

down dates and "thank'ya'ma'ms" were accepted as necessary, and in some cases enjoyable diversions of the journey.

The branches of the bordering trees hovered over in a protecting way, affording grateful shade and often bestowing a much needed brushing off to some wagon tops of an accumulated deposit of dust or chaff.

The wayside weeds also had a share in the roadway and nodded their heavy heads of blossom as if in salutation to the passersby.

Even the vines and brambles raced along its sides offering luscious fruits and gaily colored leaves for the delectation of its patrons.

Everything was in harmony, and the travelers fell in with the leisurely ways, and peace and enjoyment reigned supreme.

But later years evolved great changes along this rural way. Big engines wanted to go chugging and speeding through its leafy bowers, startling the birds in the trees and the timid country horses on the way, so the picturesque curves had to be straightened and the roadbed widened by slaughtering some of the old sentinel trees that had stood guard for so many years. The foliage-covered banks were hacked away, leaving huge scars of naked earth and exposed rootlets. The hills, which afforded such delightful views on ascending from the deep hollows were leveled to a common value and everything was cleared to make way for the autoeratic vehicles of the day, whose occupants are bent either on reaching one place or getting away from some other, and have no time for the contemplation of nature or regard for its picturesqueness or poetry.

#### THE NEW ROAD.

But even all these changes have not made the old road satisfactory, and a new one is in planning to be opened. When the new road north of the feeder is finished, the old roadway will no doubt be given over to the periodic appearance of the grocer's and milkman's carts and to those in old-time vehicles or on foot, who will appreciate its quietness and repose and be glad for the chance to wander along in primitive fashion. These, we trust, will not time themselves to reach a certain point in so many hours and minutes, but will allow themselves to saunter along and absorb and revel in the attractions, ever unfolding and changing about them.

The new boulevard across the canal, which will take the place of this historic old roadway, will cut through a portion of the Nelson property below the monument, and run by the big willow and springhouse on the "Old Washington Place," the Houghton farm, formerly the Vannoy estate, the old Drake property and the farm of Lawyer Samuel Walker, formerly the Henry S. Brower property at Titusville, where it will join the road to Lambertville, going along by the mill.

This change will have the advantage of eliminating three dangerous railroad and canal crossings, and as it will be straight and wide throughout its course we presume it may be all that is desired in a road for the present generation and for those to come—until air lines are established, but, to those who have known the distinguishing features of the old road it will be a pleasure to cherish its memory and to bring it before our mental vision in pictures of happy associations in the days gone by.

M. M. B.  
Christmas.

dwelling in the yard of the "Delaware House," said to be the oldest in the village, but no one knows its history.

The ancestors of Squire Chas. Steel lived in the present house in 1811, and that it has withstood so many freshets, often being surrounded to the second floor by raging floods, attests the old-time strength of the structure. The magnificent spreading elm in front shows its age in its enormous size and in the records cut into its sides of high-water marks of years ago to the present time.

The little stone house along the village street in Titusville, next the home of the Hon. J. W. Fleming, was built in 1842 by Dr. John Phillips, and was the first house below the church for many years.

The old Welling mansion, now the home of Geo. Agnew, Esq., is also an old-time homestead, when stone was more generally used. These structures, with the stone houses beyond the Pennington road, mark the settlement of the village.

The Presbyterian church, built in 1838 and remodeled in 1856, was in the centre of a large scattered congregation, and as it was considered in the early days both a duty and a privilege to attend its services, every Sabbath saw a long procession of carriages containing whole families, and fall-top buggies sheltering the more exclusive young folks, going sedately to and from the edifice.

On week days the same vehicles, but traveling yet more slowly and with greater solemnity, might often be seen following the village hearse to the burial ground under the shadow of the old church spire and within the sound of the tolling bell. There lie the pioneers who laid out the beautiful drive along the river bank.

