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# Carriage Rides and Excursions: 1868-1877

Stanley Soules Ed.

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CARRIAGE RIDES  
AND  
EXCURSIONS  
1868-1877

\*

BROCKPORT REPUBLIC



CARRIAGE RIDES

AND

EXCURSIONS

1868-1877

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A selection of stories printed in the  
BROCKPORT REPUBLIC  
Brockport, Monroe County, New York

\* \* \*

Transcribed and compiled

by

Stanley D. Soules

May 1983

- Preface -

Carriage rides and excursions in the country were popular pastimes for western New Yorkers in the years following the Civil War. The editor of the Brockport Republic occasionally wrote of his journeys along the dirt roads and through the small villages that were within a day's ride of Brockport. He published also the letters of other travelers, who wrote to the newspaper of their experiences.

Collectively, these stories present a pleasant description of the rural scene, when the horse and buggy, and the "cars" of the railroad were the principal ways to get around.

S. D. S.

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## A CHARMING EXCURSION

[Bergen to Portage, August 1868]

Editor Republic: It is curious, when one thinks of it, how few days or even moments in a person's life, can be set down as really delightful. Somehow happiness is a luxury which but few of us know how to obtain, or think we can afford. Byron said he had had but eleven happy days in his life, that peculiar state of feeling in which care is cast to the winds; gravity, dignity and all that sort of thing is forgotten; every gateway of the soul is opened to let in delightful sight and sounds; and men and women revel in all agreeable and healthful sensations, is a rare experience. But some of us, we think, had a taste of it the other day. A small excursion party of ladies and gentlemen, thirty-five in all, from Sweden and Brockport, left Bergen at 8:03 A. M. for Portage Falls. Grave and reverend men there were and matronly ladies; but if any other company of well-bread people think they could let themselves out more fully and innocently for a few hours, or take in a larger draught of exhilarating motion, let them try it.

The weather was all that could be wished - breezy and not too warm. Arriving at the Falls, at a little after eleven o'clock, a short ride, or walk for some of us, took us to the Genesee Falls Hotel, where clean, cool parlors, wholesome ablutions and a grand good dinner refreshed us for our projected rambles.

Over the railroad bridge, down the stairs at the north end into the woods we went, a well-worn footpath leading down steep banks, other long flights of stairs and rustic bridges, tried the strength and nerves of the ladies; but they were brave, and what with a rapid succession of delightful views, and occasional rests on shaded banks, they seemed oblivious of fatigue or danger. A full sight of the wonderful Bridge excited astonishment, and though the River was low, the Upper and the Middle Falls held them in delightful wonder. The most charming cascades too, leaping down the rocks, and through the forest; one where an artist was espied sketching, gave variety of pleasures. Coming to Mr. Letchworth's beautiful grounds, always free to visitors,

we rambled over lawns, sat on rustic seats under noble trees, took a boat ride on a miniature lake, and peeped through the open windows on the library, sitting rooms, pictures, statuary and cabinet of the most romantic home of one of the wealthiest, most liberal hearted bachelor gentlemen in Western New York.

Lack of time did not permit us to visit the Lower Falls, but we saw as many novel and delightful sights as more than sufficed to make most of the party wonder why they had never been there before.

For picnic excursions Partage is by all odds the most charming spot anywhere in reach, and tens of thousands visit it every year for this purpose. The crowning charm is, that while every convenience and means are provided to visitors in sight seeing, all is free of cost. It is one place in Western New York where the people can luxuriate at will in some of the greatest wonders of Nature and Art, without being pestered with hack-drivers, and made to pay a fee at every turn for a sight of God's glorious works.

Five o'clock in the afternoon saw us homeward bound, and through the kindness of the Superintendent of the Central Railroad an order was obtained for the Express to leave us at Bergen. We all reached home in good season, after one of the most pleasing jaunts to be enjoyed.

ONE OF THEM.

Aug. 15, 1868.

(Published August 20, 1868.)

