

A VISIT TO WILKES-BARRE
BY A YOUNG PHILADELPHIAN
IN THE YEAR 1840.

AS RELATED IN THE JOURNAL OF MR. B. B. REATH
OF PHILADELPHIA.

READ WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES BY GEORGE R. BEDFORD, ESQ., BEFORE THE WYOMING
HISTORICAL AND GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY, OCTOBER 8, 1915.

Friday, 7th August, 1840. —

At about one o'clock this morning we left Shickshinny for Wilkes-Barre, and of all the rough rides I ever had I think this was about the roughest. The road runs up through two mountains, and is covered with loose stones, which throw the stage up and down in a manner that is really scandalous—in fact, I was tumbled from one side to the other continually from the time I started. To add to the inconveniences of the journey, it was very damp and cold, so cold that when we reached Nanticoke I got off the coach and went into the house, where there was a fire burning, which felt as comfortable as ever it did in the midst of winter. When the sun rose I got off, and mounted with the driver, with whom I rode for the rest of the way. In coming round the hill above Wilkes-Barre I noticed that the road was very dangerous, being too narrow for two vehicles to pass, and running along the edge of a bank, quite sufficiently high to have knocked the stage to pieces in short order, had it been unlucky enough to pass over.

NOTE.—The route traveled by the diarist, from Shickshinny to Wilkes-Barre, was obviously on the West side of the river, for the reason that there were no bridges below Wilkes-Barre; the Nanticoke referred to was evidently West Nanticoke.

The narrow road mentioned was a stretch of highway extending below what is now the Woodward Colliery, for a half mile or more toward Plymouth along the river, and was, in 1840, and for many years later, known as the "Narrows". As suggested by the diarist, the road was too narrow for two vehicles to pass, except at certain places where the bank had been dug out for the purpose.

It will be noticed that traveling in those days by stage began in the early morning. At Shickshinny the stages no

doubt connected with stages to and from Harrisburg. At that date the stages going over the Wilkes-Barre mountain to Easton and thence to New York and Philadelphia, left Wilkes-Barre at about three o'clock in the morning, supposed to arrive (dependent on road and weather conditions) at Easton the first night, and at their destination the second night.

At about six o'clock, arrived at Wilkes-Barre, and put up at the Phoenix Hotel, situated on the bank of the Susquehanna. After breakfast I walked out to look at the town. Wilkes-Barre is a very beautifully built village, settled altogether by Yankees, who have built it in the real New England style—the houses being chiefly of frame, and handsomely ornamented with pillars, etc. There are several churches, some of them very neat, and one of them, the Methodist, has a handsome steeple on top, containing an excellent bell. There are some very fine houses in the place, owned by the *lawyers* and other *great men*. The lawyers will always be at the top of the notch, and when they get *this child* among them, I guess they will be a little higher yet.

NOTE.—This last remark about the future improved status of lawyers obviously has reference to the diarist's intention to join their honorable company, which four years later he accomplished by admission to the Philadelphia Bar in 1844.

The diarist very properly speaks of Wilkes-Barre as a village. In its customs, as well as its appearance, it recalled the New England village of the time. Every night at nine o'clock the bell of the old church on the Public Square rang out as a reminder to old as well as young that it was about time to prepare for the night, and after that hour very few persons, young or old, were abroad on the streets of the village.

The population did not exceed eighteen hundred. Franklin and Washington streets ended at South street, with farms beyond. Washington street was grass grown and most of the lots on Washington street and many of the lots on Franklin street were without buildings. Main street extended through the Public Square. On the South side of the Public Square was located the old Court House, taken

down about 1858; on the East side of the Square, apposite the present Fort Durkee Hotel, was located a stone building generally called (though erroneously) the "Fireproof", which contained the public offices of the county; on the West side of the Square was located the church hereafter mentioned, and on the North side, opposite the Bennett building and other buildings, was located the "Wilkes-Barre Academy". Of this latter institution it is said in a publication in 1830 that:

"The Wilkes-Barre Academy, incorporated in 1806, has deservedly acquired a high reputation. It contains students pursuing the higher branches of learning. The Latin and Greek languages are here taught, together with mathematics and all the various branches of an English education. This institution has produced a number of scholars, and has prepared numerous young men to enter the Northern colleges."