The old village school house, built as a parochial school about the same date, was the objective point for many lagging feet of scholars of generations ago, perhaps some of whom are witnessing the same conditions in their children, who may be attending the new building midway on the road. But we can all appreciate the fascinations of river and bank and birds and

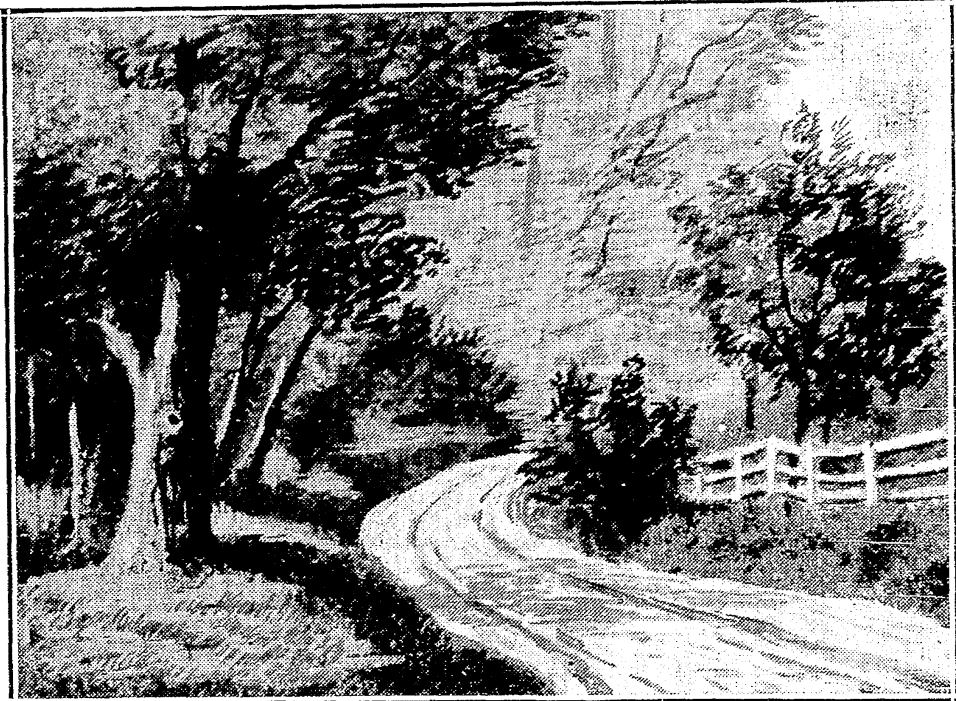
there was great patriotism shown, and recruits were marshaled by our late well-known citizen and Grand Army man, Capt. Uriel Titus, whose ancestors founded the village of Titusville. A company of country lads was formed

## The Passing of an Old Road

Recalling Washington's March to Trenton—A Picturesque and Ancient Highway.

(Written for the Sunday Advertiser by Mary M. Brower.)

Ancient houses and trees mark the line of an old highway, and judging by these signs, the river road, between Washington's Crossing and Titusville, dates back to remote years, and it is certainly beyond the memory of the



THE OLD ROAD FROM WASHINGTON'S CROSSING TO TITUSVILLE.

Photograph of a Water Color Sketch Made by Miss M. M. Brower, Before the Old Highway Was Straightened and Widened as Now.

oldest inhabitant. Tradition and relics alone can reveal its beginnings.

The greatest event in its history was the landing of Washington and his little army on its snow-covered soil that Christmas night, one hundred and thirty-five years ago. The patriots of the neighborhood—Edon Burroughs, David Lanning, the scout, Amos Scudder, Ephraim Woolsey, John Muirhead and others met the Colonial troops there and guided them on their way to Trenton. Some of the descendants of those guides are still living in the vicinity and in Trenton. In the same vicinity in that later call for volunteers to uphold the union of our country

and drilled for long marches and bloody battles along the peaceful old road referred to.

#### OLDEST HOUSE.

The oldest house on the road was undoubtedly the foundation of the present "Nelsonthorpe," which was the ferry-house at that time, and its thick stone walls, which are now covered by the grading of the canal, excepting toward the river, have in them doors and windows, fireplaces and cupboards, showing that it was at one time a dwelling as well as store-house.

At the other end of the road, Titusville, there was, until recently, a little

flowers over the school room, so let it pass—we are all guilty.

#### TREES BORDER THE WAY.

Many large trees bordering the way and arching overhead also mark the way of the road as it was laid out years ago through the forest, perhaps following an Indian trail. Within a few years (1901), when the accompanying sketch was taken, it had retained many of the characteristics of an old road.

It still preserved the easy lines of the times when the "going" was of as much an important item as the "getting there," and curves, up hills and