Central Railway to and from the West. At Albany, with Western Railway to and from Boston, Springfield, etc. At Rutland, with Rutland and Burlington Railway to and from Bellows Falls, Boston, etc. At Burlington, with Vermont Central Railway to and from Montpelier, Northfield, White Mountains, etc. At Rouse's Point, with trains to and from Plattsburg, Malone, and Ogdensburg. At St. John's, with trains to and from Montreal.

GREAT WESTERN (Canada) RAILWAY, and Connections.

GOING WEST.				STATIONS.				GOING EAST.			
Express.	Express.	Express.	Mail.	Mls	Arrive	Mls	Mail.	Express.	Express.	Express.	Express.
8 30 P.M.	2 30 P.M.	8 30 A.M.	6 00 A.M.	0	Leave.....	1004	12 15 A.M.	3 45 P.M.	5 05 P.M.
10 00 "	4 00 "	10 05 "	7 30 "	44	1060	10 45 P.M.	1 45 "	3 35 "
12 20 A.M.	6 20 "	12 15 P.M.	9 45 "	98	1006	8 55 "	11 30 A.M.	1 45 "
11 00 P.M.	6 30 "	11 00 A.M.	8 00 "	200	1045	10 40 P.M.	12 15 P.M.	7 00 A.M.	4 00 "
7 00 A.M.	12 40 A.M.	6 00 P.M.	1 50 P.M.	200	904	4 40 "	6 00 A.M.	1 40 "	9 40 A.M.
6 45 "	5 45 "	1 30 "	217	887	4 50 "	6 25 "	9 50 "
7 45 "	1 25 "	6 45 "	2 30 "	309	794	4 00 "	5 20 "	1 00 "	9 00 "
11 58 "	4 50 "	11 00 "	5 55 "	348	756	12 28 "	1 38 "	9 33 P.M.	5 25 "
2 05 P.M.	6 25 "	12 35 A.M.	7 15 "	429	675	11 10 A.M.	12 10 P.M.	8 10 "	4 15 "
5 15 "	9 55 "	3 40 "	10 35 "	506	622	8 25 "	9 00 "	4 50 "	1 35 "
8 00 "	12 25 P.M.	6 20 "	1 20 A.M.	549	598	5 45 "	6 00 "	2 20 "	11 20 P.M.
8 40 "	1 10 "	6 50 "	1 00 "	588	555	5 00 "	5 00 "	1 30 "	10 05 "
10 30 "	2 50 "	7 00 "	1 45 "	596	584	4 20 "	4 20 "	12 55 "	9 25 "
.....	4 55 "	11 00 "	3 35 "	578	526	2 40 "	2 40 "	11 15 A.M.	7 30 "
.....	11 35 "	625	479	12 40 "	7 05 "	3 35 "
.....	10 40 "	4 52 "	671	505	1 25 "	6 45 "	4 50 "
2 00 A.M.	6 05 "	12 50 P.M.	6 50 "	667	520	11 45 P.M.	11 45 A.M.	9 55 "	5 50 "
.....	6 55 "	10 15 "	690	415	4 07 "	8 33 "	3 45 "
.....	7 40 "	11 05 "	735	369	3 15 "	7 50 "
3 35 "	7 35 "	2 20 "	8 20 "	1019	85	9 50 "	9 50 "	6 25 "
4 30 "	8 25 "	3 15 "	9 05 "	1104	8 55 "	8 55 "	5 35 "
6 15 "	10 10 "	5 00 "	10 45 "	7 10 "	7 10 "	4 00 "
7 00 "	10 30 "	5 35 "	10 30 "	7 10 "	2 45 "
8 15 P.M.	11 00 A.M.	6 30 A.M.	9 00 P.M.	7 00 A.M.	4 15 P.M.
.....	8 20 P.M.	1 00 P.M.	1 00 "	4 45 P.M.	7 30 A.M.

8 15 P.M. | 11 00 A.M. | 0 30 A.M. | 9 00 P.M. | 1104 | arr. | MILWAUKEE..... | 1 ve | ...

DELAWARE WATER GAP AND COAL REGIONS.
Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railway.

WESTWARD TRAINS.				EASTWARD TRAINS.				
Pass. Train.	Express Train.	Mail Train.	Miles.	STATIONS.	Miles.	Mail Train.	Express Train.	Pass. Train.
....	5 00 P.M.	9 00 A.M.	0	Leave ...				
....	7 25 "	11 25 "	59	NEW-YORK... Arrive			9 50 P.M.
....	7 42 "	11 43 "	65	NEW-HAMPTON.....			7 00 "
....	7 56 "	12 05 P.M.	68	WASHINGTON.....			6 45 "
....	8 07 "	12 17 "	73	Oxford.....			6 32 "
....	8 12 "	12 30 "	75	Bridgeville.....			6 22 "
....	8 35 "	1 00 "	77	MANUNKA CHUNK.....			6 15 "
....	8 44 "	1 10 "	80	Delaware.....			6 10 "
....	8 58 "	1 25 "	85	Mount Bethel.....			5 45 "
....	9 09 "	1 40 "	89	Water Gap.....			5 31 "
....	9 19 "	1 51 "	..	Stroudsburg.....			5 19 "
....	9 29 "	2 02 "	97	Spragueville.....			5 09 "
....	9 44 "	2 20 "	102	Henryville.....			4 59 "
....	9 59 "	2 39 "	..	Oakland.....			4 44 "
....	10 18 "	3 00 "	115	Forks.....			4 28 "
....	10 30 "	3 14 "	121	Tobyhanna.....			4 10 "
....	10 52 "	3 36 "	129	Gouldsboro.....			3 58 "
....	11 02 "	3 47 "	132	Moscow.....			3 37 "
A.M.	11 35 P.M.	4 20 "	142	Dunning.....			3 27 "
11 15	4 35 "	142	arr. } ...			3 00 P.M.	P.M.
				1've }	6 20
				Scranton... } arr.			8 00 "

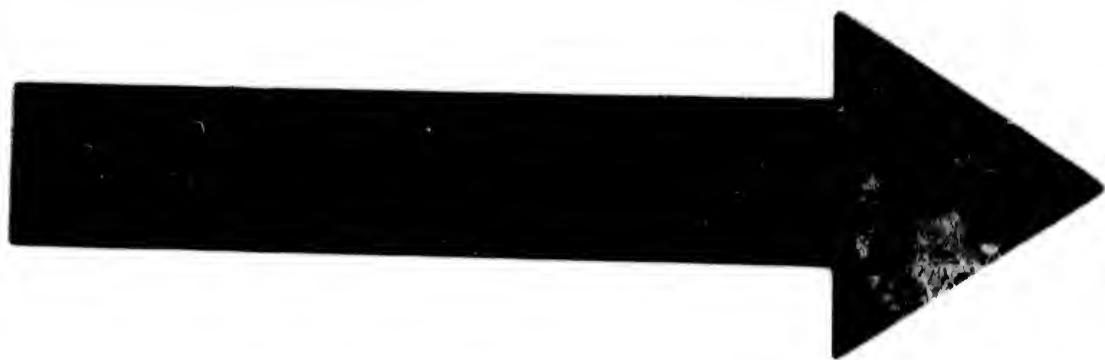
VERMONT AND CANADA, VERMONT CENTRAL, AND SULLIVAN RAILWAY.

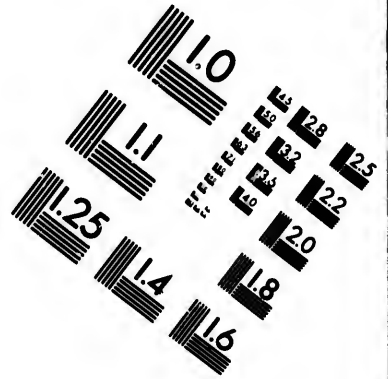
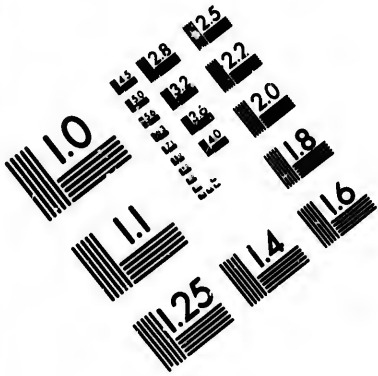
Mxd.	Mxd.	Mail.	Exp.	Miles.	STATIONS.	Miles.	Mail.	Exp.	Mxd.
.....	P.M.	A.M.	..	Leave	..	P.M.	P.M.
.....	3 00	8 00New-York.....	..	10 30	12 45
.....	7 15 A.M.	8 00Boston.....	..	6 35	8 15 A.M.
.....	12 30	5 P.M.	0BELLINGS FALLS.....	184	2 10	3 10 A.M.	A.M.
.....	6 06	10 00	4South-Charlestown.....	180	2 00	3 10 A.M.	7 25
.....	6 22	10 21	8Charlestown.....	176	1 50	3 00	7 08
.....	6 44	10 35	14North-Charlestown.....	171	1 32	2 45	6 52
.....	7 02	10 46	18Claremont.....	166	1 16	2 35	6 30
.....	7 34	11 10	26WINDSOR.....	158	12 54	2 05	6 12
.....	1 45	11 21	30Hartland.....	154	12 45	1 53	5 39
.....	1 55	11 32	34North-Hartland.....	150	12 35	1 40	5 23
.....	2 25	11 55	40WHITE RIVER JUNCTION.....	144	12 20	1 25	5 07
.....	2 29	12 01	42White River Village.....	142	11 50	1 00	4 45
.....	2 34	12 07	43Woodstock.....	141	11 45	1 00	4 45
.....	2 44	12 18	48West-Hartford.....	136	11 34	1 00	4 45
.....	3 00	1 35	53Sharon.....	131	11 18	1 00	4 45
.....	3 15	12 46	58South-Royalton.....	126	11 06	1 00	4 45
.....	3 21	12 51	60Royalton.....	124	10 57	1 00	4 45
.....	3 33	1 05	65Bethel.....	119	10 45	1 00	4 45
.....	3 54	1 26	72Randolph.....	112	10 25	1 00	4 45
.....	4 08	1 43	78Braintree.....	106	10 11	1 00	4 45
.....	4 31	2 07	87Roxbury.....	97	9 47	1 00	4 45
.....	4 51	2 25	94NORTHFIELD.....	90	9 27	1 00	4 45
.....	5 25	3 00	104	arr. } MONTPELIER { P've	82	8 50	1 00	4 45
.....	5 05	2 40	108	P've } arr. {	76	9 10	1 00	4 45
.....	5 33	3 06	113Middlesex.....	71	8 50	1 00	4 45
.....	5 52	3 22	121Waterbury.....	63	8 35	1 00	4 45
.....	6 13	3 45	124Bolton.....	61	8 05	1 00	4 45
.....	6 22	3 55	127Jonesville.....	57	7 58	1 00	4 45

TIME TABLES.

