

*Historic New Jersey  
Through Visitors' Eyes*

## THE NEW JERSEY HISTORICAL SERIES

*Edited by*

RICHARD M. HUBER

WHEATON J. LANE

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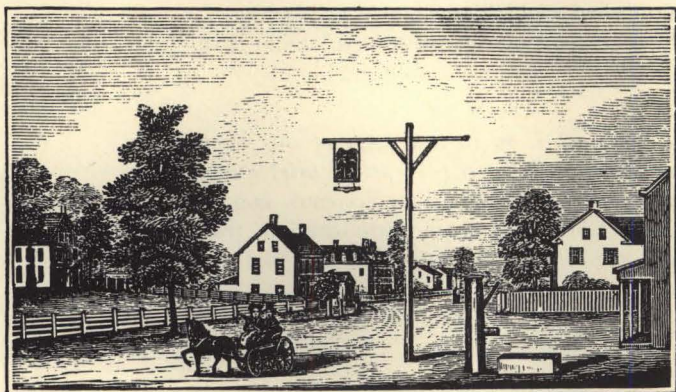


Volume 18

The New Jersey Historical Series

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*Historic New Jersey  
Through Visitors' Eyes*



MIRIAM V. STUDLEY

1964

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## FOREWORD

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Many tracks will be left by the New Jersey Tercentenary celebration, but few will be larger than those made by the New Jersey Historical Series. The Series is a monumental publishing project—the product of a remarkable collaborative effort between public and private enterprise.

New Jersey has needed a series of books about itself. The 300th anniversary of the State is a fitting time to publish such a series. It is to the credit of the State's Tercentenary Commission that this series has been created.

In an enterprise of such scope, there must be many contributors. Each of these must give considerably of himself if the enterprise is to succeed. The New Jersey Historical Series, the most ambitious publishing venture ever undertaken about a state, was conceived by a committee of Jerseymen—Julian P. Boyd, Wesley Frank Craven, John T. Cunningham, David S. Davies, and Richard P. McCormick. Not only did these men outline the need for such an historic venture; they also aided in the selection of the editors of the series.

Both jobs were well done. The volumes speak for themselves. The devoted and scholarly services of Richard M. Huber and Wheaton J. Lane, the editors, are a part of every book in the series. The editors have been aided in their work by two fine assistants, Elizabeth Jackson Holland and Bertha DeGraw Miller.

To D. Van Nostrand Company, Inc. my special thanks for recognizing New Jersey's need and for bringing their skills and publishing wisdom to bear upon the printing and distributing of the New Jersey Historical Series.

My final and most heartfelt thanks must go to Miriam V. Studley, who accepted my invitation to write *Historic New Jersey Through Visitors' Eyes*, doing so at great personal sacrifice and without thought of material gain. We are richer by her scholarship. We welcome this important contribution to an understanding of our State.

*January, 1964*

RICHARD J. HUGHES  
*Governor of the  
State of New Jersey*

## PREFACE

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To set down all the things that travelers have said about New Jersey would take a lifetime, and the resulting book would require several thousand pages. It would involve visits to all the great research libraries of this country, and to libraries in London and Paris.

Time, space, and travel limitations have made it necessary to limit the selections in this book to passages from works found in three libraries, the New York Public Library, the Newark Public Library, and the Library of The New Jersey Historical Society in Newark. No material available only in manuscript has been used, because of the vast number of printed accounts available. In sharing these accounts with New Jersey residents and visitors I hope other librarians, scholars, and writers as well as "junior historians" will be tempted to dip into the source books for Jerseyana, too. My only concern has been to select the passages that are most vivid, most representative, and most revealing of men, manners, times, and scenes in our State.

Compiling a volume such as this involves help from many persons. I am grateful to the staff of the New York Public Library, especially in the American History Division and Rare Books Room. I want also to thank Mrs. Edith May, Librarian of The New Jersey Historical Society for her cheerful and efficient help. It is not out of place to express my appreciation of the truly remarkable book collections of the Newark Public Library, developed



over seventy-five years, many of them under the wise guidance of a great librarian, Beatrice Winsler.

For many hours of typing my thanks go to Syvella Copeland, Rosalie Guttadora, and Louise Teed. And finally, I should like to express my gratitude to Dr. Wheaton J. Lane, Dr. Walter F. Robinson, and Dr. Julia Sabine, whose perceptive suggestions and thoughtful advice were so helpful in bringing this collection to its present form.

For many notable passages included in this book, I gratefully acknowledge and give credit to the publishers.

MIRIAM V. STUDLEY

May, 1964

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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To the Trustees of The New Jersey Historical Society and to Robert M. Lunny, Director, for the passage "A Trial of Witchcraft at Mount Holly" from *Documents Relating to the Colonial History of the State of New Jersey*, First Series, Volume XI; *Extracts from American Newspapers from New Jersey*, Volume I, 1704-1739.

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To Indiana University Press for permission to reprint the chapter on Passaic Falls from Frederick Marryat's *Diary in America*, edited with a foreword by Jules Zanger published by them in 1960.

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To Pantheon Books, Inc., for permission to reprint selections from *As I Saw the U.S.A.* by James Morris, published by them in 1956.

For permission to print the letter from John Masefield to the late Senator Robert C. Crane, first Chairman of the New Jersey Tercentenary Commission, we thank David S. Davies, Executive Director of the Commission.



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Scene Along the Morris Canal

*From "Art Work of Paterson," 1899 (no author given)*

## *Introduction*

New Jersey has had many nicknames. At various times New Jersey has been called New Spain, the Iron State, the Garden State, the State of Camden and Amboy, and most recently the Research State. But through many of the travel books that touch on our State there runs the theme that New Jersey is a place to go through on the way to somewhere else. In fact, New Jersey has for two hundred years been called "The Barrel Tapped at Both Ends." New Jersey has been a corridor between New York and Philadelphia, between New England and the West. Only in the last quarter century has New Jersey become, in the words of a State official, "Center of a complex that stretches from Boston to Washington."

The expression "Barrel Tapped at Both Ends" has been tantalizing scholars for years. It has been attributed to Benjamin Franklin but no one has been able to find it in his published writing, or even among his papers. The first person to attribute the remark to Franklin was a Camden lawyer, Abram Browning, chief speaker on New Jersey Day at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876. He said:

The location of New Jersey, between the two great cities of the Union, favors her continued growth. It was not, however, so considered at the first. Those cities drew, largely, on the talent and enterprise of the State. Her



bright young men, especially, sought wealth and position in them. This led the philosophic, but facetious Dr. Franklin, at his neighbor's expense to perpetrate the witicism, that New Jersey resembled a beer barrel, tapped at both ends, with all the live beer running into Philadelphia and New York.

Later, as Governor of the State, Woodrow Wilson referred in his speeches to New Jersey as a corridor state with its attendant problems. The fact that New Jersey has been a corridor for the nation has, as Abram Browning said, brought us in the long run more advantages than problems. Especially has it favored New Jersey as a resort and Mecca for visitors. Hence, in the first two hundred years of our history hardly a person who visited this country failed to do some sightseeing in New Jersey.

Our few natural wonders have had attention focused on them out of proportion to their wonder, because of their high degree of accessibility and also because New Jersey, unlike states with more spectacular scenery, was early settled and early publicized. Lord Adam Gordon, who described the Passaic Falls in 1765, was also one of the first to refer to New Jersey as the Garden State. He wrote, "The Jerseys in general is a pleasant, open and well cultivated country, producing Grain, Grass and Cyder in Great Abundance. It is often called the Garden of America." \* Accounts of the Passaic Falls date from 1715 and continue into the twentieth century, providing material enough for a book with copious illustrations.

\* Lord Gordon's manuscript is housed in the British Museum, identified simply as "Journal of an Officer Who traveled in America and the West Indies in 1764 and 1765."



Descriptions of the Delaware Valley are equally numerous, as the Delaware Water Gap has been a Mecca for visitors since the first visitors described that magnificent scene nearly three hundred years ago. Sandy Hook, the Pine Barrens, Schooleys Mountain Springs, Lake Hopatcong, and the Jersey beaches have all been praised for their beauty. A book has been compiled on Long Branch as a resort, and certainly the same could be done for Atlantic City or Cape May. New Jersey has been a paradise for naturalists, from Peter Kalm, the eighteenth-century Scandinavian botanist, to Edwin Way Teale—not to mention Dr. John Torrey, the American botanist, John James Audubon and Alexander Wilson, the ornithologists, or Charles Conrad Abbott, New Jersey's outstanding nature writer and archaeologist.

New Jersey's location between two great cities has made the State a proving ground for inventions. In the writings of travelers through the State, from the time of the Revolution to the present, can be found the source materials for the study of the history of land and water transportation. It is all there in personal narratives, from horseback to streamlined train, from Indian trail to super highway. Dr. Wheaton J. Lane has written *From Indian Trail to Iron Horse: Travel and Transportation in New Jersey, 1620-1860*, in which he quotes freely from many of these sources, and many more remain. The supreme importance of railroading in New Jersey at one point in her history gave rise to the epithet, "State of Camden and Amboy," referring to the monopoly and great political power enjoyed by one of earliest corporations, a predecessor of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

There have been fads and fashions in travel writing about New Jersey. Tourists often plan their itineraries to take in the sights that "everyone is talking about." This is particularly noticeable in the accounts of the Morris Canal, which was visited by Mrs. Frances Trollope, Captain Frederick Marryat, and scores of others less well remembered. The last writer to describe a visit to the canal was the British author and lecturer, Llewelyn Powys, whose idyllic account appears in his *Verdict of Bridlegoose*, published in 1926. Popular as a subject for charming rhapsodies was the mansion of Joseph Bonaparte, Napoleon's brother, who chose Bordentown as his home-in-exile about 1816. Since he bore the title of King of Spain, some persons called New Jersey "New Spain." There are at least eight traveler's descriptions of "Point Breeze," his estate on the Delaware.

The study and writing of local history can be justly criticized for one great defect. Many a town history or collection of local biographical sketches is but a rehash of works published before. Often such volumes perpetuate mistakes and inaccuracies. Often they leave unanswered many questions on how the people really felt in the midst of stirring events; they fail to tell us what people's everyday lives were like three hundred or seventy-five years ago.

The corrective to this situation lies in going back to the sources of history in letters, journals, and travel accounts. We should read descriptions of our cities and towns, our roads and natural wonders in the words of long ago. With the early travelers we can encounter the ordinary people of our State and



watch them at their work and their recreation, their journeying for business and pleasure.

There is much to be learned and much to be enjoyed in the writings of travelers through New Jersey. There is also much to laugh at in the words of those who took themselves most seriously. Consider, for instance, Charles Dickens, whose *American Notes* (1842) brought him fame, although they did not endear him to Americans. During the varied and interesting railroad journey from Jersey City to Philadelphia, he noticed only how often the passengers in the car ahead were spitting out the windows! Lady Theodora Guest, on the same journey in the 1880's, saw only the magnificence of the private parlor car in which she rode.

In the best of the travel accounts of New Jersey one really sees the people. After steeping myself in travel literature for a year, my mind is filled with pictures of people. Imagine Catherine Phillips, the young English Quaker teacher of two hundred years ago, riding from Great Egg Harbor to Little Egg Harbor in a canoe; ice had formed in the bottom, and she sat upon straw. Think of young John Reading, the surveyor, and his crew in 1719 going on horseback from Amwell and Whippany to the Minisink country over Indian paths no white man had used before. Meet Théophile Cazenove, a thirsty traveler from France, riding through Morris County in 1792. Hard times on the farms had become so acute that farmers were turning their impoverished fields into apple orchards, and underpaid farm hands were flocking west to the Ohio country. The produce

of the orchards was all going into the distillation of applejack or "Jersey Lightning," and a glass of sweet cider was not to be had. With Robert Sutcliffe, watch oyster fishermen on the banks where the Jersey City railroad piers now lie.

These are the scenes that make history real. Through the eyes of travelers we see New Jersey as the great corridor through which passed immigrants in wagon, boat, or on horseback bound for the West; politicians and commercial travelers going to Washington and the South; vacationists seeking ocean breezes, medicinal springs, or the healing air of the mountains. We see the industrial cities of today as charming rural villages famed for their tree-shaded streets, tea parties, and delicious cider. Most of all, we get a vivid sense of the past.

Finally, let us recall what John Reid, a Scottish gardener, said about New Jersey in 1685 in a statement, "Published for the Information of Such As Are Desirous to be Interested in that Place." He wrote: "I must say it's a brave place. . . . By the report of all, it's the best of all the neighboring colonies, it is very wholesome, pleasant, and a fertile land."



*"New Caesarea or New Jersie,"  
Letters "By Several  
Inhabitants There Resident" 1676*

The earliest and rarest publication about New Jersey is probably a single folio leaf issued by John Fenwick in 1675, a tract published to promote immigration. Following it, there appeared in 1676 a little book the title page of which is reproduced here. The first letter it contains, by Richard Hartshorne, was actually the means of inducing settlers to join the Quaker Colony at Burlington on the Delaware in 1678. Richard Hartshorne, a member of the Society of Friends, came to Sandy Hook between 1664 and 1669. Obtaining a large grant of land from the Indians, he built there about 1670 a homestead which is still standing in Middletown. His descendants have been prominent in New Jersey ever since.\*

Esther Huckens whose letter came from the English settlements on the Delaware is probably one of the first correspondents to use the name New Caesarea, which appeared first as "Nova Caesarea or New Jersey" in the deed from James, Duke of York to John, Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret, signed June 23, 1664. The Isle of Jersey in the Eng-

\* An interesting account of Richard Hartshorne's part in the early colonization of New Jersey is in "Richard Hartshorne of Middletown, New Jersey" by Arthur Layton Funk in the *Proceedings of The New Jersey Historical Society*, April, 1949.

A  
FURTHER ACCOUNT  
OF  
New JERSEY,  
In an Abstract of  
L E T T E R S  
Lately Writ from thence,  
By several Inhabitants there Resident.

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*Printed in the Year 1676.*

Title Page from the Original Pamphlet  
*Courtesy of the Rare Book Room, New York Public Library*

lish Channel had been named "Caesarea" by the Romans. By bestowing the name Nova Caesarea on the new colony, the Duke of York was honoring the Carterets for their defense of the island during the English Civil Wars.



*Dear Friend,*

My love is to thee, and thy Wife, desiring your wellfare, both inward and outward; and that we may be found steadfast in that truth which is saving, for the wellfare of our immortall Souls; And dear Friend, the desire of my Soul is, that we may know true Love; and I should be glad to see thee and thy Wife. I have partly a remembrance of thy Wife, And I have thought on thee many times with tears in my eyes, and the Lord hath done wonderous works for me; unto him I return thanks & praises, who is God over all Blessed for ever.

Now Friend, I shall give thee something of an information concerning *New Jersie*, but time will not permit me to write at length. Thou desirest to know how I live, through the goodness of the Lord I live very well, keeping between 30 and 40 head of Cows, and 7 or 8 Horses or Mares to Ride upon, &c. There are 7 Towns settled in this Province, (*viz.*) *Shrewsbury* and *Middletown*, upon the Sea side, and along the River side and up the Creeks there is *Piscattaway*, & *Woodbridge*, *Elizabetown*, *New wake*, and *Bergane*; most of these Towns having about 100 Famileis; and the least 40. The Country is very healthful, &c. In *Middletown*, where I live, in 6 years and upwards, there have dyed but one Woman about 80 years old, one Man about 60, a Boy about five years old, and one little Infant or 2: there are in this Town, in twenty five Families about 95 children most of them under 12 years of age, and all lusty children. The produce of this Province, is chiefly Wheat, Barly, Oates, Beans, Beef, Pork, Pease, Tobacco, *Indian* Corn, Butter, Cheese, Hemp & Flax, French-beans, Strawberries, Carrots, Parsnips, Cabbage, Turnips, Radishes, Onions, Cucumbers, Water-mellons, Musk-mellons, Squashes; also our soil is very fertile for Apples, Pears, Plums, Quinces, Currans red and white, Gooseberries, Cherries, and Peaches in abundance, having all sorts of green trash in the Summertime, & the Country is greatly supplied with Creeks & Rivers which afford store of Fish, Pearch, Roach, Baste, Sheeps-head, Oysters, Clams, Crabs, Sturgeon, Eels,

and many other sorts of Fish that I do not name; you may Buy as much Fish of an *Indian* for half a pound of Powder, as will serve 6 or 8 men; Deer are also very plenty in this Province; we can buy a fat Buck of the *Indians* much bigger than the *English* Deer for a pound and half of Powder, or Lead, or any other trade equivalent, and a peck of Strawberries, the *Indians* will gather, and bring Home to us for the value of 6 *d.* and our Beef and Pork is very fat and good; the natural Grass of the Country is much like that which grows in the Woods in *England*, which is food enough for our Cattle; but by the water side we have fresh meadows & salt Marshes; we make good *English* Bread and Beer; besides we have severall other sorts of Drink; and travelling in the Country, and coming to any House, they generally ask you to eat & drink, and take Tobacco, and their several sorts of drink they will offer you as confidently as if it were Sack. Here are abundance of Chesnuts, Walnuts, Mulberries, and Grapes, red and white, our Horses and Mares run in the Woods, and we give them no meat Winter nor Summer, unless we work them; but our Cows must be looked after; our Timber stands for fences about the Land we manure; we plough our Land with Oxen for the most part; a Husband-man here and in old *England* is all one, making most of our utencils for Husbandry our selves, and a man that has 3 or 4 Sons or Servants that can work along with him, will down with Timber amain, and get Corn quickly. The best coming to this Country, is at the Spring or Fall, we make our Soap & Candles, & all such things our selves; in the Winter we make good fires, nad eat good meat; and our Women & Children are healthy; Sugar is cheap, Venison, Geese, Turkeys, Pidgeons, Fowle, & Fish plenty; and one great happiness we enjoy, which is, we are very quiet. I could give thee more information concerning this Country, but time will not give leave, In short, this is a rare place for any poor man, or others; and I am satisfied people may live better here then they do in Old *England*, and eat more good meat, &c. The Vessel is



going away, I have not time to copy this over; therefore  
take the sense of it, my Love salutes thee, farewell,

*Richard Hartshorne*

*New Jersie, Midleton 12,  
of the 9th. Month 1675*

*Dear and Loving friend John Sunison,*

My kind love unto thee and to thy Wife, hoping these lines may find thee in good health, as thanks be unto the Lord we are all safe through mercy arrived at *New Cæsarea* or *New Jersie*: having an opportunity I thought good to send a few lines unto thee; I sent one to *John Jones* of *Chipman* Card-maker, & if any are minded to come over, they may go thither and know what goods to bring over that are fit to sell or use here: here is no want of any thing but good people to Inhabit; here is liberty for the honest-hearted that truly desire to fear the Lord; here is liberty from the cares and Bondage of this World, and after one year or two, you may live very well with very little labour; here is great store of Fish and Fowl, and plenty of Corn, and Cows, Hoggs, Horses, Oxen, Sheep, Venison, Nuts, Strawberries, Grapes; and Peaches here is good *English* Wheat ripe in three Months, Wheat is at 4 s. a bushel, Barley at three, good White Rie at three, good *Indian* Corn at 2 s. 6 d. a bushel; half a bushel when it is planted will find a great Family a whole year with bread and drink, it is so great increase; but in *English* goods it will cost but half so much; the Beef fats its self, and Hogs fat themselves, they are fat all the year, and People may kill them when they have occasion; here is good Land enough, and wood enough, Servants are in great request, young Men and Maids come to great fortune (as they call it,) and do very well, the friends Daughter of *Bathford*, is very well, and wisheth her Father were here, he might live very well. I have sent you nothing but the truth, here are many things too tedious to relate, my mother remembers her to thee,

&c. & she would not have you be discouraged because of the Water, for the Lord is well able to preserve by Sea as Land, we were near two Hundred People on board the Ship we came in, and there was an ancient woman judged near fourscore years of Age, and she did very well, and severall others that were very ancient; we lost but two, and they were Brothers, So I rest thy loving Friend till death,

*Ester Huckens*

*New Jersie Delaware,  
April the 4th. 1676 \**

\* "A Further Account of New Jersey in an Abstract of Letters Lately Writ from Thence, By Several Inhabitants There Resident. Printed in the Year 1675." (Facs. ed.; London, n.d.)

*A Trial of Witchcraft at  
Mount Holly 1730*

William Nelson, Secretary of The New Jersey Historical Society, and editor of Volume XI of the *New Jersey Archives*, as well as John Bach McMaster, attribute this newspaper extract to Benjamin Franklin, then sole proprietor of the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, published in Philadelphia. Its racy style, Mr. Nelson thought, was characteristic of Ben Franklin, who was as much at home in New Jersey as in Philadelphia. We may regard it, too, as perhaps the first appearance of New Jersey folklore in print.

Burlington, October 12. Saturday last at Mount Holly, about 8 Miles from this Place, near 300 People were gathered together to see an Experiment or two tried on some Persons accused of Witchcraft. It seems the Accused had been charged with making their Neighbours Sheep dance in an uncommon Manner, and with causing Hogs to speak, and sing Psalms, &c. to the great Terror and Amazement of the King's good and peaceable Subjects in this Province, and the Accusers being very positive that if the Accused were weighed in Scales against a Bible, the Bible would prove too heavy for them; or that, if they were bound and put into the River, they would swim; the said Accused desirous to make their Innocence appear, voluntarily offered to undergo the said Trials, if 2 of the most violent of their Accusers would be tried with them. Accordingly the Time and Place was agreed on, and advertised about the Country; The Accusers



were 1 Man and 1 Woman; and the Accused the same. The Parties being met, and the People got together, a grand Consultation was held, before they proceeded to Trial; in which it was agreed to use the Scales first; and a Committee of Men were appointed to search the Men, and a Committee of Women to search the Women, to see if they had any Thing of Weight about them, particularly Pins. After the Scrutiny was over, a huge great Bible belonging to the Justice of the Place was provided, and a Lane through the Populace was made from the Justices House to the Scales, which were fixed on a Gallows erected for that Purpose opposite to the House, that the Justice's Wife and the rest of the Ladies might see the Trial, without coming amongst the Mob; and after the Manner of "Moorfields", a large Ring was also made. Then came out of the House a grave tall Man carrying the Holy Writ before the supposed Wizard, &c. (as solemnly as the Sword-bearer of "London" before the Lord Mayor) the Wizard was first put in the Scale, and over him was read a Chapter out of the Books of Moses, and then the Bible was put in the other Scale, (which being kept down before) was immediately let go; but to great Surprize of the Spectators, Flesh and Bones came down plump, and outweighed that great good Book by abundance. After the same Manner, the others were served, and their Lumps of Mortality severally were too heavy for Moses and all the Prophets and Apostles. This being over, the Accusers and the rest of the Mob, not satisfied with this Experiment, would have the Trial by Water; accordingly a most solemn Procession was made to the Mill-pond; where both Accused and Accusers being stripp'd (saying only to the Women their Shifts) were bound Hand and Foot, and severally placed in the water, lengthways, from the Side of a Barge or Flat, having for Security only a rope about the Middle of each, which was held by some in the Flat. The Accuser Man being thin and spare, with some Difficulty began to sink at last; but the rest every one of them swam very light upon the Water. A Sailor in the Flat jump'd out upon the



Back of the Man accused, thinking to drive him down to the Bottom; but the Person bound, without any Help, came up some time before the other. The Woman Accuser, being told that she did not sink, would be duck'd a second Time; when she swam again as light as before. Upon which she declared, That she believed the Accused had bewitched her to make her so light, and that she would be duck'd again a Hundred Times, but she would duck the Devil out of her. The accused Man, being surprised at his own Swimming, was not so confident of his Innocence as before, but said, "If I am a Witch, it is more than I know." The more thinking Part of the Spectators were of Opinion, that any Person so bound and plac'd in the Water (unless they were mere Skin and Bones), would swim till their Breath was gone, and their Lungs fill'd with Water. But it being the general Belief of the Populace, that the Womens Shifts, and the Garters with which they were bound help'd to support them; it is said they are to be tried again the next warm Weather, naked.—*The Pennsylvania Gazette*, October 15-22, 1730.\*

\* *New Jersey Archives*, 1st series, XI (Paterson, 1894), Part II.



*Peter Kalm Studies Ethnic Groups  
in New Jersey 1748-1751*

Peter Kalm, born in Finland in 1716 and educated there and in Sweden, was elected to the Swedish Academy of Sciences and in 1747 was appointed Professor of Natural History at Åbo Academy in Finland. At the suggestion of the great botanist, Carolus Linnaeus, under whom he had studied, he was sent to North America as a representative of the Academy of Sciences to seek out new plants useful for northern climates. After many delays he reached Philadelphia on September 15, 1748. Although economic botany and plant identification were his primary interests, he had a sociologist's desire to investigate the ways of living of the Swedes and Indians of South Jersey and Delaware. He sought out the oldest settlers around Raccoon Creek to question about seventeenth-century life and customs. Exploring New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New York, and southern Canada, Peter Kalm remained nearly four years in America. He returned to Sweden in June, 1751, to arrange his collections and to prepare his *Travels in North America* for publication.

*Oct. 27th* [1748]. In the morning I set out [from Philadelphia] on a little journey to New York, in company with Mr. Cock, with a view to see the country, and to enquire into the safest road, which I could take in going to



Canada, through the desert or uninhabited country between it and the English provinces.

That part where we travelled at present was pretty well inhabited on both sides of the road, by Englishmen, Germans, and other Europeans. Plains and hills of different dimensions were seen alternately: mountains and stones I never saw, excepting a few pebbles. Near almost every farm was a great orchard with peach and apple-trees, some of which were yet loaded with fruit.

The enclosures were in some parts low enough for the cattle to leap over them with ease; to prevent this the hogs had a triangular wooden yoke; and to the horse's neck was fastened a piece of wood, which at the lower end had a tooth or hook, fastening in the enclosure, and stopping the horse, just when it lifted its fore feet to leap over; but I know not whether this be a good invention with regard to horses. They were likewise kept in bounds by a piece of wood, one end of which was fastened to one of the fore feet, and the other to one of the hind feet, and it forced them to walk pretty slowly, as at the same time it made it impossible for them to leap over the enclosures. To me it appeared that the horses were subject to all sorts of dangerous accidents from this piece of wood.

Near New Frankfurt we road over a little stone bridge, and somewhat further, eight or nine English miles from Philadelphia, we passed over another, which was likewise of stone. There are not yet any milestones put up in the country, and the inhabitants only compute the distances by guess. We were afterwards brought over a river in a ferry, where we paid threëpence a person for ourselves and our horses.

About noon we came to New Bristol, a small town in Pennsylvania, on the banks of the Delaware, about fifteen English miles from Philadelphia. Most of the houses are built of stone, and stand asunder. The inhabitants carry on a small trade, though most of them get their goods from Philadelphia. On the other side of the river, almost



directly opposite to New Bristol, lies the town of Burlington, in which the governor of New Jersey resides.

Country seats appeared on both sides of the roads. But soon we came into a lane enclosed with pales on both sides, including pretty great corn-fields. Next followed a wood, and we perceived, for the space of four English miles, nothing but woods, and a very poor soil, on which the lupinus perennis grew plentifully and succeeded well. . . . In the evening we arrived at Trenton, after having previously passed the Delaware in a ferry.

*Oct. 28th.* Trenton is a long narrow town, situate at some distance from the river Delaware, on a sandy plain; it belongs to New Jersey, and they reckon it thirty miles from Philadelphia. It has two small churches, one for the people belonging to the church of England, the other for the Presbyterians. The houses are partly built of stone, though most of them are made of wood or planks, commonly two stories high, together with a cellar below the building, and a kitchen under ground, close to the cellar. The houses stand at a moderate distance from one another. They are commonly built so that the street passes along one side of the houses, while gardens of different dimensions bound the other side; in each garden is a draw-well; the place is reckoned very healthy. Our landlord told us, that twenty-two years ago, when he first settled here, there was hardly more than one house; but from that time Trenton has encreased so much that there are at present near a hundred houses. The houses were within divided into several rooms by their partitions of boards. The inhabitants of the place carried on a small trade with the goods which they got from Philadelphia, but their chief gain consisted in the arrival of the numerous travellers between that city and New York; for they are commonly brought by the Trenton yatches [sic] from Philadelphia to Trenton, or from thence to Philadelphia. But from Trenton further to New Brunswick, the travellers go in the waggons which set out every day for that place. Several of the inhabitants, however, like-

wise subsist on the carriage for all sorts of goods, which are every day sent in great quantities either from Philadelphia to New York or from thence to the former places; for between Philadelphia and Trenton all goods go by water, but between Trenton and New Brunswick they are all carried by land, and both these conveniences belong to the people of this town.

For the yatchts [sic] which go between this place and the capital of Pennsylvania, they usually pay a shilling and sixpence of Pennsylvania currency per person, and every one pays besides for his baggage. Every passenger must provide meat and drink for himself, or pay some settled fare: between Trenton and New Brunswick a person pays two shillings and sixpence, and the baggage is likewise paid for separately.

We continued our journey in the morning; the country through which we passed was for the greatest part level, though sometimes there were some long hills; some parts were covered with trees, but far the greater part of the country was without woods; on the other hand, I never saw any place in America, the towns excepted, so well peopled. An old man, who lived in this neighbourhood, and accompanied us for some part of the road, however assured me, that he could well remember the time when between Trenton and New Brunswick there were not above three farms, and he reckoned it was about fifty and some odd years ago. During the greater part of the day we had very extensive corn-fields on both sides of the road; and commonly towards the south the country had a great declivity. Near almost every farm was a spacious orchard full of peaches and apple-trees, and in some of them the fruit was fallen from the trees in such quantities as to cover nearly the whole surface. Part of it they left to rot, since they could not take it all in and consume it. Wherever we passed by, we were always welcome to go into the fine orchards, and gather our pockets full of the choicest fruit, without the possessor's so much as looking after it. Cherry-trees were planted near the farms, on the roads, &c.



The barns \* had a peculiar kind of construction hereabouts, which I will give a concise description of. The whole building was very great, so as almost to equal a small church; the roof was pretty high, covered with wooden shingles, and declining on both sides, but not steep: the walls which support it were not much higher than a full-grown man; but, on the other hand, the breadth of the building was the more considerable: in the middle was the threshing-floor, and above it, or in the loft or garret, they put the corn which was not yet threshed, the straw, or any thing else, according to the season: on one side were stables for the horses, and on the other for the cows. And the small cattle had likewise their particular stables or styes; on both ends of the buildings were great gates, so that one could come in with a cart and horses through one of them, and go out at the other: here was therefore under one roof the threshing-floor, the barn, the stables, the hay-loft, the coach-house, &c. This kind of buildings is chiefly made use of by the Dutch and Germans; for it is to be observed, that the country between Trenton and New York is inhabited by few Englishmen, but, instead of them, by Germans or Dutch,\*\* the latter of which especially are numerous.

Before I proceed I find it necessary to remark one thing with regard to the Indians, or old Americans. For this account may perhaps meet with readers, who, like many people of my acquaintance, may be of the opinion that all North America was almost wholly inhabited by savage or heathen nations, and they may be astonished that I do not mention them more frequently in my account. Others may perhaps imagine, that when I mention in my journal that the country is much cultivated, that in several places

\* The author seems to comprehend more by this word than what it commonly includes, for he describes it as a building which contains both a barn and stables. F. [Translator's note in edition of 1772.]

\*\* This kind of building is frequent in the north of Germany, Holland, and Prussia, and therefore it is no wonder that it is employed by people who were used to them in their own country. F. [Translator's note in edition of 1772.]



houses of stone or wood are built, round which are corn-fields, gardens, and orchards, that I am speaking of the property of the Indians; to undeceive them, I here give the following explication. The country, especially all along the coasts, in the English colonies, is inhabited by Europeans, who in some places are already so numerous that few parts of Europe are more populous. The Indians have sold the country to the Europeans, and have retired further up: in most parts you may travel twenty Swedish miles, or about a hundred and twenty English miles from the sea-shore before you reach the first habitations of the Indians: and it is very possible for a person to have been at Philadelphia and other towns on the seashore for half a year together without so much as seeing an Indian. . . .

