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FROM

HOME-SPUN

TO

CALICO.



DUKE DE LAUZUN.

ALBANY:
WEED, PARSONS & COMPANY, PRINTERS.
1877.

1776-1876.

FROM

HOME-SPUN TO CALICO.

A

CENTENNIAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT

Luzerne, July 4, 1876,

BY

B. C. BUTLER.

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ALBANY:
WEED, PARSONS AND COMPANY.
1877.

To W. W. Murray, 23, 1905.

“FROM HOME-SPUN TO CALICO.”

WHEN near the close of the last century, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN approached the end of a long and useful life, he wished, if it were possible, that at the end of a hundred years he might visit the earth and witness the progress that arts and sciences had made in his beloved country; — or, as he is made to express the idea in the “Rejected Addresses”:

“I once had a project — ’twas all in my eye,
To be bottled up tight, like a winter-killed fly,
And then be thawed out at the end of a century,
With leave to look ’round, and to take an invent’ry.”

It was an age of home-spun. The distaff, the loom and the spinning-wheel were heard in every house. The wool which he sheared and the flax he raised were the farmer’s constant source of supply. The kitchen was the prominent front room in the house, and carpets were unknown. The wood was hauled to the door in long sled-lengths — and a log drawn in by a single horse, before the capacious fire-place, whence it was rolled on, and then supplemented by a smaller log and a fore-stick. A crane was hanging from the jamb, and a chain and pot hooks served imperfectly the culin-

ary apparatus, which now is well supplied by the modern cook-stove.

Men's labor, from sun to sun, was a dollar a week, or fifty dollars per year. Wheat could be had for six shillings a bushel, and corn and rye were usually manufactured into whisky, except what was wasted for bread.

In undertaking to look with FRANKLIN'S eyes upon the material progress of the country for the last century, we are first struck with the vastness of the changes, which enter into all the relations of life: the food we consume, the clothes we wear, our styles of courtship, marriage and funerals; and, as the subject is too great for the limits of a lecture, I will only ask you to accompany me in a consideration of a few of the most prominent matters that would have arrested the attention of the great American philosopher.

The Confederacy, for which, in 1754, in the city of Albany, he drew a plan to cover a comparatively long and narrow belt along the sea-coast, bounded by the Alleghanies, FRANKLIN would have seen stretched out over a continent, and the Illinois and northern Mississippi country which, as one of the commissioners to negotiate the treaty with the English, he had assisted to save to this country, he would have found the seat of empires, with vast cities of the plain rivaling in population and grandeur the ancient cities of the plain — Nineveh, Babylon, Rome, Damascus, Bagdad — and which have hardly a parallel in the history of the world, except with each other.

FRANKLIN, in his intercourse with the aristocracy of the old world, had become much accustomed with the luxury of courts; but I would like to take him into the places in the cities where sewing machines are sold, and it is doubtful which he would have admired most, the wonderful needle upon the table which has done, and is doing, so much to ameliorate the condition of suffering women, or the handsome, gorgeous, well-furnished temple of fashion, in which the goddess of trade has placed herself to show off those nimble thimble-riggers. And, as he gazed upon the luxurious appointments of the former — its mirrors, sofas, carpets, etc., — he would doubtless have said that it was much better to *sell* the machines than to *use* them!

FRANKLIN placed great and deserved value upon his discovery of the identity of lightning and electricity. This placed him in the foremost ranks of those philosophers who, in his day, were extending the bounds of knowledge into all the physical and scientific departments. It gave to Turgot, in that splendid eulogium upon the life of Franklin, which he pronounced in the French House of Deputies, the opportunity of saying that “he had snatched the lightnings from heaven, and the scepter from tyrants.”

But I doubt if, in his loftiest moods of contemplation, he would have realized that in this was the germ of that familiar click, clickety-click of the magnetic telegraph which speedily and precisely conveys its messages across a continent and around a world.

Passing to his adopted city of Philadelphia, FRANKLIN

would have seen that his diminutive circulating library had grown to be one of the most conspicuous ornaments of that splendid metropolis. His academy, founded on the barn-like building which WHITFIELD had caused to be built as a chapel for the use of all denominations of Christian men, had grown into the University of Pennsylvania; his Philosophical Institute, his hospital, his fire department, had each borne their fruit an hundred fold, and had been duplicated in most of the cities of the continent. He would have seen a population of 800,000 people, and in the midst of his city, supported and mainly sustained by it, an exhibition the grandest and most perfect ever conceived by the wit of man. All the treasures of human skill, all that inventive genius could imagine, all the contrivances of the past century, all the trophies of the civilized world — gathered under the same management in unique buildings, extraordinary in their size and skillful architecture. It had not its equal under the sun. Its gatherings were from the far south, and from the far north, and although the sea had not given up its dead, yet one saw the vases and other utensils from Etruscan tombs, 3,500 years old. Norway, where in summer the sun forgets to rise, and in winter forgets to set, sent her contributions. Her neighbor, Sweden, brought a school-house completely equipped, thus showing the prominence her government gives to the instruction of its youth. Five thousand artists exhibited in buildings expressly prepared for their reception, schools of painting and sculpture of every modern civilized clime. Russia, Denmark and Turkey held a generous rivalry in this

respect with Mexico and Brazil. Florence sent those curious mosaics, which, like the tables of Moses of old transmitted, in thousands of bright fragments of stone, the laws of color and beauty. There were seen long tubes, higher than a man's head, showing the depth of the soil of the western prairies, side by side with the labor-saving machines — the plows without handles, mowers, rakers, binders, and separators, which so cheapen the cost of producing the grain as to make the value of a bushel of corn for fuel less than the value of a bushel of coal. The oldest nation in the world, where letters were born and scientific works were constructed on the banks of the Nile, when the savages of Britain, Gaul and Germany were chipping off flint knives and arrow heads from fragments of rock, has sent her art treasures. And the farthest east have taken the wings of the morning, and brought their quaint buildings, and quainter people to build them.

They have come not only for exhibition, but for instruction. Think of it. Emperors, princes of royal blood, and kings, the rulers of millions — rulers by divine right — either in person or by proxy, paid homage to the spirit of the nineteenth century, and were present to witness the grandest illustration of the power of the people that the world has ever known.

Other nations will show you the spectacle of great armies, brought together and disciplined for the purpose of fighting other armies as great as they, comprising one-fifth, or one-fourth of the entire able-bodied men of their respective countries, but whose life-work is butchery and carnage, creating destruction and misery, who must

be sustained and paid by the remainder of the people, or, great establishments of priests, who, exempt from taxation themselves, are supported by the industrial portion of the community, for the purpose of sustaining the National Church, or, aristocracies who own the real estate, and see their wealth accumulate, while thousands of human beings pass their lives in their service, cultivating their soil, digging in their mines, or working in their factories. But history records nothing in ancient times which exhibits these triumphs of peaceful industry; nothing until within the last seventy-five years, and this exceeds them all. As if to crown its glory, it received its finishing touches from the fascinating hand of woman. Surely the world moves, for at no previous exhibition has there ever been a section devoted exclusively to the products of domestic labor, and the departments of literature and art, in which women have excelled. But here was erected a magnificent pavilion at a cost of over \$100,000. They sent out to collect from all parts of the world, the triumphs of woman's skill and industry. Kings' daughters, whose raiment is of needle-work, and whose garments are of wrought gold, came forward to do it honor. The needle is taking its place beside the pen and the brush, as a vehicle of expression, for some of the finest and noblest emotions of our nature. And, perhaps, there were some embroideries, to stand out upon the canvas, like that of the fair Princess HELEN, when three thousand years ago she wove the story of the Trojan war.

"She, in the palace, *at her loom*, they found,
 The golden web, her own sad story crowned,
 The Trojan wars *she wove* (herself the prize),
 And the dire triumphs of her fatal eyes."

But they were also prompters of our patriotic instincts. They prepared a banner which is a triumph of needle-work, bearing the arms of the State of New York, and also its motto *Excelsior*, to represent them in the woman's hall.

And they were also mindful of the memory of WASHINGTON, the Father of his Country, and of Mt. Vernon his home, already their property, for whose preservation they are giving something of their energy and patriot zeal; and I ask the ladies here to consider this, not only as your right, but as your privilege — the learned and the unlearned, the women of leisure, and the women of toil — to contribute something to this noble purpose. Other nations erect lofty pillars, or triumphal arches, to those whom they delight to honor. But here was the scene of his domestic life, where he lived, and where he died, whose vault is the Mausoleum of himself, and of MARTHA WASHINGTON who, like him, was a glorious exemplar of her sex — and this is their best monument. Here WASHINGTON addressed to LA FAYETTE his cordial letter of invitation.

“I shall,” he says, “welcome you with all the warmth of friendship to Columbia's shores, and in the latter case to my rural cottage, where homely fare and a cordial reception shall be substituted for delicacies and costly living.”

Let it ever be remembered that in this year of jubilee, the mothers and daughters of the nation, among their noble works, perpetuated to their children, and down through the ages, the domestic virtues and the sacred memories that cluster around Mt. Vernon.