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#### A PLEASANT TIME

[To Avon Springs, August 1868]

Mr. Editor: - On Friday last the 21st, there was a party of middle aged men and their wives, and young men and maidens, mostly from Riga, some from Rochester, Wheatland, LeRoy and Sweden, numbering nearly forty. Some went by railroad, but most went carriages through as beautiful country as the sun ever shone upon, although now very dry, to Avon Springs. When you get there on the broad flats of Genesee, dry as it is, it presents the appearance of green pastures besides the still waters near so many shade trees; and though the spring water is unpalatable, and some say as Naomi did,

are not the waters of Damascus bitter? But when you have drank freely of it and afterward experienced its cleansing effects, you will then feel as he did, "I have been made whole again." Our party all seemed to enjoy themselves, yet I saw more than has been described by Byron, that was extreme in happiness or that would likely to be as Pollock described him, tasting of the human passions is good and evil till he was made to drink the extreme dregs of misery and woe. There are plenty of hotels, and boarding places and most all have their share of visitors. They have plenty of carriages, the drivers seem very polite as well as the hotel keepers and waiters are, and they do not charge you only for what you call for.

There are large tables under the trees for picnics and our party spread their provisions and refreshed themselves. The ways of getting there are easy and none may miss their chance to stay behind. I think it was Addison or Pope among the early writers that said: "Lo the poor Indian, whose untutored mind in following the trail of his dog could see God in the clouds," has since then become almost extinct by the touch of the white man, yet there is a small remnant of the Tonawanda tribe left, and there were fifteen or twenty men and women at the springs and in the afternoon, on the Fair Ground, ten of them displayed feats consisting of foot races, singing, war dances and ball playing that astonished the civilized whites. Numbering 1,500 to 2,000 and also contributed much to their happiness and pleasure until 5 o'clock, when we separated, some going by railroad, and some in carriages without any accident or any thing else to mar the pleasure of the day to their homes.

I have just given you a sketch of the pleasure of our party and Avon Springs so that if you or any of your numerous readers go there on a like occasion as we did, and on as pleasant day you will say as did the Queen of Sheba, that the half has not been told.

ONE OF THE NUMBER.

(Published August 27, 1868.)

\* \* \*

## TO THE LAKE

[From Brockport to Lake Ontario, July 1869]

The surrounding country to this village is replete with good roads, and in whichever direction one travels the vision is feasted with fine dwellings, splendid barns, well cultivated fields, magnificent orcharding, and here and there a wild timber grove, lending diversity to the whole scene. While there is but little choice in the direction one should take for a fine ride, if there is any preference it would be by some of the several fine roads leading to the lake, which is from nine to twelve miles distant, according to route taken, either making a pleasant ride in fair weather when the roads are good. The road directly north to the lake is now in fine order, though there are unmistakable evidences that the plank road since the toll gates were abandoned and the supervision of the road was relinquished by Mr. Luther H. Johnson, is soon to be among the things that were, but is not.

The crops with the exception of corn look finely. Corn is doing well, though backward on account of the cold weather. All the crops are backward, and this year is an exception to the rule that 4th of July each year brings the crops to a certain state of forwardness, regardless of an early or late spring. All the crops are more backward than usual on the 4th of July. Two years ago wheat was yellow and in a suitable condition for harvesting, while now scarcely a field showed any signs of ripening, and none we think will be fit to cut before the middle of the month. There will be a good crop of hay. Wheat fields as a rule look finely. Barley is of good height, and is heading out well. Oats are looking thrifty. The orchards without exception are well set with fruit, and this includes apples, peaches, cherries, plums and pears. The farmers have every cause for encouragement, as this season at least promises them good returns for their labor.

As it has been some four or five years since we had been over the entire road to the lake, the improvements are more manifest to us than to those who are frequently traveling the same road. At a single view we take in the improvements of the whole period, while those frequently passing and repassing have seen the changes as they progressed, and are not impressed with



a full realization of the evidences of prosperity and good taste displayed. Very great improvements have been made the entire distance. New Houses and barns have been erected in modern style, and old ones have been remodeled and fitted up as good as new. Old fences have given place to new ones, and a liberal application of paint to buildings and fences have vastly changed and improved them, thereby increasing the beauty and attractiveness of the whole route. Hamlin Centre looks fifty per cent better than it did a few years ago, (and no railroad yet.) At Thomasville (North Hamlin post office) there are remarkable improvements. Mr. Mockford, formerly flour dealer at this village, is running a gristmill and sawmill, and is of course prospering. Mr. Hiram Hovey has opened a store for the accommodation of the people of that section.