About nine English miles from Trenton, the ground began to change its colour; hitherto it consisted of a considerable quantity of hazel-coloured clay, but at present the earth was a reddish brown, so that it sometimes had a purple colour, and sometimes looked like logwood. This colour came from a red limestone, which approached very near to that which is on the mountain Kinnekulle in West Gothland, and makes a particular stratum in the rock. The American red limestone therefore seems to be merely a variety of that I saw in Sweden, it lay in strata of two or three fingers thickness; but was divisible into many thinner plates or shivers, whose surface was seldom flat and smooth, but commonly rough: the strata themselves were frequently cut off by horizontal cracks. When these stones were exposed to the air they, by degrees, shivered and withered into pieces, and at last turned into dust. The people of this neighbourhood did not know how to make any use of it; the soil above is sometimes rich and sometimes poor: in such places where the people had lately dug new wells, I perceived that most of the rubbish which was thrown up consisted of such a species of stone. This reddish brown earth we always saw till near New Brunswick, where it is particularly plentiful. The banks of the river shewed, in many places, nothing

but strata of limestone, which did not run horizontally but dipped very much.

About ten o'clock in the morning we came to Princetown, which is situated in a plain. Most of the houses are built of wood, and are not contiguous, so that there are gardens and pastures between them. As these parts were sooner inhabited by Europeans than Pennsylvania, the woods are likewise more cut away, and the country more cultivated, so that one might have imagined himself to be in Europe.

We now thought of continuing our journey, but as it began to rain very heavily, and continued so during the whole day and part of the night, we were forced to stay till next morning.

*Oct. 29th.* This morning we proceeded on our journey. The country was pretty well peopled; however there were yet great woods in many places: they all consisted of deciduous trees; and I did not perceive a single tree of the fir kind till I came to New Brunswick. The ground was level, and did not seem to be every where of the richest kind. In some places it had hillocks, losing themselves almost imperceptibly in the plains, which were commonly crossed by a rivulet. Almost near every farm house were great orchards. The houses were commonly built of timber, and at some distance by themselves stood the ovens for baking, consisting commonly of clay.

On a hill covered with trees, and called Rock-hill,\* I saw several pieces of stone or rock, so big that they would have required three men to roll them down. But besides these there were few great stones in the country; for most of those which we saw could easily be lifted up by a single man. In another place we perceived a number of little round pebbles, but we did not meet with either mountains or rocks.

About noon we arrived at New Brunswick, a pretty

\* Rocky Hill. [Ed.]



little town in the province of New Jersey, in a valley on the west side of the river Rareton; on account of its low situation it cannot be seen (coming from Pennsylvania) before you get to the top of the hill, which is quite close up to it: the town extends north and south along the river. The German inhabitants have two churches, one of stone and the other of wood; the English church is of the latter kind, but the presbyterians were building one of stone: the wooden houses are not made of strong timber but merely of boards or planks, which are within joined by laths: such houses as consist of both wood and bricks have only the wall towards the street of bricks, all the other sides being merely of planks. This peculiar kind of ostentation would easily lead a traveller who passes through the town in haste, to believe that most of the houses are built of bricks. The houses were covered with shingles; before each door there was an elevation, to which you ascended by some steps from the street; it resembled a small balcony, and had some benches on both sides, on which the people sat in the evening in order to enjoy the fresh air, and to have the pleasure of viewing those who passed by. The town has only one street lengthways, and at its northern extremity there is a street across; both of these are of a considerable length.

The river Rareton passed hard by the town, and is deep enough for great yachts to come up; its breadth near the town is within the reach of common gun-shot; the tide comes up several miles beyond the town, the yachts were placed lengthways along the bridge; the river has very high and pretty steep banks on both sides, but near the town there are no such banks, it being situated in a low valley. One of the streets is almost entirely inhabited by Dutchmen, who came hither from Albany, and for that reason they call it Albany-street. These Dutch only keep company among themselves, and seldom or ever go amongst the other inhabitants, living as it were quite separate from them. New Brunswick belongs to New Jersey; however the greatest part, or rather all its trade



is to New York, which is about forty English miles distant; to that place they send corn, flour in great quantities, bread, several other necessaries, a great quantity of linseed, boards, timber, wooden vessels, and all sorts of carpenter's work. Several small yachts are every day going backwards and forwards between these two towns. The inhabitants likewise get a considerable profit from the travellers who every hour pass through on the high road.

The steep banks consist of the red limestone, which I have before described. It is here plainly visible that the strata are not horizontal, but considerably dipping, especially towards the south. The weather and the air has in a great measure dissolved the stone here: I enquired whether it could not be made use of; but was assured, that in building houses it was entirely useless; for though it is hard and permanent under ground, yet, on being dug out, and exposed for some time to the air, it first crumbles into greater, then lesser pieces, and at last is converted into dust. An inhabitant of this town, however, tried to build a house with this sort of stone, but its outsides being exposed to the air, soon began to change so much, that the owner was obliged to put boards all over the wall to preserve it from falling to pieces. The people however pretend that this stone is a very good manure, if it is scattered upon the corn-fields in its rubbish state, for it is said to stifle the weeds: it is therefore made use of both on the fields and in the gardens.\*

Towards the evening we continued our journey, and were ferried over the river Rareton, together with our horses. In a very dry summer, and when the tide has ebbed, it is by no means dangerous to ride through this river. On the opposite shore the red juniper tree was pretty abundant. The country through which we now passed was pretty well inhabited, but in most places full of small pebbles.

\* Probably it is a stone marle; a blue and reddish species of this kind is used with good success in the county of Bamff in Scotland. [Author's footnote.]

We saw guinea-hens in many places where we passed by. They sometimes run about the fields, at a good distance from the farm houses.

About eight English miles from New Brunswick the road divided. We took that on the left, for that on the right leads to Amboy, the chief sea-town in New Jersey. The country now made a charming appearance; some parts being high, others forming vallies, and all of them well cultivated. From the hills you had a prospect of houses, farms, gardens, corn-fields, forests, lakes, islands, roads, and pastures.

In most of the places where we travelled this day the colour of the ground was reddish. I make no doubt but there were strata of the before mentioned red limestone under it. Sometimes the ground looked very like a cinna-bar ore.

Wood-bridge is a small village in a plain, consisting of a few houses: we stopped here to rest our horses a little. The houses were most of them built of boards; the walls had a covering of shingles on the outside; these shingles were round at one end, and all of a length in each row: some of the houses had an Italian roof, but the greatest part had roofs with pediments; most of them were covered with shingles. In most places we met with wells, and buckets to draw up the water.

Elizabeth-town is a small town, about twenty English miles distant from New Brunswick: we arrived there immediately after sun-setting. Its houses are mostly scattered, but well built, and generally of boards, with a roof of shingles, and walls covered with the same. There were likewise some stone buildings. A little rivulet passes through the town from west to east; it is almost reduced to nothing when the water ebbs away, but with the full tide they can bring up small yachts. Here were two fine churches, each of which made a much better appearance than any one in Philadelphia. That belonging to the people of the church of England was built of bricks, had a steeple with bells, and a balustrade round it, from which there was a prospect of the country. The meeting-



house of the presbyterians was built of wood, but had both a steeple and bells, and was, like the other houses, covered with shingles. The town-house made likewise a good appearance, and had a spire with a bell. The banks of the river were red, from the reddish limestone; both in about the town were many gardens and orchards; and it might truly be said, that Elizabeth-town was situated in a garden, the ground hereabouts being even and well cultivated.

At night we took up our lodgings at Elizabeth-town Point, an inn, about two English miles distant from the town, and the last house on this road belonging to New Jersey. The man who had taken the lease of it, together with that of the ferry near it, told us that he paid a hundred and ten pounds of Pennsylvania currency to the owner.

*Oct. 30th.* We were ready to proceed on our journey at sun-rising. Near the inn where we had passed the night, we were to cross a river, and we were brought over, together with our horses, in a wretched half-rotten ferry. This river came a considerable way out of the country, and small vessels could easily sail up it. This was a great advantage to the inhabitants of the neighbouring country, giving them an opportunity of sending their goods to New York with great ease; and they even made use of it for trading to the West Indies. The country was low on both sides of the river, and consisted of meadows. But there was no other hay to be got than such as commonly grows in swampy grounds; for as the tide comes up in this river, these low plains were sometimes overflowed when the water was high. The people hereabouts are said to be troubled in summer with immense swarms of gnats or musquitos, which sting them and their cattle. This was ascribed to the low swampy meadows, on which these insects deposit their eggs, which are afterwards hatched by the heat.

As soon as we had got over the river, we were upon Staten Island, which is quite surrounded with salt water.



This is the beginning of the province of New York. Most of the people settled here were Dutchmen, or such as came hither whilst the Dutch were yet in possession of this place. But at present they were scattered among the English and other European inhabitants, and spoke English for the greatest part. The prospect of the country here is extremely pleasing, as it is not so much intercepted by woods, but offers more cultivated fields to view. Hills and vallies still continued, as usual, to change alternately.

The farms were near each other. Most of the houses were wooden; however some were built of stone. Near every farm-house was an orchard with apple-trees. Here, and on the whole journey before, I observed a press for cyder at every farm-house, made in different manners, by which the people had already pressed the juice out of the apples, or were just busied with that work. Some people made use of a wheel made of thick oak planks, which turned upon a wooden axis, by means of a horse drawing it, much in the same manner as the people do with woad; except that here the wheel runs upon planks. Cherry-trees stood along the enclosures round the corn-fields.

The corn-fields were excellently situated, and either sown with wheat or rye. They had no ditches on their sides, but (as is usual in England) only furrows, drawn at greater or lesser distances from each other.

In one place we observed a water-mill, so situated that when the tide flowed the water ran into a pond; but when it ebbed, the floodgate was drawn up, and the mill driven by the water flowing out of the pond.

About eight o'clock in the morning we arrived at the place where we were to cross the water, in order to come to the town of New York. We left our horses here, and went on board the yacht: we were to go eight English miles by sea; however, we landed about eleven o'clock in the morning at New York. We saw a kind of wild ducks in immense quantities upon the water: the people called them blue bills, and they seemed to be the same with

our pintail ducks, or Linnæus's *anas acuta*: but they were very shy. On the shore of the continent we saw some very fine sloping corn-fields, which at present looked quite green, the corn being already come up. We saw many boats, in which the fishermen were busy catching oysters: to this purpose they make use of a kind of rakes with long iron teeth bent inwards; these they used either single, or two tied together, in such a manner that the teeth were turned towards each other.

*Oct. 31st.* About New York they find innumerable quantities of excellent oysters, and there are few places which have oysters of such an exquisite taste, and of so great a size: they are pickled and sent to the West Indies and other places; which is done in the following manner. As soon as the oysters are caught, their shells are opened, and the fish washed clean; some water is then poured into a pot, the oysters are put into it, and they must boil for a while; the pot is then taken off from the fire again, the oysters taken out and put upon a dish, till they are somewhat dry: then you take some mace, allspice, black pepper, and as much vinegar as you think is sufficient to give a sourish taste. All this is mixed with half the liquor in which the oysters were boiled, and put over the fire again. While you boil it, great care is to be taken in scumming off the thick scum; at last the whole pickle is poured into a glass or earthen vessel, the oysters are put to it, and the vessel is well stopped to keep out the air. In this manner the oysters will keep for years together, and may be sent to the most distant parts of the world. . . .

The Indians, who inhabited the coast before the arrival of the Europeans, have made oysters and other shell-fish their chief food; and at present, whenever they come to a salt water, where oysters are to be got, they are very active in catching them, and sell them in great quantities to other Indians, who live higher up the country: for this reason you see immense numbers of oyster and muscle shells piled up near such places, where you are



certain that the Indians formerly built their huts. This circumstance ought to make us cautious in maintaining, that in all places on the sea-shore, or higher up in the country, where such heaps of shells are to be met with, the latter have lain there ever since the time that those places were overflowed by the sea.

*Nov. Ist.* . . . Among the numerous shells which are found on the sea-shore, there are some, which by the English here are called clams, and which bear some resemblance to the human ear. They have a considerable thickness, and are chiefly white, excepting the pointed end, which both without and within has a blue colour, between purple and violet. They are met with in vast numbers on the sea-shore of New York, Long Island, and other places. The shells contain a large animal, which is eaten both by the Indians and Europeans settled here.

A considerable commerce is carried on in this article with such Indians as live further up the country. When these people inhabited the coast they were able to catch their own clams, which at that time made a great part of their food; but at present this is the business of the Dutch and English, who live in Long Island and other maritime provinces. As soon as the shells are caught, the fish is taken out of them, drawn upon a wire, and hung up in the open air, in order to dry by the heat of the sun. When this is done, the flesh is put into proper vessels, and carried to Albany upon the river Hudson; there the Indians buy them, and reckon them one of their best dishes. Besides the Europeans, many of the native Indians come annually down to the sea-shore, in order to catch clams, proceeding with them afterwards in the manner I have just described.

The shells of these clams are used by the Indians as money, and make what they call their wampum; they likewise serve their women for an ornament, when they intend to appear in full dress. These wampums are properly made of the purple parts of the shells, which the Indians value more than the white parts. A traveller, who



goes to trade with the Indians, and is well stocked with them, may become a considerable gainer; but if he take gold coin, or bullion, he will undoubtedly be a loser; for the Indians, who live farther up the country, put little or no value upon these metals which we reckon so precious, as I have frequently observed in the course of my travels. The Indians formerly made their own wampums, though not without a deal of trouble; but at present the Europeans employ themselves that way, especially the inhabitants of Albany who get a considerable profit by it.

*Dec. 13th.* In the morning I returned to Raccoon.

On many trees in the woods of the country, either on one of the sides, or in the middle of a branch, or round a branch, are greater or lesser knobs or excrescences. Sometimes there is only a single one in a tree. In the size there is a considerable difference, for some of these knobs are as big and bigger than a man's head, others are only small. They project above the surface of the tree, like a tumor. Sometimes a tree was quite covered with them. They do not lie on one side only, but often form a circle round a branch, and even round the stem itself. The trees which have these knobs are not always great ones, but some not above a fathom high. . . . When a knob on a little tree is cut open, we commonly find a number of little worms in it, which are sometimes also common in the greater knobs. This shews the origin of the knobs in general. The tree is stung by insects, which lay their eggs under the bark, and from the eggs worms are afterwards hatched. . . . Formerly the Swedes, and more especially the Finlanders, who are settled here, made dishes, bowls, etc. of the knobs which were on the ash trees. These vessels, I am told, were very pretty, and looked as if they were made of curled wood. . . . At present the Swedes no longer make use of such bowls and dishes, but make use of earthenware, or vessels made of other wood. . . .

The roads are good or bad according to the difference of the ground. In a sandy soil the roads are dry and good; but in a clayey one they are bad. The people here are

likewise very careless in mending them. If a rivulet be not very great, they do not make a bridge over it; and travellers may do as well as they can to get over: Therefore many people are in danger of being drowned in such places, where the water is risen by a heavy rain. When a tree falls across the road, it is seldom cut off, to keep the road clear, but the people go round it. This they can easily do, since the ground is very even, and without stones; has no underwood or shrubs, and the trees on it stand much asunder. Hence the roads here have so many bendings.

The farms are most of them single, and you seldom meet with even two together, except in towns, or places which are intended for towns; therefore there are but few villages. Each farm has its corn-fields, its woods, its pastures and meadows. This may perhaps have contributed something towards the extirpation of wolves, that they everywhere met with houses, and people who fired at them. Two or three farm-houses have generally a pasture or a wood in common, and there are seldom more together; but most of them have their own grounds divided from the others.

*Dec. 18th.* All persons who intend to be married, must either have their banns published three times from the pulpit, or get a licence from the governor. The banns of the poorer sort of people only are published, and all those who are a little above them get a licence from the governor. In that licence he declares that he has examined the affair, and found no obstacles to hinder the marriage, and therefore he allows it. The licence is signed by the governor; but, before he delivers it, the bridegroom must come to him in company with two creditable and well-known men, who answer for him, that there really is no lawful obstacle to his marriage. These men must subscribe a certificate, in which they make themselves answerable for, and engaged to bear all the damages of, any complaints made by the relations of the persons who intend to be married, by their guardians, their masters,



or by those to whom they may have been promised before. For all these circumstances the governor cannot possibly know. They further certify that nothing hinders the intended marriage, and that nothing is to be feared on that account. For a licence they pay five and twenty shillings, in Pensylvanian money, at Philadelphia. The governor keeps twenty shillings, or one pound, and the remaining five shillings belong to his secretary. The licence is directed only to protestant clergymen. The quakers have a peculiar licence to their marriages. But as it would be very troublesome, especially for those who live far from the governor's residence, to come up to town for every licence, and to bring the men with them who are to answer for them, the clergymen in the country commonly take a sufficient number of licences and certificates, which are ready printed, with blanks left for the names; they give them occasionally, and get the common money, one pound five shillings, for each of them, besides something for their trouble. The money that they have collected, they deliver to the governor as soon as they come to town, together with the certificates, which are signed by two men, as above-mentioned; they then take again as many licences as they think sufficient; from hence we may conceive that the governors in the English North American colonies, besides their salaries, have very considerable revenues.\*

There is a great mixture of people of all sorts in these colonies, partly of such as are lately come over from Europe, and partly of such as have not yet any settled place of abode. Hence it frequently happens that when a clergyman has married such a couple, the bridegroom says he has no money at present, but would pay the fee

\* Though it is very desirable that the members of the church of England may enjoy the same religious liberty in America as the rest of their fellow-subjects, and have every part of their religious establishment among themselves, and that therefore bishops might be introduced in America, it is however to be feared this will prove one of the obstacles to the introducing of English bishops in that part of the world. [Author's footnote.]



at the first opportunity: however he goes off with his wife, and the clergyman never gets his due. . . .

However, though the parson has got licences to marry a couple, yet if he be not very careful, he may get into very disagreeable circumstances; for in many parts of the country there is a law made, which, notwithstanding the governor's licence, greatly limits a clergyman in some cases. He is not allowed to marry a couple who are not yet of age, unless he be certain of the consent of their parents. He cannot marry such strangers as have bound themselves to serve a certain number of years, in order to pay off their passage from Europe, without the consent of their masters; if he acts without their consent, or in opposition to it, he must pay a penalty of fifty pounds, Pennsylvania currency, though he has the licence, and the certificate of the two men who are to answer for any objection. But parents or masters give themselves no concern about these men, but take hold of the clergyman, who is at liberty to prosecute those who gave him the certificate, and to get his damages repaid. With the consent of the parents and masters, he may marry people without danger to himself. No clergyman is allowed to marry a negro with one of European extraction, or he must pay a penalty of one hundred pounds, according to the laws of Pennsylvania.

There is a very peculiar diverting custom here, in regard to marrying. When a man dies, and leaves his widow in great poverty, or so that she cannot pay all the debts with what little she has left; and that, notwithstanding all that, there is a person who will marry her, she must be married in no other habit than her shift. By that means she leaves to the creditors of her deceased husband her cloaths, and every thing which they find in the house. But she is not obliged to pay them any thing more, because she has left them all she was worth, even her cloaths, keeping only a shift to cover her, which the laws of the country cannot refuse her. As soon as she is married, and no longer belongs to the deceased husband, she puts on the cloaths which the second has given her. The

Swedish clergymen here have often been obliged to marry a woman in a dress which is so little expensive and so light. This appears from the registers kept in the churches, and from the accounts given by the clergymen themselves. . . .

*Mar. 24th.* [1749] . . . The hay-stacks were commonly made here after the Swedish manner, that is, in the shape of a thick and short cone, without any cover over it. When the people wanted any hay they cut some of it loose, by a peculiar sort of knife. However, many people, especially in the environs of Philadelphia, had hay stacks with roofs which could be moved up and down. Near the surface of the ground were some poles laid, on which the hay was put, that the air may pass freely through it. I have mentioned before, that the cattle have no stables in winter or summer, but must go in the open air, during the whole year. However, in Philadelphia, and in a few other places, I have seen that those people who made use of the latter kind of hay-stacks, viz. that with moveable roofs, commonly had built them so that the hay was put a fathom or two above the ground, on a floor of boards, under which the cattle could stand in winter, when the weather was very bad. Under this floor of boards were partitions of boards on all the sides, which however stood far enough from each other to afford the air a free passage.

*Mar. 27th.* In the morning I went in order to speak with the old Swede, Nils Gustafson, who was ninety-one years of age. I intended to get an account of the former state of New Sweden. The country which I now passed through was the same with that which I had found in those parts of North America I had hitherto seen. It was diversified with a variety of little hills and vallies: the former consisted of a very pale brick-coloured earth, composed, for the greatest part, of a fine sand mixed with some mould. I saw no mountains, and no stones, except some little stones, not above the size of a pigeon's or hen's egg, lying



on the hills, and commonly consisting of white quartz, which was generally smooth and polished on the outside. At the bottom, along the vallies, ran sometimes rivulets of chrystalline water, the bottom of which was covered with such white pebbles as I have just described. Now and then I met with a swamp in the vallies. Sometimes there appeared, though at considerable distances from each other, some farms frequently surrounded on all sides by corn-fields. Almost on every corn-field there yet remained the stumps of trees, which had been cut down; a proof that this country has not been long cultivated, being overgrown with trees forty or fifty years ago. The farms did not lie together in villages, or so that several of them were near each other, in one place; but they were all separated from one another. Each countryman lived by himself, had his own ground about his house, separated from the property of his neighbour. The greatest part of the land, between these farms so distant from each other, was overgrown with woods, consisting of tall trees. Here and there appeared some fallen trees, thrown down by the wind; some were torn up by the roots; others broken quite across the stem. In some parts of the country the trees were thick and tall, but in others I found large tracts covered with young trees, only twenty, thirty, or forty years old: these tracts, I am told, the Indians formerly had their little plantations in. I did not yet see any marks of the leaves coming out, and I did not meet with a flower in the woods; for the cold winds, which had blown for several days together successively, had hindered this. The woods consisted chiefly of several species of oak, and of hiccory. The swamps were filled with red maple, which was all now in flower, and made these places look quite red at a distance.

The old Swede, whom I came to visit, seemed to be still pretty hearty and fresh, and could walk by the help of a stick; but he complained of having felt, in these latter years, some pains in his back and limbs, that he could keep his feet warm in winter only by sitting near the fire. He said he could very well remember the state of this



country, at the time when the Dutch possessed it, and in what circumstances it was in before the arrival of the English. He added, that he had brought a great deal of timber to Philadelphia, at the time that it was built. He still remembered to have seen a great forest on the spot where Philadelphia now stands. The father of this old man had been one of the Swedes who were sent over from Sweden, in order to cultivate and inhabit this country. He returned me the following answers to the questions I asked him.

*Quere*, Whence did the Swedes, who first came hither, get their cattle? The old man answered, that when he was a boy, his father and other people had told him, that the Swedes brought their horses, cows, and oxen, sheep, hogs, geese, and ducks, over with them. There were but a few of a kind at first, but they multiplied greatly here afterwards. He said, that Maryland, New York, New England, and Virginia, had been sooner inhabited by Europeans than this part of the country; but he did not know whether the Swedes ever got cattle of any kind from any of these provinces, except from New York. Whilst he was yet very young, the Swedes, as well as he could remember, had already sufficient stock of all these animals. The hogs had propagated so much at that time, there being so great a plenty of food for them, that they ran about wild in the woods, and that the people were obliged to shoot them, when they intended to make use of them. The old man likewise recollected, that horses ran wild in the woods, in some places; but he could not tell whether any other kind of cattle turned wild. He thought that the cattle grow as big at present as they did when he was a boy, supposing they get as much food as they want; for in his younger years, food for all kinds of cattle was so plentiful, and even so superfluous, that the cattle were extremely well fed by it. A cow at that time gave more milk than three or four do at present; but she got more and better food at that time, than three or four get now.

*Quere*, Whence did the English in Pennsylvania and New Jersey get their cattle? They bought them chiefly

from the Swedes and Dutch, who lived here; and a small number were brought over from Old England. The form of the cattle, and the unanimous accounts of the English here, confirmed what the old man had said.

*Quere*, Whence did the Swedes here settled get their several sorts of corn, and likewise their fruit-trees and kitchen-herbs? The old man told me that he had frequently heard, when he was young, that the Swedes had brought all kinds of corn, and fruits, and herbs, or seeds of them, with them. For, as far as he could recollect, the Swedes here were plentifully provided with wheat, rye, barley, and oats. The Swedes, at that time, brewed all their beer of malt made of barley, and likewise made good strong beer. They had already got distilling vessels, and made good brandy. Every one among them had not a distilling vessel, but when they intended to distil, they lent their apparatus to one another. At first they were forced to buy maize of the Indians, both for sowing and eating. But after continuing for some years in this country, they extended their maize plantations so much that the Indians were obliged, some time after, to buy maize of the Swedes. The old man likewise assured me, that the Indians formerly, and about the time of the first settling of the Swedes, were more industrious and laborious in every branch of business than they are now. Whilst he was young, the Swedes had a great quantity of very good white cabbage. Winter cabbage, or cale, which was left on the ground during winter, was likewise abundant. They were likewise well provided with turnips: in winter they kept them in holes under ground; but the old man did not like that method; for when they had lain too long in these holes, in winter they became spongy. He preferred that method of keeping them which is now commonly adopted, and which consists in the following particulars. After the turnips have been taken out of the ground in the autumn, and exposed to the air for a while, they are put in a heap upon the field, covered with straw at the top, and on the sides, and with earth over the straw. By this means they stand the winter very



well here, and do not become spongy. The Indians are very fond of turnips, and called them sometimes hopniss, sometimes katniss. The Swedes likewise cultivated carrots, in the old man's younger years. Among the fruit-trees were apple-trees: they were not numerous, and only some of the Swedes had little orchards of them, whilst others had not a single tree. None of the Swedes made cyder, for it is come into use but lately. The Swedes brewed strong beer and small beer, and it was their common liquor; but at present there are very few who brew beer, for they commonly prepare cyder. Cherry-trees were abundant when Nils Gustafson was yet a boy. Peach-trees were at that time more numerous than at present, and the Swedes brewed beer of the fruit. The old man could not tell from whence the Swedes first of all got the peach-trees.

During the younger years of this old man, the Indians were every where spread in the country; they lived among the Swedes, and were scattered every where. The old man mentioned Swedes who had been killed by the Indians; and he mentioned two of his countrymen who had been scalped by them. They stole children from the Swedes, and carried them off, and they were never heard of again. Once they came and killed some Swedes, and took the upper part of their skulls with them; on that occasion they scalped a little girl, and would have killed her, if they had not perceived a boat full of Swedes, making towards them which obliged them to fly; the girl was afterwards healed, but never got any hair on her head again: she was married, had many children, and lived to a considerable age. At another time the Indians attempted to kill the mother of this old man, but she vigorously resisted them, and in the mean while a number of Swedes came up, who frightened the Indians, and made them run away. Nobody could ever find out to what nation of Indians these owe their origin; for in general they lived very peaceably with the Swedes.

The Indians had their little plantations of maize in many places; before the Swedes came into this country,



the Indians had no other than their hatchets made of stone. In order to make maize plantations they cut out the trees, and prepared the ground in the manner I have before mentioned. They planted but little maize, for they lived chiefly upon hunting; and throughout the greatest part of summer, their hopniss, or the roots of the glycine apios, their katniss, or the roots of the sagittaria sagittifolia, their tawho or the roots of the arum virginicum, their taw-kee or orontium aquaticum, and whortle berries, were their chief food. They had no horses or other cattle which could be subservient to them in their agriculture, and therefore did all the work with their own hands. After they had reaped the maize, they kept it in holes under ground, during winter; they dug these holes seldom deeper than a fathom, and often not so deep; at the bottom and on the sides they put broad pieces of bark. The andropogon bicorne, a grass which grows in great plenty here, and which the English call Indian grass, and the Swedes *wilskt* grass \* supplies the want of bark; the ears of maize are then thrown into the hole, and covered to a considerable thickness with the same grass, and the whole is again covered by a sufficient quantity of earth: the maize kept extremely well in those holes, and each Indian had several such subterraneous stores, where his corn lay safe, though he travelled far from it. After the Swedes had settled here, and planted apple-trees and peach-trees, the Indians, and especially their women, sometimes stole the fruit in great quantity; but when the Swedes caught them, they gave them a severe drubbing, took the fruit from them, and often their clothes too. In the same manner it happened sometimes, that as the Swedes had a great increase of hogs, and they ran about in the woods, the Indians killed some of them privately and feasted upon them; but there were likewise some Indians who bought hogs of the Swedes and fed them; they taught them to run after them like dogs,

\* Grass of the savages. [Author's note.] The andropogon is now commonly called beard grass; *wilskt* is clearly an error in printing, the word is *wild*, the Swedish term for a savage. [Ed.]

and whenever they removed from one place to another, their hogs always followed them. Some of those Indians got such numbers of these animals, that they afterwards gave them to the Swedes for a mere trifle. When the Swedes arrived in America the Indians had no domestic animals, except a species of little dogs. The Indians were extremely fond of milk and ate it with pleasure when the Swedes gave it them. They likewise prepared a kind of liquor like milk in the following manner: they gathered a great number of hiccory nuts, and walnuts from the black walnut-trees, dried and crushed them; then they took out the kernels, pounded them so fine as flour, and mixed this flour with water, which took a milky hue from them, and was as sweet as milk. They had tobacco-pipes of clay, manufactured by themselves, at the time that the Swedes arrived here; they did not always smoke true tobacco, but made use of another plant instead of it which was unknown to the old Swedes, but of which he assured me that it was not the common mullein, or verbascum thapsus, which is generally called Indian tobacco here.

As to their religion the old man thought it very trifling, and even believed that they had none at all; when they heard loud claps of thunder, they said that the evil spirit was angry; some of them said that they believed in a God, who lives in heaven. The old Swede once walked with an Indian, and they met with a red-spotted snake on the road: the old man therefore went to seek a stick in order to kill the snake; but the Indian begged he would not touch it, because he adored it: perhaps the Swede would not have killed it, but on hearing that it was the Indian's deity, he took a stick and killed it, in the presence of the Indian, saying: because thou believest in it, I think myself obliged to kill it. Sometimes the Indians came into the Swedish churches, looked at them, heard them, and went away again, after a while. One day as this old Swede was at church, and did not sing, because he had no psalm-book by him, one of the Indians, who was well acquainted with him, tapped him



on the shoulder, and said: Why dost thou not sing with the others, Tantanta! Tantanta! Tantanta? On another occasion, as a sermon was preached in the Swedish church at Raccoon, an Indian came in, looked about him, and, after hearkening a while to the preacher, he said: Here is a great deal of prattle and nonsense, but neither brandy nor cyder; and went out again. For it is to be observed, that when an Indian makes a speech to his companions, in order to encourage them to war, or to any thing else, they all drink immoderately on those occasions.

At the time when the Swedes arrived, they bought land at a very inconsiderable price. For a piece of baize, or a pot full of brandy, or the like, they could get a piece of ground, which at present would be worth more than four hundred pounds, Pennsylvania currency. When they sold a piece of land, they commonly signed an agreement; and though they could neither read nor write, yet they scribbled their marks, or signatures, at the bottom of it. The father of old Nils Gustafson bought a piece of ground from the Indians in New Jersey. As soon as the agreement was drawn up, and the Indians should sign it, one of them, whose name signified a beaver, drew a beaver; another of them drew a bow and arrow; and a third a mountain, instead of their names. Their canoes they made of thick trees, which they hollowed out by fire, and made them smooth again with their hatchets, as has been before mentioned.

The following account the old man gave me, in answer to my questions with regard to the weather and its changes: it was his opinion, that the weather had always been pretty uniform ever since his childhood: that the summers now are sometimes hotter, sometimes colder, than they were at that time; that the winters were often as cold and as long as formerly; and that still there often falls as great a quantity of snow as in former times. However, he thought that no cold winter came up to that which happened in the year 1697; and which is often mentioned in the almanacks of this country. . . . For in that winter the river Delaware was so strongly covered



with ice, that the old man brought many waggons full of hay over it, near Christina; and that it was passable in sledges even lower. No cattle, as far as he could recollect, were starved to death in cold winters, except, in later years, such cattle as were lean, and had no stables to retire into. It commonly does not rain, neither more nor less, in summer than it did formerly; excepting that, during the last years, the summers have been more dry. Nor could the old Swede find a diminution of water in brooks, rivers, and swamps. He allowed, as a very common and certain fact, that wherever you dig wells you meet with oyster-shells in the ground. . . .

The houses which the Swedes built when they first settled here, were very bad. The whole house consisted of one little room, the door of which was so low, that one was obliged to stoop in order to get in. As they had brought no glass with them, they were obliged to be content with little holes, before which a moveable board was fastened. They found no moss, or at least none which could have been serviceable in stopping up holes or cracks in the walls. They were therefore forced to close them, both without and within, with clay. The chimneys were made in a corner, either of grey sand, a stone, or (in places where no stone was to be got) of mere clay, which they laid very thick in one corner of the house. The ovens for baking were likewise in the rooms.