Turning from this digression to matters more within the scope of this paper, FRANKLIN would have seen that a little spark, so small as to have even escaped his philosophical mind, had revolutionized the civilized world. JAMES WATT, a mathematical instrument maker by profession, an inventor by nature, had had placed in his hands a model of a steam machine, a mere toy, whose cylinder was two inches in diameter and whose boiler was smaller than a tea-kettle. By various expedients, and with years of assiduous toil, he had brought this machine to be an economical, self-adjusting, self-working compendium of pipe condensers, and drum condensers, steam jackets, oil pumps, gauge pumps, exhausting cylinders, loading valves, beams, cranks, and governors, which we now in its entirety call a steam engine.

Just one hundred and two years ago, in 1774, he established at Soho, his factory for their construction.

"I sell here," said he to BOSWELL, "what all the world desires to have, POWER." He had about seven hundred people at work under him, who contemplated him as an Iron Chieftain, and he seemed to be a Patriarch of his tribe.

It would be interesting to observe how FRANKLIN would have contemplated this hercules of modern times, the regularity of its mechanism, its obedience to the slightest wish of its master, its mighty and universal application, which pervades land and water, which enters into all domestic economies, which is like the "Harp, that plays upon a thousand strings," and whose wonderful steam whistle would, in its sardonic screech, almost frighten away the "spirits of just men made perfect."

In 1787 appears a law on our statute-books, which granted to JOHN FITCH and his associates the right to run a boat "by steam and fire" on the Hudson river. His plan, which was to propel the boat by means of sets of paddles, working alternately, appears to have been put in successful operation on the Delaware river. Eleven years thereafter, ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON and his associates were granted a similar privilege, but conditioned that the boat should be not less than twenty tons burthen, and should run at least four miles an hour. LIVINGSTON and FULTON then proceeded to build a vessel in New York, which they called the *Clairmont*. It was the size of an ordinary canal boat, being one hundred feet long by twelve feet wide, and seven feet deep. But, small as it was, thereby hung the fate of that splendid steam marine that now circumnavigates the globe, and brings the antipodes to our threshold.

FULTON, himself, relates the difficulties which he encountered while building his vessel. His friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. The project was viewed by the public, either with indifference, or with contempt, as a visionary scheme. The language was uniformly that of scorn, sneer, or ridicule. There was the loud laugh, the dry jest, the wise calculation of losses and expenditures, the dull and endless repetition of the FULTON folly. Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, a warm wish, cross his path. At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be got into operation, the 4th day of September, 1807. Invited friends were in groups on the deck, but there was anxiety mingled

with fear. The signal was given to cast off; the plank drawn in. The boat moved a short distance and then it stopped, and became immovable. "There, I told you so; it is a foolish scheme; I wish we were well out of it," was heard on all sides. But shortly the machinery was adjusted, and the boat was again in motion. She continued to move on. But they were still incredulous. Soon they turn their backs upon the city. Then they pass the romantic scenery of the Highlands:

"The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the woods and on the deep,
The smiles of Heaven lay."

The guns of West Point look grimly upon them. They gaze upon the late head-quarters of WASHINGTON, at Newburgh. They receive the good wishes of the cultivated society of Poughkeepsie. They look in at Rondout, which, twenty years thereafter, will become the terminus of the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company. They stop at the country home of Chancellor LIVINGSTON — Clairmont — from whom the little steamboat derives its name. The high peaks of the Catskills where RIP VAN WINKLE took his long sleep, next appears. Finally Hudson is reached, so named from the great HENDRICK, who, two hundred years before, had discovered and sailed up the classic river which bears his name, and finally, Albany, the city of the capitol, which was reached after a passage of thirty hours.

By the papers of that day it appears that the Clairmont was advertised as a weekly passenger steamboat,

to leave Albany on Wednesdays, at eight o'clock, A. M. and New York on Saturdays, at six o'clock, P. M., making the passage in thirty hours, at a cost of seven dollars a passenger. And while we contemplate this picture of sixty-four years ago, let us also look on its prototype, in the river steamer of to-day, virtually a palace floating hotel, her saloon a royal drawing-room, her table a Lucullan banquet, her speed like that of a swift bird, while she transports a thousand tons of merchandise at every passage.

Closely following upon the steamboat appear the efforts to apply steam to the powers of locomotion. Wooden tramways came into vogue in 1767. These were laid down for ease in transporting the coal from the mines to the seaport town of Newcastle. Nine years thereafter appeared cast-iron rails with an upright flange. In 1801 came the edge rail, and the flange was transferred to the wheel; also the switch and the frog for passing the cars from one track to another. In 1805 TAVISTOCK made a high-pressure engine, which was used on a tramroad, and was the forerunner of what might happen. In other words, it demonstrated the practicability of a plan for running wagons by steam. Then GEORGE STEPHENSON, who was unable to read, but who could tend a boiler or mend a watch, or make shoes, proposed to Lord RAVENSWORTH, his employer, to construct a "traveling engine" to take the freight from the Kenilworth Collieries to the neighboring seaport town, nine miles distant; and so he built his first engine, whose first trial was in 1814, when it drew thirty tons weight in eight wagons, at the rate of

three miles an hour. Thus this unlettered man became the inventor of the passenger locomotive, and the founder of the gigantic railway system of the world.*

Shortly he invented the steam blast up the chimney, which increased the speed to six miles an hour. Then he discovered the cog wheels, put in double cylinders and crank motions, used steam springs, for which he afterward substituted steel springs, until twenty-three years thereafter, in 1827, the Stockton & Darlington Railway was established, when his engine carried some four hundred passengers eight miles an hour, "and, as the papers described it, excited a deep interest and admiration."

But the public were warned against the locomotive. It would keep cows from grazing, and hens from laying. The air would be poisoned and birds fall dead as they past. Householders would be ruined; horses become extinct, and oats unsalable. Country taverns would be ruined, and traveling rendered dangerous, for boilers would burst and passengers explode to atoms. Viewed in the light of the present, it is surprising what an amount of ignorance and shortsightedness then prevailed upon this subject.

Application was now made to Parliament for a grant to build a railroad between the two great cities of Liverpool and Manchester, and the first plan was to build a horse railroad. But STEPHENSON persuaded the directors

* One day a lady asked STEPHENSON "what, in his opinion, was the most attractive force in nature?" STEPHENSON reflected a moment, and then turning upon her replied, "that probably it was the eye of a woman for the man who loved her; for he might be at the farthest ends of the earth and the recollection of her tender glance would bring him back, when nothing else would do."

to so build the road that either horses or steam could be used. He expressed his belief that the trains could be made to go twenty miles an hour. The counsel for the road, however, advised him to restrict himself to ten miles an hour, in order that the statement might be believed. "Assuming this speed," asked a member of the parliamentary committee, "and a cow should stray upon the track and get in the way of the engine, would it not be a very awkward circumstance?" "I think it would," said STEPHENSON, "be verra awkward — for the *cow*."

After the railway was built, in 1829, the directors offered a prize of £500, or \$2,500, for the locomotive which would go ten miles an hour, and carry three times its weight. The engine built by STEPHENSON, called "The Rocket," not only won the prize, but attained a velocity of twenty-nine miles an hour. This decided the question in regard to the profitable use of locomotives, not only for this road, but for the railroads of the world. The next year this enterprise was opened to traffic, with eight locomotives, and STEPHENSON became a great and wealthy gentleman.

In 1826 a charter was granted to STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER and others to build and operate a railroad between Albany and Schenectady. But it was an awkward arrangement, with an inclined plane at each end, where the cars, that looked like stage coaches, were let up and down by means of cables, and could be drawn either by steam or horses, and ran in connection with the lines of packet boats on the Erie canal. But the system of which this was the infant step, though not yet fifty years old,

has already taken possession of the principal avenues of the commercial world. In this country, following the track of the Buffalo across the western prairie, its occupation is fast verging on to one hundred thousand miles, and the number of engines and cars are not to be counted. Every important town has its one or more railroads. In fact the scene of its greatest triumphs is upon this continent.

Its ceaseless motion is continued both when we wake, and while we sleep. The midnight hours hail its coming; the early dawn watches its departure. A distant sound, like the voice of shells, portends its welcome approach along the shaggy side of the hill. It pauses a moment, to exchange the coming and the going. Anon, it moves with its precious burthen of humanity. The long roll of mist curves upward and away. Again, that song is echoed from the hills, which give forth a parting salutation, like the murmur of a summer breeze when it lifts the heads of flowers, and ripples over the lakes and streams.

In 1774, FRANKLIN was appointed postmaster-general, when the horseback service between New York and Philadelphia was once a week, and his accounts for two years were written on less than three quires of paper. It now consumes two thousand large sized ledgers per annum, and the fast mail train which combines every improvement in locomotion, and the post-office, transports a half million of letters, and several tons of newspapers, a thousand miles in twenty-four hours.

FRANKLIN would have examined, with interest, the

works of ARKWRIGHT, CARTWRIGHT and WHITNEY, the inventors, respectively, of the spinning mule, the power loom, and the saw gin, the three instruments which have made the cotton manufacture of the world, which, in conferring a value of hundreds of millions of dollars upon the cotton crop, that it could not have otherwise possessed, so stimulated its production as to bring it into universal use, and for a time gave a semblance of truth to the saying, that "cotton is king:" which kept four millions of slaves in bondage, and when the vaulting ambition of the cotton producers would overleap itself, caused a convulsion which shook the civilized world to its center, before the hereditary bondsmen could be free.