It may be further said of this institution that a number of its students later attained eminence in the professions and in public life.

The same narrative refers to the "Wyoming Seminary" for the education of young ladies, then recently established in Wilkes-Barre, and not to be confounded with the Wyoming Seminary established some fifteen years later at Kingston. Of this school for young ladies it is said that the same "promises as extensive usefulness as any institution of its kind in our country. Under the care of Mrs. Chapman (the widow of the author of the earliest 'History of Wyoming'), its principal, and Miss Trott, her assistant, both highly accomplished and well qualified instructors, this Seminary is exciting an interest and is acquiring a reputation not usual in the infancy of institutions of its kind."

The Miss Trott here mentioned a little later became the wife of Hon. George W. Woodward, and the mother of the late Hon. Stanley Woodward and of Mrs. Eben G. Scott.

The City Cemetery was located at the corner of East Market and Washington streets, where now are the City Hall and other buildings, and the county jail was located on the corner diagonally opposite where now is located the Derr building occupied by the White Hardware Company.

The canal followed the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad south from Northampton street and of the Lehigh Valley Railroad from Market street to a point above Union street, and thence to the river, and was crossed by bridges at considerable elevation located at River, Franklin, Main, Wash-

ington and Canal streets. And where now stands the Lehigh Valley station was a large canal boat basin, and another where now stands the County Court House on the upper River Common.

The Phoenix Hotel mentioned was located on River street less than two hundred feet below Market street. It was taken down in 1865 and was succeeded by the Wyoming Valley Hotel, which in turn was taken down a few years ago and replaced by the present office building of the Lehigh & Wilkes-Barre Coal Company.

The Phoenix Hotel at the time mentioned and for many years before and after was famed for its table. It was in the days when there were no game laws, and when game was abundant. As soon as the weather permitted, game was supplied in great quantities, and the larder of the Phoenix Hotel was always furnished during the cold season with venison, pheasant, quail and an occasional wild turkey. The hotel was fortunate in having a famous cook, and its patrons from the cities were regaled with game cooked to the "Queen's" taste. The landlord, Gilchrist, presided at table, did the carving for his guests, and looked after their comfort. The dinner table was always supplied with two bottles of brandy for such use as the guests might care to make of them.

It would seem that the Methodist Church here referred to was one built about the year 1800, and generally spoken of by the people of the town as "Old Ship Zion". It was noted for the symmetry of its very tall steeple, and was located on the Public Square facing what is now known as the "Welles Building", occupied by the Isaac Long Store. It was for many years used as a union church, being in turn occupied by Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Methodists, but before the date of this journal it had been taken over by the Methodists.

About eleven o'clock I went around to see Miss Mary Stille, and remained with her for about half an hour; while there, was introduced to Mrs. Osterhout and two young ladies, whose names I really do not recollect. Had nothing to do all afternoon but lounge about the tavern—an amusement not much to my liking, but as I felt not very well, owing to the long stage ride of the preceding day, I deferred going out on the hills for another time. After tea, walked

out on the green bank of the river, and indulged in various agreeable reminiscences of events that had happened in other days—in fact, it was quite a fine place for indulging in poetic flights. This evening the hotel is crowded with passengers, who have come on from Mauch Chunk.

NOTE.—The Mrs. Osterhout referred to was the wife of Mr. Isaac S. Osterhout, the founder of the Osterhout Library. He was at the time a leading and successful merchant, having his store on the Public Square and his house adjoining, all on the premises now occupied by the large department store of Jonas Long's Sons.

