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## Seneca Lake

and its surroundings.

Seneca Lake, lying in its serene beauty pillowed among the gentle undulating hills, is about forty miles long and from one to <sup>nearly</sup> five miles wide. It is a current opinion among the people that the bottom of the lake has never been found, but this is contradicted by others who state <sup>that</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>part of</sup> the depth of the deepest place which is about six-hundred feet.

This lake is fed by numerous springs and streams of water which wind their way down through many a meadow scene and at last leaping the rock clefted shore to "rest in the arms of the deep". Its waters are of a moderate temperature and very clear, ever changing in hue to correspond with the over bending skies, but always beautiful affor

ing an unwearrying view to the eye.  
These pure & deep waters abound  
in trout and bass which afford  
both pleasure and labor to the  
fishermen living near the shore.

Many beautiful little towns  
and villages are pleasantly sit-  
uated on the banks of the lovely  
Seneca. Among which are Watkins  
a place known through its Glen  
which is famed for its marvelous  
scenery. North Sector a favorite resort  
for picnickers. Willard where is  
located the Willard Insane Asylum.  
Glenora, Lodi, Peach Orchard, Long  
Point, and Geneva, the largest place,  
a city.

Many of the people living near  
the lake are engaged in tilling  
the soil, <sup>and</sup> cultivating <sup>the</sup> garden ~~and~~  
orchard and the vine <sup>s</sup> which yield  
their fruits in abundance.

In the summer gay parties of pleasure seekers may be seen camping along the shores of the lake waking the echoes with song and laughter. Affording an interesting diversion to the calm of the lake are the steamers together with many smaller boats which ply the lake. A moon light ride on the Seneca with the gold sheen on the waters is not to be forgotten.

Part  
"Oh! would I might rest when my soul de  
Where those clustering lillies blow;  
And Seneca's rose on the towering cliffs,  
Hangs over the wave below; Pure  
Where the crystal gleams, in the lake  
Like virtue in a humble soul,  
And victor waves with thunders  
Against the rock-walls roll.