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DOWN THE HISTORIC SUSQUEHANNA

A SUMMER'S JAUNT

FROM

OTSEGO TO THE CHESAPEAKE

BY

CHARLES WEATHERS BUMP

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I.

A TRIP OF MUCH PROMISE.

COOPERSTOWN, OTSEGO COUNTY, N. Y.,
Aug. 15.—The other day when I told a friend I proposed to spend a summer vacation in a trip making the entire length of the Susquehanna river from Lake Otsego to the Chesapeake, he said to me, sort of apologetically:

“I have always considered the Susquehanna such a useless river. It seems so big and lumbering, and it has not the charm of the Hudson for scenery or historic interest.”

Before we parted, an hour later, I had so oppositely convinced my friend that I am sure he is now envying me the trip. As for myself I redoubled my enthusiasm over the summer scheme. So here I am at the head of the big river, looking forward with eagerness to a jaunt of many miles down stream and forearmed, as it would seem, from “reading up” on what I am to see in the way of fine scenery, of sites invested with historic interest, and mountains and vales replete with romantic legends and Indian tales.

A great many other persons are undeniably in the same boat with my friend. Perhaps I myself might have been as ignorant had I not had a grandfather who was familiar with every mile of the Susquehanna and who repeated many of its most interesting incidents as we traveled together along portions of its banks.

Casting about for a reason, it seems to me that the fame of the Susquehanna has two distinct setbacks which have led to its comparative neglect by travelers in search of the picturesque or fond of tracing the footsteps of American history.

One of these setbacks arose from the circumstance that the river was peopled by three different Commonwealths—Maryland,

Pennsylvania and New York. The New Yorkers look eastward to New York city and Albany. Similarly the Pennsylvanians mostly find a commingling of interest with Philadelphia. And out of all this grows much ignorance on the part of one section in the doings of another. In Maryland, for instance, little is known of the prosperity and attractiveness of the river valley within the limits of New York. While contrariwise I have at times found much apathy in Central New York about the history and development of the river in Maryland and Lower Pennsylvania.

Perhaps much of this isolation might have been overcome had the Susquehanna been regularly navigable by steamboats or had the railroads formed a single line from Cooperstown to Havre de Grace. Then a steady down-to-Maryland business would have ensued in big proportions and the charm of travel up and down the river would have been strong. But the steamboats could not come and the railroads mainly turned eastward and westward in their building, and so the Susquehanna has been passed by travelers.

The importance of this consideration is seen by comparing the Susquehanna with the Hudson, beyond doubt the most admired of American rivers. Railroads on both banks and steamboats day and night carry tourists from New York to Albany through the entire region of beauty, legend and history. It is again made obvious by recalling the Potomac, the scenic portion of which is traversed by every passenger to or from the West over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The Susquehanna river has not one, but half a dozen railroads. They follow every mile of its banks from Otsego to the Chesapeake, yet no less than eight changes of cars are required for a through journey.

And yet, in spite of such drawbacks, there is much of genuine interest to be found in a journey all the way along the Susquehanna. In its long and winding course from limpid Lake Otsego, its scenery is certainly as varied as that of any river. Sometimes through fertile valleys teeming with busy farmers; then

again in narrow, rocky gorges, with mountains close by framing in views that are hard to excel, and contributing rushing cascades to swell the big stream; again past cities alive with industries and important as railroad centres. In all its windings it never has the fault of being monotonous, and often justly earns the application of those much-abused adjectives, "romantic," "noble" or "grand." No more pleasing lake scenery can be found than on and around Otsego; no more beautiful vale entered than that of Wyoming; no bolder views laid bare than above Harrisburg, where the river forces its way with abruptness through a gap in the Kittatinny Mountains; no finer rocky gorges than from Columbia to Port Deposit.

The painters have not neglected the Susquehanna, especially the men who led American art in the generation just passing away. Those who are familiar with the public and private galleries of our leading American cities can easily recall canvases reproducing charming bits of river and mountain scenery from along the Susquehanna and the Juniata and other tributaries. In many instances these paintings are doubly valuable because they picture landscapes that have been greatly altered.

Statistics are dull sometimes, but then again they give much in short compass. It interests us to be told, for example, that in the country drained by the Susquehanna there are two millions and a quarter of inhabitants. When we ask what is included in this drainage area we are told by Government investigators that the Susquehanna drains 26,000 square miles, of which 6,000 are in New York, nearly 20,000 in Pennsylvania and a small fraction in Maryland. In other words, it comprises about one-seventh of New York State, in the southern and central portions, and slightly less than one-half of Pennsylvania, sweeping from beyond Scranton on the northeast almost to Johnstown on the southwest, and from beyond Lancaster on the southeast to the oil region of the northwest. Of course, the Susquehanna does not do this unaided. It has many, many active branches,

the chief among which are the Chenango and the Chemung, in New York State, and the Juniata and the West Branch, in Pennsylvania.

Incidentally let me remind you of one other fact concerning the Susquehanna which is of importance. It is, without exception, the longest river on the Atlantic seaboard, and is overtopped in size only by a few of the great broad Western rivers. Its length is counted as 420 miles. That of the West Branch is more than 200 miles.

The hundreds of towns found every few miles along the main river and its tributaries show how the two millions and a quarter of inhabitants are made up. It is true that there are no cities of the largest size, but there are many of the next size, the most conspicuous being Binghamton, N. Y., at the junction of the Chenango river, which has 50,000; Elmira, on the Chemung, 35,000; Scranton, Pa., on the Lackawanna, 75,000; Wilkesbarre, on the main stream, 45,000; Williamsport, on the West Branch, 35,000; Harrisburg, on the main stream, 60,000; York, on Codorus creek, 30,000; Lancaster, on Conestoga creek, 40,000, and Altoona, 30,000.

We are told also by the Government experts already quoted that there is a goodly amount of water power in the rapids and descents of the Susquehanna and its many feeders. For instance, Lake Otsego is 1,193 feet above tidewater, so that the river has to descend that considerable amount in getting to Havre de Grace. Much of this power is utilized, but much of it is not, and we are assured that there are valuable opportunities to get power for manufactures along a portion of the West Branch not yet developed by railroads.

That one gap on the West Branch is the only part of the entire river which has not a railroad on the one bank or the other, sometimes on both. Close students of American development long ago observed how the rivers helped make the railroads great by yielding their banks to furnish available routes. This is especially noticeable in the case of the Susquehanna. Four of the great through lines to the West make use of portions of the river

valley. They are the Pennsylvania, the Lehigh Valley, the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western and the Erie.

The Pennsylvania comes in from Philadelphia some miles below Harrisburg and leaves the Susquehanna at the mouth of the Juniata. The Lehigh Valley from New York enters the valley near Wilkesbarre and goes up stream to the mouth of the Chemung at Athens. The Erie approaches the river east of the town of Susquehanna and goes west with it to near Athens. Similarly the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western comes in at Great Bend and parallels the Erie to near Athens and beyond on the Chemung.

Indeed, if the Baltimore and Ohio may be considered as entering the valley when it crosses its mouth at Havre de Grace, it can, with propriety, be asserted that only one of the big routes from New York does not use the Susquehanna Valley. That one is the New York Central.

The first 16 miles of the river course below Lake Otsego is followed by the Cooperstown and Charlotte Valley Railroad; then for 80 miles to Susquehanna, the Delaware and Hudson Railroad is there; then come the Erie and the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western on both banks to Waverly and the Lehigh Valley from Waverly to Wilkesbarre; then from Wilkesbarre to Northumberland and Sunbury both banks are again occupied, the right by a division of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western and the left by a division of the Pennsylvania Railroad; from Sunbury to York Haven, through Harrisburg is the Northern Central Railroad, part of the Pennsylvania system, and from Harrisburg to the mouth of the river at Perryville the east bank contains the Columbia and Port Deposit divisions of the Pennsylvania. At Perryville the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore is tapped.

From which statements it is evident that the river is followed by railroads for each of its 420 miles, and that for nearly half of that distance there are tracks on both sides. Many other railroads come into the valley for a few miles here and there.

notably in the great anthracite coal belt around Wilkesbarre and to the east of the river below Sunbury. That coal belt is in a great measure responsible for the development of the Susquehanna Valley in population and wealth. Mines honeycomb it, railroads cut into it everywhere and annually there is dug out of it and transported to domestic and foreign markets the enormous amount of 50,000,000 tons of hard coal.

As hard coal has put railroads along one branch of the Susquehanna so has soft coal intersected the headwaters of the West Branch with other railroads. The West Branch rises in Cambria county, Pennsylvania, not far north of Cresson. The remarkable thing about this source is that it is on the west slope of the Alleghany mountains and that in order to get through to meet the North Branch at Northumberland it has to work its way through the mountains.

After it leaves Cambria county the West Branch enters the Clearfield coal region and running hither and thither in this region are half a dozen different railroad systems, including several divisions and branches of the Pennsylvania; the Pennsylvania and Northwestern; the Pittsburg and Eastern; the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg, and the Beech Creek Railroad, which after leaving the river at Clearfield again swings alongside of it at Lock Haven and goes with it to Williamsport, where the Beech Creek road ends and where it has an important traffic exchange with the Philadelphia and Reading. All these railroads are comparatively recent, because mining in the Clearfield coal region has only become important within the last decade.

From Clearfield to Karthaus is the one bit of the Susquehanna not yet taken up by railroads, but at Karthaus we again meet a ramification of the Pennsylvania system, the Philadelphia and Erie Road. On this line we may travel for more than a hundred miles down the river, through Williamsport and other flourishing towns and to the meeting place of the two big Susquehanna branches at Northumberland.

From Williamsport to Northumberland the Pennsylvania is on one bank, while an important division of the Philadelphia and Reading is on the other.

I nearly forgot to speak of the intimate relation of the Susquehanna to a greater city than any within its watershed. I mean Baltimore. When rafts and boats with flour and farm products began to go down stream in profusion, Maryland's metropolis was the natural market, though some of the traffic was diverted overland to Philadelphia. Then the latter city's merchants began to reach out, and the Baltimoreans, to keep the lead, first built a series of steamboats, which proved to be failures, then a canal and finally a railroad—the Northern Central. The canal is dead now, but the railroad still carries a goodly trade from the Susquehanna to Baltimore, though, of course, the manifold industries of the river towns are too great to be content with a single market.

Thoughtful men in Baltimore see the day when that city will have to draw on the Susquehanna for a water supply. Indeed, the cost and the advantages were fully weighed when the present supply was enlarged 20 years ago, though the Gunpowder river was then found sufficient. Today Baltimore has more than half a million inhabitants; the limit of the Gunpowder's capacity is foreshadowed and the Susquehanna will come next. Its water will have to be conveyed nearly 40 miles. Already the river is used in this way by cities further upstream, but none of them approach the magnitude of the Baltimore idea.

Were I interested in geology or in duck-hunting and river fishing, there would be other avenues to open up delights on the Susquehanna for me. For the geologist there is a wonderful opportunity in a trip such as we promise.

I am not a hunter of duck nor a student of rocks, and so I look for the interesting side of my jaunt to the natural beauty of the river valley, to the incidents of its past and the industries and achievements of the present. In them is the hope of this pilgrimage.

II.

IN THE PAGES OF HISTORY.

COOPERSTOWN, OTSEGO COUNTY, N. Y.,
Aug. 16.—So many pretty notions get fractured nowadays by heartless seekers for facts that it was really no surprise for me to learn yesterday that all our old ideas concerning the meaning of the name Susquehanna will have to be revised.

It has been dinned into my ears from childhood—and I guess the same in your case, dear reader—that Susquehanna meant “long, crooked river,” or else “broad, shallow river,” or else “wide, muddy river,” or “the river of rapids.” All seemed appropriate to the big stream, and so you and I accepted the one or the other as being the true Indian name.

Now we are told that all were guesses, made by men with only a half knowledge of native tongues. In their place we are asked to believe that the Susquehanna is “the river of the people with booty taken in war.” And in the light of this assertion the following facts are recalled:

Capt. John Smith, engaged in exploring the Chesapeake bay above Virginia in 1608, entered the mouth of the Susquehanna and there encountered a different set of Indians from those he had previously known. They were brave, noble-looking fellows of giant stature—decked out in war paint and evidently fresh from a fight, as they had much spoil in their canoes. The doughty Virginian was unable to talk with them directly, but he used as interpreter an Indian whose tongue he knew. When he asked the name of his new acquaintances, the interpreter—unable, possibly, to get or to understand the real tribal designation—replied that they were the Susquehannocks, “the people of booty taken in war.”

This, at least, is the theory of a recent scholar, who says that "sasquesa" meant "war booty," and "anough" meant "men." The older writers had maintained that "hanna" was "river," and that the first part meant either "crooked," "muddy," "shallow" or "rapids."

You can take your choice among these theories and guesses. If you like the ones which are descriptive of the river, believe in them. Yet, if the latest be true, it is rather curious, is it not, that the accidental error of a not over-intelligent interpreter should have given such a pretty name to a big Indian tribe and, after them, to this great, majestic river?

I never reflect upon the name of the river without recalling how the truest of poets, Coleridge and Shelley, were both attracted by its sound and its suggestion of romance, and it was with positive pleasure that I read today what Robert Louis Stevenson said of the river when he crossed it in some of his travels through this country: "When I heard that the stream over which we passed was called the Susquehanna," wrote the English author, "the beauty of the name seemed part and parcel of the land. As when Adam, with divine fitness, named the creatures, so this word Susquehanna was at once accepted by the fancy. That was the name, as no other could be, for that shining river and desirable valley."

There were other Indian names than the one now borne. The Onondagas, of the Six Nations, called the river Ga-wa-no-wa-naneh, or "the great island river." Among the Indians of the West Branch that portion of the Susquehanna was known as Otzinachson, or the "river of demons," because of some tribal superstition that seems to have been widespread. "Quen-ish-ach-gek-ki," the stream of long reaches, was another name for the West Branch.

It is often said that Capt. John Smith was the first white man to view the Susquehanna, but it is necessary to go earlier than that. There is even a belief that the famous Fernando de Soto penetrated to this river, but aside from such a tradition it is true that the first white men here

were Spaniards, and that they long antedated John Smith.

At an early day Spaniards were in the Chesapeake, and named it St. Mary's. From the bay they carried off a native to Mexico, where he was educated and baptized. This Indian returned to the Chesapeake with several Spanish priests, and some distance up "a large river flowing into the bay" they founded a missionary station, which they called Axacan. This river was most probably the Susquehanna, and these priests the first white men to visit it. Their fate was a sad one. Their Indian protege turned on them and assisted in killing them.

It is odd that while Smith, the Englishman, and these Spanish priests were the pioneers of the lower Susquehanna, it should be reserved for a Frenchman and three Dutchmen to be the first whites to see the upper portion. The Frenchman was Etienne Brule, a lieutenant of Samuel Champlain, the Governor of Canada, and a noted discoverer. Champlain, with the Huron Indians as allies, in 1615 planned an attack on the Iroquois in Central New York. With 12 Hurons Brule was sent to secure the aid of the Andastes or Carontonans, whose chief village seems to have been somewhere on the Susquehanna—possibly near Athens, possibly much farther down. After many hardships and several bloody fights Brule reached the Carontonan town and they started to join Champlain, but found he had returned to Canada. This caused Brule to return with the Carontonans and spend the winter in explorations. Among other things he descended the river to "its junction with the sea," a journey which was made, so he reported, "through a series of populous tribes at war with one another." Three years elapsed before this hardy explorer got back to Champlain. The narrative of his adventures has a strange fascination for us who live in the days of comfortable railroad travel through peaceful, populous towns.

About the same time three adventurous Dutchmen came into this wilderness from Albany, boated down the Susquehanna as

far as the neighborhood of Wilkesbarre, crossed overland to the Delaware and thence on to New York. Quite a different trip from a similar canoe outing often taken now!

Nearly a century after the explorers came the traders, mostly established on that portion of the river now in Pennsylvania. Stories of them are fully retailed in the histories of that State. Many of them were French-Canadians. Some were noted characters, such as Conrad Weiser, who constantly served as the envoy of the Penns to the Indians.

In my last letter I mentioned that civilization moved up the Susquehanna instead of down. This is plainly shown by the dates of land purchases from the Indians. Maryland secured her portion in the seventeenth century. William Penn promptly saw the moral value of making purchases from the Indians, and in 1683, the year after Pennsylvania was settled, he enlisted the aid of Thomas Dongan, Governor of New York, who secured from the Indians a deed to "all that tract of land lying upon both sides the river commonly called or known by the name of the Susquehanna." Dongan, in 1696, transferred the title to Penn for the consideration of £100. What a miserable sum this now seems for a region where at least a million persons dwell. It was, of course, limited by the grants of royal charters, but, as I read it, it included the entire Susquehanna Valley within what is now Pennsylvania.

Penn seems not to have been satisfied with this title, for in 1700 he had it ratified by the Susquehannocks, and in 1701 by other Indian tribes. Later his sons began to make fresh purchases. They bought everything south of Harrisburg in 1736; up to the neighborhood of Sunbury in 1749 and 1758, and to Towanda in 1768. The last purchase by Pennsylvania was in 1784, when the area north of Towanda and west of the Susquehanna was obtained. New York's purchases of the Susquehanna Valley occurred in the same decade. Settlements in every case followed closely behind colonial purchases.

The Indian history of the Susquehanna is remarkable. It was dominated by the Iroquois, or Six Nations, who from their stronghold in Central New York, by using the Susquehanna mainly, but also the Mohawk, Hudson and Allegheny rivers, had built up an empire big in extent and powerful in kind.

Many times a year the Iroquois in their war canoes went down the Susquehanna to the Chesapeake and compelled the submission of tribes as far as the Carolinas. The journey was apparently no more to them than it is now to a traveler by train. They bested the Susquehannocks so often that they finally were able to force the remnant to abandon their Maryland and Pennsylvania haunts and take up an humble position under the conquerors' wing in New York. They did the same to the Lenni Lenapes on the Delaware, to the Nanticokes on the Eastern Shore and to the Shawnees higher up the Susquehanna. They kept the white man from fully settling the upper Susquehanna Valley for nearly a century after the lower part was peopled by whites.

There is no telling to what period their remarkable confederacy might have extended had they not adopted the British cause against the colonists. Then the Iroquois power was broken as quickly as it had been formed. The terrible Wyoming massacre in Susquehanna Valley and the massacre in Cherry Valley, on a tributary of the Susquehanna, caused the expedition of Gen. John Sullivan in 1779. He went up the river with a strong military force and was reinforced at the mouth of the Chemung by Gen. James Clinton, who had brought New York militia overland to Lake Otsego and then down the Susquehanna on rafts. General Sullivan burned Indian villages by the wholesale and gave the Iroquois a thrashing such as they had never had. After that they were willing enough to sell the fairest part of Central New York to the whites.

The Wyoming and Cherry Valley massacres are not the only dark stains of the sort in the Susquehanna Valley. After

Braddock's crushing defeat in 1755 the Indians, backed by French officers and soldiers, descended the river and spread terror in many promising Pennsylvania settlements. There were massacres at a number of points near Northumberland and in Cumberland Valley, and many more women and children were carried into captivity in Canada.

The remembrance of the fiendish cruelties practised by the Indians led to the most horrible crime of all, the murder in 1763 of the remnant of Susquehannock Indians, who had long made their homes near where the Conestoga creek empties into the Susquehanna in Lancaster county. A group of frontiersmen, known as "the Paxton boys," in a wanton attack on the settlement and in a later fiendish charge upon a public building, to which the survivors of the first affair had been removed, made away with 20 Indians, many of them women and girls and none able-bodied warriors. It was a crime which cannot be justified.

As an echo of Indian occupation, stone weapons, utensils and implements are frequently found at every point of the river valley, many of them made from rocks which can only be traced hundreds of miles away. The skeletons of red men are also sometimes unearthed, some of them of giant type.

In addition to the Wyoming and Cherry Valley massacres, the Susquehanna figures in the Revolutionary War in other ways. Its lower fords and ferries were constantly crossed by armies and leaders going from North to South and South to North. And when the Continental Congress was driven out of Philadelphia by British occupation it removed first to York, then to Lancaster, both of them on tributaries of the river and not far from the latter.

In the contest of 1812 the mouth of the river again had a share of war. After terrorizing other towns at the head of Chesapeake bay the British fleet captured and burned Havre de Grace and the village of Lapidum, a few miles up the river.

Again in the Civil War the Susquehanna was the "high-water mark of the Confederacy," Wrightsville being the nearest point to Philadelphia reached by any part of General Lee's army during the invasion of Pennsylvania in 1863.

Nor should it be forgotten that this same section played a prominent part in colonial times in the border wars of Lord Baltimore and the Penns, both struggling to spread their boundaries. This contest, frequently accompanied by bloodshed, developed a remarkable character in Col. Thomas Cresap, who upheld the Maryland claims in York and Lancaster counties with such courage as to make him one of the most interesting figures in American colonial life.

The varying origin of the families who peopled the different parts of the Susquehanna Valley is in itself a study. Quite naturally we at once think of the Palatinate Germans or Pennsylvania Dutch, who have for two centuries left the impress of their thrift upon the rich farming lands of lower Pennsylvania. Next below them, on lands more rugged and rocky, were thousands of Scotch-Irish families; and farther, in Maryland, families of English and Irish stock. In Central Pennsylvania the river banks were cleared by persons mostly of English origin, while from Wilkesbarre north there was a decided preponderance of New England immigrants, indirectly English. To these the last half century has added the Welsh slate-miners in the Peach Bottom region; the Italian, Hungarian, Russian, Polish and other Slavonic types in the coal mines, and the people of still other nationalities in the growing cities.

Besides the actual history of the Susquehanna, there is a wealth of interesting legend and folklore. I wish I had time to repeat it all.

III.

NOT UNSUNG BY POETS.

COOPERSTOWN, OTSEGO COUNTY, N. Y.,
Aug. 17.—Yesterday I went into a bookstore to get a recent novel. The man behind the counter was one of those whom a book-lover delights to meet, one who knew and prized the books he sold. It was easy to get into a chat with him about the literature of the Susquehanna and the result will, I am sure, surprise you.

Cooper's name, of course, was first on our lips when we started to recall the poetry and novels in which the Susquehanna is well remembered. Then I spoke of Nathaniel P. Willis, most graceful of American authors, whose happy years of life beside this river at Owego found full expression in his varied writings. My friend, the bookseller, soon reminded me of Thomas Campbell and his epic, "Gertrude of Wyoming," while I, in turn, thought of other Englishmen, and suggested Coleridge and Southey, who, with the enthusiasm of youth, dreamed of placing their ideal colony of Pantisocracy upon the banks of the Susquehanna, which, like Campbell, neither of them had ever seen nor ever saw.

Wyoming's name brought to mind "The Death of the Fratricide," in which John Greenleaf Whittier has told in ballad form the fate of a hapless being who killed his own brother in the terrible Revolutionary tragedy. An echo of another massacre is found in "Jennie Marsh, of Cherry Valley," by George P. Morris, the editorial associate and friend of Willis.

Thus we discoursed for fully an hour, adding to our catalogue a goodly array of notable poets and romancers. It was a casual review, of course, and doubtless many were omitted whom you may now recall. But I cannot refrain from repeating

for you some of the things which then came in mind or which we found by turning to his well-stocked shelves.

The thread which binds Southey and Coleridge to the Susquehanna is a slender one, but it must be acknowledged that there is something deeply interesting in their dream of starting upon the Susquehanna a brotherly community where private property was to be abolished, where two hours a day were to be spent in providing food and the rest of the time "in rational society and intellectual employment." Biographers of both poets tell how the scheme was talked of in 1794, when Coleridge was 22 and Southey two years younger, and how it was never realized because no funds were forthcoming and because the two wedded sisters and had to be practical enough to earn a livelihood.

The reason why the Susquehanna was selected is in doubt. The fact that Dr. Joseph Priestley, founder of modern chemistry and an eminent philosopher, had removed from England to Northumberland in the same year may have had something to do with it. But a letter from Coleridge to Southey, written at the time, adds another reason. The former, it appears, had met in London a suave American land agent, who recommended the Susquehanna "from its excessive beauty and its security from hostile Indians." The ease of farming, the opportunity for literary men, the cheapness of land and of living and the credit obtainable were all duly impressed upon Coleridge, who, in his last sentence, says: "The mosquitoes are not so bad as our gnats; and after you have been there a little while, they don't trouble you much." Truly a most excellent land agent!

Joseph Cottle, the British bookseller, whose after reminiscences add so much to the knowledge of his friends Coleridge and Southey, gives still more light. He says Coleridge would talk for hours at a time of the Susquehanna as "the only refuge for permanent repose." Then Cottle adds:

It will excite marvelous surprise in the reader to understand that Mr. Coleridge's friends could not ascertain that he had received any specific information concerning this notable river. "It was a

grand river," but there are many other noble and grand rivers in America (the Land of Rivers!), and the preference given to the Susquehanna seemed almost to arise solely from its imposing name, which, if not classical, was at least poetical, and it probably by mere accident became the centre of all his pleasurable associations. Had this same river been called the Miramichi or the Irrawaddy it would have been despoiled of half its charms and have sunk down into a vulgar stream, the atmosphere of which might have suited well enough Russian boozers, but which would have been pestiferous to men of letters.

Cottle also quotes Coleridge's poem, "A Monody to Chatterton," written when Pantisocracy was on tap. In it, after speaking of his vain aspirations for absolute liberty, he says:

Yet will I love to follow the sweet dream
Where Susquehanna pours his untamed stream;
And on some hill, whose forest-growing side
Waves o'er the murmurs of his calmer tide.

It is so usual here in Cooperstown to hear of "The Deerslayer" as associated with Otsego Lake that it is rarely remembered that other novels by Cooper depict later phases of life on the lake and river. Deerslayer is such an ideal of chivalresque manhood and the descriptions of the region, then in the primeval wilderness, are so fine, that the first of the Leatherstocking Tales overtops the novelist's other Indian stories. But in "The Pioneers, or the Sources of the Susquehanna," Cooper drew upon the early recollections of his life and has described with minuteness affairs incident to the settlement of the region by his father, who figures in the novel as Judge Temple. It is an animated presentation of the vigorous and picturesque country life of its time and place and is equally successful in its delineations of natural scenery. Then in "Home as Found" we are introduced to the descendants of the characters of "The Pioneers" and to Cooperstown about 1835. In its day it was most unpopular for its criticisms of American faults as seen by one who had dwelt abroad for some years, and it is unfortunate also in being made the vehicle for an account of a squabble between Cooper and his townspeople. In "Wyandotte, or

the Hutted Knoll," Cooper again returns to the Otsego. It narrates the settlement of an English family in the vicinity of the lake about the commencement of the Revolution, and abounds in quiet scenes of sylvan beauty and incidents of a calmer character than are usual in Cooper's fictions.

The associations of Cooper with this pretty lake are well expressed in verse in a short anonymous poem which Henry W. Longfellow thought worthy of a page in his anthology, "Poems of Places." Some of its stanzas are as follows:

O haunted lake, from out whose silver fountains
The mighty Susquehanna takes its rise;
O haunted lake, among the pineclad mountains,
Forever smiling upward to the skies.

A master's hand hath painted all thy beauties;
A master's hand hath peopled all thy shore
With wraiths of mighty hunters and fair maidens,
Haunting thy forest glades forevermore.

A master's heart hath gilded all thy valley
With golden splendor from a loving breast,
And in thy little churchyard, 'neath the pine trees,
A master's body sleeps in quiet rest.

Cooper's daughter, Susan Fenimore, who died here but a few years ago, inherited her father's love for Otsego and the Susquehanna, and in "Rural Homes," which was published in the year before her father died, she charmingly and without extravagances described the scenery around her home in Cooperstown. She is the author of other works showing her appreciation of country life. In Cooperstown she is esteemed for her charities.

The happy touch of Willis rechristened and made famous so many spots in the Highlands of the Hudson that "Idlewild" is more known as his home than "Glenmary," near the Susquehanna. Yet some of the happiest years of his life were spent on the little place near Owego, which he poetically named for his wife. "Al Abri, or Letters From Under a Bridge," gives us an intimate sympathy with him at "Glenmary," and contains descriptions of that portion of the Susquehanna which are written in his most graceful vein. He finds material where others would see nothing, and

so we get wonderfully interested in the little brook and the venerable toad and a dozen places and creatures that to others would seem commonplace. Similar delicate fancies characterize his petition "To the Unknown Purchaser and Next Occupant of Glenmary," written when financial troubles compelled him to return to New York and buckle down to steady labor. On the other hand, his "Revery at Glenmary" is the most sincerely devout of all his religious poems, while others of this kind, "A Thought Over a Cradle," "A Mother to Her Child," "Thoughts While Making the Grave of a Newborn Child," let us see the sacredness of his domestic life at Owego.

The neighborhood of Owego is also reflected in various short poems by William Henry Cuyler Hosmer, who is, perhaps, better known as the poet of the Genesee than of the Susquehanna. "A Voice From Glenmary" is a tribute to the memory of the first Mrs. Willis. Other poems by him which I noticed were: "Fir-Croft," "The Deserted Hall," "Lament for Sa-sa-na," "A Hunting Song," "A Cascade Near Wyoming" and "Lake Wyalusing."

The satirical genius of James K. Paulding links him to the Susquehanna in a peculiar way. In 1813, when Admiral Cockburn and his British fleet burned and sacked the Maryland village of Havre de Grace, at the mouth of the Susquehanna, Paulding published "The Lay of the Scottish Fiddle," supposed to be written by Walter Scott. It is a free parody of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and is both a satire of the Scottish poem and of the British warfare on the Chesapeake. Some of its descriptive bits show a close familiarity with the mouth of the Susquehanna. It is clever as a parody, and had the distinction of provoking a fierce review from the London Quarterly.

The vale of Wyoming is peculiarly rich in its associations with literature. This is partly due to its tragic story, partly to its natural beauty. Many of the later poets have been attracted to it by the "Gertrude" of Thomas Campbell, which, in these days of Anglo-American ententes, may be recalled as being a pioneer in caus-

ing international good feeling. These are his familiar opening lines:

On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming!

Although the wild flower on thy ruined wall
And roofless homes a sad remembrance bring

Of what thy gentle people did befall,

Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.

Sweet land! May I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore.

Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies

The happy shepherd swains had naught to do
But feed their flocks on green declivities,

Or skim, perchance, the lake with light canoe,
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown,

The lovely maidens would the dance renew;
And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo ilageolet from some romantic town.

Unfortunately Campbell never saw the valley of Wyoming and his descriptions do not fit it. This is noticeable in the lines just quoted, but more so in the next stanza, where he says you "may see the flamingo disporting" in the Susquehanna. The American poet, Fitz-Greene Halleck, pointed out this defect in a poem which he wrote when he first saw Wyoming. Halleck says:

When thou com'st, in beauty, on my gaze, at last,
"On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming!"

Image of many a dream in hours long past,

When life was in its bud and blossoming,
And waters, gushing from the fountain spring

Of pure enthusiast thought, dimmed my young eyes
As by the poet boue, on unseen wing,

I breathed, in fancy, 'neath thy cloudless skies,
The summer's air, and heard her echoed harmonies,

Nature hath made thee lovelier than the power

Even of Campbell's pen hath pictured: he

Had woven, had he gazed one sunny hour

Upon thy smiling vale, its scenery

With more of truth, and made each rock and tree

Known like old friends and greeted from afar,

And there are tales of sad reality

In the dark legends of the border war,

With woes of deeper tint than his own Gertrude's
are.

Two women writers who are warm in their poetic praises of Wyoming and the Susquehanna are Mrs. Lydia Huntley Sigourney and Mrs. Elizabeth Fries Ellet.

Mrs. Sigourney wrote several poems about Wyoming. "Zinzendorff," one of her longest, tells the story of that noble Moravian's visit to the Indians there. "The Lily" is the story of Frances Slocum, who was carried off by Indians in the Revolution and found half a century later as the head of an Indian family. In "The Meeting of the Susquehanna and Lackawanna" Mrs. Sigourney says:

Rush on, glad stream, in thy power and pride,
To claim the hand of thy promised bride;
She doth haste from the realm of the darkened
mine
To mingle her murmured vows with thine;
Ye have met—ye have met, and the shores prolong
The liquid notes of your nuptial song.

On, on, through the vale where the brave ones sleep,
Where the waving foliage is rich and deep,
I have stood on the mountain and roamed through
the glen
To the beautiful homes of the Western men;
Yet naught in that realm of enchantment could see
So fair as the vale of Wyoming to me.

Mrs. Ellet, who is best known as the author of a "History of Women of the American Revolution," wrote these beautiful descriptive lines:

Softly the blended light of evening rests
Upon thee, lovely stream! Thy gentle tide,
Picturing the gorgeous beauty of the sky,
Onward, unbroken by the ruffling wind,
Majestically flows. Oh! by thy side,
Far from the tumults and the throng of men,
And the vain cares that vex poor human life,
'Twere happiness to dwell, alone with thee,
And the wide, solemn grandeur of the scene.
From thy green shores, the mountains that inclose
In their vast sweep the beauties of the plain,
Slowly receding, toward the skies ascend,
Enrobed with clustering woods, o'er which the
smile
Of Autumn in his loveliness hath passed,
Touching the foliage with his brilliant hues,
And flinging o'er the lowliest leaf and shrub
His golden livery. On the distant heights
Soft clouds, earth-based, repose, and stretch afar
Their burnished summits in the clear, blue Heaven,
Flooded with splendor, that the dazzled eye
Turns drooping from the sight. Nature is here
Like a throned sovereign, and thy voice doth tell,
In music never silent, of her power.
Nor are thy tones unanswered, where she builds
Such monuments of regal sway.

Alexander Wilson, the first American ornithologist, gained much information about birds during a walking trip from Philadelphia to Niagara in October, 1804. This journey he described in a lengthy poem, "The Foresters," which is commended for the ardent love of nature therein revealed. He passed up the Susquehanna from Wilkesbarre to Athens, and narrates many incidents along the way. It has been less than a century since then, but the valley has wonderfully changed since he described it, as these lines of his will show:

And now Wyomi opened on our view,
 And, far beyond, the Alleghany blue,
 Immensely stretched; upon the plain below
 The painted roofs with gaudy colors glow,
 And Susquehanna's glittering stream is seen
 Winding in stately pomp through valleys green.
 Hail, charming river! pure, transparent flood!
 Upstained by noxious swamps or choking mud;
 Thundering through broken rocks in whirling foam,
 Or pleased o'er beds of glittering sand to roam;
 Green be thy banks, sweet forest-wandering stream;
 Still may thy waves with finny treasures teem;
 The silvery shad and salmon crowd thy shores,
 Thy tall woods echoing to the sounding oars.
 On thy swollen bosom floating piles appear,
 Filled with the harvest of our rich frontier;
 Thy pine-browned cliffs, thy deep romantic vales,
 Where wolves now wander and the panther wails;
 Where at long intervals the hut forlorn
 Peeps from the verdure of embowering corn;
 In future times (nor distant far the day)
 Shall glow from crowded towns and villas gay;
 Unnumbered keels thy deepened course divide,
 And airy arches pompously bestride;
 The domes of Science and Religion rise,
 And millions swarm where now a forest lies.