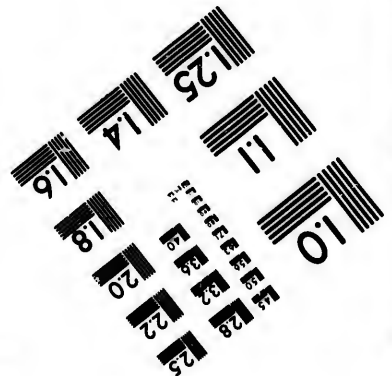
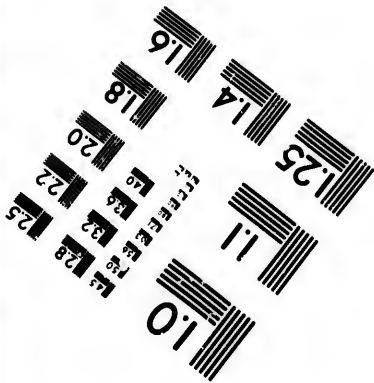
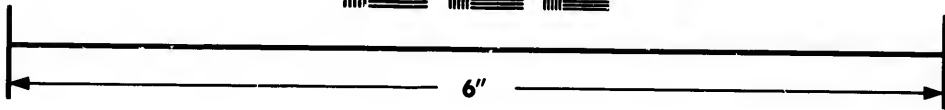
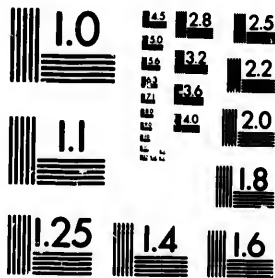
....	9 42	6 31	4 05	5 04	132	Richmondt.	52	7 50	1 28	9 05
....	10 02	6 46	4 22	135	Williston.	48	7 35	8 50
....	10 12	6 57	4 35	5 29	141	Essex Junction† P've	58	7 25	1 05	8 40
....	10 40	7 32	5 12	5 52	144	Winooski.	56	7 00	12 38	8 08
....	10 50	7 40	5 20	6 00	arr. } ... BURLINGTON... { P've	..	6 50	12 30	8 00
....	9 50	6 40	4 15	5 00	P've } ... BURLINGTON... { arr.	..	8 00	1 35	9 15
....	9 58	6 48	4 23	5 08	135	Winooski.	48	7 50	1 27	9 05
....	10 20	7 15	4 45	5 34	140	Essex Junction. arr.	44	7 20	1 00	8 20
....	10 30	7 27	4 55	147	Colchester.	37	7 10	8 18
....	10 50	7 55	5 15	6 00	151	Milton.	33	6 50	12 32	7 55
....	11 00	8 05	5 24	161	Georgiat.	24	6 40	7 45
P.M.	11 25	8 30	5 48	6 30	170	St. ALBAN'S†. P've	14	6 15	12 00	7 20	A.M.
3 10	12 05	P.M.	6 05	177	Swanton†. arr.	7	11 50	6 50	8 25
4 00	12 30	6 30	180	Alburg Springs.	4	11 28	6 25	7 40
4 40	12 47	6 47	183	Alburg.	1	11 08	6 00	6 47
5 05	1 02	6 58	184	West-Alburg.	0	11 00	5 51	6 10
5 15	1 15	7 20	Rouse's Point.	10 55	5 45	5 50
P.M.	7 1/2 P.M.	7 20	Ogdensburg.	10 45	5 35	5 35
....	1 P.M.	P've. St. ALBAN'S. arr.	A. M.	11 30	A.M.
....	6 10	6 50	East-Swanton.	11 45	6 45
....	6 35	7 13	Highgate Springs.	11 23	6 17
....	6 45	7 23	St. Armand.	11 12	6 05
....	7 00	7 40	Moore's.	11 02	5 50
....	7 05	7 45	Stanbridge.	10 55	5 42
....	7 20	7 57	Des Rivieres'.	10 42	5 32
....	7 27	8 03	St. Alexandre.	10 35	5 25
....	7 45	8 20	S. S. & C. Junction	10 20	5 10
....	7 58	8 35	St. JOHN'S.	10 07	4 57
....	8 05	8 45	Montreal.	10 00	4 50
....	9 25	10 20	Arrive	8 40	3 30
....	A.M.	P.M.	Leave	A.M.	P.M.

† Stage connections.





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



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

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

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TIME TABLES.

LAKE MAHOPAC.—New-York and Harlem Railway.

NEW-YORK TO ALBANY AND TROY.				TROY AND ALBANY TO NEW-YORK.								
Pass.	Exp.	Pass.	Mail.	Mis	STATIONS.	Mis	Pass.	Pass.	Mail.	Exp.	Exp.	
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.		Leave		A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
6 00	4 35	4 00	2 30	0	..N. Y. CITY HALL..	160	7 45	8 35	9 15	9 45	3 20	4 05
6 10	4 45	4 10	2 40	34	..26th Street.....	157	7 35	8 25	9 04	9 35	3 10	3 56
6 25	2 55	8	..HARLEM.....	152	7 20	8 10	9 21	2 55	9 31
6 30	3 00	8	..Mott Haven.....	152	7 15	8 05	8 45	9 18	2 49
6 35	3 05	9	..Melrose.....	151	7 10	8 00	9 14	2 44
6 39	3 09	10	..Morrisania.....	150	7 06	7 56	9 11	2 40
6 44	3 14	11	..Tremont.....	149	7 01	7 51	9 06	2 35
6 49	3 19	12	..Fordham.....	148	6 56	7 46	8 36	9 03	2 30
6 56	3 26	14	..Wms BRIDGE.....	146	6 49	7 39	8 57	2 23
7 00	3 30	14	..Wood Lawn.....	146	6 45	7 34	8 50	2 19
7 05	4 53	17	..West Mt. Vernon..	143	6 40	7 30	8 17	8 45	2 15
7 12	4 59	19	..Bronxville.....	141	6 33	7 23	8 38	8 38	2 08
7 15	3 45	20	..Tuckahoe.....	140	6 30	7 20	8 35	2 05	3 13
7 23	3 53	22	..Scarsdale.....	138	6 22	7 12	8 09	8 27	1 57
7 28	3 58	24	..Hart's Corners.....	136	6 17	7 07	8 22	1 52
7 35	5 43	5 19	4 05	26	..WHITE PLAINS.....	134	6 10	7 00	8 01	8 15	1 45	2 59
P. M.	5 27	29	..Kensico.....	131	A. M.	A. M.	7 52	A. M.	1 34
.....	5 36	32	..Unionville.....	128	7 42	1 23
.....	5 42	34	..Pleasantville.....	126	7 36	1 16
.....	5 48	36	..Chapequa.....	124	7 30	1 09
6 13	5 58	40	..Mount Kisco.....	120	7 18	12 45	2 22
6 24	6 05	42	..Bedford.....	118	7 12	12 45	2 22
.....	6 13	45	..Katonah.....	115	7 03	12 30
.....	6 24	47	..Golden's Bridge....	113	6 57	12 23
.....	49	..Purdy's.....	111	6 51	12 17	2 09
.....	6 40	6 34	51	..CROTON FALLS....	109	6 46	12 09	2 04

LAKE CHAMPLAIN STEAMERS.

WHITEHALL TO ROUSE'S POINT.
On arrival of Cars from Troy and Albany.

	Mis.	Day line.	Night Line.
Leave Whitehall ¹	0	11 00 A.M.	8 30 P.M.
" Benson.....	13	12 15 P.M.	
" Orwell.....	20	12 30 "	
" Ticonderoga ²	24	12 45 "	
" Shoreham.....	26	12 55 "	
" Crown Point.....	35	1 20 "	
" Port Henry.....	44	2 00 "	
" Westport.....	55	2 40 "	
" Essex.....	65	3 30 "	
" Burlington ³	80	5 00 "	3 30 A.M.
" Port Kent ⁴	90	5 30 "	
Arrive at Plattsburg ⁵	105	6 30 "	5 30 "
" at Rouse's Point ⁶	130	8 45 "	
" at Montreal.....	174	10 50 P.M.	
Arrive at Montreal, via rail from Burlington or Platts- burg.....			10 00 A.M.