Before the English came to settle here, the Swedes could not get as many cloaths as they wanted, and were therefore obliged to make shift as well as they could. The men wore waistcoats and breeches of skins. Hats were not in fashion; and they made little caps, provided with flaps before. They had worsted stockings. Their shoes were of their own making. Some of them had learnt to prepare leather, and to make common shoes with heels; but those who were not shoemakers by profession, took the length of their feet, and sewed the leather together accordingly; taking a piece for the sole, one for the hind-quarters, and one more for the upper-leather.

At that time they likewise sowed flax here, and wove linen cloth. Hemp was not to be got; and they made use of flaxen ropes and fishing tackle. The women were dressed in jackets and petticoats of skins. Their beds, excepting the sheets, were skins of several animals; such as bears, wolves, &c.

Tea, coffee, and chocolate, which are at present universally in use here, were then \* wholly unknown. Bread and butter, and other substantial food, was what they breakfasted upon; and the above-mentioned superfluities have only been lately introduced, according to the account of the old Swede. Sugar and treacle they had in abundance, as far as he could remember; and rum formerly bore a more moderate price.

From the accounts of this old Swede I concluded, that before the English settled here they followed wholly the customs of Old Sweden; but after the English had been in the country for some time, the Swedes began gradually to follow their customs. When this Swede was but a boy there were two Swedish smiths here, who made hatchets, knives, and sythes, exactly like the Swedish ones, and made them sharper than they can be got now. The hatchets now in use are in the English way, with a broad edge; and their handles are very narrow. Almost all the Swedes made use of baths; and they commonly bathed every Saturday. They celebrated Christmas with several sorts of games, and with several peculiar dishes, as is usual in Sweden; all which is now, for the greatest part, left off. In the younger years of this Swede they made a peculiar kind of carts here. They sawed thick pieces of liquidamber trees, and made use of two of them for the foremost wheels, and of two more for the hind most. With those carts they brought home their wood. Their sledges were at that time made almost in the same manner as they are now, or about as broad again as the true Swedish ones. Timber and great beams of wood were carried upon a dray. They baked great loaves, such as

\* Before the English settled here. [Author's note.]

they do now. They had never any biscuit, though the clergymen, who came from Sweden, commonly got some baked.

The English on their arrival here bought large tracts of land of the Swedes, at a very considerable price. The father of the old Swede sold an estate to the English, which at this time would be reckoned worth three hundred pounds, for which he got a cow, a sow, and a hundred gourds.\*

\* Peter Kalm, *Travels in North America*, translated into English by John Foster (2nd ed.; 2 vols.; London, 1772).





*Robert Hunter, Jr., Speeds by Fast  
Stage from Paulus Hook to  
Philadelphia with Mrs. Hasenclever  
1785*

Robert Hunter, Jr. (1764-1843), was the son of a Scottish businessman living in London. Like many British merchants doing business with the Americans and Canadians, the father found himself at the close of the American Revolution with creditors from whom he had been unable to collect. Twenty-year-old Robert, and an older companion, Caleb Blanchard, were sent to America to settle these debts. The travel diary was kept by Robert at his father's urging; he does not seem quite sure how to spell the name of their traveling companion, Mrs. Hasenclever, widow of the famous "Baron" Peter Hasenclever, who had founded and managed the American Iron Company at Ringwood.

*New York, Friday, October 28*

. . . I called on Mrs. Lott this morning to settle about going to Paulus Hook with Mrs. Aursenclever, and in my way back met Charles McIvers and his father. . . . We took leave of the family of the Lotts, and walked to the ferry, where we met the servants with our baggage and sailed precisely at four with a fair wind.

We were just a quarter of an hour crossing the North River to Paulus Hook, in the state of New Jersey, where we found the coach ready to set off with us im-

mediately. We sent the servants with our baggage in the stage wagon. About four miles on we ferried the Hackin-sack River, which is half a mile across and empties itself into the sea near Newark. Half a mile farther on we crossed the Posaic River (in a scow), which is the third in the course of sixteen miles. It's astonishing what an immense quantity of water you meet with in this country. We passed through Newark, drank tea there, and arrived at Elizabeth Town at half past six, where we met Hadfield from Staten Island. We ordered a genteel supper to ourselves, and, as we are to rise early, retired to bed at half past nine.

*Elizabethtown, Saturday, October 29*

We were called up this morning at half past three, but in waiting for Mrs. Hasenclever did not set off till half an hour past four. In going to Woodbridge we took up a gentleman and his son. We changed horses and drove to Brunswick, ten miles farther, where we arrived, I think about eight o'clock, to breakfast. The road is delightful and they bowl you on with four horses at the rate of near nine and sometimes ten miles an hour. In coming [by] this stage you have a most delightful view of Staten Island, the Kills, Amboy, and the country about. Amboy is the capital of the Jerseys, and famous for its enchanting situating. Part of the way you travel through a wood; the the other part of it is richly cultivated and thick settled. It's astonishing how forward the wheat is; the winter seems to die away the farther southward you go. The farmhouses you meet with on the road, the beautiful cultivated fields and inclosures, remind you of old England. I have not seen any part of America that resembles that country more than the state of Jersey.

We breakfasted, about forty in company, at the tavern here, there being two stage wagons in four, besides the coach that we occupied. You pay six dollars for this conveyance and only four in the wagon. I think it worth two more to save the violent jolting you are subject to in those confounded vehicles—and then the company is infinitely more genteel in the coach.



They scarcely give you time to swallow your breakfast before they are off again. But considering they go above eighty miles these short days, one would naturally suppose they have not a moment to spare. We therefore dashed into our coach again, and the rest of the company into the wagons, and drove off with fresh horses to Prince Town.

The road in many places is rather hilly, and you pass through a terrible stony place that they call Featherbed Lane by way of irony. The country in general is beautiful and richly cultivated, with a number of pleasing farms in delightful situations. Princetown is a very pretty place. It consists of a long, regular street with some good brick houses in it and a handsome college, and has been famous in the war for the maneuvers of General Washington. How Mrs. Hasenclever painted to us the misery and distress the armies on both sides underwent at different times—particularly the Americans! No man but General Washington, who had entirely the confidence of the people, could have kept them together, without shoes, stockings, clothes to their back, or even victuals to eat (often), excepting what they could gather in the woods.

We left Princetown a little after eleven with fresh horses, and in our way to Trenton met Mr. Hopkins and little Harris in the stage going to New York. I just had time to stop him and desire that he would call and let my dear parents know he had seen me well, on his arrival in England.

Trent-town. We got here by one o'clock. Dinner was prepared for the coach wagons, but having taken a snack at Princetown we did not find our appetites bold enough to engage dinner so early, and pushed on to the next stage, leaving the others to dine without us. But before I leave the place let me observe that it's most beautifully situated, on the Delaware, which river divides the state of Jersey from that of Pennsylvania. Trenttown was formerly the seat of Congress, and has been famous in the war for General Washington's having taken a corps of Hessians. His army was on one side of the bridge and Sir William How's on the other. . . .



AULA NASSOVICA.  
Nassau Hall, Princeton, from *The New American Magazine*, 1760  
Courtesy of *The New York Historical Society*, New York City



We crossed the Delaware in a wherry and remained the whole time in the coach. The scow was so very small it was really dangerous. There was only an inch betwixt us and eternity.

We met the opposition stage, that goes by the way of Staten Island. They always race when they fall in with one another on the [road]. Both of us went full gallop with four horses, up and down hill, to see which would get to the ferry first; however, our coachman by crossing the road jockeyed the other completely out of it, and afterwards told him he would not be so cruel as to contend again, as the poor fellow had no passengers and therefore if he beat our coach it would be no honor.

The river is near half a mile wide here. As soon as you get on the other side you ride for a long way through a beautiful avenue of trees, and afterwards for some miles along the banks of the beautiful river Delaware till you get to Bristol. I never had a more delightful ride in my life. The day was heavenly: quite an Italian sky; the water of the river as clear as crystal—it glided smoothly along without a breath of wind to ruffle it; winding most beautifully through a delightful cultivated country, with here and there elegant little farmhouses, to render the whole if possible still more pleasing to the eye.

We arrived at Bristol at three and ordered dinner immediately. About a mile from this place are some famous minerals, which gentlemen come from Philadelphia and New York to drink. The view of Burlington on the other side of the river (from the house as we sat at dinner) was charming. I went with Mrs. Hasenclever to call on some of her Quaker friends here. We are really extremely happy in her company, she is a most agreeable, pleasing, sensible lady. I forgot to mention the delightful situation, among many other elegant houses, of Colonel Cox's seat on the Delaware near Trenton. The roads are charming, and grow still better, if possible, as you approach Philadelphia.

We left Bristol about four o'clock and a little way on crossed the Chamouni River, over a new bridge that has



lately been made. The country you pass through is richly cultivated. On one side of the road you see Indian corn and on the other fine wheat, which the farmers are afraid is rather too forward. Ten miles from Bristol, you get four fresh horses and drive away in style, on roads like a bowling green, to Philadelphia. It was quite dark before we got to Frankfort.

We arrived in Philadelphia by half past six, and conducted Mrs. Hasenclever safe home. We afterwards drove to Thompson's Inn at the old Indian Queen in Fourth Street, where we shall lodge. Wyn and John arrived at the same time with us in the wagon.\*

\* L. B. Wright and Marion Tinling (eds.), *Quebec to Carolina in 1785-86; Being the Travel Diary and Observations of Robert Hunter, Jr., a Young Merchant of London* (San Marino, California, 1953).

*The Jersey Wheel from The Letters  
of Thomas Jefferson, 1787*

Thomas Jefferson came to Trenton, in November, 1783, to serve as a member of Congress and he also spent months in Philadelphia as a member of the Second Continental Congress. The letter quoted below was written to Michel Guillaume Jean de Crèvecoeur, the French-born soldier and traveler whose *Letters from an American Farmer* were first published in England in 1782 and favorably influenced European attitudes toward the new country. He had become a naturalized American citizen in 1765 and lived on a farm at Chester, New York, until his ultimate return to France. While Crèvecoeur was in America he and Jefferson had become good friends.

PARIS, January 15, 1787

Dear Sir,

I see by the Journal of this morning, that they are robbing us of another of our inventions to give it to the English. The writer, indeed, only admits them to have revived what he thinks was known to the Greeks, that is, the making the circumference of a wheel of one single piece. The farmers in New Jersey were the first who practiced it, and they practiced it commonly. Dr. Franklin, in one of his trips to London, mentioned this practice to

the man now in London, who has the patent for making those wheels. The idea struck him. The Doctor promised to go to his shop, and assist him in trying to make the wheel of one piece. The Jersey farmers do it by cutting a young sapling and bending it, while green and juicy, into a circle; and leaving it so until it becomes perfectly seasoned. But in London there are no saplings. The difficulty was, then, to give to old wood the pliancy of the young. The Doctor and the workman labored together some weeks, and succeeded; and the man obtained a patent for it, which has made his fortune. I was in his shop in London, he told me the whole story himself, and acknowledged, not only the origin of the idea, but how much the assistance of Dr. Franklin had contributed to perform the operation on dry wood. He spoke of him with love and gratitude. I think I have had a similar account from Dr. Franklin, but cannot be quite certain. I know, that being in Philadelphia when the first set of patent wheels arrived from London, and were spoken of by the gentleman (an Englishman) who brought them, as a wonderful discovery, the idea of its being newly discovered was laughed at by the Philadelphians, who, in their Sunday parties across the Delaware, had seen every farmer's cart mounted on such wheels. The writer in the paper, supposes the English workman got his idea from Homer. But it is more likely the Jersey farmer got his idea from thence, because ours are the only farmers who can read Homer; because too, the Jersey practice is precisely that stated by Homer: the English practice very different. Homer's words are (comparing a young hero killed by Ajax to a poplar felled by a workman) literally thus: "He fell on the ground, like a poplar, which has grown smooth, in the west part of a great meadow; with its branches shooting from its summit. But the chariot maker, with the sharp axe, has felled it, that he may bend a wheel for a beautiful chariot. It lies drying on the banks of the river." Observe the circumstances which coincide with Jersey practice. 1. It is cut while



green. 2. It is a tree growing in a moist place, full of juices and easily bent. 3. It is bent into the circumference of a wheel. 4. It is left to dry in that form. You, who write French well and readily, should write a line for the Journal, to reclaim the honor of our farmers. Adieu.

Yours affectionately,

THOMAS JEFFERSON\*

\* From *Memoirs, Correspondence and Miscellanies from the Papers of Thomas Jefferson*, edited by Thomas Jefferson Randolph (Charlottesville, Virginia, 1829). Reprinted in the *Proceedings of The New Jersey Historical Society*, July, 1962.



*Isaac Weld Travels by Carriage  
Between Philadelphia and  
New York 1795-1797*

Isaac Weld of Dublin was only twenty-one years old when he set out across the Atlantic to see if any part of the United States or the Canadian provinces might be "in future emergency an eligible and agreeable place of abode." He was not the only Briton whose trip to America was made with such a motive and his feeling of emergency was justified. The Reign of Terror in France was only recently ended; England and France were at war, and the Irish were negotiating secretly with the French. Discontent among the working people in England was increasing due to bad harvests, a decline in trade, and high taxes.

Young Weld had not traveled very far through the United States before he became lonely for companions, for, as he said, "There are so few inhabitants in proportion to the extent of the country; in going from one town to another it is frequently necessary to pass for many miles together through dreary woods." By the time he reached Philadelphia, he had determined never again to set out alone through any part of America if he could possibly procure an agreeable companion. At Philadelphia he found such companions.



The gentlemen I met with (two young men from England) had as well as myself traveled widely through different parts of the United States, and had formed nearly the same resolution; we accordingly agreed to go forward to Canada together, and having engaged a carriage for ourselves as far as New York, we quitted the close and disagreeable city of Philadelphia on the twentieth of June.

The road, for the first twenty-five miles, runs very near the River Delaware, which appears to great advantage through openings in the woods that are scattered along its shores. From the town of Bristol in particular, which stands on an elevated part of the banks, twenty miles above Philadelphia, it is seen in a most pleasing point of view. The river, here about one mile wide, winds majestically round the point whereon the town is built, and for many miles, both upwards and downwards, it may be traced through a rich country, flowing gently along; in general it is covered with innumerable little sloops and schooners. Opposite to Bristol stands the city of Burlington, one of the largest in New Jersey, built partly upon an island and partly on the main shore. It makes a good appearance, and adds considerably to the beauty of the prospect from Bristol.

Ten miles farther on, opposite to Trenton, which stands at the head of the sloop navigation, you cross the river. The falls or rapids, that prevent boats from ascending any higher, appear in full view as you pass, but their prospect is in no way pleasing; beyond them, the navigation may be pursued for upwards of one hundred miles in small boats. Trenton is the capital of New Jersey, and contains about two hundred houses, together with four churches. The streets are commodious, and the houses neatly built. The state-house, in which congress met for some time during the war, is a heavy clumsy edifice.

Twelve miles from Trenton, stands Princeton, a neat town, containing about eighty dwellings in one long street. Here is a large college, held in much repute by the neighbouring states. The number of students amounts to upwards of seventy; from their appearance, however,

and the course of studies they seem to be engaged in, like all the other American colleges I ever saw, it better deserves the title of a grammar school than a college. The library, which we were shown, is most wretched; consisting, for the most part, of old theological books, not even arranged with any regularity. An orrery, contrived by Mr. Rittenhouse, whose talents are so much boasted of by his countrymen, stands at one end of the apartment, but it is quite out of repair, as well as a few detached parts of a philosophical apparatus, enclosed in the same glass case. At the opposite end of the room, are two small cupboards, which are shewn as the museum. These contain a couple of small stuffed aligators, and a few singular fishes, in a miserable state of preservation, the skins of them being tattered in innumerable places, from their being repeatedly tossed about. The building is very plain, and of stone; it is one hundred and eighty feet in front, and four stories high.

The next stage from Princeton is Brunswick, containing about two hundred houses; there is nothing very deserving of attention in it, excepting it be the very neat and commodious wooden bridge that has been thrown across the Raritan River, which is about two hundred paces over. The part over the channel is contrived to draw up, and on each side is a footway guarded by rails, and ornamented with lamps. Elizabeth Town and Newark, which you afterwards pass through in succession, are both of them cheerful lively looking places; neither of them is paved. Newark is built in a stragglng manner, and has very much the appearance of a large English village: there is agreeable society in this town. These two towns are only eight miles apart, and each of them has one or two excellent churches, whose tall spires appear very beautiful as you approach at a distance, peeping up above the woods by which they are encircled.

The state of New Jersey, measured from north to south, is about one hundred and sixty miles in length; it varies in breadth from forty to eighty miles. The northern part of it is crossed by the blue ridge of mountains, running



through Pennsylvania; and shooting off in different directions from this ridge, there are several other small mountains in the neighbourhood. The southern part of the state, on the contrary, which lies towards the sea, is extremely flat and sandy; it is covered for miles together with pine trees alone, usually called pine barrens, and is very little cultivated. The middle part, which is crossed in going from Philadelphia to New York, abounds with extensive tracts of good land; the soil varies, however, considerably, in some places being sandy, in others stony, and in others consisting of a rich brown mould. This part of the state, as far as Newark, is on the whole well cultivated, and scattered about in different places are some excellent farm houses; a good deal of uncleared land, however, still remains. Beyond Newark the country is extremely flat and marshy. Between the town and the Posaick River there is one marsh, which alone extends upwards of twenty miles, and is about two miles wide where you pass over it. The road is here formed with large logs of wood laid close together, and on each side are ditches to keep it dry. This was the first place where we met with musquitoes, and they annoyed us not a little in passing. Towards the latter end of the summer, Philadelphia is much infested with them; but they had not made their appearance when we left that city. The Posaick River runs close upon the borders of this marsh, and there is an excellent wooden bridge across it, somewhat similar to that at New Brunswick over the Raritan River. About fifteen miles above it there is a very remarkable fall in the river. The river, at the fall, is about forty yards wide, and flows with a gentle current till it comes within a few perches of the edge of the fall, when it suddenly precipitates itself, in one entire sheet, over a ledge of rocks of nearly eighty feet in perpendicular height; below, it runs on through a chasm, formed of immense rocks on each side; they are higher than the fall, and seem to have been once united together.

In this neighbourhood there is a very rich copper mine; repeated attempts have been made to work it; but whether the price of labour be too great for such an



undertaking, or the proprietors have not proceeded with judgment, certain it is, that they have always miscarried and sustained very considerable losses thereby. This mine was first discovered in 1751, by a person who, passing along about three o'clock in the morning, observed a blue flame, about the size of a man, issuing from the earth, which afterwards soon died away: he marked the place with a stake; and when the hill was opened, several large lumps of virgin copper were found. The vein of copper in the mines is said to be much richer now than when first opened.

From the Posaick to the North River the country is hilly, barren, and uninteresting, till you come very near the latter, when a noble view opens all at once of the city of New York on the opposite shore, of the harbour, and shipping. The river, which is very grand, can be traced for several miles above the city; the banks are very steep on the Jersey side, and beautifully wooded, the trees almost dipping into the water: numbers of vessels plying about in every part, render the scene extremely sprightly and interesting.

His travels in Canada completed, we find young Isaac Weld again in Philadelphia in December, 1796. He describes his mid-winter crossing of the Delaware.

After having remained a few days at Philadelphia—I set out at once for New York. The month of December had now arrived. Considerable quantities of snow had fallen and the keen winds from the northwest had already spread a thick crust of ice over the Delaware, whose majestic stream is always the last in this part of the country to feel the chilly touch of the hand of winter. The ice, however, was not yet strong enough to sustain the weight of a stage carriage, neither was it very readily to be broken: so that when we reached the falls of the river, where it is usual to cross in going from Philadelphia to New York, we had to remain for upwards of two hours shivering before the bitter blasts, until a passage



New York and the Bay from the Heights of Weehawken  
*Courtesy of The New York Public Library*



was opened for the boat, which was to convey us and our vehicle to the opposite side. The crossing of the Delaware at this place with a wheel carriage, even when the river is frozen over and the ice sufficiently thick to bear, is generally a matter of considerable inconvenience and trouble to travelers, owing to the large irregular masses of ice formed therein when the frost first sets in, by the impetuosity of the current, which breaking away the slender flakes of ice from the edges of the banks, gradually drifts them up in layers over each other; it is only at this rugged part, that a wheel carriage can safely pass down the banks of the river.

When the ground is covered with snow, a sleigh or sledge is by far the most commodious sort of carriage to travel in, as neither it nor the passengers it contains are liable to receive any injury whatsoever from an overturn, and as, added to this, you may proceed much faster and easier in it than in a carriage on wheels; having said then that there was snow on the ground, it will perhaps be a subject of wonder to you, that we had not one of these safe and agreeable carriages to take us to New York; if so, I must inform you, that no experienced traveller in the middle states sets out on a long journey in a sleigh at the commencement of winter, as unexpected thaws at this period now take place very commonly, and so rapid are they, that in the course of one morning the snow sometimes entirely disappears; a serious object of consideration in this country, where, if you happen to be left in the lurch with your sleigh, other carriages are not to be had at a moment's warning. In the present instance, notwithstanding the intense severity of the cold, and the appearances there were of its long continuance, yet I had not been eight and forty hours at New York, when every vestige of frost was gone, and the air became as mild as in the month of September.\*

\* Isaac Weld, Jun., *Travels Through the States of North America and the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada During the Years of 1795, 1796 and 1797* (4th ed.; London, 1807), I.





*The Good Qualities of Jerseymen  
Described by Fanny Wright and  
Joseph Bonaparte 1818-1820*

Frances Wright, daughter of the wealthy Scottish freethinker James Wright, was a young woman of independent spirit and inquiring mind. Educated in London and in Scotland, she chose to visit the United States instead of taking the European tour suggested to her as a fitting post script to her studies.

With her younger sister, Camilla, she made two sightseeing visits to the northern and eastern states. The first visit, of two years duration, resulted in the publication in England in 1821 of her book, *Views of Society and Manners in America*. The book is written in the form of letters to a friend. Miss Wright made a number of visits to New Jersey and seems never to have neglected an opportunity when traveling to become acquainted with the natives, their manners and attitudes.

The high opinion she expresses of Americans and of Jerseymen in particular is reinforced by her account of Joseph Bonaparte, whom she visited at his mansion near Bordentown. His happiness in New Jersey and his friendly feeling toward his Bordentown neighbors are portrayed by Miss Wright in the following passages. Like Joseph Bonaparte, Miss Wright also chose to live in America, dividing her time be-

tween New York and Cincinnati with occasional visits to Europe. Writing and lecturing brought her considerable fame.

NEW YORK November, 1818

It is truly interesting to listen to an intelligent American when he speaks of the condition and resources of his country; and this, not merely when you find him in the more polished circles of society, but when toiling for his subsistence with the saw or spade in his hand. I have never yet conversed with the man who could not inform you upon any fact regarding the past history and existing institutions of his nation, with all the readiness and accuracy with which a schoolboy, fresh from his studies, might reply to your queries upon the laws of Lycurgus or the twenty-seven years' war of the Peloponnesus.

Putting some questions a few days since to a farmer whom I met in a steamboat, I could not help remarking to him, when, in reply to my questions, he had run through the geography, soil, climate, &c of his vast country, just as if its map had been stretched before him, with the catalogue of all its exports and imports, that he seemed as intimately acquainted with the produce and practicabilities of the United States, as he could be with those of his own farm

The manner in which an American husbandman or mechanic connects himself with his chief magistrates and legislators, and seems in his discourse to take part in all their measures, and decide on their wisdom or error, is apt at first to make a stranger smile. He soon, however, learns to smile at his own ignorance, which could see any presumption in a man's pronouncing upon the fitness of legislators whose character he has studied, or in taking to himself the credit or discredit of their measures, when he has exercised a free voice in their election, or in judging of a question which he perfectly understands, or, at least, which he has leisurely considered. I have observed, that it is usual for an American, in speaking of political



matters, to say *our* president does so and so; *we* passed, or shall bring forward, such a bill in Congress; *we* took such and such measures with a view, &c. To speak in short from my present confined observations, I should say that it were impossible for a people to be more completely identified with their government, than are the Americans. In considering it, they seem to feel, *it is ours; we created it, and we support it; it exists for our protection and service; it lives by the breath of our mouths, and, while it answers the ends for which we decreed it, so long shall it stand, and nought shall prevail against it.* If I may trust the report of all my American friends and acquaintances, confirmed by my own limited observation, there appear to be few remains of those party animosities which divided the community at the close of the revolutionary struggle, and the effects of which you found so displeasing during your short residence in this country. It says much for the good sense of the people, and the wisdom of their institutions, that one generation should have outlived all the tempest of passion and bitterness of party, occasioned by the clash of interests and opinions in a great national revolution.

Some weeks since, crossing the North River in one of the fast-sailing sloops which crowd in such multitudes upon these waters, I observed a man at one end of the little vessel, who first attracted my attention by his interesting appearance. He was well dressed in the plain garb of a working farmer. His silvered hairs and deeply lined countenance told that he was approaching the last resting-place of all human travellers, while his unbent figure and mild aspect told, also, that he was approaching it without anxiety. Entering into conversation with him, I learnt that he was a Jersey farmer, who remembered the Declaration of Independence, and had drawn a sword in its support. He recollected the first appearance of "Common Sense," and the electric shock that it produced throughout the country. He could recall the various circumstances of the war, and all the hopes, and fears, and rejoicings of the people.—"All," to use his own words,

“as if it were yesterday.” “I have lived,” he continued, “to see my country established in her rights; to see her trebled in population; and quit of party jealousies, and factions, and I think,” said the old man smiling, “that I have now lived enough.” I felt somewhat affected by his parting salutation. His discourse had very naturally fixed my attention, which he, perhaps as naturally, had observed with pleasure. When the boat touched shore, “You seem,” he said, “to be a foreigner; I wish you may soon become a citizen, for I think that you are worthy to be a citizen of our country.” The old patriot meant this for a compliment; as such I received it, and as such, I assure you, *I felt it*.

PENNSYLVANIA, June, 1819

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE not much leisure to recount the particulars of our peregrinations; nor perhaps would they greatly interest you. In travelling I find it convenient to bear in mind that the ground has been trodden before, and that, in detailing the appearance and population of towns and districts, I should only write what others have already written, to whose journals, should you be curious on these matters, you can refer.

It may amuse you somewhat more to receive the account of our visit to Joseph Buonaparte.

Some days since, joined by the friends in whose house we are now inmates, we filled a carriage and light waggon, called a Dearborn,\* struck across to the Delaware, and then took boat to Bordentown, on the Jersey shore. A friend of our polite Philadelphia acquaintance — here joined our party, and we walked forwards to the residence of the Ex-King. It is a pretty villa, commanding a fine prospect of the river; the soil around it is unproductive; but a step removed from the *pine-barren*; the pines, however, worthless as they may be,

\* From the American General of that name; to whom the farmer and country gentleman are under infinite obligations for its invention. [Author's note.]



clothe the banks pleasantly enough, and altogether, the place is cheerful and pretty. Entering upon the lawn, we found the choice shrubs of the American forest, magnolias, kalmias, &c planted tastefully under the higher trees which skirted and here and there shadowed, the green carpet upon which the white mansion stood. Advancing, we were now faced at all corners by gods and goddesses in naked, —I cannot say *majesty*, for they were, for the most part, clumsy enough. The late General Moreau, a few years since, according to the strange revolutions of war-stricken Europe, a peaceful resident in this very neighbourhood, and who recrossed the Atlantic to seek his death in the same battle which sent here, as an exile, the brother of the French Emperor, —this general in the same Parisian taste, left behind him a host of Pagan deities of a similar description, with a whole tribe of dogs and lions to boot, some of which I have seen scattered up and down through the surrounding farms. Two of these dumb Cerberuses are sitting at this moment on either side of a neighbouring gentleman's door, and the children of the family use them as hobby-horses. Truly, the amusement of the child has often less folly in it than that of the man; the child rides the hobby, while the hobby too often rides the man; and then, if ambition be the hobby he chooses, the man rides down his fellow creatures. Happy the country where, without iron laws, all men are a check upon each other! I thought this when I entered the house of the brother of Napoleon.

Until the entrance of the count, who was superintending the additions yet making to the house, we employed ourselves in considering the paintings and Canovas, of which last we found a small but interesting collection. It consists chiefly of busts of the different members of the Buonaparte family. The similar and classic outline prevailing in all is striking, and has truly something *imperial* in it. As these were the first works of this Italian Phidias that I had met with, I regarded them with much curiosity. There are two small pieces of most exquisite workmanship—a naked infant, (the little *King of Rome*,)



lying on a cushion, which yields to the pressure of one of the feet with a truth that mocks the marble. . . . There was another yet more lovely figure of a girl caressing a greyhound. What softness and delicacy wrought out of such rude materials! It is presumptuous for one so little skilled to venture upon the remark, yet I have always felt my eye offended by the too glaring whiteness of modern sculpture; perhaps the mellowing hand of time is as necessary for the marble as the canvass. Turning to look at David's portrait of Napoleon crossing the Alps, I was greatly disappointed with the expression of the young soldier; the horse has far more spirit than the rider, who sits carelessly on his steed, a handsome beardless boy, pointing his legions up the beetling crags as though they were some easy steps into a drawing room. Such, at least, was my impression. Count Survillier (he wears this title, perhaps, to save the awkwardness of *Mr. Buonaparte*) soon came to us from his workmen, in an old coat, from which he had barely shaken off the mortar, and, —a mark of the true gentleman, —made no apologies. His air, figure, and address, have the character of the English country gentleman—open, unaffected, and independent, but perhaps combining more mildness and suavity. Were it not that his figure is too thick-set, I should perhaps say, that he had still more the character of an American, in whom, I think, the last enumerated qualities of mildness and suavity are oftener found than in our countrymen. His face is fine, and bears so close a resemblance to that of his more distinguished brother, that it was difficult at the first glance to decide which of the busts in the apartment were of him, and which of Napoleon. The expression of the one, however, is much more benignant; it is indeed exceedingly pleasing, and prepares you for the amiable sentiments which appear in his discourse. The plainness and urbanity of his manners for the first few moments suspended pleasure in surprise; and even afterwards, when, smiling at myself, I thought, *And what did I expect to see?* I could not still help, ever and anon, acknowledging that I had not looked to see exactly the

man I saw. I felt most strangely the contrast between the thoughts that were fast travelling through my brain, of battles and chances, ambition and intrigues, crowns and sceptres,—the whole great drama of the brother's life passing before me,—I felt most strangely the contrast between these thoughts and the man I was conversing with. He discoursed easily on various topics, but always with much quietness and modesty. He did and said little in the French manner, though he always spoke the language, understanding English, he said, but imperfectly, and not speaking it at all. He expressed a curiosity to become acquainted with our living poets; but complained that he found them difficult, and inquired if there was not often a greater obscurity of style than in that of our older authors: I found he meant those of Queen Anne's reign. In speaking of the members of his family, he carefully avoided titles; it was *mon frère Napoléon, ma soeur Hortense*, &c. He walked us around his improvements indoors and out. When I observed upon the amusement he seemed to find in beautifying his little villa, he replied, that he was happier in it than he had ever found himself in more bustling scenes. He gathered a wild flower, and, in presenting it to me, carelessly drew a comparison between its minute beauties and the pleasures of private life; contrasting those of ambition and power with the more gaudy flowers of the parterre, which look better at a distance than upon a nearer approach. He said this so naturally, with a manner so simple, and accent so mild, that it was impossible to see in it attempt at display of any kind. Understanding that I was a foreigner, he hoped that I was as pleased with the country as he was; observed that it was a country for the many, and not for the few; which gave freedom to all and power to none, in which happiness might better be found than any other, and in which he was well pleased that his lot was now cast.

The character of this exile seems to be much marked for humanity and benevolence. He is peculiarly attentive to sufferers of his own nation—I mean of France; is careful to provide work for the poorer emigrants; and to



others, affords lodging, and often money to a considerable amount. His kindness has, of course, been imposed upon, in some cases so flagrantly that he is now learning circumspection, though he does not suffer his humanity to be chilled. This I learned from his American neighbours. I left Count Survillier, satisfied that nature had formed him for the character he now wears, and that fortune had rather spited him in making him the brother of the ambitious Napoleon.