A fine tribute to the Susquehanna is contained in Thomas Buchanan Read's "New Pastoral," which is a series of poetic sketches of the emigration of a family from middle Pennsylvania to Illinois. In it are these lines:

I have seen
 In lands less free, less fair, but far more known,
 The streams which flow through history, and wash
 The legendary shores—and cleave in twain
 Old capitals and towns, dividing oft
 Great empires and estates of petty kings
 And princes, whose domains full many a field,
 Rustling with maize along our native West,

Outmeasure and might put to shame! and yet
 Nor Rhine, like Bacchus crowned and reeling
 through
 His hills—nor Danube, marred with tyranny,
 His dull waves moaning on Hungarian shores—
 Nor rapid Po, his opaque waters pouring
 Athwart the fairest, fruitfulest, and worst
 Enslaved of European lands—nor Seine,
 Winding uncertain through inconstant France—
 Are half so fair as thy broad stream, whose breast
 Is gemmed with many isles, and whose proud name
 Shall yet become among the names of rivers
 A synonym of beauty—Susquehanna!

In his "Wagoner of the Alleghanies"
 Read also speaks in similar strain of
 Where queenly Susquehanna smiles
 Proud in the grace of her thousand isles.

Praise of the Susquehanna not unlike
 Mr. Read's is to be found in many sonnets
 of Mr. Lloyd Mifflin, whose home is at Co-
 lumbia, Pa., and who has recently attract-
 ed much attention. In "My Native Stream"
 he says:

To Vallambrosian valleys let them go,
 To steep Sorrento, or where ilex trees
 Cast their gray shadows o'er Sicilian seas;
 Dream at La Conca d'Oro, catch the glow
 Of sunset on the Ischian hills, and know
 The blue Ionian inlets, where the breeze,
 Leaving some snow-white temple's Phidian frieze,
 Wafts their light shallop languorously slow.
 Let me be here, far off from Zante's shore,
 Where Susquehanna spreads her liquid miles,
 To watch the circles from the dripping oar;
 To see her haleyon dip, her eagle soar;
 To drift at evening round her Indian isles,
 Or dream at noon beneath the sycamore.

And in "The Susquehanna From the
 Cliff," written from Chiquesalunga Rock,
 near his home, Mr. Mifflin says:

Upon Salunga's laureled brow at rest
 With evening and with thee, as in a dream,
 Life flows unrippled even as thy stream.
 Below the islands jewel all thy breast.
 The dying glories of the crimson west
 Are mirrored on thy surface till they seem
 Another sunset, and we fondly deem
 The splendors endless, e'en as those possessed
 In youth, which sink, alas! to duller hue
 As years around us darken and but few
 Faint stars appear, as now appear in thee.
 How softly round thy clustered rocks of blue
 Thou murmurest onward! Oh! may we pursue
 Our way as calmly to the eternal sea.

Mr. Miffin's home town, Columbia, was the scene of some incidents in the exciting adventures of a claimant to the earldom of Anglesey, whose story was first introduced into fiction by Smollett in "Peregrine Pickle," and has since been repeated in "Florence Macarthy," in Scott's "Guy Mannering," and more particularly in Charles Reade's well-known novel, "The Wandering Heir."

The boys of this generation who have a fondness for tales of adventures have had their interest awakened in the Susquehanna, and particularly the Wyoming district, by the fiction of Edward S. Ellis, a Trenton schoolmaster, who has written half a hundred stories of Indian times. One series by him, comprising three volumes, is called the "Wyoming Series," and in another similar set, the "River and Wilderness Series," the same region furnishes a setting.

Had we gone further, this letter might be a day's job for you. Of local historians, the Susquehanna has had a hundred, prominent among whom are Wyoming's scholars—Isaac A. Chapman, Charles Miner, Col. William L. Stone, George Peck, Steuben Jenkins, Hendrick B. Wright, Stewart Pierce and others—Dr. William H. Egle, of Harrisburg, and J. N. Meginness, of Williamsport, whose "Otzinachson" is a storehouse of West Branch Indian lore. Many ballad writers and local versifiers might be added, and in the domain of fiction could be dug up many titles of historical romances that had but fleeting popularity or none at all. So, too, one could include the whole literature of that noble Indian Logan, beginning with his speech as reported by Thomas Jefferson. His birthplace was upon the Susquehanna's banks and there his early years were spent. But in what I have quoted I am sure there is enough to convince you that poets love the Susquehanna and that this great river has not gone unsung.

IV.

COOPER'S "GLIMMERGLASS."

COOPERSTOWN, OTSEGO COUNTY, N. Y.,
Aug. 18.—If you dislike the novels of J. Fenimore Cooper you may find it a sorry job to come here, for his genius made Cooperstown classic and Cooperstown is grateful.

We have not many of these shrines of literary men in America and for that reason Cooperstown is rather unique. But the European traveler can surmise just what will be found here if he recalls his visits to the homes of Scott, of Burns, of Shakespeare, of a score of other famous members of the authors' guild.

When we came by train we were driven down Leatherstocking street to the Fenimore House. The conversation of the others at our first meal dwelt upon the beauties of Otsego Lake as written up by Cooper. Upon the front porch we noticed many delving into the pages of some one or other of his novels, possibly reading them over to refreshen themselves upon the spot, but maybe secretly getting acquainted for the first time in order to join in the prevailing topic of conversation.

Leaving the hotel for a stroll east on Main street, we observed the bookstores displaying Cooper literature and appropriate photographs, while the next-door merchant was trying to attract our attention to his souvenir china and his Cooper spoons.

Presently we crossed Pioneer street and a block farther turned through handsome marble gates into a pretty park whose centre is occupied by an exquisite statue of Cooper's noblest Indian mounted upon an immense boulder of syenite. Upon this

spot, we were told, was Cooper's handsome home, Otsego Hall, which was burned soon after his death in 1851.

Passing out of the little park by its upper gate, a few steps farther eastward brought us to the yard of Christ Church, where the distinguished novelist lies buried. I cannot exactly describe it, but somehow or other it reminded me of the yard of the famous edifice at Stratford, within whose walls Shakespeare rests. The Stratford church is a finer building, but this American one has its own merit and for picturesque surroundings is fully equal to the other. It stands near the green banks of the Susquehanna, as the Stratford church does near the banks of the Avon—but the banks of the Susquehanna are higher and bolder and more embowered, and it is placed in a landscape of greater variety than that of the Avon. The grounds about the church are shaded with noble and venerable pines, elms and maples, and beneath them have been laid, side by side, five generations of the Cooper family. The novelist sleeps beside his wife under a flat marble slab turned dark within the half century.

A few feet away lies his father, William Cooper—the founder of Cooperstown—afterward judge of the county of Otsego and its first representative in Congress. The father was a New Jersey man who, having acquired a large tract in the valley of the Susquehanna and around the lower shores of the lake, came here in 1786 to reside and to improve his land. It was then a wilderness, still echoing the red man's tread and dwelt in by but few white men. An occasional trapper or colonial soldier had strayed this way. Then in 1779 Gen. James Clinton brought his army here to go down the Susquehanna to join General Sullivan. And in 1783 Washington made a special trip here from the Mohawk Valley to study the possibilities of the Susquehanna for inland navigation.

The place which Judge Cooper founded early became the centre of a circle of cultivated and refined men and women, such as is rarely found in a village of its size. It has retained that tone through the cen-

tury and has added to it greatly in recent years by becoming an attractive summer resting place for city dwellers of wealth and culture. Many such have their homes here in these months and many others yearly rent cottages in order to find sweet retreat in a village beautiful for situation, healthy because high, pretty in its outward evidences, possessing historic interest, yet not ultra-fashionable nor "loud" and stylish.

Next to Cooper's, the name most often heard here is that of Clark, or Clarke. The upper eastern end of Otsego's shores has been for a century a part of the big estate of a family of the latter mode of spelling, while the millions made by a resident who spelt his name without the "e" have been generously used to promote the welfare and attractiveness of Cooperstown in many ways. The pretty park on the site of Cooper's home and its beautiful centre statue are both a memorial to Cooper from Mrs. Alfred Corning Clark, whose handsome home is near by and who has also erected a series of fine gray stone buildings in front of the park. The most striking of these has been donated as a village library, another as a home and gymnasium for the Y. M. C. A., while the third contains the offices of the Clark estate. The father of Mrs. Clark's dead husband was Edward Clark, who made his fortune by a sewing machine invention.

A minute's walk from Christ Church yard and we were beside the Susquehanna. Though only a few hundred feet from its beginning the bends and overhanging trees jealously hid the lake from us. As we stopped a short while admiring the placid beauty of the little stream that is destined to large things ere it loses its identity, I could not help recalling what Willis wrote after he had stood there in the same admiring frame of mind. "The Susquehanna breaks out of the lake just at Cooper's door," he said, "and it is a magnificent river as his is a magnificent mind. As a twin-fountain head of intellect that honors the country and waters that fertilize it, it is a spot that has a good right to be famous."

Presently we were upon the shores of the lake. We have been in Cooperstown for several days now and have taken every opportunity to see Cooper's "Glimmer-glass" from its many vantage points, but, though it has been intensified, I do not think I shall ever quite forget the beauty of the lake as I first saw it. It is a body of deep, clear blue water, about nine miles long and from three-quarters of a mile to two miles wide, extending from north to south and lying between rather abrupt and densely wooded low mountains on the east and gently sloping beautiful and gracefully rounded hills on the west. The almost unbroken forest of the eastern side offers combinations of color rarely equaled for beauty and variety and wonderfully heightened on this first view by the gold and red of the sinking sun. The west side's easier slopes were covered with a variety of farm crops, richly cultivated fields, meadows and pastures, among which are quiet farmhouses and more costly summer homes, forming in all a scene of great pastoral beauty.

The north end of the lake bends to the west, and it was not possible to see the head, but in its stead we had a beautiful view of the bold wooded mountain which from its outline is often called "the Sleeping Lion," but whose true name is Mount Wellington, after a certain "Iron Duke."

Nearer at hand, on the east side, is a peculiar structure rising out of the water, apparently a stone lighthouse built regardless of expense. This is "Kingfisher Tower," designed like a mediæval castle and erected to a height of 60 feet. Its main windows are brilliant with stained glass, its roof glistens with red earthen tiles and on its land side is a drawbridge and portecullis. This odd "view-structure" was put up in 1876 by the late Edward Clark.

A cleared spot on the mountain side above Kingfisher Tower was the farm of Fenimore Cooper, "The Chalet," where he daily rode or walked to seek relaxation from mental labors by directing its tillage. Nearer to Cooperstown on the same side is Lakewood Cemetery, in which there is a

monument to Cooper, a slender marble shaft surmounted by a statuette of "Leatherstocking," in which the old "scout," clad in a hunting shirt, with deer-skin cap and leggins, leans on his long rifle and looks wistfully across the Otsego over the hills toward the West. His dog, "Hector," is at his feet, looking up into the old hunter's face. The monument has various emblems illustrative of Cooper's Indian and sea novels.

You will recall Cooper's loving description of the lake in the first chapter of "The Deerslayer." It is often quoted in full by later writers who describe their visits here. It was, in Deerslayer's day, "a broad sheet of water, so placid and limpid that it resembled a bed of the pure mountain atmosphere compressed into a setting of hills and woods." Its most striking peculiarities "were its solemn solitude and sweet repose." "On all sides, wherever the eye turned, nothing met it but the mirror-like surface of the lake, the placid view of heaven, and the dense setting of woods. So rich and fleecy were the outlines of the forest that scarce an opening could be seen, the whole visible earth, from the rounded mountain top to the water's edge, presenting one unvaried line of unbroken verdure."

It is easy for me now to comprehend the delight of Deerslayer when he first viewed this "glorious picture of affluent forest grandeur relieved by the beautiful variety afforded by the presence of so broad an expanse of water." And we feel satisfied, too, at the appropriateness of the name "Glimmerglass" when we gaze upon "the surface as smooth as glass and as limpid as pure air, throwing back the mountains, clothed in dark pines, along the whole of its eastern boundary, the points thrusting forward their trees even to nearly horizontal lines, while the bays are glittering through an occasional arch beneath, left by a vault fretted with branches and leaves."

Not only do we admire the lake when its surface is so mirror-like that it reflects the pines "as if it would throw back the hills that hang over it." For with the rip-

ples come new beauties, new brilliancies of coloring, wonderful tints, a sheen not single, but made of many pure colors.

For quiet beauty, for picturesqueness of form and outline, for charming atmospheric effects, this highland lake is often truly compared to the famous lakes of Europe. It can lay no claim to grandeur, as the novelist's daughter, Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper, has written, "yet there is harmony in the different parts of the picture, which gives it much merit and which must always excite a lively feeling of pleasure. The hills are a charming setting for the lake at their feet, neither so lofty as to belittle the sheet of water, nor so low as to be tame and commonplace; there is abundance of wood on their swelling ridges to give the charm of forest scenery, enough of tillage to add the varied interest of cultivation; the lake with its clear, placid waters lies gracefully beneath the mountains, flowing here into a quiet little bay, there skirting a wooded point, filling its ample basin, without encroaching on its banks by a rood of marsh or bog."

Around the whole the pen of Cooper has thrown a halo of romance of such power and such exactitude in description that when you begin by picking out the sites of the different incidents of "The Deerslayer," you end by forgetting that the characters never lived and invest the spots with a real historic interest. Every little point has been portrayed with a wealth of detail that makes the story as real as the place itself. The brain of the novelist was most cunning with the spots he had loved and cherished from boyhood.

As we rode up the lake on one of its little steamers, with Mount Vision on our right, Hannah's Hill opposite, Mount Wellington ahead and round Council Rock behind at the Susquehanna's start, we seemed to see Natty Bumppo's skiff gliding along with caution for fear of hostile redskins; to hear Hurry Harry's voice; to catch a glimpse of brilliant, handsome, willful Judith, her gentler sister Hetty, and the wise, brave, true-minded Deerslayer. Incident after incident of Cooper's novels came to mind and we looked with

eagerness for Leatherstocking's cave, on Mount Vision, where Chingachgook died; for Rat Cove, for Point Judith, for Leatherstocking Falls, for Wild Rose Point, where many exciting incidents were located; for Gravelly Point, where Deerslayer killed his first Indian; for the canyon on Five-Mile Point, where he hid under a fallen tree from 40 Indians; for Hutter's Point, where he first viewed the "Glimmerglass," and finally for the shoal spot supposed to be the site of the sunken island where Hutter and his daughters had dwelt in Muskrat Castle.

Thus to the pleasure of a ride upon a beautiful lake was added the charm of tracing the scenes of a great work of fiction. The boat passed by various costly country homes and stopped at many little landings in front of cottages peopled with outing parties. This part of the trip formed still another kind of diversion. Years ago Cooper predicted that Otsego would become a favorite summer resort. It seems to have come true.

Chance gave us the opportunity of seeing Otsego in another way upon the same day. In the morning our boat ride was taken, in the afternoon we drove around the lake—a rare pleasure. A constant succession of lovely vistas was encountered—but the finest part of the drive was in the long stretch of winding road beneath overarching trees, which afforded a delightful sense of seclusion. It was the capstone of our edifice of charming memories of the "Glimmerglass." I shall ever love Cooper the more for having introduced this lake to fame, and to me.

TWO MODERN EXPLORERS.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, OTSEGO COUNTY, N. Y., Aug. 19.—Yesterday, when we were sitting on the porch of the Fenimore House, at Cooperstown, I said to my wife:

“How would you like to be an explorer?”

“I am willing,” was her reply; “but is there anything left for us to discover?”

“Come with me tomorrow,” I remarked mysteriously.

That is how we happen to be here at Richfield Springs today.

I can already hear you remarking that Richfield is not an unknown land, and that thousands and thousands have been here before me. That attitude is because I have not explained myself. Maybe when I get through you will be willing to rank me with Stanley and Peary and a few other men of equal renown. Maybe not. That is for you to decide.

You see, it all came about in this way: The geographers and the cyclopædists invariably tell you that the Susquehanna has its source in Otsego lake. I wasn't satisfied with that. “Why not get farther back?” said I to myself. Not that I wished to rob Cooper's beautiful lake of any of its glory. I admire it too greatly. But I was coached in school by a professor who was a great stickler for all the facts, and as my purpose is to tell everything about the Susquehanna, I determined to go on a hunt for the Susquehanna's farthest headwaters.

The other day, when we drove all the way around Otsego, we crossed several brooks that evidently emptied into the lake. “Possibly their source may be what I aim to find,” said I to myself. So, when we returned to Cooperstown, I hunted up a detailed map of this region, and from

that map I made various deductions, which finally led up to our getting to Richfield today.

"Queer way to be an explorer!" I can hear you exclaim. "To have a map! The idea!" Well, wait a bit before you again cast suspicions on my claim.

I found that three brooks of some length, but of small size, come into the upper end of Otsego lake. One is three miles long, another six, the third eight. I had about determined upon one of these streams, when the lake which lies here below Richfield Springs caught my eye. It is just as truly one of the sources of the Susquehanna as is its larger, more beautiful and more romantic rival back over the hills yonder to the east. Its outlet, Oak creek, meets the waters from Otsego Lake four miles below Cooperstown. It is not much of a meeting, because the Susquehanna is small and Oak creek smaller still.

Oak Creek is nearly if not quite fourteen miles long from Richfield's lake. The latter, formerly known as Schuyler's lake from an early settler, but now repossessing its Indian name of Canadarago—is four miles long. Into its upper end, after flowing through the village of Richfield Springs, comes a stream whose length is eight miles, called Ocquionis by the Indians and Fish creek by the whites.

If you will add up my figures, reader, and compare them, you will see that the source of Fish creek is the farthest headwater of the Susquehanna. And you will begin to understand why two modern explorers drove today from Cooperstown to Richfield and beyond. And why I feel a bit tickled at the idea of having added more than twenty miles to the generally accepted length of the Susquehanna. Of course, carping critics would raise a "hue and cry," but what care I, serene in my own conceit.

We found the springs which give rise to Fish creek in a high, hilly country north of Richfield toward the beautiful Mohawk Valley. In fact, a mile or two beyond there was a fine outlook. There was the dividing ridge. The rainwater which

falls at one place passes into the Mohawk and so into the Hudson. The rain not far away reaches the Chesapeake by way of the Susquehanna. Those old maxims about "small beginnings" came into our minds as we realized just where we were. From there the mouth of the Susquehanna was nearly 450 miles away. By that route it was nearly 700 miles to the ocean. By the Mohawk 200 miles would bring the chance raindrop to the great sea. It is fanciful, I know, but I almost endowed the drops with feeling and felt pity for them that half should be borne by Nature's chance so far from their brothers.

A more odd evidence of this "parting of the waters" is found in Summit lake, which is four miles north of Otsego lake. In ordinary times its outlet is one of the brooks which I have mentioned as flowing into Otsego. But in high water another outlet carries half of it north into the Mohawk.

The drive along Fish creek is one of the many popular ones in the neighborhood of Richfield. The stream runs between good hills, and is very generally bordered by steep banks. Two fine estates are reached by this drive—"Cullenwood," the home of Col. William Cullen Crain, and the Cruger Mansion, a fine antique stone structure overlooking the Mohawk Valley, and originally the manor house of an estate of 26,000 acres. Jordanville is the name of a little hamlet near the spot where Fish creek begins. This, by the way, is in another shire than Otsego, for Warren township, in which Fish creek rises, is in Herkimer county.

It is a rather curious fact that, before the days of dams and other artificial obstructions in the Susquehanna, shad in the spring actually reached Fish creek from the Chesapeake and were caught in abundance in these waters. In fact, lamentations over the loss of the shad are common among the old inhabitants of the entire Upper Susquehanna.

The country about Richfield Springs is certainly a diversified one, with many hills of varied heights and quite a series of little lakes and blue ponds. We had a splendid

opportunity to grasp this fact this morning, for, on our drive from Cooperstown, we climbed Mount Otsego and there had a beautiful panoramic view. Once this high summit was called Rum Hill, but that phase of culture and progress which gets in its work on ugly and queer names was successful here. The summit is 2,800 feet above sea level and 1,600 feet above the level of Otsego lake. It is easily the highest point in this region, and for that reason the observatory which lifts its head above the trees on the mountain crest has the advantage of being able to command an extensive view in every direction. I honestly deem it one of the finest outlook points I have ever visited, though it has its limitations, as we discovered when we tried to find Cooperstown, which we had left six miles behind, or Richfield Springs, which lay the same distance northwest. Both were hidden behind the ridges of jealous hills. This was the more noticeable because almost the whole length of Otsego lake reflected blue far beneath us.

Northward the Adirondacks were clearly seen. To the northeast the Green Mountains of Vermont were dimmer. So, too, were the hills of Western Massachusetts. To the southeast the Catskills were plain. A ridge of the Alleghanies limned the horizon on the south, while on the west and northwest it was bounded by the hills of Chenango, Madison and Oneida counties. The two great mountain ranges of this State and that of another State were thus revealed, 60 to 80 miles away. The highest peaks of the Adirondacks were easily picked out.

We were much amused by the grandiloquence of a man whom I may with propriety call the "view-expounder." We reached the top some minutes before him and thus had an opportunity to drink in the wonderful panorama before he broke in upon us. His first statement was that "the view from Mount Otsego comprehended 9 States and 40 counties." Then, with a general sweep of his hand, he indicated "the whole course of the Hudson, from the Adirondacks to New York city." Then he pointed out the "Alleghanies down in Penn-

sylvania," and presently, taking up a poor field glass, he picked out some forest fires in the Adirondacks. It was kind of him to thus retail an item which had been in yesterday's papers, but unfortunately for his veracity these fires were upon the north side of the Adirondacks, fully 200 miles away.

Every minute I expected him to point out Canada, or Boston, or the monument at Washington. But he refrained.

Richfield, of course, is famous for its sulphur springs, which are considered the strongest in this country. I echoed the idea when we entered the front room of the elaborate series of bathhouses. In a fountain in the centre the waters are made to bubble and sparkle until they really look tempting, but the odor of the place promptly reminded me of a story of a countryman who was passing here when this spring was being uncovered and enlarged, 80 years ago. Smallpox was prevalent in the neighborhood, and when the farmer got a good whiff of the bad-egg odor, he whipped up his horse and with a groan exclaimed: "Oh, God; I've ketched it!"

Sitting in the trim little park in front of the bathing establishment and opposite the leading hotel, the Earlington, I could not avoid contrasting the past and present of Richfield. The springs were noted for their healing qualities among the Mohawk Indians, but it was not until 1820 that a young physician thought of booming the place as an invalid resort. Boarders came at \$1.25 a week, and were then merely "outlanders" in a rich cheese-making country.

Today living costs 20 times the sum named, and Richfield is famous and fashionable, its popularity largely due to the favor of that section of the "smart set" which prefers an inland watering place more select than Saratoga. Its chief avenue is lined with hotels. There are in and near the town the summer homes of many wealthy folk. Golf links have made demands upon near-by fields. East Indian gymkhana races and a horse show hold forth at the fair grounds. Wheelmen and wheelwomen spin around Lake Canadar-

ago. Tallyhos and stylish traps dispute the roads with them and with those in the saddle. An orchestra plays many numbers daily at the Earlington, and in other ways it is evident that wealth and elegance dominate, at least in the summer.

Yet with all this, the farmer has not been elbowed out. His hay wagon or his carryall jogs in review past the Earlington's porch parties side by side with the fine coach or drag, while his hopfields and his cornfields are set over against the millionaire's lawn or handsome home. Indeed, you are hardly out of sight of the hotels before you are in a land of farm-workers.

I might enjoy life here at Richfield were I a cottager, but I am not so sure about an extended stay at the hotels. The waters are so widely praised as of value in cases of rheumatism, gout, neuralgia and diseases of the blood and liver that many evident sufferers are here. Even though they may be of one's own set and warm friends, their presence, it seems to me, cannot help but act as a damper upon the general gayety.

The bathing establishment affords an interesting study of the approved methods of treating these health seekers. There are pulverization, inhalation, douche, vapor and massage rooms, Turkish and Russian baths, sun baths, electric baths and a large swimming pool of sulphur water. So that, if you choose, you can get saturated with sulphur externally and internally before you leave.

If you have a woman friend whom you have reason to believe employs artificial aids in her toilet, advise her to stay away from Richfield. Sulphur, you know, oxidizes metallic cosmetics and the appearance of the cheeks under such circumstances is scarcely beautiful. Similar tricks are played with one's jewelry.

The estate of the late Cyrus H. McCormick, of Chicago, who made millions by inventing agricultural implements, is on the eastern slope of Sunset Hill, north of the town. Richard Croker has a stock farm near here, on which his family have been dwelling this summer while the Tammany

leader has been abroad or busy in fixing up political slates.

Lake Canadarago is a favorite place for drives, canoe and steamboat trips and fish and game suppers. It is a pretty sheet, though not to be compared with Otsego. In the centre is a wooded island. A legend saith that a corresponding island once stood a short distance away, but that the wrath of the Almighty suddenly sank it because a Mohawk healing prophet who dwelt on it became so puffed with pride as to proclaim himself the "twin brother of the Great Spirit."

I have spoken of the drives to Cullenwood, to Lake Canadarago and to Mount Otsego, but have said not a word of one of the most noted—that to the east past two pretty little "Twin Lakes," through the village of Springfield, at the head of Otsego Lake, over into the historic Cherry Valley and on beyond for seven miles to Sharon Springs. The road followed is the old State turnpike to Albany from the western counties. To Cherry Valley is 15 miles. From Cooperstown to Cherry Valley is about the same distance.

Sharon is a watering place whose glory as a summer resort has given way to popularity as a sanitarium. It has sulphur springs like those of Richfield, and also chalybeate and magnesia springs. It has all the water-cure treatments in vogue at Richfield and, in addition, one may take mud baths, pine needle baths and the Father Kneipp cure. These people the hotels with invalids. Formerly Sharon was a favorite place for wealthy German and Hebrew citizens and was known as "the Baden-Baden of America."

Half way between Sharon and Cherry Valley the road passes around the north or outer side of Prospect Mountain, and we got grand valley views. The Mohawk Valley lay spread out 1,700 feet beneath us for an east and west distance of fully 80 miles, shut in on the north by the Adirondacks. It was a panorama different from that of Mount Otsego, yet equally fine.

I never think of Cherry Valley without recalling the delicate compliment of Willis when he said it was "La Vallee Cherie." It

is, indeed, a pretty and romantically situated valley, famed for the terrible massacre on November 11, 1778, when Joseph Bryant and his Indians with fire and the tomahawk spread ruin and desolation through the infant settlement, killing in all 48 persons, many of them women and children. In the village cemetery the bones of the slain were later collected and there a small monument has been erected to their memory. In the centre of the village is another monument, put up to recall those of Cherry Valley who died in the Civil War.

Cherry Valley was the first settlement in this whole region. It was started in 1740 by John Lindesay, a Scotch gentleman of some fortune. In the first half of this century it was noted in New York State as the residence of a coterie of famous lawyers and politicians. Prof. Samuel F. B. Morse worked out much about his telegraph here. The late Douglas Campbell, the historian, was born here. Rev. Solomon Spalding, reputed author of the "Book of Mormon," and Rev. Eliphalet Nott, the distinguished president of Union College, were among the early principals of Cherry Valley Academy.

Two miles north of the village is Te-ka-ha-ra-nea falls, where a small brook falls 160 feet. Cherry Valley White Sulphur Springs are not far away. Cherry Valley creek, after a southwest course of 16 miles, contributes its mite to the Susquehanna.

Our little excursions in this region are ended now. Tomorrow morning we return to Cooperstown to start down the Susquehanna.

VI.

THRO' THE HOP COUNTRY.

AFTON, CHENANGO COUNTY, N. Y., Aug. 20.—Before our departure from Coopers-town today a last visit was paid to the beginning of the Susquehanna, where the waters of Lake Otsego glide into the narrow channel which by and by expands to become a mighty river.

So pretty was the spot that we were loath to leave it, though imagining well how much awaited us in the next 400 miles. Standing long on the bridge which is thrown across the stream a couple of hundred feet from the lake, we gazed down upon as pretty a brook vista as can be seen anywhere. Leafy trees and bushes overhung the water in profusion, and some grew quite in midstream, with their roots clinging to mossy rocks. The water was so calm and clear as to reveal, with the aid of a friendly sun, the charms of the river bottom, and the stream seemed to us to have a mood akin to ours, unwilling to leave the "Glimmerglass" for an onward hurry to the Chesapeake. The whole scene was one of sylvan quiet, especially appreciated by most visitors because only a minute's walk from the noise of Coopers-town's main street.

The river has the same placid beauty here at Afton, 54 miles below Coopers-town. We saw it grow as we traveled with it, saw it gradually spread from a width of 40 feet to one of 300 feet. Yet, though it has frequently been stirred up by dams and millraces, and has received the waters of various turbulent and noisy brooks, it still seems content to be serene on a summer day and passes quietly beneath the white suspension bridge which is but a short walk from the centre of this pretty village. From

the bridge the banks present the same picture of overhanging trees as at Cooperstown, though the wider river substitutes a lake background for the brook vista up above.

The river valley from Cooperstown has the same characteristics as the stream itself. Hemmed in by high uplands on each side, it offered us a series of peaceful, pleasing scenes. The high, bounding hills leave an interval of a mile to a mile and a half. The hillsides have been largely allowed to remain wooded, but often tracts have been "cleared" for crops or cattle, and we saw many cows browsing in the midst of tree stumps far above the river. The rich lands on the levels adjoining the river banks showed fine crops, and the general well-being of the farmers was evidenced by their neat homes and filled barns. The whole region is noted for its dairying and stock raising rather than for its farm products.

A succession of just such pretty villages as Afton broke in upon the farm scenery and made interesting stopping points for our train. Streets with arching trees gave glimpses of well-ordered lawns and pretty homes. Some of the latter showed us where modern ideas had brought in the Queen Anne type of dwelling, but mostly they were of the two-storied, comfortable-looking type general in Central New York, usually painted white, with green blinds.

These villages occurred with regularity every three or four miles—Milford, Portlandville, Colliersville, Oneonta, Otego, Wells Bridge, Unadilla, Sidney, Bainbridge and Afton. They all have flour-mills, sawmills and small factories and are all typical villages save Oneonta and Sidney. These two have been pushed ahead by railroad industry, the former decidedly more than the latter.

Two railroads link these various Susquehanna villages and towns, and have contributed largely to their growth in the last 30 years. From Cooperstown to Colliersville, 16 miles, we were carried by the Cooperstown and Charlotte Valley Railroad, a small road whose building was due to the former progressive spirit of Coop-

erstown citizens. Then we met the Albany and Susquehanna division of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad, which strikes the Susquehanna at Colliersville, where the river bends to the southwest, and runs with the river to Nineveh, below Afton, where it aims across to Binghamton. It is part of a short through route from Boston to the West, and has frequent "flyers" and fast trains. Its course is mainly on the west bank of the river.

The trip from Cooperstown as far as Oneonta was emphatically a journey through the hop country. This is the hop-picking season and the groups at work amid myriads of tall poles added zest to our sightseeing. Sometimes hundreds of acres were given up to the picturesque hop vines, while every farm owner along the river had at least an acre or two.

The hopfields were very inviting. During the summer the green and leafy vines had crept up the myriads of poles and across interlacing strings until the rows before being picked seemed like a vast festoon, an idyllic contribution to some great harvest festival. They were so charming as to make me appreciate the spirit of the writer who said there is "flippancy in the name and nature of the vine, as gay and debonair to the end it tosses its light sprays." All of which is quite foreign to the thought of another, a temperance moralist, who turned his head away when traversing these fields and tried to avoid the "sleepy aroma of the sun-steeped hops," because it made him "ashamed" that such pretty vines should be intended for "the base uses of the makers of beer."

Five counties here in Central New York produce one-half of the 50,000,000 pounds of hop used in this country or exported abroad. Cooperstown and Oneonta are the chief trade centres for that part of the region around and below Lake Otsego. The time for picking is when the tiny cones on the vines lose their green and take on a yellow tinge that distinguishes them from the green of the fig-like leaves. This usually occurs in the latter part of August.

Hop-picking is a season for frolic as well as work. The hop-raiser needs much help

to get his crops gathered before they get too ripe, and even if he has but one or two acres planted with the vines, he can make use of a score or more persons, while on some of the larger farms as many as 1,000 or 1,200 persons find temporary employment.

Fifty years ago the country folk had the frolic to themselves. Harvesting was over and there was nothing to hinder the hop fields from becoming centres of merriment and neighborhood reunions. Nowadays the rustic workers find themselves elbowed by young men, young women or whole families from Albany or Troy, or even from New York. In fact, it has become as customary for working people of those cities to "go a hopping" at this season as for members of another section of society to go to seaside or mountains, and for similar reasons—relaxation and health.

The armies of hop-pickers live in rough barracks or tents on the farms of their employers, often bringing their own cooking utensils and bedding and having a genuine outing. The scenes which take place in and around these farm encampments recall in many ways the large truck farms near great cities during the berry-picking season. Many restraints are thrown off and there is for the time being a perfect indifference to most of the usages and conventions of civilization. In fact, this gypsy life has led to many grave discussions of morality and to various plans for attempting to check the coarser elements of the frolic. Some hop-raisers have gone to considerable expense to provide adequate accommodations and prevent the crowding which so often prevails in these farm tenements. Others have laid down stringent rules for the conduct of their employes. I am informed, however, that the really disreputable class is a weak minority among the hop-pickers, and is largely made up of "tramps."

When the day's work is done the encampments are stirred with life. Many are busy getting supper, and camp fires or slender chimneys send up smoke against the sunset, while the clatter of dishes is intermingled with laughter and chaffing

and discussions of the day's work. When night falls the scene is still more picturesque, for the orange light of the outdoor fires adds gorgeous color tints to the sun-browned faces. Presently the younger folk begin a dance, usually in a vacant corner of the house used for drying hops. This is kept up until an hour when it is almost unnecessary to go to bed before beginning another day's work. The side-steps and flourishes and the style of waltzing would doubtless convulse the soul trained only in Professor So-and-So's select academy in a big city, but the merriment and good-nature of the dancers show how they enjoy it.

That is one side of the picture. A day in the fields shows the other. Men work ahead of the pickers down the long avenues of poles, cutting the vines to some feet from the ground and loosening them from the strings and poles, so that it will be an easy matter for the pickers, who work seated around boxes or bins, to get the hops from off the vines without letting the leaves and stems fall in. When the boxes or bins are full they are measured, credit given to the pickers, the hops emptied into huge bags and carted off to the drying house or kiln. Thus the whole field is an animated scene, the different groups vying with each other to work ahead in their particular rows, and laughing and chatting as they push onward, stripping the field. To keep off the noonday sun many sit beneath temporary canvas awnings.

A field picked over is probably a more dispiriting sight than any other harvesting picture. The poles and strings have been stripped of festoons, hop and leaf. The ground has been trampled down, and on it are many withered and withering branches and stems, torn down to pluck the only marketable bit, and entirely ruining the charm of the field before the invasion.

The hop fields were not the only places to attract us in coming here from Cooperstown. Five miles south of Cooperstown is Hartwick Seminary, a Lutheran theological school in a little village, with a history of 84 years. Its founder was John

Christopher Hartwick, a native of Saxe-Gotha, Germany, a man of much talent, but also of much eccentricity. Coming to this country to take charge of a Lutheran congregation on the Hudson, he soon gave this up and began a wandering life through several colonies. One of the results of his travels was his purchase from the Mohawk Indians of a big tract in and around what is now the seminary. When he died, in 1796, he left his property for the education of young men for the ministry. The bequest was used privately until 1815, when the seminary was started. The present value of its buildings is about \$30,000, and of its endowment about \$35,000, so that its sphere is necessarily much contracted.