The history of the reign of cotton is entirely within the centennial period. Its introduction, as an agricultural product, into this country, was since 1784, as in that year a duty of three cents a pound was laid in order to "create its culture" in the Southern States. Previous to that time, such cotton as was manufactured at the North was imported from the West Indies, and Mr. BURKE, a member of congress, from South Carolina, in that year, declared that "cotton was in contemplation" as an article of produce by the planters of his State, and Georgia, and that if good seed could be procured, he hoped it would succeed.

RICHARD ARKWRIGHT, the youngest of thirteen children, was born in 1732, the same year that GEORGE WASHINGTON first saw the light, who became the great exponent of civil liberty in the new world. He was bred a barber, which pursuit he followed till he was thirty years of age,

when he became acquainted with a clockmaker named DEKAY. Before his time the warp was composed of linen, because it was not thought possible to spin the cotton thread sufficiently fine and hard, for this purpose. The woof alone was of cotton, and the thread was spun upon a distaff and a spindle, as had been done three thousand years before by the Greeks and Romans; each spinner, of course, only drawing a thread at a time, by the thumb and finger. As the demand increased, there were fifty thousand spindles in Lancashire alone, which were run generally by the women of the neighborhood, and it was not uncommon for the weaver to go around and collect the product of four or five spinners, before he was able to proceed with his day's work. But in 1768, the barber and the clockmaker united their fortunes, and proceeded to study up a model for the spinning of cotton thread. The machinery for which ARKWRIGHT took out his patents, enumerated no less than ten contrivances; but the important one was virtually the artificial thumb and finger—in other words, the device by which the material was drawn out from a coarse to a fine and hard-twisted thread, and so rendering it fit to be used for the warp as well as for the woof. This was done by the cotton being placed first on one set of skewers from which it was drawn off by means of a pair of rollers which moved at a slow rate, and which formed the threads of the first or coarser quality; while just behind was placed a second pair of rollers, revolving four or five times as fast, and which brought the thread to its proper state of firmness

and hardness. He brought together and contrived, with great ingenuity and judgment, the water-frame and other inventions, with his own contrivances, and combined them into a harmonious whole, whose accomplishments were so perfect that one man and four girls could spin well what it required six hundred to do by the old process.

Rev. EDWARD CARTWRIGHT was born twelve years after ARKWRIGHT, in 1743. He had fine literary attainments; was a poet and a clergyman, and, for the first forty years of his life, had never given any attention to the study of mechanics.

But, in 1784, being in company with some gentlemen from Manchester, the conversation turned upon ARKWRIGHT's spinning machinery. One said that shortly so many mills would be erected, and so much cotton spun, that hands would never be found to weave it. Whereupon he replied that ARKWRIGHT must now invent a weaving machine. But the gentleman proceeded to show that this was impracticable, just as the great LARDNER, a few years ago, demonstrated by facts and figures that it was impossible for a vessel navigated by steam to cross the ocean; and by the time his communication was published, the first steamship had already entered the harbor of New York.

But Dr. CARTWRIGHT had seen the automatic chess-player, — and “You will not assert, gentlemen,” he says, “that it is more difficult to construct a machine that shall weave, than one that shall make all the variety of moves that are requisite in that complicated game?”

So, as he reflected on the matter, he conceived that there were required but three moves, not on the chess-board, but to checkmate the weaver's beam of the past, which, like many another, had outlived its usefulness. The shuttle, to go forward and back, propelled by a spring, was to be followed by the reeds in a frame to press the thread on to the warp. Full of his theory, he invoked the aid of a carpenter and a blacksmith, by whom the airy nothing was reduced to shape, and the result was the power loom, which, to his great delight, immediately wove a piece of cloth. And the most remarkable thing was, that, neither in theory nor in practice, had he ever known any thing of the principles or construction of a weaving machine. But, says a manufacturer, there is one thing it cannot do, that is to weave in a pattern or fancy figure — in checks, or as the case may be. But, some weeks after, the minister showed to this same person a piece of muslin in checks, which was manufactured in this power loom, and so astounded was the party that he insisted that supernatural agencies had assisted on the occasion.

ELI WHITNEY was a native of Worcester county, Mass., and was born December 8, 1765, or twenty-two years after Dr. CARTWRIGHT. WHITNEY was, in his youth, known as a person of great inventive genius. Just after the Revolution he was engaged as a private tutor in the family of Mrs. Gen. GREENE, at Sayannah. A party of gentlemen at her house one evening were regretting that there were no means of cleansing or separating the green seed from the cotton ball, as, until they had such a

machine which would facilitate the process of cleansing, it was useless to think of raising cotton extensively for market. "Why," said Mrs. GREENE, "here's my friend WHITNEY; he can make any thing!"

So they procured for WHITNEY some seed and cotton balls, and he set himself to work with such rude materials as a Georgia plantation might afford, and he built his machine, with which more cotton could be separated in a single day than by the old method in the space of a month. As the news of the contrivance spread abroad, multitudes flocked to see it, until, finally, they broke into the building and carried it off.

It was of such value that, in a report to congress upon the subject, the invention was claimed to have raised the price of southern lands from fifty to one hundred per cent. As a labor-saving machine, it enabled one man to perform the work of a thousand, as one gin mill had, perhaps, forty saws running at once. It furnishes to the whole family of mankind, at a very cheap rate, the most essential article of their clothing.

WHITNEY afterward devised the machinery for the manufacture of arms for the government, and made some fifty thousand arms before the great factory at Springfield was established.

These three inventors may be considered the founders of the cotton manufactures of the world, which has grown with the growth of the century, since it was just one hundred years ago, in 1775, when ARKWRIGHT took out his second patent for his spinning wheel. They have placed a value upon the cotton crop of this country,

which is estimated at three or four hundred millions per annum.

In Great Britain it is regarded as one of the most extraordinary phenomenon in the history of industry. A century ago the imports of cotton amounted to about five millions of pounds ; now they exceed five hundred millions of pounds. The inventors, including WATT, were English-speaking men. Their's is a country of iron and coal, and they are the purveyors of the world. There is not a nation, no matter how remote or barbarous, but what are indebted for some portion of their comforts or necessaries to the English-speaking nation. Neither Tyre, nor Carthage, nor Venice, nor Holland, nor all combined, equal them in the extent of their commerce, and their flag floats on every sea.

“ *Quæ regio torræ nostri non plena laboris.*”

But we may take this consolation, that Cotton is king by divine right of industry, which replenishes the earth and subdues it ; has given employment to millions of operatives, and has bestowed inestimable blessings to whole nations of his subjects by bringing cheaply to them the fabrics in which we are clothed, and which form so large a part of our domestic economy.

Turning to his own pursuit of printing, FRANKLIN would have seen much that was novel, in every branch. There is the manufacture of paper from the pulp of wood — its sheets of indefinite length ; the multiplication of the type by the process of stereotype ; the cylinder press which will throw off thousands of impressions

in an hour. Contemplate his emotions when — having in mind the hand-press on which he first worked, which was exhibited at Philadelphia ; the ink-rollers he moved by hand, and the brawny shoulders with which he carried up the paper, with all of which his life, written by himself, has made us familiar — for the first time he is transported into a modern printing office, and he sees a combination of mechanical powers such as he never could have dreamed of in his most enthusiastic moods. First, the motive power, furnished by the comparatively noiseless play of the steam-engine ; second, another practical application of his great idea of chaining down electricity to the service of mankind by its use in electrotyping the plates ; third, the roll or continuous sheet, a mile long, wheeled or carted in on the ground floor, while the printed forms are delivered in the fourth story, in the bindery, at the rate of twenty-five or thirty thousand per hour ; and lastly the combination of contrivances which, in the modern press, prints, cuts, folds and trims, by automatic and self-regulating power.

FRANKLIN would have gazed curiously upon the simple art of taking sun-pictures, by the aid of a camera and a few chemicals. But his astonishment would have been unbounded when he found that this art, combined with spectrum analysis, could unweave and fix the constituent parts of a ray of sunbeam, could pierce the upper air and analyze the composition of the atmospheres of the sun, moon and stars ; could photograph the transit of the planets — their beginning and their ending — with such exactness that the time can be measured on the plate,

and thereby the astronomical table and the calculations of the nautical almanac be proved, and, if necessary, corrected. Thus, while FRANKLIN snatched the lightning from heaven, the modern explorer pierces the furthest realms and determines the fixed laws by which the universe is governed.

I do not propose at this time to make any oration, although there is a great temptation. The Centennial will give us that in a way it is not in my feeble power to express, and for seven years to come,—I see them coming now. There will be a long procession of the talent and intellect of the nation, some staggering under a weight of burden they are unable to bear, who will ventilate all the important incidents of the American Revolution. Nothing that history has given to us will be left unsaid. Every hero will be advanced a niche higher in the tablet of fame. Every incident will be turned to account, and every place where deeds of valor were performed, if it does not have its monument, will at least have its orator to fight its battles over again, and conquer all its foes, and I hope that this ground on which we stand — this classic ground of America — where, one hundred and nineteen years ago, Montcalm's guns * were planted, will not be overlooked. I make no objection to this, but on the contrary believe it. I think that the rising generation should be thoroughly versed in the theory of the American government, and the early history of the country :

First. Because it is their own ;

* Caldwell.