The mention of Mr. Osterhout's name recalls a matter related to me by the elder Mr. McClintock. Mr. Osterhout and other merchants were in the habit of visiting Philadelphia twice a year, for a stay of some two weeks for the purpose of selecting and purchasing goods for their stores, which included dry goods, groceries, and a large variety of merchandise, very much on the plan of the present day department store, but, of course, on a very much smaller scale. At such times it would happen that on the evening before leaving Wilkes-Barre Mr. Osterhout would be called on by his friends and neighbors to say "good bye" and oftentimes be given some commissions to execute; the trip being then considered about equivalent to the trip of to-day to Europe.

Saturday, 8th.

This morning I scraped acquaintance with a Mr. Jordan of Philadelphia, who is staying at our hotel, and is engaged in collecting his debts in this part of the country. We neither of us had anything to do during the morning, and therefore agreed to go out on an expedition to Prospect Rock, a position that commands a view of the whole valley. This place is situated on the mountain immediately back of the town, at a height, I presume, of about twelve hundred feet, and is, of course, very difficult of access, although when one once gets up to the place, he is amply repaid for all his pains, by the beauty of the prospect. For the last half mile it became very tiresome, and withal somewhat dangerous, as we were obliged to make our way through a path which was for the most part overgrown with underbrush, and

which, as we very well knew, was in some places thickly tenanted by rattlesnakes, copperheads, and such like reptiles, a visit from whom would have been anything but agreeable. However, we at last did reach the top, and undoubtedly, with the exception of the view from Mt. Holyoke, I never did see so beautiful a landscape. And then what a fine place this was for romance and poetry! Here, we were looking down upon the scene of adventures of the renowned Gertrude of Wyoming—here, we were overlooking the spot where our fathers fought and bled for their country and their liberties—that spot on which so many of them fell victims to the barbarous scalping knife and the tomahawk—this very mountain received the fugitives from the massacre—some of them, alas, escaped but to perish in the wild solitudes of the forests—in such a place, could any one help feeling his blood course more rapidly through his veins, if he had the least spark of poetry or romance in his composition? I at least should think not. But again; suppose that some illustrious chief, the last of a noble, and once powerful race, now driven from the homes and hunting grounds of his fathers, to wander amidst the forests and prairies of the west—suppose that he should place himself upon this rock, “as the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the village spires”, and, leaning upon his rifle, contemplated the scene of wealth and prosperity beneath him—founded upon the ruins of his own once happy homes. Where, in other days, the singing of the birds, the humming of insects, the music of the waterfall, and the twinkling of the mountain rills, saluted the wornout hunter, as he threw himself down at evening beneath the shade of some majestic tree, planted by the hand of the Great Spirit, was now heard the bustle of business—the noise of the axe and the hammer—the rude footsteps and the voice of the white man—but the Indian could no longer be seen. Where once stood the wigwam of the Delaware, now rose the stately mansion of the stranger—where once stood the lofty pines and wide spreading oaks, the choicest of nature’s gifts, were now seen

the fields, loaded with their rich, waving harvest treasures of which the simple native had never known or heard, and without which his years had rolled calmly on, in the joys of liberty and a forest life. What would have been the feelings of the chief, when he viewed these changes, so rapidly effected within the space of a few years, and reflected that he was now looking down for the last time on those scenes, in which his childhood’s pleasant hours had been passed, but which must now be forever abandoned to wanderers from distant climes. And yet the picture of our imagination has not been much overdrawn. It is quite possible, not to say probable, that such a scene has taken place on this very spot.

NOTE.—It is to be remembered that at the time this picture was drawn by the diarist there were many persons living who survived the battle and massacre of Wyoming, to whom the scene suggested by the diarist would recall the experiences of the days then long ago when an Indian Chief was a familiar figure.