ROUSE'S POINT TO WHITEHALL.
On arrival of Cars from Montreal and Ogdensburg.

	Mis.	Day Line.	Night Line.
Leave Montreal.....	C		4 00 P.M.
" Rouse's Point ⁶			6 00 "
" Rouse's Point (by rail to Burlington). ⁶	44	8 00 A.M.	7 30 "
" Plattsburg ⁶	69		8 30 "
" Port Kent ⁴	84	9 00 "	9 30 "
" Burlington ³	94		
" Burlington (on arr. cars from Montreal)		10 30 "	
" Essex.....	109		10 50 "
" Westport.....	119		11 50 "
" Port Henry.....	130	1 00 P.M.	12 30 A.M.
" Crown Point.....	139	1 30 "	1 20 "
" Shoreham.....	148	1 50 "	1 50 "
" Ticonderoga ²	150	2 00 "	2 00 "
" Orwell.....	154	2-15 "	2 15 "
" Benson.....	161	3 00 "	3 00 "
Arrive at Whitehall ¹	174	5 00 "	6 00 A.M.

1, Connects with Railways to Troy, Albany, New-York, Schenectady, and the West.
2 Connects with Boat on Lake George, by stages 3 miles to foot of Lake.
3 Connects with Rutland and Bur. Railway, and Vt. Central Railway to White Mountains; also, by cars and stages to Mt. Mansfield—from Burlington 20 miles, and from Waterbury 20 miles.

4 Connects with stages by Plank Road for Fishing Lakes among the Adirondacks.
5 Connects with stages by Plank Road for Saranac and Chazy Lake, and Plattsburg and Montreal Railway to Montreal.
6 Connects with Ogdensburg Railway for Ogdensburg, etc., and Montreal and Champlain Railway for Montreal.

MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY.

Exp.	Pass.	Mls.	STATIONS.		Mls.	Pass.	Exp.
P.M.	A.M.		Leave	Arrive		P.M.	A.M.
8 20	11 00	0 MILWAUKEE.....	406	5 50	6 40	
9 05	11 48	14 Brookfield Junction.....	392	4 52	6 00	
9 25	12 05	20 WAUKESHA.....	386	4 35	5 36	
10 13	12 51	36 Eagle.....	370	3 49	4 50	
10 30	1 06	42 Palmyra.....	364	3 34	4 30	
10 55	1 33	50 WHITEWATER.....	356	3 12	4 05	
11 40	2 30	63 Milton Junction.....	343	2 30	3 20	
.....	3 35	71 JANESVILLE.....	351	1 30	
.....	5 55	105	arrive..... MONROE..... leave	384	9 50	
12 00	2 50	70 Edgerton.....	335	1 59	2 58	
12 30	3 17	80 Stoughton.....	326	1 34	2 28	
1 30	4 22	95 MADISON.....	311	12 50	1 40	
2 47	6 05	118 Mazomanie.....	288	10 55	12 20	
3 35	7 10	132 Spring Green.....	274	10 00	11 35	
3 57	7 35	138 Lone Rock.....	267	9 35	11 10	
4 20	8 05	145 Avoca.....	261	9 05	10 45	
4 40	151 Muscoda.....	255	8 40	10 25	
5 30	9 00	165 Boscobel.....	240	6 00	9 40	
7 05	10 00	193 PRAIRIE DU CHIEN.....	213	5 00	8 05	
8 20	P.M.	194 NORTH MCGREGOR.....	212	A.M.	7 00	
10 01	220 Postville.....	186	5 20	
10 40	231 Ossian.....	175	4 39	
11 00	237 Calmer.....	169	4 18	
11 10	240 Conover.....	166	4 08	
11 54	256 CRESCO.....	150	3 22	
12 24	267 Lime Springs.....	139	2 50	
12 59	279 Le Roy.....	127	2 15	
1 37	290 Adams.....	116	1 37	
2 29	305 AUSTIN.....	101	12 50	
3 16	320 Blooming Prairie.....	86	11 59	
4 32	338 OWATONNA.....	68	11 03	
5 18	353 Faribault.....	53	10 00	
5 50	364 Dundas.....	42	9 25	
6 02	367 Northfield.....	39	9 13	
6 43	380 Farmington.....	26	8 36	
7 50	400 Mendota.....	6	8 25	
8 20	12 00	409	arrive.. MINNEAPOLIS.. leave	From St. Paul	3 00	8 00	
8 10	11 50	406 ST. PAUL.....	6	3 00	8 00	
P.M.	A.M.		Arrive	Leave	P.M.	A.M.	

ROUTES WESTWARD.

From New-York to Chicago, via Hudson River Railway, New-York Central Railway, Great Western Railway, and Michigan Central Railway.

Leave 30th St. and 10th Av.	8 00 A.M.	11 30 ^a A.M.	6 30 P.M.	11 00 P.M.
“ Yonkers.....	8 30 “	12 03 P.M.
“ Peekskill.....	9 18 “	1 00 “	8 01 “	1 25 A.M.
“ Fishkill.....	9 53 “	1 38 “	8 41 “	2 17 “
“ Poughkeepsie.....	10 30 “	2 18 “	9 25 “	3 05 “
“ Hudson.....	11 51 “	3 52 “	10 55 “	5 25 “
Arrive ALBANY.....	12 50 P.M.	5 00 “	12 00 night	6 55 “
Leave “.....	1 15 “	6 00 “	12 10 A.M.	7 15 “
“ Schenectady.....	2 00 “	6 45 “	12 55 “	8 00 “
“ Little Falls.....	3 55 “	9 10 “	2 55 “	10 27 “
“ Utica.....	4 45 “	10 10 “	3 45 “	11 22 “
“ Rome.....	5 12 “	10 45 “	4 15 “	12 07 P.M.
“ Syracuse.....	6 30 “	12 25 A.M.	5 45 “	1 40 “
“ Rochester.....	9 30 “	3 40 “	9 00 “	5 30 “
“ Albion.....	10 40 “	4 55 “	10 10 “	6 52 “
“ Lockport.....	11 32 “	5 50 “	11 05 “	8 07 “
Arrive SUSPENSION BRIDGE	12 20 A.M.	6 40 “	11 45 “	9 00 “
Leave “.....	12 30 “	7 00 “	11 55 “	9 20 “
“ Hamilton.....	2 15 “	9 00 “	1 35 P.M.	11 05 “
“ London.....	5 25 “	12 40 P.M.	5 00 “	2 15 A.M.
“ Chatham.....	7 50 “	3 15 “	7 20 “	4 45 “
Arrive DETROIT.....	9 25 “	5 00 “	9 00 “	6 30 “
Leave “.....	10 00 “	5 45 “	9 30 “	7 05 “
“ Ann Arbor.....	11 37 “	7 35 “	11 22 “	9 00 “
“ Jackson.....	1 00 P.M.	9 20 “	1 00 A.M.	10 50 “
“ Marshall.....	2 20 “	10 50 “	2 13 “	12 35 P.M.
“ Kalamazoo.....	3 46 “	12 30 A.M.	3 30 “	2 10 “
“ Niles.....	5 13 “	2 40 “	5 40 “	4 13 “
“ Michigan City.....	6 27 “	4 05 “	7 13 “	5 50 “
“ CALUMET.....	8 15 “	5 45 “	8 48 “	7 30 “
Arrive CHICAGO.....	9 00 P.M.	6 30 A.M.	9 30 A.M.	8 15 P.M.

LONG ISLAND.

Passengers leave by James Slip Ferry, or foot of Thirty-fourth street, East River, New-York, for Hunter's Point Depot, as follows :

- 9 00 A.M., Mail train for Greenport and way stations.
- 11 00 “ for Northport and way-stations.
- 3 00 P.M., Express train for Riverhead, running through to Greenport on Saturdays.
- 4 00 “ for Huntingdon, Northport, etc.
- 5 30 “ for Farmingdale, North-Islip, etc.

☞ On Sundays a train leaves Hunter's Point for Northport at 9.30 A.M., and returns at 3 P.M.

Distance from New-York to Greenport, 94 miles.

ROUTES WESTWARD.

Erie Railway and Connecting Lines.