Second. Because it was at the time one of the most considerable changes in government, and brought about more novelties in the condition of human beings, than has ever occurred since the promulgation of the Gospel of Christ; and

Third. Because the work is self-made, and is neither a copy of any thing past, nor a product of external force, but is an unfolding of its own internal nature.

In general, governments have been the result of force, fraud, or accident. But after six thousand years of experimenting, it remained for the people of these United States to assemble peaceably, to deliberate fully, and to decide calmly upon that system of government under which they would wish that they and their posterity should live. People are fond of drawing parallels between this and other confederacies, but they are few and weak. This is *sui generis*, and furnishes to the world an example of freedom, wisdom and energy in the head, while insuring peace and happiness to the whole.

The house of Hapsburg, the Bourbon family in Spain, and the Pope of Rome, claim to rule in their respective governments by divine right — the divine right of kings. So the house of Tudor and of Stuart claimed to rule by divine right. But, afterward, circumstances over which kings could exercise no control, as for instance the cutting off the head of King CHARLES the I, changed the theories of the English government in this respect, and, according to BLACKSTONE, the divine right was transferred from the kings to the parliament. In America our fathers protested against the divine right of parliament,

because we were not represented in parliament. Taxation without representation became one of the watch-words of the revolution. In place of the power of the parliament, they set up the divine power of the people. They declared that to secure the rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, governments were instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, — a doctrine so novel, and so entirely opposed to the then existing theories of government, that the wonder is some Pope did not issue a bull or syllabus, that this must be taken as subordinate to that divine authority by which princes rule and kings govern.

But the Gladstone of that time understood the case. "I have read," he says, "Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master States of the world, and I must declare and avow, that in all my reading and observation, and history has been my favorite study, that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the general congress of Philadelphia.

FRANKLIN was ambassador to the most polished and civilized court in Europe. It had sent out to this country its money, its ships of war and its regiments, commanded by the young nobility — brave, chivalrous men, and the descendants of lines of ancestry which reached back for hundreds of years to lives as noble as the royal family. There was ROCHAMBEAU, DE GRASSE, Field-Marshal Marquis DE CHASTELLUX, LA FAYETTE, the Duke DE LAUZAN, who commanded a legion of cavalry,

and was noted for his beauty, wit and bravery, and graceful manners; and the Chevalier DE LA LUZERNE, from whom our town takes its name. Its kings inherited the government by divine right; they were the anointed of the Lord, and could do no wrong — anointed by the Pope, as the divine representative of all power among men.

The people were serfs. They had no rights which royalty respected, and were ruled over with a rod of iron. The century witnessed that frightful revolution which sent to the guillotine twenty-two thousand of the fairest and most exalted children of France, for no other reason than because they were the nobility. It saw the wonderful reign of the first NAPOLEON; the attempted return to old methods, by the House of Orleans, whose greatest recommendation to the government was their divine right; the founding of the republic, betrayed by traitors and put down by the force of the sham emperor, the second NAPOLEON, also sustained by divine right and the blessing of the Pope, and at the end of the century, a republic — a government founded upon the divine right of the people, proclaimed to be right, because, in the language of MONTESQUIEU, such is the opinion of the people, who are alone the proper judges of the form of government they most desire.

The divine right of kings means that to a single family or person, by Divinity itself (supported and sustained through the Catholic church), to this family or person is intrusted the right of government. They may be guilty of every known vice — may break every commandment

in the Decalogue — but his person is inviolate ; no law will touch him, for the law centers in him — is embodied in him. He can dispense life, liberty, patronage, and pensions.

The divine right of the people means the right to investigate the conduct of their rulers, and to let them down from their high places when they have committed wrong. I rejoice in this divine right.

In the year 1711 — in the last years of the reign of Queen ANNE — a new parliament having met at the close of a long and successful war, commissioners were appointed to examine into the accounts of the army and navy. Mr. ROBERT WALPOLE, one of their own number, while secretary of war, had received on his private account £500 for contracts for forage for the queen's troops, quartered in Scotland. The act appeared so plain and scandalous that the house of commons voted the secretary to have been guilty of a high breach of trust and notorious corruption, and committed him to imprisonment in the Tower, where he remained till the end of the session, and they also expelled him from the house.

The Duke of MARLBOROUGH, by force of his great talents, had been elevated to the highest places of trust in the kingdom. He was general-in-chief of the English forces. In 1704 he had fought the great battle of Blenheim against the combined forces of the French and Bavarians. There were eighty thousand troops on a side. The English and their allies gained a complete victory, with a loss to the enemy of ten thousand killed and wounded and above thirteen thousand prisoners.

For this and other services parliament tendered him the thanks of the nation. They erected for him a magnificent palace, and voted him large sums of money. He was advanced to the highest posts of the kingdom. No man deserved more; no man was more popular than he. But time rolled on, and it was discovered that he lacked a high sense of honor. It was found that himself and his wife had been in the habit of receiving valuable presents from contractors and others who furnished supplies to the army, and also two and a half per cent of the subsidy furnished to the foreign troops. He endeavored to excuse this, as having been the practice of other generals. But this excuse was of little weight, and the mischievous consequences of such a corruption were visible enough, since these moneys were but bribes for lucrative places, or for connivance with their indirect dealings with the army. And, as frauds that begin at the top are apt to spread through all the subordinate ranks, for every thousand pounds given to the general the country suffered four-fold.

The history of these times shows that, for this jobbery and corruption, the great Duke of MARLBOROUGH, notwithstanding his great capacity and services, was obliged to step down and out, and never afterward recovered his place, either in the nation's esteem or her councils. Thus was vindicated the divine right of the people, which may always be trusted to vindicate itself when confronted with corruption in high places.

Ladies and gentlemen, my task is over. If I have awakened any new trains of thought in you while upon this great subject of the Centennial year; if I have even given to you in hearing one-half of the satisfaction I have taken in writing this paper, my aim is accomplished.

Let me conclude in the remarkably apposite words of GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, written fifty years since, when advocating the construction of certain works of internal improvement, but which I regard as singularly applicable to the subject-matter before us this evening:

“Things which, twenty years ago, a man would have been laughed at for believing, we now see. At that time the most ardent mind, proceeding on established facts, by the unerring rules of arithmetic, was obliged to drop the pen at results which the imagination could not embrace. Under circumstances of this sort, there can be no doubt that those microcosmic minds which, habitually occupied in the consideration of what is little, are incapable of discovering what is great, will not unsparingly distribute the epithets, absurd, chimerical, ridiculous, on the estimate of what this enterprise may produce.
* * * * * The commissioners must have the hardihood to brave the sneers and sarcasms of men who, with too much pride to study, and too much wit to think, undervalue what they do not understand, and condemn what they cannot comprehend. The life of an individual is short. But no term is fixed to the existence of a State, and the first wish of a patriot’s heart is, THAT HIS OWN MAY BE IMMORTAL.”

A Peep at Luzerne.

CHAPTER I.

THE GATEWAY OF THE ADIRONDACKS—TI-SE-RANDO—HISTORIC REMINISCENCES—THE SCOUT OF 1777—JESUP'S PATENT—ANCIENT GATHERING PLACES OF THE IROQUOIS—TORY INCURSIONS TO BALLSTON FORT—BURGOYNE'S CAMPAIGN—THE CHEVALIER DE LA LUZERNE—CARDINAL DE LA LUZERNE—DUKE DE LAUZUN.



WITH the opening of the summer season, tourists begin to flock into the Adirondacks. The beauty of the natural scenery, and the salubrious climate, yearly attract great numbers of visitors.

Prominent among the pleasant places of resort in Northern New York is

Luzerne,

It is sometimes called the "Gateway of the Adirondacks," because on the railway, a mile or two below the Hadley depot, the cars pass through a long sandy basin, known as the "Steam Shovel Cut," and then very suddenly emerge into a broad valley, bounded by Antonio mountain on the west, and the Luzerne or Thayer mountain on the east, while the Upper Hudson winds and turns from side to side, affording, for the distance of forty miles, up to North creek, a succession of picturesque views of hill, valley, and water, that are almost unrivaled.

Luzerne is an hour's ride from Saratoga Springs. Conspicuous among the hills is "The Potash," which is in the form of a hemisphere fifteen hundred feet high, rocky and bold.

Phelps' bay, or "Ti-se-ran-do," "The Meeting of the Waters," is formed by the confluence of the Hudson and Sacandaga rivers, and is famous for its pickerel and bass fishing. A small pleasure

steamboat runs from this place to Jesup's Landing, six miles distant.

Luzerne village is located in a sandy, piney region, entirely free from miasma or malaria, and for this reason is highly recommended by physicians for all who are liable to pulmonary complaints.

It has an elevation of between seven and eight hundred feet above tide-water, and about four hundred feet above Lake George.

In the purity of its atmosphere it is unsurpassed. The difference in the moisture between this and the seashore is shown by the hydrometer to be twenty degrees.

Children and others who have been brought here almost at the very point of death, have recovered, and shortly put on the full blush of vigorous health.