Now then, gentle reader, we hope that we have not tired you out with spouting poetry, but really it is a thing that we do not often indulge in, especially to such an extent as in the present instance, for which we humbly crave your forgiveness and we promise not to offend again in a similar manner. Think not, however, that we were doomed to reach the hotel without any adventure. As we were coming down the mountain we paused several times to look into some large holes, which we thought might contain rattlesnakes or copperheads, and during one of these halts, as I happened to cast my eyes up to the other side of the road, an animal leaped suddenly out of the thicket, not more than two hundred feet from where we were standing. It was a beautiful creature, considerably larger than a fox, but of a similar color, and stood there quietly looking at us out of its sparkling eyes, and throwing its ears timidly back and forth, just as a fine horse when frightened. I was actually so much taken by surprise that for a while I just stood and stared at it; at last, however, I called the

attention of Mr. Jordan to it, when he immediately recognized it for a fawn or young deer. We both sprang off after it, but on seeing us approach, it wheeled about, and bounded lightly off into the cover. It has always been the practice with novelists to compare beautiful young ladies to fawns, referring to their gracefulness, and if all the fawns move as handsomely as the one we saw, we think that our bright-eyed fair ones will not much suffer by the comparison.

NOTE.—The incident related here of meeting the deer upon the mountain side was not an unusual one in 1840. Deer were abundant on the mountains about Wilkes-Barre, and some years later than the incident related by the diarist a deer, pursued by dogs, rushed down the mountain side, and through Northampton street, swam the river and escaped to the Kingston mountain. The late Walter G. Sterling told me some twenty-five or more year ago that in his hunting experiences he had first and last killed seven deer about on the location of the Glen Summit Hotel.

This afternoon Mr. Jordan and myself procured an old batteau and went out to take a row, which sufficed to amuse us until supper time. The boat was about the hardest article of that sort that we ever had the pleasure of sailing in, bearing a striking resemblance to a coffin—both in shape and colour. It may be supposed that in a craft so inauspiciously constructed, our sail would have been none of the pleasantest—we, however, were not so superstitious as to allow this circumstance to produce any effect. The waves ran very high this afternoon, as high, indeed, as the waves on the Delaware on a rough day, the consequence of which was that we got a most precious pitching and tossing, but the affair went off all safe. So end our adventures for the day. My face has been very much burned to-day by the sun, and feels all in a glow.

Sabbath, 9th August.

NOTE.—It will be noticed that the diarist uses the term "Sabbath" instead of Sunday, with which word it is said not to be strictly synonymous. Sabbath denotes the institution; Sunday is the name of the first day of the week. The Sabbath of the Jews is on Saturday, and the Sabbath of most

Christians on Sunday. In New England the first day of the week was in the early times almost universally called "the Sabbath" to mark it as holy time.

This morning, having made inquiry as to the whereabouts of the Presbyterian Church, I directed my steps thitherwards, and having reached the place, proceeded to reconnoitre through the crack of the door, before making my grand entree? I perceived that the pews were very inconveniently arranged for a stranger, as you had to enter with your back to the pulpit, and face the congregation, upon observance of which I came to a dead halt—owing either to my not liking exactly to march up under full fire from so many bright eyes as were there assembled, or perhaps through fear of carrying the whole church before me out at the other end? As undoubtedly the entrance of such a "distinguished stranger", as your humble servant, would or at least ought to have produced no small sensation. Be that as it may, as was above stated, the halt was made, and how long it might have continued is beyond the knowledge of my understanding, but fortunately relief was at hand, in the shape of an invitation from an old gentleman who came in, to take a seat in his pew, which I certainly made no bones of accepting. It occurred to me at the time he must have been a man of *no small discrimination*, to judge from my phiz, what a talented *young gentleman* he had got hold of.

NOTE.—The Presbyterian Church of that time was a frame structure which stood where now stands the Osterhout Library, with the pulpit toward the street, and the congregation facing the entrance. This structure was taken down about 1850, and was re-placed by the new church, which has been converted into the Osterhout Library.

The preacher fairly tired me out—that I must confess; he was one of the most drawling preachers I have ever come across during the course of my travels.