In reviewing the singular destinies of this family, there is one acknowledgement that is forced from our candour; it is that, considering the power that circumstances threw into their hands, they wrested it to less monstrous purposes than has often been done by similarly spoiled children of fortune. We may indeed exclaim, in considering the mad career of Europe's conqueror,

Ah! how did'st thou o'erleap the goal of Fame!  
Had'st thou but propp'd expiring Freedom's head,  
And to her feet again the nations led;  
Had'st thou, in lieu of War's blood-dropping sword,  
Seiz'd her white wand, and given forth her word;  
Bid the mad tumult of the nations cease,  
And loud from realm to realm cried *Liberty and Peace!* \*

PHILADELPHIA, April, 1820

Inquiring concerning Joseph Buonaparte in our way here, I learn that he is about to purchase or lease a house upon the Delaware, about ten miles below the ruins of his former residence. This neighborhood has been endeared to him by the friendly behavior of the people upon the occasion of his late misfortune. You will have seen in the papers, though I should not have written it to you, that the mansion in which we saw him last summer was some months since burned to the ground. His

\* *Thoughts of a Recluse*. Miss Wright wrote occasional poetry and this is similar to her style in poetry as quoted in her biography. Although I do not find it in Granger's *Index to Poetry*, I think it must be her composition. [Ed.]



Canovas were mostly saved, all indeed except three, but they were among the most valued; his pictures also and many of his books; still, however, the loss was considerable; and if it be true, that this included some family papers of importance, perhaps irreparable. He entered his gates, returning from Philadelphia, just as the roof fell in; all the neighborhood was collected, and men and women striving, at the hazard of their lives, to save his property from the flames; he had himself to call them and even to force them from the walls. The count seems to have been somewhat amazed by the honesty of his republican neighbors, and they, I am told, were no less amazed at his amazement. Possibly his letter of thanks appeared in your papers, if not, I throw it in this packet.

*Translation of a letter of the Count de Survilliers (Joseph Buonaparte) on the subject of the loss of his house by fire, to William Snowden, Esq., Judge and Justice of the Peace, Bordentown.*

POINT BREEZE, Jan. 8th, 1820

SIR,

You have shown so much interest for me since I have been in this country, and especially since the event of the 4th instant, that I cannot doubt it will afford you pleasure to make known to your fellow citizens, how much I feel all that they have done for me on that occasion. Absent myself from my house, they collected by a spontaneous impulse on the first appearance of the fire, which they combated with united courage and perseverance, and, when they found it was impossible to extinguish it, exerted themselves to save all that the flames had not destroyed before their arrival and mine.

All the furniture, statues, pictures, money, plate, gold, jewels, linen, books, and in short every thing that was not consumed, has been most scrupulously delivered into the hands of the people of my house. In the night of the fire, and during the next day, there were brought to me, by labouring men, drawers in which I have found the proper quantity of pieces of money, and medals of gold, and valuable jewels, which might have

been taken with impunity. This event has proved to me how much the inhabitants of Bordentown appreciate the interest I have always felt for them; and shows that men in general are good when they are not perverted in their youth by a bad education; when they maintain their dignity as men, and feel that true greatness is in the soul, and depends upon ourselves.

I cannot omit on this occasion to repeat what I have said so often, that the Americans are the most happy people that I have known; still more happy, if they understand well their happiness.

I pray you not to doubt of my sincere regard.

Yours, &c.

JOSEPH COMPTE DE SURVILLIERS \*

\* By an Englishwoman, *Views of Society and Manners in America in a Series of Letters . . . . During the Years 1818, 1819, and 1820* (rev. ed.; New York, 1821).

*John James Audubon at  
Great Egg Harbor 1829*

John James Audubon had begun the publication of his *Birds of America* in England and was in search of more material for his painting and writing when he came to America for the third time in 1829. That summer and fall, making his headquarters in Camden, he made trips to nearby New Jersey and Pennsylvania, gathering bird specimens and preparing his drawings for the engraver. Great Egg Harbor has been known for its great numbers of breeding shore birds since Captain Cornelius Mey explored the New Jersey coast in 1623. Audubon knew it also as the scene of the studies of America's first ornithologist, Alexander Wilson.

Audubon's account of Great Egg Harbor was first published in his *Ornithological Biographies* as one of a series of "Episodes" based on his field trips. These "Episodes" were later included in the edition of Audubon's *Journals* edited by his granddaughter Maria Audubon.

Some years ago, after having spent the spring in observing the habits of the migratory warblers and other land birds, which arrived in vast numbers in the vicinity of Camden in New Jersey, I prepared to visit the sea shores of that State, for the purpose of making myself acquainted with their feathered inhabitants. June had



commenced, the weather was pleasant, and the country seemed to smile in the prospect of bright days and gentle gales. Fishermen-gunners passed daily between Philadelphia and the various small seaports, with Jersey wagons, laden with fish, fowls and other provisions, or with such articles as were required by the families of those hardy boatmen; and I bargained with one of them to take myself and my baggage to Great Egg Harbor.

One afternoon, about sunset, the vehicle halted at my lodgings, and the conductor intimated that he was anxious to proceed as quickly as possible. A trunk, a couple of guns, and such other articles as are found necessary by persons whose pursuits are similar to mine, were immediately thrust into the wagon, and were followed by their owner. The conductor whistled to his steeds, and off we went at a round pace over the loose and deep sand that in almost every part of this State forms the basis of the roads. After a while we overtook a whole caravan of similar vehicles, moving in the same direction, and when we got near them our horses slackened their pace to a regular walk, the driver leaped from his seat, I followed his example, and we presently found ourselves in the midst of a group of merry wagoners, relating their adventures of the week, it being now Saturday night. One gave intimation of the number of "Sheep-heads" he had taken to town, another spoke of the Curlews which yet remained on the sands, and a third boasted of having gathered so many dozens of Marsh Hens' eggs. I inquired if the Fish Hawks were plentiful near Great Egg Harbor, and was answered by an elderly man, who with a laugh asked if I had ever seen the "Weak fish" along the coast without the bird in question. Not knowing the animal he had named, I confessed my ignorance, when the whole party burst into a loud laugh, in which, there being nothing better for it, I joined.

About midnight the caravan reached a half-way house, where we rested a while. Several roads diverged from this spot, and the wagons separated, one only keeping us company. The night was dark and gloomy, but the sand

of the road indicated our course very distinctly. Suddenly the galloping of horses struck my ear, and looking back we perceived that our wagon must in an instant be in imminent danger. The driver leaped off, and drew his steeds aside, barely in time to allow the runaways to pass without injuring us. Off they went at full speed, and not long after their owner came up panting, and informed us that they had suddenly taken fright at some noise proceeding from the woods, but hoped they would soon stop. Immediately after we heard a crack; then for a few moments all was silent; but the neighing of horses presently assured us that they had broken loose. On reaching the spot we found the wagon upset, and a few yards farther on were the horses, quietly browsing by the roadside.

The first dawn of morn in the Jerseys in the month of June is worthy of a better description than I can furnish, and therefore I shall only say that the moment the sunbeams blazed over the horizon, the loud and mellow notes of the Meadow Lark saluted our ears. On each side of the road were open woods, on the tallest trees of which I observed at intervals the nest of a Fish Hawk, far above which the white-breasted bird slowly winged its way, as it commenced its early journey to the sea, the odor of which filled me with delight. In half an hour we were in the centre of Great Egg Harbor.

There I had the good fortune to be received into the house of a thoroughbred fisherman-gunner, who, besides owning a comfortable cot only a few hundred yards from the shore, had an excellent woman for a wife, and a little daughter as playful as a kitten, though as wild as a Sea-Gull. In less than half an hour I was quite at home, and the rest of the day was spent in devotion.

Oysters, though reckoned out of season at this period, are as good as ever when fresh from their beds, and my first meal was of some as large and white as any I have eaten. The sight of them placed before me on a clean table, with an honest and industrious family in my company, never failed to afford more pleasure than the most



sumptuous fare under different circumstances; and our conversation being simple and harmless, gayety shone in every face. As we became better acquainted, I had to answer several questions relative to the object of my visit. The good man rubbed his hands with joy, as I spoke of shooting and fishing, and of long excursions through the swamps and marshes around.

My host was then, and I hope still is, a tall, strong-boned, muscular man, of dark complexion, with eyes as keen as those of the Sea-Eagle. He was a tough walker, laughed at difficulties, and could pull an oar with any man. As to shooting, I have often doubted whether he or Mr. Egan, the worthy pilot of Indian Isle, was best; and rarely indeed have I seen either of them miss a shot.

At daybreak on Monday, I shouldered my double-barrelled gun, and my host carried with him a long fowling-piece, a pair of oars, and a pair of oyster-tongs, while the wife and daughter brought along a seine. The boat was good, the breeze gentle, and along the inlets we sailed for parts well known to my companions. To such naturalists as are qualified to observe many different objects at the same time, Great Egg Harbor would probably afford as ample a field as any part of our coast, excepting the Florida Keys. Birds of many kinds are abundant, as are fishes and testaceous animals. The forests shelter many beautiful plants, and even on the driest sand-bar you may see insects of the most brilliant tints. Our principal object, however, was to procure certain birds known there by the name of Lawyers, and to accomplish this we entered and followed for several miles a winding inlet or bayou, which led us to the interior of a vast marsh, where after some search we found the birds and their nests. Our seine had been placed across the channel, and when we returned to it the tide had run out, and left in it a number of fine fish, some of which we cooked and ate on the spot. One, which I considered as a curiosity, was saved, and transmitted to Baron Cuvier. Our repast ended, the seine was spread out to dry, and we again betook ourselves to the



marshes to pursue our researches until the return of the tide. Having collected enough to satisfy us, we took up our oars, and returned to the shore in front of the fisherman's house, where we dragged the seine several times with success.

In this manner I passed several weeks along those delightful and healthful shores, one day going to the woods, to search the swamps in which the Herons bred, passing another amid the joyous cries of the Marsh Hens, and on a third carrying slaughter among the White-breasted Sea-Gulls; by way of amusement sometimes hauling the fish called the Sheep's-head from an eddy along the shore, or watching the gay Terns as they danced in the air, or plunged into the waters to seize the tiny fry. Many a drawing I made at Great Egg Harbor, many a pleasant day I spent along its shores; and much pleasure would it give me once more to visit the good and happy family in whose house I resided there.\*

\* Maria R. Audubon, *Audubon and His Journals* (2 vols.; New York, 1897).



*Sightseeing by Steamboat and Stage  
With James Stuart, Esq. 1829-1832*

James Stuart, Scottish author, editor, and Whig politician, unlike many of the British writers of the time, "displayed a strong bias in favor of the Americans," according to his biographer in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. He was nearly sixty when he came to the United States, and had already lived through a duel over a libel and a trial for murder in which he was acquitted. His book *Three Years in North America*, published in 1833, attracted so much attention that three editions appeared within two years. He discovered early in his visit that he learned more than most tourists of America and Americans by staying in boarding houses in the nearby suburbs of Long Island and Westchester County and New Jersey. His observations have thus a greater warmth and intimacy than those of other travelers.

*May 1829.* Being uncertain at this time whether I should remain much longer in this country, resolved to make a rapid trip to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, that I might make sure of having a peep of the seat of government, and of the most populous part of the country, before I quitted it. Accordingly, on the 2n May, I set off for Philadelphia, distant about ninety-four miles from New York, all by steam-boat, except about twenty-seven or twenty-eight miles by stage, from New Brunswick to Trenton, in New Jersey. The part of this journey



by steam-boat is very pleasant—the boats are good—and the scenery diversified,—but the road across New Jersey is very indifferent, and the general appearance of the soil of inferior quality. The arrangement for the stages on leaving the steam-boat is very well managed in this way. Supposing that there were fifty-four passengers in the boat going to Philadelphia, the captain or the clerk assembles them on board, and he gives each a ticket for a particular stage, numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, &c. Nine passengers are allowed to each stage, so that six stages are necessary for fifty-four persons. The captain or clerk makes the arrangement at pleasure, unless there are parties of persons who wish to be together in the same stage. In case there are, he makes the arrangement to suit the passengers. As soon as this arrangement is made, and the passengers have got their tickets, they see their baggage marked with chalk, according to the number of the stage in which they are to travel. The whole baggage belonging to No. 1 is allotted to one porter, who has it carried to the stage No. 1, and so on, so that when the boat stops, the passengers are perfectly ready to take their places in the stage to which they are allotted, and, before they are all seated, the baggage is removed, and the stage is ready to drive off. Twenty or thirty stages are sometimes required to convey the whole passengers when they are very numerous. The arrangement, however, is made with equal facility, as the contractors are bound to carry the passengers from place to place within a fixed period, and keep an immense establishment. The passage-money from New York to Philadelphia is at present four dollars, besides the expence of the two meals, which cost half a dollar each. In the steam-boat on the Delaware, we had the sweet-potatoe, very mealy, and very good, which does not thrive well much farther north than Philadelphia. . . .

. . . I proceeded to Trenton, on my way to New York, and remained there all night. Next day being Sunday, I went to church, where I heard a very good sermon from a Congregational clergyman. I afterwards dined at

the public table of the boarding-house where I lodged. The party was very small. None of the family at the boarding-house appeared, but one of the members of the House of Representatives for New Jersey, who happened to be in the house, sat at the head of the table. He asked a blessing before dinner. I mention this the rather, because it was the first time that I had heard a blessing asked at a public table in this country. There is a great wooden bridge near Trenton. Trenton is remarkable as the scene of a very gallant exploit of General Washington's, and which contributed powerfully at the time, in the commencement of the war of the American revolution, to alter the face of affairs.

Long Branch, upon the coast of New Jersey, and quite exposed to the Atlantic Ocean, is the great sea-bathing place, as well for the people of New York as Philadelphia, and is easily accessible, first, by a steam-boat conveyance for thirty miles through a fine part of New York Bay towards Sandyhook. Stages are the conveyance for the last eight miles.

On Sandyhook are the remains of a marble monument, containing the following inscription:—At Sandyhook lie interred the remains of the Honourable Douglas Hamilton Halliburton, son of Sholto Charles Earl of Morton, and heir of the ancient family of Halliburton of Pitcurr, in Scotland, who perished on this coast, with twelve more young gentlemen and one common seaman, in the spirited discharge of duty, on the 30th or 31st of December 1783, born the 10th of October 1763,—a youth, who, in contempt of hardship or danger, though possessed of an ample fortune, served seven years in the British navy with a manly courage, and seemed to deserve a better fate. This plain monumental stone is erected by his unhappy mother, Katharine Countess Dowager of Morton, to his dear memory, and that of his unfortunate companions, James Champion, lieutenant of marines; Alexander Johnstone, George Paddy, Robert Haywood, midshipmen; Charles Gascoigne, Andrew



Hamerton, William Scott, David Reddie, William Tomlinson, William Spry, John M'Chain, Robert Wood, young gentlemen; George Towers, common seaman, cast away, all found dead and frozen, and buried in one grave.

The hotels are very large, and in a fine airy situation overlooking the ocean. The coast is extremely steep, and the oceanic swell often great; but the natives of the United States are said to prefer sea-bathing in the ocean to that in bays or rivers. Owing to the swell, females are often afraid to venture into the sea with a female bathing-woman, and on that account prefer the assistance of a man. This custom, which is very far from being general, has given rise to ill-founded stories of want of delicacy on the part of the American females. The fact is, I believe, exactly as I have stated it, and the parties always go into the water completely dressed. If this be wrong, what are we to say of the practice at Bath, which does not admit of the justification of necessity as it does at Long Branch, and at other bathing-places of the same description as Bath. The quantity of vegetables grown for the New York market on that part of the New Jersey coast between Shrewsbury and Long Branch, especially of cucumbers, beet-root, and French beans, is immense. The steamboat was absolutely loaded with them.

On another excursion a friend accompanied me to Newark, which is considered one of the most beautiful villages in New Jersey, only ten miles from New York. It is interspersed with trees, and open pieces of fine green turf. The stage fare is only one shilling, upon one of the best roads in this country. We went on from Newark to the Orange Springs, a few miles from Newark, which are in a very pleasant situation, but the water is not found to possess those medicinal qualities for which it was at one period famed; and the great hotel is now used as an academy. We dined at a neighbouring country hotel, where, without any previous warning, they gave us for dinner fish, roasted lamb, broiled chicken



and ham, peas, sweet Indian corn boiled, potatoes, and apple-pie, with a bottle of very tolerable claret, all for a dollar and a-half for two persons.

Schooley's Mountain, in New Jersey, about forty-five miles from New York, is another place of resort during the hot weather to the inhabitants of New York, as well as of Philadelphia, from which it is only twenty-five miles distant. It is not only situated in a cool and airy situation, but there are mineral springs in the neighbourhood of some value. I made a trip to it in the month of August, and was surprised to find so near New York the stage-drivers dine at table, both in going and returning. . . . Belmont Hall is the chief house of public entertainment, and sufficiently reasonable in point of charges; but I think houses nearer the spring more convenient. The charge for boarding and lodging is five dollars per week. Belmont Hall itself is very agreeable as a residence,—it is well kept, and there are good baths. I lodged there for a night. The hill, or mountain, as it is called here, is 1200 feet high. There is a handsome well-situated church near it. The mineral spring is a rill issuing from a fissure on the perpendicular side of a rock, discharging about a gallon in two minutes and a-half. Its taste, and the appearance of the water, show that it is a chalybeate, strongly characterized by astringency and ferruginous impregnations. The water has been found extremely useful in cases of gravel.

*From December 1829 to January 1830.* In the middle of December, we removed from New Rochelle to Mr. Van Boskerck's boarding-house, on the opposite side of the Hudson, from New York, at the distance of about a mile and a-half by steam-boat, which passes every quarter of an hour, from sunrise till after sunset. The situation is most convenient, in a charming spot in the country, with the finest walks conceivable at our door, and it is in our power at any time to be in the heart of New York in twenty minutes. The village of Hoboken, at one end of which Mr. Boskerck's house is placed, is on the New Jersey shore, immediately opposite to New York, and is



Woodland Scene, Hoboken  
From an engraving by James Smillie in an uncatalogued scrapbook  
*Courtesy of the New York Public Library*



part of the extensive property of Colonel Stevens, a gentleman above eighty years old, who has three miles of beautiful lying coast adjoining to it. This was the principal part of the residence and estate of Mr. Byard, an American loyalist, whose property in this country was confiscated, and the greater part bought by Colonel Stevens at a very low rate, at the end of the revolutionary war. Colonel Stevens and his family, consisting of four sons, are all engaged in great undertakings connected with the steam-boat travelling of this country. They are proprietors of the "North America" steam-boat, and three other steam-boats of the same class, which run between New York and Albany upon the Hudson. They have steam-boats in New York Bay, and on the Delaware, carrying on the passage between New York and Philadelphia; and they manage the stages which are required for the land part of the communication between New York, Brunswick, and Trenton. They also have steam-boats and stages to Newark, about nine miles from New York. The road from Newark to New York is made through a swamp, and is one of the best roads in this country. The distance being short, Messrs Stevens have put on it a stage coach in the English form, with six horses. The accommodation without and within is sufficient for thirty persons. They are proprietors of the great steam-boat ferry between Hoboken and two points in the very centre of New York, at the bottom of Barcklay Street and Canal Street. Their steam-vessels are all built by themselves at their dock at Hoboken, where they employ an immense number of workmen. Mr. Robert Stevens is an engineer of the first eminence in this country. He holds a patent for the invention of shell bombs, for which he is, and has been, well paid by the government. The ferry station at Hoboken is almost eight minutes' walk from our boarding house. The distance across the ferry is a mile and a-half, and the boats, four of them in number, generally make the passage in ten minutes, or very little more. The Twin steam-boat was tried here some years ago,—but although the situa-



tion is very much sheltered and land-locked, it was found that she did not answer when the water was at all agitated, and the experiment was therefore abandoned. One of the boats, of thirty-eight horse power carries 100 cattle, or twenty waggons and horses on deck. The deck is altogether level. The engine is enclosed, and on deck,—all the boats are coppered. The passengers in stages or carriages of any kind never get out of them in crossing the ferry. The superintendents at the different ferry stations receive the fare, threepence sterling in summer, and sixpence in winter before the passenger enters the boat,—but there is also a general superintendant to oversee the whole concern. The present general superintendant is a most active, intelligent person, and manages it admirably. The sums received at the ferry stations are said to amount to nearly 100,000 dollars a-year. Messrs Stevens pay the New York corporation 2300 dollars a year for the necessary wharfage on the New York side of the river. They must have this wharfage, that they may be enabled to carry on the ferry from their own side. And this state of matters puts it in the power of the New York corporation to insist upon the establishment of a proper code of regulations as to the times of the crossings of the boats, and in other respects, during the whole year.

One of the wharfs for Messrs Stevens' Hudson river steam-boats is 280 feet long, and thirty-five broad. The masters of the ferry-boats have 700 dollars a-year each. The crew, including the engineer, have, on an average, 350 dollars a-year. The porter at Hoboken (an Irishman) has a dollar a-day, for 365 days in the year, for keeping the pier clean, and giving assistance to the passengers landing, and especially for assisting the passengers coming ashore, and attending to their baggage. There are small stores for selling liquor, fruit, confectionaries, &c. in the boats,—they are places of about eight feet by six in size. The store-keepers pay 200 dollars a-year for the privilege of selling these articles here. Colonel Stevens and part of his family reside in a beautiful villa about half a mile from Hoboken, situated upon a piece of fine

flat ground overhanging the river. They have laid out their ground adjoining the river, for about two miles, in public walks, which the inhabitants of New York, who come over in prodigious numbers, enjoy very much. In this way the ferry is greatly increased, as well as the rent of a hotel belonging to Colonel Stevens at Hoboken, which is at present let at 2000 dollars a-year. The walks are shaded with beautiful willow trees and other wood. In winter the inhabitants do not think of crossing the ferry on purpose for the walks, and we, of course, have the walks very much to ourselves. The case is very much the same with the boarding-house to which we have come. The house is large, and every apartment is filled during the summer, but at this season there is only one gentleman living in the house besides ourselves. It is quite removed out of the village, and adjoins Colonel Steven's grounds. It was bought for 2500 dollars, although the rent, which might easily have been continued, was 350 dollars. This fact shows the value of capital in the country. The family to whom the house belongs, and who occupy it, are of Dutch extraction. They were loyalists during the war of the revolution, but are now converted into zealous republicans. The family consists of Mr and Mrs Van Boskerck, a very fine couple, between sixty and seventy years old, and two maiden daughters, who manage the business, except in the marketing department, which leads Mr Van Boskerck to New York twice or thrice a-week. It is much more the fashion at New York for gentlemen to go to market than ladies, and gentlemen very frequently carry home their purchase, especially if it be poultry, in their own hands. I have again and again met a man of considerable property carrying home a turkey in his hand. I afterwards heard at Richmond of Chief-Justice Marshall, the head of the law courts of this country, frequently carrying home his dinner from market. He is a native of Richmond, and resides there when his court is not sitting. There is only one regular servant in this house, a married woman of colour. Yet the whole arrangement



of the house is excellent, including provisions. Brandy and water, and excellent beer, or rather ale, are regularly upon the dining-table. The charge for boarding is five dollars and a-half a-week. We were treated in this boarding-house quite as members of the family, and in the whole course of our travels never met with worthier or kinder people.

After we came to Hoboken, we frequently went on Sunday to the Dutch Congregational Church of Mr Taylor at Bergen, about two miles from Hoboken. Mr Taylor is an excellent preacher, and his congregation very respectable, both in point of numbers and appearance. Nothing was peculiar in the mode of worship, but that before the commencement of the sermon, the commandments were read by the clerk or preceptor.

No people are more respected for honesty and uprightness of character than the American of Dutch extraction; but they are not reckoned so enterprising as the other classes of the inhabitants. There are individuals in this country even now who can hardly speak a word of English; and Mr Taylor, and all the clergymen of the Dutch congregations in this neighbourhood preach, at certain times, in the Dutch language. There is quite a preponderating number of Dutch on this part of the coast of New Jersey opposite to New York. We had several opportunities of seeing, at Mr Van Boskerck's house, an old gentleman of seventy-five, Mr Sobriski,\* who, though he knows a little English, will hardly condescend to speak it. He is proprietor of 500 or 600 acres of very fine land, which grow most beautiful apples, of which I again and again partook. He is almost the only person I met in the United States who prefers walking on foot to riding in a carriage, or on horseback, on account of its expence.

The winter of 1829-30 continued free from severe frost until after the middle of January 1830. Soon afterwards,

\* Sobriski, now writen Zabriskie. [Ed.]



the thermometer fell a few degrees below the freezing-point; then all hands were set to work in order to have the ice-houses filled with that article which is so indispensable in a warm climate. The ice-house attached to the boarding-house where we were living contains thirty tons of ice; and, as no ice is admitted into an ice-house here which is not perfectly clean and clear, so that a lump of it may be put into a glass of water or a bottle of wine, as much care is necessary in selecting the ice perfectly pure from the ponds, as in packing it in the ice-house. The people were all alert and employed. Messrs Stevens have immense depots of ice, both here and at Albany, for their steam-boats on the Hudson river.\*

\* James Stuart, Esq., *Three Years in North America . . .* (Edinburgh and London, 1833).



Engraving of Mrs. Trollope  
*Frontispiece from the 1839 edition of  
"Domestic Manners of the Americans"*

*The Extraordinary Morris Canal  
Described by Mrs. Trollope 1832*

Mrs. Frances Trollope set all America by the ears when her *Domestic Manners of the Americans* was published in this country and other writers made haste to correct her. She was impressed, however, by New Jersey's Morris Canal, which she visited in the spring of 1831. Later biographers have attributed her sharp criticisms and superior attitude to the dissappointments of her life in Cincinnati, where a thoroughly impractical husband had sent her to establish a store by which they hoped to recoup the family fortunes. Once well-known in England as a writer of fiction, she is better remembered today as the mother of Anthony Trollope, the English novelist, and as a visitor to our shores. She returned to England in July, 1831.

In this excerpt, we find her entering New Jersey by steamboat up the Delaware.

We had, for a considerable distance, a view of the dwelling of Joseph Bonaparte, which is situated on the New Jersey shore, in the midst of an extensive tract of land, of which he is the proprietor.

Here the ex-monarch has built several houses, which are occupied by French tenants. The country is very flat, but a terrace of two sides has been raised, commanding a fine reach of the Delaware River; at the point where this terrace forms a right angle, a lofty chapel has been erected, which looks very much like an observatory; I



admired the ingenuity with which the Catholic prince has united his religion and his love of a fine terrestrial prospect. The highest part of the building presents, in every direction, the appearance of an immense cross; the transept, if I may so express it, being formed by the projection of an ample balcony, which surrounds a tower.

A Quaker gentleman, from Philadelphia, exclaimed, as he gazed on the mansion: "There we see a monument of fallen royalty! Strange, that dethroned kings should seek and find their best strong-hold in a Republic!"

There was more of philosophy than of scorn in his accent, and his countenance was the symbol of gentleness and benevolence; but I overheard many unquaker-like jokes from others, as to the comfortable assurance a would-be king must feel of a faithful alliance between his head and shoulders.

At Trenton, the capital of New Jersey, we left our smoothly-gliding comfortable boat for the most detestable stage-coach that ever Christian built to dislocate the joints of his fellow-men. Ten of these torturing machines were crammed full of the passengers who left the boat with us. The change in our movement was not more remarkable than that which took place in the tempers and countenances of our fellow-travellers. Gentlemen who had lounged on sofas, and balanced themselves in chairs, all the way from Philadelphia, with all the conscious fascinations of stiff stays and neck-cloths, which, while doing to death the rash beauties who ventured to gaze, seemed but a whalebone panoply to guard the wearer, these pretty youths so guarded from without, so sweetly at peace within, now crushed beneath their armour, looked more like victims on the wheel, than dandies armed for conquest; their whalebones seemed to enter into their souls, and every face grew grim and scowling. The pretty ladies too, with their expansive bonnets, any one of which might handsomely have filled the space allotted to three—how sad the change! I almost fancied they must have been of the race of Undine, and

that it was only when they heard the splashing of water that they could smile. As I looked into the altered eyes of my companions, I was tempted to ask, "Look I as cross as you?" Indeed, I believe that, if possible, I looked crosser still, for the roads and the vehicle together were quite too much for my philosophy.

We spent a delightful day in New Jersey, in visiting, with a most agreeable party, the inclined planes, which are used instead of locks on the Morris canal.

This is a very interesting work; it is one among a thousand which prove the people of America to be the most enterprising in the world. I was informed that this important canal, which connects the waters of the Hudson and the Delaware, is a hundred miles long, and in this distance overcomes a variation of level amounting to sixteen hundred feet. Of this, fourteen hundred are achieved by inclined planes. The planes average about sixty feet of perpendicular lift each, and are to support about forty tons. The time consumed in passing them is twelve minutes for one hundred feet of perpendicular rise. The expense is less than a third of what locks would be for surmounting the same rise. If we set about any more canals, this may be worth attending to.

The Morris canal is certainly an extraordinary work; it not only varies its level sixteen hundred feet, but at one point runs along the side of a mountain at thirty feet above the tops of the highest buildings in the town of Paterson, below; at another, it crosses the falls of the Passaic, in a stone aqueduct, sixty feet above the water in the river. This noble work in a great degree owes its existence to the patriotic and scientific energy of Mr. Cadwallader Colden.

There is no point in the national character of the Americans which commands so much respect as the boldness and energy with which public works are undertaken and carried through. Nothing stops them if a profitable result can be fairly hoped for. It is this which has made

cities spring up amidst the forests with such inconceivable rapidity; and could they once be thoroughly persuaded that any point of the ocean had a hoard of dollars beneath it, I have not the slightest doubt that in about eighteen months we should see a snug covered rail-road leading direct to the spot.\*

\* Frances Trollope, *Domestic Manners of the Americans* (4th ed.; New York, 1927).



*The Swedes in New Jersey by  
Charles Joseph Latrobe 1832-1833*

London-born Charles Joseph Latrobe (1801-1875), already the author of several travel books, came to America in 1832. Grandson of a Moravian clergyman, he was the nephew of the architect of the United States Capitol, Benjamin Henry Latrobe. After visiting the chief cities of the States, he sailed down the Mississippi to New Orleans and later joined Washington Irving in a visit to Mexico. He visited Salem, New Jersey, in the spring of 1833.

I have, at the commencement of this letter, alluded to my visit to the German part of Pennsylvania. Circumstances not worth explaining here, led me also to make a winter and a summer excursion to another part of the Union, where there were more, perhaps than in any other to the South of Long Island, to remind me of 'merry England.'

You are aware that the Swedes had in very early times attempted to settle colonies on the shores of the Delaware, much to the discomfort of their Dutch rivals here and on the waters of New York.

They seem to have made choice of the rich low tracts of land on either side of that deep Bay; to have built their little forts, mounted their few pieces of cannon, and sat down with the best will in the world to sow and reap, in spite of the bites of the musquitoes and the grumbling of their neighbours. They were a hardy persevering race—but had to yield to British rule in process

of time; and here their descendants are still distinguishable among the inhabitants of New Jersey and Delaware. In spite of their monotony and low situation, there is something in the settled appearance and steady cultivation observable in these parts which is truly delightful, after the eye has become satiated for the time with the unfinished, raw, and unpoetic features of the scarcely reclaimed surface of the country.

Cross the Delaware for instance, either from Newcastle, near the site of Fort Casimir, or from Delaware City, and enter the mouth of Salem Creek, brim-full, winding like a snake to and fro among the level, green, grassy meadows:—somewhere at the entrance, among the tall rank grass, where now you see the marsh blackbird disporting himself with his gay epaulettes, stood, in the old times to which I had alluded, the redoubted Fort Elsinbourg; called at a latter time Fort Mosehettoesburg, from the fact that the musquitoes did what the Dutch could not do; that is, drive out the garrison and make them seek another point to defend. I have searched for its site in vain, along the low shores of the Delaware. The plough has passed over it.

Some few miles up the creek lies Salem, a snug little, out-of-the-way town—the market of a rich and widely-cultivated tract; with a goodly number of substantial families of Swedish and English descent, all able to trace their genealogy up for a dozen generations, dwelling in the houses their forefathers built, cultivating their farms, and adding yearly to their breadth of territory, by land reclaimed from the Bay, or by soil scratched from its depths. Here and there in the vicinity, on the borders of clumps of forest, abounding with sweet-gum, oak, and maple, you stumble upon grey substantial mansions, built a century and a half ago, of imported brick, and in the fashion of the mother countries;—with the date of erection, and many a diamond-shaped ornament depicted on the gable-ends in glazed brick. Round them poplars, and willows, and orchards, where rows of aged trees over-



shadow the dark green sod, give further token of a long period of quiet.