Indian stories by the dozen are told by those familiar with this upper portion of the Susquehanna. Near Colliersville, for instance, was an Indian village. Where Schenevus creek joins the river Col. John Harper surprised a party of Indians about to attack his settlement of Harpersfield. Where Charlotte river and the Susquehanna meet was the home of "Murphy, scout and Indian terror," a backwoodsman whose rifle made him a noted man. The town of Oneonta was once the Indian village of Onahrieton. Otego was an Indian orchard and burial place, and half a mile below Wells' Bridge there are still traces of a lead mine which was worked by the Indians.

A most important historical interest attaches to Sidney, or Sidney Plains, 43 miles below Cooperstown, at the junction of the Unadilla river. It was, during the Revolution, the headquarters for the predatory incursions of that noted Indian leader, Joseph Brant, or Thayendeaga. Historians have proven that Brant was here when he was accused of directing the massacre at Wyoming, and here General Herkimer had an important but fruitless conference with him in July, 1777. Brant had made demands for cattle and provisions upon the infant settlement which had been begun here in 1773 by Rev. William Johnston, the white pioneer of the Upper Susquehanna. General Herkimer marched here

with a regiment of militia, was met by Brant, tried to persuade him to join the Revolutionists instead of the British, and was refused menacingly and curtly. A violent storm broke up the conference.

Near the town of Sidney is an old Indian fort, about three acres in extent, inclosed by mounds of earth and surrounded by a ditch.

Sidney is the point where the New York, Ontario and Western Railroad crosses the Susquehanna Valley. This makes the town an important shipping centre for freight, especially dairy products. It is 200 miles from New York city.

Oneonta is a town of rapid growth. Thirty years ago it had 1,000 persons, now it has 10,000. The Delaware and Hudson Railroad has done this largely by locating its shops here and by making it a division headquarters where 500 trainmen start out on their work. Many manufactures have sprung up, among them a piano works, and the enterprise of its business men has won for the town a State Normal School, housed in a large brick pile at the west end of Maple street and now beginning its eleventh year.

The town bids fair to have more opportunities for growth in the near future, as it is to become the western terminus of the Ulster and Delaware Railroad, which runs through the heart of the Catskills from Rondout. Its present terminus is Bloomville, but it is expected to be operating to Oneonta by December.

Collis P. Huntington, the railroad magnate, was born in Oneonta, and his sumptuously furnished private car, Otsego, was sidetracked at the station, as he is now on a visit to relatives residing there.

The high hills across the river from Otego used to be called "Johnson's Dreamland," and it is related that an Indian chief known as Hendricks was forced to give them to Sir William Johnson, the noted Indian agent, in this manner: Hendricks told Sir William one day that he had the night before dreamed that Sir William had given him a certain flashy suit of clothes. Sir William gave the clothes to the chief, but in a few weeks

he, too, had his dream, and he told Hendricks that he had dreamed that Hendricks had given him a deed to this tract. The Indian grunted, signed the deed, and presently said: "Me no dream no more."

Afton and Bainbridge were both what is known as "Vermont Sufferers' Lands," granted by New York to recompense those who had vainly upheld New York's share of the border warfare over the Green Mountain State. Descendants of many of the first settlers still live on the old farms.

Afton is a healthy place and has a constantly growing stream of summer visitors. There are several pretty walks and drives from the village, as we found today. Four miles southeast on a stage road to Deposit is Vallonia Springs, whose hotel has many boarders in the "heated term." The waters contain sulphur, magnesia and iron, are strongly prophylactic and are efficient in cutaneous diseases. Personally we found the water much more palatable than that at Richfield, because less strong.

One mile north of Afton is Afton Lake, a circular sheet of water covering about 40 acres. It has no apparent inlet or outlet, but as it is near the Susquehanna and 30 feet above it, it probably drains underground into the river. Its wooded shore is a favorite place for picnics.

Glen Afton is a pretty spot, romantic but not requiring much exertion to see its beauties. It is about half a mile long, with rocky cliffs rising from 40 to 60 feet above a little creek. In some places one has to step on rocks in the stream, in others to pass along a shelf in the side of the cliff. The creek is one which wanders through the upper end of the village, and is called Bump's creek, after a pioneer settler.

I have always thought Afton a romantic name, and mentally praised the Aftonians for selecting it. But an old lady today gave me a different story. "We used to belong to Bainbridge," she said, "and when we separated we determined to be ahead on all alphabetical lists by having a name beginning with an A." That's not so romantic.

VII.

WHERE MORMONISM BEGAN.

BINGHAMTON, BROOME COUNTY, N. Y., Aug. 22.—It is very easy for me to comprehend now why people fall so naturally into the belief that the Indians named this river Susquehanna because that meant "long, crooked stream." We have just come around the so-called "Great Bend."

The Delaware and Hudson Railroad, which leaves the Susquehanna below Nineveh and heads for Binghamton by a more direct path, gets here in 20 miles; while the river, continuing southward from Nineveh, enters Pennsylvania for a few miles, then suddenly sweeps around to the northwest, passes the towns of Susquehanna and Great Bend and to reach Binghamton requires 40 more miles than did the railroad surveyors.

If you will look at any map of New York and Pennsylvania you will see that there are two "greater bends" than the one which we have just traversed. After continuing west from Binghamton for forty miles the Susquehanna is joined by its largest tributary, the Chemung, and there turns sharply to the southeast, leaving New York State for good and making for the coal town of Pittston, where there is again a sharp bend to the southwest, after which the last sharp bend is made at Northumberland, 80 miles from Pittston. Northumberland is the point where the West Branch comes into the main stream and below there the united river flows in a general southeasterly direction past Harrisburg and on to the Chesapeake bay.

From a point east of Binghamton across Pennsylvania to Pittston, as the birds would fly, is not more than 40 miles, while the wide western sweep of the river makes

its curve at least 150 miles. Again from Athens, at the coming in of the Chemung, south to Northumberland, at the coming in of the West Branch, is 70 miles by air line. By the river it is 150. These are broader bends than the one up above here, but were probably not as evident to the generation which named the first.

From Afton as far as the town of Susquehanna we were in a region abounding in scenes in the early career of Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism. At Afton he attended a district school and was later tried for fraud. At Nineveh he held the first meetings of those whom he had converted. Near Susquehanna was the home of the young woman whom he married, and in an outbuilding upon her father's farm he "translated" the Book of Mormon from his "golden plates."

The stories which have been handed down concerning his operations along the Susquehanna are not tinged by any reverence for him or his creed. Most of them are centred around certain clairvoyant powers which he claimed to exercise in finding buried treasure. He operated by means of a mysterious stone, described as being about the size of an egg, of the shape of a shoe, and of an irregular green hue, with brown spots on it. This stone he covered with his hat and held in front of his face and in that way claimed to be able to see things denied to others. Many farmers in the Susquehanna Valley were deluded into spending considerable sums in digging for the gold which Smith pretended to see, but which was never found, either because of some "powerful enchantment" or because the diggers had violated the prophet's injunction and not kept a still tongue.

On a farm on the north side of the river a little west of Susquehanna there is a big hole, perhaps 20 feet deep and 150 feet in circumference. This was the chief spot of Smith's digging, though he persuaded other parties to work in other places. In this big venture he interested Oliver Harpur, a well-known farmer of Harpursville, N. Y. A straggling Indian

had told Smith, so he said, there was a treasure buried there, and with the aid of his "seeing stone" he so aroused Harpur's cupidity that the latter "put up" liberally, and 14 men were employed to dig, working night and day in relays. After awhile Harpur became discouraged, but "Joe" declared there was an enchantment about the place which could only be removed by killing a perfectly white dog and sprinkling its blood over the ground. A white dog could not be found, so Smith suggested that a white sheep might do, and the digging was continued. Of course, nothing was found, but Smith plausibly got out of it by saying that he was sure the Almighty was displeased with them for trying to palm off a white sheep as a white dog. When the digging stopped Harpur had put in all about \$2,000 into this "hole in the ground."

Not far from the scene of the digging was the homestead of Smith's wife. Her father was Isaac Hale, who had settled there as early as 1787 and who for 50 years was noted as a hunter. Smith boarded at the Hale home while directing Harpur's digging, and not long after asked permission to marry Emma Hale. This was refused, but in February, 1826, the couple eloped, and for three years thereafter Smith made his home with Hale, much to the latter's disgust.

Shortly after his marriage Smith showed his father-in-law a box which he said contained "a wonderful book on golden plates." He had not then, it appears, conceived his subsequent statements that an angel had appeared to him and revealed the place where the plates were buried, on a hill in Manchester, N. Y. He had brought the box to Hale's home from his former home in Palmyra, N. Y. To all who betrayed a curiosity to see the plates he explained that the first to look at them should be a young child. This angered Hale, who ordered Smith to remove the box from his house. It is said the box was then concealed in a woods on the farm. In a few months Smith began to translate the book. This was done in a

little building which Hale had used for dressing deerskins. It is now the rear end of an old farmhouse on the hillside opposite Susquehanna. Smith sat behind a blanket to keep the sacred records from profane eyes and dictated to Oliver Cowdery or to Martin Harris, who had come under his influence. Harris sold his farm to pay for the publication in 1829. This act reduced his family to beggary and aroused the ire of his more sensible neighbors.

It was said by some that Smith read his golden plates by his "seeing stone," held in his hat, just as when he was looking for buried treasure. But by others we are first told of those wonderful spectacles, the Urim and Thummim, transparent stones in silver bows, said to have been found with the plates.

Smith's first proselytes were gathered together on the farm of one of the most zealous of them, near the Susquehanna, and between Nineveh and Centre Village. The stock of Mormon bibles was kept in a nearby barn. The credulity with which his doctrines were received by some is shown by testimony given in his favor when he was arrested for fraud in Afton. Three witnesses said they had seen him cast out devils. They "saw a devil as large as a woodchuck leave the man and run across the floor like a yellow dog."

On a certain Sunday Smith announced that he would walk on the waters of the Susquehanna near Nineveh. A large crowd assembled and to the amazement of the unbelievers the feat was accomplished. Smith announced a second performance for the following Sunday, started out boldly upon the water, but suddenly went down, to his great chagrin. A mischievous boy had removed one of a lot of planks which had been laid about six inches below the surface.

With Nineveh as his headquarters Smith continued active solicitations in various parts of New York for a year. In January, 1831, directed, as he said, by revelation, he led the whole body of believers to Kirtland, Ohio, which was to be the

seat of the New Jerusalem. The subsequent development of Mormonism is a part of this country's history.

When Smith and his followers became a political and religious issue in the West, his opponents came to the Susquehanna Valley and revived many recollections in order to procure affidavits showing how Mormonism had started here. Even now there are those weak-minded enough to put faith in his tales of buried treasure and within a few years diggings have been made.

Our trip from Afton to Binghamton was a broken one. A division of the D. and H. Railroad carried us amid an attractive farming country and through Nineveh, Centre Village and Windsor to the little village of Lanesboro, whence in a lumbering stage we passed around the river's really majestic bend and to the town of Susquehanna. There an Erie train was boarded for Binghamton.

The scenery about the bend is bold and romantic. The river, prevented by hills from continuing southward, turns around the base of a spur of the Alleghanies. Susquehanna is built upon the side of a steep hill, so abrupt that the town is sometimes called the "City of Stairs." On the opposite side the village of Oakland is similarly situated. A dozen other hills and peaks can be seen shutting in the valley. Most of them are steep and rugged and some are made even more forbidding by the exposure of their rocks through quarrying. Two miles to the east is Lanesboro, its houses quite overshadowed by the Starucca Viaduct, a noble work of stone masonry, built half a century ago to aid in bringing the Erie road down into the Susquehanna Valley from the high hills which lie between there and the Delaware. The tracks are laid upon 18 arches, supported upon 19 piers of solid masonry 110 feet in height and extending across Starucca creek and valley a distance of 1,200 feet. Near the viaduct an excursion resort has been located in a pleasant grove by the riverside, and thither the railroad brings many picnickers. The river is beau-

tiful there, and its charms are more fully set forth from a little steamer.

The town of Susquehanna—which now has 5,000 dwellers—is an outgrowth of the Erie road, which located immense shops there. These shops cost nearly \$2,000,000 and occupy eight acres. When the site was first selected, in 1848, it was a farm whose owner had hard work to prevent the encroachments of rattlesnakes. Today Susquehanna is a strikingly busy railroad centre, the great shipping point for the coal of extreme Northeast Pennsylvania. A dozen yard tracks parallel the main lines for a couple of miles and thousands of empty and loaded freight cars are upon them. Engines puff and snort all day long as they tug away at long trains, and black dirt abounds.

The valley from there to Binghamton has a rugged character, quite different from the fertile valleys in which we had traveled with the Susquehanna thus far. The hills close in upon the river forbiddingly, and their sides seem to say to the farmers, "Don't dare touch me!" This warning has been fairly well heeded. Of course, there is the village of Great Bend and several hamlets, but they are in favored spots.

The vicinity of Windsor village abounds in Indian memories. The rugged mountains on both sides of the river are known as Oquago or Ouaquaga. (There are 50 ways of spelling it.) Here the Six Nations had a village from the time they were first known to the colonists. It was a sort of outpost whence they could command the approach to their stronghold from south or southeast. A war colony was placed here at the outbreak of the Revolution and the spot was strongly fortified and fixed up. When it was learned that the Indians were collecting there in large numbers Col. John Harper was sent by Congress to try to pacify them. He reached Oquago on February 27, 1777, and had a friendly conference with the red men, who told him they did not intend to join the British against the colonists. Brant was not there then. When he did come there was a different tale to tell, for Oquago became and continued a general rendezvous for Indians

and Tories. Most of the invasions into the Schoharie and Mohawk settlements, as well as those upon the frontiers of Ulster and Orange counties, were engineered from Oquago.

A couple of miles below Windsor, Tuscarora creek recalled the interesting history of that North Carolina tribe which, after having been thrashed by the militia of that colony in 1722, migrated northward and for some reason was soon adopted into the Iroquois confederation, making the sixth nation. During their period of probation the Tuscaroras were assigned a residence almost in the big bend of the Susquehanna, where an eye could be kept on them by their new brothers.

The valley all through there abounds in Indian relics and trinkets, human bones, pits of charred corn, wigwam poles and an immense quantity of stone clippings. On the west side of the river piles of stones define an Indian trail across the hills to Binghamton.

In 1754 Rev. Gideon Hawley, a protege of the famous Jonathan Edwards, began a mission at Oquago under the patronage of Sir William Johnson. Edwards had a son of 9 years, named for himself, who had shown much precocity in mastering the language of the Housatonic Indians at Stockbridge, Mass. In 1755 the boy was sent by the father to join Hawley, that he might also learn the Iroquois tongues and become qualified to be a missionary among them. Owing to the disturbances of the French and Indian War, Hawley had to abandon this pioneer of Indian missions, and young Edwards returned to Stockbridge. He became president of Union College.

Another noted New Englander is in a measure identified with the Susquehanna below Oquago, though much more of a prominent figure in the Valley of Wyoming. I refer to Col. Timothy Pickering, who was Washington's Secretary of State. He had large tracts of land where Lanesboro now is, and in 1800 he settled a son upon them. The son aroused the ire of his father by marrying a girl of the then back-

woods, but Colonel Pickering so far relented that in 1807, when the son died, he took the widow and her little children to his Massachusetts home. The son is buried in Lanesboro.

North of Colonel Pickering's land and in New York State 60,000 acres were owned by Robert Harpur. He was an Irishman, for some time a professor in Columbia College and from 1780 to 1795 New York's deputy Secretary of State.

In the vicinity of Great Bend there are many localities with Indian traditions—stories which serve to add a touch of romance to the neighborhood. About two miles east of the village the river is quite narrow, with high rocks on each side. The pioneer settlers called the spot "the Painted Rocks" because high upon the face of one of these cliffs and far above the reach of man was the painted figure of an Indian chief. The outlines faded with the years, but the red remained, and people of a later day who knew not the story of the figure called the place "Red Rock," a name which it still bears. How and when the painting was done on a rock apparently inaccessible has been the subject of much mystery and conjecture.

Nearer Great Bend the old inhabitant will point out a lot of gravel in midstream and tell you that once there was a pretty wooded island there, which was used by the Indians for picnics. The brave who could paddle most swiftly around the island was "king of the mummies" for the day, and all had to obey his incitements to sport. At a later period the whites used the spot in the same way, but some mischievous boys in setting fire to driftwood destroyed the grove of trees on the island and the latter gradually sank.

A curious adventure with Indians happened many years ago to a lad whose father had a farm on the river's edge just west of Great Bend. The boy was told by his father to plow up an Indian burying ground on the river flats. The boy obeyed in uneasiness, imagining how he should be tortured if discovered at this work by Indians. There had been none in the neigh-

borhood for many years, but suddenly he heard strange guttural sounds from the river and, peeping through the fringe of bushes, saw two canoes filled with redskins. The fright which seized him may be pictured. It turned out that the Indians had been those who lived thereabouts and had come to demand the lands lying north of the Susquehanna and to the State line. They claimed that this tract of land had not been included in their sale to the Penns., but a copy of the deed, hurriedly procured from Harrisburg, soon proved them wrong.

Great Bend village is set amid many high hills. A mountain called "Manotonomee" or "Miantonomah" is within a few hundred yards. It is a part of the estate of James T. DuBois, Consul-General to Switzerland, who has built on it several quaint summer cottages. The wooded slope also affords a site for the home and studio of D. Arthur Teed, the artist.

George Catlin, the painter who gained fame by his Indian studies, lived in Great Bend in youth. In fact, his earlier years are closely identified with the Susquehanna, for he was born at Wilkesbarre and spent his childhood near Windsor. His biographers say that an inveterate propensity for hunting and fishing found full sway around Great Bend.

As it comes back into New York the river makes a curve of which an early surveyor took advantage in an original fashion. Six farms are in a fan, their outer edges coinciding with the river's curve and all coming to one point upon the State line above Great Bend.

Binghamton has surprised me. I was here a dozen years ago, and the difference is very similar to that which one feels when he meets, as a beautiful creature of 18, glorious in the first flush of womanhood, a girl whom he last knew when she was 15, painfully thin and consciously awkward. For so has Binghamton grown.

VIII.

ALONG THE SOUTHERN TIER.

OWEGO, TIOGA COUNTY, N. Y., Aug. 23.—When the Susquehanna leaves Binghamton it comes west for 40 miles in a singularly beautiful and fertile valley.

The boundary line between New York and Pennsylvania is but a few miles to the south. The river gradually nears it and finally with a curve to the left sweeps across the border into Pennsylvania, taking its final leave of the State which gave it birth. A short distance across the line it is joined by the Chemung, which for many miles has hugged the same State boundary, though in an exactly opposite direction to the Susquehanna, coming as it does from Western New York and Northern Pennsylvania.

The people of the Empire State give the name of the "Southern Tier" to the counties which embrace the valleys of the Chemung and the Susquehanna—Broome, Tioga, Chemung, and Steuben. They are spoken of with pardonable pride, for they are truly rich in resources and influential in the politics and life of the State.

With the valley of the Chemung I have naught to do, but for that portion of the Susquehanna within the "Southern Tier" there can be no other words than those of praise. The country is indeed beautiful. The valley is broad and the hills which bound it north and south, while of fair size, have soft slopes, terminating in wide, table-shaped ridges. The plain between the hills gives room for thousands of fine farms and dairies, while these in turn have made way for growing villages and towns, of which the chief are Binghamton, Owego and Waverly.

The river has by this time attained a size where one may begin to call it majestic. Its water is clear and sparkling and in the sunlight has a silvery sheen, gleaming through green fringes of trees and circling the bright islands which occasionally divide the current. It is, as another has said, "a swift river, singularly living and joyous in its expression." There are charms about it in this portion which make boating and camping delightful in the summer months, while the fishing in suitable seasons is of no mean quality.

The graceful pen of N. P. Willis, who for some years lived here at Owego, was long ago devoted to praising the attractiveness of the Susquehanna. In his "Letters From Under a Bridge" he made thousands familiar with the stream, the fields, the farms, the scenery, the natives of the Owego of that day; he deplored the coming of the canal and of the railroad into the valley, and with especial fervor made picturesque the life of the lumbermen who used to float their rafts by hundreds past his farm.

If you will pardon me, I will quote from Willis his impressions of the Susquehanna on his first visit. With William Henry Bartlett, the English artist, he was preparing an illustrated work on American scenery, and of all the places visited Owego gave the greatest delight. It is evident in this quotation, and it was strong enough to bring him back here to make his home. Said Willis:

There are more romantic, wilder places than this in the world, but none on earth more habitably beautiful. In these broad valleys, where the grain fields and the meadows and the sunny farms are walled in by glorious mountain sides—not obtrusively near, yet, by their noble and wondrous outlines, giving a perpetual and wonderful refreshment and an hourly changing feast to the eye—in these valleys a man's household gods yearn for an altar. Here are mountains that to look on but once "become a feeling"—a river at whose grandeur to marvel—and a hundred streamlets to lace about the heart. Here are fertile fields, nodding with grain; a "thousand cattle" grazing on the hills—here is assembled together in one wondrous centre a specimen of every most loved lineament of nature. Here would I have a home!

This town of Owego has a delightful situation. The little creek which Willis loved breaks through the hills on the north in such fashion as to further widen a valley already broad, and it is evident how the Indian name of Ah-wa-ga, said to mean "Where the valley broadens," came to be applied. The river trends to the north side, as if eager to absorb the smaller stream, and the town lies between the Susquehanna and the foot of a rugged cliff several hundred feet high.

The home of Willis is reached after a drive of two miles to the northwest. It is about a mile from the mouth of the creek. The glen to which he gave his wife's name of Mary is still there, but there have been many changes in 60 years. The bridge under which his letters were written has given place to another of more modern and possibly less picturesque construction. Upon the farther side of the creek is Glenmary Sanatorium, a retreat well known to medical men and invalids. The Willis property forms part of the Sanatorium grounds.

Owego has been the home of other famous men. Senator Thomas C. Platt, the noted Republican "boss," was born here and occupied, at different times, various residences in the town. The last, a substantial cottage, was pointed out to me on Main street. Raphael Pumpelly, a distinguished American geologist, was also born in Owego, and the Rev. Washington Gladden, now widely known as a preacher and writer, set type in an Owego newspaper office in his youth. Pumpelly's father was an intimate friend of Willis and himself a writer.

In Evergreen Cemetery, which is on the hillside above Owego, there is a monument 17 feet high bearing this simple inscription:

SA-SA-NA LOFT.

By birth a daughter of the Forest.

By adoption a child of God.

Sa-sa-na was an Indian girl, who, in 1855, with a brother and a sister, came through the "Southern Tier," giving entertainments to raise funds to translate the Bible into the Mohawk language. She was killed in a railroad accident at Deposit, N. Y.,

and the friends she had made here brought the mangled body to Owego and erected the monument.

Another incident of former times preserved in Owego's annals was the reunion by the banks of the river of a father and a son who had been stolen in boyhood from a town on the Hudson and had been adopted by his Indian captors and lived many years with them in the West. The son was brought to Owego by his adopted parents, and it is said he parted from them with much grief.

Owego in itself is an attractive place, with pretty streets and homes. It is the county town of Tioga county, and the courthouse stands in a green park near the river. There are about 5,000 inhabitants, a goodly trade with the surrounding country, a public library with 5,000 volumes and a number of manufactures. The town also rejoices in a little steamboat, which runs up the river several miles to Big Island, which is beautifully fringed with trees, and so makes a fine picnic spot.

You must not suppose for an instant that Owego in any way rivals Binghamton, which is the metropolis of this tier of counties and which has hopes of controlling the trade of an even wider territory. Binghamton's position, at the junction of the Chenango and Susquehanna rivers, on a plain surrounded by high hills, made it a favored place even in the days of Indian trails, while in later times both turnpikes and railroads were compelled to seek the spot. It is, therefore, an important railroad centre, lying on the Lackawanna and Erie roads, from New York to Buffalo, connected with Albany by the Delaware and Hudson, with Syracuse and Oswego by an important branch of the Lackawanna system and with Utica by another Lackawanna line which traverses the beautiful valley of the Chenango. Formerly a canal by this last route joined the Erie Canal at Utica.

An early start was given to manufacturing enterprise by the water power of both rivers, and as this has been superseded by

steam, the close proximity of the Pennsylvania coal fields still gives the city decided advantages. Hard coal being the fuel used, Binghamton does not have the smoke and dirt so characteristic of other manufacturing places, and for this cleanliness has come to be known as "the Parlor City." This is a sobriquet which to us yesterday seemed applicable in more ways than one. A hundred miles of streets are for the most part broad, beautifully shaded and lined with attractive homes and fine business blocks. Evidences of thrift, prosperity and a buoyant commercial condition were noticed on every hand. Improvements of all kinds have kept pace with the city's rise within the last 25 years; miles and miles of asphalt and brick pavements have been laid, and a large number of business edifices and public buildings have been erected during a comparatively recent period.

Notable among these is a costly and really handsome county courthouse, built of a light-colored stone, which renders it doubly attractive in its newness. It stands on a slight knoll in the centre of a green square in the heart of the city, and in front of it is a monument to the soldiers of Broome county who fell in the Civil War. The new courthouse replaced a stone and brick edifice of fair size, put up 40 years ago, and in a way the change excellently typifies the alteration of Binghamton from a county town into a bright, modern, active and progressive city, destined, according to its friends, to become the chief purveyor of the United States in certain kinds of manufactures.

The making of cigars is the city's leading industry. Millions are invested and several thousand hands employed. I was told that in this trade Binghamton is now surpassed only by New York and Key West. There is also a large beet sugar refinery, and manufactories of leather, boots and shoes, combs, sewing machines, carriages and various kinds of machinery.

The rapid growth of Binghamton may be fancied from this statement of its population. With less than 10,000 when it was incorporated as a city in 1867, it

had 17,000 in 1880 and in the next census decade more than doubled itself, reaching 35,000. Possibly next year it may be 60,000. At any rate, it deserves such figures. The city has grown on both sides of both rivers and, like the very modern city it is, has developed a group of suburban villages and towns which are linked to their parent by trolley lines controlled by a large street railway company.

One of the ways of gauging the interest shown in Binghamton by the surrounding country is the frequency of excursions to the city. In these excursions a point of special attractiveness is Ross Park, which is a tract of upward of 100 acres on the hillside south of the Susquehanna, donated by Erastus Ross, a prominent business man, who became financially involved subsequently to his public-spirited gift. The park possesses pretty drives and walks, romantic ravines and secluded woods, a herd of deer, a menagerie and various amusements for pleasure-seekers. From its highest points it is possible to obtain a panorama of Binghamton and vicinity, a view which is only rivaled thereabouts by that from a tall tower which S. Mills Ely, a wealthy wholesale grocer, has built on the ridge northwest of the city, where it is a conspicuous feature.

Forty-five years ago Binghamton was selected by the New York authorities as the site for an interesting experiment—a State Asylum for Inebriates, where habitual drunkards could be treated and restrained. Friends of the plan claim that the experiment was a success, but at any rate about 20 years later the buildings were converted into a State Asylum for Chronic Insane. They form an imposing group on a hill two miles east and overlooking the Susquehanna at a point near where the city's water is obtained from the river. The chief edifice is 365 feet long, designed in the Tudor castellated type of architecture, with many towers. There are 400 acres of grounds about it.

Binghamton is also the site of the home recently established by the National Association of Commercial Travelers for the

veterans of their class who have no other place to rest in their declining days. The building is nicely situated. Another of the city's charitable institutions is the Susquehanna Valley Home, which has long guarded and educated indigent children.

In its history Binghamton has had three names. The Indians called it O-chenang or Otsiningo, and the first white settlers Chenango Point. Its present name is due to the fact that large tracts of land, including the city's site, were owned by William Bingham, a prominent Philadelphian, and an early Senator from Pennsylvania, whose daughters married the famous English bankers, Henry Baring and his brother, Alexander Baring, afterward Lord Ashburton. The first settlers, who were from New England, had located farther up the Chenango on the west side, but Bingham, largely by liberality in the matter of ground for public buildings, induced a transfer to the tongue of land in the intersection of the two rivers.

In Indian times Binghamton was for some years the site of an alliance of the remnants of several tribes, calling themselves "The Three Nations," and comprising Nanticokes, from the Eastern Shore of Maryland; Mohicans, from Connecticut, and Shawnees, from Pennsylvania. But the region round about was mainly in the possession of the Tuscaroras, who, in 1785, after a long treaty conference at Fort Herkimer, sold it to the State of New York. Together with a great portion of Central New York it was claimed by Massachusetts in virtue of her royal charter, which embraced all the territory between 44° and 48° north latitude "from sea to sea." Massachusetts yielded her claims at the Hartford Convention of 1786, receiving among other things a tract of 230,000 acres near Binghamton, which was shortly sold for \$7,500, about 3 cents an acre.

Daniel S. Dickinson, the statesman and lawyer, was Binghamton's most eminent citizen. He died there in his rural home, called "The Orchard," and is buried in Spring Grove Cemetery, which is in the northwestern suburbs. The New York State Bar Association erected a monument

over his grave. Port Dickinson, a suburb, was named for him.

Many villages dot the Susquehanna Valley from Binghamton to Owego and beyond to where the river leaves New York. Those on the south bank may be called newer than those opposite, for the Lackawanna Railroad on the south side was built many, many years after the old Erie. Both roads cross the Chenango near each other, and stay together as far as Lestershire, three miles from Binghamton. Then the Erie sticks to the north bank, while the Lackawanna crosses to the south side. The Erie passes through Union, 9 miles from Binghamton; Campville, 15 miles, and Hiawatha, 19. Then comes Owego, 22 miles. Beyond to Waverly are Tioga Centre, Smithboro and Barton. The Lackawanna touches Vestal, opposite Union; Apalachin, 14 miles from Binghamton, and Lounsberry, Nichols and Litchfield, beyond Owego. The villages mentioned on the south bank are shipping points for the farmers of Pennsylvania across the border, while those on the north bank serve a similar purpose for farming communities back of them.

From Owego west there are really three railroads along the Susquehanna for 15 miles, as the Lehigh Valley's line from Sayre to Auburn and on to Lake Ontario closely parallels the Erie tracks on the north bank, touching Barton, Smithboro, Tioga Centre and Owego.

In addition to the merit of being pleasantly situated in a delightful valley and beside a noble river—an advantage shared by all—there are special points which attract the traveler to several of these villages. At Lestershire is what is said to be the largest shoe factory in the world, a huge brick building where 1,200 persons are employed. Union, whose charm is enhanced by a picturesque Round Hill on the river bank, was the scene of a skirmish between Indians and the army of General Clinton when he was on his way to join General Sullivan. Vestal was the birthplace of David R. Locke—"Petroleum V. Nasby," the humorist—whose father had a tannery there. Apalachin gave rise to still

greater celebrities, among them Gen. B. F. Tracy, the New York lawyer and former Secretary of the Navy, and also the Rockefellers, the Standard Oil magnates, among the wealthiest of America's multimillionaires. Lounsberry is the centre of a country where many sugar beets are raised.

In the plain between the Susquehanna and the Chemung, above their point of union, are three lively towns. Athens, the oldest and one of much historic importance, lies right in the tongue of the peninsula. North of Athens is Sayre, founded by the Lehigh Valley Railroad and pushed ahead because it is a junction point and the site of large railroad shops. Then farther to the northwest is Waverly, on Cayuta creek. While not exactly a railway town, Waverly owes its being to the Erie road. It is the only one of the trio within the limits of New York. Were it not for this political separation the three towns could easily unite and form a city of no mean size that might in time give Binghamton a push for the supremacy of the "Southern Tier." There are close relations between the people of Athens, Sayre and Waverly; they are linked by trolley and by pleasant drive-ways; and in their variety of factories they have other sympathetic bonds, as well as business rivalries.

Willis, whom I have before quoted, gives a capital description of the junction of the Chemung and the Susquehanna. His imaginative fancy caused him to picture it thus:

"A!" Imagine this capital letter laid on its back and pointed south by east, and you have a pretty fair diagram of the junction of the Susquehanna and the Chemung. The note of admiration describes a superb line of mountains at the back of the Chemung Valley, and the quotation marks express the fine bluffs that overlook the meeting of the waters at Athens. The cross of the letter (say a line of four miles) defines a road from one river to the other, by which travelers up the Chemung save the distance to the point of the triangle, and the area between is a broad plain, just now as fine a spectacle of teeming harvest as you would find on the Genesee.

IX.

LEGENDS OF TWO HILLS.

PITSTON, LUZERNE COUNTY, PA., Aug. 24.—There are two hills beside the Susquehanna which have each been invested with a wealth of legend through Indian tradition and the superstitions and tales of early white dwellers.

Even the Catskills, with their Rip Van Winkle stories, can scarcely rival the mystery of "Spanish Hill," near Athens, nor the romance of Campbell's Ledge, which towers high above Pittston here at the beginning of the Valley of Wyoming. Both offer unusual opportunities for the genius of an Irving, and for their sakes it seems a pity that some one with an imaginative fancy and humor such as his has not recalled their past.

Spanish Hill lies northwest of the town of Athens, nearer the Chemung than the Susquehanna. It stands alone, rises about 200 feet above the plain of the two rivers, is about a mile in circumference, easy of access, and affords a delightful view. The boundary of New York and Pennsylvania runs through its northern side. Willis fancifully described the hill as a round mountain "once shaped like a sugar loaf, but now with a top of the fashion of a schoolboy's hat punched in to drink from." Around the rim of the hill are the remains of fortifications that were old a century ago and whose exact age is the object of much speculation.

A dread of this hill seems to have been universal among the Indian tribes in colonial days, and nothing could induce a red man to ascend it. Their traditions say that a sachem once ventured to the top, but was enveloped in clouds and smoke

and returned with a solemn command from the Spirit of the Mountain that no Indian should dare set foot on it again. It is also said that another chief, a Cayuga, who disobeyed the injunction, was seized by his hair and whirled away by the Great Spirit.

A reasonable theory of the old earthworks is that they were the scene of some terrible bloody battle, possibly between the Iroquois and the Susquehannocks. But Spanish coins are said to have been found there and the hill was known to the red men as Spanish Hill, which would seem to indicate a visit there by whites in America's earliest history. In fact some antiquaries have advanced the theory that Fernando De Soto, the discoverer of the Mississippi, in some way penetrated to this neighborhood in 1540, that Otsego or Onondaga was his "silver-bottomed lake," and that the land of "Saquechama," where he experienced such intense cold, was none other than the Upper Susquehanna.

If not De Soto, why not the buccaneers of the Spanish Main? Other early traditions point their way. It is said when they were driven out of Florida they came up the Chesapeake and the Susquehanna, where they were met by Indians, who drove them to the top of this hill. There they defended themselves by fortifications for months, but were finally starved to death. Tradition, usually prettier than fact, also says they did not perish, but saved themselves in the end by the sacrifice of a Spanish maiden to a Cayuga chief, who guided them to the prairies of the distant West. To make this complete we certainly ought to know the lady's name. Doubtless she was the stolen daughter of some noble Don.

And if not the Buccaneers, why not be more reasonable and fit Spanish Hill in with the adventures of M. de Nonville, a French Governor of Canada, who in 1687 led an army into the Genesee Valley to whip the Iroquois, but was badly beaten, and finally retreated? These fortifications may have been of his construction.