STATIONS.	Day Express.	Express Mail.	Night Express.	Night Express.	Emigrant.
NEW-YORK. L'Ve	7 30 A.M.	10 00 A.M.	5 30 P.M.	6 30 P.M.	8 00 P.M.
Jersey City.. "	7 45 "	10 15 "	5 50 "	6 50 "	8 15 "
Paterson..... Arr.	8 24 "	11 01 "	6 32 "	9 12 "
Turner's..... "	9 29 "	12 25 dine.	7 38 sup.	8 31 sup.	11 02 "
Greycourt.... "	9 44 "	1 05 P.M.	8 15 P.M.
Warwick..... "	10 30 "	2 20 "
Newburg..... "	2 20 "
Middletown.. "	10 15 "	1 45 "	8 52 "	12 25 A.M.
Port Jervis.. "	10 56 "	2 37 "	9 38 "	10 15 P.M.	1 43 "
Susquehanna. "	2 43 dine.	7 18 sup.	2 02 A.M.	2 31 A.M.	10 42 bkft.
Great Bend.. "	3 23 P.M.	7 59 P.M.	2 28 "	11 37 A.M.
Binghamton.. "	3 49 "	8 32 "	2 59 "	3 25 "	12 29 P.M.
Owego..... "	4 34 "	9 33 "	3 48 "	4 15 "	1 53 "
Elmira..... "	5 49 "	11 20 "	5 12 "	5 31 "	4 07 "
Corning..... "	6 31 "	12 35 A.M.	6 03 "	6 21 "	5 40 "
Hornellsville. "	7 51 sup.	2 11 "	7 38 bkft.	7 50 bkft.	8 38 sup.
Attica..... "	10 40 P.M.	4 40 "	10 26 A.M.	10 26 A.M.	3 12 A.M.
BUFFALO.... "	12 00 MID.	6 12 "	11 40 "	11 40 "	5 42 "
Salamanca.... "	11 10 P.M.	5 50 "	11 26 "	11 26 "	3 50 "
DUNKIRK.... "	1 35 A.M.	8 03 "	1 20 dine.	1 20 dine.	6 35 "
ITHACA..... "	6 15 P.M.	8 80 A.M.	8 00 A.M.	6 15 P.M.
Syracuse..... "	8 00 "	11 35 "	11 35 "	8 00 "
Canandaigua. "	10 00 "	10 15 "	10 15 "	10 00 "
Avon..... "	9 57 "	10 01 "	10 01 "	9 57 "
Rochester.... "	10 42 "	11 05 "	11 05 "	10 42 "
Caledonia.... "	10 43 "	10 43 "
Le Roy..... "	11 01 "	11 01 "
BATAVIA.... "	11 29 "	11 29 "
Jamestown.. "	11 58 "	7 15 "	11 58 "	11 58 "	7 15 A.M.
Corry..... "	12 55 A.M.	8 50 "	1 00 P.M.	1 00 P.M.	8 50 "
Titusville.... "	11 10 "	11 10 "	6 44 "	6 44 "	11 10 "
Shaffer's.... "	11 30 "	11 30 "	7 05 "	7 05 "	11 30 "
Meadville.... "	2 30 "	11 45 "	2 35 "	2 35 "	11 45 "
Franklin..... "	8 15 "	2 13 P.M.	7 05 "	7 05 "	2 13 "
Oil City..... "	9 00 "	2 40 "	7 50 "	7 50 "	2 40 "
Warren..... "	4 49 "	3 15 "	5 06 "	5 06 "	3 15 P.M.
Cleveland.... "	7 00 "	7 15 "	7 15 "
Cincinnati... "	6 20 P.M.	6 10 A.M.	6 10 A.M.
BUFFALO.... L'Ve	12 05 A.M.	6 30 A.M.	11 35 "	11 35 "	7 45 A.M.
DUNKIRK.... "	1 35 "	8 30 "	1 25 P.M.	1 25 P.M.	12 27 P.M.
Cleveland.... Arr.	6 30 "	2 05 P.M.	6 55 "	6 55 "	5 00 A.M.
CINCINNATI.. "	5 10 P.M.	6 20 A.M.	6 20 A.M.	5 10 P.M.
Indianapolis. "	7 00 "	2 50 A.M.	7 30 "	7 30 "	7 00 "
Louisville.... "	6 30 A.M.	7 45 "	5 00 P.M.	5 00 P.M.	6 30 A.M.
ST. LOUIS... "	10 15 "	3 15 P.M.	10 15 "	10 15 "	10 15 "
Toledo..... "	11 30 "	7 40 "	11 40 "	11 40 "	10 50 "
Detroit..... "	5 50 "	11 00 "	11 00 "	5 50 P.M.
CHICAGO.... "	9 00 P.M.	6 30 A.M.	9 30 A.M.	9 30 A.M.	11 45 "

NEW-YORK TO DENVER.**In and about Colorado.**

From the Atlantic coast west there are so many routes that the traveler can hardly miss a good one. One of the best, however, is by way of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern to Chicago.

The route west from Omaha is the only through line that has less than 250 miles of stage travel, and connections are made with it *via* Chicago and North-Western, Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, and Hannibal and St. Joseph, with steamers on the Missouri River, or Council Bluffs and St. Jo Road. Connections will be made soon by the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Road.

From Cheyenne to Denver and Golden City, Wells, Fargo & Co. run a first-class daily line of express coaches. Time, 20 hours. Fare, with 25 pounds of baggage, \$25. They also run a second-class daily line to Denver. Time, 36 hours. Fare, with 50 pounds of baggage, \$10.

The Nye Forwarding Company run a daily fast freight line to Denver. Time, 36 hours, carrying passengers, with 50 pounds of baggage, at \$10.

From New-York to Chicago.....	930 miles.
“ Chicago to Omaha.....	494 “
“ Chicago to Denver.....	1121 “

TIME TABLE.—Coaches leave Denver for the mountains at 6 A.M.; for Cheyenne, (express,) at 7.15; by fast freight at 1 P.M.; for Coyote, at 8½ A.M.; for Pueblo and Santa Fé, at 8 A.M. Cars leave Cheyenne for Omaha, Chicago, and all points east, at 7 A.M., Omaha time. Cars leave Coyote for State Line and St. Louis at 7 P.M.

HUDSON RIVER AND HARLEM RAILWAYS.

Trains for Albany and Troy, connecting with Northern and Western trains, leave New-York *via* Hudson River Railway, Thirtieth street and Tenth avenue, 8 and 11.30 A.M., and 3.45, 6.30, and 11 P.M.; and *via* Harlem Railway, Twenty-sixth street and Fourth avenue, at 11 A.M. and 4.35 P.M.

The 6.30 P.M. train, *via* Hudson River, will run on Sundays.

Sleeping-cars attached to 6.30 and 11 P.M. trains.

Drawing-room cars attached to 8 A.M. train.

WHITE MOUNTAINS.

TABLE OF FARES.

New-York to Boston, by cars	\$6 00
" " " boat and cars.....	4 00
Boston to Gorham, N. H., by cars.....	6 00
" " " boat and cars.....	5 00
Gorham to Glen House, (stage.).....	1 00
Glen House to Crawford House, (stage.).....	4 00
" " North-Conway.....	3 25
Ascent of Mount Washington, by carriage-road, including toll.....	4 00
" " " bridle-path.....	3 50
Crawford House to Littleton, (stage,).....	3 50
" " Profile House, (stage,).....	4 00
" " North-Conway, "	3 00
Profile House to Littleton, (stage,).....	2 00
" " Plymouth, "	3 00
" " Wells River, (stage,).....	3 00
Boston to Centre Harbor, <i>via</i> Concord.....	3 50
" " Wolfborough, " "	3 50
Centre Harbor or Wolfborough to North-Conway, (stage,).....	3 64
Boston to Alton Bay, <i>via</i> Dover.....	2 50
" " Centre Harbor, <i>via</i> Dover.....	3 90
" " Wolfborough, " "	3 60
" " North-Conway, <i>via</i> Dover....	6 40
" " White Mountains, <i>via</i> Dover.....	9 90
" " Franconia Mountains, <i>via</i> Dover.....	13 40
" " Crawford House, <i>via</i> Concord	10 50
" " Profile House, " "	9 00
" " " Plymouth, (stage,).....	8 00
" " Littleton, (B. C. & M. or N. R. R.).....	7 00
" " Plymouth.	4 50
" " Profile House, <i>via</i> Northern Railroad.....	9 00
" " Crawford House, <i>via</i> " "	10 50

Boston to Lake Memphremagog.....	\$8 20
" Waterbury, Vt.....	7 25
Waterbury to Mansfield House and Summit House, and return....	4 00
New-York to Glen House, <i>via</i> Worcester, Concord, and North-Conway.....	13 75
New-York to North-Conway, <i>via</i> Worcester and Concord.....	11 75
" Centre Harbor, " " " " 	8 25
" Wolfborough, " " " " 	8 55
" Ilymouth, " " " " 	8 60
" Profile House, <i>via</i> Worcester, Concord, and Ply-mouth.....	12 10
" Profile House, <i>via</i> Worcester, Concord, and Little-ton	11 25
" Crawford's, <i>via</i> Worcester, Concord, and Littleton... ..	12 75
" Profile House, <i>via</i> Connecticut River.....	11 25
" Crawford's, " " " " 	12 75
" Profile House, " Albany and Rutland.....	14 35
" Crawford's, " " " " 	15 85
" Profile House, " Lake Champlain and day-boats... ..	14 35
" Crawford House, <i>via</i> " " " " 	15 85
" Profile House, " " " " " night-boats... ..	13 85
" Crawford House, " " " " " 	15 35
" Profile House, " " " " " H. R. R....	14 95
" Crawford House, " " " " " H. R. R....	16 45
White River Junction to Profile House.....	4 60
" " Crawford's.....	6 10
" " Memphremagog Lake.....	4 15

5 00
4 00
5 00
5 00
1 00
4 00
3 25
4 00
3 50
3 50
4 00
3 00
2 00
3 00
3 00
3 50
3 50
4 64
2 50
3 90
3 60
5 40
9 90
3 40
5 50
0 00
3 00
7 00
4 50
0 00
0 50