In the town itself, with its neat rows of comfortable brick or clap-board houses, there is an air of comfort and repose very unusual in the country in general. Roses and honeysuckles and jessamines, garland the tidy doorways, which often open immediately upon clean carpeted parlours. Between the dwellings are interposed many a pretty garden and orchard; and the bricked pavements in front are shaded by rows of fine acacia, willows, and sycamore. On every side, as before remarked, you see much to remind you of England, and I may yet mention the little old village church, standing apart, surrounded by decent tombstones, with a porch covered with the beautiful trumpet-flower; and though last, not least, the number of bright-faced children with blue eyes and flaxen hair.

In the demeanour of the inhabitants there is much of that homely, hearty simplicity found in spots removed out of the immediate influence of the vortex of the world. Hospitality and frank good sense are met with in every house. The few families of Swedish descent had degenerated, it is said for many years, in consequence of intermarrying from time immemorial, till fortunately an old gentleman died very rich, left a will about which there arose an interminable law-suit; and from that time the deadly feud which ensued, forced the young men and maidens to begin to marry without the pale, and the race regained its pristine strength and beauty.\*

\* Charles Joseph Latrobe, *The Rambler in North America*, 1832-33 (London, 1835).



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*Captain Marryat Visits  
Paterson 1837*

Captain Frederick Marryat was one of the more famous visitors to the Passaic Falls during his travels in the United States and Canada in 1837 and 1838. Marryat's novels were so popular in the United States that pirated editions appeared here—before the days of international copyright. Among the best known are *Peter Simple*, *Jacob Faithful*, and *Mr. Midshipman Easy*.

His *Diary in America* was eagerly read in this country and sharply criticized. The *Diary* is well worth reading in its entirety, for Marryat himself, though tactless and snobbish, was an intensely interesting person: a naval officer, an adapter of code signaling for the merchant marine, fellow of the Royal Society, foe of impressment of sailors in the naval service, as well as novelist and political caricaturist.

Crossed over to New Jersey, and took the railroad, to view the falls of the Passaic River, about fifteen miles from New York. This water-power has given birth to Paterson, a town with ten thousand inhabitants, where a variety of manufactures is carried on. A more beautiful wild spot can hardly be conceived; and to an European who has been accustomed to travel far in search of the picturesque, it appears singular that at so short a distance from a large city, he should at once find himself

in the midst of such a strange combination of nature and art. Independent of their beauty, they are, perhaps, the most singular falls that are known to exist. The whole country is of trappe formation, and the black rocks rise up strictly vertical. The river, which at the falls is about one hundred and twenty yards wide, pours over a bed of rock between hills covered with chestnut, walnut, pine, and sycamore, all mingled together, and descending to the edge of the bank, their bright and various foliage form-



#### Passaic Falls

*From L. R. Trumbull, "History of Industrial Paterson," 1882*

ing a lovely contrast to the clear rushing water. The bed of black rock over which the river runs is, at the fall, suddenly split in two, vertically, and across the whole width of the river. The fissure is about seventy feet deep and not more than twelve feet wide at any part. Down into this chasm pour the whole waters of the river, escaping from it, at a right angle, into a deep basin, surrounded with perpendicular rocks from eighty to ninety feet high. You may therefore stand on the opposite side



of the chasm, looking up the river, within a few feet of the Fall, and watch the roaring waters as they precipitate themselves below. In this position, with the swift, clear, but not deep waters before you, forcing their passage through the rocky bed, with the waving trees on each side, their branches feathering to the water's edge, or dipping and rising in the stream, you might imagine yourself far removed from your fellow-men, and you feel that in such a beautiful spot you could well turn anchorite, and commune with Nature alone. But turn round with your back to the Fall—look below, and all is changed: art in full activity—millions of reels whirling in their sockets—the bright polished cylinders incessantly turning, and never tiring. What formerly was the occupation of thousands of industrious females, who sat with their distaff at the cottage door, is now effected in a hundredth part of the time, and in every variety, by those compressed machines which require but the attendance of one child to several hundreds. But machinery cannot perform everything, and notwithstanding this reduction of labour, the romantic falls of the Passaic find employment for the industry of thousands.

We walked up the banks of the river above the Fall and met with about twenty or thirty urchins who were bathing at the mouth of the cut, made for the supply of the water-power to the manufactories below. The river is the property of an individual,\* and is very valuable:

\* The Passaic River did not at any time belong to an individual. Title to the river was possessed by the Society for Establishing Useful Manufactures, formed in 1791 by Alexander Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury. Control of the Society passed, however, into the hands of the Colt family (of later small-arms fame) in 1814. When the Society was sued in 1829 by the Morris Canal and Banking Company to gain rights to the river, the court ruled that the Society owned title "to the flow of all waters of the Passaic at the great falls in their ancient channel without diminution or alteration. [Note by editor of the *Diary*, Jules Zanger.]

In October, 1945, the *New York Times* reported that the city of Paterson, New Jersey ended its fight on the tax exemption of the Society for Establishing Useful Manufactures by acquiring the Society. (October 25, 1945, 23.) M.V.S.

he receives six hundred dollars per annum for one square foot of water-power; ten years hence it will be rented at a much higher price.

We amused ourselves by throwing small pieces of money into the water, where it was about a fathom deep, for the boys to dive after; they gained them too easily; we went to another part in the *cut*, where it was much deeper, and threw in a dollar. The boys stood naked on the rocks, like so many cormorants, waiting to dart upon their prey; when the dollar had had time to sink to the bottom the word was given—they all dashed down like lightning and disappeared. About a minute elapsed ere there was any sign of their reappearance, when they came up, one by one, breathless and flushed (like racers who had pulled up), and at last the victor appeared with the dollar between his teeth. We left the juvenile *Sam Patches* \* and returned to the town.

There is no part of the world, perhaps, where you have more difficulty in obtaining permission to be alone, and indulge in a reverie, than in America. The Americans are as gregarious as school-boys, and think it an incivility to leave you by yourself. Everything is done in crowds, and among a crowd. They even prefer a double bed to a single one, and I have often had the offer to sleep with me made out of real kindness. You must go "east of sunrise" (or west of sunset) if you would have solitude.

I never was in a more meditative humour, more anxious to be left to my own dreamings, than when I ascended the railroad car with my companion to return to Jersey City; we were the only two in that division of the car, and my friend, who understood me, had the complaisance to go fast asleep. I made sure that, for an hour or two, I could indulge in my own castle-buildings,

\* Sam Patch, an American peripatetic, who used to amuse himself and astonish his countrymen by leaping down the different falls in America. He leaped down a portion of the Niagara without injury; but one fine day, having taken a drop too much, he took a leap too much. He went down the Genesee Fall, and since that time he has not been seen or heard of. [Author's note.]



and allow my fleeting thoughts to pass over my brain, like the scud over the moon. At our first stoppage a third party stepped in and seated himself between us. He looked at my companion, who was fast asleep. He turned to me, and I turned away my head. Once more I was standing at the Falls of the Passaic; once more were the waters rolling down before me, the trees gracefully waving their boughs to the breeze, and the spray cooling my heated brain; my brain was, like the camera-obscura, filled with the pleasing images, which I watched as they passed before me so vividly portrayed, all in life and motion, when I was interrupted by—

“I was born in the very heart of Cheshire, sir.”

Confound the fellow! The river, falls, foliage, all vanished at once; and I found myself sitting in a railroad car (which I had been unconscious of), with a heavy lump of humanity at my side. I wished one of the largest Cheshire cheeses down his throat.

“Indeed!” replied I, not looking at the man.

“Yes, sir—in the very heart of Cheshire.”

“Would you had stayed there!” thought I, turning away to the window without replying.

“Will you oblige me with a pinch of your snuff, sir? I left my box at New York.”

I gave him the box, and, when he had helped himself, laid it down on the vacant seat opposite to him, that he might not have to apply again, and fell back and shut my eyes, as a hint to him that I did not wish to enter into conversation. A pause ensued, and I had hopes; but they were delusive.

“I have been eighteen years in this country, sir.”

“You appear to be quite *Americanized!*” thought I, but I made him no answer.

“I went up to Paterson, sir,” continued he (now turning round to me, and speaking in my ear), “thinking that I could get to Philadelphia by that route, and found that I had made a mistake; so I have come back. I am *told* there are some pretty falls there, sir.”

“Would you were beneath them!” thought I, but I



could not help laughing at the idea of a man going to Paterson and returning without seeing the falls! By this time he had awakened his [sic] companion, who, being American himself, and finding that there was to be no more sleep, took him up, in the American fashion, and put to him successively the following questions, all of which were answered without hesitation: "What is your name? where are you from? where are you going? what is your profession? how many dollars have you made? have you a wife and children?" All these being duly responded to he asked my companion who I might be and was told that I was an operative artist, and one of the first cotton spinners in the country.

This communication procured for me a considerable deference from our new acquaintance during the remainder of our journey. He observed in the ear of my companion that he thought I knew a thing or two. In a country like America, the utilitarian will always command respect.\*

\* Frederick Marryat, *Diary in America*, edited and with a foreword by Jules Zanger (Bloomington, Indiana, 1960).

*J. S. Buckingham, Esq., on a  
Lecture Tour 1838*

James Silk Buckingham was a member of the British Parliament from 1832 to 1837, at which time he entered upon a lecture and sightseeing tour in America. He arrived in New York on October 19, 1837. While his public lectures were on the "Scriptural and Classical Regions of the East" his greatest interests were in the field of social reform. These gave him an entrée into the meetings of philanthropic and political organizations and occasioned his meeting many prominent Americans. Mayor Theodore Frelinghuysen, whom Buckingham met on the occasion of Daniel Webster's visit to Newark, was a member of a family prominent in public life in New Jersey from 1720 to the present day.

I had an excellent opportunity of witnessing the full exhibition of this taste for overstrained wit and extravagant expression in a pleasant excursion made soon after my arrival in New-York, in which I was invited to accompany Mr. Daniel Webster, the celebrated senator of Massachusetts, and one of the first orators of the day, in a visit to Newark, a town in New-Jersey, about ten miles from New-York, on the other side of the Hudson. Mr. Caleb Cushing, another Northern member of Congress, was of the party, as well as Mr. Pennington, the governor elect of New-Jersey; Mr. Peet, the superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum; and the editors

of two daily papers in the city, Mr. Charles King, of the American, and Colonel Stone, of the Commercial Advertiser. Our journey was performed by steamboat and railroad; the day was remarkably favourable, and every one was in high spirits. The morning was devoted to the delivery of political addresses by Mr. Webster and Mr. Cushing, to the inhabitants of Newark, on the present aspect of the times; and, after a procession through the town, we all sat down to a public dinner, under the presidency of Mr. Frelinghuysen, the mayor.

It was one of the merriest and wittiest of public dinners at which I was ever present. Every speech was a series of epigrams and jokes, and brought up some of the parties alluded to, who repaid the debt with full interest in rapid volleys of the sharpest repartees. Though there was scarcely a dozen bottles of wine drank among 200 persons—the worthy mayor who presided being a member of the Temperance Society, and, like myself, drinking only water, and more than half the company doing the same—yet the table was kept literally in a roar by the continual excitement of new matter for merriment, furnished by almost every one who spoke.

On our return about four o'clock, we found the railroad blocked up by one of the cars being upset and stretched across the rails; and as we were then about midway between Newark and Jersey City, there was no alternative but that of our waiting where we were until a new train could be brought from the point to which we were bound as far as the spot where the impediment occurred, and take us onward to our destination. In England, such a detention as this to a numerous party would have created great dissatisfaction, which would have shown itself in every variety of mode, according to the temperament of the different individuals. Here, on the contrary, everybody made the best of the mishap, cheerfully awaiting the arrival of the remedy; and during the interval, which occupied nearly two hours, we all sat in the omnibus car in which we had set out, to the number of twenty-five or thirty at least,



while various individuals in succession sang droll songs, and told still droller stories, with the utmost glee, so that not a symptom of uneasiness was evinced by any one of the party. Indeed, I never witnessed such uniform good temper and forbearance among a similar number of people on any occasion within my recollection.

Jersey-City which is opposite to New York on the west as Brooklyn is on the east—the former having the Hudson River flowing between it and New York, and the latter having the East River running between it and the city—is also in the environs, but it is not much frequented except for business and in the route to various places in the State of New-Jersey. It is chiefly occupied with trade and is a busy and thriving city.

Hoboken is another and a very favorite spot, a little farther up the Hudson River, to the north, but my engagements were so incessant in New York that I had not an opportunity of seeing its beauties which are however, very highly spoken of.

From New York to all these places there are steam ferry-boats going every hour of the day and these are as comfortable as bridges, for persons in carriages need not alight but may drive onto the boat, and remain there undisturbed to the end of the passage and then drive on shore again; while passengers not riding or driving are accommodated with pleasant cabins and warm and comfortable fires.

Early on the morning of Wednesday, the 21st of February [1838], we left New-York for Philadelphia. The air was intensely cold, the thermometer being 8° below zero; and the East River was filled with floating ice, while many of the larger vessels and smaller craft at the wharves were completely imbedded in thick masses of it. The steamboat in which we started was large and commodious, the passengers numerous, but not inconveniently so, and we breakfasted in the large cabin below more satisfactorily than we had done for many days past on shore.

Our passage down the harbour was very interesting;

and as the rising sun lighted up the spires and public buildings of New-York, and the forest of masts that fringed the shores of the island on either side began to display their numerous flags, the picture became as lively and interesting as it was at our first approach to the city in October last. A four months' residence had made us acquainted, however, with so many agreeable, intelligent, and benevolent individuals, with whom intimacy had grown into friendship, that we found our parting look upon the scene of so much sympathy and pleasure less joyous than our first view of it; and we left behind us sincere and fervent wishes for the peace and prosperity of their city.

. . . The ice was so thick and impassable in the inner channel to Amboy that we were obliged to go by the outer channel, nearer the sea; and, sweeping round the shore of Staten Island, we reached the landing-place of South Amboy about ten o'clock, the ice being so thick as to make it difficult to approach near enough to the wharves for landing.

Here we found the commencement of the railroad to Philadelphia; and, embarking in the cars provided for that purpose, we set forward on our journey. These cars are not so comfortable in their arrangements as the carriages on our English railroads. They are very long omnibuses, sufficiently broad to admit a passage up the middle, on each side of which is a range of seats going across the breadth, each capable of accommodating two persons, who sit with their faces towards the engine, and not facing each other, as in omnibuses generally. The car in which we sat had twenty such cross-seats on each side the central passage, and therefore contained eighty passengers. In the centre of the car was a stove, well supplied with fuel, which warmed the whole interior, and rendered the atmosphere agreeable.

The rate at which we travelled was about sixteen miles an hour; the road was good, but the scenery was very monotonous and uninteresting, being mostly uncultivated land, covered with small trees and brushwood, and



the few villages through which we passed were neither picturesque nor beautiful. The dreary season of winter would account for much of this, it is true; but even in summer the route must be regarded as monotonous.

About two o'clock we reached the small town of Camden, on the Delaware, nearly opposite the City of Philadelphia; and, embarking there in a steamboat of a peculiar construction, with iron stem and keel, called an ice-boat, we literally cut our way through the solid masses of ice in some places, and broken pieces in others, some of them from twelve to fifteen inches thick, and, safely reaching the other side of the river, we landed at Philadelphia before three. Apartments were provided for us at the United States Hotel, where we were met by a large party of friends to welcome our arrival in the city, and to offer their services during our stay.

On the morning of Saturday, the 16th of June [1838], we left Philadelphia for New-York, and at the early hour of half past five embarked on board the steamboat at the Chestnut-street wharf. The scene was a very animated one; not less than 500 passengers were in motion on the deck of the boat, in the cabins below, and on the wharf at which she was lying. As few of these came without one friend to see them off, and some had two or three, another 500 at least were produced by this class; and of coachmen, carmen, porters, and servants in attendance on the adjoining shore, there was at least an equal number. Mingled with all these were news-boys, with early copies of the morning papers; peripatetic confectioners and fruiterers, with baskets of their several commodities; a harper, with his delicate strains of music, for the ladies' cabin; and a Scotch piper, with his bagpipes, for the upper deck, where the gentlemen were mostly congregated. In the boat itself was a barber's shop, for those who had been too much hurried to prepare their toilet before embarking; a public bar, at which were sold brandy, rum, wine, and bitters, of which a great many more partook than I had expected; a captain's



counting-house, at which all payments of passage-money were made; a postoffice for letters, a news-room for the public papers; and besides all this, very spacious accommodations for breakfasting, lounging, and reading; the ladies, and the gentlemen accompanying them, having the after-cabin devoted to their use; but those gentlemen who were so unfortunate as not to have ladies with them were confined to the fore-cabin only.

We left the wharf at six o'clock, with many a waving of handkerchiefs and kissing of hands from the boat and from the shore, as if the voyage were to be a very long one, and the parting final, which to some, perhaps, it might have really been; and, soon after getting under weigh, we were summoned to breakfast, which was obliged to be served at two separate hours, half past six and half past seven, as the only method of ensuring space and comfort for all. The breakfast was as ample and as excellent as the most fastidious could desire; and the utmost decorum and propriety prevailed during its enjoyment, as far as we could observe, with great mutual civility, and a desire to assist and please among the passengers; more so, I think, than is usual in English steamboats of a similar description. This was the more agreeable to us to witness, as we had been taught by American persons themselves to anticipate great rudeness, hurry, and confusion in steamboat meals; this however, was perfectly well conducted.

Our route to New-York from hence was to ascend the River Delaware for about thirty miles; then land at Bordentown, and proceed from thence by railroad another thirty miles to Amboy; and, embarking there in another steamboat, complete the trip by another forty miles of navigation to New-York; the distance of one hundred miles, or thereabout, including all the transfers and stoppages, being accomplished in seven hours and a quarter, or nearly at the rate of fourteen miles an hour all the way.

The passage up the River Delaware was extremely agreeable. Abreast of the City of Philadelphia the river

exceeds a mile in width, nor does this sensibly diminish for a distance of 15 or 20 miles up the stream, when it begins to contract, but retains a breadth of half a mile, at least, up to the point of debarcation. On both sides the banks presented a charming appearance, for, though not much variegated by elevation or depression of surface, the exuberant fertility that everywhere met the eye, the rich green pastures, abundant wood, and constant succession of pretty retreats overhanging the very margin of the stream, marked it out as the land of plenty, in which the bounty of nature was spread out with a lavish hand, and where no one need want for food, raiment, and shelter who would be honest and industrious.

In the course of our passage up the river we saw on the western bank the country-seat of Mr. Nicholas Biddle, the president of the United States' Bank, which presents a chaste Doric front, with portico and pediment, after a design by Mr. Walter, the architect of the Girard College, and, surrounded as it is by a judicious admixture of shrubbery and lawn, it produces a very pleasing effect.

Soon after, about nine o'clock, or three hours after leaving Philadelphia, we arrived at Burlington and Bristol, two pretty towns that occupy the opposite banks of the Delaware, Burlington being on the eastern bank, and in the State of New-Jersey, and Bristol being on the western bank, and in the State of Pennsylvania; the river being the boundary-line which separates these two states from each other.

Burlington, which is the largest of the two, contains a population of from 5 to 6000 persons. It was originally founded by Quakers, and continues to be a favorite place of retirement with the members of that body. It is consequently, regular in its plan, neat in all its arrangements, and perfectly clean and orderly in its condition; these being the uniform results of Quaker influence or Quaker management. It was mentioned to me as a saying current among this body of people, that New-York was the place to make money, Philadelphia the place to spend it in, and Burlington was the quiet retreat



for old age, when both making money and spending it gave way to other thoughts, and when persons desired to pass their declining days in tranquillity, and sink in peace to their graves. . . .

From hence we proceeded upward along the stream, sometimes steering close to one bank, sometimes to the other, but rarely in the centre, and admiring the exuberant fertility and beauty of both, till we reached Bordentown, where we were to be transferred from the steamboat to railroad cars. The disembarcation was soon effected, and the line of cars in motion, but the change was far from agreeable. The weather was delightful, as a fresh breeze greatly tempered the heat of the atmosphere; but from some defect in the construction of the engines, which requires reform, the ashes thrown up with the smoke of the chimney fell in such quantities on the passengers in the cars as to be extremely disagreeable, besides burning the dresses of such of the ladies as were nearest the engines, the sparks falling on their persons before the fire in them was completely extinguished, so that innumerable small holes were burned through the parts of their garments on which they fell.

The route by the railroad was through the State of New-Jersey, over a generally level tract of country, there being very few and very slight elevations or depressions in the surface to preserve the general level throughout the whole way.

New-Jersey is celebrated for its production of fruit; and on either hand, as we passed on, we saw orchards of apples, pears, peaches, and other fruits, the trees of which were full of promise. The rich grass lands, general fertility, and exuberant foliage of the woods that lined our road were delightful to the eye, and gave us a very high conception of the productive powers of this part of the country. We enjoyed it, too, perhaps the more, because of the pleasing contrast which its present state of foliage and fruitfulness presented to the bleak and barren appearance of the same track when we passed it in February last.

About eleven o'clock we arrived at Amboy, having



performed the distance of 30 miles in something less than two hours, the general rate of speed, therefore, being about 15 miles the hour; but in some particular spots, where a slight descent assisted the progress of the cars, a mile was performed in two minutes and a half, being at the rate of 24 miles an hour. It is not for want of power that the engines do not go at greater speed, but from restrictive regulations of the directors, which prohibit it, having reference, no doubt, to economy, durability, and safety in these restraints.

Embarking on board the steamboat at Amboy, we found the change delightful, and proceeded on our way to New-York. On our passage from this city to Philadelphia in February last, we were obliged to make the voyage from New-York to Amboy by passing round the outer or eastern edge of Staten Island, as the inner passage was thickly frozen and unnavigable, and the outer one, indeed, had floating ice of 15 and 16 inches in thickness all the way, the cold being intense. Now, however, the heat was as much in extreme, the thermometer being at 90°; while on the morning of our embarkation in February it was 6° below zero, such was the difference of temperature in four months. But the inner passage being now open, we did not regret the change, as it gave us an opportunity of seeing the long narrow channel on the west of Staten Island, and between it and the New-Jersey shore.

This strait, which is at least twenty miles in length, occupied us about two hours in passing; but there are few spots on the globe where for such a distance there is a more continued scene of beauty, at this season of the year at least, when everything appeared in its best dress. On both the shores, distant from each other from two to four miles in different parts, the vegetation was in the highest degree of luxuriance; and the frequency with which new settlements, small in extent, but neat and picturesque in their aspect, appeared to peep through the foliage, added much to the beauty of the scene.

In this way we passed Elizabethtown on the left, in

New-Jersey; the recent but flourishing little watering-place of New-Brighton, on Staten Island, on our right, with the Pavilion Hotel, public baths, and private dwellings, built like groups of Greek temples rather than marine villas, and from their pure white exterior looking like edifices of Parian marble. We had also a distant view of Newark, in New-Jersey, one of the prettiest towns in the country. At length we opened the Bay of New-York, with the Quarantine Ground, the Narrows, ships at anchor, outward bound, schooners and small craft beating across the waters, Bedlow's Island, Governor's Island, Brooklyn on the Heights, and the City of New-York right ahead, forming altogether one of the most extensive, varied, and delightful marine pictures that the eye could survey. I had thought the entrance to the Bay of New-York, from the Atlantic, when we passed through the Narrows in October, extremely beautiful; and I did not think it less so when approaching it from the Straits of Staten Island in June. The city, too, preserved all its imposing aspect. The numerous spires and steeples of the churches; the Battery, with its trees, now in full foliage; the countless boats, sloops, and schooners emerging from the East River on the one hand, and from the North River on the other; with the forest of masts fringing the edge of New-York, at the wharves on either side of the shore, and the distinctive signals of the several packets and other large vessels engaged in the foreign trade, all made up a lovely and animating picture.\*

\* J. S. Buckingham, Esq., *America, Historical, Statistical and Descriptive* (2 vols.; New York, 1841).



*An Expedition to the Phalanstery  
with Frederika Bremer and a  
Description of Cape May 1849-1850*

Frederika Bremer (1801-1865), Swedish novelist and travel writer, arrived in America in the fall of 1849. As a feminist, she had come to study American life and particularly the position of women in this country. Her letters, written chiefly for her "little sister Agatha" in Europe, were translated and published in 1853 under the title, *Homes of the New World*. The letters were avidly read by many Americans. A much later American edition was brought out by the American Scandinavian Foundation as *America of the Fifties*.

One of Miss Bremer's early visits was to the North American Phalanx near Red Bank, a mid-nineteenth-century communal settlement founded by Albert Brisbane, Arthur Brisbane's father, Horace Greeley, and others. The colony functioned longer than most of its kind, from 1843 until 1854, and the place name survives still.

One of her companions on this visit was a nephew of the philosopher William Ellery Channing, the Reverend William Henry Channing, who had also been instrumental in founding the Phalanstery, although he did not live there.

Fully as interesting as her impressions of this



unique community are her descriptions of the resort life as it was lived in Cape May in 1850.

ROSE COTTAGE

November 12, 1849

. . . We arrived in New Jersey amid rain, and in rain we reached the little town of Redbank. Here a wagon from the Phalanstery met us, which had been sent for the guests, as well as for potatoes, and in it we stowed ourselves, beneath a tilted cover of yellow oil-cloth, which sheltered us from the rain. A handsome young man, one of the people of the Phalanstery, drove the pair of fat horses which drew us, and after we had plowed the sand for a couple of hours, we arrived at the Phalanstery, a couple of large houses, with several lesser ones standing around them, without anything remarkable in their style of architecture. The landscape around had a pleasant, park-like appearance; the fields and the trees were yet quite green. New Jersey is celebrated for its mild climate and its fine fruits. We were conducted into a hall and regaled with a dinner which could not have been better if it had been in Arcadia; it would have been impossible to have produced better milk, bread, or cheese. They had also meat here.

I here met with the family which had first invited me to the Phalanstery, and found them to be the sister and brother-in-law of Marcus, two earnest, spiritual-minded people, who have a profound faith in and love for the principle of association. He is the president of the institution at this place. Mr. A., who has not alone enthusiasm, but who is evidently a clever and straight-forward man of business, gifted with the power of organization, was originally a minister, and devoted himself for a long time most beneficially as a missionary of the poor, "a minister at large," as they are called in this country; after which he lived for ten years as a farmer in one of the Western States, in the valley of the Mississippi, cultivating maize and fruit, and finding himself well off amid the affluent solitudes of nature. As his children, how-

ever, grew up, it appeared to him too solitary for them; the house became too small, and, for the sake of their education, and their moral and intellectual development, he removed again, and came nearer to the great world of man. But in so doing he resolved to unite himself with that portion of it which, as it appeared to him, came the nearest to his idea of a Christian community. He, and his wife and children, therefore, joined this association, which was established eight years before by a few married couples, all enthusiasts for this idea, and which now calls itself "the North American Phalanstery." Each member advanced the sum of one thousand dollars; land was purchased, and they began to labor together, according to laws which the society had laid down beforehand. Great difficulties met them in the commencement, in particular from their want of means to build, for the purchase of implements, and so on. It was beautiful and affecting to hear what fatigue and labor the women subjected themselves to—women who had been but little accustomed to any thing of this kind; how steadfastly and with what noble courage they endured it; and how the men, in the spirit of brotherhood, did their part in any kind of work as well as the women, merely looking at the honor and the necessity of the work, and never asking whether it was the fit employment for man or for woman. They had suffered much from calumny, but through it all they had become a stronger and more numerous body.

They had now overcome the worst, and the institution was evidently improving. It was in contemplation at this time to build a new house, in particular a large eating-hall and place for social meeting, together with a cooking and wash house, provided with such machinery as should dispense with the most onerous hand-labor. The number of members was at this time somewhat above seventy. The establishment has its own peculiar income from mills and from tillage, as well as from its orchards. They cultivate peaches, melons, and tomatoes. In the mills they prepare hominy (ground maize), which



is boiled into a sort of pudding, and eaten universally, especially for breakfast.

One evening a great portion of the members of the Phalanstery assembled in one of the sitting-rooms. Various individuals were introduced to me, and I saw a great number of very handsome young people . . . Many among the men wore coarse clothes; but all were neat, and had a something of great earnestness and kindness in their whole demeanor.

Needle-work was brought in and laid upon a table. This was the making of small linen bags for containing hominy, and which, when filled and stamped with the name of the Phalanstery, are sent for sale to New York. I sewed one bag; Channing, also, made another, and maintained that he sewed quicker than I did; my opinion, however, is that my sewing was the best. After this I played Swedish dances and ballads for the young people, which excited them in a remarkable manner, especially the Nec's polka. I related also to them the legend of the Neck and the Priest, and the Wand which became verdant, a legend which shows that even the spirits of nature might be saved. This struck them very much, and the tears came into many eyes.

I had a little room to myself for the night, which some of the young girls had vacated for me. It was as small as a prison cell; had four bare, white walls, but was neat and clean, and had a large window with a fine and beautiful prospect; and I was exceedingly comfortable in that little chamber, and slept well upon a good sofa-bed to the sound of the splashing rain, and in the mild atmosphere which entered through the half opened window. The bed-making sisters, two handsome, kind young girls, were the last which I saw in my room. I was awoke in the morning by the sound of labor throughout the house; people were going and coming, all full of business; it sounded earnest and industrious. . . . I dressed myself and went down.

As there is always an impulse within me to enter body and soul into the life which at that time exists around



me, so would I now live here as a true and earnest member of the Phalanstery, and therefore I entered as a worker into one of the bands of workers. I selected that in which cooking was going forward, because I consider that my genius has a bent in that direction. I was soon standing, therefore, by the fire with the excellent Mrs. A., who had the management of this department; and I baked a whole pile of buckwheat cakes, just as we bake cakes in Sweden, but upon a large iron plate, until breakfast, and had then the pleasure of serving Marcus and Channing with some of them quite hot for breakfast. I myself thought that I had been remarkably fortunate with my cakes. In my fervor of association, I labored also with hands and arms up to my very elbows in a great kneading-trough, but had very nearly stuck fast in the dough. It was quite too heavy for me, though I would not confess it; but they were kind enough to release me from the operation in the politest manner, and place it in abler hands.

The rain had ceased, and the sun began to find his way through the clouds. I now, therefore, went out to look about me, accompanied by Mrs. A. and the lady of the president, the latter of whom wore a short dress and pantaloons, which were very becoming to her fine and picturesque figure, and besides which, were well calculated for walking through the wet fields and woods. We first paid a visit to the mills. Two handsome young girls, also in short dresses or blouses, girt with leathern bands, and with jaunty little caps on their heads, which were remarkably becoming, went, or rather danced along the foot-path before us, over hill and dale, as light and merrily as birds. They were going to assist at the hominy mills. I went through the mills, where every thing seemed excellent and well arranged, and where the little millers were already at their work.

Thence we went across the meadows to the potato-fields, where I shook hands with the chief, who, in his shirtsleeves, was digging up potatoes among his senators. Both the chief and the other members looked clever

and excellent people; and the potato crop promised this year to be remarkably rich. The land in New Jersey appears to be very good and fruitful. The sun shone pleasantly over the potato-field, the chief, and his laborers, among whom were many men of education and intelligence.

In my conversation with the two sensible women, my conductresses, I learned various particulars regarding the laws and life of the Phalanstery; among others, that they are wise enough not to allow the public to absorb private property. Each individual may invest as much as he likes in the association, and retain as much of his own property as he wishes. For that which he so invests he receives interest. The time required for labor is ten hours a day. All who work over hours are paid for such overwork. The women participate in all rights equally with the men; vote, and share in the administration of law and justice. "But," said Mrs. A., "we have had so much to do with our domestic affairs, that we have hitherto troubled ourselves very little about these things."

Any one who makes known his desire to become a member may be received as such after a probation of one year in the Phalanstery, during which time he must have shown himself to be unwearied in labor, and steadfast in brotherly love and good-will. As regards his religion, rank, or his former mode of life, no questions are asked. The association makes a new experiment in social and economic life; it regards the active principle of love as the ruling power of life, and wishes to place every thing within the sphere of its influence; it will, so to say, begin life anew, and makes experimental researches into its laws; like those plants called exogens, it grows from the exterior inward, but has, it appears to me, its principle much less determinate than the vegetable.

Being asked in the evening my opinion of this community, I candidly confessed in what it appeared to be deficient; in particular, as regarded a profession of religion and public divine service—its being based merely



upon a moral principle, the validity of which might be easily called in question, as they did not recognize a connection with a life existing eternally beyond earth and time with any eternally binding law, nor even with a divine Law-giver.

"The serpent may one day enter your paradise, and then—how can you expel it?"

I told them also how I had felt that morning; how empty and dead a life of labor seemed to me which was not allied to the service of the Supreme, which did not admit of space for the holy and the beautiful.