When the purse came round at the close, I searched my pocket for a penny, but, confound it, not anything less than a "levy" could I find, which in consequence had to be thrown in, seeing that I was ashamed not to throw anything in,

when the old fellow had been so impressed with my dignity as to invite me into his seat. Just to think of a whole "levy" gone, and that, too, for the benefit of a parcel of chaps to whom I, the donor, was a perfect stranger! Absolutely scandalous! Wasn't it? Well, I suppose I must console myself with Jacob Faithful's maxim: "Take it coolly; what's done can't be helped."

NOTE.—The contribution of a "levy" to the church collection recalls the fact that the silver currency of the time was based on the Spanish dollar, and a levy in Philadelphia and a shilling in New York were each equivalent of twelve and one-half cents; the silver piece of one-half that amount, to-wit, six and one-quarter cents, was known as a "fip-and-a-bit" in one locality and as a "six-pence" in another—the prices of goods offered for sale in the stores were stated in one or the other of these terms. The contribution of a levy to the ordinary church collection would at that time be regarded as unusually liberal.

After dinner Mr. Jordan and myself walked over to the old entrenchments (about four or five hundred yards from the hotel) and seated ourselves there for a while, to think upon the past. Now, then, here would be a fine field for some more poetry, such as that in yesterday's journal, but we promised not to be again guilty of anything of the kind and we always keep our promises, so *mum*.

NOTE.—The entrenchment mentioned was what was known until recent years as the "Redoubt". This was a rocky ridge formation just above Union street, and crossing what is now River street, and extending from near the river to a point between River and Franklin street. In later years River street was cut through and since then the Redoubt itself has been entirely removed, but some remains of the formation are still shown at the junction of River and Jackson streets, on the premises occupied by the George W. Leach house. This natural Redoubt was availed of by the Connecticut settlers in their controversy with the Pennamites.

I walked round during the afternoon to the Episcopal Church, but finding it closed, returned to the hotel, went up to my room, threw myself upon the bed, and was soon embraced in the arms of Morpheus, from whom I did not

escape until tea time. During the evening I walked round to the Methodist Church, and there heard an excellent sermon—indeed, in some parts the speaker became quite eloquent; there was likewise none of that rant about him, which is often so objectionable in the Methodist oratory. So ended the events of the day.

Monday, 10th.

This morning Mr. Jordan and myself, according to agreement, went out to take a ride up the valley. He had some business a few miles up, and after remaining there a few minutes, declared that he must return to Wilkes-Barre, as he would otherwise miss some two thousand dollars. I must confess that this declaration did somewhat destroy my equanimity, for it had been agreed between us—at least so I thought—that the ride should extend up as far as the monument. Nevertheless, I was necessitated to return with him and accordingly did so, very much against my will. After our arrival at the hotel he went off to look after the Rhino, while I, having the horse and wagon to myself, started to take a small drive around the town, which I continued through the principal streets.

NOTE.—The term "Rhino" was a slang term for money and in this instance had reference evidently to the \$2,000 collected by Mr. Jordan.

During the course of my peregrinations I met my friend of the church yesterday, who stopped me and desired to know the young gentleman by name, to whom he had given a seat in his pew on the preceding day, in which very reasonable request I was very happy to gratify him, and after sundry bows, scrapes and compliments, we parted on the best terms imaginable.

This evening I called to pay my last visit to the ladies. When I first arrived I found none but Mrs. Osterhout at home, with whom, however, I seated myself, and we had a very clever talk until the arrival of Mrs. Stille. Mrs. Osterhout said she hoped she would have the pleasure of seeing me again at Wilkes-Barre, when she trusted she would have an opportunity of introducing me to some of the young

ladies of the place, which last is certainly a consummation devoutly to be wished. I should like to remain here another day, as the ladies were telling me that there will be a general turnout of the Wilkes-Barre girls to-morrow—they having determined to visit the court house "en masse", to hear some lawyer of the name of Woodward address the jury in behalf of four Irish men now on their trial for murder.