RATES OF FARE FROM NEW-YORK TO

	1st Class.		1st Class.
Atlanta, Ga.....	\$44 00	Dunkirk, N. Y.....	\$10 70
Attica, N. Y.....	8 75	Dayton, Ohio.....	21 50
Ashland, Ohio.....	16 80	Danville, Ill.....	27 55
Avon, N. Y.....	7 85	Decatur, Ill.....	30 45
Adrian, Mich.....	18 75	Decatur, Ala.....	37 75
Agency City, Iowa,....	36 10	Delaware, Ohio.....	18 95
Akron, Ohio.....	14 85	Detroit, Mich.....	16 45
Alton, Ill.....	35 00	Detroit, via Steamer....	16 45
Ann Arbor, Mich.....	17 60	Detroit, via Toledo.....	18 45
Anderson, Ind.....	23 75	Denver, Colorado,.....	123 45
Appleton, Wis.....	32 55	Des Moines, Iowa,.....	40 25
Ashtabula, Ohio.....	13 60	Dixon, Ill.	28 85
Attica, Ind.....	26 45	Dunleith, Ill.....	32 90
Aurora, Ill.....	26 55	Dubuque, Iowa.....	33 00
Atchison, K. T.....	47 70	Eagle Harbor, Mich. via Stm.
Austin, Minn.....	39 75	Eagle River, Mich., via
Buffalo, N. Y.....	9 45	Steamer.....
Batavia, N. Y.....	8 55	East-Saginaw, Mich....	19 95
Bellefontaine, Ohio.....	19 95	Eddyville, Iowa.....	37 45
Beloit, Wis.....	28 45	Ellsworth, Kansas.....	63 95
Berlin, Wis.....	31 70	Evansville, Ind.....	33 00
Beaver Dam, Wis.....	30 35	Erie, Pa.....	12 20
Bloomington, Ill.....	30 60	Franklin, Pa.....	13 10
Brooklyn, Iowa.....	37 10	Franklin Mills, Ohio....	14 85
Burlington, Iowa.....	32 95	Fairfield, Iowa.....	35 50
Boone, Iowa.....	39 80	Fairbault, Minn.....	42 15
Baton Rouge, via Steamer	63 00	Flint, Mich.....	18 85
Canandaigua, N. Y.....	7 75	Fond du Lac, Wis.....	31 20
Canton, Miss.....	53 75	Forest, Ohio.....	19 00
Cayuga, N. Y.....	8 50	Fort Hayes, Kansas.....	69 45
Caledonia, N. Y.....	8 05	Fort Riley, Kansas....	56 95
Cairo, Ill.....	36 40	Fort Wayne, Ind.....	21 25
Cedar Falls, Iowa.....	37 50	Freeport, Ill.....	29 80
Cedar Rapids, Iowa....	34 35	Fulton, Ill.....	30 40
Chariton, Iowa.....	39 45	Geneva, N. Y.....	7 25
Chattanooga, Tenn.....	37 00	Girard, Pa.....	12 75
Cheyenne.....	98 45	Galena, Ill.....	32 25
Chicago, Ill.....	24 95	Galesburg, Ill.....	31 55
Chicago, via Buff. & Stm.	22 45	Galion, Ohio.....	17 75
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	22 40	Grenada, Miss.....	48 50
Clarksville, Tenn.....	34 40	Grand Junction, Tenn...	42 50
Cleveland, Ohio.....	14 95	Grand Rapids, Mich....	21 65
Clyde, Ohio.....	17 40	Grand Haven, Mich....	22 60
Columbus, Ohio.....	19 45	Green Bay, Wis.....	33 70
Columbus, Pa.....	11 55	Greenville, Pa.....	13 95
Columbus, Miss.....	48 15	Hamilton, Ohio.....	22 00
Copper Harbor, Mich., v.	Hannibal, Mo.....	35 45
Steamer.....	Hastings & Prescott, Min.	42 20
Corinth, Miss.....	40 75	Helena, Ark., via Steam.	48 25
Corry, Pa.....	11 70	Holly Springs, Miss....	44 00
Crestline, Ohio.....	17 60	Horicon, Wis.....	29 95
Council Bluffs, Iowa....	46 45	Humboldt, Tenn.....	40 25

RATES OF FARE.

ass.
 0 70
 1 50
 2 55
 3 45
 4 75
 5 75
 6 45
 7 45
 8 45
 9 45
 0 25
 1 85
 2 90
 3 00
 ..
 ..
 9 95
 7 45
 3 95
 3 00
 2 20
 3 10
 4 85
 5 50
 2 15
 8 85
 1 20
 9 00
 9 45
 6 95
 2 25
 29 80
 30 40
 7 25
 2 75
 32 25
 31 55
 17 75
 48 50
 42 50
 21 65
 22 60
 33 70
 13 95
 22 00
 35 45
 42 20
 48 25
 44 00
 29 95
 40 25

	1st Class.
Huntsville, Ala.....	\$38 50
Ithaca, N. Y.....	7 50
Independence, Iowa.....	36 00
Indianapolis, Ind.....	25 00
Iowa City, Iowa.....	34 80
Jamestown, N. Y.....	10 75
Jefferson, N. Y.....	7 25
Jamestown, Pa.....	14 35
Jackson, Mich.....	18 80
Jackson, Miss.....	55 00
Jackson, Tenn.....	40 25
Jacksonville, Ill.....	33 35
Janesville, Wis.....	28 45
Jefferson City, Mo.....	42 45
Jeffersonville, Ind.....	26 65
Junction City, Kansas...	57 20
Julesburg, Colorado.....	84 70
Joliet, Ill.....	26 75
Kennedy, N. Y.....	10 50
Kalamazoo, Mich.....	20 80
Kenosha, Wis.....	26 75
Keokuk, Iowa.....	34 95
Kansas City, Mo.....	46 95
Kilbourn City, Wis.....	32 45
Kingston, C. W.....
La Pointe, Wis., via Steamer
Le Roy, N. Y.....	8 25
Lewiston, N. Y.....	9 90
Loudonville, Ohio.....	17 10
London, C. W.....	14 70
La Crosse, Wis.....	35 95
Lafayette, Ind.....	25 60
Laporte, Ind.....	22 95
Lake Pepin, Minn.....	40 95
Lansing, Iowa.....	35 95
Lansing, Mich.....	20 20
La Salle, Ill.....	28 95
Lawrence, Kansas.....	49 70
Leavenworth, Kansas...	48 30
Lexington, Ky.....	26 40
Lima, Ohio.....	19 80
Little Rock, via Steamer,	63 25
Logansport, Ind.....	24 15
Louisville, Ky., via Cin.
& River.....	26 90
Louisville, Ky., via R. R.	26 90
Macon, Ga.....	49 00
Macon, Miss.....	48 60
Madison, Ind., via Rail &
Steamer.....	25 40
Madison, Wis.....	30 05
Manchester, Iowa.....	35 10
Mansfield, Ohio.....	17 35
Marengo, Iowa.....	36 20
Marion, Ohio.....	18 50

	1st Class.
Marshall, Mich.....	\$19 75
Marquette, Mich., v. St..
Massillon, Ohio.....	15 75
Mattoon, Ill.....	30 20
Mayville, N. Y.....	11 40
Meadville, Pa.....	13 00
Mendota, Ill.....	28 35
Meridian, Miss.....	52 40
Michigan City, Ind.....	24 95
Milwaukee, via Chicago,	27 95
Milwaukee, v. D. & M. R.	24 95
Milwaukee, Wis. Buff. &
Steamer.....	22 45
Millersburg, Ohio.....	16 45
Mineral Point, Wis.....	32 50
Minnesota Junction, Wis.	29 95
Minneapolis, Minn.....	42 95
Mobile, Ala.....	56 50
Monroe, Mich.....	17 95
Montgomery, Ala.....	55 00
Montreal, C. E.....
Mount Pleasant, Iowa...	34 35
Mount Vernon, Ohio....	18 80
Muscatine, Iowa.....	34 05
Memphis, Tenn., v. Rail,	44 25
Memphis, via Steamer...	44 25
Niagara Falls, N. Y.....	9 45
Naples, Ill.....	33 85
Nashville, via Rail & St.	24 40
Natchez, Miss., via Rail,	.. 50
Natchez, Miss., via Stm.,	.. 50
Napoleon, Ark., via Stm.	52 25
North-Platte, Nebraska..	75 95
Northfield, Minn.....	42 85
Neenah, Wis.....	32 30
Nebraska City, Neb.....	48 45
Nevada, Iowa.....	38 75
Newark, Ohio.....	18 95
New-Castle, Pa.....	15 45
New-Orleans, La., v. Rail	63 00
New-Orleans, v. Steamer	63 00
Oswego, N. Y.....	7 45
Ogdensburg, N. Y.....
Oil Springs, or Petrolia,
C. W.....	15 45
Oil City, Pa.....	13 10
Odin, Ill.....	33 50
Omaha, Nebraska.....	46 95
Ontonagon, Mich., v. St..
Orville, Ohio.....	15 90
Oshkosh, Wis.....	31 75
Ottawa, Ill.....	28 35
Oskaloosa, Iowa.....	37 95
Ottumwa, Iowa.....	36 45
Oxford, Miss.....	45 75

RATES OF FARE.