There is said to be good fishing in the Sandy Creek near the lake, and parties desiring to try their luck should seek information of Dr. Carpenter or G. F. Barnett, who know the ground. By the way, Dr. Carpenter has one of the finest fields of wheat near Hamlin Centre that there is between this village and the lake. Those going to the lake fishing should take along some provisions, and not rely wholly for rations on the fish caught, or they might get hungry. (Published July 8, 1869.)

\* \* \*

#### TO THE LAKE

[From Brockport to Troutburg, August 1872]

It is not only well but necessary that the majority of people should have employment, for reasons which are too obvious to need explanation; it is equally necessary they should have rest. The Sabbath Day was provided for this purpose, and supplies a great need to those who improve it; but there is a kind of rest, which is also of much consequence, derived from amusement, and as amusement cannot be properly indulged in upon the Sabbath, it is necessary to set apart occasionally a week-day or days which can be devoted to pleasures that shall relieve the burdensome cares which business responsibilities generally inflict upon the mind, as well as to replenish the physical

system.

Governed by the foregoing creed, and persuaded by friends, we resolved one day last week, to lay off the work harness, and go for an excursion trip to our frontier town, Troutburg, the great summer picnic resort of Brockporters, and people of the surrounding country.

The ride is a very pleasant one, though on the occasion of our journey the excessive heat of the middle of the day rendered the trip to Troutburg much less pleasant than the return in the evening.

Along the route we noticed quite a good many buildings being erected, and many others which looked as if they should be substituted by new ones - occasionally a barn coming within vision-range, through which the winds would have full play, without the opening of doors - and would be evidently well adapted to use as corn-cribs.

In some places good-sized creeks had stopped business for want of material, and no small ones were to be seen.

Farmers seemed to be mainly engaged in threshing.

One object we noticed as worthy of special mention, and that is the Bridge at Kendall Mills, which it seems to us should be better guarded in its approaches. It cannot be a pleasant task to drive a horse, which is very high spirited, on to and across it, as should the animal become frightened and sheer a little to one side, a load would be apt to find itself down an embankment. The remedy would be easy and inexpensive. "A stitch in time saves nine."

On reaching the top of the last hill before arriving at the lake, a beautiful view is presented, that is a grand relief and change to those who have for a long period looked only upon Mother Earth - which, of course, is truly beautiful in its way. A few moments and we are within sound of the splashing waters upon the beach. To many, who have frequently been there, all this may have become unnoticed, but to us, who have not visited this point in quite a while, it was a marked feature of the trip.

The Ontario House, the hotel of Troutburg, has been added to from time to time and improved until it has become a very inviting establishment, and in the detail of its arrangements nothing seems to be lacking for the accommodation of its guests - but should there pos-

sibly be, we are sure that is more than made up by the presence of the genial landlord, Mr. W. J. Prosser, who is always doing what he can to accommodate and entertain his visitors. To him, and to those who assisted him, we are under obligations for numerous courtesies. All things considered it seems not at all strange that such a large number of people should be constantly found at this resort for a day's picnic, or attending some of the social parties gotten up by the host.

The attractions of the place consist of rambling in the grove, croquet upon the lawn, boat riding upon the lake, or whiling away the hours upon the hotel verandah, fanned by the "sea-breeze." The pleasantest hour seemed to be just at sunset, when the sun with its warm rays was disappearing in the west, supplanted by the delicious cool air of the evening.

Troutburg is so well known that of course any geographical description of the place would be uninteresting, and we would only say that it is one of the pleasantest resorts we could recommend to excursionists.

Thursday there was an immense picnic party at this place - composed of three or four Sunday Schools from Hamlin and other towns. We understand that the party was carried by seven four-horse teams, which made quite a grand display.

A novel sight witnessed on our homeward journey, was a party at a farm house playing croquet by lamp-light.

To any who might feel interested, we would add that our return was effected with safety. (Published August 29, 1872.)