Even the redoubtable Captain Kidd did not dodge Spanish Hill. His buried treasure found shelter there, as well as a thou-

sand other places. In the time of Willis a man hired to plow on the hillside suddenly left his employer and purchased a large farm by nobody-knows-what windfall of fortune. Other men have at various times dug for Spanish gold or buried treasure.

Campbell's Ledge is a bold mountain, commencing here from the union of the waters of the Susquehanna and Lackawanna, and continuing rather abruptly to a rocky, scowling summit, from which there is a splendid view of the Valley of Wyoming to the southwest, that of the Lackawanna to the east and of the Susquehanna to the northwest. At the base of the mountain, nestling close to it, is this thrifty small city of Pittston, a thoroughly genuine coal town.

The Delaware Indian village of Asserughny once stood at the foot of Campbell's Ledge, and the hill was used not only to shelter their wigwams but to kindle their beacon fires in the night hours, as they were wont to be kindled on the Scottish highlands in the days of Bruce and Wallace.

The old inhabitants called the ledge Dial Knob because the exact location of its face north and south enabled noon to be told miles away on a sunlit day. How the designation of Campbell's Ledge came is in doubt. Some say it was named for Thomas Campbell after his poem made Wyoming famous, but others say that the name existed before Campbell's verse was published. Another of the name of Campbell was, it is said, pursued by Indians and ran out on the ledge without knowing where he was. When he saw no way to escape his pursuers, he leaped from the rock rather than allow himself to be taken by them.

It has been handed down from father to son for the last century or more that away in the deep recesses of some glade of Campbell's Ledge is a silver mine of incomputable wealth that was known and operated by the aborigines. The legend runs that a farmer with a family of 14 children was brutally murdered by Indians and only one child, a boy of 14 named David, was spared. He was carried away and

after traveling all night found himself on the summit of a lofty mountain overlooking Wyoming and presumed to be Campbell's Ledge. A temporary halt was made and an old Indian chief, to whom all paid reverence, arose and, advancing a few rods, stooped down and removed a large flat stone, exposing to view a spring. The waters of this were conducted away by a subterranean aqueduct so constructed that if accidentally discovered the waters would seem to come from the reverse direction rather than that from which they really flowed. At the mouth of the spring a roll of bark was placed so as to form a spout and under this the old chief held for some minutes a handkerchief which had belonged to David's mother. The old spring was stirred so as to render it turbid and sandy and when the chief removed the handkerchief it was seen to be completely covered with fine yellow particles resembling gold. These were placed in a stone jar, and after incantations, to prevent any but the rightful owners from discovering the hidden spring, the Indians replaced the rock and continued on their journey, which was only ended six days later at Kingston on the Hudson, where the substance was bartered.

David was ransomed, and in after years related the incident to his children, one of whom, in company with several men, dug out a considerable portion of Campbell's Ledge without finding the secret channel.

Other traditions say that the secret of the mine was obtained by some of the settlers from the Indians by bribery, and the Pennsylvania archives have on record a complaint from the Indians in 1776 that "persons had dug a trench, 44 feet long and 6 feet deep, from which three boat-loads of silver ore were taken away."

The 90 miles of the Susquehanna's course through Northern Pennsylvania from Athens to Pittston is a journey that well repays. Not only is there much of historic importance to be recalled; the scenery is fine. The river pursues a winding course, so much so that it wastes many miles in its tortuous channels. Between Vosburg

and Mehoopany the Lehigh Valley Railroad saves five miles by a single tunnel under a high hill. But there are many river bends which cannot be so avoided and to these the railroad sticks closely, having the beautiful river near at hand and offering a constant succession of picturesque rock and forest views, sometimes merely pleasing by their rustic charm, but more often wild, as becomes the mountainous country.

Instead of following a natural valley, like most rivers, the Susquehanna here breaks through successive ranges of hills, the northern ridges of the Alleghanies. Precipitous escarpments tower hundreds of feet above the stream, while slightly farther back mountains of real grandeur lift their heads. This sort of scenery is entered upon almost as soon as the train crosses the Chemung from Athens, but it finds its boldest expression around Tunkhannock, 23 miles above Pittston. The alternate sections of hills, with their intervening valleys, afford a charming variety of landscape. The rich bottom lands beside the river, especially where the mountain streams come in, are fertile farms. Towns with their white spires occur every half-dozen miles—Towanda, Wyalusing and Tunkhannock are the largest—but when they are out of sight there are many wilder scenes than the fancy would picture in a region settled for more than a century. In fact, with the prevalence of Indian names, it was almost possible to imagine one's self a hardy pioneer, were it not for the fact that one was traveling at the rate of 50 miles an hour on a luxurious train of the Lehigh Valley Road.

This portion of the river has an especial charm for those fond of boating, fishing and camping. We saw several dozen white tents along the banks from Athens to Pittston, and upon the river during the day counted no less than 300 small boats. Most of their occupants were busily engaged in fishing, but some were canoes heading down stream in a way to indicate that they were being used for more than an afternoon's outing. I also saw two comfortable houseboats with jolly parties

aboard. I am told that from Binghamton to Pittston or to Wilkesbarre is a favorite journey for canoe or houseboat. The scenery is certainly beautiful and the river more free from rapids than farther down. I envied the travelers by water.

For the fishermen the river abounds in black bass and Susquehanna salmon or wall-eyed pike, while the trout fishing of the mountain streams is commended. For the man with a gun the hills back of the river furnish rabbits, quail, woodcock, squirrels and grouse. In the wilder portions an occasional deer, bear or wildcat is seen, while those who enjoy fox hunting will find sufficient numbers of these crafty animals to give their hounds plenty of runs.

The Indian history of this part of the river has many singular features. When the white people first began to visit it Athens—then called Diahoga, later Tioga Point—was the foretown of the Iroquois, the southern gate of the Confederacy—its south door, through which, or by the Mohawk, all strangers must apply to enter or be treated as spies and enemies. The Senecas guarded it, and here was stationed a sachem whose business it was to examine visitors. To that point all paths led.

The Indian and Tory forces which were to raid the Valley of Wyoming had Tioga Point for their rendezvous and returned there a month after the massacre. Queen Esther, who figured so notoriously in the massacre, ruled a village on the present site of Milan, three miles below Athens, and many of the Indians in the raiding force came from there. In the autumn of that year Colonel Hartley, with 400 soldiers, went overland from Muncy, on the West Branch, by way of Lycoming and Towanda creeks, and burned the Indian villages at Tioga Point, Queen Esther's Town, Sheshequin and Wyalusing.

In the following summer Tioga Point was the headquarters for Gen. John Sullivan's famous expedition against the Iroquois. Marching up the river bank, from Wilkesbarre, with boats in midstream carrying supplies, he threw up an elaborate breastwork at Tioga Point. Presently he was joined by a brigade under Gen. James Clin-

ton, who had come from Albany by way of Otsego Lake. The united force started up the Chemung. A single battle was fought where the city of Elmira now stands. This was such a signal victory that General Sullivan had little trouble in devastating the Indian strongholds in Central New York. On the return to Tioga Point, where a small force had been left in charge, the entire command embarked on boats and went down to Wilkesbarre. This expedition was important in American history because of its results. It broke the backbone of the Iroquois' power.

In 1790 Tioga Point was again the scene of an interesting historical event. The Indians, true to their alliance, continued to harass the pioneer settlers long after the British had retired into Canada. Col. Timothy Pickering, who figures so prominently in other pages of the Susquehanna's story, was sent to Tioga Point by President Washington. Five hundred Indians accepted his invitation to a conference, among whom the most noted were Red Jacket and Cornplanter. Joseph Brant did not attend and used his influence against the conference, but Colonel Pickering was so far successful in conciliating the Indians that a formal treaty was entered into the following year at Elmira. The site of the big pow-wow in Athens is pointed out behind an Episcopal Church.

Colonel Pickering was greatly aided in pacifying the Indians by the exertions of Matthias Hollenback, subsequently a judge in Wilkesbarre, but most widely known as a trader with big interests. Hollenback had a chain of trading posts or stores up the Susquehanna and across to Niagara, including a large depot at Athens. He had the esteem of every Indian and white pioneer of the then vast wilderness, and even after a fortune had been made he preserved the same simplicity in his habits. He was an intimate friend of that other great American trader, John Jacob Astor, and it is said that a trip which Astor took with him in 1786 up the Susquehanna first opened Astor's eyes to the possibilities of the fur trade of Canada and the Northwest. It is also said that Hollenback

saved Astor's life on this journey. The two were fording a stream, when Astor became dizzy and would have gone under had not his companion hit him under the chin, and cried: "Look up, Astor!"

Other well-known men are associated with Athens. Charles Carroll of Carrollton, last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, owned much land there. Stephen Foster, the writer of plaintive negro melodies, attended the Athens Academy. Col. Ethan Allen, the Green Mountain hero, lived there for some months, having been persuaded by Col. John Franklin to take a hand in the later stages of the bloody contest which was waged by Pennsylvania and Connecticut for the possession of Wyoming Valley and all this part of the Susquehanna. Colonel Franklin, who was the leader of those who held Connecticut titles, actually dreamed of making a separate State out of Northeastern Pennsylvania and induced Allen and other makers of Vermont to settle with him for that purpose. After the struggle was ended, Franklin, who had taken part in many adventures and had been in prison in Philadelphia, settled down on his property at Athens and lived in quiet to a good old age.

The appropriation of classical names for American towns leads sometimes to amusing results. Thus it is possible, in 10 miles, to travel from Athens to Milan and from Milan to Ulster. Further down the Susquehanna, below Sunbury, it is possible within an hour to cross the water from Liverpool to Halifax. The latter is a joke my grandfather never failed to repeat when traveling by the two towns.

Ulster is the centre of the old Indian district of Sheshequin. The present village of Sheshequin is on the east side of the river, but the Indian wigwams were on the Ulster side. Sheshequin, or Sheshequanink, means "a place of rattles," which gives an inkling of the vast number of rattlesnakes which formerly infested the entire region. General Sullivan's army had a pleasant camp here, and many of his soldiers returned to settle the neighborhood after the Revolution. During the war the wild nature of the region made it a fairly

secure place for Tories, but the many who flocked there were gradually weeded out by the patriots.

At Ulster we first began to see fine fields of tobacco, which is becoming a leading crop of Northern Pennsylvania. There we also noticed the first of a long series of bluestone quarries (for sidewalks and steps). Similar quarries occurred in the valley every mile or so of the 50 to Tunkhannock. It is an important industry of the river towns and villages.

Near the mouth of Sugar creek, a few miles above Towanda, are the remains of what appears to be an ancient fortification, which, from its construction and from the relics found in it in former times, would indicate that it was made by a people prior to the Indians, and probably the mound-builders. There were formerly traces of similar fortifications in Wyoming and Lackawanna Valleys. One of them had a tree growing on it at least 700 years old. In other words, this fort was abandoned before Peter the Hermit began the Crusades.

I said of Binghamton the other day that its prosperity was, in a measure, indicated by the erection of a fine new courthouse. The same is true of Towanda, which is the county seat of Bradford county. The dome of a handsome new building of light-colored stone rises near the river and is the most conspicuous object in the town, which lies mainly at the base of a bluff on the west side of the river, where the latter makes a broad bend. The Lehigh Valley's main line crosses to the east bank, just above Towanda, and continues on that side to Pittston, but another branch strikes off from Towanda through the mountains, near Ganoga and Harvey's Lakes and down to Wilkesbarre.

Towanda is a thriving as well as a handsome place. It has superior advantages for manufactures, as hard and soft coal of the finest quality are both abundant in the mountains a few miles back, while deposits of iron ore are not far away. Millions of tons of coal are shipped annually from the Barclay, Leroy and Bernice and other mines of Bradford and Sullivan counties. There are foundries, planing-mills, an ex-

tensive toy factory and piano, carriage and furniture factories. There is also a large trade with the farming sections of these counties in poultry and dairy products. Stages run to a number of inland towns. In these and other ways Towanda has had attractions sufficient to give it a population of 5,000.

The Susquehanna Valley Institute, in Towanda, is a flourishing school, founded in 1850 by Presbyterians.

Towanda is said to signify the "place of burial." This name arose from an act performed by the Nanticoke Indians. Some years after they had been driven up the Susquehanna by the encroachments of Maryland colonists on the Eastern Shore they returned to those ancestral homes, brought away the bones of their forefathers and reinterred them here at Towanda. Their burying ground is a little above the mouth of Towanda creek.

David Wilmot, author of the famous Wilmot proviso, forbidding slavery in the territories acquired from Mexico, was a lawyer and judge of Towanda, where his partner was Galusha A. Grow, another eminent son of Pennsylvania. Wilmot lies buried in a pretty cemetery on the bluff overhanging the town, and on his tomb is inscribed the words of his celebrated suggestion: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever exist in any part of said territory except for crime, whereof the party shall first be duly convicted."

John T. Trowbridge, the novelist, in a little record of travel humorously called "A Carpet Bagger in Pennsylvania," speaks with delight of Towanda, calling it "a bright, brisk child of the hills, lying in the lap of a lovely valley." Continuing, Mr. Trowbridge says:

Mountainous bluffs confront it, mirroring their precipitous lichen-tinted crags and clinging forests (many-hued in autumn) in the river, which here spreads out in a lake-like expanse above the dam and tumbles noisily and foamingly down into a wide-sweeping shallow flood below. Mountains rise behind the town also, with long lines of boundary fence curving like belts over their ample shoulders. The checkered farms, dark squares of plowed land and brown pastures and gray stub-

ble fields, contrasting with the delicate green squares of tender young wheat—clothe their giant forms in true highland plaids. Agriculture has shaven these hills to their very crowns, leaving only here and there a tuft of woods for a scalplock.

Mr. Trowbridge also tells a marvelous snake story. Back on Rattlesnake Mountain, he says, there lived an old man who became convinced that rattlers could be sold at a profit to menageries, and so collected a large number of them in the attic of his hovel. One dark night he and his wife were awakened by sounds, and became convinced that the snakes had found a crack in the ceiling and were dropping down into his bedroom. Their lamp was some distance from the bed, but by pushing his bare feet carefully, so as not to anger the reptiles, the man made a light and saw the floor full of the slimy things, while others were each moment dropping from above. The rest of the night was spent in collecting and securely penning the assortment, and the next day they were shipped down the Susquehanna in a big box labeled "Glas Handl With Cair." Strange to say, the old man had shrewdly hit upon a good thing and got a large price for the lot.

Wysox, which is five miles below Towanda, and the name of which is said to signify "canoe harbor," was the scene of an exploit prominent in the pioneer annals of the Susquehanna. Moses Van Campen had been captured at his home, near Danville, by a party of nine redskins. When they were encamped for the night, at Wysox, Van Campen freed himself from his bonds, released three fellow-captives—two boys and an Irishman—and, with their aid, tomahawked and scalped four savages, badly wounded three and forced the other two to flee. Subsequently, Van Campen braggingly enlarged upon the exploit and to such an extent that by some the story was pronounced a lie and Van Campen an American Munchausen.

After passing Standing Stone, near a great stone in the river, which was a landmark for the Indians, and Homet's Ferry, where our attention was attracted to a horse disporting in midstream with water up to his neck, we were soon in the midst

of a region of much interest to students of history. On a large fertile plain at Wyalusing was the famous Moravian Indian mission Friedensshutten (Huts of Peace), and some miles above, on the west bank, was a colony of French noblemen, driven from their country by the excesses of the revolution of 1792.

A large tract of land was bought there for these emigres by Matthias Hollenback, at the request of Robert Morris, the eminent financier, who was a friend of many distinguished Frenchmen. The exiles soon had a lively settlement in the wilds, with a bakery, a brewery, other stores and shops, and steady communication with Philadelphia. It was their hope and ambition to provide a suitable home for Louis XVI and his unfortunate Queen, Marie Antoinette, and for this purpose large buildings were put up some distance back from the river, near the present village of New Era. But, alas! no sooner was the work done than news came that King and Queen had both been guillotined.

The leaders of the colony were: Omer Talon, a Parisian banker, and Louis, Vicomte de Noailles, a brilliant representative of that ancient French family and a brother-in-law of Lafayette, under whom he had served in this country and who selected him to conclude the capitulation of Yorktown. Louis Philippe, subsequently King of France, visited the colony with his brothers, the Duke de Montpensier and the Comte de Beaujolais. Talleyrand, the famous prime minister, spent some time there, as did also the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, who gave an entertaining account of the colony in his volumes of travel.

A romantic story might be told of the privations and sufferings of these exiled noblemen. They were willing enough, but they were not inured to hardships and could not plant a permanent colony in the forests. Some moved to Philadelphia and nearly all went back to France as soon as they believed their heads would not have to pay the penalty. Noailles fought nobly at Mole St. Nicholas against the British and died at sea after a battle. The few

compatriots who remained on the Susquehanna became assimilated with those of Anglo-Saxon blood and their descendants fill a creditable niche in local annals. Frenchtown still exists in name and the township is called Asylum.

The praying Indians of Friedenshutzen have a granite monument erected to their memory by the Moravian Historical Society in a field near the railroad tracks, below the village of Wyalusing. But this monument does not embrace the whole story. It does not tell how Papunhank, a Delaware sachem, who had settled about 20 families of his tribe at Wyalusing, interested them in some of the truths of Christianity, which he had imbibed at Philadelphia. It does not tell how these Indians decided to accept the first teacher that came to them, were he Moravian or Quaker. Nor does it describe how David Zeisberger, the celebrated Moravian "apostle to the Indians," having heard of the awakening at Wyalusing, passed John Woolman, a Quaker evangelist, who was also hurrying there, and so was hailed as the divinely appointed teacher. All these are incidents of the beginnings of Friedenshutzen.

Pontiac's war interrupted Zeisberger's labors. His charges were removed to an island in the Delaware below Philadelphia, but in 1765 they returned with others and a village was built in orderly fashion with bark huts, log cabins, a mission house and a church of bark logs. The bell of that edifice was the first church bell in the upper Susquehanna.

Zeisberger made his Indians industrious, cleanly and well behaved. But the encroachments of Pennsylvania land surveyors and the sneers and taunts of other Indians hampered his work, so in 1772 he decided to move his colony to Ohio. The last service was held in the rude church on June 11. Then the bell was put into a canoe and tolled for two miles down the river. One party went across country to the West branch, where they were joined by the other half, who had gone down the Susquehanna. This was the final chapter of Friedenshutzen.

Wyalusing, or, better, "M'Chwihilusing," means the "beautiful hunting ground." At least a century before the days of Papunhank it was an Indian village called Gahontoto, the people of which were exterminated by the Cayugas, who called them Tehotilachsae and said they were neither Delawares nor Iroquois.

During the 33 miles from Wyalusing to Tunkhamock we saw a number of rope or chain ferries, where a man hauling away on a cable moved a flatboat capable of carrying quite a load, and this without danger of being carried down stream in a rather swift current. At Laceyville workmen were finishing a new bridge, the only one for many miles.

Tunkhamock deserves a paragraph as a lively town, the county seat of Wyoming county, with a narrow-gauge railroad to Montrose, several factories and a good trade in bluestone and in farm products. It has a population of 1,500, and is 54 miles below Towanda and 23 above Pittston. Its situation is beautiful.

The Indian name describes it—a place where two smaller streams empty into a large one, opposite each other. The neighborhood abounds in high mountains of the Alleghany ridge, known as the North Mountains. These peaks have Indian names—Solecca, Chodano and Matchasing—but the two most conspicuous are known as "The Triangle" and "The Knob." Lake Carey, a picturesque little sheet surrounded by tall hemlocks and pines, is three miles from Tunkhamock. Six miles away is Glen Money penny.

My last memory of today's ride is that of a beautiful high cascade, immediately alongside the railroad track a few miles above Pittston. It is called Falling Spring. The waters of a copious fountain head pour over a bluff a couple of hundred feet high, and fall with a grace deserving of a poet's praise.

X.

THE VALE OF WYOMING.

WILKESBARRE, LUZERNE COUNTY, PA.,
Aug. 25.—I may as well be frank with you and confess that my first impression of the famed valley of Wyoming was one of disappointment. But it is different now.

You see, our entrance into the valley was made on a low level. When our train passed through the mountain gap above Pittston we were almost immediately in proximity to vast coal refuse heaps and great black, grim-looking breakers. There was nothing to suggest the tragedy or romance of history or beauty of scenery. Mountains and high hills completely surrounded the valley, but while they were noble and picturesque, the only niche which they then seemed to fill was that of making a big amphitheatre, within which thousands and tens of thousands toiled hard to make money from the abundance of the earth's hidden treasure.

It is necessary to climb one or more of these surrounding mountains to get a true notion of the beauty of Wyoming. When the valley is spread out in lovely perspective before you, you begin to comprehend why Indians were loath to leave it; why Connecticut Yankees and Pennsylvania militia fought for its possession a quarter of a century, and why poets and travelers have alike sounded its charms in more than one language.

You will get many suggestions as to the best high outlook on the inclosing hills. From Campbell's Ledge, which is an athletic climb above Pittston, there is a view down the length of the valley inspiring and sublime, rather than intimate. The same is true of the view up the valley from the mountain above Nanticoke, at its lower

end—a height called the “Honey Pot,” because wild bees were abundant there when it was first ascended. Other persons commend the view from the mountain bounding the north side of the valley, but the outlook most often visited, because most easily accessible, is Prospect Rock, which juts out boldly upon the rugged southern mountain wall, near Wilkesbarre. This is nearly in the centre of the valley, and from here the eye can sweep up and down and can, on a clear day, look far up the Lackawanna and catch a glimpse of Wilkesbarre’s thriving rival, Scranton.

For my own part, I must recommend the views which I obtained from a Lehigh Valley train in coming down this same mountain from a point near Prospect Rock. We had been to Glen Summit, a fashionable hotel and cottage resort, high up, but back from the valley. The train suddenly swept through Solomon’s Gap and we found ourselves upon the outer edge, with the valley spread out nearly a thousand feet beneath us. The train swerved to the left to begin its descent to the plains, and from the car windows on the right we drank in the panorama for many minutes. Wilkesbarre was only four miles away, but to get to it 17 miles of railroad grades were necessary. Rounding the ridge, we first ran southwest for half a dozen miles by a route cut out from the side of the mountain and descending 96 feet to each mile. Then we reversed our course, and coming northeast through the coal town of Ashley, drew up at the station at Wilkesbarre. The last half of the ride served to dish up more closely some of the places we had seen in panorama from the ridge.

From above, the valley was green with cornfields, meadows and gardens. The breakers and coal heaps were mercifully lost to view in the ensemble. Wilkesbarre looked like a toy village upon a nursery floor, and with the imagination playing such tricks it was hard to believe 50,000 persons had their homes there. Other large towns dotted the beautiful plain—Pittston, miles up; Kingston, across the river from Wilkesbarre; Plymouth, below Kingston, toward the west, and Nanticoke, farther

west, at the valley's end. Smaller villages and clusters of homes were there, too numerous to count as we rushed down the mountain side. Coal towns, all of them, I knew, yet the knowledge thus forced upon me did not detract from the pleasure afforded by the smiling perspective and the general beautiful contour.

I began to fancy myself the first white man who had spied out the land, and I understood how the report which he gave to his Connecticut neighbors made them eager to settle in such a charming spot. To him, used to the stony hills of Connecticut, Wyoming must have seemed the fairest place on earth. The valley covers a magnificent stretch of 20 miles northeast and southwest. The plain between the hills averages three miles and is spread out in flats and bottoms of luxuriant soil. Through the centre of this great sunlit valley the Susquehanna winds in gentle curves, seemingly wearied with its swift flow from Otsego and apparently anxious to linger here so as to refresh itself with the charms of nature before passing on to the sea. From a high outlook it is not always visible. Such are its windings and such the variety which characterizes its banks that it is seen only in sections and often hides itself among bowers of willow, sycamore and maple or beside low, green islands.

The mountain panorama is magnificent from an altitude. To the north and west is a threefold tier of ridges that rise one above another, one of them near at hand bounding the valley, while the other two peer from above with their blue tops, as from some other world. The farthest is the North Mountain, 2,000 feet above the Susquehanna. The slopes nearer at hand average about 800 feet to the top. The eastern range upon which we were speeding is precipitous and strikingly diversified with clefts, ravines and forests.

Such was the valley's intrinsic loveliness when the white men first came here. Think what a charm it has now, with its beauty reinforced by thrilling recollections of some of the most tragic scenes in our national history, by sweet imaginations of the

poets and by memories of its sudden and giant-like growth when the wealth that lay beneath the ground first became appreciated. Wyoming is, indeed, a classic and household name, "suggestive the world over of romance and fact, beauty and horror, fascinating traditions and wonderful feats of modern enterprise." Or, as another writer has put it, it is "the label of a treasured packet of absorbing history and winning romance," as well as the name of a valley of "sunny skies, rustling trees, dancing waters and frowning hills."

This valley, nestling "by Susquehanna's side," was named by the Indians "Maugh-wau-wame" ("The Big Plains"). The earliest whites dropped the first syllable and rendered the name "Wau-wau-mie," which still retained the Indian sweetness. Then the native melody was lost in "Wyomie," but was finally restored in "Wyoming."

It is not my purpose to recall at length the battle of Wyoming and the subsequent massacre. The nation's historians and many local writers of ready pen have made the world acquainted with the tragedy and a thousand and one bloody incidents. The whole story is condensed in the following beautiful inscription upon the tall granite obelisk, which was erected half a century ago upon the spot which was the scene of the hardest fighting:

Near this spot was fought, on the afternoon of the 3d of July, 1778, the battle of Wyoming, in which a small band of patriotic Americans, chiefly the undisciplined, the youthful and the aged, spared by inefficiency from the distant ranks of the republic, led by Col. Zebulon Butler and Col. Nathaniel Denison, with a courage that deserved success, boldly met and bravely fought a combined British, Tory and Indian force of thrice their number. Numerical success alone gave success to the invader, and widespread havoc, desolation and ruin marked his savage and bloody footsteps through the Valley.

This monument, commemorative of these events and in memory of the actors in them, has been erected over the bones of the slain by their descendants and others, who gratefully appreciate the services and sacrifices of their patriotic ancestors.

This monument is about five miles above Wilkesbarre, upon the north or opposite bank of the Susquehanna, and near an at-

tractive village known as Wyoming. The various sites of Revolutionary interest are now conveniently and quickly visited by a trolley line running upon a broad highway connecting West Pittston with Kingston, which I have mentioned as being across the river from Wilkesbarre. The trip, of course, enabled us to understand the battle by going over the ground, but in addition it introduced us to a succession of Wyoming's attractive villages, so built up by the electric cars that between the suburbs of any two the distance is so short there is really no country seen for the entire ride, save at a distance. The streets of the several towns are broad, well shaded and lighted by electricity; the schools and churches in them indicate a progressive community, while the homes show a comfortably situated people.

West Pittston, where we started, on the right bank of the Susquehanna, directly opposite Pittston, is a cultured community, in which are found the homes of many of Pittston's wealthy business men. Many of the dwellings are handsome and some of the churches are costly edifices. As a residence town it has the advantage of having not a single place for the sale of liquor.

The villages and towns between West Pittston and Kingston are Exeter, Wyoming, Forty Fort, Vaughn's Corners and Dorranceton. In these places live descendants of those who managed to escape the fury of the red men. Wyoming is on the battle field and near the monument. To the north and through a mountain valley is the beautiful camp-meeting ground of Wyoming Conference. Forty Fort bears its peculiar name because its neighborhood was originally settled by that number of Connecticut immigrants. In the old Methodist Church there, erected in 1807, Francis Asbury and Lorenzo Dow did much to spread Methodism in what is now a stronghold of that religion.

At Kingston is located the Wyoming Conference Seminary, which, since its foundation in 1843 by Methodists, has graduated many men prominent in church and public circles. Its large buildings

were mainly erected through the generosity of wealthy men of the Wyoming Valley. Kingston, like West Pittston, is chiefly a residence town, through its nearness to Wilkesbarre, and many of the latter's best known men have fine homes there. On the outskirts of the town are several large collieries and large car shops of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Road, which also has extensive yards where coal trains are made up.

Let us now go back to the battle field. West Pittston includes the site of the Revolutionary Fort Jenkins, the first place taken by the Tory and Indian forces when they entered the valley after coming down the Susquehanna. Fort Wintermoot was a mile west and not so near the river. The men who built it and whose name it bore professed to be Americans, but were really Tories, and promptly yielded the stockade to the invaders. The two forts are long since gone, but in the river near Fort Wintermoot we were shown Monocacy Island, to which many brave patriots were pursued when defeat had occurred, and where much terrible slaughter ensued. It was on the shore of this little island, now so pretty and green, that a Wyoming resident who had turned Tory is said to have slain his own brother under revolting circumstances, crying out as he murdered him, "No quarter, for you are a d— rebel."

We were also shown Queen Esther's Rock, where the notorious half-breed Seneca woman, infuriated by the recent killing of her son, is said to have slain 14 Americans on the night of the battle. Sixteen prisoners were brought before her, seated one by one on the stone, and the old woman dashed out their brains. Two managed to break away from their Indian captors and make their escape. The boulder is not an especially large one, but it stands in full view in a field not far from the monument. A portion of it is of a reddish hue, and the credulous see in this discoloration the ineffaceable stain of human blood. Around another similar stone the bodies of nine victims were found, but no one escaped to narrate the details of the tragedy there enacted.

Forty Fort was the stockade from which the patriots had marched forth to give battle and to which the survivors had returned in defeat and flight. It was surrendered to the Tories on the following day, and was the scene of many acts of violence and plunder, for the Tory leader was unable to restrain his white men and red men. Hundreds of Wyoming's people fled down the Susquehanna or toward the Delaware, through the swampy region which has ever since been known as "The Shades of Death."

The site of Forty Fort stockade is intersected by the highway over which we rode. There are no remains of it. I was told that the old log house in which the surrender was arranged and signed is still standing, but I was unable to find it.

The Indian and pioneer history of the Wyoming is not so well known to the general reader, but has great interest and has given many places in the valley a charm of their own.

The "Big Plains" were a favorite spot with the Indians. The mountains abounded with game. The streams swarmed with fish at all seasons, and in the spring were filled with the migratory shad of a size and flavor unknown nearer the sea. Wild fruits and grapes covered the hills and river banks, whose fertile soil gave a rich return to the rude husbandry of the red men.

About the year 1750, which was prior to the white settlements, there was a curious assortment of Indian tribes here. Near the site of Wilkesbarre, on the south side of the river was Maugh-wau-wame, a village of the Delawares, who had been moved there by the haughty Iroquois. Farther up, on the same side, was another Delaware village on a flat place known from the name of the chief as Jacob's Plain. On the north side, in this upper end of the valley, Conrad Weiser, a famous Indian interpreter, says he found a remnant of Mohicans. A clan of the Shawnees, "that restless nation of wanderers," had a large village in the lower part of the valley, on the site of Plymouth, while the

Nanticokes, from Maryland, lived on a spot which has ever since borne their name.

In 1742 Count Zinzendorf—the famous founder of the Moravian religion, a man whose nobility of birth was as assured as his nobility of character—came into Wyoming to establish a mission. He was received with suspicion by the Shawnees, who thought he had come to obtain land. They planned to kill him, and one night crept to his tent. Inside, the Count, unconscious of lurking danger, was writing by a fire. A rattlesnake, attracted from its hole by the warmth, was crawling lazily over the feet of the good man, who was too deeply engrossed in his pious task to notice the dangerous intruder. The Indians were awed by this sight, and stole away, believing that their visitor was, indeed, a ward of the Great Spirit.

Two events led to the departure of the red men from Wyoming. A curious combat in 1755 known as the "Grasshopper War" compelled the Shawnees to leave, and the massacre, in 1763, of the earliest white settlers, at Mill creek, caused the Delawares to flee. The Mohicans had dropped out of notice and the Nanticokes had moved up the Susquehanna.

The "Grasshopper War" grew out of a quarrel between the women and children of the Shawnees and the Delawares over rival claims to the ownership of a large grasshopper caught by one of the children. The men of both tribes were hunting at the time upon the mountains, but on their return the Shawnees attacked Maugh-wauwame, but were repulsed by the Delawares with great slaughter, and finally driven from the valley.

Thirty white pioneers were massacred by the Delawares at Mill Creek, which is a couple of miles above Wilkesbarre, near the river bank. The settlement had been made from Connecticut and was only a year old. Tadeuskund, the Delaware chief, had been murdered by a party of Iroquois, who fathered the crime upon the new immigrants and incited the massacre of the whites. The Delawares fled from the valley after the massacre.

Several times I have referred to the conflict between Pennsylvania and Connecticut for the possession of Wyoming Valley. It was a long and wearisome, often bloody, series of fights—not creditable to the good sense of the masters of either colony. Arbitration and compromise might have cut the quarrel short in the beginning, as it did after Wyoming's dwellers had been afflicted for 20 years with battles, sieges, barricades, stratagems, truces, ill-treatment of women and children, and capture and murder of the heads of many families. Pennsylvania's fight was a governmental one, never popular with the people of the Commonwealth, who sympathized with the Connecticut settlers.

The conflict was due to the Connecticut charter, which gave the State "from ocean to ocean" within certain latitudes, and which was, indeed, a royal gift had men but known its value, for it included the coal mines of Wyoming, the oil regions of Pennsylvania, the fairest corn lands of many prairie States and a goodly share of California's gold and Colorado's silver.

When Wyoming was found to be a "paradise amid bleak mountains" the Susquehanna Company was formed in Connecticut to purchase the Indian title and occupy the valley. Pennsylvania resisted the Yankee claim, and in 1769 began the so-called "First Pennamite War." The greater happenings of the Revolution interrupted the conflict, but from 1780 to 1789 the "Second Pennamite War" went merrily on. An arbitration tribunal decided against Connecticut's claim, but the Pennsylvanians embittered the struggle by insisting upon the ejection of all Yankees. Better counsels prevailed and the talents of the noted Col. Timothy Pickering, of Massachusetts, were enlisted. He was given all the public offices of the newly created Pennsylvania county—a sort of colonial "Pooh Bah"—and after many years the Yankee settlers were secured in their titles on condition of yielding allegiance to Pennsylvania. But this did not happen until a party of fiery Yankees, angry at the capture and imprisonment of their leader, Col. John Franklin, abducted Pickering

and kept him for several weeks in a little hut many miles up the Susquehanna. After peace came, Pickering returned to Massachusetts, selling for \$5,500 possessions in Wyoming now said to be worth \$2,000,000.

The chief points in the valley associated with the Pennamite War were Forts Wyoming and Durkee, which were on the Susquehanna's banks in what is now the heart of Wilkesbarre. These were taken and retaken many times by one or the other party. The people of Wyoming also refer with pride to the narrow mountain defile on the west bank above the rapids at Nanticoke. There a party of 700 Pennsylvanians, marching up from Sunbury, were ambuscaded and repulsed with severe loss.

The New England form of local government prevailed when the Yankees held power. The source of authority was the town-meeting. The townships were part of Litchfield county and had representatives in the Legislature at Hartford.