	1st Class.		1st Class.
Owatonna, Minn.....	\$41 40	Sparta, Wis.....	\$34 95
Painesville, Ohio.....	14 45	Springfield, Ohio.....	20 70
Pana, Ill.....	31 75	Springfield, Ill.....	31 95
Panama, N. Y.....	11 20	Stephens's Point, Wis...	35 70
Pittsburg, Pa.....	16 00	Ste. Anson, Ala.....	36 50
Paris, Tenn.....	37 75	St. Charles, Mo.....	37 00
Paris, C. W.....	12 80	St. Joseph, Mo.....	45 95
Penn Yan, N. Y.....	7 50	St. Louis, Mo.....	36 00
Peoria, Ill.....	31 45	St. Paul, Minn., v. Rail.	42 95
Peru, Ind.....	23 50	St. Paul, Minn., v. Stm..	42 95
Pella, Iowa.....	38 95	Superior City, Wis., via	
Piqua, Ohio.....	21 20	Steamer.....
Port Sarnia, C. W.....	15 45	Terre Haute, Ind.....	28 00
Portage Lake, Mich.....	Tiffin, Ohio.....	18 05
Portage City, Wis.....	31 75	Titusville, Pa.....	12 70
Prairie du Chien, Wis...	33 95	Toledo, Ohio.....	17 95
Prescott & Hastings, Min.	42 20	Tolono, Ill.....	29 00
Princeton, Ill.....	29 25	Topeka, K. T.....	51 70
Quincy, Ill.....	34 45	Toronto, C. W.....	11 95
Rochester, N. Y.....	7 90	Urbana, Ohio.....	20 25
Racine, Wis.....	27 10	Vicksburg, Miss., via Rail...	58 00
Randolph, N. Y.....	10 30	Vicksburg, via Steamer...	58 00
Ravenna, O.....	14 35	Vincennes, Ind.....	30 75
Reed's Landing, Minn...	40 45	Williamsport, Pa.....	7 40
Red Wing, Minn.....	41 45	Westfield, N. Y.....	11 20
Richmond, Ind.....	22 90	Warren, Ohio.....	14 35
Rockford, Ill.....	28 65	Warren, Pa.....	12 70
Rock Island, Ill... ..	32 25	Wabash, Ind.....	22 95
Rolla, Mo.....	41 80	Wamego, Kansas.....	54 45
Rome, Ga.....	42 25	Washington, Iowa.....	35 75
Syracuse, N. Y.....	6 25	Watertown, Wis.....	29 70
Salina, Kansas.....	60 95	Waupun, Wis.....	30 60
Salt Lake City, Utah....	238 45	Waukegan, Ill.....	26 20
Sandusky, Ohio.....	17 05	Weston, Mo.....	48 20
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.,		Whitewater, Wis.....	29 30
via Steamer.....	White River, Ark., via	
Selma, Ala.....	53 40	Steamer.....	52 25
Shaffer's Farm, Pa.....	12 95	Winona, Minn.....	38 45
Sharon, Pa.....	14 65	Wooster, Ohio.....	16 30
Shelby, Ohio.....	17 30	Xenia, Ohio.....	21 15
Sidney, Ohio.....	20 75	Youngstown, Ohio.....	15 00
Sioux City, Iowa.....	49 95	Zanesville, Ohio.....	19 15

First Class includes *Berths only* on Steamers plying between Grand Haven and Milwaukee, and *both Meals and Berths* on other Lake and River Steamers, except Lake Ontario.

**RATES OF FARE VIA GREAT SOUTHERN MAIL ROUTE,
FROM NEW-YORK TO**

Atianta, Ga.....	\$37 15	Jackson, Miss.....	\$49 75
Augusta, Ga.....	38 00	Knoxville, Tenn.....	30 50
Bristol, Tenn.....	24 85	Lynchburg, Va.....	16 65
Charlottesville.....	14 10	Millborough.....	17 65
Covington.....	18 95	Mobile, Ala.....	50 50
Corinth, Miss.....	36 25	Macon, Ga.....	40 00
Chattanooga, Tenn.....	32 00	Montgomery, Ala.....	47 00
Columbus, Ga.....	44 00	Meridian, Miss.....	46 40
Columbus, Miss.....	48 15	Memphis, Tenn.....	38 25
Canton, Miss.....	48 50	Nashville, Tenn.....	34 00
Dalton, Ga.....	32 00	New-Orleans, La.....	53 00
Decatur, Ala.....	34 50	Rome, Ga.....	35 25
Goshen.....	17 30	Richmond, Va.....	15 00
Gordonsville, Va.....	13 15	Staunton, Va.....	15 85
Granada, Miss.....	43 50	Selma, Ala.....	46 00
Grand Junction, Tenn.....	37 25	Vicksburg, Miss.....	52 75
Huntsville, Ala....	34 00	West-Point, Ga.....	42 15
Holly Springs, Miss.....	38 75		

THROUGH TRAINS.

Leave New-York.....	7.30 P.M.	Leave Chattanooga.....	9.45 P.M.
“ Washington.....	5.50 A.M.	“ Grand Junction....	3.25 P.M.
“ Lynchburg.....	4.55 P.M.	Arrive at Memphis.....	6.00 P.M.
“ Bristol.....	7.10 A.M.	“ Nashville.....	3.30 A.M.
“ Knoxville.....	2.56 P.M.	“ New-Orleans....	5.35 P.M.
“ Dalton.....	7.20 P.M.		

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BOOKS QUOTED.

- Appleton's Hand-Book of Northern Travel.
The Canadian Hand-Book and Tourist's Guide.
Heriot's Travels in Canada.
J. Starr King's White Hills.
Rockwell's Catskill Mountains.
Burt's Connecticut River Guide.
Henry Ward Beecher's Star Papers.
Nelson's Lake Champlain.
Howe's Gazetteer of New-York State.
Lippincott's Universal Gazetteer.
Lossing's Book of the Hudson.
Moorman's Mineral Waters of the United States and Canada.
Walling's Route and City Guides.
Harper's Magazine, 1858.
New-York Tribune, 1865.
New-York Gazette, 1867.
Ithaca and its Scenery.
The Falls of Taughannock.
Street's Woods and Waters.

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D.—Dominion of Canada.

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These Springs are located in the county of Cumberland, Pa., four miles from Carlisle. Carlisle may be reached from all quarters by the Cumberland Valley Railroad, from whence passengers will be conveyed to the Springs in Omnibuses or Carriages, which will be in waiting on the arrival of each train of cars, at reasonable charges.

The Springs are located at the base of the Blue Mountain, in a fertile and beautiful valley. The buildings are large and commodious, and admirably adapted to the comfort of guests. They are being repaired and renovated thoroughly, and will be in complete order by the period of the opening.

Through the valley are fine roads, affording pleasant drives, or equestrian exercise, if that be preferred—Horses and Carriages being always at the command of visitors. The Canodoguinet Creek, a fine stream of water, is within a few miles of the Springs, and affords fine fishing for those inclined to that kind of sport.

The waters of the Springs possess peculiar healing qualities, and many a weak, debilitated person has been restored to health and vigor through their healing influence.

The public are cordially invited to visit the Springs during the approaching season. Every effort will be made to render visitors comfortable and happy.

TERMS—\$2.50 per Day, or \$10 per Week.

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Three Miles from Stonington, Ct.

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PROPRIETOR.

Room for 400 Guests.

The Ocean House,

A NEW HOTEL,

Edgewater, Staten Island,

(First landing from foot of Broadway,) opens Wednesday, July 1st, on the European plan, with all the conveniences of a city hotel. Communication with New-York every 30 minutes over the finest sail in the world. House five minutes' walk from Tompkinsville landing. Carriages always in attendance.

NEPTUNE HOUSE,

New-Rochelle,

NEW-YORK,

Is now open for the season. Persons wishing to engage rooms can make arrangements at the Clifford House, 1242 Broadway.

Wadawanuck House,

STONINGTON, CT.

This House will be opened for the season about the 20th of June, and will be conducted as a first-class family hotel.

Having all the advantages of BATHING, FISHING, and SAILING, with pleasant DRIVES and good STABLING, it is one of the most attractive Summer Resorts on the coast. Plans of the house can be seen at the office of C. P. DIXON, 48 Pine Street, New-York. For further particulars apply to ALVIN PEAVEY, Manager, Stonington, Ct.

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MOUNT MANSFIELD HOTEL,

STOWE, VT.

LEONARD LOVE,

MANAGER.

THIS Hotel is situated at the beautiful village of Stowe, Vt., 10 miles from Waterbury Station, on the Vermont Central Railroad, from which six-horse coaches run, on the arrival of the trains, to the Hotel; time, $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. There is also a telegraph to Stowe. The hotel is fitted in the

MOST MODERN STYLE,

WITH GAS AND WATER ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE.

Also bathing-rooms; and will accommodate about four hundred guests. There is also the Summit House, $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles, which is reached by stage, 6 miles, and saddle-horse, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, when you will see the

MOST MAGNIFICENT VIEWS

that the eye ever beheld, giving a view of seventy miles of Lake Champlain, and the Adirondack Mountains in New-York State, and twenty distinct ranges of mountains in Vermont State; also fifty townships and villages; and, in a clear day, Mt. Washington can be seen with the naked eye, one hundred miles distant.

There is a livery-stable of seventy-five horses connected with this Hotel; and there is no place in New-England that will give so great a variety to the pleasure-seeker for scenery and drives as at Mount Mansfield. And, to sum up in a word, you will regret when you are obliged to leave; and will say the story of this beautiful place has never been half published, for it is the place of all others.

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

THIS FAVORITE SUMMER RESORT

IS NOW OPEN FOR VISITORS.

Stages will meet passengers at the Hudson River Railroad, New-York and Albany Day Boats, and Steamer Thomas Powell. The Thomas Powell leaves New-York, TUESDAYS and THURSDAYS, at 5 P.M., and SATURDAY at 2 P.M., foot of Franklin Street, Pier 35. Returning, leaves Catskill on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and FRIDAYS, at 6 P.M.

POWELTON HOUSE,

NEWBURGH, N. Y.

This First-Class House will be opened June 29th for the Season.

TERMS REASONABLE.

H. BLAKE, Proprietor.

CHARMING SUMMER RETREAT.

SMITHSONIAN HOUSE,

AT NYACK,

On the Hudson, 25 miles from New-York.

Accessible by Boats and Cars.

Is now open for the reception of permanent and transient guests. Choice rooms can be secured by application on the premises.