\* \* \*

#### A LITTLE EXCURSION

[From Brockport to Troutburg, August 1873]

In company with several Brockporters, we last Saturday visited Troutburg, there spending most of the day.

On this occasion we were favored with the finest of weather, and an excellent condition of roads - the dust being thoroughly laid by previous showers, thereby relieving eyes, mouths, person and clothing generally from that element which so much detracts from

appearance and general comfort.

Along the route quite a good many farmers were busy with their harvesting. One piece of wheat which we saw being cut did not look to us if the yield would hardly be remunerative enough to pay for the trouble of gathering, as in spots it could not have been over three or four inches high. One farmer said that [he] had been working eight days and secured fifty bushels of grain, which he did not consider very heavy - nor did we.

The rains have raised the brooks to quite a respectable size, and given them a much pleasanter appearance than the dry courses previously presented.

At Troutburg may always be found people assembled from a wide circuit, among whom, one will of course recognize friends, whose association tend to make this visit much more enjoyable than it otherwise would be.

From our headquarters at the Ontario House we had a fine view of the lake with its occasional sail vessel, bound up or down, and also now and then in the far distance steamers, but neither craft at all plentiful. Near the shore a few persons, who were inclined to nautical amusements were sailing or rowing about in yachts and skiffs, but the majority of visitors preferred to promenade, play croquet or sit in the shade.

As the Ontario is a temperance house nothing "stronger" than lemonade could be procured, and this drink was very generally indulged in. Some thought, we imagine, had a "little brown jug" when they arrived, as their actions indicated they had taken something that confused their ideas of propriety - still nothing worse than a little loud talk was indulged in, and the assembly of young men was one of the most orderly we have ever seen at a place of this kind.

During the day a large picnic party from Redman's Corners occupied the grove at Troutburg.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon the nice steamer Norseman steamed up to the dock, and sounded with its whistle the notice that it was ready to take a load of excursionists on a short voyage. We should judge that about one hundred and fifty went on board, and the steamer left, making a trip nearly two hours in length and safely returning. The dock makes Troutburg a much more convenient place to start from on excursions than in former years.

After the return of the boat a large company par-

ticipated in dancing at the hotel, and kept it up till a late hour.

As night came on people could be seen wending their way homeward, but others came down who had been too busy to leave their work during the day, so that at the hour of our departure the number of horses and buggies standing about was nearly as large as at any time.

During our brief stay at the Ontario House we were well entertained, and as everybody seemed pleased with their treatment, we have concluded that it is one of the best hotels to visit for any one who likes the waterside, and a place where quietude, and refreshing air can at all times be enjoyed. (Published August 7, 1873.)

\* \* \*

TO LE ROY

[From Brockport to Le Roy, September 1873]

The senior editor accompanied by his wife made a horse and carriage journey, on one of the bright and sunny days last week, from Brockport to Le Roy and back, and herewith presents a few notes of the observations taken. As a preface it may be stated that the distance is seventeen miles; the road an excellent one, with considerable hills in the vicinity of Le Roy; the section one of the best for farming in the State; and the road for the whole distance is lined with tasty dwellings and general excellent farm buildings. By moderate driving the distance each way was made in a little less than three hours.

Starting out from Brockport the ride through Sweden is a most charming one - the views from the hill summits being picturesque and beautiful, and nowhere is there to be found a better class of dwellings and farm buildings than those which stud the roadside like jewels in a golden coronet - the gold of our similitude being the yellow grain fields and the ripening fruit. Past the pleasant and cheerful abodes of Hinman, Palmer, Cook, Root, Craig, Way, Beadle, Chamberlin, Reed and others to the Bergen line, the distance seems surprisingly short. And on through the town of Bergen to Bergen village there is scarcely a perceptible change in the wayside scenery. The same good class

of buildings continue; the same excellent, well cultivated farms abound; and but for a slight difference in the class of crops the best description we could make would be to say "Sweden continued." There is, however, a noticeable change in crops after the Bergen line is crossed. The bean fields are smaller and less numerous, while the corn fields are larger and more abundant. The apple crop is usually good, though some of the Bergen farmers have suffered a considerable from the ravages of the canker worms, which in a few instances have netirely destroyed the fruit. A preventive against these pests has been found, consisting of a cloth bandage tied around the body of the tree, over which tar is spread about once a week. The tar is too much for them.