What a grand array they will all make, seated in the dirty court room, and hanging with rapture on the tones of this American Cicero! Who could not speak eloquently when encouraged by the smiles of so many listening fair ones? I suppose they should tempt him to plead *his own* cause, in place of the cause of the prisoners at the bar; suppose we should see in the papers as the latest case of absence of mind, that the eloquent Mr. Woodward, when he should have said "May it please your honor, I stand here to-day to plead the cause of my innocent and much injured clients", said in place there of, "My dear Miss there, with the laughing black eyes, I stand here to-day for the purpose of asking you to marry me"! Actually awful, isn't it? Really the man's in danger.

NOTE.—The Woodward referred to was George W. Woodward, at the time a young lawyer of about thirty-one years of age. He had already achieved distinction at the bar, and when only twenty-eight years of age took a leading part in the Convention in 1837-'38 that framed the Constitution of the State; he later became a member of the Supreme Court and Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. He was the father of the late Hon. Stanley Woodward, and grandfather of the present Judge John Butler Woodward.

At the present day the business of this populous county is so great that our Courts, composed of six law Judges, are in almost continuous session, and a term of court is therefore now a commonplace affair, but in 1840 the sitting of Court happened only four times a year, in the months of January, April, August and November, and with only one Law Judge, was an important event in the life of a village of the size of Wilkes-Barre. It was often made something of a social affair, when as narrated by the diarist, some import-

ant case was on trial, and ladies availed themselves of the opportunity to attend.

Forensic oratory was in favor and quite the fashion, and it is safe to assume that on such occasions the arguments of the lawyers were framed almost as much to edify and entertain the fair auditors as to convince the Court and jury.

This evening, after I returned home, Mr. Jordan gave me a package containing some two thousand dollars to carry home for him. I had some scruples in my own mind about taking it, but at last agreed to do so, and chalked off to bed, meditating on robbers, etc., etc.

NOTE.—The request to carry the two thousand dollars in money to Philadelphia was not an unusual one, inasmuch as there were no express companies and no other safe way for the transmission of funds. The Wyoming Bank, the only banking institution of the time, as well as individuals who desired to remit moneys to Philadelphia for the purposes of exchange or payment of merchants' bills, availed themselves of the opportunity to send funds by the hands of men of character whom they could trust.

Tuesday, 11th.

This morning I parted from the beautiful village of Wilkes-Barre and the fair valley of Wyoming, and that, too, in a conveyance by no means so classic as might have been anticipated in so romantic and poetical a situation, for it was even in that most humble of vehicles, a market wagon. We had five miles to ride up a mountain, in order to reach the White Haven railroad, which has reached the summit, and is to come down the hill by three inclined planes, now in the course of being constructed; of all the rough rides I ever had (and I had hitherto thought that some of them were pretty good specimens), this was decidedly the worst. The road actually beggared all description—we might almost as well have driven through the forest at once. Now and then, to be sure, we had some small respite, when we came to the grades of the new inclined planes, but well might it be said, as of the immortal Washington, "it was a road, taking it all in all, we ne'er shall see its like again"—at least I hope so. Upon arriving at the top we took a car there provided, which was drawn by a couple of horses, who

trotted along at one side of the track, and were attached to our vehicles by means of a rope—thus drawing us along canal boat fashion. Among our passengers we had one *original*, quite a droll genius, who exercised his wit on almost everything we met with, and with a very good grace, too, keeping his countenance drawn up with an air of the most imperturbable gravity, and never deigning to join in the mirth that his observations excited, not even by so much as a smile. While we were in the wagon I happened to enquire of him what sort of cars the company had? "Why, sir," replied he, "they have a variety of cars on hand; they have one covered, which they usually manage to send in *dry* weather, but for the rain they generally accommodate passengers with an open one." It must be remembered that the day was damp and wet. The course of the railroad is very wild, passing through forests almost uninhabitable—mountains on every side, no matter in what direction you turn your eyes. Over one hill there is a temporary inclined plane, which will be removed on the completion of a tunnel, which is now being made. We were drawn up one side of the hill by mules, and allowed to descend the other side by the force of gravity, which processes were neither of them altogether to my liking, since had the mules broke loose or any other accident happened, we might have descended with a velocity somewhat greater than would have been agreeable. Be that as it may, however, we reached White Haven about noon, and then took dinner, after which we entered the canal boat on the Lehigh navigation, bound for Mauch Chunk.