No recollections of Wyoming's history are complete without a mention of Frances Slocum, the lost captive. When she was a little girl her father was a Quaker farmer where Wilkesbarre now stands. She was carried off by a party of Indians, and for many years her family vainly searched for tidings of her. In 1833 a traveler who met Mocanaqua, an old Indian squaw, in a Miami village in Illinois, was told by her that she was of white blood; that she remembered her father as wearing a broad-brimmed hat, and that her childhood home had been somewhere on the Susquehanna. She had married a chief among her abductors, had spent a happy life and was a widow with considerable property. The traveler wrote to a Pennsylvania newspaper, and two brothers of Frances, now gray-haired men, went to Illinois to reclaim her. She was suspicious of them at first, but at last the recognition was mutual.

The brothers begged Mocanaqua to return with them, but she refused. "I've been an Indian all my life," she said. "My ways are those of red men, not of white. I would not be happy with you. Here I wish to die."

XI.

BENEATH A BIG CITY.

WILKESBARRE, LUZERNE COUNTY, PA.,
Aug. 26. — Some writer has fancifully pointed out that the coal fields of Pennsylvania are shaped like a huge mastodon, the body being the great bituminous beds of the central and west portions of the State, and the jaws rudely represented by the hard coal district of Wyoming.

It is a monster whose clutches Pennsylvanians are proud of and would sacrifice great things rather than shake off. For God has truly given wondrous prosperity to the people of the State, and to the people of Wyoming, in these glorious anthracite deposits.

A chain of cities, towns and villages, nearly 50 miles long, with Wilkesbarre, Pittston and Scranton as the chief points, and with a combined population of a third of a million, shows in brief measure what old King Coal has done to give wealth in his kingdom. They are all his subjects here. Those who do not mine, manufacture; and manufacture because the fuel is beside them. Tradesmen and merchants who neither mine nor manufacture depend upon those who do for custom, and so—wheel within wheel—all depends upon the "blackdiamond." Coal makes the mare go.

It is said that the coal strata underneath Wyoming Valley average 56 feet in thickness, and that every acre, at a conservative estimate, should yield 1,000 tons for each foot of depth. In other words, two billions of tons of anthracite are here waiting to be dug up to keep the world warm. Millions of tons are annually brought out, and the surface of Wyoming Valley is

thickly marked with huge mountains of black waste and scores of great, grim-looking breakers, which to some poetic mind suggested a fierce-looking Rhenish castle, but to me, a dweller in a grain-handling city, seems more nearly akin to a high elevator, only 20 times as dingy.

The problem of waste is a serious one with the people of this coal land. The great heaps of dust and slate refuse rise 150 to 200 feet high beside the older mines and extend for half a mile. They have broken up farming on the surface, have ruined many pleasant homes, have marred the beauty of Wyoming and have become a loafing place for unruly men and boys and for dogs, hogs and goats. Often the piles catch afire and burn for months, endangering life and property and throwing off noxious gases. To a visitor these burning heaps are at night a beautiful sight, but to the dweller they are a menace. Moreover, it is being realized that the recklessness of earlier mining threw away much small coal that could have been burned and the piles are being turned over to get this out. The mine boilers and plant are fed with it, even though it is not put on the market. There is a feeling among thoughtful men that Wyoming's coal will not last forever and that it is best to be prudent.

Many of the mines are directly beneath cities and towns. This is a never-ending amazement to the unthinking, some of whom are so ignorant as to walk the streets of Wilkesbarre quaking in their boots for fear the earth may literally swallow them up, and much relieved when the day's visit is over. Yet the bowels of the earth are honeycombed with gangways, galleries and passages best adapted to enable the miners to attack the coal with the most ease. These excavations are of course far beneath the streets and have been planned with much science and calculation. Some of the mines run under the Susquehanna to the other side from the opening, and, as an instance of engineering skill, I was told of a mine at Pittston which was started directly beneath another which had to be abandoned

because about 20 acres of it caught on fire and burned for years.

The courtesy of a mine superintendent today enabled me to go down into a mine which is being worked under Wilkesbarre. I had planned the trip because I wanted to imagine how I would feel hundreds of feet beneath a big city, but to tell the truth, I almost forgot this prearranged notion in the interests of the depths. Halls and chambers "of cyclopean proportions" were found after we had descended the shaft. The tiny safety lamps in the miners' caps—I had one, too—looked like will-o'-the-wisps as they moved about, and no sound was heard but the miners' tools or the report of a blast in some distant gallery. I felt awed in these midnight chambers and even a bit uneasy when the superintendent was called away for a moment. My remembrance of cave-ins was particularly strong for the instant, and I was startled when a little car full of freshly mined coal loomed upon me, with the aid of a mule and a boy. Presently my guide returned, and with him I went farther into the recesses, "gloomy as the tomb of Thebes." The digging was being done in "breasts," or galleries at right angles to the main gangway, often not level, because pitched with the slope of the strata. Between each of these "breasts" a pillar of coal several yards thick is left to support the roof.

When hauled up to the surface and to the top of the breakers, the coal is first dumped upon a large platform, where the big pieces of slate are picked out. Then the best lumps of large coal are selected and the others shoved between breaking tools, or crushers—heavy iron cylinders, with sharp teeth. Sieves of varying dimensions then come into play to pick out the coal of different sizes.

Wyoming was the seat of the first discoveries of coal in America, though the Lehigh Coal Company, of Mauch Chunk, was the first mining company. The Indians seem to have known the use of coal. In 1710 two of Wyoming's chiefs were taken to England and saw coal burning there for domestic purposes. They had

some sort of a mine in this valley, for in 1776 they complained that white men were working the vein. In 1769, Obadiah Gore, a blacksmith from Connecticut, burned coal in his forge, the site of which was a short distance above Wilkesbarre on the river flats. In 1776 an arsenal forge of the Continental government at Carlisle was supplied with coal taken from a surface outcropping on the banks of the Susquehanna at Mill creek, above Wilkesbarre. Near the old mine the Lehigh Valley Company has now two shafts in full operation, more than 600 feet beneath the surface, and from which several hundred thousand tons are annually raised.

On account of the difficulty of ignition because of the need of a draft of air and of a prevailing belief that anthracite was useless coal, it was slow to be appreciated. Some which was shipped from Mauch Chunk to Philadelphia could not be sold, was a miserable failure when used beneath the boiler of the city waterworks and was finally broken up and used as gravel on sidewalks. At last, in 1808, Jesse Fell, a Wilkesbarre hotel-keeper, afterward a county judge, discovered that hard coal would burn if put in a grate with a good draft of air. The site where this valuable discovery was made is now in the centre of Wilkesbarre, at Washington and Northampton streets. It attracted much attention, resulted in the general use of coal in Wyoming's homes and started mining and the vast trade now enjoyed. Coal land brought \$5 an acre when Fell made his experiment. Now it is cheap at \$1,000.

Wilkesbarre in early times was supplied from a now historic mine, the old Baltimore, about a mile southeast of the then village. It was opened in 1814 by Gen. Lord Butler, who sold its product for \$3 a ton. In 1829 Baltimore capitalists, headed by Thomas Symington, bought the mine for \$14,000—410 acres for less than \$35 an acre—organized the Baltimore Coal Company under Maryland laws and began shipping hard coal to Baltimore in river boats. The Baltimore mine is considered to have been one of the finest veins of anthracite in the country. A stone forest was long

visible in its depths, the trunks and roots of immense trees being plainly evident. The stump of one was placed in the vestibule of the courthouse at Wilkesbarre.

At an early day, it is said, when the Baltimore mine was still rudely worked at its outcroppings, a party of Quakers visited the place. The light from without reflected many hues in the sparkling anthracite, and the impressiveness of the place so affected one of the number, Rachel Price, that she broke out into utterances of gratitude to the great Supreme Being for having "placed such storehouses of fuel amid the wilderness of this cold Northern clime to be preserved for the benefit of His people when the forests should be swept away and their need should be sorest."

The history of coal mining is, unfortunately, replete with terrible disasters. Of these one of the worst was on September 9, 1869, at the Avondale mine, near Plymouth, on the north side of the Susquehanna, some miles below Wilkesbarre. The breaker burned, and there being but one outlet, and that through the breaker, 208 men were suffocated. By this accident 72 widows and 153 orphans were left. Relief committees were organized in many cities, and \$155,825 was subscribed. A new breaker was erected at once, and the mine has been operated ever since.

Wilkesbarre was a straggling country village for two-thirds of a century after its foundation, and might have remained so forever had not coal wealth transformed it. It has a fine situation beside the Susquehanna, which is here about five or six hundred feet wide. As at Harrisburg, the street next the river has always been the choice residence avenue, containing fine and costly homes in pretty grounds and the leading hotels. The bluff between the street and the water is public property and has been parked, so that the dwellers on River street can look across green lawns, over the river and the plains of Kingston, at the blue walls of Wyoming Mountain.

When Wilkesbarre was laid out by Col. John Durkee he made a diamond-shaped

square the centre of his town of 200 acres, and that has been the heart of Wilkesbarre ever since, though the city extends back for three miles southward and about two miles east and west. In the diamond stands the Luzerne County Courthouse, a large brick and stone structure of peculiar Romanesque architecture. It is one of a number of fine large structures. Among the others are the City Hall, one block from the courthouse, the jail, the armory of the Ninth Pennsylvania Militia, two excellent theatres, two hospitals, a number of business blocks, the Osterhout Free Library and 35 church edifices, 11 of which are Methodist Episcopal. A conspicuous edifice in the suburbs is the Mallinckrodt Convent, founded in 1878 by Miss Paulina von Mallinckrodt, a member of a noble German family. It is the mother house of the Sisters of Christian Charity in the United States and is popular as a novitiate and academy for girls.

Wilkesbarre has had but few vicissitudes since its troubles in infancy. Founded in 1772, named for two energetic defenders of American liberty in the British Parliament—John Wilkes and Col. Isaac Barre (as Pittston was named after William Pitt)—it was made a borough in 1806 and a city in 1871. Its municipal activity is shown in a mountain water supply, a paid fire department, a steam heating system, 31 miles of sewers and 75 miles of streets, paved with asphalt, vitrified brick or wood.

The street railway system is a remarkable development, for there are a dozen lines, all starting from the courthouse square, radiating like arteries north, east, south and west, linking every town and village hereabouts to Wilkesbarre and bringing a population of more than 100,000 within half an hour of Wilkesbarre's stores and amusements. The longest lines are up the valley to Scranton and across mountains northward to Harvey's Lake.

Of still greater magnitude are Wilkesbarre's railroad advantages. Coal has attracted no less than seven railroads. Four of them—the Lehigh Valley, Central Railroad of New Jersey, Delaware, Lackawanna and Western and the New York,

Susquehanna and Western—run to New York and, combined, give 16 trains daily to New York. The Susquehanna and Western is the former Wilkesbarre and Eastern line, which runs by way of Delaware Water Gap and parallels the D., L. and W. Wilkesbarre is the southern terminus of the Pennsylvania Division of the Delaware and Hudson system and the eastern terminus of the Pennsylvania Railroad's Sunbury Division. The seventh road is the Erie and Wyoming Valley, which taps the Erie road at Lackawaxen and is a valuable coal feeder.

An interesting survival of pioneer transportation methods is a series of planes at Ashley, a few miles south of Wilkesbarre. They were built in 1839 to carry loaded canal boats across the mountains to the Lehigh river and so to Philadelphia. The three planes aggregate an ascent of 1,150 feet. Cars hauled by strings of horses pulled the boats to the foot of the planes. Coal cars are now run up and down the planes.

Wilkesbarre's manufactures cannot be forgotten. Two large lace manufactories are worth a visit, and there are silk mills, four foundries, axle works, three locomotive and engine shops, wire-rope works, gun works, cutlery works, two immense breweries and many manufactories of iron, steel, wood and leather. There will be a larger array soon, with Wilkesbarre's advantages.

XII.

THE HOME OF PRIESTLEY.

NORTHUMBERLAND, PA., Aug. 28.—As our train came into Northumberland yesterday from the Wyoming Valley our conductor, pointing to a long frame house beside the railroad track and between it and the canal, said:

“There is where Dr. Priestley lived and died.”

I had asked him about the home of the famous discoverer of oxygen and founder of chemistry, and I turned eagerly as he pointed. The railroad track now runs very close to the front door of the mansion, which was built by Dr. Priestley. In his day neither railroad nor canal was there, and he was by the river side. His house is two stories high, with a one-story extension on either side, one of which has always been a kitchen, while in the other was the chemist's library and laboratory.

You will recall that in 1794, after he had been assailed by riotous Britishers for his advanced views on the French Revolution, the English scientist and philosopher came to Northumberland and dwelt here until his death in 1804. His life here, while placid, was also busy. He corresponded with Adams and Jefferson, and with the American Philosophical Society, wrote against Paine and Volney and a number of French freethinkers, upheld Biblical institutions in comparison with those of Oriental antiquity, completed his church history and annotated the whole Bible. His literary work was usually done in shorthand beside the fireside in this house, though he often thought out his writings while taking long walks in the neighborhood.

Priestley rests in an old burying ground on the slope of Montour's Ridge, back of

Northumberland, a comparatively neglected spot. Descendants of his name live in the town, a grandson of the identical name having been a physician. In 1874 American chemists assembled here to celebrate the centennial of the discovery of oxygen.

Another prominent man here a century ago was Thomas Cooper, Priestley's friend and fellow-immigrant. He practiced law and became a strong Democrat and a local judge. Subsequently he was a professor of chemistry in Dickinson College and the University of Pennsylvania, and president of South Carolina College, a man eminent for his versatility.

The scenery about Northumberland is as pleasing today as it was when Priestley and Cooper found delight in it. The West Branch meets the main stream of the Susquehanna in a majestic way. The main stream is parted by an island upon which John B. Packer has a widely known model farm. A century ago this island was owned by Edward Lyon, another who came with Priestley. The united river is almost a lake for a couple of miles, as it has been dammed at Shamokin to feed the canal. The waters are still and mirror-like, reflecting the beauties of Blue Hill, which rises perpendicularly from the farther side of the West Branch. Northumberland, which has 2,500 inhabitants, is between the two streams. Its more ambitious rival, Sunbury, which lays claim to 10,000 souls, is on a level plain on the bank of the united river two miles south of Northumberland. Hills are back of both towns, some with gentle slopes, some as abrupt as Blue Hill.

Many of the traditions of the neighborhood cluster around Blue Hill. In a certain line of vision it is possible to see in the rocky bluff a clear outline of the face of an Indian chief. It is, they say, a good likeness of Shikellimy, one of the most famous Indians of the Susquehanna, a sachem who was stationed at this point to act as viceroy of the Six Nations over the subsidiary tribes of Pennsylvania and farther south. Shikellimy was an Indian of noble mind, a man worthily the father of an even more famous Indian, Logan,

"the Mingo," who was born here and who later moved to the Juniata and thence to Ohio. Every schoolboy knows his famous speech against the white man's misdeeds, as reported by Thomas Jefferson.

Shikellimy governed here from about 1728 until his death in 1749. He was the friend of many influential men of the colony, including Count Zinzendorf and David Zeisberger, who founded a Moravian mission here in 1745, and maintained a smithy where the red men's guns were repaired. The name "Shamokin" is said to mean "where gun barrels are straightened."

The Indian village of Shamokin was a little north of the present town of Sunbury and near the river. It was a place of some size and had an extensive burial ground, in which many Indian beads, utensils and implements have been found. About 40 years ago there was uncovered the grave of one who had evidently been a chief of high rank, and it is concluded that this was Shikellimy.

Northumberland and Sunbury were laid out about the same time, the former in 1775, at the instance of Reuben Haines, a wealthy Philadelphia brewer, who had extensive land holdings in the vicinity, and the latter in 1772, at the instance of William Maclay, who was the first United States Senator from Pennsylvania, and whose old stone house in Sunbury, built in 1773, is still standing. Maclay married a daughter of the founder of Harrisburg and his late years were spent there.

In early times there were many predictions of the future greatness of Northumberland, based upon its situation, but today its chief industry is a nail factory and the town has a more or less decayed, though genteel, look, while in Sunbury there is abundant evidence of thrift and of a variety of manufactures. There are railroad repair shops, a rolling mill, an organ factory, a saw and planing mill, coffin, table, sash and door factories. Moreover, as the outlet of the Shamokin coal district, back in the hills and connected by a railroad, Sunbury handles at least a million tons annually. Its railroad yards are big.

In Northumberland's quiet streets it is

not easy to believe that the town once came within a single vote of being the State capital.

We took in the sights of the neighborhood in a few hours by first riding to Sunbury on one of a number of little steamboats which ply upon the river here, and then returning by a trolley route which crosses Packer's Island and passes a picnic grove known as Island Park. As we puffed along on the river the profile of Shikellimy was clearly outlined, though it soon faded with our progress. We saw the several bridges that span the two rivers, our attention being especially directed to the old one across the West Branch used by canal teams.

Blue Hill looked particularly bold and beautiful. Upon its crest, nearly 400 feet above the river, there stood for a long time a curious "leaning tower" at an angle of 30 degrees over the precipice. It was built for amusement by an eccentric character, "Johnny" Mason, an old bachelor, who was said to have retired here and lived a hermit's life after a disappointment in love. His "tower" was a point of attraction for many years, both because of its view and of its danger. Some mischievous visitors finally loosened it from its moorings. In later years a summer hotel, the Shikellimy House, stood near its site, but that was burned four years ago.

A marvelous tale of Blue Hill is that of the escape of one Marcus Hulings, who was pursued by Indians, and finding no other means to avoid capture ran to the edge of the precipice, grabbed a large limb, swung out into space, landed unhurt 90 feet below on a ledge, leaped again by the same method, then jumped 40 feet and escaped with a dislocated shoulder. What will they tell next?

Our steamboat passed near several flatboats from which men were scooping the river bottom. "What are they doing?" I asked of the pilot. "Digging coal," he said, and then went on to explain that the pieces of coal which drifted down stream from Wyoming were so numerous as to be worth dredging. Lumps thus recovered were regularly used on his steamer, and

two dealers in Sunbury have a good trade in them. Water dirt has removed most of the black luster from the outside.

We were landed at the foot of Sunbury's principal street, and in a minute were in the public square in front of the courthouse. The east end of the square is adorned with a monument to the country's Civil War dead, surmounted by a statue of Col. James Cameron, who fell at Bull Run. He was a brother of Simon Cameron, who, years before he became famous, set type in a Northumberland newspaper office.

The several trolley lines of Sunbury circle the public square. The one which we took back northward to Northumberland led us through the historic neighborhoods. First we saw the old Maclay mansion, already mentioned. Then our car passed the old Hunter mansion, a solid yellow brick edifice which stands upon the site of Fort Augusta. This was one of the chain of defenses erected at the outbreak of the French and Indian War. It was occupied from 1755 to 1765, and sheltered many families. It was again garrisoned during the Revolution, and was a haven when the "Big Runaway" occurred—a panic-stricken flight which emptied the valleys of both branches of their settlers.

The fort, which was named for the mother of George III, was a military work of considerable size, but not a trace remains except the old magazine, built partly underground and hidden beneath a grassy mound, now used for cold storage by the occupants of the house. A subterranean passage to the river is said to exist, but it has never been found.

The Indian village and the burial ground where Shikellimy was placed are just north of the fort site. A little farther on was "Bloody Spring," where the garrison got water. The railroad tracks have destroyed it, but cannot make away with the stories of danger which once encompassed it. A soldier was killed there in 1756.

An old caannon from Fort Augusta was for many years an object of rivalry between Sunbury and her neighbors. It was recovered from the river in 1798. Muncy

had it for awhile, and in Selin's Grove and New Berlin it lay hidden, but the stratagems of the Sunbury lads always brought it back and defeated the frequent efforts to abduct it. A party from Danville was the last to attempt it, and since then the old gun has remained with the local fire company.

The 65 miles of the Susquehanna between Wilkesbarre and this place, though not wanting in beauty of scenery, has not been rendered as interesting by historical events. The region mainly continued a wilderness until after the Revolution, and so escaped Indian disasters, although it had echoes of Wyoming's troubles. One of the last attacks of Indians along the Susquehanna occurred on July 26, 1782, opposite Catawissa and 20 miles above Northumberland. Three brothers, named Furry, were away from home, and the redskins killed their parents and two sisters and carried away a younger brother. Many years later two of the brothers were in Montreal on a visit and accidentally discovered their missing brother. He had become a prosperous Canadian trader.

Of the scenery of the day's trip there is much to be said, especially of the first part, where the hills were high and rugged and the river narrow. The mountains below Nanticoke, which mark the termination of the Valley of Wyoming, bear the same relation to the Susquehanna as do the Highlands below West Point to the Hudson. The river cuts through a narrow gorge, which continues half a dozen miles to Shickshinny. On the right is Shickshinny Mountain, and on the left Nanticoke Mountain. The majesty of the hills so hems in the river and its valley that it seemed easily possible to throw a stone from one side to the crag opposite. Into the narrow space was compressed not only the river, but a canal and two railroads. The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western hugs the north, or right, bank all the way down to Northumberland, while the Pennsylvania Company's line from Wilkesbarre to Sunbury is on the opposite side. One of the finest series of rapids in the river is that called Nanticoke Falls. And on the

rugged mountain sides are many picturesque scenes. Little mountain streams, full of cascades and fine rocks, drop into the river at short intervals. Upon a knoll on the south side, where the hills barely make room, Luzerne county has built two big buildings for its poor and its insane.

The narrow mountain pass ends in a blaze of glory at Shickshinny, where five different spurs come to the river's edge and make their bow to each other. The village of Shickshinny is located in the hollow formed by two of these ranges, and through it runs Shickshinny creek, which tumbles down a gorge with the echo of several waterfalls behind it. By some Shickshinny is said to mean in Indian phrase "quick dashing water." By others it is said to be "where five mountains meet." Both are apt guesses.

At Shickshinny the river makes a sharp turn south, and so continues for six miles to Wapwallopen, where it again swerves westward. The left bank for this six miles is closely bounded by the Wapwallopen hill, which terminates above the village of Wapwallopen in a vigorous and grand rocky front, 900 feet high, known as "Pulpit Rock"—"Kansal Kopf" it was called by some German pioneers. It is a fine outlook, for the mountains diminish below Wapwallopen, and the remainder of our journey was through a rich agricultural region; with hills, it is true, but neither high nor steep, and set back in a way to invite farmers to the intervalles.

Wapwallopen means "where the messenger was murdered," and is said to have been first applied after the killing of Thomas Hill, a messenger to Wyoming from the Governor of Pennsylvania. It is chiefly of interest as the site of big powder mills, operated for the last 40 years by the Du Ponts, of Wilmington. The rolling mills and hydraulic presses have a capacity of 1,000 kegs daily. They are scattered along the gorge of Wapwallopen creek, very much as the Du Ponts' Delaware mills are scattered along the Brandywine.

All through the region the shoal waters offer special inducements for eel catching. Weirs or traps—slight stone structures, an-

gular in shape—draw the descending current and its finny freight into an apex, where the slippery gentry are easily secured. Bass and pike also bring many anglers to the river here.

Berwick, which is 27 miles below Wilkesbarre, on the north bank, is a busy place of 3,000 people, kept active by the large Jackson & Woodin Car Manufacturing Works and by smaller factories. The town stands on a bluff and only a few of the houses can be seen from the railroad tracks. It is a place of attractive streets and neat homes. Many of the workmen live at Nescopeck, a smaller town across the river, where Peter Frederick Rothermel, a distinguished painter of historical scenes, was born in 1817. Nescopeck was once the residence of "Old King Nutimus," a Delaware Indian, who was wealthy and had a lot of negro slaves.

Bloomsburg, a town of 5,000 persons, 40 miles from Wilkesbarre, in every way bears the impress of a prosperous place. Its streets are broad, well shaded and graded, thoroughly sewered and underlaid with steam heating pipes, supplying private houses. It has a varied lot of factories and is the county seat of Columbia, one of the richest agricultural counties of Pennsylvania. The enterprise of its people 30 years ago secured the location of a State normal school here. It is situated on a hillside just east of the town and has commodious buildings and grounds.

Bloomsburg lies about a mile back from the north bank of the river, beside Fishing creek. The valley of this creek is used by a railroad, which reaches Lake Ganoga and the lumber regions of Sullivan county.

In the Civil War Bloomsburg suddenly sprang into unenviable notoriety by a report that up Fishing creek dissatisfied Northerners and Confederates who had secretly come from Canada had erected a fort and were planning a movement to capture this part of the Susquehanna Valley. In reality there was nothing more than some disaffection over the draft law. But hundreds of Federal soldiers were hurried here by Major-Generals Couch and Cadwallader. No fort was ever found, but 45 men were

arrested. It forms a picturesque incident, occurring as it did in the heart of an old-line Union State.

The great ice glacier, which geologists say at one time covered the upper half of this continent, rested its lower edge across the Susquehanna near Bloomsburg. There are many evidences of its great terminal moraine—heaps of sand, gravel and bowlders. There is a gravel bed 175 feet thick below Bloomsburg.

Catawissa, the only town of any size on the south bank between Wilkesbarre and Sunbury, is 4 miles below Bloomsburg and 21 above Sunbury. It is often said of a town that it “nestles among the hills,” but Catawissa really does it. It is in a “pocket.” Above and below steep bluffs overhang the river, while behind the town is Catawissa Mountain.

There was an Indian village at Catawissa 200 years ago, of which Lapackpitton, a Delaware, was the chief. It became a Quaker settlement more than a century ago and the square log meeting-house then erected is still standing. It is on a knoll a short distance from the confluence of Catawissa creek and the Susquehanna. Its weather-beaten appearance and the evident age of its graveyard and surrounding trees invest it with a charm which is heightened when we are told that it was the first house of worship between Wyoming and Sunbury.

Catawissa is the point at which the Philadelphia and Reading road, from Tamaqua to Williamsport, crosses the Susquehanna. It is related of this line that its route was surveyed as early as 1822 with no other instrument than a crude level made of tin tubes with vials of water, and that the course thus laid out amid mountains was considered a marvel by the engineers who built the road. The work was done by Christian Brobst, of Catawissa, a man of limited schooling.

There is a large paper mill at Catawissa, which has been in operation since 1811. In this, in railroad shops, in a foundry, a broom and a shoe factory the 2,000 inhabitants of Catawissa find employment.

Danville, 12 miles above Sunbury, as the site of the Moutour Iron Works, once held

a front place among iron towns. Its blast furnaces were big ones, and its rolling mills annually turned out thousands and thousands of tons. The ore was mined in the hills seven miles away and brought by a narrow-gauge road. Now the mines are closed and the furnaces in ruins, because of the cheaper production of pig iron elsewhere. The rolling mills still continue, and other industries have been brought in to keep the population. Besides, as the seat of Montour county, Danville has the trade of a large farming community.

On a hill near Danville Michael J. Grove, one of the "iron kings," built a \$300,000 residence, which is pointed out as one of the finest in Pennsylvania. The home of another dead ironmaster, Thomas Beaver, has been bought by the Sisters of Mercy for a home for aged and friendless women. Mr. Beaver, about 15 years ago, gave \$100,000 for a fine free library. In many other ways he was Danville's benefactor.

A mile east of Danville is located an immense State insane asylum, a building of blue stone, 1,143 feet long. Danville was selected for it in 1872. It has extensive grounds.

Danville was laid out in 1792 by Daniel Montgomery, afterward a militia general and member of Congress. He had lived near there since he was a boy of 10. It is related of him that when he was 13 he saw a canoe floating down the river and swam out to get it, but was surprised to find an Indian lying flat in it, with bow and arrow in his hand. "Dan" jumped back, of course, but finally ventured to approach again, and found that the Indian was dead. It was subsequently learned that the redskin had been one of those in the massacre of Wyoming. He had returned to the valley in the following year, was recognized and killed, while on his breast this pass was pinned: "Let the bearer go to his master, King George, or the devil."

XIII.

DOWN THE WEST BRANCH.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., Sept. 2.—These last four days have been ones of hurry and hustle. For since I described the meeting of the main stream with the West Branch, I have been to the headwaters of the West Branch and have come the length of the stream.

While a hasty trip, enough was seen to enable me to guess at the wonderful future of the West Branch. It is just beginning to wake up, and, like a boyish giant, the region has not yet learned the measure of its own strength. Parts of its course are still practically in a wilderness, and it is only within the decade that men of wealth and energy really started to uncover the vast resources of soft coal around Clearfield. The forests are greatly thinned, though it will be many a day before the lumbermen must desert the West Branch. Yet in their footsteps the miners are eager to tread and behind the man with the pick is the man with money and brains. Cities and populous towns seem sure to spring up.

The source of the West Branch is in Cambria county, in Southwestern Pennsylvania. This is on the west slope of the Alleghanies, a high and broken tableland between the Alleghanies and a long outer ridge known as the Laurel Hill. The southern end of Cambria county became prosperous and well-settled when the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad was run through it 60 years ago. Johnstown is in its farther corner, and Cresson Springs, the famous mountain resort, is near its eastern line. But the north end of Cambria long remained either in forest or

scantly cleared for cattle or for crops of oats, rye and potatoes. In addition to the West Branch, two of its tributaries, Clearfield and Chest creeks, rise in the county, and with their aid the forests have been turned into lumber and sent to Eastern cities.

It was at Cresson that we changed cars on Monday for a ride of 11 miles on a branch road to Ebensburg, Cambria's county town, which is situated on a high ridge and commands broad and striking views. One of its peculiarities is that the sun sinks in the West below the level of the observer in its main street. The settlement of Ebensburg by Welsh people in 1796—immigrants who named both county and town—gave it a quaint flavor which has never been lost, as the characteristics of its founders are by many preserved, and the Welsh tongue can be heard in homes and in the churches. From its elevated position it enjoys a peculiarly cool and healthful atmosphere—always pleasant in summer—and this brings many visitors. The town contains a foundry, tanneries, several factories and excellent schools.

Side by side with these Welsh Presbyterians Providence early planted a vigorous offshoot of Catholicism. Loretto—the town founded in a wilderness by that remarkable man, Father Gallitzin, who gave up a Russian princely title and patrimony to become an humble priest—is six miles northeast of Ebensburg. The church at Loretto was, in 1800, the only house of God between Harrisburg and St. Louis, but by incredible labor and hardship and the use of means given by his sister, Father Gallitzin colonized much of Cambria county, established schools, churches and religious houses and created an influential centre for the religion he so loved. Next month the people of the vicinity propose to do honor to his memory by gathering at Loretto at the unveiling of a fine statue of him.

Many of the settlers brought by Prince Gallitzin were from Maryland and a village near the source of the Susquehanna bears the name of Archbishop John Carroll, of Baltimore, the first Catholic pre-

etc of the United States and Father Galitzin's preceptor.

The dividing ridge between the waters that flow to the Gulf of Mexico and those that reach the Atlantic by way of the Susquehanna is very narrow in Cambria. The waters interlock in alternate dells. On the railroad four miles before I reached Ebensburg I was shown a tiny rivulet on one side of the track which went west and south to New Orleans, while a similar stream on the other side was carried into the Susquehanna. So, too, in driving from Ebensburg to Carrolltown I was shown a barn whose peaked roof parted the rain waters and determined their journey.

When we had crossed a hill about eight miles from Ebensburg my driver said: "There is the Susquehanna." Honestly, it seemed laughable to me. The stream was a tiny bit of a thing, half a dozen feet wide, and I could not associate it with the mighty river whose width in places is two and three miles and whose volume is immense. At Otsego there had been a lake to give a goodly start, but the West Branch has nothing but springs for a fountain head and grows but slowly. In Cambria county it is 2,000 feet above the sea level and is truly a mountain stream.

For its first dozen miles the West Branch is followed by another Pennsylvania branch railroad from Cresson and by this means I reached Cherry Tree, which lies at the meeting place of the three counties of Cambria, Clearfield and Indiana, but which, after much talk, was adjudged to the last named. Cherry Tree has had three names. Its postoffice is called Grant, and in pioneer days it was Canoe Place. As the farthest point up stream accessible by canoe it was an important spot and an Indian village was there. Trails led west to Kittanning on the Allegheny river and another trail went up the West Branch and across the mountains, near what is now Horseshoe Curve. In all early State deeds Canoe Place, as the best known spot on the upper West Branch, played an important part.

For nearly 70 miles from Cherry Tree the Susquehanna courses through Clearfield

county, which only 10 years ago was described as "a wide forest country," but which has now had its awakening. It is really amazing to see how the deposits of soft coal have caused the construction of miles of new railroad and the projection of many more miles. The Clearfield coal basin is at least an area of 5,000 square miles, and its richness is such that at places there are no less than 12 seams of coal of an average thickness of four feet. Into this area seven railroads now enter, and almost daily there are items concerning the purchase of big tracts by capitalists or announcements that the railroads are ready to make extensions, upon which engineers and surveyors are hard at work.

Three of these railroads enter Clearfield, the county seat, which is almost in the centre of the county, and which seems destined to be the metropolis of the upper West Branch. It is situated picturesquely amid high hills in a narrow valley, and is an attractive town, with wide shaded streets, pleasant homes, good public buildings, schools and churches and a little park. In addition to its immense coal trade it has a machine shop, a foundry, lumber manufactures and a plant for making firebrick of a superior grade of clay from the neighborhood. It is coincident with the site of an Indian village known as Chinklacamoose, and the clearings made by the red men are said to have given rise to the newer name. An Indian hermit at one time lived near there, who is said to have frightened away many of his color by well-timed apparitions, and it is explained that Chinklacamoose means "no one tarries here willingly." In the French and Indian war a brigade of French troops from Fort Duquesne gathered there for an expected descent upon the lower Susquehanna towns.

Clearfield town's three railroads are the Pennsylvania, the New York Central and the so-called Brice line, the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg. The Pennsylvania branch comes from the south, from its main line at Tyrone, and was the first road into the "back country." The Brice line is from the northwest, while the New York Central is the owner of the Beech Creek

road from Williamsport. It runs up as far as Lock Haven by the river and then enters the mountains.

In other parts of the Clearfield region there are lines almost too plentiful to enumerate. The Pennsylvania has many branches tapping its main line at Cresson, Tyrone or Altoona. The Beech Creek and Brice systems have spurs to old and new mines. The West Branch Valley is also intersected or traversed for short distances by the Pittsburg and Eastern and the Pennsylvania and Northwestern roads, while in still other parts of the county are the Altoona and Phillipsburg and the Allegheny Valley routes, all aiding to carry out to the world the lumber and soft coal of the Clearfield region.

My trip along the West Branch through Clearfield county was certainly varied. Part of the way I had to "leg" it, though for a few miles below Mahaffey and again above Clearfield trains were available for short distances. The "tramps" were enjoyable for the insight which I got into a new country. So many creeks came into the river that it soon grew appreciably and was a rapid stream rushing through a valley of rich bottom land between hills of good size, though irregular in outline. The valley was rather broad until Clearfield was reached. The mining towns and railroad junctions were "raw" in their newness, but the older villages—places that have grown out of lumber camps, like Curwensville, were staid and pleasant enough. Curwensville is Clearfield's rival. It has a couple of thousand inhabitants, with tanneries, foundries and woolen mills and considerable trade with miners and farmers.

Below Clearfield railroads stay near the river for a mile or two, but soon make off to the southeast. For 30 miles thereafter the whistle of the locomotive is not heard beside the Susquehanna, though the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg system proposes to parallel the river with a road which will extend their line eastward to Williamsport.

The region is yet practically a wilderness as far as Karthaus. There is a big lumber trade, to be sure, but the population is

scant, save in the lively spring days, and the settlements are insignificant and scattered. Doubtless beneath the surface great wealth lies, or the railroad would not be run.