W. P. MUNROE, Proprietor.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,

HIGHGATE SPRINGS, VT.

GEORGE AVERILL,

Proprietor.

THIS long established and popular resort for the Pleasure-seeker and Invalid is now open for the reception of visitors.

Situated but a few rods from Lake Champlain, where the fishing and shooting are unsurpassed in the State, with beautiful drives in all directions, together with the well-known

Curative Properties of the Water

the Proprietor believes that visitors will find themselves well repaid for a few days or weeks passed in this quiet retreat.

Good Boats and experienced oarsmen in attendance at all times. Carriages furnished at any time.

ALL CHARGES MODERATE.

The Vermont Central Railroad lands passengers at the door.

GEO. AVERILL.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,

AND

MASSENA SPRING,

On the Raquette River, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

CROCKER & CO., Proprietors.

THE UNITED STATES HOTEL, with its Cottages, is beautifully located in close contiguity to the Springs, and will be found replete with all things necessary for promoting the comfort and amusement of the invalid or pleasure-seeker. Good Fishing, Gunning, Boating, Riding, etc. Warm Baths of the Spring Waters. Terms Reasonable.

CROCKER & CO.,

Proprietors.

HOW TO GET TO THE MASSENA SPRING.

FROM NEW-YORK AND THE SOUTH.—The shortest and most direct route: Take the 6.30 P.M. Express train on the Hudson River Railroad, with sleeping-cars attached—purchasing tickets to Potsdam Junction via N. Y. Central and Rome and Watertown Railroad. Another very delightful trip may be arranged thus: Night boat on Hudson River to Albany, Railroad to Whitehall, Day boat on Lake Champlain, stopping over night at Plattsburgh; taking the cars next morning for Potsdam Junction or Brasher Falls. At either place, carriages will be found in waiting to convey passengers to the Spring.

FROM NIAGARA FALLS, THE WEST AND SOUTH-WEST.—By New-York Central and Rome and Watertown Railroad to Potsdam Junction, or by Lake Ontario and St. Lawrence River Steamboats to Cornwall, passing through the beautiful scenery of the Thousand Islands, and running the Long Sault Rapids. Cornwall is connected with the Spring by ferry.

FROM CANADA.—By Grand Trunk Railroad, or Royal Mail Steamers to Cornwall, from thence to the Spring by ferry.

FROM BOSTON AND THE EASTERN STATES.—By Ogdensburgh and Lake Champlain Railroad to Potsdam Junction or Brasher Falls. This road connects at Rouse's Point with all the Eastern Railroads.

Time Table of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburgh Railroad.—Trains leave Rome for Potsdam Junction at 4.30 A.M. and 5.25 P.M. Leave Potsdam Junction for Rome at 6.45 A.M. and 1.35 P.M.

COOPER COTTAGE,

Long Branch, N. J.,

Will be open for Guests June 1, 1868.

Address M. M. LAIRD,

Long Branch, cr 15 & 17 Whitehall St., New-York.

Fairfield House,

NOW OPEN.

Finest Bathing on the Sound.

PLEASANT DRIVES, HEALTHY CLIMATE.

Only two hours from New-York via New-Haven Railroad.

P. D. CARRIQUE.

STAMFORD HOUSE,

Stamford, Ct.

MR. F. W. POND,

Formerly in the U. S. Hotel and Parker House, Boston, and late Proprietor of the MAYOLIS HOUSE, Nahant, has taken the above House, in the beautiful village of Stamford, Ct., 35 miles from the city on New-Haven Railroad, where he is prepared to receive a limited number for the season, as well as transient guests. The table supplied with every delicacy; airy rooms; and only a few minutes' walk from the depot, through a broad, shaded street. Terms moderate, and omnibus to cars and steamboat; steamer commutes for \$20 a season.

Pemigewasset House,

PLYMOUTH, N. H.

THIS elegant and spacious hotel, in the beautiful village of Plymouth, in the valley of the Pemigewasset, near its confluence with Baker's River, and just at the opening of the Mountain Region, is now ready for the reception of guests. There are one hundred and fifty well-lighted and well-ventilated sleeping-apartments, in suits or single rooms, carefully furnished with a studious regard to the comfort and convenience of the occupants. Commodious bath-rooms, with hot and cold water, spacious parlors, halls, and piazzas.

This is the most picturesque and delightful region in New Hampshire, abounding with points of interest to the tourist and seekers of pleasure; among these are Livermore Falls, which for wild and romantic scenery are not surpassed. "They are probably the result of volcanic action, and invite the attention of the student of science and lover of nature."

Mount Prospect, with a carriage-road to the summit, commands a view of thirty miles in extent, including Lake Winnepesaukee, with its numerous islands, surpassing that obtained from Mount Lafayette or Mount Washington.

Lake Winnepesaukee, Squam Lake, and numerous other points, all of which are accessible by fine carriage-roads. No pains or expense will be spared to make the Pemigewasset the home of the tourist; and, it is believed, with its advantages of situation and scenery, it presents attractions, as a fashionable summer resort, superior to any in the country.

An excellent Quadrille Band has been engaged for the season.

A Livery Stable is connected with the house, and good teams will be in readiness at all times.

Cars leave daily for Lake Winnepesaukee, giving guests an opportunity of sailing the entire length of the lake, and returning the same day.

Cars also leave daily for the Profile and Crawford Houses, via Littleton; and stages daily for the Franconia and White Mountains.

J. M. FRENCH, } *Managers.*
C. M. MORSE, }

HEATH HOUSE,
Schooley's Mountain Springs,
NEW-JERSEY,

Opens June 15th, with terms reduced. For particulars,
route, etc., address

S. T. COZZENS.

PAVILION HOTEL,

(LATE MR. BLANCARD'S,)

New-Brighton, Staten Island.

Boats from foot Dey Street every hour. This elegant hotel,
so near and convenient to Wall Street, is now open for the
reception of guests, and fast filling up. Persons doing
business down-town can get to their business as soon as if
they were living in Fortieth Street.

KEYPORT PAVILION,

Keyport, New-Jersey,

will open on the 1st of June for summer boarders. Splen-
did Fishing, Drives, Bathing, etc. Terms reasonable. Boats
leave Keyport at 7 A.M.; New-York, foot of Barclay Street,
at 4 P.M. Apply to the Captain on boat, or address

GEORGE J. KIBBEE, Proprietor.

Continental Hotel,

LONG BRANCH, N. J.

WILL OPEN JUNE 1.

For Rooms inquire at 487 Broadway, from 11 to 12 o'clock,
and at 33 Clinton Place, from 1 to 3 P. M.

GLEN COVE PAVILION.

THIS BEAUTIFUL RESORT

Is now open for Guests.

W. C. GIBSON, Proprietor.

Stetson House,

LONG BRANCH.

The Finest Summer Hotel in the Country.

NOW OPEN.

STAGES AT DEPOT.

WINDEMERE HOUSE,

Greenwood Lake,

Open May 1. Send for Circular.

M. P. BROWNING & CO.,

Monroe, Orange County, N. Y.

Rip Van Winkle House,

In the Sleepy Hollow Valley, on the Catskill Mountains.

Comfortable Boarding-House for Families.

Stages communicate with Steamboat and Railroad at
Catskill Landing.

SYLVESTER THOMPSON, Catskill, N. Y.

LAKE GEORGE,

Fort William Henry Hotel.

DANIEL GALE, Proprietor.

FOREST HOUSE,

Budds Lake, N. J.

OPENS JUNE 15.

Conveyance by Morris and Essex Railroad to Stanhope.

Address J. M. SHARP, Proprietor.

THE PARK HOUSE,

CHERRY VALLEY, N. Y.,

Is now open for summer boarders. Omnibus to the Sulphur Springs. Terms moderate. Apply to

G. W. SUTLIFF.

Clarendon Hotel,

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

Open from June 1 to October 1.

Parties wishing to engage rooms will please address

CHAS. E. LELAND,

Clarendon Hotel, Saratoga Springs, or Delnan House, Albany.

HIGHLAND HOUSE,

GARRISONS, N. Y.,

(OPPOSITE WEST POINT)

Will open for the season, on THURSDAY, June 4. Parties wishing to engage rooms will please address

G. F. & H. D. GARRISON, Proprietors.

LAKE MAHOPAC.

—•••—
GREGORY HOUSE.

POST-OFFICE AT THE HOUSE.

RAILWAY STATION, CROTON FALLS.

ROCKY POINT.

This long-established and favorite Summer Resort, situated on Narragansett Bay, nearly midway between the cities of Providence and Newport, Rhode Island, will be opened for the reception of guests

From the First of July to the Fifteenth of September, 1868.

The undersigned, having leased the spacious and elegant Hotel at this place, are now thoroughly renovating it, together with the other buildings, and also the grounds; and they are determined to spare neither pains nor expense in rendering it as attractive a place for summer visitors as can be found in the United States.

Each one of the numerous front windows of the Hotel, as well as the spacious verandahs, commands an extensive and fine view of the Bay, and also of numerous Villages on the eastern shore; while attached to the Hotel are forty acres of hill and vale, grove and lawn-making ample pleasure-grounds for the guests.

AMUSEMENTS.

Sailing, Fishing, Sea-Bathing, Bowling Alleys, Flying Horses, Patent Swings, Shooting Galleries, etc. Rocky Point has an excellent BATHING BEACH, for the convenience of its guests, and forty nicely arranged dressing-houses are accessible to it, which are at all times in charge of competent attendants.