The place is as it were on the skirts and certainly within cannon hearing of the great battlefields of Lake George and Saratoga. It is related that in 1777, a scout was endeavoring to find his way down the Sacandaga valley, to communicate to Burgoyne the circumstance of the defeat of his friend St. Leger, who had been driven back from Fort Schuyler, on the Upper Mohawk. As he approached the narrow gorge, through which the waters rush between high cliffs, where jutting rocks made the passage only about twelve feet wide, he was waylaid by a party of whigs, when, to save his life, he rushed down the precipitous bank, jumped the river at the afore-named place, and, clambering up the opposite bank, escaped. His pursuers, baffled, sent after him a few shots but without effect.

This town was first settled shortly after the close of the old French war. On the 14th August, 1767, was filed a petition of Edward and Ebenezer Jesup and others, asking for a grant of 4,100 acres of land on the east side of the river (Jesup's patent, on which the village of Luzerne is located). Mr. Jesup owned mills here, and the place where his house was built is still pointed out. Of this family, among others, comes M. K. Jesup of New York, of honorable fame. As the revolution approached, party spirit ran very high, the Lindseys, Ortons, etc., being on the patriot side, while the loyalists were represented by the Fairchilds, Dexters, Gillises, and others. On the approach of Burgoyne the Lindseys and Ortons buried their goods and took refuge in Albany, while the tories held high carnival, but this was soon to be reversed by their triumphal return, after the defeat and surrender of the British general.

On the western shore of Luzerne Lake, opposite to the *WAY-SIDE HOTEL*, was an ancient gathering place and fishing lodge of the Iroquois Indians. Quantities of flint arrow-heads, stone hammers and other implements of savage life, have, from time to time, been found here.

It was on the great *Sach-en-da-gua* and *Mague's* trail, extending from Johnstown to Lake George, with a branch over the Luzerne Mountain to Fort Edward, and another down to *Ka-che-bon-cook* or *Palmer's Falls*.

In 1755, King *Hendrick*, with his three hundred dusky braves, encamped here while on his way from the Mohawk Castles to the terrible disaster of *Bloody Pond*, where he lost his life.

Farther west was an Indian trail which extended from Ballston northward to the *Kay-a-de-ros-ras* range, thence over the mountain past Lake Desolation, which is near the summit and so called, probably, from its lonely surroundings, thence down *Daly's* creek across the *Sacandaga* river, and up the valley of *Paul* creek to *Schroon* Lake, and thence to *Crown Point* on Lake Champlain. By this route various ruins were made by Tories and refugees who seemed to have a peculiar spite against their old neighbors near the Ballston Fort.

Sir John Johnson, when he came down from Canada, in 1781, to recover the family plate buried at Johnstown Hall, took this route with his Tory allies.

In 1777 occurred the memorable campaign which resulted in the surrender of *Burgoyne* and his British force at *Saratoga*. *Burgoyne* had a splendid army of 7,000 regular troops and 2,000 Canadians, besides a host of Indian warriors drawn from the various northern tribes that depended upon the British crown.

On the 26th June the army, with its horses, cattle, provisions, cannon and munitions of war, embarked in boats prepared for their use, which covered Lake Champlain from shore to shore, and with thousands of oars flashing in the sunlight, with streaming banners and amid triumphant music, he swept up to *Crown Point*.

They scattered and drove back the forces of *St. Clair* at *Ticonderoga*, and, concentrating the army at *Skeensborough*, the general prepared for a triumphant march upon *Albany*. The successes at *Hubbardston* and *Fort Ann*, and the comparatively easy march to *Fort Edward*, only renewed the ardor of the army, and it was not until he had received his first staggering blow at *Bennington* from

the patriot forces under General Stark, that Burgoyne began to realize that possibly his expedition would prove a failure.

The engagement of October 7th was one of the decisive battles of the world, and was the turning point of the revolutionary war. It decided the fate of American independence, and liberty, which was before but an ideal dream, now took shape and leaned with confidence upon the assuring arm of Hope. On the 19th of October he surrendered his army and munitions, consisting of 5,000 troops, 7,000 stand of arms and 42 pieces of cannon, on the blood-stained fields of old Saratoga.

It was then that his most Christian Majesty Louis XVI took heart to send over a few regiments, under the command of the gallant Count de Rochambeau, and also ships of war for our assistance.

He also sent over a diplomat and minister, who would not only give encouragement to General Washington, and the Continental Congress, but who would furnish reliable information to the court at home, of the state of affairs here, and the progress of the revolution. The person so selected was the Chevalier de la Luzerne. He was born in Paris in 1741. The chevalier landed in Boston in 1779, and on the 30th of September of that year was received with military honors by General Washington, at West Point, to whom he brought despatches from La Fayette, and also the information that Spain had joined with France in hostilities against England.

In the following year, 1780, the chevalier participated in the 4th of July celebration at Philadelphia. On the same day was held the commencement for conferring degrees in the arts, upon the students in the University of Pennsylvania. He said he "could but congratulate them on that auspicious day, which, amid the confusion and desolation of war, beheld learning beginning to revive, and animated them with the pleasing prospect of seeing the sacred lamp of science burn with a still brighter flame, and scattering its invigorating rays over the unexplored deserts of that extensive continent, until the whole world should be involved in the united blaze of knowledge, liberty and religion."

Luzerne remained in America till the close of the war, 1783. He had much influence, and performed the responsibilities of a position, which the absence of instructions often made difficult. He was ambassador from France to London from 1788 till his death in September, 1791.

We are indebted to the chevalier for the name of this town, as

the neighboring town of Moreau owes its name to one of France's brightest generals.

The Cardinal de la Luzerne, a very learned prelate, was an elder brother of the chevalier. He was bishop of Langres in 1770, was elected to the States General in 1789, emigrated in 1791, and was made a cardinal in 1817. Among his numerous works is "Considerations on Divine Points in Christian Morality." He died in 1821.

The Duke de Lauzan was an accomplished French officer, who came to this country with the Count de Rochambeau. He commanded a legion of cavalry, and was celebrated for his beauty, wit, talents and wealth. He was stationed for some time near Newport, R. I., and participated in the siege of Yorktown and surrender of Cornwallis, in 1781. The duke suffered death by the guillotine, December 31, 1793.

CHAPTER II.

DESCRIPTION OF LUZERNE — SCENERY — MOUNTAINS — WATERS — FALLS —
DRIVES, ETC.

To many — perhaps most of our readers — a description of Luzerne may seem superfluous. But a picture is always attractive, when it recalls “pleasant memories,” and it is therefore with great pleasure we introduce some of the bright pen and ink sketches, which, perhaps, too enthusiastic writers have from time to time given to the newspapers in regard to this charming resort.

AN AUTUMN LETTER.

LUZERNE, *October 3, 1874.*

“La Belle Luzerne” is herself again, living in the smiles of her own native simplicity, and the pleasant sunshine of the passing autumn days. The fashionably attired throng, which, through the past summer, crowded the hotels and promenaded the shady streets of this delightful summer resort, have taken their departure for the great cities of the east, west and south, we trust physically strengthened and spiritually rejuvenated. Luzerne is a beautiful little village, located upon the east bank of the Hudson, in a sequestered glen that lies between the Kayaderosseras range on the west and the Luzerne on the east. Its situation and general appearance is indeed picturesque beyond description; and, while it charms the traveler with the mingled amenity and grandeur of its scenery, it bathes him in an atmosphere of unequalled purity, giving an additional tone to the muscles of health, and inspiring the enervated with exhilaration and vigor.

Observation as well as science have proven to us beyond a doubt that this locality upon the Hudson, over which the lofty mountain peaks are the eternal sentinels, and the pines whisper their ceaseless murmur, can nowhere be excelled in point of salubrity or varied beauty of natural scenery. Indeed, the statistics of the board of health go to show that the average longevity of the human

race is much greater in this section of country than in any other region heretofore investigated ; and many, who from our great cities have made this their summer home for the past few years, are ready to testify to the superiority of its natural advantages in supplying a pure, unadulterated oxygenated atmosphere, over the crowded watering places to which they have formerly made their yearly pilgrimages, which readily relieve their pockets by extortionate charges, without the utility of adequate compensation, either in health or pleasure.

Agreeable and not expensive accommodations have already been made sure for the entertainment of guests. * * * *

The grounds about the Wayside are capacious, and are gradually being laid out and developed with much taste and labor. The walks are prettily arranged and shaded by evergreens and maples, with here and there clusters of trees and lines of rich foliage.

In front of the house and in full view from the eastward piazza, rests, like a gem embosomed among the hills and foliages, the most beautiful sheet of water imaginable — Lake Luzerne. No foreign shore can boast a more perfect picture of rural loveliness ; here the water lies spread before you, in one broad sheet of mother silver, upon whose calm surface is mirrored forth all the beauty and grandeur of the surrounding scenery — wooded summit, forest, field, tree, shrub and flower, each unite with the ever-changing hue of the clouds above, to embellish the surface of the placid waters. No Chillon's Castle or moss-grown tower frowns upon its shores reflecting their grey walls and dark deeds upon this hallowed retreat of nature ; but all is in its pristine state, sending forth inspirations as pure and holy as when first spoken into existence by the fiat of Jehovah. Here boats are always in readiness at the boat-house upon the lake shore for the accommodation of pleasure-seekers, and during the warm, still days of the summer season, boat riding upon the lake is not only a favorite amusement but a great luxury.