Bergen village has improved very greatly during the past half a dozen years. A fine public school house has been erected, several new stores have been built, a steam planing mill has been established, and numerous other changes for the better have been made. It contains two hotels, a dozen or fifteen stores, and is a point where much business is done. It is nine miles from Brockport, and a station on the railroad between Rochester and Buffalo.

A few miles south of Bergen is a village about the size and business importance of Clarkson, called Stone Church. As the only church was a tasty wooden structure, the name appears a misnomer, the more so as the people did not look stony-hearted.

It is a maxim that "comparisons are odious," but a just comparison often serves a good purpose as an illustration. The population of Le Roy and Brockport do not vary one hundred. Brockport has much the most manufacturing, and it seems to us to possess a little the most activity. Brockport has some better dwellings than any at Le Roy; but taking them as a whole Le Roy is certainly entitled to the palm. A more universal degree of good taste prevails at Le Roy than Brockport, as made manifest in more numerous ornamental grounds, fences, &c. Le Roy can justly take pride in its excellent class of stores, its fine churches, and its chief institution of learning. We passed an hour very happily at the Ingham University, and after carefully inspecting its spacious buildings and numerous educational appliances are not surprised that it has attained a great degree of popularity.

Le Roy has adopted a new fashion, which we believe is not in vogue elsewhere. Many of the residences have no front fences, the yards and lawns being thrown open to the streets. The fashion is a radical innovation on old customs; but we are not sure that it will not prove a pleasant and popular one. (Published September 11, 1873.)

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## EXCURSION TO THE FALLS

[From Brockport to Niagara Falls, August 1876]

Early Tuesday morning your reporter left Brockport for Hamlin intending to make an excursion over the L. O. S. R. R. to Niagara Falls. Hamlin Centre is assuming quite a business air. Several new houses have been built and others are being erected. Mr. Henry Mockford is laying the foundation for a new house and contemplates building a warehouse near the depot.

### THE RAILROAD

is built in a substantial manner and runs through as fine a farming country as the state affords. The road-bed is almost without a grade. The people are all very proud of the road and take a personal interest in its success. All along the line warehouses are being built. The one at Kendall is particularly fine.

### THE EXCURSION

At 7:35 A. M. the train numbering ten cars arrived at Hamlin and forty or fifty of us started for the Falls. A delegation from Unionville was already on the train. The train made several stops and parties got on at East Kendall, Kendall, East Carlton, Carlton and Waterport. It was the intention of the managers to take passengers at Lyndonville and County Line, but the train was full and dashed by the stations very much to the disappointment, no doubt, of those who had prepared to go. At Waterport we crossed the bridge over Oak Orchard creek 875 feet long and 90 feet above the water.

### THE PEOPLE

were apparently of all classes. Old gents and ladies

were determined to ride over their new railroad though they did not care much about the falls. The "nice young man" with his "best girl" was invariably dressed in white, very pretty, very charming and bound to have a good time. The young man dressed in his "store clothes" was just a little awkward but none the less happy. It brought vividly to the mind of your aged reporter the long ago days when he was just as awkward and took an equal interest in white dresses and pretty girls.

#### AT THE FALLS

all appeared to have a pleasant time. Nearly all visited Goat Island, Prospect Park, Suspension Beidge and other points of interest. A colored company from Buffalo, engaged in dancing, furnished considerable amusement.

A terrible accident occurred here last Sunday, when a man who went too near the edge on the Canadian side of the river, lost his balance and fell over the bank. He went down on to the rocks seventy-five feet below. When his body was recovered it was found to be terribly mangled. His wife was with him at the time of his casualty.

At 6 P. M. we started for home, well satisfied with our day of pleasure.

The excursion was given under the auspices of the Orleans County Lodge of the I. O. of G. T. The proceeds will be devoted to temperance work. The excursion was superintended by Rev. T. F. Parker of Waterport, assisted by Mr. A. Culver of Gaines. The gentlemen may well feel proud of their success. The next excursion will take place under the same management, August 26th. Tickets for the round trip may be purchased of Mr. Braman at Hamlin for \$1.25.