Brown & Reeves' Popular Band

has been engaged for the season, which will furnish music for dancing and for evening promenades. This Band has given excellent satisfaction the past two seasons, and is pronounced to be one of the best corps of musicians in the country.

AN OBSERVATORY,

founded upon a solid rock, the summit of which is one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, affords a charming view of the Bay, surrounding towns and cities, and the ocean.

The Western Union Telegraph Company has an office in the Hotel, with connections in all parts of the United States.

ROUTE.

In order to reach Rocky Point from New-York, parties can take the Newport steamers from Pier 28 North River, at 5 o'clock P.M., change boats at Newport on the following morning for Providence, and arrive at their destination in season for breakfast. Parties coming by the way of Providence can reach Rocky Point by the boats of the American Steamboat Company, which leave Providence at 8.30 and 9.45 A.M., and 2 and 5.30 P.M.

TO SEASON GUESTS.—Contracts will be made with families or parties wishing to remain through the season, on reasonable terms. All letters addressed to DE CAMP & COLE, Rocky Point House, Providence, R. I., will receive prompt attention.

De CAMP & COLE, Proprietors.

ROCKY POINT, April 1, 1868.

The Catskill Mountains,

AND THE REGION AROUND.

Their Scenery, Legends, and Features,

WITH SKETCHES, IN PROSE AND VERSE,

By COOPER, IRVING, BRYANT, COLE,

AND OTHER EMINENT WRITERS.

By Rev. CHARLES ROCKWELL.

Illustrated. One volume 12mo, extra cloth, 350 pages, \$2.00.

TAINTOR, BROTHERS & CO., Publishers,

229 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

MINNESOTA

WHITE BEAR LAKE HOUSE.

WILLIAM LEIP, Proprietor.

THIS hotel, beautifully located on the banks of White Bear Lake, is now complete and ready to accommodate boarders. The proprietor has spared neither pains nor expense in making his hotel one of the most complete and pleasant residences in Minnesota. The rooms are large and well ventilated, the situation, for pure and healthful air, can not be surpassed, and the distance from St. Paul being only ten miles, renders it an agreeable drive. From an extensive garden, managed by an experienced gardener, the table will be supplied with early and fresh vegetables. Fish, game, and all delicacies of the season, always on hand. Fishing and Hunting of the best kind in the immediate neighborhood.

Picnic parties can always be accommodated with safe boats, managed by experienced sailors, to all parts of the Lake, which has twenty-five miles of shore. Charges economical.

FRESH—SPICY—INDEPENDENT!

The New-York Evening Mail.

A Sprightly Record of Metropolitan Life.

PUBLISHED IN TWO EDITIONS,

EVERY AFTERNOON,

AT TWO CENTS PER COPY.

THE MAIL has a great many SPECIAL SKETCHES of interesting city characters and localities, written by some of the spiciest of metropolitan sketch-writers.

THE MAIL will keep you better informed upon the current ART, MUSIC, and LITERARY news of the world than any other daily. It makes a specialty of these departments.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

is one of the sprightliest and chattiest now writing to the New-York press.

FROM WASHINGTON

we have daily dispatches and letters; two of the most enterprising and successful correspondents there being engaged for THE MAIL.

For all these entertaining matters, the price is ONLY TWO CENTS.

Read the EVENING MAIL, and prove these things for yourself. See if it is not the sprightliest, liveliest, and freshest daily published in the city.

CHARLES H. SWEETSER, Editor.

Publication Office, No. 229 Broadway.

CHEAPEST OF ALL!

NEW-YORK and BOSTON,

VIA

Newport, Fall River, and Taunton.

THE MOST DIRECT ROUTE TO

Newport, Fall River, Taunton, New-Bedford, Bridgewater, Middleboro, Braintree, Plymouth, Nantucket, and all places on the Cape Cod and South Shore Railways.

STEAMBOAT NEWPORT,

CAPTAIN WILLIAM BROWN,

Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

STEAMBOAT OLD COLONY,

CAPTAIN N. B. ALLEN,

Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

FROM PIER 28, N. R.

FARE TO BOSTON—Cabin, \$2.00; Deck, \$1.50; Supper, \$1.00; State Rooms, \$1.00 to \$3.00.

NEWPORT.

Builders, John Englis & Son, New-York, 1865. Engine, by Novelty Iron Works—85-inch cylinder, with 12-foot stroke. Wheels, 42 feet in diameter. Extreme length, 345 feet; breadth of beam, 86 feet over all. Tonnage, 2140. State Rooms, 150; Berths, 400. Joiner work, by J. E. Hoffmire. Furniture manufactured by the Company. Drapery, Linen, Carpets, etc., by A. T. Stewart & Co. Gas Fixtures, Silver Plate, etc., by E. V. Haughwout & Co. Lighted by Gas.

WILLIAM BROWN, CAPTAIN.

D. G. KENNEY, 1st Pilot.
THOMAS COLLINS, 2d Pilot.
THEO. WARREN, Clerk.
L. V. TILTON, Steward.

JAMES FINKEL, 1st Engineer.
JOSEPH S. BROWN, 2d Engineer.
WM. BATCHELDER, 1st Mate.
HENRY THOMPSON, 2d Mate.

OLD COLONY.

Builders, John Englis & Son, New-York, 1865. Engine by the Allaire Works—80-inch cylinder, with 12-foot stroke. Wheels, 40 feet in diameter. Extreme length, 342 feet; breadth of beam, 80 feet over all; depth of hold, 15 feet; Tonnage, 1960. State Rooms, 134; Berths, 434. Joiner work by J. E. Hoffmire. Furniture manufactured by the Company. Drapery, Linen, Carpets, etc., by A. T. Stewart & Co. Gas Fixtures, Silver Plate, etc., by E. V. Haughwout & Co. Lighted by Gas and heated by Steam.

N. B. ALLEN, CAPTAIN.

JOSEPH CARR, 1st Pilot.
SANDERS, 2d Pilot.
J. B. BRAYTON, Clerk.
GEORGE A. RICE, Steward.

ALFRED BEEBE, 1st Engineer.
EDWD. SALTPAUGH, 2d Engineer.
DAVID MACAFFREE, 1st Mate.
JAMES ROBINSON, 2d Mate.

The splendid Steamboats "METROPOLIS" and "EMPIRE STATE" also belong to this Line, and are held in Reserve.

S. S. Co

NEW DAILY LINE TO NEW-HAVEN.

For Passengers and Freight.

THE STEAMBOATS

NEW-HAVEN,

CAPT. A. W. SNOW,

NORTHAMPTON,

CAPT. N. A. WILBUR.

One of the above Steamers will leave

L. Pier 26 East River, foot of Peck Slip,

EVERY NIGHT AT 4 O'CLOCK,

(SUNDAYS EXCEPTED.)

*Returning, will leave New-Haven every night
at 10 o'clock.*

Freight taken for CANAL, NEW-HAVEN, HARTFORD, and
SPRINGFIELD, and NEW-HAVEN and NEW-LONDON SHORE
LINE RAILROAD, at lowest rates.

S. T. STANNARD, Superintendent.

SAXTON & SEABURY, Agents,

112 South Street, and on the Pier.

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Grand Pleasure Excursions in July and August.

The Round Trip of more than 2000 miles, embraces 6 degrees of Latitude and 11 degrees of Longitude, passing through

Lakes Erie, St. Clair, Huron, and Superior, and the Beautiful Rivers Detroit, St. Clair, and the Ste. Maries,

with its Thousand Isles, presenting to the Tourist for Pleasure or Health, or in pursuit of Science, more real Attractions than any other on the Continent of America.

IT IS ALSO BY FAR THE CHEAPEST TRIP OFFERED TO THE TRAVELING PUBLIC.

The FARE, including MEALS, BERTHS, AND PASSAGE, being less per day than the Prices charged by First-Class Hotels.

☞ No one should fail to visit this interesting and wonderful country, with its Cool, Healthful, and Invigorating Climate. Indeed, no country in the world offers such inducements to the invalid as that of Lake Superior. To the Scientific, we point to the immense Mineral deposits of IRON, existing, as they do, in entire Mountains of Ore, yielding as high as Ninety per cent of Pure Iron; also to the most productive and best paying COPPER MINES in the world; to the newly discovered Silver Lead Mines, and the Rich Gold Fields of Vermilion Lake; to that astounding wonder of Geology, the PICTURED ROCKS, rising out of the Lake, perpendicularly, 400 feet, and to many other curious and interesting geological formations, too numerous to mention here.

1868. FOR LAKE SUPERIOR. 1868.

The New Staunch and Elegant Steamer METEOR,

THOMAS WILSON, Master,

Will Leave Cleveland on the following days, at 8 o'clock P.M.

Wednesday.....May 20	Wednesday.....August 12
Wednesday.....June 3	Wednesday.....August 26
Wednesday.....June 17	Wednesday.....September 9
Thursday.....July 1	Wednesday.....September 23
Wednesday.....July 15	Wednesday.....October 7
Wednesday.....July 29	

Will Leave Detroit on the following days, at 10 o'clock P.M.

Thursday.....May 21	Thursday.....August 13
Thursday.....June 4	Thursday.....August 27
Thursday.....June 18	Thursday.....September 17
Thursday.....July 2	Thursday.....September 24
Thursday.....July 16	Thursday.....October 8
Thursday.....July 30	

☞ Calling at Port Huron and Sarnia on the next morning, after leaving Detroit.

HANNA & CO., Agents, Cleveland, O.

BUCKLEY & CO., Agents, Detroit, Mich.

J. R. WHITING, Manager, Foot First Street, Detroit, Mich.

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