There is a carriage drive extending entirely around the lake (a distance of about three miles, which leads you amid scenery of which Switzerland would gladly boast—beauty which the indelible tints of time only make more attractive and grandeur that defies the spirit of decay ; and whenever over all sweeps the soft winds of a summer evening — running along the summits of tall trees in gentle whispers, or touching the more humble foliage with a gentler breath, the effect is indeed enchanting and entralls the senses with its unrivaled loveliness.

A few handsome summer residences have been erected upon or

near the lake shore, by wealthy gentlemen from the city, and add much to the general appearance of the place.

A very tasteful Episcopal church is nearly finished, and gives promise, both within and without, of a tribute to the æsthetic tastes of the aristocratic congregation who, every summer, worship within its low-browed walls.

This little village can also boast of many high-toned and honorable citizens who have ever exerted a great and salutary influence over the surrounding community.

Improvements seem to be the order of the day, and are prosecuted with vigor all over the place. If at any point there can be discovered a flaw in nature's arrangements, it is readily remodeled and constructed into an ornamental necessity under the efficient hand of art. Thus the "rough places are made smooth," and nature and art peacefully combine to make La Belle Luzerne a masterpiece of beauty and attraction.

CHLOE D. S.

FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES.

WAY-SIDE HOUSE, }
LUZERNE, *August, 1875.* }

Those who would see the lovely and the wild, mingled in nature's harmony, come hither. It is a delightful spot surrounded by all that admirers of beautiful scenery can desire, added to which are all necessary creature comforts found at any watering place in the country and the patronage of the most cultivated society.

Just beyond the village, and about seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, lies Luzerne Lake, a beautiful sheet of water with a single island, and upon the shore of the lake, within a few hundred feet of the water's edge, stands the Way-side House, built in strict Swiss architecture, with eight or ten cottages in close proximity to correspond. So perfect is the picture that, as you approach the hotel, you imagine yourself really in a Swiss village. Every thing about the place reminds you of Swiss scenery; even the boats, lying idle in the lake awaiting your orders, have a foreign look, and the guests, themselves, greet you with a continental grace corresponding with that given to Americans when abroad, and finally the place may well be called "the Switzerland of America,"

"THE GATE-WAY OF THE ADIRONDACKS."

As near as I can judge, there are, at present, comfortable quarters

for six or seven hundred guests, in and about the place. The cottages rent for from four to twelve hundred dollars each for the season; most of those who occupy them, taking their meals at the hotel. The drives about the place are beautiful, the roads excellent, and the conveyances, consisting of all kinds of carriages including "the backboards," comfortable and cheap.

Jessups' Landing is five miles south, and you can ride on either side of the river, which afford a series of views that for picturesque beauty are unsurpassed. Glens Falls, thirteen miles distant over the mountain, is another delightful drive, presenting additional attractions for those who enjoy varied scenery and a pure atmosphere. * * * High hills, densely wooded, tower up on all sides; shaded carriage-drives and romantic foot-paths surround the lake. A large number of pleasure-boats are seen on the water at all hours of the day and up to a late hour of the evening, and not a few of them are rowed by young ladies in unique boating habits. Back of the Wilcox House a path down through the bushes and over rocks, leads to the Luzerne rapids of the Hudson river, which descend eighteen feet through a narrow gorge. From the back piazza of the Cascade House, which overlooks a deep chasm and is directly opposite the Indian Grove where picnics are held, a most charming view of the surrounding country is obtained. In the north several peaks of the Adirondack range are visible, and the valley of the Hudson is seen for many miles to the south. A novelty to strangers is the back-board, a long, springing, easy riding wagon, capable of holding two persons. The ladies consider them a favorite vehicle and take many long rides in them. Concerts, boat races, croquet parties, picnics and many other amusements make life at Luzerne really attractive. Its proximity to Saratoga makes fashionable life only an hour's ride away, so that pleasure parties are frequently formed to go to and return from the springs the same day.

Conklingville is a thriving manufacturing hamlet six miles up the SACANDAGA river. The stream is crossed by the railroad bridge one hundred feet high. On either side of the river the drive is picturesque in the extreme.

A few years will produce quite a change in this whole country; accommodations have not increased fast enough to accommodate the visitors to Luzerne. Even now the patrons of the WAY-SIDE are among the most cultivated and intellectual citizens of our metropolitan cities, who go there for pure rest and country air, and find plenty of amusement among themselves.

FROM A LETTER BY REV. T. C. CUYLER.

Yesterday afternoon, about an hour before sunset, we climbed to a breezy hill-top, which rises at the junction of the Hudson and Sacandaga rivers, and got another view of Luzerne and its surroundings which will lie in my memory like one of Church's or Gifford's landscapes. The September sun-light was full of warmth and gold; the distant Adirondaeks lay pure and blue on the far-off horizon; so looked the Delectable Mountains to the pilgrims from the "hill called Clear." Right at our feet the Hudson, after forty or fifty miles of singled blessedness, is wedded to the more boisterous and rapid Sacandaga.

Just under that bridge down yonder, the famous river squeezes itself through an aperture in the rocks only fifteen feet wide. But they tell us that the black-looking water in that narrow throat is seventy feet in depth. Here is a good hint for ministers in the condensation of sermons. Let the thought be deep, rapid and strong like yonder stream, and, like that, let it come down from the *everlasting hills*.

From the hilltop yesterday our delighted eyes took in a charming landscape, very much like to a view of mountain and vale and lake which the poet Wordsworth once pointed out to us from above his cottage at "Rydere Mount." Over a smooth plateau we could see the pine groves that skirt the miniature *Lake of Luzerne*.

Next to the pure mountain air, this mountain lake is the chief attraction to this spot. It is less than two miles in diameter, but the waters seem to have come from the same crystal cloud that originally filled Lake George. The pine groves grow close to the lakeside, and mirror themselves in its azure depths. Its surface is as placid as a good man's conscience. This morning we spent on the lake, rowing from point to point in a sound, orthodox, little boat, called the "Deacon." Sometimes our shallop ran into a plantation of water lilies, and then, when a white flower lay watching us with its bright, golden eye, we pulled toward it, and the children vied with each other in stretching over the boatside to pluck the prize. Sometimes we lifted the oar and let the musical pearls drop from it tinkling into the water; and so, in company with many other little ships, we cruised about our Lake of Gallilee for many hours. Instead of fish we caught flowers, and came home laden with spoil.

FROM THE ALBANY EVENING JOURNAL.

I have been at this charming retreat for nearly a fortnight. Nature is so lavish of her charms here, that I look uneasily forward to the time when I must exchange their enjoyment for their memory. A picture Claude might envy is had from every window of the house. A small but unrivaled lake, imprisoned by the mountains, lies in front of the hotel. Southward the little village gleams white in the foreground, while against the dark hills beyond, the Hudson chafes and frets among the rocky barriers that restrain him, till, like an impetuous steed, with many a curve and white with foam, he rushes forward to meet the Sacandaga in a wild embrace.

What do we do? How do we enjoy ourselves? What do we not, that is healthful — inspiring — that youth delights in, or age enjoys. We breathe this mountain, piney air. We stretch our muscles on that lovely lake — “that dimple on the face of Nature.” We breakfast on delicate chicken, on fresh eggs, on bewitching rolls and tenderloin steaks, and then we promenaded the long piazzas, or watch the croquet, or seek a point under the whispering pines, and watch the lights and shadows and listen to the voices of the gay. * * Later, the rich lines of the sunset draw us to the north piazza, or woo us again upon the water, where, with tuneful voices and measured oar, we watch the fading splendors of the twilight, or gaze upon the unnumbered stars —

“While the moon, resplendent orb of night,
O'er the heaven's pure azure sheds her sacred light.”

The evening brings the subdued charm of conversation, and the soft voices of elegant women are heard in wit, or repartee, or music, as their fancy dictates. Sometimes Miss M—— thrills our nerves with her magnificent interpretation of Chopin or Strauss, and then again Miss L—— or Miss W—— make the trembling air vocal with their harmony.

Beautiful drives are everywhere to be met; one is down the Hudson to Palmer's Falls. Under this modest name, and almost unknown to fame, lies a beautiful waterfall. The Hudson, swollen by recent rains, is pouring a huge volume of water over, making a cascade of wonderful beauty. Through a white curtain of mist that veils, not conceals, and murmuring its deep bass by the palisades that rise above, flows the rushing river, fretting and foaming, until, with a mighty bound, it leaps and falls into the white-flecked basin below.

FROM THE HOME JOURNAL.

It is doubtful if there is, in all the State of New York, any other spot or place so charming as this from which I write. I may premise here that the main purpose of going anywhere for a summer vacation is rest, recreation, health and pleasure. * * * A real novelty is the buckboard livery.

Seated in one of these long, springing, easy-riding wagons, a drive around the lake, or through the village, or on the mountain forest roads, is a much greater luxury, and certainly a much greater novelty, than a drive through Central Park or Harlem Lane. Those who come once, are pretty sure to come again, and there are parties now from New York who have spent the summer here every year since this house has been open.