An elderly gentleman who sat near me, with a very good and honest countenance, but who had a horrible trick of incessant spitting, was the person who, in particular, replied to my objections. But his reply and that of the others merely served to strengthen my impression of the cloudy state in which the intellect here is at present. I therefore remained silent after I had given my opinion. But I and many others hoped that Channing would have spoken. He, however, did not, but sat listening, with his beautiful, speaking head, and his beaming glance turned toward the disputants. After that, Bergfalk and I began to talk with each other in Swedish, in order that they might hear that extraordinary foreign tongue. We placed ourselves opposite each other in the midst of the company, and conversed in Swedish for the edification of our very attentive audience.

I was again requested to play for the young people. The following day at noon we were to leave. In the morning, about half a dozen beautiful young girls seized upon me, and conducted me from one house to another, and I played to all the mothers and grandmothers in the Phalanstery, and upon every piano which was to be found there, six or seven in number; and the young creatures were so charmed and so excited with the marches, and the polkas, and the songs which I played to them, that they both laughed and cried. N.B.—Music as yet in the Phalanstery is merely a babe in swaddling-clothes; they regard at present their work as their play.

It is true, nevertheless, that the children there are unusually cheerful; the very little ones were, in particular, most charming. Magnificent lads were the lads of the association, and not in the least bashful before the stranger. One saw in them the dawning spirit of the co-operatist.

I became, however, horribly weary of my part as associate sister, and was glad to sit down and play for the Phalanstery, and to kiss all the young girls (and glorious, warm-hearted girls they are), and shake hands with the associate brothers and sisters, and, leaving the Phalanstery with my friends, seat myself again quietly in the steamboat on my way back to New York.

I was like the fishes in St. Anthony's sermon, not a morsel more converted than they were. Because, although I should lose all regard for myself if I did not believe that I was inwardly associated with the interests of humanity in every various sentiment of my being, in my prayers as well as in my work—did not feel myself to be a worker in the great Phalanstery of the human race—yet is my nature altogether opposed to association when brought into too near a proximity, or in outward life. . . . Association, in that form which it assumes, for example, in this Phalanstery, [however] is evidently doing a justice to many individuals which would never be done to them in the great social system as it is usually constructed. Thus, for example, there was here a man who was possessed of considerable knowledge and a cultivated mind, but, in consequence of the weakness of his eyes, was incapacitated for maintaining himself by any means which required much eyesight. This man was poor, and without near connections. In the ordinary state of society he must either have taken refuge in some asylum for indigence, where his life, physical and spiritual, would have been scantily supplied, or he must have sunk into the coarse working class, who merely labor for the life of the body. As a member of the Phalanstery, this man gave his bodily labor ten hours in the day, and on the other hand was entitled to all the nobler enjoyments of culti-



vated life, intercourse with superior and educated people, good meals partaken in cheerful company, always a kind welcome and every evening, when the work of the day was over, if he were so inclined, rest and refreshment in society, in a large, light room, with agreeable women, handsome children, music, books, opportunities for conversation on the highest interests of life in connection with the interests of the association. After all, I believe that I begin to love this association while I write about it, and while I think upon the noble justice which it does to this individual, and to many others like him. Is there not something great and beautiful when a community thus receives into its bosom even the meanest human being, who will not be useless, and which allows him to become participant of its enlightened life, so long as he takes part in its life of labor? And that it is which Christian Socialism aims at. And well may it, in the consciousness thereof, courageously bear the derision and contempt which the world at large casts upon it, and with its countenance turned toward the eternal light say consolingly, as Mr. A. (the preacher and the farmer) said to me at our departure, "We know that we have not trodden any man under foot."

But my doubts as to the want of solid construction in this particular case returned nevertheless; and on the steamboat, in quiet conversation with my friends, we examined the question still further. I repeated my objections against this building without foundation. Channing was certain about it, in the belief that the more profound laws of reason and of life necessarily become developed from human nature when it is left to test and to experimentize itself. "That which I require in the Phalanstery," said Channing, "will yet come, and come in a new way, and with deeper conviction." I believe, as Channing does, that it must come, because human nature possesses these seeds of eternal ideas within its own breast, and has developed them in all ages. All historical religions and modes of philosophy, religious associations, and so on, bear witness to this truth. . . .

This Phalanstery is for the present the only one on this plan existing in the United States. Many others have been founded, but all have failed and gone to pieces from the difficulty of winning the interest of the members and their steadfast co-operation for the principle of the institution and for the common weal. The enthusiasts have done the work, the sluggish-spirited have lived upon them; the former have done every thing, the latter nothing. Fourier's theory about the attraction of labor has been effectually refuted by many sluggish natures. The advocates of the theory maintain, indeed, that it has never yet been fully proved, because mankind has not been educated to consider labor attractive. But we shall see.

CAPE MAY  
August 1850

I went from Philadelphia with Professor Hart and his wife, on a beautiful July day, to Cape May; and beautiful was our journey upon the mirror-like Delaware, with its green, idyllian, beautiful shores. During the day I read Mr. Clay's "Annals" of the Swedish Colony upon these shores, and experienced heartfelt delight in glancing from the historical idyll to those scenes, where it had existed in peace and in piety. The temerity and the war-like dispositions of two of the leaders, Printz and Rising, were the cause of disturbances which ultimately led to the overthrow of the colony; but the people themselves were peaceful and contented. The names which they gave to different places, New Gotheborg, Elfsborg, &c., prove the affection which they bore to the mother country. And how enchanted they were with the New World, is shown by the name of Paradise Point, which they bestowed upon a point where they landed, on the shore of the Delaware, and by many anecdotes preserved by their Swedish annalist, Campanius. Here, in the Vine-land of the old Sagas, did the Swedes find again the wild vine, and many glorious fruits which they mention. Here, amid these beautiful, sunbright hills and fields,



they lived happily, even though under a foreign sway; "for," says the chronicle, "the new government was mild and just toward them; but it caused them to forget their mother country." The memory of that first colony upon these shores is, however, like the fresh verdure which covers them. I contemplated them with affection. Peace and freedom had been planted here by the people of Sweden.

In the evening we reached Cape May and the sea.

And now for the republic among the billows; not at all "high life," excepting as regards certain feelings. It is now about ten o'clock in the morning; a very parti-colored scene presents itself on the shore at an early hour; many hundreds, in fact more than a thousand people, men, women, and children, in red, blue, and yellow dresses; dresses of all colors and shapes—but the blouse-shape being the basis of every costume, however varied—pantaloons and yellow straw hats with broad brims, and adorned with bright red ribbon, go out into the sea in crowds, and leap up and down in the heaving waves, or let them dash over their heads, amid great laughter and merriment. Carriages and horses drive out into the waves, gentlemen ride into them, dogs swim about; white and black people, horses and carriages, and dogs—all are there, one among another, and just before them great fishes, porpoises, lift up their heads, and sometimes take a huge leap, very likely because they are so amused at seeing human beings leaping about in their own element.

It is, as I have said, a republic among the billows, more equal and more fraternized than any upon dry land; because the sea, the great, mighty sea, treats all alike, roars around all and over all with such a superiority of power, that it is not worth any one's while to set themselves up in opposition to it, or to be as anything beside it; the sea dashes over them all, dashes them all about, enlivens them all, caresses them all, purifies them all, unites them all.

Among the citizens in the billows you must particularly notice one couple, a citizen in grand flame-colored attire,

and a citizeness in a brown, cabbage-butterfly-striped woolen gown. The citizeness distinguishes herself by her propensity to withdraw from the crowd to some solitary place, by her wish to be independent, and her inability to keep her footing against the waves; and these waves hurl her piteously enough upon a sand bank, where she is left alone to her own powers and a trident (a three-grained [sic] fork), with which she endeavors to keep herself firm on the ground, but in vain; while the citizen goes back to take out his wife. This couple are Professor Hart and the undersigned. Presently you might see me rise up out of the water, tired of struggling with the waves and being dashed on the bank—now sitting upon it like a sea-mew, surrounded by white-crested, tumultuous billows—now contemplating the ocean and infinite space, and now that party-colored company among the waves by the shore—very unlike that in the Capitol of Washington! Here human beings do not appear great, nor remarkable in any way, and more like ungraceful, clumsy beasts than the lords and ladies of creation, because the garments in which they are attired are not designed to set off beauty.

With Professor Hart and his wife I get on excellently; they are quiet, kind, earnest people; they let me do as I like. I have a nice little room near theirs, with a fine view over the ocean, which here, without islands or rocks, rolls up unimpeded upon the low sandy shore; I hear its roar day and night from my open window, for I have for several months slept with my window open and the Venetian shutters closed, as people do here generally. I rest and enjoy myself, as I have not hitherto done in this country. The restless mind, however, labors still, writes romances and dramas, the scenes of which are all laid in Sweden, although the scenes here have given life to them; but I live for Sweden in all that I do and all that I imagine.

*August 10th.* [1850]

How beautiful it is to be here; how pleasant to pause from going out to see things, from the excitement of



hearing, and learning, and from social life and conversation! How good it is to be alone, to be silent and quiet! And the sea! the sea! that grand, glorious sea, how soothing and refreshing it is to contemplate it, to listen to it, to bathe in it! I sit every morning, after my breakfast of coffee, Carolina rice, and an egg, by the sea-side, under a leafy alcove, with a book in my hand, and gaze out over the sea, and into the vast expanse of sky; see the porpoises in flocks following the line of the coast, and hear the great waves breaking and roaring at my feet. The porpoises amuse me particularly; they go, for the most part, in couples, and pop their heads up out of the sea as if to say "good morning," making a curve of their bodies, so that the upper part is visible above the surface of the water; after this curved movement, made slowly and with a certain method in it, they plunge their heads down again and vanish in the waves, but are soon seen up again doing the same as before. They are large fishes, I should imagine about two ells long, and seem in form not to be unlike our largest salmon, and they have a something very grave in their movements as they thus offer us their salutations from the deep; sometimes, however, they give great leaps. . . .

But I must now tell you about my life at Cape May. I pass my mornings in company with the sea and the porpoises. When the tide comes in—as for instance, this morning at half past ten—and the waves advance further and further, on the sands, I attire myself in bathing costume, and thus go out into the sea, but before the great crowd assembles there, and let myself be washed over by the waves, most frequently having hold of Professor Hart's hand, sometimes in company with a lively Quaker lady, a niece of Lucretia Mott; sometimes also alone, for I have now become quite expert in wrestling with the waves, and in keeping my balance in them. One remains in the water about a quarter of an hour, and it feels so pleasant that one is quite sorry to come out. After this bathing, I go to my chamber, write a little while my hair dries, drink a glass of good ice-cold milk, with a piece of excellent wheaten bread, and then lie

down on my bed for an hour, where, hushed by the great cradle-song of the sea, I fall asleep directly, as lightly and pleasantly as, I imagine, little children slumber to their mother's lullaby.

When I wake, I dress myself quickly for dinner. The dinner hour is two, and a noisy scene it is! There sit, in a large light hall, at two tables, about three hundred persons, while a thundering band is playing, waited upon by a regiment of somewhat above forty negroes, who march in and maneuver to the sound of a bell, and make as much noise as they possibly can make with dishes and plates, and such like things, and that is not a little. They come marching in two and two, each one carrying a dish or bowl in his hands. Ring! says a little bell held aloft by the steward, and the dish-bearers halt. Ring! says the little bell again, and they turn themselves to the table, each one standing immovably in his place. Ring! and they scrape their feet forward on the floor with a shrill sound, which would make me ready to jump up, if the whole of their serving were not a succession of scraping, and shrill sounds and clamor, so that it would be impossible to escape from their noisy sphere. The dinners are, for the most part, very good, and the dishes less highly seasoned than I have been accustomed to find them at American tables, and especially at the hotels. Although I here always find a deficiency of vegetables, yet I am fond of one which is called "squash," and which is the flesh of a species of very common gourd here, boiled and served up much in the style of our cabbage, and which is eaten with meat. It is white, somewhat insipid, but soft and agreeable, rather like spinach; it is here universally eaten; so also are tomatoes, a very savory and delicately acid fruit, which is eaten as salad. Of the second course I dare not venture to eat anything but sago pudding or custard, a kind of egg-cream in cups, and am glad that these are always to be had here.

One standing dish at American tables at this season is the so-called "sweet corn." It is the entire corn ear of a peculiar kind of maize, which ripens early. It is boiled



in water and served whole; it is eaten with butter, and tastes like French "petit pois;" they scrape off the grains with a knife, or cut them out from the stem. Some people take the whole stem, and gnaw them out with their teeth; two gentlemen do so who sit opposite Professor Hart and myself at table, and whom we call "the sharks," because of their remarkable ability in gobbling up large and often double portions of every thing which comes to table, and it really troubles me to see how their wide mouths, furnished with able teeth, ravenously grind up the beautiful white, pearly maize ears, which I saw so lately in their wedding attire, and which are now massacred, and disappear down the ravenous throats of the sharks. When I see that, I am convinced that if eating is not a regularly consecrated act—and is it not so in the intention of the grace before meat?—then it is a low and animal transaction, unworthy of man and unworthy of nature.

After dinner I again sit with my book in my hand, and contemplate the sea, and enjoy the life-giving sea-breeze. Some bathing again takes place toward half past five, when the tide again rises, and occasionally I also take a second bath, but in a general way I find that once a day is sufficient, because the wrestling with the waves makes bathing fatiguing. I mostly about that time take a walk, and sometimes call on people who have visited me, either in this great hotel where we are, or in some of the small cottages scattered about. When it gets dark, and it gets dark early here, I walk backward and forward in the upper piazza which runs round our hotel—the Columbia House—and contemplate the glorious spectacle produced by the lightning, and the unusual eruptions of light with which the heavens have favored us every evening since I have been here, without thunder being audible. The one half of the vault of heaven during these wonderful lightning-exhibitions will be perfectly clear and starlight; over the other half rests a dense cloud, and from its extremities, and from various parts of it, flash forth eruptions of light such as I never saw before; foun-

tains of fire seem to spring forth at various points, at others they flash and sparkle as from the burning of some highly inflammable substance; gulfs open full of brilliant and colored flames, which leap hither and thither; and from the edges of the cloud where it appears thin and gray, spears and wedge-like ashes are sent forth incessantly, while toward the horizon, where the clouds seem to melt into the sea, it is illumined by far-extended and mild gleams of lightning. In short, it is an exhibition of celestial fire-works, which are always new, astonishing, and, to me, enchanting. We have had two magnificent thunder-storms, when the lightnings flashed and crossed each other over the ocean, so that it was a really grand spectacle. The weather just now is perfectly calm, and the days and nights are uninterruptedly delicious and beautiful. We have frequently music and earthly fire-works on the beach opposite our hotel, so that we do not experience any want of cheerful amusement. To the same category belong the cavalcades of gentlemen and ladies on the beach, driving about in light, little carriages, the crowds of pedestrians wandering along the shore, seeking and finding Cape May diamonds, small, clear crystals, which, when cut, present a remarkably clear and beautiful water. Later in the evening, when the moon rises, Professor Hart and myself may often be seen among the pedestrians; for I like to hear him develop his thoughts on the subject of education; I like to hear his method of awakening, and from year to year anew awakening and keeping alive the attention of the boys, and calling forth their peculiar faculties into full self-consciousness and activity. His theory and his practice in this respect seems to me excellent; and the progress of his school, and the ability and the cleverness of the boys in their various ways, when they leave the school, testify to the correctness of the principle and the excellence of the method.

The roar of the sea is generally lower in the evening than in the day, the slumbrous light of the moon seems to lull the restless billows, and their song is one of re-



pose. Sometimes I go to a little distance inland, and listen to the whispering of the maize in the evening breeze—a quiet, soothing sound! Thus approach night and sleep to the great cradle-song of the sea. Thus pass the days with little variation, and I only wish that I could prolong each twofold. It is said that the number of bathers here is from two to three thousand persons.

“Miss—, may I have the pleasure of taking a bath with you, or of bathing you?” is an invitation which one often hears at this place from a gentleman to a lady, just as at a ball the invitation is to a quadrille or a waltz, and I have never heard the invitation refused, neither do I see any thing particularly unbecoming in these bathing-dances, although they look neither beautiful nor charming; in particular, that tour in the dance in which the gentleman teaches the lady to float, which, however, is not a thing to be despised in case of shipwreck.

Very various are the scenes which on all sides present themselves in the bathing republic. Here a young, handsome couple, in elegant bathing attire, go dancing out into the wild waves holding each other by the hand, and full of the joy and the courage of life, ready to meet any thing, the great world's sea and all its billows! There, again, is an elderly couple, in gray garments, holding each other steadily by the two hands, and popping up and down in the waves, just as people dip candles, with solemn aspects, and merely observant to keep their footing, and doing all for the benefit of health. Here is a young, smiling mother, bearing before her her little, beautiful boy, a naked Cupid, not yet a year old, who laughs and claps his little hands for joy as the wild waves dash over him. Just by is a fat grandmother with a life-preserver round her body, and half sitting on the sands in evident fear of being drowned for all that, and, when the waves come rolling onward, catching hold of some of her leaping and laughing great children and grandchildren who dance around her. Here a graceful young girl, who now for the first time bathes in the sea, flies before the waves into the arms of father or mother, in

whose embrace it may dash over her; there is a group of wild young women holding each other by the hand, dancing around and screaming aloud every time a wave dashes over their heads; and there, in front of them, is a yet wilder swarm of young men, who dive and plunge about like fishes, much to the amazement of the porpoises (as I presume), who here and there pop their huge heads out of the billows, but which again disappear as a couple of large dogs rush forward through the water toward them in the hope of a good prize. Sometimes, when one expects a wave to come dashing over one, it brings with it a great force of ladies and gentlemen, whom it has borne along with it, and one has then to take care of one's life. Three life-boats are continually rowing about outside this scene during the bathing season, in order to be at hand in case of accident. Nevertheless, scarcely a year passes without some misfortune occurring during the bathing season, principally from the want of circumspection in the bathers themselves, who venture out too far when they are not expert swimmers. The impulse of the waves in the ebb is stronger than in the flowing tide, and it literally sucks them out into the great deep; and I can not, in such case, but think upon the legend of our mythology, about "the false Ran" which hungers for human life, and drags his prey down into his bosom. There is no other danger on this coast; porpoises are not dangerous, and of sharks there are none excepting at the dinner-table. . . .

I have derived pleasure from my acquaintance with an amiable family, or rather two brother-families from Philadelphia, who live in a cottage near here, for the benefit of sea-bathing. Mr. F., the elder, is the minister of a Unitarian congregation in Philadelphia, one of the noblest, purest human beings whom God ever created, true, fervent, and full of love, but so absorbed by his anti-slavery feelings that his life and his mind suffer in consequence, and I believe that he would with the greatest pleasure suffer death if by that means slavery could be abolished. And his lovely daughter would gladly suffer with him,



a Valkyria in soul and bearing, a glorious young girl, who is her father's happiness as he is hers. This grief for slavery would have made an end of the noble minister's life had not his daughter enlivened him every day with new joy and fascination. She is blonde and blue, like the Scandinavian "maiden" of our songs, and considerably resembles a Swede. The wife of the second brother is a brunette, delicate, beautiful, witty, charming as a French woman, a great contrast to the fair "Skoldmo," but most delightful. She is the happy mother of three clever lads. The Valkyria has three brothers. The two families live together in beautiful family love. That which I see in this country of most beautiful and best is family-life and nature, as well as the public institutions, which are the work of Christian love.

Among the novelties here at the present moment, are some Indians who have pitched their tent in the neighborhood of the hotels on the shore, and there weave baskets and fans according to Indian taste, with other small wares which they sell to—any body who will buy them. The men are half-blood Indians, but the women are true squaws, with black, wild elf-locks, and strong features. They are ugly, but the children are pretty, with splendid eyes, and as wild as little wild beasts.\*

\* Frederika Bremer, *Homes of the New World*, translated by Mary Howitt (New York, 1853); Adolph B. Benson (ed.), *America of the Fifties, Letters of Frederika Bremer* (rev. ed.; New York, 1924).





*The Reverend Henry Caswall, an  
English Clergyman, Visits  
Burlington 1854*

The Reverend George Washington Doane was Episcopal Bishop of New Jersey with his seat at Burlington, overlooking the Delaware. His church, designed by Richard Upjohn, architect of Trinity Church in New York City, is still known as "New St. Mary's" although it was completed in 1854.

Georgian "Old St. Mary's," built in 1703, is still standing. Both churches are described here by the Reverend Henry Caswall, a Church of England clergyman, who came to New York as a delegate from the London Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, to the triennial meeting in 1853 of the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

On Friday afternoon [November 18, 1854] I proceeded about 70 miles to Burlington, in New Jersey, where I arrived soon after nine o'clock. I went at once to the residence of Bishop Doane, from whom I received the most kind and cordial hospitality. On entering the very handsome episcopal residence, I seemed to have left America on the outside, all was so completely English. The bishop's library, thoroughly furnished with the best divinity, carried the thoughts to Oxford or Cambridge; even the style of the bookcases, and of the furniture, being strongly suggestive of "old country" associations.

The pictures on the walls indicated the mind of the owner no less than the books. Here was Archbishop Laud bestowing his benediction on Strafford, there was Charles I. in the act of making his last communion with the Church militant on earth. Here arose the towers of Westminster Abbey, there Salisbury Cathedral lifted its tall and graceful spire. The Bishop of Exeter smiled upon his much-afflicted brother of New Jersey, and the mild countenance of the beloved Archbishop Howley diffused its kindly radiance and suggested thoughts of the rest which remains for the people of God.

The residence of Bishop Doane stands between St. Mary's Hall and Burlington College. The three buildings, with their gardens and grounds, occupy about 40 acres, and are now permanently secured to the church. The laity of New Jersey and New York had just succeeded in raising the sum of \$140,000, by subscriptions among themselves, with the view of releasing these valuable institutions from all their embarrassments. The bishop will derive no personal benefit from this magnificent contribution; and, in fact, assured me that he should go out of the world as poor as he came into it. But he rejoices that, after all his sufferings and admitted errors, the Church is immensely the gainer.

I rose early on Saturday morning, and walked with the bishop to the chapel of the Holy Innocents, an ivy-grown stone building, 81 feet by 27, attached to St. Mary's Hall. The chancel is properly arranged, with altar, credence, and lectern, and with a well-executed oriel window filled with stained glass. The designs are a bright cross gleaming among clouds, a sheaf of wheat, a cluster of grapes, and a scroll bearing the legend, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord."

At seven o'clock the young ladies of the establishment, 137 in number, with their teachers, entered and took their seats. Divine service was performed by the bishop and myself, the young ladies chanting with excellent effect, being aided by a sweet-toned organ. After breakfast with the bishop, I returned with him to St. Mary's,



where, according to his usual plan on Saturdays, he proceeded to instruct a class of 65 young ladies in English composition. . . .

Thus, for many years, in the midst of numerous trials, Bishop Doane has been engaged in training the minds of the daughters of America—the mothers of a future generation. They grow up happily and innocently, and look back with fond regret upon the delightful hours spent on the banks of the Delaware, beneath the kindly shelter of St. Mary's Hall.

From St. Mary's Hall we proceeded to the [Burlington] College, where the Bishop, according to the Saturday arrangement, was to preside at a discussion among the young men, instituted with the object of producing readiness in extemporaneous speaking, and in debate.

There are at present sixty students in the college, of whom six are engaged in a theological course. All are required to attend chapel, where the daily services of the Church are celebrated as in the English Universities.

Upon the present occasion the debate was conducted by the elder students, who addressed a jury composed of six boys of a lower form. Twenty-five young men were in attendance, all habited in gowns and bands. The question for discussion was the following:—"Would it be wise policy in the Government of the United States to receive the Sandwich Islands into the Union, if they should apply at the present time?"

The situation of Burlington College, the episcopal residence, and St. Mary's Hall, is truly delightful. The grounds extend over forty acres, on the bank of the Delaware, which is at this point a magnificent stream, like the Ohio or the Mississippi. Vessels were passing in constant succession, including brigs of 400 or 500 tons. The grounds were laid out in the English style by the bishop himself, whose own hands planted most of the trees which now overshadow the pleasant walks. The buildings are supplied with the pure water of the river

by a hydraulic apparatus, and are lighted with their own gas, which is manufactured on the spot.

The town of Burlington contains a population of about 3,500; of whom about 600 are attached to the Church, the communicants numbering from 250 to 300. It must be recollected that this place was the scene of some of the earliest labours of the Society for Propagating the Gospel, the old church having been founded a century and a half ago. A new and handsome church, designed by Mr. Upjohn, is now erecting, which will serve as a cathedral for the diocese of New Jersey. This edifice is cruciform, 136 feet in length, with a spire of stone 172 feet high. After its completion the old church will be used for the meetings of the Diocesan Convention, and other ecclesiastical purposes.

I left Burlington at noon on Saturday, and passed through a region of country abounding in funereal cyresses, which continually brought to mind the pictorial representations of Turkish burying-grounds. Soon after one o'clock the train stopped at the town of Camden, and I was ferried over the Delaware to Philadelphia, where I was affectionately received by my amiable friend the rector of St. Mark's.\*

\* Henry Caswall, *The Western World Revisited* (Oxford and London, 1854).





Camden on the Delaware  
*From J. W. Barber and Henry Howe, "Historical Collections of  
New Jersey," 1845*





*Greenwood Lake and John Brown's  
by Guy Seguire La Tourette 1870*

As early as 1844 the body of water known to early New Jersey ironmasters as Long Pond had become Greenwood Lake, "a favorite resort for anglers." Now six miles long, it has been enlarged by dams in 1768, 1834, and 1927. Lying half in New Jersey, half in New York, it has attracted painters, such as George Inness and Jasper Cropsey, and writers of whom the most notable was "Frank Forester" (Henry William Herbert, 1807-1858), America's earliest sports writer. Brown's Hotel, described by Guy La Tourette, burned down in 1954. The editor remembers the hotel well, a roomy, hospitable old place, inviting hikers and fishermen to relax over apple pie and beer.

This account of a vacation drive through the North Jersey hills antedates the building of the Greenwood Lake Branch of the Erie Railroad. The author's friend, Berckley W. of Piermont, New York, supplied the transportation—a wagon and a stocky white pony. Guy La Tourette, the author, was a member of a family well known in Bayonne, New Jersey; he had an insurance office there in the nineties, but greater claim to fame was his family's owning the fashionable La Tourette House when Bergen Point, now part of Bayonne, was a popular summer resort. This house had been, many years earlier, the first American home of the Du Pont family, who called it *Beau Séjour*.

John J. Brown's Hotel is a quaint, roomy old house, built on a beautiful knoll about a hundred yards from the lake. A dilapidated barn is falling to pieces opposite, and two or three outhouses holding their attenuated frames together from mere force of habit, adjoin the main building on the western side; a garden and fine old orchard extend from the rear of the hotel to the creek, and all about are spread verdant meadows and cultivated fields. This is the place for good country fare, delightful fish fresh from the lake, and butter made on the place. But come into the bar-room, see the cask of fragrant applejack, nectar of the Immortals, the pictures from the imperial city of Paterson, the quaint notices of country merrymakings, and, chief attraction, genial John Brown himself, always smiling and good natured, his hair brushed in front of his ears, and a "paster" between his teeth, ready to do anything in the world to please everybody. Fisher, the fisherman, swarthy as an Indian, who fought in Mexico and the South, Smith, another fisherman, the beau of Greenwood Lake, Hazen, the clever boat builder, engineer and good fellow generally, Luke, the jolly fiddler, S——, who comes driving up at intervals with his gothic horse and ancient wagon; these, with the rest, make a party not easily found in any other part of the world.

But I am neglecting the lake too long; come to the end of the piazza and look up the beautiful expanse of azure, and then realize the difficulty of describing what you see, Nine miles of blue sparkling water, enclosed by wooded ranges of hills, now clothed in the rich foliage of early summer; in the foreground, every shade of green, fading with the distance into indigo, and hazy, misty, sapphire, to the horizon; all the mountains rising abruptly from the lake, and forming numerous romantic headlands and bays, where kingfishers and bittern watch for their prey all day long; perhaps one sees a bald eagle solemnly floating far above in the depths of the sky, or a fish hawk motionless at a dizzy height, while on the mountains, partridges, woodcock, ducks, and pigeons are



abundant in season; but a summer's night on the lake, —how can one describe its gentle beauty; the water lies smooth as a mirror, and the full moon, rising over the Ramapos, confuses the shadows until one cannot tell where the water begins and the mountains enter; and Venus, the only planet not paled by the splendor of the moon, herself throwing a silvery path upon the mirror-like surface, twinkles in the sky above the gap of the Bearfort Hills. The delightful silence is broken, but not disturbed, by the whip-poor-wills along the shores of the lake, in the orchards and forests, by the booming of immense bullfrogs, and the chirping and chanting of innumerable cicadas, and other insects, making an endless concert the entire night.

In the midst of all this loveliness, the Pirate, with an eyes to business, goes out after catfish, disturbing the placid, moonlit waters with his clumsy boat. "And only man is vile," hums Berckley, who was once a Christian.

Next morning we were stirring early, and finding that after breakfast the steamer was going up the lake, hastily finished our meal, went down to the jetty, and took passage.

The Pioneer is a keel-boat, that will hold about forty people. She is rather in need of ballast astern to keep her from trimming so much by the head, as she does at present, compelling Hazen, the engineer, to invite dead-heads to act as sand bags aft on nearly all his cruises. Her engine is out of repair, leaking and spitting steam in every direction, and she wheezes and puffs in an alarming manner, leaving a wake behind like a North river steamboat, and whistling and shrieking with diabolic shrillness, on every possible occasion. On the dock we were told that she had been cut amidships, and lengthened some twelve feet; but notwithstanding the prevailing prejudice against ships tinkered in this way, we went aboard in high spirits.

That was a delightful sail in the crisp, clear morning air, over the broad, rippling waters of the lake. We had among our passengers, a celebrated actress, bound for

the Windermere, and we were glad to see that she was as beautiful off the stage as on,—a rare thing in the profession. Pine Island (one of the five in the lake) we gave a wide berth, on account of the stumps and snags in the shallows about it, for this end of the lake is artificial, being formed by a dam built by the Morris Canal, to raise the natural lake sufficiently to feed the canal in dry seasons. This dam caused the old lake to overflow the low meadows at the southern end, for several miles, and in two places swept away a forest, the stumps and bare, water-polished stems remain, hidden for the most part, below the surface. Once past these in the old lake, with water from fifty to a hundred feet in depth, the Pioneer cracked on all steam, and plowed bravely forward. Soon we passed the State line, and entering New York, came to at the Windermere dock. As the Pioneer does not answer her helm very readily, we described an immense arc, touched at the wharf, the boat's escape pipe whistling all the time with appalling shrillness, and presenting our passports, were allowed to land; and then all, crew and passengers (excepting the actress and suite), proceeded to the Windermere to pour out a libation to the immortal gods as a thanksgiving for our safe arrival.

On the return voyage, the crew and deadheads went to sleep, leaving Berckley in charge of the wheel. It blew quite a gale, causing a swell upon the lake. We put in at Lakeside, a beautiful place half way down the western side, where summer boarders are taken, and then continued on our journey by the inner passage, behind Pine Island, where there is a narrow channel close in shore. This was a delightful ending to the trip,—now apparently just touching bottom, then in deep, black water; now scraping a snag, then off a marshy point with swamp grasses and water lilies; then a succession of breezy pasture fields, from which came a refreshing air scented with clover, mingled with the perfume of Rhododendrons and grape blossoms in the mountains. Time up and down not taken.



The fish caught at Greenwood Lake are black bass, pickerel, perch, mullet, cat and sun fish, also eels and snapping turtles. Enormous quantities of fish are taken yearly out of the lake, by the regular fishermen, the country people, and anglers stopping at the hotels. Fish peddlers are constantly driving in at Brown's to make bargains with our friend Fisher for his finny victims, and go off again with a hundred or two hundred pounds of live, gasping fish, fresh from the cars where they are kept till sold. Fired by these sights, Berckley and I decided to go fishing, and set Gerry to work digging for night-walkers around the pig-pen. People in search of characters ought to know old Gerry, the hostler—"full of strange oaths," eternally thirsty, and looking out for "treats," apt to commence long stories without head, tail, or middle, always leading up to prospective applejack, and much given to grumbling, swearing, and complaining. On this occasion he made it a personal thing between himself and the night-walkers, because they were so scarce where he dug for them, and amused us hugely by his incessant muttering and grumbling; and, while I am on the subject, I must say that the earthworm is as useful to the native of Greenwood Lake, as the camel is to the Arab, or the reindeer to the Laplander. When the night-walker comes out to enjoy the moonlight, or to bask in the rain, he is snapped up by old Gerry, who pokes about with bent back and lantern, hunting for him, Gerry's chief income being derived from selling worms for bait to anglers. The earthworm, besides being put to this chief use, is crushed in linen bags and applied as a poultice, and, finally, put in a bottle with plenty of rye whiskey, is considered a sure cure for fever and ague; B. called it the Greenwood Lake Panacea, and really pursued the idea ad nauseum, or into the ground.

