TRIPS AWHILE - WHERE TO GO AND HOW TO GET THERE

OUR CYCLE ROUTE NO. 2
Bristol to Trenton and Princeton, New Route to New York.

Thirty miles from home, we strike Misrorsville and turn sharp L into Smith street.

Throughout the day and night we are on the watch for a friend, and ramble into the burgh around a short distance down the road. When I reached the centre of the place the trouble caught my eye. Over the tomb of a man who died April 18, 1862:

If leading politicians and priests all go to heaven, then I am bound to stop at some other station.

And talking of eccentric characters, you may be acquainted with Byles Island, a little way from here on the Delaware, a man who purchased it from the Indians in 1850, and resided there some time; and so the place gradually took his name. His princely mansion was subsequently purchased by the French general, Victor Moreau. You may have heard about the latter. He and Pichengro were two of the famous pirates, the latter of whom Bonaparte considered as standing in the way of his imperial dreams; as a natural consequence he had them both thrown into prison; Pichengro was found strangled in his cell; Moreau escaped to these shores and lived here for three years in exile. Then the Moris manse was utterly destroyed by fire. Moreau returned to Europe, and was killed at the battle of Dresden in 1813.

Before Morris's time this locality was known as Colvin's Ferry; it was here that Patrick Colvin plied the ferry here when Washington returned across the river with his prisoners after the battle of Princeton. This sight seems to have been a favorite resort of the Morisites, who would often meet here to exchange news and to discuss their affairs. The ferry was operated for many years, and was finally abandoned in the 1860s. Today, little remains of the ferry, except for a small monument that marks the site.

There will be a Stage-Wagon set out from Trenton to Brunswick, Twice a Week, and back again, during the next summer. It will be filled with boxes and goods over, so that passengers may get East and Dry; and cargo will be taken to Deliver.

Heaven help our forefathers! One glance at "Princeton Pike" is quite enough for us, and we gladly follow the advice of that friendly post point, "Lawrenceville 3 m."

ON TO LAWRENCEVILLE.

This tiny creek with the stone bridge is the Shabbakunk; the native gamin calls it Shabby Skunk of course.

And we spin so merrily along that we are in Lawrenceville in a trice. As we strike the town (384 m.) notice L turn to Ewingling 3 m., and R to Baker's Basin, 2 m.

This little town had the good luck to strike the fancy of the British General Cornwallis during the darkest and most trying times of his country's war. Robert Morris, the financier of our Revolutionary War, owned a considerable group of buildings on R. This is the Lawrenceville School, John C. Green Foundation, a non-sectarian, up-to-date thoroughly American educational institution, second to none of its kind in the magnificence of its material equipment or the high standard of its moral and intellectual training. These grounds and buildings, representing an investment of a million dollars, owe their existence to the large-hearted liberality of one who was born and reared in this venerable village and worked his way up to the foremost rank among our tea-traders with China, the late John C. Green. There are worse things than this, to be picked up on a trip awhale.

GREAT IMPROVEMENTS HERE.

On we go, past this other turn L going to Rosdale; and as we leave the village what a surprise awaits those of us who have not travelled this road for a twelvemonth! That