In the immediate vicinity of THE WAYSIDE are a number of cottages. These have fine grounds about them with the most refreshing shade, and are the most delightful rural retreats imaginable.

From this lofty, cool, delightful, quiet retreat, where a man may be in such accord with nature and with himself, I extend my sympathies to the music surfeited, spring water drinking, full dressed, ball-attending visitors at Saratoga, and with my warm, moist hand of greeting and good will I beckon them to come up and share with me the delights of this charming spot.

 Farewell to Luzerne.

Farewell, Luzerne! I've lingered,
 Charmed with thy fragrant air,
 And thrilled with happiness beside
 Thy Lake so sweetly fair.
 Farewell, bright hills and valleys,
 And nooks and corners cool;
 I love thee, garlanded Luzerne,
 Farewell! I'm off for school.

Good-bye, great palisades of glory pink,
 That come at sunset's hour;
 Good-bye, gay gold-lined lilies;
 Drink the morning dew, my flower.
 Nymphs of water and nymphs of wood,
 Sprites of the forest, too,
 I bid ye farewell, I bid ye be good,
 For I'm coming back to you.

A last fond look my dear "Cobble" hill,
 A tender glance at "Wayside,"
 I listen again to the murmuring rill,
 And I long for another ride.
 But gig a gig-gig, and away I go
 Back to my books and rule;
 Columbia's fair Luzerne, adieu,
 There's trouble ahead — at school.

NELLIE.

The Candy-Pull.

VALERIO'S POINT.

"*The Way-side Witches' Incantation.*"

Round about the cauldron go,
 In the sweet molasses throw;
 Wintergreen without the berry,
 Almonds scraped by maidens merry,
 Peanuts brown, that children love,
 Flowers gathered in the grove;
 Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Nodding pines drop needles down,
 Daddy long-legs crawl along;
 Butterflies with changing hue,
 Sprigs of hemlock, slips of yew,
 For a charm of powerful trouble
 Let the cauldron boil and bubble.

Hear that catbird's gentle mew,
 There's a sheldrake come to view.
 Above a crow is hoarsely croaking,
 While below the group are dancing;
 So round and round about we go,
 While fires beneath the cauldron glow.

Children rush, seize spoon and ladle,
 Singing waltzes, yecept "Mabel,"
 Now they dip, and taste and burn,
 Then for flour and butter yearn,
 Drinking, laughing, frolic led,
 On the green sward's fragrant bed;
 Hail, our circle! rural Queen,
 Gypsies all our maidens seem.

ARABELLA.

A Parting Salute.

I.

O, fairest lake, among the pine-clad hills,
 A wanderer turning sadly from thy shore,
 Sends back a farewell to the crystal rills
 Which leap toward thee, whose voice is heard no more.

II.

A farewell to the waves that break along
 Thy margin to the summer's evening breeze,
 A farewell to the birds of night whose song
 Re-echoes through the never-fading trees.

III.

A farewell to thy hills, whose stately mien
 And rocky crowns attest their kingly sight,
 Whose soft, rich velvet slopes, now green,
 Now blue or purple, in the ebbing light.

IV.

A farewell to thy rugged charms, LUZERNE;
 From lake and stream, from whip-poor-will and grove,
 From grand old hills, regretfully I turn,
 Since I have learned thy very name to love.

V.

For these are kin to human sympathy
 And love and trust. I grieve from them to part;
 And oh! to leave the friends who welcomed me,
 'Tis this, Luzerne, that saddens my fond heart.

T.

Charade.

When you have found my first,
 Turn not to my second
 Till you reach my whole.
 When you shall have found the *way*,
 Let not *aside* your footsteps stray
 Until in safety you abide
 Beneath the gables of

"WAYSIDE."

E. L.

CHAPTER III.

CEMETERY CONSECRATION — CHURCHES — NEW EPISCOPAL CHURCH.



NE of the most pleasing ceremonies ever witnessed in Luzerne was the consecration of the Cemetery, at that place, which occurred on the 9th of July, 1873. The rain of the night before had purified the air, and left the atmosphere transparent. The sparkle of the lake, the fresh odors of the pines, the groups on the lawn, the gaily filled piazzas all made up a picture of elegance and refinement. Nothing that the painter or realist could desire was wanting. The Troy convocation of the Albany Diocese, opened with service and celebration of the Blessed Eucharist at seven o'clock in the morning; at eleven o'clock the Litany was said; and a sermon of great beauty and power preached by the Rev. Dr. Walsh of Troy. Then followed the business meeting. At four o'clock the procession for the Cemetery moved. The children of the Sunday Schools, and also of the Division of the Sons and Daughters of Temperance, with flags and banners, assembled at the Methodist Church. After them, in carriages, came Mr. J. H. Lawrence, President of the Cemetery Association, acting as marshal, the Clergy, invited guests, Soldiers of the war of 1812, represented by Mr. John McEwen, John Towner, Joseph Ferguson and Daniel Stewart, also Wm. Leonard, aged 82 years, a veteran of the British army, who fought under Lord Nelson at the famous battle of Trafalgar. The Mexican war of 1848 was represented by Brig. Genl. Thos. J. Leslie and Rear Admiral Sizero M. Price, who were guests at the Wayside, representing also the Army and Navy of the U. S. The soldiers of the war of 1861 were Col. B. C. Butler, Lt. Col. Duncan Cameron, Dr. James G. Porteous, Lt. James H. Lawrence, Orderly Wilson Smead, Sergt. James P. Darling, Sergt. Amasa Read, George Blackwood, Wm. S. Taylor, Harvey Beach, Dyer S. Rice, James Daniels and Abram Adamson.

Luzerne has many charms. Its mountains are bold and picturesque, its forest dense with its green mantle, and its lovely lake, from the piazzas of the Swiss looking Wayside Hotel, looks like a

glittering jewel set in a an emerald border. But never did it present a more attractive picture than at last evening's sunset. The bright flags, the societies in orderly array, the youth and beauty of the village, the invited guests in carriages, made, as they wound their devious way to the Cemetery, an animated if not impressive spectacle.

Arriving at the Cemetery the procession followed the usual custom, walking the circuit of the grounds, and then gathered at the tent, which had been pitched for the observance of the ceremonies. The powerful choir sang the noble and inspiring choral hymn of praise,

“All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall.”

After which Rev. Mr. Cookson read from the 23d chapter of Genesis, as follows :

“And Abraham stood up from before his dead, and spake unto the sons of Heth, saying, I am a stranger and a sojourner with you. Give me a possession of a burying place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight. * * * * *

This was succeeded by the Lord's Prayer and the prayer of Consecration in these words:

O Father Almighty, who art not the God of the dead but of The living; Bless this Cemetery, we beseech Thee, that the bodies of Thy faithful people which are here laid to rest may remain in peace, and undisturbed until they hear, and joyfully obey the sound of the trumpet that calls this mortal to put on immortality, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O Lord Jesus Christ who in the days of thy earthly manhood didst weep over Lazarus, and with a loud voice, broughtest forth his dead body from the tomb; and who Thyself didst hallow the sepulchre which Joseph of Arimathea had made for thee, filling it with the fragrance of the spices which loving hands bestowed upon Thy Burial, until it was opened forever by the mighty power of Thy Resurrection; so hallow we beseech Thee, this Cemetery, for the sleep of thy faithful servants; and let the fragrance of the good deeds which by Thy grace they may have wrought on earth still linger here until Thy voice shall open their graves, and call forth their sleeping bodies to awake up after the likeness of Thy glorious Body, rejoicing in Thy Resurrection for evermore; who livest and reignest, God, world without end. Amen.

The choir and people then sung the hymn,

“How wonderful and great
Thy works God of praise.”

Then followed the address by Rev. ELIPHALET M. POTTER, D. D., President of Union College. Catching something from the gentle spirit of the scene, and amid the hushed and attentive stillness of his audience, while his eye glanced from the blue outline of the mountains to the solemn woods and placid lake, the eloquent divine, in an address of historic incident and sympathetic eloquence, unfolded a train of thought suited alike to the hour and the occasion. Commencing with an appropriate allusion to the fitness of the ceremonies of consecrating such enclosures to the sacred memory of the dead, he rapidly sketched the egotistic attempt to perpetuate the fame of power, by the splendid mausoleums and labored piles of ancient civilization. He brought to mind the paved avenues, twenty-two miles in length, guarded at brief intervals by colossal statues of the Ming dynasty of China—the tomb itself as large as a temple—an evidence of selfish power and aggrandizement. So in India, the mighty monarch Akbar built the unrivaled fort of Agra, the mosque of pearl and the superb palace, and converted the stoniest ledges of his realm into the realization of architectural visions, and for himself erected, at Secundra, a monument more wonderful than the pyramid at Cheops. Viewing these monuments of egotism, one of our statesmen declared that, only when society reached a high state of civilization, would men learn the absurdity of extravagant sepulchral monuments. “Great achievements,” he adds, “and rare natures, leave upon mankind an impression so deep that they need no monumental reminders to supply the want of that impression, by extravagant mocking.”