#### A STRAW

During the trip a vote was taken in one of the cars, standing 32 for Hayes and Wheeler to 8 for Tilden and Hendricks.

We wish to extend our thanks to the Rev. L. F. Barker for his courtesy in giving information concerning the excursion. (Published August 17, 1876.)

AN OLD EXCURSIONIST

\* \* \*



## OUT FOR A RIDE

[From Brockport to Parma and Greece, May 1877]

On Friday last Mr. George T. Cornes took a small party of his friends out for a ride in the country, and we made one of the number. He drove down the town line road to East Clarkson; thence along the Ridge to the Parma line; then down that for a considerable distance until the road was reached leading direct to Unionville. The fields generally looked well, though the want of rain was apparent. The number of vineyards on the town line road between Clarkson and Parma that are uncared for is a sign that extensive grape growing has not proved profitable.

We next passed through Parma, soon reaching Unionville, which presents more signs of prosperity than any other place in Monroe county. There is a long line of new dwellings - neat, ornamental and commodious; one or two new stores, a large new steam grist-mill, and other improvements. The Republic has a goodly number of thrifty subscribers in the locality, some of whom we would have called upon had time permitted.

Due attention was paid to the sign to look out for the cars; but no cars were visible during the ride. Beyond Unionville, and near the Greece line, we came to a stream that had to be forded, the bridge having been broken down. Our friend who pays "one hundred cents on a dollar" wanted we should make a note of it, and we comply. The bridge was a wooden structure of about thirty feet span and rested upon abutments about eight feet above the stream at low water. A Mr. Putnam was drawing a load of wood across the bridge when it broke down, precipitating him, his team, the load of wood and the bridge into the water below. Fortunately Mr. Putnam was not seriously injured, his team was bruised but little, and as for the wood, there was any amount of it after the bridge broke down. The town of Parma will have a little bill of damages to pay, as the timbers of the bridge were very rotten.

Turning to the eastward we passed into the town of Greece and soon came to the head of Braddock's Bay, where is situated a little hamlet and the extensive steam sawmill belonging to Mr. Hiscock, and which was being operated under the "bossing" of Mr. James Sloan

of Brockport. This Bay acquired some note during the war of 1812, when it furnished a harbor for small vessels; but it really is "no great shakes." Near the sawmill the party tried its luck at fishing. A number of fish were caught, fair sized and little, particularly the latter. The wind blew so fiercely that the fish could scarcely distinguish the bait from the flying chips and sticks.

Another ride, about two miles further on, and some fifteen or sixteen miles from Brockport, brought us to the shore of the lake, and the strand forming the outer enclosure of the bay. Here there is a small summer house, uninviting inwardly and outwardly. Million of sand flies give the place a considerable animation. There is no grove or anything else that is pleasant and inviting except the blue waters of the lake. The bay, nearly all the way around, is margined by flag marshes.

Our driver, intent upon giving his friends a pleasant and enjoyable ride, headed toward Hamlin, taking the road north of Unionville, which runs by a nearly direct line into Hamlin a short distance north of East Hamlin. This took us through the finest portion of the town of Parma, which abounds in superb residences and splendid farms. After reaching the East Hamlin road our course was quite zigzag until we arrived at Thomasville. Then down to the lake, where numerous more fish were caught, and some very nice ones, until the sun began to descend behind the Ontario House at Troutburg, or something else, when we started for home, arriving in the evening, having made a day of it, and a most enjoyable one. (Published May 24, 1877.)

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#### ANOTHER CARRIAGE JOURNEY

[From Brockport to Caledonia and York, September 1877]

Mr. Editor: - I see the paper which you call "non-descript" alludes to the many reports of carriage rides which your valuable paper contains, with a sneer and derision, but this will make no difference with the writer of this article, for he cares nothing for paper squibs when machines are invented to kill and exterminate potato bugs.