NOTE.—The railroad from the top of the mountain to White Haven now forms a part of the New Jersey Central road. After the completion of the planes, which happened shortly after the date of this journal, cars were hauled by horses from the foot of the planes to a railway station erected on South street, and located on the present premises of Mrs. W. L. Conyngham.

The Lehigh is a very romantic stream, winding through banks covered to the water's edge with lofty forests, whose solitudes are disturbed for miles together by no human

sounds, save those caused by the passing of the boats, and the managing of the locks. Towards Mauch Chunk the banks become mountainous, and rocky, and exceedingly picturesque—some of the rocks have a very fantastic appearance, especially at a place called the ox-bow, where there is a great bend in the river. There is one rock here that is very prominent, standing alone, with a pine tree waving from its top, and to which a very expressive appellation has been given—"The Devil's Pulpit". Whether his infernal majesty was ever caught in the act of holding forth here, or not, my informant was unable to say, but such is the name, and we shall leave it for other antiquarians to decide as to its origin. In several places I observed what were called Rollways, consisting of a species of steep inclined planes, down which the timbers are thrown from the top of the mountain.

The distance between White Haven and Mauch Chunk is twenty-five miles, and in that distance there are no less than twenty-nine locks, most of them of twenty, twenty-five, and thirty feet lift, and each of them accompanied by a dam across the river, with a fall equal to the lift of the lock.

The expense of constructing these locks and dams must have been very great—too great, as I should think, ever to repay the company. I had quite an argument this afternoon, in endeavoring to prove to some of the passengers that these great lifts wasted more water than if the same height were overcome by several successive locks of a smaller lift; succeeded, however, in convincing them at last. The Beaver Meadow Railroad runs parallel with the canal for a considerable distance before you reach Mauch Chunk. When about five or six miles from this last place we received on board a number of young ladies—real smiling bright-eyed fair ones, who kept us lively during the remainder of the passage. Shortly after eight o'clock we arrived at our destination and immediately after supper I decamped to my room, where I was speedily embraced in the arms of Morpheus.

NOTE.—At the time mentioned the Lehigh river was what was known as slack water navigation, and formed a very important highway. Boats were owned and operated by the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company by means of twenty-nine dams and locks between White Haven and Mauch Chunk, as mentioned by the diarist.

This state of things continued until 1862 when, as a result of violent storms, a great flood happened in the Lehigh river all dams were swept out, accompanied by large loss of life, especially at Mauch Chunk, where the water reached up far on the hillside. There was a general protest against rebuilding the dams, and they were abandoned. The Lehigh Valley Railroad Company and the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company extended their roads to White Haven, thence over the mountain to Wilkes-Barre. Remains of the locks to a considerable extent can be seen from the car windows on trains both on the Lehigh Valley and Central Railroad of New Jersey.

We are at the end of this very pleasant recital of the experiences of the young Philadelphian in the vale of Wyoming in the year 1840. Were he yet living he would be near the century mark, and would see changes greater than he could possibly have imagined.

When he visited Prospect Rock in 1840 he looked upon a scene of rare beauty, embracing a flowing river, and mountain forests, attractive villages, green meadows and waving grain fields, interspersed with bits of woodland, while today, were he here, he would look upon towns whose natural beauties have been enhanced by the artistic hands of the architect and landscape gardener, but at same time are hives of industry embracing great mining and manufacturing plants, and together containing a population of upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand souls.

More than that, from Prospect Rock he could overlook the great anthracite coal field of the Wyoming Valley, producing every year fifty million dollars worth of anthracite coal, thus justifying the declaration of the late Charles Parrish, the greatest coal operator of his time, that this valley in extent three miles wide by twenty miles long is the most valuable bit of territory of its size on the surface of the globe.