Family love, a higher though often a mixed sentiment, is also evidenced by costly monuments of pride, and as civilization advances we see this higher form and purpose of monumental efforts. In the Campus Martius of Rome are traces of that Mausoleum of the great Augustus, which Strabo, after describing the splendor, tells us contained apartments for the ashes of his kindred. The first whose dust reposed there was the youthful Marcellus, who died at twenty-two, the handsome and long-lamented son of the Grand Emperor. The fame of this pile is made imperishable by the lines of the great Latin poet. So the throne of love, a mortuary structure illustrating this higher principle, more beautiful, both from its sentiment and its architecture, than the egotistic tomb of Akbar, is that erected by one of his royal descendants to his beloved wife, the famed Banoo. In the midst of a garden of two hundred and fifty acres filled with the choicest products of the wood and field, stands this mighty

offering to love, its exterior of white marble, inlaid in black with texts from the sacred writings, exhausting the Koran entire. Within, its immense dome, nearly three hundred feet in height, casts from its streaming vaults a subdued light upon the sarcophagus, gleaming with rare jewels and enclosing the cherished dust. Akin in history and sentiment is the story of that tomb, which still stands after the wars and tumults of two thousand years, just beyond the walls of Rome, to testify to the virtues of the noble wife of one of Rome's richest citizens. A higher sentiment than egotism is there indicated — a chord in human hearts is struck, which vibrates until to-day; yet, while we cherish the noble interpretation of the tomb of Cecilia Metella, we are confronted with the lines of Byron at the close of his eloquent reference to the tomb of Childe Harold :

“ Metella died,
The wealthiest Roman's wife! behold his love or PRIDE!”

After the Christian era a view principle evidenced the truth of the resurrection of the body. The monuments in the Catacombs and elsewhere have connected with them a new hope; nay, an imperishable truth, the doctrine of the *Resurrection*. The belief of a future life, and the ideas springing therefrom, gave a new character to mortuary monuments. Henceforth, connected with the offerings for the worship of God and the good of man, stately cathedrals pierced the skies, hospitals opened their sheltering arms, fellowships and scholarships were founded, and thus Shakspeare's aphorism was reversed: “The good that men do lives after them; the evil is oft interred with their bones.” But why, amid the scenes of beauty like this, need we envy the more costly surroundings of wealth, even when directed by piety? Here amid these mountain ranges, shaded by yonder whispering pines, lies the soldier who has battled for his country's rights; here are the ashes of the tender mother, and here lie buried all that hope and fancy cherished in loving, childhood's tender form. The ground is already consecrated in hope, in love and in joyful anticipation. Though childhood may stretch out its weary arms for the loved and loving parent; though the mother may weep for her first born that has carried the light of day itself into the tomb, still comfort yourselves with the words from the eternal source of comfort: “For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

The ceremonies concluded with suitable prayers by one of the clergy, and the procession returned to the village.

CHURCHES.

Among civilized nations, in all ages of the world, the claims of religion have assumed a prominent place and have generally been enforced among the various classes of mankind.

There are four churches in the village, to wit, the Methodist, which has been long established and contains the largest local congregation, the Presbyterian, the Roman Catholic and the Episcopal. This last was organized April 30, 1865, under the name of the parish of St. Mary's Protestant Episcopal Church. Rev. Edwin E. Butler, of Glen's Falls, was the rector.

September 10th, 1866, Rev. Mr. Eastman was invited to hold the services for an indefinite period.

March 15th, 1868, Rev. Mr. George Fisher was duly appointed missionary, and the services were held by him at this date for the first time. Services were conducted in Wilcox Hall.

In 1868 the services were conducted in the school-house by Revs. Messrs. Fisher, Gibson, Shackelford, and Sylvanus Reed.

The lot on which the present church has been erected was duly conveyed to the society by Mr. Henry E. Pierrepont, of Brooklyn.

August 9, 1868, St. Mary's Hall was erected by B. C. Butler, and has been more or less occupied by the society up to the present time.

1869. The summer services were held under the direction of Revs. Messrs. Tyng, Bird, Ritchie and Knapp.

1870-71. Rev. Benjamin Webb had charge of the parish in connection with the parish of Conklingville.

1872. The parish was in the charge of Rev. Mr. Anthon who remained for the summer.

1873. Rev. Mr. Moran had the charge of the summer services.

1874-75. Rev. Mr. Hooper was in charge.

1876. Rev. A. J. Brockway was duly appointed missionary in charge, and still continues his ministrations.

In 1865 the ladies of the parish, finding fifteen dollars in the treasury remaining after paying the expenses for the summer services, resolved, that the same should be deposited in the savings bank as a "nest egg," for a fund with which to build a new church. The foundation of the present building was laid in 1873. The plans were furnished by Jacob Wray Mould, late architect of the Central

Park, New York city. They exhibit a plain stone building of rubble work, with slate roof, in the Anglo-Swiss style, eighty feet long by thirty-six feet wide. The capacity of the church is for two hundred and fifty people. It has plenty of light and ventilation, and is easily warmed in winter. The site is upon Lake avenue, fronting Church street, and commands a fine view of lake and mountain scenery in all directions.

The present expenditure upon the church is \$5,000. The parish has no debts whatever.

It is estimated that to finish the building complete, including the tower, will cost about \$2,500.

August 25, 1874, the corner stone of the new edifice was laid by the Rt. Rev. William C. Doane, bishop of the diocese of Albany, assisted by a number of clergymen, and in the midst of a large congregation of visitors and residents. The service was beautiful and inspiring.

The bishop made a short address, presenting three points : 1st. Christ is the corner-stone ; 2d. Apostolical succession is the ecclesiastical connection ; 3d. Each person needs to build upon Christ.

Col. Butler, senior warden, read the list of articles deposited in a tin box to be placed beneath the corner-stone, to wit : Bible, prayer book, almanac for 1874, coins of the date of 1874, to wit, one cent nickel, five cent nickel, ten cent silver, twenty-five cent silver, fifty cent silver and ten cent currency ; county newspapers of the latest date, names of the bishop of the diocese, the missionary in charge, and the wardens and vestrymen ; programmes of fairs and concerts given by the ladies for the benefit of the church, programme of the consecration of the Luzerne cemetery, July-9, 1873.

He also gave a summary of the available resources of St. Mary's church, and concluded as follows :

The tide of humanity regularly ebbs and flows to and from this place. Year by year it recurs with increasing force. Its wants are various and exhaustive. The city goes out into the country with its graces, its habits, its luxuries, which have become necessities. It comes to find converse with nature's charms, amid rural simplicity and among rural people, who know but little of town life, except as it is brought to their notice by the summer visitors. To provide for our own spiritual wants is very simple, like the modest chapel which, for the last seven years, has been our religious home. But to meet the larger, more varied and more cultivated taste for

the city visitor, as well as the increasing number, requires a larger temple. With this auspicious day's proceedings we will have commenced an edifice which we hope and trust will prove satisfactory in its sacred purpose, and you who may chance to revisit our village in future years will, God willing, worship in a temple erected on this spot, which shall be capacious and comfortable and adapted to the increasing needs of the church. To those who have immediately been the means of increasing the church fund, the thanks of the vestry would be superfluous. Their talents, their skill, their fine perception of the needs of the hour, and particularly their cheerful willingness to aid in this work of charity, find their reward, not from the hands of mere instruments as we are, but from that loftier motive which has its answer in every christian heart, the motive of doing good for its own sake.

The tide ebbs and flows: a few short weeks ago you were pursuing each the routine of life in your own homes. A common sympathy for nature has brought you here and thrown you together as one family. Shortly you will separate, each going back to his or her home, never again to meet under the same circumstances. The pleasant memories of the summer, will probably sink away into a composed regard, but wherever your lot may be cast, you will take away with you the fragrance of a generous act, most gracefully performed. We shall remember this longer than you; for this is our *home*: ours the duty to watch for, wait upon and participate in the erection of this edifice: *ours* the offering to his Precious Majesty the sacrifices of prayer, praise and thanksgiving; *ours* the sacrament of baptism, the solemnization of matrimony, and finally the resting of our corporeal body before it is committed to the ground — earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. We shall have this edifice perpetually with us, and we will carry with us, in our heart of hearts, the remembrance of your deeds of charity, which seem to us a re-echo of the sentiment, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

An excavation had been drilled into the solid rock under the stone to receive the box of deposits, which was then placed in the receptacle and the stone laid in its place. The Bishop then said:

The glorious majesty of the Lord our God be upon us; Prosper thou the work of our hands upon us; O prosper thou our handiwork.

Except the Lord build the house their labor is but lost that build it.

In the faith of Jesus Christ we place this foundation stone, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,

Amen, of St. Mary's Church, to be dedicated to the worship and service of Almighty God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; for reading and preaching his holy word; for celebrating his holy sacraments; for offering to his glorious majesty the sacrifices of prayer, praise and thanksgiving; for blessing his people in his name, and for the performances of all other offices of our holy religion. Other foundation can no man lay than is laid, which is Jesus Christ, who is God over all blessed forevermore, in whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sin.

Here followed the Nicene creed, after which a hymn was sung.

The Bishop, with the clergy and congregation, then walked around the walls of the building, singing the 87th psalm, and the services closed with the benediction.

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