My last carriage excursion was taken with my

friend R. during the present month of September through Sweden, Chili, Riga, Caledonia, Bergen and Byron. September the 8th we started from Brockport and drove south to Churchill's Corners, then turned east and traveling about a mile we found ourselves in the midst of a picnic with a baseball attachment. The young men and ladies of Bergen and South Sweden had assembled with cakes, pies, meats, melons, corn, ball clubs and striped stockings; and the boys were engaged in a game of ball and the girls were setting the table in the woods, and building the fire to boil the corn and cook and prepare the substantial refreshments. We did not stop as we had twelve bushels of peaches in our carriage and feared they would get the best of the picnic, and our friends for whom the peaches were designed would be minus the fruit. So we drove on through the waving of handkerchiefs and the swinging of hats.

We soon came to Churchville where we had been many times before, and passed through this beautiful village without stopping, much to the regret of the Common Council and chief functionaries, for this was one of the places where on a former carriage journey we "won golden opinions from all sorts of people." But we drove through so quickly this time they had no time to ring the bells or raise the flags of honor (or get our peaches).

Next came Riga with a few houses and an imposing church edifice with a lofty spire pointing to heaven - the work of Christian zeal of former years, which upon the high, proud eminence of its foundation has withstood the storms and winds of perhaps half a century. Quietness prevailed here, as we saw neither man, woman or child.

We passed on and soon found ourselves in Mumford, renowned for small fishes, which have made Seth Green rich and the most celebrated piscatorian of the world. It is from this place that the rivers and lakes of America and Europe are being stocked with fish. We passed through the place without stopping but a few minutes - just long enough to send our compliments to the Mayor and regrets for not being able to make him a call.

At Caledonia we were hailed by old friends who desired us to stop and partake of some liquid refresh-

ments, but we with one accord peremptorily answered "No," as we had fixed in our minds the salutary lessons of the good temperance ladies of Brockport, and also desired to live long enough to deliver our peaches. We drove on singing:

No devilish snare shall entrap our souls  
Set by agents thick from hell.

In Caledonia, as all along our route, the farmers were busily engaged in plowing, harrowing, and sowing their wheat in hopes of another abundant harvest. While the merchant and the mechanic are idle these producers of the soil are toiling early and late making themselves rich in land, in pocket, and in store. The farmers produce the wealth and fill the storehouses of our nation. Let the laborer learn this, and instead of striking in combined and associated bodies for higher wages, strike individually for the uncultivated hills and valleys of our country, and render them fertile by their work and industry. "Young man, go West."

We arrived at Mr. M's in the town of York about 6 p. m., delivered our peaches, partook of a good, substantial supper, enjoyed a good visit with our friends, and retired and threw ourselves into the arms of Morpheus for rest and recuperation. On the morning of the 9th inst. we arose to find a good breakfast prepared to which we did justice and showed our appreciation of it by our work.

About 10 A. M. we started back toward home. Met on the road hundreds of church-going people. The ladies, some in their fine carriages adorned in their silks and jewelry; some in lumber wagons, whose costumes showed the wear of years; some on foot with their ten-cent calicoes and fifty-cent hats; and all with cheerful countenances adopting and keeping the time-honored custom of the Christian church from its early fathers to the present time.

At Mumford we took the road leading to Fort Hill. This is a beautiful road about seven miles in length, shaded by hills and trees on the north side most of the way, while on the south side were beautiful meadows watered by the creek running from Le Roy to and through Mumford. This was a delightful ride. The morning was bright, the trees protected us from the sun, while their branches were filled with singing birds with the gentle wind's sweet accompaniment, and the cattle and horses

were grazing in the meadows beneath us.

From Fort Hill we went into the town of Byron. Stopped at our friend H's and enjoyed a social chat and a delicious dinner. The farmers of Byron are model farmers. Their farms are well fences, and well cultivated, and much of their land is now sown to wheat.

From Byron we came home through Bergen, and the writer is unable to describe the farms in Bergen for the reason that he read a sermon from a paper which he borrowed in York. I read this sermon aloud to my friend as he drove the team, and I think it must have made an impression on him or the team as we were about an hour in driving four miles.

We arrived home as the bells were tolling for church, having read two sermons during the day - one from a paper and one from nature in viewing the beautiful farms by which we passed. And the writer came to the conclusion from the teachings of the latter that it would be better for our country to have less professional men, less mechanics, less merchants and tradesmen and more farmers; and as a result we would have less paupers, less poor houses, less jails and less taxation.

R.

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