Well, we sat on the lake for hours, hoping for bites; anything would have been welcome,—the smallest cat-fish thankfully received, said B. Legions of dragon flies buzzed and darted about us, and we killed them by thousands. Then gnats, infinite in number, settled down

on our unhappy selves, small fishes nibbled away all our bait, and the boat leaked. Suddenly I pulled up a small catfish, although by this time we were fishing for pickerel with live bait. It was really quite scandalous for that cat to have been swimming on the top of the water at that time of day; his proper place was in the mud at the bottom. Then B. caught some perch, while I instituted a free lunch on the port side of our boat, until my line snagged on something and broke; that spoiled my angling, as I had but one hook left, which I lost overboard trying to tie on the line, then B. lost his hook, so we gave it up and rowed ashore. But, although we had no luck this time, on other occasions, when more accustomed to the sport, we did better. But, of all the fishing in the Lake, trolling for pickerel is certainly the most exciting; the impetuous rush of the fish, the harrowing fear he may snap off before he is secured, and the final joy of taking him in the boat and admiring his long, graceful shape, the beautiful green of his sides, and the slender mouth, full of sharp teeth. One night, while trolling among the lily pads, at the extreme southern end of the lake, a pickerel actually bit one of the oar blades, making a tremendous swirl in the water as he attacked it, considerably disconcerting my companion and myself, by the suddenness of his onslaught.

A jolly, drunken party were starting out from the jetty, when we landed, all gloriously drunk and noisy. Johnny Luke, the fiddler, saluted us with a meaningless string of Spanish words, accompanied by furious gesticulations; we replied, in equally senseless French, bringing him to such a pitch of enthusiasm that his friends had to forcibly restrain him from leaping into our boat to embrace us—to escape this, we retreated in good order to Brown's; here a tremendous stamping and singing greeted our ears, and, upon inquiry, we learned that the "Cedar Swamp Gang" had arrived. This interesting party cut shingles in a Cedar Swamp, three miles across the lake, and return to Brown's during the week to refresh themselves with applejack, and to enjoy the ameni-



ties of the high civilization they relinquish while in the mountains. The amusements, now on the tapis, were clog dancing, and singing; not having any musical instrument, time, instead of tune, was kept with hands and feet by the admiring audience, and the dancing, consisting of energetic "pas seul", performed in cowhide boots, jarred the house until the windows rattled, while the singing rivalled that of Calibans. B. and I sitting on the piazza, listened with interest, and filled the boots of one of the party, who had taken them off, in order, as he explained, "to dance easier," with all the little portable articles we could find, while Gerry, his mouth watering, gazed, with hungry look, on the applejack, freely circulating within. Every moment the dancing grew more frenzied, until the noise must have been audible miles away in the mountains. In the midst of the uproar, a wagon load of shingles drove up, and all swarmed out to greet it.

Berckley went close up to the wagon, and assuming a gaze of stony imbecility, asked a man, whom he had named Damocles, (with sufficient reason,) "What those things were?"

"Them?—them's shingles," replied D., a short, stout young man, with affability.

"What are they good for?" resumed Berckley.

Damocles explained their various uses, with great simplicity, and then, as if beginning to suspect something, moved to the other side of the wagon. The moment he did so, a lank, yellowhaired, wild looking man, approached B. and whispered confidentially, "That there gentleman, you was a talkin' to, well, he's the greatest man to cut shingles in the world." "Bless my soul!" exclaimed Berckley, with a sudden assumption of deep interest. "Yes, sirree," replied this person, warming, like a true orator, with his subject, "He's just the d—man for cutting shingles you ever seen, why, I'm d—d, if that very man didn't cut nine thousand shingles, in seven hours, on a bet, one day, last week." B. and I were profoundly amazed; B. ejaculating, "Just heaven!

can these things be!" At this moment a diversion, caused by a question from Gerry, as to what the shingles were worth, brought our friend back to the wagon; and the whole gang, assisted by Berck, Gerry, and myself, began a series of elaborate calculations; finally the champion shingle cutter decided the load to be worth twenty-five dollars, and Gerry immediately became lost in meditation. Berckley said he was trying to make out how many drinks that sum would buy, and to realize the waste of money he saw before him. Just then one of the gang invited all into the bar, so B. and I retired, the champion played quoits with Alvin Brown, and poor Gerry, who was not included in the invitation, went grumbling off into the barn.

Those happy days at Greenwood Lake, we were forever going about, as B. graphically summed it up afterwards, with pea-jackets buttoned up to our necks, old trousers, wet feet, our systems full of applejack, smoking pasters, and talking to everybody. One day we had salt mackerel for dinner, and B. had the hardihood to inquire if many were caught in the lake. But we lived chiefly on beef, which we could not help connecting unpleasantly in our minds with three cows, and a boy, that had been killed by lightning the day we arrived; at any rate, John Brown can testify, we ate none the less for our suspicions, and certainly displayed famine breeding appetites. But all sublunary things must end, so behold us early one morning, taking leave of our hospitable Boniface, stowing our traps in the wagon, bidding adieu to Fisher, Smith, Steve and the rest, and drawing a formidable "stirrup cup," after the time-honored custom.

With smiles and good wishes from the nobly fee'd Gerry, and amid cheers from the "boys," we drove rapidly away toward the Windermere.\*

\* Guy S. La Tourette, *A North Jersey Jaunt* (Privately published, 187?).



*A Trip Across Jersey to the Sea*  
by Walt Whitman 1879

Camden was Walt Whitman's home during the last nineteen years of his life. He had been working in a Federal office in Washington when he suffered a stroke in 1873; he then went to Camden to live with his younger brother, George. Partially supporting himself by his writings and sale of his books, he was able after eleven years with his brother to buy the house on Mickle Street which is a museum today. About 1876, when he had recovered to some extent from his stroke, he began going to Timber Creek below Camden to visit the Stafford family at Laurel Springs. Long days outdoors restored his body and refreshed his mind, enabling him to continue writing and publishing. Enjoying the companionship of friends and admirers who flocked to Camden to visit him, he grew in fame and stature as a poet. He died in Camden in 1892.

CAMDEN, N. J., January 24 [1879]

As I went to bed a few Saturday nights ago, it entered my head all of a sudden, decidedly yet quietly, that if the coming morn was fine, I would take a trip across Jersey by the Camden and Atlantic Railroad through to the sea.

Luck for me! A bright clear sunrise—after a good night's rest—crisp, champagne-like winter atmosphere—brief toilet and partial bath—a trill of song to welcome the day and clinch my own contented mood—and then

a good breakfast, cooked by the hands I love. (How much better it makes the victuals taste!)

Walking slowly, or rather hobbling (my paralysis, though partial, seems permanent,) the hundred rods to the little platform and shanty bearing the big name of "Pennsylvania Junction," were not without enjoyment to me, in this pleasant mixture of cold and sunbeams. While I waited outside the yet unopened hut, two good-looking middle-aged men, also journey-bound, held animated talk on gunning, ducks, the shore, the woods, the best places for sport, etc. Each had a long story to tell about "his gun," its properties, price and history generally. Their anecdotes of wonderful shots, bird events, and such—all with many idioms, and great volubility. (Have you ever heard two sportsmen recounting their opinions and experience that way? To me it is not lacking in interest or amusement for a change. And perhaps there is no more innocent style of blowing.)

From the car-windows a good view of the country, in its winter garb. These farms are mostly devoted to market truck, and are generally well cultivated. Passing the little stations of Glenwood and Collingswood—then stopping at old, beautiful, rich and quite populous Had-donfield, with its fine tree-lined, main street (Revolutionary, military reminiscences too—a tradition that the Continental Congress itself held a session here).

#### OLD SPORTING TIMES IN NEW JERSEY

This quarter of the State has an old sporting history, not without interest, as a reminiscence. Hereabouts lived many of the Jersey members of the once famous (fifty, eighty, even a hundred years ago) Gloucester Fox Hunting Club, which, though long deceased, has left its records in an ancient history, or memorial in my possession and from which I now quote. The club was formed in October, 1766, by twenty-seven gentlemen of Philadelphia, who were subsequently joined by several Jersey-men. They used to meet once a week or oftener for



hunting—their most favorite fields for action being along the banks of Cooper's creek, four or five miles from Camden, or at the Horseheads, two or three miles from Woodbury, in Deptford, at Chew's Landing, Blackwoodtown, Heston's Glass-works, now Glassboro', and Thomson's Point on the Delaware. The kennel of the club, which was kept at the Point by an old negro named Natty, contained twenty-two excellent dogs, whose names the eloquent and enthusiastic memorialist of the club has with due solemnity preserved. During the Revolution, many of the members of the club were in their country's service. The association, however, was reorganized after the war, and continued in existence down to 1818, when the death of Captain Ross, the boldest rider and best hunter of the company, caused it to languish and die. The chase generally lasted only for a few hours; but once Reynard carried the pack in full cry to Salem. It was a point of honor not to give up until the brush was taken; after which there ensued a banquet, whereat he who was first in at the death was, for the time being, the lion.

The farmers, who suffered much in those days from the great number of foxes with which the country still abounded, were always glad to hear the sound of the horns and hounds. From the tenth of October to the tenth of April, the club had the entire freedom of their fields and woods, and often on catching the music of the approaching pack, the sturdy husbandman bridled his best horse, and joined the merry dashing train, drinking as deep as any the excitement of the royal sport.

There were many distinguished men connected with the Gloucester Club. But none is more deserving immortality than Jonas Cattell, for 20 years grand guide and whipper-in to the hunters, "always at his post," says the memorialist, "whether at setting out with the company, leading off, at fault, or at the death." While all the rest rode, he traveled on foot with his gun and tomahawk, and was always on hand for any emergency, before half the riders came in sight. His physical strength

and activity were almost incredible. When about fifty years of age he ran a foot race from Mount Holly to Woodbury with an Indian runner of great celebrity, and came off victor. About the same time he won a wager by going on foot from Woodbury to Cape Island in one day, delivering a letter, and returning in the same manner, with an answer, on the day following. He accomplished this extraordinary feat with ease, and was willing to repeat it the same week on the same terms. (Jonas lived to be over ninety years of age, and it is only a couple of years ago that a daughter of his, a very old lady, died at Haddonfield.)

KIRKWOOD—(WHITE HORSE)

Some four or five miles south of Haddonfield we come to the handsome railroad station of Kirkwood. (This place looks to me like home, but I am not intending to stop now.) Here is a beautiful broad pond or lake. They are getting the ice from it, and a good sight it is to see the great thick, pure, silvery cakes cut and hauled. In summer, the pond with its young groves and adjacent handsome pavilion, forms a favorite destination for Philadelphia and Camden picnics.

Not far off is my own choice haunt, Timber Creek, with its primitive solitudes, its flowing, fresh, winding stream, its recluse and woody banks, its cool, sweet feeding-springs, and all the charms that, in genial seasons, the birds, grass, wild flowers, nooks, rabbits and squirrels, old oaks, walnut trees, etc., can bring.

Domiciled at the farm of my dear and valued friends, the Staffords, nearby, I have passed good parts of the last two or three summers along this creek and its adjacent fields and lanes. And indeed it is to my experiences and my outdoor life here—conquering, catching the health and physical virtue of Nature, by close and persistent contact with it at first hand—that I, perhaps, owe recovery, or partial recovery (a sort of second wind, or



semi-renewal of the lease of life) from my paralysis of 1873, '74, '75 and '76.

#### LONG-A-COMING—ATCO—THE DIVIDE

Five miles from Kirkwood we strike the thrifty town of Berlin (old name Long-a-Coming, which they had much better kept). We reach Atco, three miles further on—quite a brisk settlement in the brush, with a newspaper, some stores, and a little branch railroad to Williamstown. At the eighteen mile post the grade of the railroad reaches its highest point, being one hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea. Here is what is called by the engineer, "the divide," the water on the west flowing to the Delaware, and on the east to the ocean.

The soil has now become sandy and thin, and continues so for the ensuing forty miles; flat, thin, bare gray-white, yet not without agreeable features—pines, cedars, scrub oaks plenty—patches of clear fields, but much larger patches of pines and sand.

I must not forget to mention that there are some manufactories both off and on the line of the road. At Williamstown, Tausboro', Waterford and Winslow junction are glassworks, and at Gibsboro', two miles west of Kirkwood station the white lead, zinc and color works of John Lucas Co., and the pleasant country-seat of Mr. and Mrs. L. and their large family. Beside a few cloth and cotton mills through these counties, working in ice, charcoal, pottery, wine, etc., give a little variety to agriculture, which is of course the vastly preponderating occupation.

#### HAMMONTON—THE COUNTRY ALL ALONG

We steam rapidly on to Hammonton, about thirty miles from Philadelphia (half way on the route) and the liveliest looking town on this part of the road. Then,

after touching at De Costa, arrive at Elwood—rather pleasant appearing.

A thin-soiled, non-fertile country all along, yet as healthy and not so rocky and broken as New England. The fee-simple cheap, vines and small fruits eligible. The whole route (at any rate from Haddonfield to the seashore) has been literally made and opened up to growth by the Camden and Atlantic Railroad. That has furnished spine or verteber to a section previously without any.

It all reminds me much of my old native Long Island, N.Y., especially takes me back to the *plains* and *brush*—the same level stretch, thin soil—healthy but barren—pines, scrub oak, laurel, kill-calf, and splashes of white sand everywhere.

We come to Egg Harbor City, settled about twenty-five years ago by the Germans, and now with quite a reputation for grape culture and wine-making—scattered houses off in the brush in the distances, and a little branch railroad to May's Landing; then Pomona, and then another lively town, Absecon, an old and quite good-sized settlement, 52 miles from Philadelphia.

#### THE VAST SALT MEADOWS

After this a broad region of interminable salt-hay meadows, intersected with lagoons and cut into everywhere by watery runs—the strong sodgy perfume, delightful to my nostrils, all reminding me again of “the mash” and the continuous South Bay of old Long Island. The *Atlantic City Review* says: “We believe the day when some effort will be put forth to reclaim the meadows between this place and Absecon, or which span almost the entire Jersey coast, is not far distant. It can be utilized by a system of dyking and drainage, for where the experiment has been tried the soil has been discovered to be remarkably rich and productive. The salt water drained away, the meadows are no longer



miry, but form a solid bottom, the soil resembling that of Illinois."

Passing right through five or six miles (I could have journeyed with delight for a hundred) of these odorous sea prairies we come to the end—the Camden and Atlantic depot, within good gun-shot of the beach. I no sooner land from the cars than I meet impromptu with young Mr. English (of the just-mentioned *Review* newspaper), who treats me with all brotherly and gentlemanly kindness, posts me up about things, puts me on the best roads and starts me right.

### ATLANTIC CITY

A flat, still sandy, still meadowy region (some of the old hummocks with their hard sedge, in tufts, still remaining) an island, but good hard roads and plenty of them, really pleasant streets, very little show of trees, shrubbery, etc., but in lieu of them a superb range of ocean beach—miles and miles of it, for driving walking, bathing—a real Sea Beach City indeed, with salt waves and sandy shores ad libitum.

I have a fine and bracing drive along the smooth sand (the carriage wheels hardly made a dent in it). The bright sun, the sparkling waves, the foam, the view—Brigantine beach, a sail here and there in the distance—the ragged wreck-timbers of the stranded Rockaway—the vital, vast monotonous sea—all the fascination of simple, uninterrupted space, shore, salt atmosphere, sky (people who go there often and get used to it get infatuated and won't go anywhere else), were the items of my drive.

Then, after nearly two hours of this shore, we trotted rapidly around and through the city itself—capital good roads everywhere, hard, smooth, well-kept, a pleasure to drive on them. Atlantic avenue, the principal street; Pacific avenue, with its rows of choice private cottages, and many many others. (I had the good fortune to be

driven around by William Biddle, a young married man—a hackman by occupation—an excellent companion and cicerone—owner of his own good team and carriage).

Then after dinner (as there were nearly two hours to spare) I walked off in another direction, (hardly met or saw a person) and taking possession of what appeared to have been the reception room of an old bath-house range, had a broad expanse of view all to myself—quaint, refreshing, unimpeded—the dry area of sedge and Indian grass immediately before and around me—space, space, with a sort of grimness about it—simple unornamented space. In front, as far as I could see, and right and left, plenty of beach, only broken by a few unpainted houses, in piles, here and there—distant vessels, and the far-off, just visible trailing smoke of an inward bound steamer. More plainly, ships, brigs, schooners, in sight in the distance. How silently, spiritually, like phantoms (even in the midst of the bright sunshine and the objective world around me), they glide away off there—most of them with every sail set to the firm and steady wind. How the main attraction and fascination are in sea and shore! How the soul dwells on their simplicity, eternity, grimness, absence of art!

Although it is not generally thought of, except in connection with hot weather, I am not sure but Atlantic City would suit me just as well, perhaps best, for winter quarters. As to bad weather, it is no worse here than anywhere else; and when fine, the pleasures and characteristic attractions are inimitable.

#### CIVILIZATION AND RAILROADS

What a place (is it not indeed the main place?) the railroad plays in modern democratic civilization! How indirectly, but surely, and beyond all other influences to-day in America, it thaws, ploughs up, prepares, and even fructifies the fallows of unnumbered counties and



towns!—the tough sward of morals and manners of the low average (nine-tenths) of our vulgar humanity! Silently and surely and on a scale as large and genuine as Nature's, it sets in motion every indirect and many direct means of making a really substantial community—beginning at the bottom, subsoiling as it were—bringing information and light into dark places opening up trade, markets, purchases, newspapers, fashions, visitors, etc.

All boys, and the young farmers like railroad life, I notice—want to be engineers, firemen, conductors. Then the swiftness, power, absolute *doing something* which it teaches!

. . . What would all interior or central or sea coast New Jersey be—what the whole southern part of the State—if the Camden and Atlantic tracks were obliterated? Or if the West Jersey road and its branches were?

New Jersey has quite a warlike record—both ancient and modern. (From 1861 to 1865 it contributed 90,000 men to the National army). Of real *grit*, I think the bulk of Jerseymen have as much as any people anywhere. Their besetting sin is worldliness—and a pretty low average of it, too—which is probably, however, the besetting sin not only of every State, North and South, but of all of us, and of every civilized land under the sun.

#### GENERAL NEW JERSEY CHARACTER

Of course New Jersey character is in the main the same as all other human character. It must ever be borne in mind that the facts of resemblance between any people, place or time, are far closer and more numerous than the facts of difference. Of course, too, in New Jersey humanity there are many phases or strata. Materialistic, very set and obstinate, but good sterling ore, native qualities—good material for the future. If we were asked to strike an average for the morality and intellectuality of the people, it would be neither the highest nor lowest. Thrift, wariness, stolidity prevail. The women are the

best, as everywhere. There is a quality in the men analogous to open air, to barns and earth-fields and sea-shore—on a low plane, but real and breezy—most welcome and delightful to me. (I am speaking of Camden, Atlantic and Burlington counties, and the middle and southern parts more particularly.) The Jerseyite has neither the sharpness of the New Englander nor the enterprise of the West. From the situation of the State, not from any native impetus, it has been cut through by railroads and travel-forced into a connection with the busy, bustling world—yet the common ranges of the people are sluggish, content with little, and hard to rouse. With all this I like them much, and some of my best times of late years have been passed with them. Character is, indeed, on a low key, but it is fresh, independent and tough as a knot. Carlyle would find acceptable studies among them. In a good many points they are like the Scotch, only not so *canny*.

In these parts, more than anywhere else, yet linger the farback tracts, ancient hymn-books, Doddridge's essays and the like. In one excellent family I found that ponderous and primitive work, "The Bible Looking-Glass," with its texts of hundreds of puerile conceits, illustrated by their hundreds of the rawest of wood engravings—all quite curious as a study of the past, of crudeness, and how, seen through cheap and ignorant eyes, the grandest and sublimest become helplessly cheap and ignorant.

No doubt the nature of the soil has had to do with advancing certain personal traits and repressing others. Flat, much sand, few forests worthy the name, no natural wheat land, immense lines of sea-sand, vast wilds of dwarf pine and scrub oak, mostly describe it. The northern portion of the State is hilly, even mountainous, with mines and furnaces, and doubtless would require a different portraiture. I hope to explore it one of these days and perhaps report.

But to me it is the sea-side region that gives stamp to Jersey, even in the human character. I am counting with



eagerness next summer (as the Yanks say, "make reckoning") on a special long-contemplated exploration of this creek-indented and sea-beat region from Cape May to Sandy Hook—100 miles—a stretch offering both the people and the places most interesting to my taste, in which salt and sedge are inborn.\*

\* In *Proceedings of The New Jersey Historical Society*, October, 1948.





*Joel Cook Visits the  
Delaware Water Gap 1882*

These "Brief Summer Rambles" were part of a series of letters written for the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* in 1881 by Joel Cook (1842-1910), author of numerous travel books and correspondent of the *London Times* at the Chicago World's Fair in 1891. The book includes descriptions of trips up and down the Delaware by boat, with visits to Trenton, Cape May, Atlantic City, and Long Branch.

Let us enter to-day one of the comfortable cars that the Pennsylvania Railroad provides for its through line from Philadelphia to the Delaware Water Gap. After swiftly riding over the smooth rails to Trenton we leave the main line and curve around to the northward from the station to get on the Belvidere Delaware Railroad. This is the line through the Delaware Valley, running up the banks of our great river for nearly eighty miles to the Water Gap and beyond. We halt at the station a moment for the hands to make up the new train and listen to the long speech the brakeman delivers to direct the passengers aright. He is quite an orator, and runs over the names of the numerous stations with a clearness of enunciation that shows no ordinary elocutionary powers. Then remarking quietly to me, "If the passengers go wrong it won't be my fault," brakeman No. 367 is ready for the journey up the Delaware. We curve around through the hills on the outskirts of Trenton, past that very ancient passenger-car that has been shoved up on a

siding for a long time, where the rains have washed the soil all over the tracks and the youthful Jerseymen have knocked out all the windows, leaving it a railway relic of past ages. Then through the town we go, over the Raritan Canal on a swing drawbridge, where several big schooners are lying at the wharves of the potteries, which are so numerous hereabout; then along the canal-bank, with Feeder Street on the other side, all the intersecting streets crossing the canal on little swing-bridges, till we stop at the pretty station at Warren Street for some of the Trenton nabobs to get aboard. Over another canal we ride, for Trenton seems honeycombed by them, and then out through the hills, with the road-bridges crossing over our heads; and having got beyond the town, the Delaware River comes into view to the westward. The fields are well cultivated, for we are gliding past some of the best corn land and orchards of Mercer County. We pass the buildings of the New Jersey Lunatic Asylum, on the hill east of the railway, so covered in with foliage that you can hardly tell what kind of a place it is; and our obliging brakeman tells of his adventures in transporting fifteen car-loads of Lunatics from this asylum over to the other State institution at Morristown in cars, with doors locked and windows fastened. Judging by the kind of people who sometimes ride on his train, he is of opinion that all the Jersey lunatics are not yet in the asylums.

We are now almost out to the edge of the Delaware, and still running swiftly along the bank of the Raritan Canal feeder. High over our heads on a long trestle and bridge comes the Bound Brook Railroad across the river and the adjacent lowlands, a train running above us as we dart under the trestle, showing the advantage of *not* having railway crossings at grade. We have come into the region of dark red soils, with its frequent quarries of brownstone. After running over the flat farm-land, with hills sloping on both sides of the valley, we come out on the river-bank to find the channel dotted with little islands, as we pass the low, irregular sort of rocky dam



that makes what is known as Scudder's Falls. Above here the Delaware is a stream barely as wide as the Schuylkill at the Falls village, and not unlike it, flowing placidly between the wooded shores of its low bordering hills. Higher hills loom up ahead, for far away northward are the spurs of the South Mountain ranges that border the Lehigh region. The railway runs on the narrow strip between the canal and the river, the rocks in the shallow stream occasionally poking up above the water. Then, where a beautiful weeping willow stands alongside the road, we come to Washington's Crossing. Here was the ancient McConkey's Ferry, where Washington crossed in midwinter to fight the battle of Trenton. They have built a bridge since, so that Washington would now have an easier time in getting across, though the enormous sign over the bridge entrance announcing a long list of things that he must not do "under ten dollars penalty," might possibly have some effect in deciding future battles of Trenton. The stations are frequent, and the train-hands do a brisk business helping passengers in and out of the cars at the pretty villages along the river, the edge of the bank being frequently skirted by saw-logs, for freshets sometimes play havoc with the rafts. Rocky ledges cross the stream, making frequent rapids, over which the water foams, and the Jerseyman of this region thinks nothing of standing out in the water up to his waist to fish. Soon we run among the outlying spurs of the South Mountain, the railway curving with all the river bends around the bases of the hills. The stream in some places becomes narrow where the rocks closely compress the channel, and, excepting on the flat land bordering the valley in the nooks made by the hills, agriculture does not flourish. The fields back from the bank are usually set on edge against the hill-side.

Boulders and shingles are thickly strewn in the river as we approach the little dam made for the canal, below Lambertville, and run into that pleasant town, built on a comparatively level plain among the hills sixteen miles

above Trenton. A bridge crosses to the Pennsylvania shore, and the town has a fine station, constructed of the native brownstone that underlies all this part of New Jersey. Judging by the number of people rushing about at the station, Lambertville has a large traveling population. Bricks have built most of the houses, for the inhabitants have not yet got to using the brownstone and sandstone much for dwellings. The saw-mills also do a good business at working up the rafts of logs that come down the Delaware, and a branch railway runs off inland to Flemington, the county-seat of Hunterdon, which we are now traversing. Above Lambertville a succession of villages line the shores on both sides of the river, and the sunflowers nod brightly at us as we rush past the gardens, while the chickens—for the sun is near setting—are picking out their roosting-places for the night, generally selecting a perch on their owner's best carriage. . . . We pass Bull's Island, prettily located on another grand semicircular sweep of the river back to the northward above Lumberville. The scenery becomes wild and romantic among the high forest-covered hills on both sides of the river, and here we pass the "Tumble Station," twenty-six miles from Trenton, where somebody in ancient times probably tumbled off the rocks into the river to give a name.

Gradually we run among higher and higher ranges of hills, through which the narrow Delaware threads its tortuous way, and their stratified ledges of slate sometimes stretch far across the river, marking where the water has forced its way through. In other places, where soil has become attached to these rocky ledges, they appear as green islands in the channel. As we move along, the sun is setting behind the highest hills on the Pennsylvania shore, and as their rounded tops pass, it repeatedly sets, and reappears again in the depressions of the range, making a succession of charming sunsets. Far ahead of us is the dark blue outline of the distant Musconetcong Mountain range, one of the backbones of this part of New Jersey, which frowns upon the lowlands, and



makes the Delaware curve in a long double twist far to the southwest to get around its outer end. All the river villages have saw-mills, and thousands of logs are tied along the shore in rafts. Frequent bridges cross over—all toll-roads, with their gates shut, to keep the erratic traveller from getting across without handing out his pennies. The people are out on the smooth waters in row-boats, and wave salutes to the passing train as they enjoy the cool breezes. But the space on which they can row is restricted by the rocky rapids that occupy much of the stream. Gradually we curve around the southwest in the gorge through the range of hills, and pass the land of Nockamixon. Rounding a great promontory, we have in full review the grand escarpment of the Nockamixon rocks over on the Pennsylvania shore, standing up in wondrous formation like the Palisades of the Hudson, the range running far away to the westward as the river again curves around to the northward. Here we pass Holland, and if anxious to give these wonderful rocks a closer inspection, can shout across the river and get a citizen of Bucks County to come out with his boat and row us over at the rate of ten cents per boatload. These extraordinary red sandstone rocks rise about three hundred feet high, almost perpendicularly, with here and there a ravine of romantic wildness, where they have been rent asunder. At their foot the plodding mules draw coal-barges along the Delaware Division Canal. Above these rocks the valley broadens, and we glide across the Musconetcong River, near Riegelsville, where a wall of rock hems in the railway alongside the station, much of the town being on the level plain over on the Pennsylvania shore.

The railway continues its course along the river-bank through a pass between the jutting hills, the route being hewn out of the rocks, while stony ledges and boulders partly intercept the stream. Then sand-banks fill the channel as we move across a plain and gradually approach the hills surrounding the mouth of the Lehigh. There are frequent villages along the river, and we run

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

This is the "Forks of the Delaware," the confluence of the Delaware and Lehigh Rivers, and in the "Forks" stands Easton, the chief town of the upper Delaware Valley. Here came the chiefs of the Lenni Lenapes to treat with Penn and his successors, and here the town was founded one hundred and thirty years ago, but it did not become a great business place till the Lehigh coal sought this route to a market. Its chief buildings are those of Lafayette College, located magnificently on the high bluff, north of the Bushkill, and munificently endowed by one of the Lehigh coal princes, Ario Pardee, who has built its noblest structure—Pardee Hall—of



brownstone with light sandstone trimmings. . . . Soon the Delaware narrows and its course winds among the hills again, as we run through the narrow gorge above Easton, where there are limestone-quarries, and long inclined planes lead down from some of them to the river-bank, while rocky ledges extend out into the water. The pebble and shingle in the channel above make long lines of shoals, over which the current foams, while, as the valley broadens again, islands frequently divide the stream. The railroad curves with the long reaches of the winding river and gives fine views as we run towards Belvidere. At times the valley is broad enough for cultivation, and then again it narrows between the hills, leaving scarcely room for the railway to pass in its rock-hewn course. Soon we reach Belvidere, the "town of the beautiful view," sixty-five miles above Trenton, and in the twilight it indeed has a superb outlook on the wooded hills across the Delaware and the broad sweep of the river as it curves grandly around from the north towards the east to make a peninsula on which the town is built. Belvidere itself is a mixture of houses and foliage standing upon a stony creek-bed, out of which the water has almost all run. The houses are almost all slate-roofed, and the cabbage-gardens of many of them back invitingly up to the car windows.

Leaving Belvidere, we run through the farm-land and rolling hills, liberally sprinkled with stones, which slope far back from the bank. . . . As we swing around the curve, and can see our engine laboring at the head of the train, the opposite hills gradually open, giving a view up the valley. At first, in the deepening twilight, can be seen the dark sides of the Kittatinny Mountain, far away. Then the view between the hills opens wider, and there is the Water Gap in all its glory, ten miles away. We run a little farther, and halt at the foot of the Penungaugung Hills, through which a double tunnel brings the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railway, from Jersey City, to unite with our line. The pretty Indian name has been corrupted by the modern railway-builder into

Manunka Chunk, and here we halt, with the fresh air blowing into our faces from far away over the water to the northward at the Gap, while they make up a new train. Watermelons cover much of the station platform, and we wish there was time to cut one. The initials "P.R.R.," made in flowers alongside the station, is the last we see of the Pennsylvania Railroad, as we go upon the other line to continue the journey to the Gap, which now stands up prominently before us, Mount Minsi and Tammany elevated far above the lower intervening hills, Tammany rising abruptly, and Minsi more sloping. Between them is the narrow notch making the Gap, and, though it can just be detected, the dim outline of the Pocono Mountains far beyond.