The scenery began to assume a bolder aspect as we neared the Alleghanies. The valley narrowed and in places almost disappeared in high, rugged hills, between which the river was hemmed into a gorge. The stream was rather tortuous in its course, alternately sweeping toward the middle of the narrow valley, and then hugging the high forest-crowned hills.

Frenchville is a settlement about 20 miles below Clearfield. It was made in 1832 by parties from Normandy and Picardy, through the exertions of M. Zavron, a wealthy Parisian who had become possessed of much land thereabouts through the failure of a Philadelphia banker.

The railroad which we met at Karthaus cannot be called much of a one. It runs one train for passengers three times a week, taking them down the river to Keating, where a transfer is made to the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, which had faithfully followed the West Branch up stream, but which there turns up Sinnemahoning creek, in order to cross the oil regions and reach Lake Erie.

Karthaus was founded in 1814 by Peter Karthaus, a German, who afterward became a merchant of Baltimore. He was attracted by the iron ores of the vicinity and erected a furnace, which, being in then unbroken wilds, finally succumbed. Coal is now the source of the town's activity.

Fifty years ago the 65 miles of the West Branch, from Keating to Williamsport, were as wild and scantily populated as the region just above Karthaus still continues. The building of the Philadelphia and Erie Road, now a part of the Pennsylvania system, was the elixir of life for the valley. By it Williamsport was transformed from a straggling county town of slow growth into a thriving and wealthy city. Not content with this, the railroad made Lock Haven an energetic town, Jersey Shore and other hamlets lively boroughs and

created Renovo in a farmer's field by placing railroad shops there. Today Williamsport numbers at least 35,000 souls; Lock Haven, 24 miles up, has 10,000, and Renovo, 28 miles beyond Lock Haven, half that number.

All these cities and towns are located in the midst of beautiful mountain scenery, for they are on the West Branch in the region where it is engaged in breaking through the rugged Alleghanies. The mountains are bold, high and abrupt, and being densely wooded to their summits with pine and hemlock have a softness and somberness of outline that is attractive, though possibly monotonous. Until the river has fairly pierced the mountains, it is often cribbed and confined, with scarcely an inch of room. After this feat has been accomplished it seems content to come through a fertile valley to Williamsport, first choosing the centre of the cultivated land, then heading over to the base of a steep ridge.

Renovo is built in an oval-shaped valley, about a mile and a half in length, formed by a division of the mountains. Lock Haven is amid rugged hills, on the right bank of the river, about two miles above the mouth of Bald Eagle creek, getting its name from the circumstance of being between two locks on the old Pennsylvania canal. Williamsport is also surrounded by hills, Bald Eagle Mountain shutting it in on the south and various broken ridges being equally zealous to the north.

Lumbering still continues a source of great wealth for the people of the West Branch down as far as Williamsport. While the immediate valley has been thinned out, there are vast quantities of timber upon its many streams and branches, and in the spring logging and rafting makes the swollen river lively. There was a time when each forest had its little sawmill, where the lumber was prepared before being rafted down to market. Then Lock Haven and Williamsport got the lion's share by their great "booms," whose dams permitted the unsawed logs to float down stream singly. Now the entrance of railroads is again giving the up-

per settlements a chance—a last chance, in fact, for lumbering is doomed on the West Branch just as it was half a century ago on the main stream.

One melancholy sight along the West Branch is the many dead standing pines. The first settlers, when lumber was too cheap to pay for sending it down stream, often lopped off all limbs for home consumption and let the tall tree stand desolated, then die, then rot. It now robs the forest of much picturesqueness.

Lock Haven is said to handle 35,000,000 feet of lumber annually and Williamsport eight or nine times that amount. The masses of logs in the big booms at both places are a sight, indeed. At Williamsport they often extend up several miles, and are so thickly jammed that one could walk from shore to shore, though I did not try it.

Lock Haven is a town which may be praised for neatness and comfort. As the seat of Clinton county it is the centre of a farming as well as lumbering community. A State normal school is located there. In addition to its saw and planing mills, there are tanneries, machine shops and plants for making paper, firebrick, sewer pipe and cigars. In Revolutionary days it was the site of a fort for defense, usually known as Reed's, because William Reed and five sons formed the chief garrison. Great Island, two miles below Lock Haven, had its share of the events of pioneer days, as is shown by the chronicles of J. N. Meginness, of Williamsport.

Mr. Meginness, among many other things, has preserved some of the traditions of Young Woman's creek, which joins the Susquehanna not far from Renovo. It is said that the creek derived its name from the suicide of a beautiful Indian girl, who threw herself into the water when her father would not let her marry the brave she loved. Again, it is said to have been the grave of a captive white girl, who found it her only means of escape from savages, and the legend says the ghost of the girl made the creek a dreaded one to the Indians.

Farrandsville, five miles above Lock Haven, is pointed out as an early example of

the misdirected use of capital. In 1830 William P. Farrand interested some Boston merchants in a company to exploit the coal found here and to use it in many manufactures on the spot. Seven hundred thousand dollars is said to have been expended before it was seen that the "Lycoming Coal Company" would not be profitable. Today lumber, firebrick and coal just keep the village alive.

Jersey Shore, at the mouth of Pine creek, 13 miles below Lock Haven, was to have been called Waynesburg, but the first settlers were two brothers from New Jersey, and that fixed the name. On July 4, 1776—the day the Declaration of Independence was adopted in Philadelphia—there was a gathering of the Pine Creek settlers near Jersey Shore. They had heard that independence was being debated in the Continental Congress, and they, too, made their declaration, though it was not until some weeks later they learned of the coincidence in dates.

The title to that portion of the valley from Jersey Shore to Williamsport was in dispute for a number of years, and there was no organized local government. The "squatters," however, antedated the vigilance committees of California by having a committee of three men to decide all disputes and punish all crimes. Their decisions were enforced by the neighbors en masse. These "squatters" became widely known as "fair-play men," and there is preserved the retort which one of them gave years afterward to a chief justice of Pennsylvania, who asked him about the system: "We had fair play then, Your Honor; now we have only law."

Williamsport was laid out in 1795 by Michael Ross, and was made the seat of Lycoming county. It was placed where once had stood the village of "French Margaret," a half-breed, who ruled her Indian followers with prohibition ideas, no rum being allowed within its bounds. The city site was also the scene of the massacre of seven persons on June 10, 1778. Two children taken captive then were subsequently restored to their father through a chain of romantic circumstances.

Ross named Williamsport for a son, and laid it out with liberal notions that have ever since prevailed—generous space for public buildings, broad streets and a well-designed plan. Today the city has many charms. Lumber gave it wealth, and that wealth has been and is being used to develop many other industries. The stores and office buildings are mainly of a kind that larger cities might envy, and Fourth street, leading from the business section to the Philadelphia and Erie Depot, is lined with residences that are both costly and tasteful in their surroundings. The corners are taken up by church edifices that should cause shame to metropolitan congregations, designed with merit and handsomely built of stone. The Federal Building, in the elbow of Fourth street, is especially fine to look upon. The hills north of the city are dotted with the villas of wealthy men, and the suburbs in that direction, some of them surrounding a new park, are being rapidly developed by means of street railways.

Williamsport was made a city in 1866. Its streets are not cobbled, but paved with wood, brick or asphalt. Its water supply comes from mountain springs, piped beneath the river. It has gas, electric and steam-heating plants. There are three parks in all and two popular race-courses. The churches are set off by various public charities. In addition to the graded public schools there is Dickinson Seminary, a well-known co-educational institution founded in 1847.

The railroads make Williamsport important. Along the Susquehanna Valley from the West come two systems, the New York Central and the Philadelphia and Erie, both on the north bank. The Vanderbilt lines are the old Beech Creek route from Clearfield and the former Fall Brook Railroad from Geneva, N. Y., and Corning, N. Y. These lines terminate here, but the Philadelphia and Erie goes on down the river, being paralleled by Philadelphia and Reading tracks, giving a railroad to both sides of the river to Sunbury. The Northern Central road from Lake Ontario and Elmira joins the Erie tracks to con-

tinue southward toward Baltimore. The Williamsport and North Branch Railroad runs northeast to Eaglesmere and other summer resorts of the Pennsylvania mountains.

The West Branch Valley in the 40 miles from Williamsport to Sunbury was settled prior to the Revolution and consequently is more abundant in historical tales than the upper portion. It is a remarkably fertile and highly productive country and presents a delightful appearance in the summer months. The first settlers included many Germans and the big red barns and neat homes are of frequent occurrence. A series of growing towns are there—Montoursville, Muncy, Montgomery, Watson-town, Milton and Lewisburg.

Of these Milton is decidedly the busiest and largest. In 1882 the place was destroyed by fire. It was not only soon rebuilt, but since that time has quadrupled its size, so as to now count 8,000 within its bounds. Its people are nearly all mill-hands and foundry-workers, for there are railway car works, rolling mills, axle forge, bolt and nut works, nail factory, washer works, a large steam tannery, agricultural implement works, machine shops, planing mills, sawmills, iron foundries and a fly-net factory. For the children of these busy laborers the school advantages are excellent. There are 22 graded schools, topped off with a high school and a library. The town is, in fact, progressive in every creditable way.

Montoursville was once the home of Madame Montour, a strange figure in Indian history. She was the reputed daughter of the Marquis de Frontenac, a famous French Governor of Canada. Her two husbands were Iroquois chieftains—Roland Montour, a Seneca, and Carandawana, an Oneida. As a personage of importance among the Indians she was treated with much ceremony by the colony of Pennsylvania and frequently visited Philadelphia as its guest. Her son, Andrew Montour, was a noted Indian scout and interpreter for the colony. The notorious Queen Esther, who massacred 14 men at Wyo-

ming, is said to have been a daughter. Another daughter was Queen Catherine, whose home was in Central New York. The family name, evidently one of French derivation, is preserved hereabouts, in Montoursville, Montour's Ridge and Montour county.

Near Hall's, a station a few miles east of Montoursville, and in the midst of old elms, is a residence built in 1769 by Samuel Wallis, a member of a noted Maryland family, born in Harford county. Wallis, who was a Quaker, and who died in 1798, was one of the most extensive landed proprietors of this country and is said to have owned a million acres at one time, though afterward much involved. His estate here extended for five miles along the river. It was later owned by Charles Hall and is known now as the "Hall Farms."

Near Muncy the Susquehanna makes a splendid southward bend. It had been flowing eastward for many miles near the base of Bald Eagle mountain, but now it sweeps around the base of the mountain in a majestic curve. The scenery of the neighborhood is to be commended. Muncy Valley is broad, undulating, picturesque and fertile. The White Deer and Nittany Mountains are on the west side.

Muncy perpetuates the name of the Monsey tribe, a branch of the Lenni-Lenape, or Delaware Indians. They dwelt there for many years. Near the mouth of Muncy creek are the remains of a semicircular earthwork fortification of ancient pedigree, possibly older than the Monseys, perhaps a creation of the Moundbuilders. At Muncy in Revolutionary days Capt. John Brady had a fort and he and his sons displayed in the vicinity some of that fighting which made the name famous in American military annals. Gen. Hugh Brady, hero of the battles of Chippewa and Niagara Falls, was his son. Another son was Capt. Samuel Brady, an Indian fighter renowned in Southwestern Pennsylvania. A monument to Captain Brady was erected a few years ago by the people of Muncy.

Not far away from Watsontown, on Warrior's run, was Freeland's Fort, which, in

the summer of 1778, was captured by a party of British and Indians. Many of the settlers were killed and the rest carried off to Canada.

Lewisburg, which was founded by Lewis Derr, a German trader, and was early known as Derr's Town, is the seat of Union county, and besides various factories, has a thriving trade with Buffalo and Penn's Valleys, but is chiefly of interest as the site of Bucknell University, formerly the University of Lewisburg, but changed 15 years ago because of the gifts of William Bucknell, the Philadelphia philanthropist. The institution was founded in 1846 by Baptists, but is now managed on non-sectarian principles. Its buildings are in shaded grounds in the south end of Lewisburg. They include a college for young men and young women, an academy for boys, an institute for girls, music and art schools, a museum, laboratories, a library of 12,000 volumes and an observatory with a fine Clarke telescope. The students number about 300, and come from many places. The endowment is about \$350,000, and the buildings and apparatus are worth as much more.

Bishop John H. Vincent, of the Methodist Church, the founder of the Chautauqua movement, was born across the river from Lewisburg and attended school there.

As I have been writing this letter to you my regret at not being able to linger longer upon the West Branch has grown greatly. There is so much I might have seen, but didn't, and so much more I could have said, but haven't.

XIV.

THE PASSING OF THE BOATS.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.
Sept. 3.—Today in glancing over some yellow time-stained copies of a Sunbury paper, I was surprised to find this paragraph:

PORT OF SUNBURY.

Sept. 1, 1840.—Cleared—Canal boat Folly, to Baltimore, with lumber. Entered—Canal boats Gay and Mary Ann, from Berwick, coal.

It was a paragraph to cause melancholy reflections. Sunbury's dream of becoming an inland port long ago faded. The system of canals along the Susquehanna was extensive and had a busy commerce. Today the crack of the mule driver's whip on the towpath is scarcely heard, and it has been many years since the canals paid expenses as traffic highways. Many miles have been abandoned and in the parts still operated the business is as sluggish as the water. The steel rail is master of the field of transportation.

The river has been even more deserted. The lumber rafts, "keelboats" and "arks" are no more and the only freight or passenger boats left are the little steamers that ply for a few miles above or below an occasional progressive town. The Susquehanna is indeed unnavigable. Its loss of traffic is to be regretted, for the old order of things had a picturesque side.

It seems absurd now to read the statements of the author of a little book published at Philadelphia in 1796. "The design of these pages," he said by way of preface, "is to show the importance of the great national canal—the River Susquehanna; the eligible situation, for the purposes of trade and manufactures, of some places on its banks and at its mouth;

its great connection with the other main waters of the United States, and the extensive and fertile surface of country from which it must drain the rich productions of agriculture and manufactures." Havre de Grace, at the mouth of the river, was to be a great port for foreign and inland commerce. "The whole trade of this river must centre at this spot as an entrepot, or place of exportation. Whatever may be the exertions of Pennsylvania or the moneyed capital, Philadelphia, the trade of this river must ever pursue its natural channel." So!

In the year following this little publication a Philadelphia company gave a great impetus to the navigation of the Susquehanna by opening a canal one mile long around the west side of the Conewago Falls at York Haven. These rapids had been a great bar to the development of commerce. In 1771 the Commonwealth had declared the Susquehanna a public highway and had made an appropriation to clear away gravel bars, take out stumps and trees, open a channel and construct towing-paths beside the rapids. But the Conewago Falls still continued perilous for boatmen. The little canal changed all this. Within a day or two after it had been formally opened by Gov. Thomas Mifflin a German named John Kreider, carrying flour from the Juniata, passed through and got a handsome sum for his cargo at Baltimore. His success soon became known the length of the Susquehanna, and for nearly half a century Baltimore enjoyed an immense trade of this sort.

These river boats had various types. The canoe of the Indian was replaced by the "dugout" of the trader, an imitation of the Indian craft. About the time of the Revolution there was introduced the type known as "keelboats," or as "Durham boats," the latter from a town on the Delaware where the first one was built in 1750. They were 60 or 70 feet long, 8 feet broad and 2 feet deep, making a carrying capacity of from 20 to 30 tons. The stem and bow were sharp and had small decks on them. A boardwalk or "run" extended the full length of each side and was used in "poling" the boat against the current.

Masts with two sails were utilized when a favorable wind blew. A steersman and two polers on each side constituted the crew. The journey down to market was easy, except for the danger of "shooting the rapids," but on the return trip poling was arduous and the progress was not much more than a mile an hour.

Fifty years ago, in the spring of 1849, no less than 2,500 rafts, containing more than 100,000,000 feet of lumber, floated past Sunbury from the main stream in 26 days, and many hundreds more from the West Branch. Today the forests of the main stream have been practically cleared, and those left on the West Branch are mostly floated in single logs to the booms at Lock Haven and Williamsport. The jolly life of these lumbermen, their adventures on the water, their dangers in the rapids—a life which Willis has pleasingly described—has passed forever from the Susquehanna. It had begun on the river about 1795.

Steamboats began to be tried on the Susquehanna when Baltimoreans learned that Philadelphians were taking steps to divert the trade of the river valley, for which there was much rivalry between the two cities. In 1825 some who were interested in the development of York Haven built at York a steamboat named the "Codorus." It was mainly of sheet iron, 60 feet long, with a 10-horsepower engine capable of sending it against the current four miles an hour. With 50 passengers aboard she drew but 8 inches of water and so had every chance of success. Her builder, John Elgar, a York Quaker, after testing her thoroughly between York Haven and Harrisburg, started up the river in the spring of 1826. He was welcomed with many demonstrations at various towns, got as far as Binghamton and returned in safety to York Haven, but reported to his employers that navigation would not pay, as it was practicable for only a few months in each year because of the shallowness of the Susquehanna.

Another attempt in the same year resulted in a terrible disaster, which put an end to such experiments for a number of years. The steamer "Susquehanna," built at Bar-

timore, was 82 feet long and drew 22 inches of water, causing her more difficulty than the "Codorus." She went past Sunbury and up as far as Berwick, but her boilers exploded as she was endeavoring to mount Nescopeck Rapids on May 3, 1826, and her passengers and crew were hurled high in the air, to the horror of a crowd of spectators. Many were killed and many others scalded or otherwise injured.

In 1834 citizens of Owego built another "Susquehanna," a strong, well-made craft, which covered the 100 miles down stream to Wilkesbarre in eight hours. Nathaniel P. Willis, the author, was on board and has recorded an entertaining account of the trip. On her second trip the steamer had an accident at Nanticoke and was abandoned.

The largest steamer on the river was the "Wyoming," launched in 1849 at Tunkhamock. She was 128 feet long and 22 feet beam. For three years she carried coal from Wilkesbarre up to Athens and other places whenever there was sufficient water, which was not often enough to make the boat pay. In 1851 an attempt was made by residents of Bainbridge, N. Y. A boat named "The Enterprise," 100 feet long, with engines of 40-horsepower, paid her owners \$3,000 in a three-months' season of high water carrying coal from Wilkesbarre to Athens. But when the river found its usual low-water mark, the "Enterprise" was high and dry on the shore. Her machinery rusted, the sun's rays opened her seams and, like the "Wyoming," she soon became unfit for service.

I cannot here retail the history of the Susquehanna's canals. Fifty million dollars or more were spent upon them by the State of Pennsylvania or by corporations, and at one time there were nearly 400 miles of waterways along the Susquehanna and another 400 miles upon its tributaries. In the "era of internal improvement" the river was to be the great key to Pennsylvania's development and to form part of a great inland water route by which the products of the growing West were to reach Philadelphia or Baltimore.

The canal at Conewago Falls was the first. The second was the "Old Maryland Canal," which was begun in 1796 and completed in 1805. It extended from the Maryland line down the east bank to Port Deposit. It was too narrow to be a money-maker, and soon passed out of existence.

The third Susquehanna Canal, and the one which really gave the great impetus to the building of the chain of those in Pennsylvania, was the so-called Union Canal, from Middletown, on the Susquehanna, up Swatara creek, down Tulpehoeken creek to Reading, on the Schuylkill, a distance of 82 miles. It was begun in 1819.

Along the Susquehanna there were canals from Athens to the Chesapeake, nearly 300 miles. Of these the State in 1826-30 built the various sections from Wilkesbarre to Columbia. The continuation to the Chesapeake was made by a Maryland company, who had many difficulties and were obliged to expend \$4,000,000 to construct 45 miles. The portion north from Pittston to Athens, though originally planned by the State, was, after many years, carried out by a company of wealthy coal-mine owners, who believed they foresaw a fine opportunity to send coal to the West and to New York city up the Susquehanna and thence across New York State to the Erie Canal. Their canal was not done until 1858, and by that time the railroads were evidently destined to conquer all, so this part was not long used. The route was up the Susquehanna to Athens, then up the Chemung to Elmira and through Seneca lake.

On the West Branch of the Susquehanna there was a canal from Northumberland to Farrandsville, with extensions to Sinnemahoning creek and up Bald Eagle creek to Bellefonte. On other branches and tributaries there were canals as follows: The Chenango river, 97 miles from Birmingham, constructed by the State of New York in 1833 to tap the Erie Canal at Utica; the Chemung and Swatara routes, already mentioned; Conestoga creek, up to Lancaster from the river; Codorus creek, up to York; Wisconsin creek, into the Lykens Valley coal region; and, most impor-

tant of all, the Juniata division of 127 miles from Duncan's Island up to Hollidaysburg, where it connected with the old Portage Railroad across the Alleghany Mountains. It was by this route Charles Dickens went West on the trip described in his "American Notes."

In 1858 Pennsylvania sold its canals, at a loss of many millions, to various railroad companies. Today the Pennsylvania Railroad operates all in use along the Susquehanna. They include from Nanticoke to Columbia, 145 miles; on the West Branch, from Northumberland to Montoursville, 35 miles, and on the Juniata, from Duncan's Island to Newtown Hamilton, 65 miles. From last year's report I learn that 208,993 tons of freight were handled in all, chiefly lumber and coal. The expenses of operating were \$12,640 more than the receipts. In addition the default on taxes and interest was \$150,000 more.

Of fanciful ideas concerning the part the river was destined to play in navigation, none was more odd than that which constructed a shipbuilding plant at Wilkesbarre. There have been boatbuilding yards of considerable size at Beach Haven, at Lewisburg and other places on the river, but the idea at Wilkesbarre was to build seagoing vessels. In 1803 a sloop of 12 tons was successfully launched and safely piloted to the Chesapeake. This exploit of the "John Franklin" caused a company which in 1812 built a schooner of 50 or 60 tons drawing four feet of water. This was launched amid much enthusiasm in Wyoming Valley and was named "The Luzerne of Wilkesbarre." It passed down stream to the Conewago Falls, but those menacing rapids dashed the Luzerne to pieces on their jagged rocks. With it many hopes were also dashed to pieces.

There is just one thought I wish to advance for serious consideration. Would not the \$50,000,000 spent on canals have sufficed to make the Susquehanna navigable through dredging and blasting? It was a plan which had many advocates before the canals were adopted. If it had been chosen, Wilkesbarre and Sunbury and many other river towns might have gone down to the sea in ships.

XV.

A NOBLE WATER GAP.

HARRISBURG, DAUPHIN COUNTY, PA., Sept. 4.—The gap in the Blue Mountains through which the Susquehanna forced its way to the sea ages ago is in plain view from Harrisburg, and presents a fine appearance. But to see properly the beauty of the big river's passage through the mountains it is necessary to come with the river from above.

The Indians rightfully named those blue ridges yonder Kittatinny, or the "endless hills." They line up across Pennsylvania and into New Jersey, and the gap which is made by the Susquehanna here is repeated by the Lehigh and by the Delaware.

Good fortune has enabled me to see these three water gaps within a few weeks. The Delaware one is, indeed, picturesque and grand, but there is more majesty in the gap of the Susquehanna. The Delaware river is, perhaps, 100 yards broad, and makes a placid lake-like curve between the towering heights of Mount Minsi and Mount Tammany. The Susquehanna is nearly a mile broad, and sweeps onward with resistless flow, as if to say "I will tear away the whole mountain if you dare try and stop me ere I reach the sea."

On each side, as seen from here, the ridge seems to bend, then bow low, then disappear beneath the horizon for the oncoming of the Susquehanna. The gap is often likened to the Rhine at Andernach.

In the heart of this Susquehanna Water Gap the Pennsylvania Railroad's main line to the west crosses the river from the base of one wood-covered mountain to another, and the view from its long bridge is one well remembered. The river is shallow,

and tumbles noisily and foamingly over masses of low, jagged rocks. Other mountains jut out and shut in the view up the river. Below, the spires and taller buildings of Harrisburg are seen.

Had you come with us from Sunbury above, you would have seen the Susquehanna pierce not one but several mountain ridges, the Northern Central train running close to the river around the foot of steep mountains for a dozen miles. There are at least four ridges, and those nearest Harrisburg are respectively known as First Mountain, Second Mountain and Third Mountain, while Peter's Mountain is the long ridge first seen from the north as we approached the confluence of the Juniata, and which is followed for a mile or so by the river before it bends and breaks through. The ride through the gap is a delightful one to any lover of bold scenery. You have hardly gotten a good survey of some frowning ridge before the train has swept around a curve and you see another and more towering height beyond. On your right is the broad, grand river, and beyond, on the west bank—from Duncannon to Marysville—are freight and express trains of the Pennsylvania's main line, engaged, as you are, in hurrying through the mountains toward Harrisburg.

At one point in the mountain pass, on the west side, the ridge of one high hill curves to meet another ridge and incloses a valley in a horseshoe shape. There is no way out save by the Susquehanna, and the valley is a veritable little world by itself. Sheltered as it is from the fury of wind and storm, it was early compared by German visitors to the safe harbors of the sea, and by them was named "The Cove."

The 60 miles of the river between Sunbury and Harrisburg afford many pleasing pictures. The river is broad for the whole length, and in every view there is that grateful sensation of distance and space, the same feeling which gives rise to the pleasure of wide-reaching panoramas commanded from mountain tops. The upper waters are picturesque, yet confined. Here it is a mile to the opposite bank, and the

shallow waters usually possess serenity and majesty, though there are more rapids than in any other part of the river and more islands than one can count.

Near Georgetown we saw a herd of cattle far out in the river, which was so shallow that half their bodies were exposed. They seemed like little groups of islands, and it was only when some of them moved that we realized what they were. There is a well-known picture of cows seeking relief from a summer's heat in a broad stream, and I at once bethought myself of it. At Liverpool, a few miles below, the low water revealed wide stretches of river grass. The river there was especially pleasing. The waters possessed a lake form that was well set off by varied island groups, far off interlacing hills and nearer headlands.

The Northern Central Railroad stays close by the river's east bank from Sunbury. The mountains forming the water gap are not the only ones along the river for this distance, and there are many high, rocky cuts and curves in the sides of Mahantougo and Berry's Mountains. Often the train dashes past some narrow ravine, in which a little cascade comes down, foamy white. Then huge walls of rock tower high, or else have fissures at their bases in such fashion as to make caverns of some depth.

The mountains back of the river on the east side are rich with hard coal, and the towns on the railroad—Herndon, Georgetown and Millersburg—are, like Sunbury, the outlets for valuable districts, with which they are connected by short lines of railroad. Millersburg is the shipping point for Lykens Valley coal, one of the finest grades put on the market. Herndon, which is growing fast, has, since the building of the Northern Central, wrested the coal trade from Port Trevorton, opposite. When the latter spot was laid out, in 1853, the canal on the west side of the river afforded the only outlet for the coal of Trevorton, which is in the hills, a dozen miles back of Herndon. Accordingly, a railroad was built to the river, and across to the canal

by a long bridge. The piers of that bridge still stand desolate in the river, a monument to the downfall of the canal, for at Herndon the loaded coal cars are simply shifted from one track to another to be sent to any part of this country.

Selin's Grove, which is on the west bank six miles below Sunbury—with which it is connected by a Pennsylvania Railroad branch, continuing on to the Juniata at Lewiston—was the scene of one of the earliest wholesale massacres in the Susquehanna's history. On October 15, 1755, Indians descended upon this infant settlement on Penn's creek, killed 13 persons and carried away 12 young women and children. One wounded settler brought the news to Harrisburg, and John Harris, Jr., led a party in pursuit. This party was ambushed near the scene of the first slaughter and were forced to flee across the Susquehanna. Seven were killed, five others drowned and five Indians slain. It is said of Harris that his life was saved by a corpulent doctor jumping upon the back of his horse as he was making him wade the river. A bullet from an Indian rifle went through the doctor's heart.

The scene of the fight was shortly after marked by a wedge driven into a sapling, and though the fight was nearly a century and a half ago, the split was pointed out until very recently, the sapling having spread to a girth of 12 feet.

One of the most realistic narratives ever told by captives is contained in the story published by Barbara Leininger and Marie LeRoy, two of those taken in the massacre at Penn's creek. They were driven into the deep forests of Western Pennsylvania, exposed to all kinds of weather, forced to eat acorns and roots, to cut down trees, to build huts, tan leather and do all kinds of drudgery. They witnessed the most inhuman treatment of other prisoners, who were roasted alive, had melted lead poured down their throats and their bodies mutilated by cutting off one member after another. At the expiration of three years the girls escaped and, with almost incredible fatigue and hardships, reached friends again.

Selin's Grove owes its name to Anthony Selin, a Swiss, who was a captain in Washington's army. A brother-in-law of Selin was Governor Simon Snyder, one of the most sturdy characters ever the executive of a Commonwealth. Born in Lancaster in 1759, of poor parents, he was a tanner's apprentice in York, then a storekeeper and scrivener at Selin's Grove, where he prospered, went into politics and rose to be Governor in 1808. He was twice re-elected and filled a big niche in popular estimation. He strongly advocated free public schools and a canal from the Chesapeake to the Great Lakes by way of the Susquehanna.

In 1885 the State of Pennsylvania erected a monument over the grave where Governor Snyder was buried in 1819, in the old Lutheran graveyard in Selin's Grove. Simon Cameron and Governors Pattison, Curtin and Hartranft made addresses at the unveiling, which was a big event for the people of Central Pennsylvania, who honor Simon Snyder's memory in many ways. The shaft is of Quincy granite, surmounted by a bronze bust and bearing medallions representing him as tanner, statesman and farmer.

The large substantial-looking home which Governor Snyder built for himself in Selin's Grove in the last year of his incumbency is still standing, though damaged by a fire which swept the town in 1874.

Selin's Grove is known as the seat of the Missionary Institute of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, which prepares young men for ministerial work in foreign lands. It was founded by Maryland Synod in 1856 and was first intended for Baltimore, but the people of Selin's Grove secured it by generous donations of money and land. Rev. Dr. Benjamin Kurtz, an eminent Lutheran divine, was its first president.

In the river in front of Selin's Grove is an island called the Island of Que. It was once owned by Conrad Weiser, the Indian interpreter, who is said to have gotten it from its Indian possessor by "swapping dreams." The Indian first

dreamed that Weiser gave him—but what's the use of repeating the tradition I told you about "Johnson's Dreamland," near Otego? Turn back and read it over and you will have the legend of the Island of Que.

Middle Creek, a few miles below Selin's Grove, was, in January, 1768, the scene of a wanton slaughter of Indians. Frederick Stump, a settler there, killed four red men and two squaws, cut a hole in the river ice and dropped the bodies in. Then on the following day he killed an Indian woman, two girls and a child farther up Middle creek and burned their bodies. Stump was arrested and put in jail at Carlisle, but was rescued by a mob of sympathizers, who believed the colonial policy of protecting the Indians a gross mistake. This was five years after the "Paxton boys' " affair in Lancaster county.

McKee's Half Falls, shortly below Georgetown, but on the west side of the river, derives its name from being the farther half of rapids which are separated by an island. The half nearest the east bank has never borne a name. There are two ledges of rocks. Over the first the river descends three and one-half feet, over the second three feet. Thomas McKee was an Indian trader, who settled on the west side as early as 1750. He was a pluckier fellow than one Péter Shaffer, who stayed but a short time near the Half Falls, because he couldn't stand the noise of the rapids, nor of his neighbor's cowbells, nor the smell of the shad caught in the river.

On the west side, opposite Halifax, which is 21 miles above Harrisburg, there is a spot called "Girty's Notch," where Simon Girty, the notorious frontier renegade, is said to have spent several days in a hill cave next to the river, watching a gathering of Revolutionary soldiers at Halifax, where was located one of a chain of Susquehanna defense forts. Another was Fort Hunter, near where Rockville now stands, six miles above Harrisburg. There are no remains of the two forts.

Girty was born at Fort Hunter, and as a boy lived there and in Sherman's Valley,

in the mountains west of the Susquehanna. His father was a worthless drunken character. A biographer of Simon Girty has traced him and his brothers with much care, and has shattered the "Girty's Notch" tradition by proving that Girty did not return to the Susquehanna upon any such marauding expedition.

At the river's junction 20 miles above Harrisburg with the Juniata, the "Blue Juniata," a stream of romantic flavor and fine scenery, the canal shifts across from the west to the east bank of the Susquehanna by means of a dam and a wooden towing bridge. The canal branch which goes up the Juniata is carried across that stream by an aqueduct which in its day was considered an engineering achievement, and which aroused the lively curiosity of Charles Dickens.

Duncan's Island, which lies at the confluence of the two rivers, is one of the largest islands of the Susquehanna. It is two miles long and its fertile soil has given it a considerable population, while its location amid river and mountain scenery makes it attractive to visitors. Its situation was doubtless the reason why it was a favorite spot for Indians. The Nanticokes dwelt there for some time, and the Shawnees and Susquehannocks before them, and there are stories of a battle in which the Delawares were badly defeated by Cayugas. A thousand Delawares are said to have been slain. The Cayugas had muskets and the Delawares fought with bows and arrows. There was once a burial mound here, and when the canal was being dug hundreds of skeletons were found. Indian weapons and utensils are often dug up to this day.

In 1744 Rev. David Brainerd, a missionary, visited the Indians then living on Duncan's Island, and has left a sad picture of their destitution, shiftlessness and debauchery. The tribe were having a "deer sacrifice," which Mr. Brainerd describes in his journal as a wild, drunken orgy.

William Baskins, who settled on Duncan's Island a few years later, was in 1755 scalped, and his wife, a son and a daughter taken prisoner. The wife es-

caped, but the son was carried to New York and afterward became noted along the border as Timothy Murphy, "scout and Indian terror." I have already mentioned him on the Upper Susquehanna. He was an unerring shot and is said to have killed Gen. Fraser in the battle of Bemis Heights.

The same Baskins family are among the ancestors of Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy. James Baskins ran a ferry to the east side of the Susquehanna from what is now Duncannon, a little iron town at the mouth of the Juniata. His daughter fell in love with Alexander Stephens, a British soldier who served under General Braddock. Her father was opposed to her marrying the redcoat and disinherited her when she did so. Stephens and his wife moved to Georgia. Some of their descendants returned to the neighborhood of the Juniata.

Another prominent character of the vicinity was Gen. Frederick Watts, one of Pennsylvania's brigadiers in the Revolution, and the ancestor of several men who gained distinction in this State.

In common with the dwellers farther up the river, the people of this portion of the Susquehanna share in the benefits as well as the perils of the spring floods, which swell the waters sometimes to an extra elevation of 20 feet or more. It is at these seasons that the logs and rafts which the intervals accumulated used to be floated off to market, but the lifting of the waters no longer presents such stirring sights, though the dangers still recur. In Colonial days there was a belief that a disastrous flood occurred on the Susquehanna each 14 years, but this has been amply disproven by time. In 1874 a terrible flood brought disaster to many a settlement already bent under the burden of war. In 1786 occurred the "pumpkin flood," because millions of them were brought down from the flooded farmlands of thrifty New Yorkers. The Susquehanna's chronicle of losses by floods is a long one.

XVI.

IN BUSY HARRISBURG.

HARRISBURG, PA., Sept. 5.—This city is one of those busy places whose importance one can quickly see by the miles upon miles of railroad tracks adjacent to the particular track upon which one's train enters the city.

The trains clatter past hundreds and hundreds of freight cars bearing the names of railroads all over the country. Sidings run into factories and foundries every block or so. Engines of the Pennsylvania road and its branch, the Northern Central, of the Reading road and of the Cumberland Valley road puff and blow past one, and altogether the sight is interesting because of the idea it gives of the city's prosperity.