The sturdy locomotive "Thomas Dickson," named for another coal prince, takes hold of our train and draws us up the line that brings down the Scranton coal to market. We swing around with the river to the northwest and head direct for the Gap, the road being hewn out of the hill-side high above the river valley. The ununiformed trainmen who now take charge are in strong contrast with the neat blue clothing and white hats of Pennsylvania Railroad officials. The conductor comes through wearing a black slouch hat, and the brakeman rushes around in check shirt and a straw hat, looking not unlike an escaped convict. As we approach Delaware Station the valley broadens, and there is room for some farm-land, and here the railway gets a chance to make a long curve, around which the cars glide into an iron truss-bridge, which carries the road diagonally over to the Pennsylvania shore from Warren County into Northampton. In the twilight can still be seen the Gap, now looking larger as we approach it, with the narrow, placid river flowing down among the nearer but much smaller hills. Although it is almost dark, the view is very fine, with the notch and the high range of the Kittatinny extending far across the scene, the low-lying Blockhead Mountain being now visible just behind and partly closing the Gap. At Portland, a long wooden bridge is thrown across the river,



and we rush along comparatively low shores beyond, with great masses of stones in the stream. Then we come to the foot of the mountain, and, twisting with the river suddenly to the left, enter the Gap, the railway closely hugging the shore of the narrow stream that has broken its route through. The precipitous mountains rise high above us, and in the darkness seem almost ready to topple over. We have scarcely entered the Gap when the road swings grandly around first to the left and then to the right through the gorge, with vast masses of rock towering above us. In a few minutes we are through, and, rounding the Blockhead Mountain, sight the lights of the little station, one hundred and seven miles from Philadelphia, with the Shawnee Hills behind it, just traceable against the western sky as we curve to the northeast. The train halts, and the passengers clamber into the stages that are to haul them up the mountain. The horses laboriously drag us up the zigzag roadway, the bright headlight which each stage carries shining out in front, while behind us a succession of lights, which are all that can be seen of the other coaches, are jogging and nodding as they come along, their rays illuminating the dust-clouds our stage has raised. The place is weird-looking as we crawl along through the thick woods in the darkness, and the katydids keep up their usual disputation, now carried on all the louder, as it is the only thing we can hear. Up we toil, on the road to "Tat's Gap," an opening in the Kittatinny Mountain range, named in honor of Moses Funda Tatamy, the old-time Indian interpreter, but now called "Tat's," for short. We go a very crooked half-mile, ascend about four hundred feet, and soon through the woods can see a broad plateau of lights. Circling around it, and finding the illumination all coming from the windows behind the broad piazzas of the Water Gap House, we alight at the entrance, and the ride up the beautiful valley of the Delaware is ended.

The great mountain range of the Kittatinny has been frequently met in these rambles. The Indians gave it the name, meaning, in their figurative language, "the endless

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

The river Delaware, or rather the Coquago and Popacton, which form it, rise in the Catskills, and for nearly two hundred miles they flow along the western side of the great Blue Ridge, seeking an outlet to the sea, uniting at the northeast corner of Pennsylvania. For half this distance the Erie Railway uses the Delaware Valley for its road to the West. In the dim past, it is said, the Kittatinny chain had no Water Gap, but that it dammed up the waters of the Delaware into a vast lake, covering northeastern Pennsylvania, and having its outlet on the higher level of the Wind Gap. But a mighty convulsion came that rent the rocks asunder and let the waters through, so that the stream flowed down towards the sea, to make on its gradually deepening channel, and by the



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

Go out with me on the piazza of the hotel in the early morning, and at an elevation of four hundred feet above the river, with the cool air gently blowing from the far northward across the Minisink, take a view of this remarkable formation of nature. Over opposite rises the bold form of Mount Tammany, on the Jersey shore, and to the southward Mount Minsi, the river forcing a narrow way between them, though it runs far below us, and so covered in by foliage and projecting cliffs that it cannot be seen. Down in the valley the passing railway trains roll along, and they can be traced upon the black lines of rails far away to the northwest, as they run up the little stream known as Brodhead's Creek to Stroudsburg. The Delaware itself comes sharply around the projecting point of a mountain from the northeast. The hunting-ground of the Minisink spread all across the view to the northward, a broad expanse of rolling and rich farm-land, crossed by the lower range of the Fox and Shawnee hills, through which the creek comes by a miniature gap. The Minisink spreads as far as eye can see, with the Pocono Mountains, gray and misty, at the edge of the horizon. But to the southward the great mountains bordering the Water Gap, barely a mile from us, abruptly close the view, excepting where the river

goes around its graceful curve through the opening of the narrow gorge, and is soon lost behind an intervening mountain. This precipitous, but comparatively low, mountain juts out in front of Mount Tammany, and prevents our seeing the lower part of the Gap. The obstruction is tantalizing, but it cannot be helped, and the stupid mountain that has thus put itself in the way has been appropriately named the Blockhead Mountain. With a companion cliff on the other side, it makes the entrance portal to the pass. Their sides are densely wooded, and between them the narrow, placid river, which the rays of the early sun have not yet reached down to, makes a graceful curve to the eastward. Mount Minsi, also densely wooded, rises just below, like the curved side of a great basin, and closes in the view, while the tall and abrupt wall of Mount Tammany on the other side rises in bluish haze behind the smaller Blockhead in front. Between the two great mountains can be seen the Gap, through which the river has broken its way to get on to the sea,—narrow and contracted, and just opening as it were like a pair of sliding doors. This remarkable formation is upon so stupendous a scale that everything else seems dwarfed. . . .

Now, after getting fortified by a good breakfast, for in this romantic region the mountain air quickly produces hunger, let us clamber down the hill to the riverbank. We go along steep zigzag paths, and rustic stairways, alongside little rocky waterfalls, and through pretty bits of shrubbery and flowerbeds, and at a little wharf find a tiny steamboat—the “Kittatinny”—that will go out whenever it suits four persons to invest twenty-five cents apiece passage-money. We embark for a voyage through the Gap, and are on the narrow river, down in an immense basin, with the towering mountains encompassing us, their green foliage clinging to the crags, beginning to tinge with yellow and red as the north wind tells of the approach of autumn. . . . Far above, and perched on an eminence, is an arbor embosomed in



foliage. This was the "Lover's Leap" in the older days of the Gap, but modern refinement has named it for the lover who is alleged to have made the leap four hundred feet down into the river—"Winona's Cliff." . . . To the eastward of Winona's Cliff, and farther around the basin, a wooded ravine divides the Cliff from the side of Mount Minsi, grandly rising far above. Here on the "Promontory," with a little white flag flying six hundred feet above the river, is another arbor, and one hundred feet higher up, but farther back from the precipitous face of the mountain, still a third arbor rises amid the foliage on top of "Prospect Rock." The river seems very narrow, the almost perpendicular sides of the mountains coming down to the water's edge, and in their vastness dwarfing all below, so that the distances seem much less than they really are. The railway runs up the Pennsylvania shore, the locomotive whistles reverberating from the mountainsides as the trains run through the gorge. Such is the scene as we get aboard the little steamboat.

The tiny "Kittatinny" pipes her shrill whistle, and with one dollar and seventy-five cents freight from seven passengers, starts on the voyage through the Gap. She circles around in the water and heads for Mount Minsi, that seems to shut up the gate through which the river flows, standing there like a great obstructive wall as we swiftly round the end of Blockhead Mountain. The long curving lines of rails at the foot of Mount Minsi glisten in the sunlight as we move along. Grandly the gorge sweeps around to the left as we calmly float along on the steamboat, a lot of other fellows laboriously pulling along in row-boats, and wishing they were us. Soon passing the point of Blockhead Mountain, we see the towering form of Mount Tammany behind it, the Gap looking like a little notch cut in the range, its sliding sides opening farther and farther down, as the steamer glides along. The beetling crags that rise far above show the rocky upheaval that has made this great mountain-chain. On both sides of the gorge the range rises gradually higher and higher as we enter the Gap. Here a party of boys in

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

We turn about and retrace the journey through the Gap, a stiff north wind blowing down the narrow pass into our faces. As we move between the two great moun-



tains again, a factory smokes on the shore just ahead of us, engaged in the unromantic occupation of making slates. The row-boats are out on the river in numbers, and we quickly retrace our course through the river's double curve, past Minsi and the Blockhead, when the ladies are startled again by a baby leaning far over the side of a row-boat to dabble in the water. They expect it to topple over and get drowned, but the Providence that guards babies and journalists alike allows no news item of this sort to be telegraphed from the Gap. We head for the Promontory, with its arbor perched on high, and then rounding the Blockhead, sight the two hotels elevated on Sunset Hill, one apparently on top of the other. . . . Steaming on a little farther, we can see up the valley of Brodhead's Creek and over the village of the Water Gap, nestling at the foot of another hill, just at the edge of the river, with the Shawnee range of hills running off in the distance. Returning to the landing after this romantic and not unadventurous sail through the Gap, we toil on foot up Sunset Hill, and speak in admiration both of the view and of the inventor of that boon to ascending humanity—the elevator. Having mounted the hill, the journey is appropriately ended by getting our photographs taken with Mount Minsi in the background.

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

beauties of the mountains, and as early as thirty years ago a party of them opened a path through the finest of the attractions on the mountain-side, the Eureka Glen. Soon after there was made a regular organization, called the "Sappers and Miners," composed of visitors at the Gap, who opened roads and footpaths and put up direction marks. Many well-known Philadelphians who would not like to be seen mending highways and chopping wood at home were willing to pay eighteen dollars a week board at the Water Gap for the privilege of chipping rocks and cutting out undergrowth, getting thereby a better appetite than they ever knew in Philadelphia society circles. The "Sappers and Miners" were a grand organization, having the right idea about the proper formation of such a corps. They were nearly all officers. . . . These "Sappers and Miners," however, fell into desuetude, and afterwards were superseded by the "Minsi Pioneers." These pioneers were industrious road-makers for several years, but they too, like all things earthly, have dissolved into little else than a memory, though many of the best paths and prettiest views at the Gap were opened by this organization. At the hotel, in the hall, there is put up on the wall in rustic emblems,

The Minsi Pioneers,

Organized August 21, 1875

Beneath are twelve axes, supposed to be the tools with which the pioneers did their work. But these axes are no longer taken down—there is no more road-making,—even the anniversary, once a day of extra jollification, this year passed unnoticed. . . .\*

\* Joel Cook, *Brief Summer Rambles* (Philadelphia, 1882).



*Hector MacQuarrie Writes of his  
Atlantic City Weekend 1917*

Lieutenant Hector MacQuarrie of the Royal Field Artillery, spent some time in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, during the First World War on a mission connected with the steel plants and relations between the American and British governments. He was the author of several books on World War I published both in England and in the United States. An interlude in the Bethlehem assignment was the weekend in Atlantic City about which he writes.

BETHLEHEM, U.S.A., August 30, 1917

The other day Dicky C—— and I went to Atlantic City for the week end. So many of my Bethlehem friends go to this place every year, that I felt my American experience would not be complete without a visit. We left this town at about three o'clock; we ought to have left sooner. The chauffeur developed caution to an almost unlimited extent and this worried Dicky, a furious driver himself. He told me with some pride the number of times he had been arrested on the White Horse Pike. The caution of the chauffeur was responsible for our arrival at our destination at about ten o'clock at night.

Being Saturday night, of course, it was impossible for a time to get either rooms or food. At the hotel where Dicky usually stopped we were turned down. His Majesty, the clerk, disliked the shape of our noses or our clothing or something. We spent one dollar fifty in telephone calls trying to get some hotel to take us in.

We started with the good ones, but even the fifth class houses were full. I therefore approached the clerk and explained that I was a British officer with nowhere except the sands upon which to sleep. This worked like magic.

We were shown into what was called a club room near the top of the building, where twelve beds were arranged hospital fashion. Our fellow guests were not there then, so we decided to sleep on the balcony in case any of them snored. The building is a beautiful one, having wonderful sort of battlements, and we fixed our beds out on one of these.

Then we sought food. We tried one fashionable place, but the head waiter was not impressed. He certainly looked at our noses and at our clothes. About these clothes—I had on a very good sort of golf kit. I almost know the sheep on the Island of Harris off of which the wool forming the material came. My stockings were thick and home made in the Highlands, and my brogues were made by Mr. Macwell in Dover Street. Dicky was turned out similarly and being a big handsome sort of chap looked fine. Perhaps if we had given that waiter ten dollars as his usual patrons do, we would have been ushered in with much bowing, but we preferred to starve rather than to give him a cent.

We sought restaurant after restaurant, but could get nothing, not even a poached egg. Dicky was getting crabby. After an hour we at last got into a hot, cheery sort of cabaret and drank small beer and ate all sorts of grills, also clams. After this Dicky became brighter, and I also felt more kindly, so we hired a comfy chair on wheels and spent an hour on the Board Walk, while the chairman told us with much enjoyment of all the sin and wickedness existing in Atlantic City. His stories, very lurid, were mixed up with automatic "Pianners" into which one put a nickel.

Upon returning we found most of our fellow guests of the club room in bed, so we stole out on to the battlement and soon were sound asleep.



I awoke in the morning to find a terrific sun shining on my head threatening to melt my brain. I looked up towards the hotel and noted that we were sleeping on a balcony above which were roughly about eight stories. Immediately above us stretched a line of windows marking a staircase, and out of each window looked a head. It was really a study in black and white. There were black maids, and white maids, and they were all interested in Dicky as he lay there with the sun turning his light coloured hair into gold. I awoke him, and we both got inside and dressed.

After breakfast, and as it was a table d'hôte we were not at all sparing in our choice of food, we sat for a time on a charming balcony overlooking the Board Walk. . . .

We then sought a dressing room, and after removing our clothes and donning "fashionable bathing things" we sought the sand. There was a continuous procession of persons clad in bathing things, thousands of them. Few went into the water. There was much that was really beautiful. There were men burnt a rich shade of copper, beautifully built, with clean cut, good looking faces, walking along enjoying their youth. There were some priceless looking girls well decorated. I dislike women's bathing suits. They are theoretically meant for bathing in, but why on earth should they wear those extraordinary hideous garments: They look awful when they return from the water. Their stockings are all dragged round their legs and if they are shoeless the toe part of the stockings seems to escape and hangs over. However, most of the ladies had no intention of swimming. Their faces were often powdered and painted and their hair arranged in a most engaging way. Still many were delightful to look upon, notwithstanding their attire. I believe there are very strict rules about women's costumes at Atlantic City. My landlady assures me that she has seen the policemen measuring the length of a girls' swimming skirt!

The bathing suit here in America is exactly like the



Beach and Boardwalk at Atlantic City—1908  
*From the post card collection of the Newark Public Library*



kit we wear for Rugby football. Perhaps it would be better for swimming if it were lighter, and in one piece, but as much time is spent promenading, it is obviously better that it should be as it is.

Of course, quite a number were not beautiful to look upon. There were thousands of men and women who had reached the unlovely stage of their existence. Large portly men walked about unashamed and women with large stout legs encased sometimes in green stockings could be seen. As one walked along the beach the society seemed to change. Towards the poorer part of the town the people were a little older and less interesting. We came to one section where most of the bathers and promenaders were coloured people. I must say at once that the effect was singularly diverting. The young coloured ladies and gentlemen were smartly turned out. These American negroes look like awfully nice people. One would see a young coloured lady with an expensive and sometimes a beautiful swimming suit walking beside a fine handsome coloured boy. They seemed so happy. I was thrilled with the little ones as they dashed about with their strong little limbs. Unfortunately we had little time for observation because Dicky had seen a huge fat man at another part of the beach in a bathing costume, the sort of fellow that one sees at a country fair, and he insisted upon returning to have another look. This fat man sat there with his huge fearful limbs partially exposed while a crowd stood and looked at him. He seemed to like it, too. Human egotism is truly wonderful. The whole morning was enjoyable. I loved the open air, the sea breezes and all that sort of thing.

I had heard a lot about the Board Walk. As a thing of use it is delightful. One can walk for miles along its length, seeing a strange procession of human beings, but its new look, the fact that it is made of wood, tends to give Atlantic City an uncertain and unstable foundation. It spoiled the effect of our hotel with its magnificent architecture. Still it provides a very restful way to walk, and I suppose it has its uses. I am a little astonished that

Americans should come to this strange place and turn themselves into money fountains and, upon running dry, return to business; though of course it is fine to be with a crowd of cheerful people.

I have never visited any of our seaside resorts during the summer season, so I cannot well compare Atlantic City with any of them. I don't think that a similar place would be popular in England. Of course, we were there at a rather difficult time. I have been told that prices go up about twenty-five per cent, or even more during August.

Atlantic City seems to be a long thin town stretching for several miles along the Atlantic coast. The hotels are truly beautiful. Apart from their architecture they are beautifully decorated inside. Our hotel has a place called the Submarine Grill. The idea the artist wishes to convey is that the diners are spending a hectic time at the bottom of the sea. The general effect is rather lovely and the colouring suggests the inside of a very rich Mohammedan mosque, in spite of the sea idea. Perhaps the mermaids of Atlantic City make up for this; and there are many. However, we all go down, pay the head waiter a large sum for three bows and a continuous smile and are ushered to the best seats, under the circumstance. The food is beautifully cooked, but the bill grows very large, and one leaves quite happy but poorer.

Dicky and I had had about fifty dollars between us, but the price for our sleeping places had been small, and it looked as though we would return with about two dollars between us, until we met the chauffeur, and asked him for his expense account. Having paid it—it was one dollar more than my bill at the hotel, we possessed about three shillings, or seventy-five cents. This obviously left us but little money for food at Philadelphia upon our return, but we went into a mysterious automat eating house and managed to subtract a little nourishment from its shelves. We returned to Bethlehem owing the chauffeur about three dollars. I must say that I enjoyed the whole thing, but I have no intention and no desire to return.



It was the touch of nature that made the day enjoyable for me—the people, black and white, and the sea. But I objected to the hardly-veiled begging displayed by the numerous lackeys. I suppose they have got to live, “*mais je n'en vois pas la nécessité*,” as some philosopher\* remarked.

When passing through the hotel on the Saturday evening I saw a lady quietly but beautifully dressed. She looked about twenty. I was certain that I knew her well, had met her in Washington or somewhere. I went over and said: “How d’ye do.” We chatted for a time, but in spite of all my efforts I could not place her. Having rejoined Dicky, I remembered. She was the prim demure little lady from whom I have bought my “movie” tickets for the last six months. American girls are truly wonderful. We arrived at Bethlehem at about midnight.\*\*

\* Talleyrand. [Ed.]

\*\* Hector MacQuarrie, *Over Here, Impressions of America by a British Officer* (Philadelphia, 1918).





*Country Life at Cranbury as  
Seen by James Morris 1953*

James Morris came to the United States from England in 1953 as a Commonwealth Fund Fellow. He traveled through all 48 states in the two years he spent in this country. A veteran of service in Italy and Palestine in World War II, he has been on the editorial staff of the *Times* (London) and its special correspondent in many parts of the globe. Just preceding his trip to America he was special correspondent on the British expedition to Mount Everest.

His account of his travels, *As I Saw the U.S.A.*, is a delightful one; however, Mr. Morris has not quite mastered New Jersey history. When he says that Cranbury has few historic associations, that there was nothing here but an Indian village in a forest clearing in the 1780's, and that Cranbury was founded "not so long ago," we are surprised indeed.

In the *Historical Collections of New Jersey* by John W. Barber and Henry Howe, published in 1844, we read, "Cranbury is one of the oldest places in this part of the state. It was settled about the year 1697." Deeds in the New Jersey Archives indicate that people were living there by 1698. Other authorities have indicated that the land was purchased in 1682. The *Historical Collections* also relate that the American army passed through Cranbury just

before the Battle of Monmouth in 1778 and that in this vicinity in 1744, "David Brainerd, the pious and devoted missionary, labored for a while among the Indians." Perhaps we Jerseymen are at fault for not making our history better known to visitors from other lands.

The city [New York] itself, with its sharp edges and fiery colors, is a thing of beauty; especially seen from above, with Central Park startlingly green among the skyscrapers, with the tall towers of Wall Street hazy in the distance, with the two waterways blue and sunny and the long line of an Atlantic liner slipping away to sea. It is a majestic sight, with no Wordsworth at hand to honor it, only a man with a loudspeaker or a fifty-cent guide book.

So leaving Manhattan is like retreating from a snow summit. When you drive back along the highway the very air seems to relax about you. The electric atmosphere softens, the noise stills, the colors blur and fade, the pressure eases, the traffic thins. Soon you are out of the city's spell, only pausing to look behind, over the tenements and marshes, to see the light of the skyscrapers riding the night.

Very quickly you can find yourself in the country. I lived for a time with my wife and children in a little anachronistic village called Cranbury, New Jersey, that was almost in sight of the great highway, and within easy commuting distance of Manhattan. Nobody goes there very much, for it is off the beaten track. There are no "scenic wonders" (as Americans insist on calling any natural phenomenon, from a geyser to a precipice), few historical associations, little business, and no bucolic freakishness. It is just a small market center, where farmers do their shopping and a few commuters to the city have established their homes. But it is notable all the same, because it has openly and successfully defied all



those powerful influences of modern Americanism that are always pulsing and pushing just over the hill.

The place is at its best on a frosty evening in winter, when the stars are sharp and the white weatherboard houses of Main Street shine in the moonlight. On such nights the people of Cranbury often go skating on the village pond, to the accompaniment of music from loudspeakers mounted on the roof of the fire station. The lake is illuminated by the headlights of cars, but it is a pleasantly old-fashioned scene—a compound of Grandma Moses and the elder Brueghel. Most of the villagers are skating. There are farmers in check shirts and ear muffs, moving with unexpected grace. Girls waltz pointedly in pairs, wearing blue ski trousers and white jumpers [sweaters]. A man who looks like an insurance agent steers a ponderous course over the ice, his black hat still sedately on his head. Small children totter in desperate instability toward the bank, and boys with toboggans shoot about like rockets. Various men with a tendency toward authority stand in municipal attitudes on the perimeter.

Across the road in the fire station the fire engines stand vigilantly gleaming. The man on duty pokes his head out of an upstairs window for a chat with a friend below, and one or two of the more daring children sneak in, when they can, to climb into the driver's seat. The fire station is a center of activity in Cranbury, following an old American tradition. For many years all fire brigades were amateur and voluntary, and it became a basic duty of the rural American male to join the local brigade; fire-fighting became a social function, and the fire brigade acquired the status of a team or club. In Cranbury this system still prevails. The fire chief is the local garage man, and very proud he is of the smartness and alertness of the brigade. Often and again he has told me of its prowess, and once he gave a lecture on the subject to the Lions Club.

All around the lake stand the comfortable houses of Cranbury. They are mostly built of white weather-

board, in vaguely colonial style (those householders blessed with verandas have recently been tearing them down to heighten the eighteenth-century appearance). They are generally trim, clean and newly painted, their smartness enhanced rather than spoiled by a few yellowing renegades with peeling paintwork. The nearest thing to a mansion is a hilarious Victorian structure on an eminence, bursting with urns and ornaments, with a grand carriageway and multitudes of outhouses; the nearest thing to a slum is a little group of plain houses with cracked windows, where the Negro community lives. There is a row of unpretentious shops and a couple of drugstores; and an eighteenth-century inn where the turkey is excellent, and where Washington is alleged to have spent a night. There is also a small school of music, from which you may sometimes hear, even on skating nights, the strains of thin and ill-disciplined melody.

It is a fairly well-heeled village, and there is a good deal of comfort in these white houses. Everyone has a refrigerator, of course, and most people have television; many also possess washing machines, dish washers, gadgets for making waste matter swill away down the sink, cookers that time themselves and ring a bell when the meat is done, radios that wake you up with a cup of coffee, electric sewing machines, white telephones, and microphones to transmit the sounds of sleepless babies. Almost every family has its car (wrap-around windscreen, duomatic drive, "electric eye" dippers, ultravision glass) and the slimmest daughter handles it like a lorry driver. Almost every house has its central heating, and from time to time a truck arrives to pump oil through heavy pipes into the basement furnaces.

If you stand beside the lake and look to the west, you may see a constant scurrying stream of headlights. They mark our highway to Manhattan, a highway alive with energy and industry. Within a few miles that road will take you to the oil refineries of Elizabeth, acre upon acre of derricks and tanks and convoluted mechanism; to the new steel plants arising around Trenton, fed on iron



from Venezuela; or to the immense industrial complex that surrounds Newark and Jersey City. If you are imaginative you can almost hear the crashing of hammers and the whirr of machinery; but the skaters are mercifully deaf to it.

Go a little way to the other side of the village, and you may see the lights of Princeton, one of the great American centers of learning, a prime force in the development of American knowledge and culture. It is a historic place. In one of its old buildings Washington presided over the Continental Congress, after beating the British on a near-by battlefield. Later it was fashionable for Southern gentlemen to attend this university, and they would arrive there splendidly with their elegant clothes and fascinating accents, attended by personal slaves. Many famous Americans have graduated from Princeton, and Woodrow Wilson was once its president.

But Europe and modernity, twin watchdogs, guard its campus. Its buildings are well-tuned echoes of Oxford, shady quadrangles and staircases and more than one Magdalen Tower. Its streets are full of little English cars (very deliberately English cars) and its young men wear hacking jackets by Brooks Brothers out of Leicestershire. One shop in the town hangs prominently in its window a framed reproduction of the regimental colors of the British Army. The bookshops are well stocked with Penguin books. English comedies and Continental sophistication prosper in the cinemas.

All this is far enough removed from the spirit of Cranbury (only a few miles down the road) but it is only half of Princeton; for there is no community in the United States that reflects more accurately the undeviating American passion for material progress. Princeton is a positive powerhouse of research. The Institute for Advanced Studies is here, with its memories of Professor Einstein. At Princeton Dr. Gallup and his minions arrange their polls and analyze their findings with a touching confidence. Here the United States Navy

has a laboratory concerned with guided missiles, rocket projectiles and the like. . . .

But it all passes Cranbury by, this concentration of alien sympathies and advanced inquiry. The skaters are simple people still, with some of the qualities of the pioneers who founded Cranbury not so very long ago (in the 1780's there was nothing here but an Indian village in a forest clearing). The predominant influence in Cranbury is not Princeton or the industrial regions around the corner, but the Presbyterian church whose white steeple rises gracefully above the housetops. Religion in such a place as this is at once devotional, philanthropic and social. On Sunday mornings Main Street is crowded with the cars of the churchgoers, and the sidewalks (lined with trees) are full of people dressed very decidedly in their Sunday best. The children, in particular, shine with an unearthly hygiene, their hair slicked or curled, their faces pink with cold and soap, their hands considerably gloved. The boys wear bow ties and coats with fur collars, the girls frilly party dresses.

You can hardly escape the advances of a lively American church of this kind. Almost before you have settled in your house you find yourself irrevocably committed to one activity or another. It may be the Stitch-and-Chat group, on Thursday, or the Helping Hand Club on Monday evenings. Perhaps there is a bazaar, or a discussion group, or a Bible study class, or even dinner at the minister's (good company and fine food, not even spoiled by a monopoly of blackberry wine). So friendly are these approaches, and so sincere, that you can scarcely object to them, even if you were brought up on scholarly canons, fan-vaulting and Stanford in B Flat. For it is wrong to scoff indiscriminately at the American do-gooder, especially in these stable regions of the East. He is often unctuous, and sometimes asinine, but not usually a hypocrite. The group activities of such little American towns are generally hard on the side of the right and guided, all in all, by praiseworthy motives; and since they play an important part in the forming of national



opinions, they should be taken seriously and given their due. By some involved delegation of ideas, rising through the gradations of public responsibility, a dam in Pakistan or a school in Iraq may depend upon the views of one of these imperceptible Stitch-and-Chatter gatherings; so only a fool would laugh at them.

Here in Cranbury they not only contribute to a healthy (if slightly priggish) climate of thought, but also perform works of active good. Each year bands of migrant workers mostly Negroes, arrive in the district to help with the potato harvest. They are very poor, and often ruthlessly bullied by the Negro contractors who have engaged them and brought them from South in lorries. They live in shacks and huts provided by the farmers, communing only with themselves, strangers to the country, like Israelites in Egypt. Every year the good people of Cranbury, through their various societies, take care of these unfortunates, arranging for the schooling of their children, providing meals and occasional outings. They care little about racial antipathies. Indeed, any distinction that I could detect between black and white in Cranbury was purely economic, the Negroes being mostly indigent and ill-educated, for those Negroes resident in Cranbury migrated not long ago from the abyss of the South.

So life in Cranbury revolves around the church, the fire brigade, the drugstores; and the children. In a little town of this sort one can watch most closely the fabled American treatment of their young, and a very comfortable treatment it is. No soft Siamese, no quaint hamster, no irresistible Shetland has affection lavished on it quite so unstintingly as does the little American; no cossetted child of English fortune or Oriental splendor is more carefully cherished. "We love our children," say the road signs outside many American towns; rather as a Tibetan hamlet might announce its belief in rebirth, for indeed it goes without saying. There is a cloying sentimentality to this devotion that repels many Europeans, and indeed there is something sickly about the

American inclination to think of children as being younger and more protectable than they are. Many an American child lives like a little gilded trinket in the bosom of its family, taking care to wrap up in innumerable warm woolies before venturing into the winter morning. Too often young Americans seem to lack the conventional spirit of adventure, of the Huckleberry Finn variety, and acquire an air (so overloaded are they with possessions, so warmly mothered through childhood) of blasé fragility.

And yet I used to find in Cranbury, where it is true these methods are not carried to extremes, that the little American often and again belies his reputation. Ghastly though he sometimes appears (and the he, if anything, rather less ghastly than the she), he often turns out to be wonderfully good material. I remember the little boys of Cranbury, muffled to the ears, of course, in protective clothing, out in the snow with a shovel in their hands and a dollar in prospect, working hard and cheerfully (harder than their English equivalents) to clear the garden path. I remember with gratitude the girls who would come to our house, in between dates, to look after the baby with great care and competence. The truth is that American children develop national characteristics disconcertingly early. This is the land of opportunism, and the children realize it soon. The boys see no point in unnecessary hardship or risk, but are greedy for vicarious experience and useful knowledge, and will work well for fair reward. The girls seem to know before they leave the nursery that a good marriage must be their goal, and regulate their lives accordingly; so that to many an American girl of fourteen an English gym slip must seem a dreadful symbol of past barbarities, like child labor underground, or Scutari. Who can blame them? The first clause of a "program for education" produced by the National Education Association of America reads: "All youth need to develop salable skills and those understandings and attitudes that make the worker an intelligent and productive



participant in economic life." For the boy, this mouthful means a grasp of the methods of self-advancement; for the girl, a neat hand with a lipstick; and there are few to quote the Miltonic view, that "the end of Learning is to know God aright."

Anyway, the Cranbury children are but little corrupted by these philosophies, and are both friendly and well-mannered. On the frozen lake in the moonlight they look enchanting, but then so does almost everyone (though nobody could claim ethereal charm for the man in the black hat). These eastern country occasions offer some of the best of American life. In the eighteenth century Crèvecoeur posed the celebrated question: "What is he, the American, this new man?"\* His shade might well go to Cranbury for an answer, on a moonlit skating evening, and choose for itself a characteristic citizen. The elderly man leaning against the wall of the fire station, for example, chewing a harsh cigar and exchanging a few cryptic words with the fireman in the upstairs window. Such a man knows little of Europe and its values, but is quite willing to learn; dislikes and distrusts authority, but is ready to co-operate if nicely asked; can be a fearful bore, but tries to reach his conclusions fairly; enjoys watching the skating, but will be up early next morning; cares not two hoots for smart Princeton or dazzling New York; owns a fine car and a sound bank balance, but still approaches life with some humility. This was the new man of Crèvecoeur's century; now a hale survivor of the old America.\*\*

\* The actual quotation is: "What then is the American, this new man?" [Ed.]

\*\* James Morris, *As I Saw the U.S.A.* (New York, 1956).





*A Greeting to New Jersey on its  
Three-Hundredth Birthday from  
John Masefield 1962*

John Masefield, whose letter to the late Senator Robert C. Crane, first chairman of the New Jersey Tercentenary Commission, is here reproduced, is Poet Laureate of England. The period of his life which he mentions in this letter is described in his book *In the Mill*, published in 1941. After an apprenticeship on a windjammer bound for Cape Horn, the young John Masefield obtained a post as sixth officer aboard the White Star liner *Adriatic*. However, instead of joining the ship, he abandoned the sea and spent some time in and around New York City employed at various jobs and writing in his leisure time. While working at a carpetmill in Yonkers, he took long walks along the Hudson and came to love the beautiful country on both sides of the river. His fellow workers in the carpetmill used to say "John is English, but we take him in as one of the people."

BURCOTE BROOK  
January the 10th, 1962

ABINGDON

Dear Senator, Chairman,

Please let me thank you for your kind letter of the 3rd of January.

It is getting to be nearly 70 years since I first saw the line of the Palisades marking the New Jersey border. For about two years, I saw this marvel daily, and saw the sun sink behind it, on its march to the West.

Sometimes, I would row across and climb the Jersey shore, to find what seemed to be undisturbed primeval woods, with lonely farms in the clearings, and all America stretching out beyond into a limitless west.

After long years, I was to revisit that land and to see the changes that a short time had made: the roads, the traffic, the cities, the bridges, each more beautiful than the one before it, and each among the great buildings of the world. No part of the world has known such change, such a leap into splendour, with such suddenness and decision of energy.

I know, of course, that I have been privileged to see a marvel, and how can I write of such a marvel, save, breathlessly, that a marvel it is, and happy genius has achieved it.

May you have a glad time in commemorating an achievement so glad.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN MASEFIELD



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







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