This idea is not removed by getting away from the railroad and into the heart of the city. The manufactories are numerous, the stores fine looking, the hotels abundant, the financial institutions housed in befitting buildings and the streets bustling with people. For a year past the presence of the soldiers at Camp Meade, below the city, has added to the liveliness. Hundreds of young fellows in brown canvas uniforms were on the principal thoroughfares during our stay.

All of which betokens the fact that Pennsylvania's capital city is not a place which sleeps during the intervals of legislative meetings, but outranks all other cities of its class in the State in the business done, and is even pushing close to Pittsburg and Philadelphia. In this it is undoubtedly greatly aided by its nearness to the coal regions and by the facilities for shipment offered by its railroads.

We found many places of interest in a stroll through the city, some because of their historical associations, some because of their present attractiveness. To begin with, our hostelry, the Commonwealth, is on the site of the hotel at which President Washington was made much of on his return from the whisky insurrection in Western Pennsylvania in 1794. At the same hotel Abraham Lincoln was a guest in February, 1861, when told that there was a reported plot in Baltimore to kill him on his way through to Washington, information which led to his famous "midnight ride" through the Monumental City. The present hotel was erected about nine years ago, and is the headquarters for many of Pennsylvania's political leaders.

From our hotel we strolled one block east on Market street past the County Court building, whose spire has been painted so white as to be almost blinding in the noon sun; past some of those banking institutions of which I have been speaking, then one block north to the State Capitol, admiring as we reached there the large Federal building of gray stone on the corner opposite.

Frankly my first impression of Capitol Park was this: "What a pity such a beautiful spot should be marred by having a big ugly brick barn in the centre!" For the new capitol structure in its present form is, without mincing matters, a disgrace to the people of a big State. And it will remain a disgrace until Pennsylvania's legislators shuffle off some of their niggardliness and their political posing.

To understand things, let me remind you that in February, 1898, fire destroyed the old State Capitol, which had stood since 1819 on the eminence given for it by the city's founder in the centre of this Capitol Park. It was, in its way, a fairly adequate structure, but to replace it some of the more progressive of Pennsylvanians favored an edifice in which the best of present-day American architecture should be exemplified. The architect selected was Henry Ives Cobb, whose plans for the Fisheries Building at the Chicago World's

Fair had been much admired. Mr. Cobb designed a capitol building which will, if ever completed, form, as it should, the chief beauty of Harrisburg—a large shell of brick, with an outside of marble and a fine dome.

But the Legislature of 1898 appropriated only \$550,000 and the Legislature of 1899 declined to add anything, and the result is that only a big, ugly red-brick barn confronted us after we had walked through the attractive grounds. No marble relieves the plainness and ugliness, and a cheap temporary roof covers the centre part, where the dome was to have been. The structure is so large that it is conspicuous for some miles around Harrisburg and the mischief is thus made worse.

The excuse which was given for limiting the cost to such a small figure was that larger sums would lead to extravagance and State scandals like that which attended the building of the New York Capitol at Albany, where one part was falling to pieces before another was completed. It is also asserted by the advocates of economy that it was improper to have gone ahead with plans for such an ambitious building when it was known that the appropriation would not warrant it.

The Legislature met in its State "barn" when last in session, but the paintings, the collection of Civil War flags and the other historical relics which used to interest visitors to the old Capitol building are stored in the State Library building, which is a structure of much beauty and tastefulness, built five years ago to house a library which is indeed a fine one, and erected at a cost exceeding that prescribed for the Capitol. Some of the other State departments are placed in two small edifices of twin design, which stand on each side of the new Capitol, just as they did beside the old one.

I have spoken of the attractiveness of Capitol Park, and it is deserved. Many beautiful trees of rare kinds, flower beds and hothouses, well-kept lawns and pleasing paths make it a favorite resting place. Several churches and homes of fine design are on the streets surrounding the park, which occupies the space of several ordinary city blocks.

Harrisburg is, in good measure, a "monumental city." The first shaft which we noticed was in Capitol Park, south of the State buildings. It is a tall Corinthian column of Maryland marble, surmounted by a statue of "Victory" of fine Italian marble. It was erected in 1868 to the memory of Pennsylvania's soldiers in the Mexican War, and the names of the battles of that war are contained on the granite base, while in front lie cannon captured at the battle of Cerro Gordo and several highly ornamented brass guns presented to the Continental Congress by Lafayette.

Immediately in front of the Capitol and facing down State street, a fine broad avenue which leads west to the river, is a handsome equestrian statue of General Hartranft, which was unveiled last Decoration Day. It stands on a fine base of polished granite and is altogether a creditable tribute to a man who commanded Pennsylvania troops in the Civil War and who was afterward a Governor of the State.

Our walk down State street to the river, two blocks away, led past three other monuments, of which the most prominent was an obelisk 110 feet high, patterned after the pair of obelisks which were at the gates of the Egyptian city of Memphis, and to my way of thinking as graceful as the Bunker Hill monument of the same type. Its inscription tells the reason for its erection, as follows:

To the soldiers of Dauphin county who gave their lives for the life of the Union in the war for the suppression of the Rebellion, 1861-65. Erected by their fellow-citizens, 1869.

The other two monuments are both in the yard of St. Patrick's Catholic Pro-Cathedral, a low edifice of some age, though pretty within. One of the monuments is a Mexican cross of white marble to the memory of Columbus, one of the many erected to the famous Genoese during the four hundredth anniversary of his discovery of America. The other is a square monument of polished black marble, surmounted by a religious statue and marking the grave of Right Rev. J. F. Shanahan, the first Bishop of Harrisburg.

On the same block with St. Patrick's Pro-Cathedral is the handsome edifice of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, erected about 20 years ago at a cost of more than \$145,000. It was the place where the State Legislature met after the Capitol fire.

Another Harrisburg church possessing historic interest is that of the Zion Lutheran Congregation, on Fourth street, near Market, with a tall spire. At a national political convention there in 1840 William Henry Harrison was nominated for the Presidency.

One block away on Fourth street is the Bethel Church of God, the first pastor of which was Rev. John Winebrenner, the founder of the denomination which is often called by his name. Mr. Winebrenner, who was a native of Maryland, was originally a German Reformed pastor, and came to Harrisburg as such in 1820. But the doctrines which he advocated in a series of revivals caused such comment among the German Reformed brethren that he withdrew, and in 1830, at a conference of his followers in Harrisburg, founded the new church.

The river front of Harrisburg is noted for its picturesqueness and its fine residences. The bank of the river was long ago parked and the walk through it now leads beneath rows of tall, fine shade trees. Next to these rows of trees is Front street, and on the opposite side of Front street for five or six blocks are the homes of Harrisburg's most prosperous residents. Right on the corner of State street, as we came from the Capitol, was the tasteful residence of former United States Senator Don Cameron, whose fine farm and summer place was afterward pointed out to us, a short distance below the city. A block and a half south of State street, on Front street, is the Governor's residence, a large three-story brick dwelling of plain design presented to the State by citizens of Harrisburg in 1864.

A few of the dwellings along Front street are both handsome and new, but the majority appealed to us because they are of older pattern, substantial, solid and often quaint.

The series of bridges across the west bank added much to the pleasure of the river walk. The Susquehanna is here a mile broad, with one large and several small islands dividing its course in front of the city. Four bridges now span it, while the stone piers for a fifth are standing, though they may never be used. They were put up by the Vanderbilts when they had the scheme of a great railroad to the West and South through Pennsylvania.

The quaint old covered bridge is one of a type which has mostly passed away, but which still has some examples along the Susquehanna and its tributaries. This one here is the largest and the most famous. They were all built after the design of Theodore Burr, a New England civil engineer, who received much approval in this State. This one was begun in 1812 and finished in 1816. The part from Harrisburg to the island in midstream was carried away by a flood in 1846 and again by fire in 1866, but the other half is part of the original. Its wood has become so dark and its proportions so uneven in its 80 years of existence that it now looks like a huge snake laid on stone piers.

Charles Dickens on the way from Baltimore to the West in 1842 drove through the old bridge, and this is what he wrote about it in his "American Notes:"

We crossed the river by a wooden bridge, roofed and covered in on all sides, and nearly a mile in length. It was profoundly dark, perplexed with great beams crossing and recrossing it at every possible angle, and through the broad chinks and crevices in the floor the rapid river gleamed far down below like a legion of eyes. We had no lamps, and as the horses stumbled and floundered through this place toward the distant speck of light it seemed interminable. I really could not persuade myself as we rumbled heavily on, filling the bridge with the hollow noises—and held down my head to save it from the rafters above—but that I was in a painful dream.

Our walk along the river terminated at the most interesting historical spot in Harrisburg, the grave of John Harris, pioneer of the neighborhood and father of the John Harris who started a ferry and founded the town, and who secured its adoption as the

State capital in 1812. The elder Harris was one of the first settlers of the Lower Susquehanna, and at this point from 1719 until his death, in 1749, he carried on a big trade with the Indians.

The spot where he lies buried was selected by him because of a tragic incident of his life which has been oft repeated and which forms the subject of a historical painting owned by the State. When he came here he made friends with the people of an Indian village near by called Paxtang or Paxton. One day some drunken Indians from a distance seized the sturdy old trader and had begun preparations to burn him alive beneath an old mulberry tree near his home, when he was rescued by a few friendly Indian neighbors, who had been told of his seizure by a faithful colored slave named Hercules.

Today the grave, which is marked by a marble tombstone, is inclosed in an iron railing and stands in the centre of this river promenade. The old mulberry tree long ago withered, but the stump remained until carried away about 10 years ago by a severe storm. A young mulberry tree has been planted in its place by a descendant of old Harris.

Harris, it is said, told his family on his deathbed that if they did not bury him where he wished he would "get up and come back."

Back of the Harris grave, on Front street, is the historical mansion of his son, John Harris, Jr., built in 1766 of limestone, massive and substantial. It remained in the possession of the Harris family until 1840, and after having been a school for some years was bought in 1863 by one of Pennsylvania's most noted men, Simon Cameron. Senator Cameron added to the old mansion in the rear and beautified its surroundings, and there he dwelt until his death, in 1889.

John Harris, Jr., is not buried within the limits of Harrisburg, but in the graveyard of Old Paxton Church, which is three miles east of the city, an easy and interesting trip. The Presbyterian pioneers had a house of worship here as early as 1725, and the present plain but substantial limestone

church was put up about 1740. Here a pious Presbyterian pastor, John Elder, preached with his rifle by his side in the French and Indian war, when massacres were daily anticipated and when the man of God was also colonel of the provincial forces of the neighborhood. On the edge of a handsome grove of old oaks are the graves of half a dozen generations, among them not only John Harris, but his son-in-law, Gen. William Maclay, one of Pennsylvania's first Senators, and of Generals Simpson and Crouch, Revolutionary heroes of local note.

Some men of Dauphin who are not buried here came to mind as we searched among the old tombstones—Lindley Murray, the founder of English grammar, whose father, a Quaker, had a gristmill a few miles southeast of Paxton Church, on Swatara creek; Rev. William Graham, who founded Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va., and Alexander McNair, whose memory is revered in St. Louis as the first Governor of the State of Missouri, and who said himself that he became a prominent man in the West because a younger brother gave him a good trouncing when his widowed mother left them to decide by a set-to which one was to have the old farm in this county.

From the hills east of Harrisburg on our way to Paxton it was possible to get a view of the picturesque surroundings of Harrisburg, such as used to be obtained from the dome of the old Capitol. To the northwest are the Kittatinny Mountains, a narrow gap in their blue ridge showing where the Susquehanna breaks through to flow past Harrisburg and on down to Maryland. The river valley is broad and opening out of it here are two of the fairest valleys in America—Lebanon, to the northeast, toward Reading, and Cumberland, to the southwest, along the Kittatinnies, to Maryland and into Virginia. The city, with its spires, its factory chimneys and its smokestacks, pleased us, too, until our eyes fell upon that great hulk, the unfinished Capitol. From there we had to turn away.

XVII.

SOME MODEL FARMS.

COLUMBIA, LANCASTER COUNTY, PA.,
Sept. 6.—Nine miles below Harrisburg, on
the east bank of the Susquehanna, the
Pennsylvania Railroad passes near a series
of fertile fields, which within the past year
or so have become widely known as the
site of Camp Meade.

They are on a level bluff some distance
back from the river and north of the town
of Middletown. Last summer an entire
army corps was encamped there and this
years four of the new regiments intended
for Philippine service have been organ-
ized and drilled there.

But before Camp Meade was dreamed
of, before the Spanish war developed,
these fields had as much interest for in-
telligent farmers all over the country as
they now possess to those who read about
the doings of the soldiers. For they form
part of the model farms of the late James
Young, long the pride of Pennsylvanians
and the envy of every farming community.
Many notable visitors from abroad inter-
ested in agriculture have gone away from
Middletown enchanted. One, the Duke
of Sutherland, wrote of his visit in terms
calculated to cause the farmers of Eng-
land to imitate some of Colonel Young's
scientific methods.

Even to the ordinary visitor these farms
cannot help but be a delight to the eye.
Everywhere system, neatness and order
prevail. The fences are trim and the
many farm buildings are all as clean as
pins and evidently built and kept in fine
fashion. This is especially true of the
barns, which are not the Swisser or Penn-
sylvania German type, nor yet the pro-

verbial red barn, but are large, airy, finely built and markedly neat looking because of the frequent application of light paint.

Fancy passing a field of tall corn a mile long, or 75 acres of growing grain, or a hundred acres of grass and clover. Yet this is what we did today. The series of farms stretch for two and a half miles along the railroad tracks, most of them above Middletown, but two below that town. They were not bought all at once by Col. Young, but were gradually acquired during the last half century, and each of the 11 farms had its appropriate name and its separate attention. In all there were 1,500 acres. Forty men were regularly employed and double that number in harvest time. The pastures contain cattle of high degree and in the barnyards are pigs and chickens of blue-ribbon kinds. When the Young exhibits were lined up at county fairs the other farmers generally felt discouraged.

The founder of these farms, Col. James Young, was born in Middletown in 1820 and was the son of a hotelkeeper. With an inborn fondness for farming, he was enabled to gratify his tastes in this magnificent way when wealth came to him through dealing in lumber and coal, through railroad building and through investments in a variety of corporations. Pennsylvania honored his knowledge of farming by keeping him for a long time on her State Board of Agriculture. Colonel Young died in 1895, and the farms were partitioned among his five children. Nearly all have lately been disposed of.

While I have spoken so enthusiastically about the Young farms, it must not be imagined that they are the only places worth noticing in the ride between Harrisburg and Columbia, a distance of 27 miles. Several towns are on the east bank—Steelton, Highspire, Middletown, Bainbridge and Marietta—all containing manufactories of various sorts and all owing their business largely to their situation along the Pennsylvania Railroad and the canal. On the west bank the Northern Central Railroad runs for 14 miles before it leaves the river at York Haven

and strikes off through York to Baltimore. It, too, has built up several villages there—New Cumberland, Goldsborough and York Haven—but they are not to be compared to the bustling towns of the east bank.

The river through this region is broad and dotted with islands, upon which crops are growing. High hills stand in irregular fashion on the west bank, sometimes near the river, sometimes set back. On the east bank there are scarcely any hills until a mile or so above Columbia, when Chiques rock is reached. The country on this side is a rolling one, not especially picturesque, but teeming with life.

In the daytime the chimneys of Steelton excite wonderment by their multiplicity, but in the night they charm by their brilliancy. There are no less than half a hundred of these tall black fellows, and lurid tongues of flame often leap from their tops, affording a fine pyrotechnic display. The railroad train passed for a mile or more through the great steel plant, which today gives employment to about 7,000 men. The town has so developed that it almost seems a part of Harrisburg, though in reality three miles below the city. Twelve thousand people dwell here now, but in 1896, when the works of the Pennsylvania Steel Company were located here, there were only six houses. The company has always shown a warm interest in the progress of its workmen, and among other things has given a fine schoolhouse to the town. The works are at present running from Monday morning to Saturday night, day and night, for there are orders far ahead for Bessemer steel rails, steel ingots and structural steel patterns.

Half way between Steelton and Middletown is Highspire, about whose odd name nobody seems to know anything. There is no steeple here of any size. On a bluff is "Tinian," an interesting colonial home, probably the oldest in this vicinity. It was erected about 1760 by Col. James Burd, who was an Indian fighter of great bravery and who entertained here many noted men. The old iron knocker is still on the front door, and the interior of the stone edifice has never been remodeled.

Middletown is 30 years older than Harrisburg, which long ago outstripped it. Its name, we are told, came from the circumstance that it was half way between Lancaster and Carlisle. More than a century ago when farm produce began to be rafted down the Susquehanna, Middletown was the place at which it was transferred to wagons for an overland trip to Philadelphia. The building of the canal to Reading by using Swatara creek, which here flows into the Susquehanna, still further helped the place, but, of course, the canal is dead now. Still Middletown is a pleasant town of more than 5,000 inhabitants, with furnaces, a foundry and half a dozen mills working up lumber in various ways. Its population has more than doubled in 30 years; so that it is by no means to be considered as a dying town.

One of the schools of Middletown is the Emaus Institute, where orphans of Lutheran parentage are educated. It was founded through the liberality of a townsman, Gottlieb Frey, who was originally a poor boy, but amassed wealth before his death in 1806. It is said of Frey, who was a German, that his name was not originally Frey, but that on one occasion, when peddling goods up the river near Fort Hunter, he was caught by some mischievous soldiers, who declared that they intended to take his pack, as he seemed to be a runaway servant; to which the captured lad, who could then speak little English, protested in German, "I am free," or "Ich bin frei," and was ever afterward known along the Susquehanna as Peddler Frey.

St. Peter's Lutheran Church, in Middletown, is more than a century old. Col. Young is among those buried there.

Hill Island, which is one of a group in a bend of the river below Middletown, was the scene of a curious gathering in 1843. Rev. William Miller, founder of the Second Adventists, preached through this section that the world was to come to an end on a certain day of that year and many curious followers gathered on a summit on Hill Island to welcome the event. They prayed and waited all night, we are told, but when another day dawned and

the world went on they left the island in disgust.

Half a century ago an eccentric character lived on the summit of the Conewago Hills, on the west side of the river above Hill Island. He claimed to be versed in medicine, law and surveying, and on his mountain home, where he lived alone, he had "shingles" proclaiming that he practiced these three professions. It is not to be presumed that persons who needed a doctor or lawyer toiled to the top of the steep hill to consult this one. The hermit wore, winter and summer, in all sorts of weather, a high-crowned white silk hat and a light colored suit, and carried over his head a white umbrella. Long before his death he made his own coffin and carved a limestone pyramid for his grave.

The Conewago Rapids, which are in the river at the mouth of Conewago creek, for a long time formed the principal obstacle to the navigation of the river by boats and rafts until the canal I have mentioned was opened around its west end in 1797.

The village of York Haven, which was soon started at the lower end of the canal, was for a generation one of the most important business centres in lower Pennsylvania. Baltimore capitalists developed here a series of big flour mills, a nail factory, cooper shops, workmen's homes and a summer resort hotel, which was distinguished in 1824 by having as a guest General Lafayette, who was on his way from Baltimore to Harrisburg.

The wildest dreams were indulged in about York Haven, and it was frequently asserted that it was destined to be one of the great cities of the country. The "boom" fever seized the owners and in 1814 a town was regularly laid out and lots advertised for sale. Most of the streets bore the names of the Baltimore investors, including such well-known citizens as Thomas Hillen, Jacob Stansbury, William Wilson, Joseph Townsend, John Weatherburn, William Cole and William Gwynn. But alas! the largest mill was burned in 1826, and then the construction of the canal across the river and the later invasion of railroads into the valley contrived to knock

the bottom out of York Haven. The property ultimately passed into the hands of the Glens, of Baltimore, who sold it in 1885 to the Conewingo Paper Company, who have a paper mill in full operation.

The experiences of York Haven as a "boom town" were re-echoed every mile along the Susquehanna from Harrisburg to Columbia. It must not be supposed that an era of "paper cities" is new with the present generation, for it is positively melancholy to read of the disastrous failures in this region. Every one who owned land on the river front indulged in dreams of the prosperity that was to come from the development of river navigation, and their fertile acres were laid off into town lots and sold at absurd prices. Speculation in them followed and finally the crash came—a disaster which long impeded the river towns and actually killed many of them.

In 1834 Gen. Lewis Cass, who was then Secretary of War, came near being drowned in the river below Conewago Rapids. He was on his way to visit Simon Cameron and his ferryman lost his way, the night being foggy and stormy. They drifted about for hours in extreme peril, but were finally rescued.

Some of the waterfall at York Haven is to be utilized by a company to furnish extensive electric power to the city of York. Similar schemes for harnessing the Susquehanna are being talked of at several other places, including Columbia and Peach Bottom. From the last-named place it is expected to transmit the power to Baltimore and Philadelphia.

Marietta, which is four miles above Columbia and 23 below Harrisburg, is a town which has considerable prosperity because of its iron furnaces and foundries. There is a population of 2,500, mostly employed in the ironworks, which are stretched along the railroad track. North of the town is a curious country place, the vaccine farm of Dr. Alexander, where hundreds of cattle are used in preparing virus, which is shipped to all parts of this land.

Opposite Marietta there are a number of pleasure resorts, the most romantic of which is Wildcat Glen, through which a

little stream pitches and tosses in pretty cascades on its way to the river. On top of the hill near there is a clubhouse for fishermen and gunners from York.

Two miles northeast of Marietta, on high, level ground, is the old village of Maytown, where, in a small farm dwelling, Simon Cameron was born, in 1799. His father was then a tailor and hotelkeeper, but had formerly been a tenant farmer upon the glebe lands of Donegal Meeting House, which is about two miles from Maytown. Donegal Church is one of the historic homes of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians in this region. The Presbytery was formed in 1720 and the present stone church was erected about 1740, though it has since been remodeled. A monument is shortly to be placed in the churchyard by one of the patriotic societies of women.

As our train stopped at Chickies Station for a moment, preparatory to swinging around the base of Chiques rock and so into Columbia, I saw the most stately old mansion I have noticed along the Susquehanna, with a great portico and tall columns. It was the home of Prof. Samuel Stehman Haldeman, one of America's distinguished naturalists—by turns a student of shells, of rocks, of languages, the author of 200 scientific memoirs and long connected with the University of Pennsylvania, first as professor of natural sciences and then as professor of comparative philology. The site, which is unique for its bold, romantic profile and delightful prospect, was given to him by his father, and in 1835 this splendid old home was built from the Professor's own plans. It was surrounded by foreign trees and plants, and was in every way such a fitting place for a great investigator of nature's secrets that it seems a pity that some other noted scholar has not made it his home since Dr. Haldeman's death, instead of allowing the mansion to go into decay.

XVIII.

THE STORY OF COLUMBIA.

COLUMBIA, LANCASTER COUNTY, PA., Sept. 7.—Whether you come from up the river or from down the river, the big bridge across the Susquehanna from Columbia to Wrightsville, on the west bank, is a conspicuous object. It is a bridge which deserves more than a passing glance because a chapter of the Southern Confederacy was made by it.

When Gen. Robert E. Lee made his memorable invasion of Pennsylvania, with the idea of winning triumph for the South by cutting off Washington from the North, and, perhaps, capturing Philadelphia and New York, this bridge, or more correctly its predecessor, was the farthest point eastward or northward reached by his forces. Then came the battle of Gettysburg, disastrous for the Southern cause, and the retreat into Virginia made this region around Columbia and Wrightsville memorable as the "high water mark of the Confederacy."

It was on the evening of Sunday, June 28, 1863, when Gen. John B. Gordon, since Governor of Georgia and a Senator from that State, marched 2,500 Confederate troops over the high York county ridge behind Wrightsville. He had been sent in advance by Gen. Jubal Early, who remained at York, and he was following up a body of Union militia and convalescents, which had withdrawn from York when Early drew near. These Union troops were now collected in Wrightsville, but after a feeble attempt to resist Gordon's men they were led in retreat across the bridge to Columbia and the long bridge was set on fire to prevent the Southerners crossing the Susquehanna.

The scene made by the burning bridge must have been a sublime one. "The fire," says an eyewitness, "swept along from span to span until the whole structure was one roaring mass of angry flames; blazing timbers hissed as they dropped in the stream and floated toward the big dam below. The Southern soldiers lined the right bank of the river and swarmed over the adjacent hills, interested spectators of the grand display of fire's awful forces. Men, women and children crowded the Columbia side almost spellbound as the fire shaped fantastic colorings on sky, tree and water. Then came panic. The retreat of the troops, the firing of the bridge and shell and shot falling into the river created a stampede, which continued during the night, as the shelling of the town was anticipated."

General Gordon and his soldiers remained at Wrightsville until the morning of the second day following, when the word of recall came. Lee had taken his stand at Gettysburg, and one of the great battles of the world was ready to be fought.

The present fine steel bridge is not the immediate successor of the one set afire in 1863. The Pennsylvania Railroad built one in 1868, which remained until a hurricane on September 29, 1896, when the structure was swept from its piers and thrown into the river, a mass of broken and tangled debris. A new bridge was put in position in the succeeding spring in the record-breaking time of 21 days. It is 100 feet longer than a mile and has the enormous weight of 7,100 tons. It is used by a division of the Pennsylvania Railroad running from Lancaster and Columbia to York, Hanover and Frederick, Md. A flooring of boards permits its use for driving and walking when it is known that trains are not due.

There is another way in which Columbia and Wrightsville are linked with the nation's history, and it is an incident that does not seem to be generally known. In 1789 when the capital of these United States had not been fixed, and when there was consequently much log-rolling among

the States and towns eager for the honor, there was a strong movement in favor of locating here at Columbia. Indeed, so strong was the movement that on September 4 of that year the lower branch of Congress passed a resolution "that the permanent seat of the General Government ought to be in some convenient place on the banks of the Susquehanna river, in the State of Pennsylvania." You must understand that since 1733 this had been the place for a ferry, which was an important link of communication between North and South. Its selection was largely urged by the Representatives from New England, while on the other hand, its chief opponents were Southern members, who supported the banks of the Potomac for the capital, and who had suspicions, it seems, that this Susquehanna site was being urged and backed by a powerful lobby. At any rate the Susquehanna resolution was voted down in the Senate, and the next year, through the influence of Thomas Jefferson, the Potomac was selected.

Harrisburgers claim that their city was the Susquehanna town under consideration. They also say that the Confederate advance reached the river bank opposite their city. But I am now giving you "The Story of Columbia."

It is rather curious to read now the arguments which were advanced in favor of the Susquehanna. It was maintained by the New Englanders that John Wright and his son John had fixed their ferry at "the point nearest the centre of wealth, population and influence" and that the centre of population was going to stay here at Columbia for many years to come. Fisher Ames, of Massachusetts, echoed the general opinion of his colleagues, we are told, when he said it was "perfectly romantic" to allow any consideration of the country west of the Ohio, as it was an "unmeasurable wilderness about whose settlement no one could calculate." Today there are more millions west of the Ohio river than east of it, the Capitol at Washington has several hundred thousands within its shadow, while here on the Susquehanna, Columbia and Wrightsville

between them cannot muster more than 15,000. Odd, indeed, are the vagaries of history.

Columbia and Wrightsville can hardly be called handsome towns. They have a pretty location on the hillsides of the Susquehanna at a point where it is broad, but Columbia, while a prosperous small city because of its factories, mills and furnaces, has not developed its æsthetic side in harmony with its material progress. We saw some pretty churches and fine homes during a stroll from which we have just returned, but they are not the rule. Wrightsville is more a village in its type, with about one-fifth of Columbia's inhabitants. It has, however, several manufactories.

There was a time when Columbia had a big trade as the southern end of the State system of canals. That day is over, although the town is still an important freight-handling point for the Pennsylvania and the Philadelphia and Reading, which has a road here from Reading.

Two diminutive ferryboats towing a flat-boat for cattle and wagons are the latter-day successors of the ferry which was carried on at this point by the Wrights. After having ridden over and back in a lazy fashion, with about four persons for companions en voyage, it seems hard for me to believe this was once such an important ferry point that emigrants often had to wait two and three days to get themselves, their equipment and their stock across to the west side. Yet that is what we are told happened in the days of the first Wright.

Wright, by the way, was a man of much importance in Pennsylvania's early history. He resisted in sturdy fashion the encroachments of the Maryland men under Cresap, who wished to take possession of the land hereabouts for Lord Baltimore; he named Lancaster county after his native county of Lancashire, in England, and was a presiding justice of the County Court for many years. His son, John, lived on the York county side of the river and really carried on the ferry.

It was not until after their deaths that Wright's Ferry on the east bank became Columbia and Wright's Ferry on the west bank became dignified into Wrightsville. The town was laid out and named Columbia by Samuel Wright, a grandson of the pioneer. This occurred about the time of the agitation for making Wright's Ferry the National Capital, which most likely had something to do with the selection of the name of Columbia.

One of the interesting old mansions of Columbia is the Wright home, a solid-looking stone house. It faces on the second street back from the river, and its rear is above the railroad tracks. In its century and a half of history it has seen many exciting incidents. After Braddock's defeat in 1755 it was used as a fort for the alarmed settlers of this vicinity, its stone walls, narrow windows and double doors of oak making it a formidable place.

Susanna Wright, daughter of John Wright the elder, was one of the most remarkable of colonial dames. She was endowed with extraordinary intellect, was familiar with higher mathematics, was an expert in business affairs and law, gave much attention to the study of medicine, knew a great deal about physics and had gifts in the direction of painting. She corresponded with Benjamin Franklin, and one of the ways in which she gained distinction was by turning her attention to the culture of silk here at her home. From eggs procured from Europe she raised a large number of silkworms, and then sent the raw silk product to Paris to be woven. Through Franklin she gave a piece of the silk to the Queen of England, who in turn presented her with a silver tankard yet in the possession of the Wright family. It is rather interesting to note that there now exists a silk factory in the place where Miss Wright carried on the first silk-culture experiments in America.

Susanna Wright, though she never married, had her heart romance just the same. Among her father's earliest neighbors and friends was Samuel Blunston, surveyor of the region. He "took up" land near that of John Wright, but when he came to

build a house he found no spot on it that suited him. Susanna Wright supplied him with a site by deeding to him a corner of a plot bought by her father in her name, and from that time the two were close friends. Blunston was a widower, his wife having died soon after he came into the neighborhood. Susanna probably never married him because she wished to devote her time to caring for her younger brothers and looking after her father. But she helped Blunston in his surveying work by her knowledge of mathematics, and she gave him much prudent advice and counsel, after the manner of a wise Colonial Quakeress. And when he died in 1746 it was found that he had bequeathed to "Susanna Wright, spinster," a life-interest in such property as he had. She survived him many years, living in the home he had built on the ground she had given him. A part of this old house is still standing in Columbia and has much attraction among the many familiar with the story of Susanna Wright's love affair.

There is still another old home in this neighborhood worth attention. It is a brick dwelling over in Wrightsville, near the railroad station in that town. It was the home of Gen. James Ewing, who married a daughter of John Wright, Jr., and who commanded a brigade of the Flying Camp under General Washington. For a time it was the enforced abiding place of Dr. John Connolly, a notorious Tory. Connolly was a half-brother of General Ewing, a younger son of his mother.

The younger brother was a creature of Lord Drumore, royal Governor of Virginia, and represented him in sundry malodorous schemes to oust the Pennsylvanians who had settled along the Ohio. He chose the British side in the Revolution and got a colonel's commission from General Gage, his plan being to organize a regiment of Indians and make cruel attacks on the border settlements. But he was arrested at Hagerstown on his way west and was only released upon General Ewing's pledge that the Doctor would not leave the Ewing farm at Wrightsville. He was soon plotting again, was rearrested, exchanged and

went into Canada. When the war was over he bobbed up here with a scheme to enlist dissatisfied American officers in an expedition to capture Louisiana and set up a separate government, a plan very similar to the later one of Aaron Burr.

It is narrated that on one occasion Connolly angered his brother so much at the dinner table by boasts of how the British would soon crush the rebels that General Ewing jumped up, seized the Doctor by the throat and would have throttled him had not Mrs. Ewing interfered.

In the southern end of Columbia, near the river, is a rolling mill office, which to those who know it recalls a romantic story closely identified with the writings of several English novelists. That office was once the home of Robert Barber, high sheriff of Lancaster county, about 1740, and in a log jail which Barber built near his house was confined for a time James Annesley, subsequently a prominent character in England as claimant of the Earldom of Anglesey.

The story of James Annesley's adventures and persecutions forms the groundwork of Charles Reade's well-known novel "The Wandering Heir," and is also incorporated into portions of Scott's "Guy Mannering," Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle" and a fourth novel, "Florence Macarthy."

Annesley was a son of Lord Altham, a grandson of the first Earl of Anglesey. After his father's death in 1727, his father's brother kidnapped the nephew and had him sold as an indentured servant in Philadelphia, through which action the uncle afterward was enabled to become the Earl of Anglesey. The lad's service was bought by a Lancaster county farmer, whose daughter fell in love with the servant, as did also a young Indian girl. These embarrassments caused Annesley to flee, but he was caught and kept in this jail at Columbia until returned to his master.

He was recognized as the heir to the Anglesey title by two Irishmen who happened to visit his master's farm, and they became so much interested in his story that they offered to go back with him to help prove his rightful inheritance. There

was a big sensation in London on his return. His uncle contested the charges against him by assertions that Annesley was not really the son of his brother, but Annesley's cause was justified by the courts, though he never had money enough to prosecute them to the end and gain the title and estates. His uncle remained in possession and there were several bloody quarrels between them and their followers.

As a Southerner I noticed the number of colored persons here in Columbia and soon found that their presence was due to the fact that this city was the terminus of one of the most prolific "underground railroads" in slave times. The escaping black men were sent from one friendly farmhouse to another across York county until they arrived at Wrightsville, where they were aided by William Wright, a grandson of the Quaker pioneer. Many of those helped to freedom in this way never got farther than Columbia or other near-by river towns. Some have made money in various business pursuits. One was a big lumber dealer here.

A resident of Columbia at the present time has recently come into prominence as a poet. I refer to Lloyd Mifflin, whose books of sonnets and other short poems, "At the Gates of Song," "The Slopes of Helicon" and "The Hills," have been pronounced fine by the best critics of poetry. As a conductor said, his home is "right up the hill from the station," a painted brick house of comfortable appearance, standing on a corner, with ivy overhanging parts of it in a picturesque way.

There dwells Mr. Lloyd Mifflin, artist and poet like his father, the late J. Houston Mifflin. In his verses much of the country roundabouts is seen to be mirrored, for he loves nature's moods. Some of his sonnets have unfolded to me new charms of this part of the Susquehanna.

XIX.

THE LAND OF BIG BARNs.

COLUMBIA, LANCASTER COUNTY, PA., Sept. 9.—Today a series of three pleasing excursions out of Columbia has added much to our enjoyment of this portion of the Susquehanna Valley.

First of all we had a trolley ride on the turnpike to Lancaster city past Senator Quay's new home; past the fertile farms which have made this region so famous; past "Wheatlands," long the home of President James Buchanan; past the attractive group of buildings occupied by Franklin and Marshall College; and into the heart of a busy and pretty city.

Returning to Columbia we crossed the river to Wrightsville and drove south, parallel with the river, to see the remains of the fort erected by Col. Thomas Cresap, which was the scene of many lively encounters during the boundary warfare of Maryland and Pennsylvania.

Then, after getting back to Columbia we again took a trolley car and by a circuitous climb reached the summit of Chiques Rock, the palisade which juts out boldly in a bend of the river two miles above Columbia. From there we had a splendid view, that was the more enjoyable because we had become familiar with the valleys over which our eyes roamed.

Senator Quay's estate is about two miles east of Columbia on the turnpike to Lancaster. It had been one of the star farms of the neighborhood for years before its purchase by the Pennsylvania Republican leader, but the interest in it is, of course, redoubled by the fame of the present owner, and I noticed that all eyes were turned curiously toward it as our car whizzed along the pike in front.

The house is not a striking one, architecturally speaking. It is of wood, painted yellow, and is large and roomy; so large and roomy that it suggests a summer hotel, a suggestion that is enhanced by the red and white striped awnings which stood out conspicuously before each of the many windows. Porches around the ground floor, of course, add much to the comfort of the Senator's family and visitors, while east of the house is a grove of trees.

The two hundred yards between the road and the dwelling are not taken up by lawns, drives and shade trees, but by a big field of healthy looking tobacco. It almost seems as if the Senator were anxious to let his constituents know that he is a farmer. Back of the house and to the right and left tall corn and fields of waving grain show that it is indeed a fertile farm. The driveway into the house from the road is some distance to the west, down a shaded avenue leading to a big barn.

Mr. Quay was born in another fertile country like this, across the Susquehanna, at Dillsburg, York county, and though he has lived most of the time since at Beaver Falls, in the northwestern part of the State, it is said by the people of this neighborhood that this Lancaster county purchase is not merely for summer use, but will be a permanent home. It is certainly convenient to the cities in which the Senator takes most interest, Philadelphia, Harrisburg and Washington. His son, Major Quay, lives permanently upon the farm.

Lancaster county is emphatically "the land of big barns." One does not have to go far on the trolley trip to Lancaster to learn this. The tracks follow the turnpike and the turnpike runs along a high ridge, from which there is a fine view of fertile farms on both sides for a number of miles, while occasionally tall spires and the haze of distant smoke betoken the presence of villages in the midst of one of the fairest and most prosperous farming regions of this country. It is a country of rolling hills and gently sloping vales, with occasional rocky dells

of no great depth and low cascades, utilized for grist mills, factories and machine shops: a country of tobacco, wheat, rye, maize, potato and turnip fields, of orchards, meadows and patches of woodland; a country salubrious and wealthy, dotted with hamlets, villages, towns and conspicuous barns.

Some years ago the descendants of the Germans who wisely chose this region had their ire excited by a book called "The Pennsylvania Dutch," in which it was asserted that the dwellers here paid more attention to their crops and stock than they did to themselves and their families; that the barns were large out of proportion just as the houses were cramped out of proportion. I do not echo this, for the homes all seem to me to be wearing an air of comfort and cheerfulness, of thrift and neatness.

And I, for one, admire the great barns—large, airy and commodious, well painted or stuccoed, their barnyard sides supported on heavy stone walls, while on the other side earthen slopes lead up to the big front doors. We rode past dozens of them today, some right beside the turnpike, others looking more majestic by their distance from the road.

In our drive from Wrightsville to Cresap's fort this afternoon it was evident that the same thrift and prosperity prevailed on the farms of York county. The drive was about four miles, and the road led over a ridge south of Wrightsville and down into a fertile valley, which ought to bear its proper Indian name of Conojohela, but which is too generally corrupted into "Joekly" or "Conojockly." It is a source of constant regret to me that these beautiful Indian names, of which there are so many along the Susquehanna, should be so often vulgarized. You will observe that in writing of the high rock, to which we also paid a visit this afternoon, I have invariably spelled it "Chiques." Up here they usually spell it "Chickies." That is what I call mutilation. It was bad enough to have the original noble name of "Chiquesalunga" split in half.

All this region was once claimed by Maryland, and our ride to Cresap's place brought vividly to the fore the circumstances under which it was fought for and lost. The whole difficulty was the ambiguity of the two charters given by the Kings of England to Penn and Calvert. Each tried to claim all that seemed due under the widest interpretation of their documents, and Cresap was the man who made a niche in history for himself by moving up here to Conojohela Valley and stoutly asserting the rights of Lord Baltimore in a land that was just becoming peopled with Pennsylvanians. He came here in 1732, and knowing that there would likely be trouble, he immediately built near the river a strong blockhouse, which has always been known as Cresap's fort.

The foundation walls of the old fort are still standing, after a century and two-thirds, and were the cause of our drive here, because of their historic interest. They form the lower part of the farmhouse of Mr. John L. Detwiler, and it is easy to see that they were built to withstand attack.

The story of "Cresap's War" which followed can be read in any history of Pennsylvania or Maryland, though I must confess that if you read the historians of the former State you will be inclined to think Cresap a marauder of the deepest dye, instead of regarding him as a daring pioneer, zealous in upholding the title of the land Lord Baltimore had given him.

The bloody part of the trouble began with the killing of Knowles Daunt, a Lancaster county man, who had come with the Sheriff of that county for the purpose of arresting Cresap in his fort. The excitement grew more intense when Cresap was given a commission as a Maryland magistrate and captain of militia and went about with a force of armed men, surveying lands, dispossessing Germans who had Pennsylvania titles, collecting Maryland taxes and in general ruling affairs on the west side of the Susquehanna, which was asserted to be a part of Baltimore county, Maryland. Finally, in September, 1736, the Supreme Court of Penn-

sylvania issued a warrant for the arrest of Cresap "for the murder of Knowles Daunt, and divers other high crimes and misdemeanors," and the Lancaster Sheriff crossed the river with a posse at night to serve it. Cresap, with six men, was shut in his blockhouse, and he fired on the Sheriff. Then the Sheriff set fire to the fort, and Cresap, his wife and his men were obliged to rush out, and were captured after some more fighting. The leader was taken in irons to Philadelphia, but even as a prisoner he asserted his spirit by saying tauntingly, as he got his first glimpse of Philadelphia: "D— it, this is one of the fairest towns of Maryland."

Cresap was soon released and afterward became a prominent character on the western frontier of Maryland. The border warfare continued at intervals until stopped by an agreement between the Penns and the Calverts.

The share which Cresap's wife took in the troubles around this old blockhouse is not the least interesting part of the history. She frequently mounted a horse and rode with her husband and his armed force, and during the attacks on his blockhouse she showed that she could handle a musket as well as any of the men. Once she was on her way to join her husband at a point near Wrightsville, and four miles north of their fort she saw a flatboat filled with men crossing the river. A bugle which she carried was quickly sounded as a warning to her husband and his men, while Hannah Cresap rode rapidly back to the fort and led reinforcements. This caused the Lancaster county men to change their minds and turn the boat back.

Some writer has said that the vicinity of Chiques Rock reminds him of the Potomac at Harper's Ferry. I partly agree with him. The hills are precipitous here, just as they are around there, but the river is broader and grander to look down upon from Chiques Rock, and then, too, its position in a sharp bend of the river gives it a second advantage. It is a favorite point for the people of Columbia, who picnic beneath the trees back of the

rock and from its outer edge take in the view, which in all includes nearly 20 miles of the river, in addition to a section of Lancaster county to the northward and the bit of York county between the river and the hillsides. It is not possible to see over the York headlands into that county, neither is it possible to see Columbia or Lancaster or that region on the east side of the river. High hills intervene.

The Susquehanna lies several hundred feet beneath the observation point, its placid current turned aside by an occasional boulder or broken into gentle rapids by some ledge of rocks. The silence which it seems to inspire is broken only by the sound of a train crossing the long bridge yonder to Wrightsville or following the track to Harrisburg right at the base of the rock. One or two parties are out in canoes paddling here and there and recalling to us thoughts of how one Indian from this rock must oft have watched another in a bark canoe on the waters afar off.

One canoe was heading up stream and we watched it until it passed the busy town of Marietta, which lies stretched out along the east bank for a couple of miles. Another canoe was coming toward us from the same vicinity and we saw this hug the west bank and then, coming across at the foot of our rock, follow the east bank until lost to sight behind the hill which prevents us from seeing Columbia.

A popular American writer said some years ago, "One of the loveliest landscapes on which my eyes have fallen is the scene which, on a sunshiny day, one surveys from the summit of the Chiques Rock. The whole region roundabout is a miracle of God's handiwork—not mountainous, but hilly, as if, in Mrs. Browning's phrase, 'His finger touched, but did not press in making it.'"

Chiques Rock is a favorite point of observation for Mr. Lloyd Mifflin, the poet who was born and has lived his life here. Sonnets describing the varying beauties of the river as seen from this high point at all hours of the day can easily be picked out of his books, just as it is possi-

ble to find in others enchanting descriptions of the life on the beautiful farms of Lancaster county. One of his poems bears the title of "The Susquehanna From the Cliffs," and another, entitled "Winter's Here, Indeed," describes the Susquehanna in the days of snow, when "ice the darling river blocks," when "summer's skiffs are laid on snowy banks," when "the ferry flat comes not," and the wild ducks fly in abundance overhead.

But to me today one of his prettiest river descriptions seems to be "The Evening Comes," in which he says:

The evening comes; the boatman, with his net,
Poles his canoe and leaves it on the shore;
So low the stream he does not use the oar;
The umber rocks rise like a parapet
Up through the purple and the violet,
And the faint-heard, never-ending roar
Of moving waters lessens more and more,
While each vague object looms a silhouette.
The light is going, but low overhead
Poises the glory of the evening star;
The fisher, silent on the rocky bar,
Drops his still line in pools of fading red
And in the sky, where all the day lies dead,
The clouded moon unsheathes her scimitar.

Thomas Moran has beautifully illustrated some of Mr. Mifflin's poems, and I should dearly love to have his picture of twilight on the Susquehanna as thus described.

XX.

AMID CHARMING HIGHLANDS

PORT DEPOSIT, CECIL COUNTY, MD., Sept. 12.—Our trip to the outlet of the Susquehanna at Havre de Grace and Perryville from the little city of Columbia is one which will linger long in the memory.

Shut in as it is by high, steep ridges, this portion of the river, the last before its waters are spread out into broad Chesapeake bay, has been very appropriately called the "Highlands of the Susquehanna." And in the opinion of our party there are few river highlands or palisades more enchanting.

One rocky spur after another juts out into the river and forms a series of bold, natural abutments upon both sides. At the base of these high bluffs a railroad creeps along on the east bank and the Tide-water canal has been cut on the west bank, both of them often so near the river that it seems as if train or boat would fall over into the water or else jam its nose into some titanic wall of granite or slate. Along the hillsides between the jagged rocks are wild growths, a number of creeks and streams and frequent deep ravines. Sometimes there are homes, but the ridges are too rugged to permit of much cultivation, and so the hills have been left practically undisturbed, save where rocks were blasted to make way for canal or railroad.

Between the hills is the river, so narrow at some places that one is tempted to try and throw a stone across, and again spread out so as to make room for rocky islets, ponderous, grim-looking boulders and occasionally an island large enough to afford a chance for trees or tall grass. At least a dozen times some distinctly marked ledge

of rocks extends from bank to bank, and over these the river pitches into rapids, swirling, tossing and foaming, with a strength which surprises one, but which shows what dangers the lumbermen and boatmen met when they formerly descended the river. The drouth this summer has made the keen edges of the rocks even more apparent, and so has added to the dread which they inspire.

The great bowlders in midstream rise up in such grotesque and unnatural shapes that we instinctively feel that some tremendous force grimly fashioned them in the primeval ages. They and the stony ridges which cast their shadows across the river are never-failing sources of interest to the geologist. They must have been among the earliest of the world's creations and are so hard that an ordinary hammer can do nothing to them.

Nature's climax is in the seven miles between Safe Harbor and McCall's Ferry. There the hills are steepest, the river wildest, the bowlders and rocky islets most abundant. McCall's Ferry is the point watched with greatest apprehension in the spring by the people of Port Deposit. It is 21 miles above Port Deposit and 18 below Columbia. At that point the river forms a gorge so narrow that if the ice jams there in its descent there is almost sure to be a disastrous flood when it breaks again.

A journey through this region can be made by train in two hours from Columbia to Perryville. The road is a branch of the Pennsylvania, and there are two trains a day each way, one in the morning and the other in the evening. In the evening the trip is especially enchanting, for the sunsets are matchless as seen from the car windows, giving a tinge of amber and gold to the hills and river and softening the grimness of the rocks into delightful picturesqueness.

If you are as fortunate as we were and can get a seat in the rear of the train the charm of the trip will be heightened, for you can look back upon the road's winding curves and see how the track is overhung with trees which give delightful green vistas and with rocks in whose fantastic

shapes imagination can picture many odd faces. A conductor who knew the region by heart, its stories and especial points of interest, won our warm gratitude by his talkativeness. From him we learned much that is told in this letter.

In front of Columbia the river is a mile broad, while at the borough of Washington, called "Little Washington" sometimes, it is two miles across to the west bank. Washington was the site of an Indian village and is three miles below Columbia. Between the two towns is the broken dam which once fed water to the Tidewater canal on the opposite bank. From Washington there is a considerable view up and down the river. Opposite to it is the river end of the Conojohela Valley, where Cresap made his home.

Below Washington borough the river contracts again and the hills come close to the river, to continue that way until Port Deposit is reached. The first high ridge is Turkey Hill, which to the student of Pennsylvania history is a place of interest, because on it was a stockaded fort of the Susquehannock Indians, where they met with a terrible defeat about the year 1675 in a bloody attack by Seneca Indians from up the river and where a feeble remnant, then known as Conestoga Indians, was brutally massacred in 1763 by a party of lawless pioneers, called "the Paxton boys." The attack by the Senecas in 1675 was the culmination of a long series of struggles between what we may call the up-river Indians and the down-river Indians. The Senecas were the better warriors and the downfall of the Susquehannocks was only delayed by the aid of the colony of Maryland. Once a force of Marylanders under Col. Ninian Beall administered a crushing blow to the Senecas, which caused the name of Beall to be long borne in mind along the Susquehanna.

Of the massacre by the "Paxton boys" I have already said something. There was nothing to justify their slaughter of Indian squaws and children.

Large quantities of stone arrowheads and a few small cannon balls have been found in the vicinity of Conestoga, while

in the river out from Safe Harbor, which is at the base of Turkey Hill, are the interesting "Sculptured Rocks," frequently studied by archæologists, though now much damaged by time, weather and ice floes. These rocks contain a large number of hieroglyphics and a few pictures of animals of the cat kind. Similar inscriptions are found on other rocks lower down the river, including the Bald Friars, which are 20 miles below Safe Harbor.

Safe Harbor has already been spoken of as the north end of the finest part of the palisades scenery. It is a cluster of houses back of the mouth of Conestoga creek, which drains Lancaster county, and the name of which has been applied to those large canvas-covered market wagons made so familiar through Maryland and Pennsylvania by the descendants of German pioneers.

In this region there are a number of cottages occupied in the summer by persons from York and Lancaster. A few are private homes, but many are the headquarters of rod and gun clubs, the members of which find fine sport.

Not far from York Furnace Station on the east bank there has recently been discovered a remarkable hillside hole called the "Wind Cave." It is evidently several hundred feet deep, though it is said that no one has as yet fully explored it. Its name is derived from the fact that when standing in the entrance a current of air is felt so strong that it will blow a light handkerchief away. This makes it probable that there is another outlet in the hillside which has not yet been found.

The farmer folk back in the hills have a curious name for those river dwellers who, by picking up driftwood, by fishing and by boating, get enough to maintain themselves. They call them "Algerines," an echo of the times when American skippers feared the pirates of Algeria.

Tincuan creek, which comes down into the river two miles above McCall's Ferry, goes through a romantic glen which attracts many visitors and which is also rich in botanical specimens. The creek rises six miles back in the country, and

its course is through a ravine abounding in picturesqueness. Rocks of every shape, crowned with trees or hidden beneath ferns, greet the eye. Sometimes the stream is a gentle rivulet, then a miniature whirlpool, and again it plunges through a rough chasm. About one mile above the river it passes through a deep gorge known as the "Devil's Hole."

There are several interesting stories told in connection with a bridge which stood across the rocky gorge at McCall's Ferry in 1816, but which was not renewed after an ice flood had carried it away. Thaddeus Stevens, the noted Pennsylvania statesman, often called "The Great Commoner," relates that after having studied law while teaching at York he found that he could be more easily admitted to the bar at Belair, Harford county, Md., than in York. He was asked only three questions, after which he was promised a certificate on condition that he would "set up" champagne for his examiners, a bargain that was carried out so well that when Stevens left Belair next morning he had only \$3.50 and his certificate. He headed for Lancaster, where he afterward became a leading lawyer, and in crossing the Susquehanna at McCall's Ferry his horse took fright at some timbers of the new bridge, and he would have drowned had it not been for the bravery of a man working on the bridge.

Theodore Burr was the engineer who built this bridge at McCall's, and it is told that he was much annoyed while working here at McCall's by a Presbyterian minister of the neighborhood who gave large amounts of advice as to how a bridge should be built. Finally Burr posted notices that he intended to preach a sermon on an island in the river on the following Sunday. He had a large congregation, while the minister had a slim one. "What made you start to preach?" the latter asked the bridge builder on the following day. "Oh, I don't know," was Burr's reply. "You seem to understand bridge-building so thoroughly that I thought I might have to change places with you."

When we reached Peach Bottom, which is 27 miles below Columbia and 12 above

Port Deposit, we were in the heart of the great slate region. This could be seen from piles of split slate along the railroad tracks and more especially by a study of Slate Point, on the opposite side of the river, an interesting geological curiosity. It is the eastern terminus of a valuable vein of slate and is a perpendicular bluff, rising more than 300 feet above the river. This altitude gives it a fine view up and down the river and hence Slate Point is much visited by lovers of romantic scenery.

The existence of slate in the rocky hills on both sides of the river was known in Colonial times and the graves of many of the pioneer settlers were marked with slate slabs. But the preparation of the slate for commercial purposes, especially for roofing, is a development of the present century. It was largely promoted by a Baltimore company about 1812.

Today the quarries are almost entirely in the hands of Welsh folk. There are, perhaps, a score of them, mostly on the west side of the river. The process of sawing, splitting and trimming the slate into shingles is an interesting one.

When reading as a boy about Peach Bottom I was always curious to learn whence came the name. Yesterday I tried to find out, but have not satisfied myself yet. The explanation which I got was that this region was settled by a man named Johnson in 1725 and that he chose the name of Peach for these fertile "bottom" lands on the river because of the abundance of the American redwood tree, which in spring and early summer made the hillsides seem as if covered with large peach orchards.

In and around Peach Bottom several noted Americans were born. The most famous was Robert Fulton, in whose honor the township has since been named and whose birthplace is now called Fulton House. It is a station on a narrow-gauge road which runs from Peach Bottom to the town of Oxford, and is seven miles from the river. The house has been remodeled, but the old foundation and part of the old walls are still there. The narrow-gauge road runs through the old farm

and close to the buildings. Fulton's grandfather settled here about 1734. He was of Scotch-Irish birth, as were most of the picneers in this rocky ridge region. The father of the steamboat man lived here for only a few years after the son's birth, in 1765. He became involved in money matters, the old place passed into other hands and he removed to Lancaster.

In the same neighborhood was the birthplace of Dr. David Ramsay, the first American historian and afterward a noted South Carolinian, and of his brother, Col. Nathaniel Ramsay, the hero of the Maryland Line in the battle of Monmouth.

Near Delta, which is a couple of miles back from the west side of the river, is the birthplace of James Ross, a noted Federalist, Senator from Pennsylvania from 1797 to 1803 and a prominent character in the early history of Pittsburg. Peach Bottom township was also the boyhood home of Hugh Henry Brackenridge, by turns army chaplain, editor, author and jurist. He, too, was identified with Pittsburg at the same period as Ross, and figured in the "Whisky Insurrection."

A mile or so below Peach Bottom is the Maryland-Pennsylvania boundary, the noted Mason and Dixon line. From the journal of the English surveyors, whose names the line bears, we learn that the Susquehanna is $23\frac{1}{4}$ miles from the north-east corner of Maryland. A conspicuous rock in the middle of the river is on the line, which is also indicated by a marker beside the railroad.

Local traditions say that Mason and Dixon and their corps of men were regarded as soothsayers or necromancers by people who lived around Peach Bottom in the year of their visit. They were very generally called "the star gazers," and the curiosity and apprehension of the ignorant were much excited by their scientific observations of the heavens. This impression was not lessened by the antics of a pet bear carried with them.

Bald Friar, in Maryland, not far below the State line, was a ferry in Colonial days, and has some historical interest because it was the Susquehanna ferry se-

lected by Lafayette when he was marching his division of the army southward for the campaign which resulted in the surrender at Yorktown. The ferry is said to have received its name because it was kept at one time by a baldheaded man named Fry, hence Bald Fry's ferry; which is very unlikely, in my humble judgment.

At Conowingo, which is not far below Bald Friar, there is a bridge across the water, the only one for 40 miles of the river. It leads across to a paper mill on the west bank.

From the Maryland line southward to Port Deposit there are frequent traces of a canal along the line of the railroad on the east bank. This was the old Maryland canal, one of the first works of its kind in this country, started in 1783, but not in operation until 1805. It created the town of Port Deposit, but died out with the building of the larger canal on the west bank 60 years ago, and was long ago abandoned.

Four miles above Port Deposit the railroad crosses Octoraro creek by a bridge, in excavating for which several skeletons were found which were evidently the remains of persons of large size and were most likely Susquehannock Indians. When Capt. John Smith saw the Susquehannocks at the mouth of the river in 1608 he says the chief "had calves three-quarters of a yard about and the rest of his limbs so answerable to that proportion that he seemed the goodliest man he ever saw." All of which description would suit a man about 10 feet high, so that it is probable the doughty Virginian was drawing on his imagination for his measurements.

Just above Port Deposit we saw the rapids which blocked Captain Smith's journey up the river, and which caused him to give the name of Smith's Falls to this splendid stream. Many of us doubtless rejoice because Smith's Falls did not become a fixture for the Susquehanna. Where would romance or poetry have been with such a name?

XXI.

AT THE RIVER'S MOUTH.

HAVRE DE GRACE, HARFORD COUNTY, Md., Sept. 14.—Five years ago I heard President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, in an address to the pupils of Tome Institute, over yonder in Port Deposit, remind them that they were living not only in a region of much attractiveness, but in a country replete with stories of times far past.

What Dr. Gilman said then recurred to me again and again today, and I gave it a much wider significance as I watched the trains scurry across the Susquehanna on the two big bridges of the Pennsylvania and Baltimore and Ohio Railroads. The children of Port Deposit may have been largely unaware of the historic interest of the country round about, but the travelers on the many trains that fly past here are more densely ignorant. They look out from the car windows upon the broad river as it passes into the still broader waters of the bay, and they call it pretty or fine after the momentary glance. But how much more interested they would be were the legends and stories of Havre de Grace and Port Deposit known.

The special subject of Dr. Gilman's address upon the occasion referred to was the island which is in the centre of the Susquehanna's mouth, its lower end not far from the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge, while its upper end serves to furnish support for the higher and newer bridge of the Baltimore and Ohio. Today it is Watson's Island, and a truck farm. But in early days, nearly three centuries ago, it was known as Palmer's, after its first settler, Edward Palmer, a man from

Shakespeare's county, a graduate of Oxford, distinguished in his time as an antiquary, and an uncle of the unfortunate Sir Thomas Overbury.

Dr. Gilman pointed out that the island is distinctly linked with the earliest history of education in America, for Palmer made a will, in which he bequeathed this island to his alma mater on condition that Oxford University would undertake the establishment of a college in the New World, to be called the Oxford Academy of Virginia. This was in 1624, and antedated the bequests of John Harvard in New England. The English university never undertook the bequest because more direct heirs stood first. Palmer died in 1625.

For Marylanders Palmer and his island have another especial story. Before Lord Baltimore's colonists came to St. Marys, even before William Clayborne settled out there on Kent Island, Palmer and associates had taken possession of this island "at the bottom of the Susquehanna" as a convenient place for trading with the Indians of the bay and river. They were thus the first white settlers in Maryland. A writer of their time asserts that Palmer actually entered into the trading scheme to raise funds for his school plan, but that the dishonesty and bad capacity of some of his agents caused losses instead of gains.

Hayre de Grace is such a placid town nowadays that it requires an effort to picture the excitement and terrible incidents which accompanied its burning by the British on the morning of May 3, 1813, more than a year prior to the unsuccessful attack on Baltimore and during a predatory incursion up to the head of the Chesapeake. I was fortunate to get hold of an almost contemporaneous account, "The Conflagration of Hayre de Grace," and this morning I read it while we were standing on a bluff at Perryville, on the east bank of the river, with the whole scenic setting for the town's tragedy spread out before me.

In the early sun the town as I viewed it across the river's mile reminded me strong-

ly of those Canadian villages which seem so quaint to the steamboat traveler on the St. Lawrence. North of the town is a hill marking the termination of the high ridge which closely follows the river on its west side for the last 50 miles of its course. In the flat country at the base of this hill, but set back from the river by a moderate bluff, lies the town, its many houses half hid from the Perryville side by the tops of trees. At its south end is the low point which juts out where the river ends and the bay begins, and which is occupied by a whitewashed lighthouse.

On this point militia from the neighborhood hastily constructed a battery when the British fleet anchored half a dozen miles down the bay, near Spesutia Island, clearly visible from where I stood this morning. There were several weeks of watchful, anxious days and fearful nights, and the British fleet lingered so long out there that the people on land thought there would be no attack and grew less careful. Suddenly at daybreak on a clear day was the alarm that the British were coming, and on the bay could be seen a score of barges laden with redcoats. It must have made a fine picture, though naturally a terrifying one, to the Havre de Grace households. Rockets and shells began to be thrown from the barges as they headed from the bay into the river, and in panic the women and children and most of the militia fled to the hill north of the town already mentioned. The few who remained did what they could from the battery on the point to check the oncoming British, but they were unsuccessful, and the barges passed the point, made a landing on the river side and captured the battery from behind, taking the brave fellows prisoners.

The town was already on fire from shot and shell, and to these the British soldiers soon added the torch. They went about plundering in small parties, helping themselves to what they fancied, and then setting the dwellings ablaze. Several ladies finally ventured back into the burning village and by their entreaties saved the remaining buildings.

The British force was re-embarked and went up the river to the little village of Lapidum, four miles above Havre de Grace, on the west bank. Here there was a cannon factory, which they burned. Port Deposit lies opposite Lapidum, and in another hastily constructed fort there a company of volunteers watched, with beating hearts, for the British to turn their way. But nightfall was near at hand, and the attack did not come, as the British returned to their ships.

In Revolutionary days the fleet of Admiral Lord Howe was for several days at anchor in the same position as this British fleet was 50 years later, but Havre de Grace was too small to be attacked, and Philadelphia was the objective point. This town was merely a small cluster of houses at the west end of an important ferry. When communication first began between the colonies, 200 years ago, Havre de Grace naturally lay in the path of travel north and south, just as it does today with the railroads. A ferry was here in 1635 and probably earlier. In the Revolution it was the crossing place for large bodies of troops. Sometimes the Susquehanna was avoided by a route by boat from Elkton to Annapolis, and vice versa, but it is known that Washington's army in 1782, on its return northward after the victory over Cornwallis, crossed here at Havre de Grace, for a diarist who accompanied the army records that two days were required for getting over the Susquehanna, only one ferryboat being available.

When burned by the British, Havre de Grace was a village of not more than 60 houses. Today it is a town with 3,000 inhabitants. Fisheries aided its growth, and lumber was rafted down the river to it, as well as to Port Deposit, opposite. But the main help for Havre de Grace came from the Tidewater Canal, built along the west bank of the Susquehanna from Columbia to Havre de Grace 60 years ago, and with a lock and outlet at the Maryland terminus costing half a million dollars. Now that the canal lies helpless, various business enterprises have come to the front, and its people find employment

in canneries, a lumber mill, a sash factory, a shoe factory, a cotton factory and others.

They have a tradition here that General Lafayette selected the name of their town by remarking that its site was very much like that of Havre de Grace, now the important French port of Havre. Another traveler is reported to have said the town and its surroundings closely recall Rio Janeiro.

The fisheries of this lower end of the river are by no means to be despised. Each spring for more than a century large quantities of shad and herring have been caught with seines and gillnets and the fish salted and prepared for a wide market. Formerly it was the custom for thrifty farmers for many miles around to come here prepared for a week's stay in order to lay in a stock of salt fish "against the year." We are told that these fishing gatherings were lively jamborees in many cases.

For the duck-hunter and the angler Havre de Grace is a gate into Paradise. It has long been famous for canvasback duck, which are shot on the "flats" or marsh lands of the bay and near-by creeks—a sport which has in the last 50 years attracted into this region some of the most noted of America's public men. In spring and summer rock are plentiful a few miles up stream, and bass still farther up. The trains and the steamboats leaving here for Baltimore often carry anglers with fine "strings."

A small island containing several yellow-painted buildings lies near the channel of the bay a few miles below Havre de Grace and in the midst of the wild celery growths which the ducks love. Here is a fish hatchery of the United States Government. The island is known as Fishing Battery.

On each bank of the river here are large ice-houses. In recent years the ice which has formed has not been thick enough to bear cutting, and these big barnlike structures have stood desolate and forsaken. But in former years a plentiful harvest was often reaped, and the scene on the frozen river was a strange and busy one.

One set of men with horses were busy marking out the ice fields and cutting them as deep as was safe. Another set followed them, sawing, plowing, planing; a third set towed the big blocks down a canal purposely cut toward the ice-house, its strip of cold water showing black against the white ice on either side. At the foot of the inclined plane or elevator into the ice-house other men kept the crystal blocks in a procession up the incline, while at the top still other men sorted them, rejecting those which were not good and sending far into the dark interior those which were later destined to bring summer comfort to Baltimoreans.

While some reap fortunes from the river's ice, others get disaster. In the first spring days, when the ice up the river is splitting and breaking, it is liable to jam and form great gorges in the narrow parts and then suddenly release the waters dammed by it so as to cause vast floods to sweep down upon the towns of Havre de Grace and Port Deposit. Every few years this occurs, leaving disaster and incalculable damage in its wake.

In many homes in this region there are pictures representing the famous ice railroad across the river at this point. There was no bridge here then, and the scheme of travel included a transfer from Havre de Grace to Perryville by a steamboat. An ice gorge in the winter of 1851-2 so completely blocked navigation that the company laid tracks upon the ice, and from January 15 to February 24 passed over them 10,000 tons of freight, baggage and mails in 1,378 cars. The mode of handling the traffic was by the use of locomotives on either side. By one the car was given a start down an inclined plane from the tracks to the surface of the ice. This start caused the cars to run out on the ice a considerable distance, when they were hauled by horses to the foot of the inclined slope on the opposite shore, where, by means of a locomotive and a cable, they were lifted to the level of the permanent tracks.

In 1857 a similar gorge took place, and it not being deemed safe to have a rail-

road on the ice, a plank road was laid there, and passengers walked, while the baggage and freight were pulled over by horse. Since 1866 the bridge has been used.

Of the two goodly-sized towns here near the mouth of the Susquehanna I think the palm for attractive location must go to Port Deposit. A ridge goes up precipitously from the river banks, and Port Deposit was thus forced to grow in a long, narrow line north and south. Viewed from a boat on the broad river the town is a pretty picture, for its long row of homes and stores has a charming background in the green hills.

The river is the only place from which to get a good view of the remarkable "hanging gardens" back of the handsome home of the late Jacob Tome, a millionaire to whom Port Deposit owes most of its happiness and prosperity. Originally the hill rose in uncouth fashion high behind the house and away above its tower and mansard roof. Through blasting and hard work by masons a series of stone terraces was built all the way up the hillside and then covered with vines, forming a garden landscape which is unique.

In the mansion at the foot Mr. Tome's widow still lives, carrying on his enterprises and his charities with marked tact and business ability. She is the president of the local national bank, which was founded by her husband, and is president of the Board of Trustees of the Jacob Tome Institute, whose square, red brick home is on the river side, almost immediately in front of the mansion. This institution was planned by Mr. Tome as a model free public school for all grades, which should be free, first to the children of Port Deposit, then to the children of the county, Cecil, then to the children of Maryland and then to American children generally. It had been in operation nine years when the founder died, last year, and its success was such that he provided liberally for its maintenance, the endowment being, it is said, about \$4,000,000.

The school has reopened this week for the winter in charge of a new principal,

formerly head master of Lawrenceville school. I was told that fine new buildings are to be erected on the ridge back of the town.

A short distance north from the institute is another evidence of Mr. Tome's liberality to his fellow-citizens. This is the Tome Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church, one of the handsomest rural churches in this country. It was erected 28 years ago at a cost of \$65,000.

Mr. Tome was a native of York county, Pennsylvania, a poor boy, who first made money in handling a good share of the lumber trade which used to reach Port Deposit in rafting days. Subsequently he dealt in fertilizers, then did a big banking business and used his capital to develop many transportation and business industries.

Port Deposit's chief industry today is its quarries. A fine quality of granite is taken from the hillside at the north end of the town. Several hundred men find employment there. The total population of the town is about 2,000.

The story of Port Deposit is more recent than that of Havre de Grace. There was a ferry kept across the river by the afterward noted Thomas Cresap, but Port Deposit was not named and was not even a village until it became the lower terminus of the old Maryland Canal, which was built about a hundred years ago on the east side of the river from the State line, and of which there are only traces now.

There is a tale of this region more romantic than any found along the entire Susquehanna. It concerns the fortunes of a daredevil cousin of one of the Lords Baltimore, George Talbot. Much of it reads like the wildest fiction. I am keeping it for my last letter.

GEORGE TALBOT'S CAVE.

ON WATSON'S ISLAND, MD., IN THE MOUTH OF THE SUSQUEHANNA, Sept. 15.—From where I stand now, on the north end of this historic island, I can plainly see a mass of rock rising naked and almost straight up for several hundred feet above the east bank of the river about half a mile below Port Deposit.

Until some years ago there was a cave in that high hill, which has from time immemorial been known as Mount Ararat. Traditions of the country hereabouts assert that in that cave George Talbot, a cousin of the Lords Baltimore, hid during the excitement which followed his killing of Christopher Rousby, a royal tax collector, in October, 1684.

This concealment in a cave was but one of many such incidents in George Talbot's career. Indeed, his adventures in Maryland read more like the developments of a sensational thread of fiction than the plain narrative of history. Yet it is a story well known as fact to the readers of the history of colonial Maryland and one that is frequently recalled.

George Talbot owned, through the favor of his cousin, the lord proprietary, one of the most extensive tracts of land ever granted in Maryland. It included all the country between Octoraro creek and North East river. The Octoraro empties into the Susquehanna on its east side half a dozen miles above Port Deposit. North East river flows into the Chesapeake bay several miles east of the mouth of the Susquehanna. Both streams have their origin in Pennsylvania some miles north of the Maryland line. Consequently the

tract granted to George Talbot included a good slice of what is now Cecil county, Maryland, and another good bit of Chester county, Pennsylvania.

"Susquehanna Manor" was the name which Lord Baltimore applied in the grant to Talbot, who is described in the deed as "our right trusty and right well-beloved cousin and counellor, George Talbot, of Castle Rooney, in the county of Roscommon, in the Kingdom of Ireland, Esq."

We of the present day are so accustomed to living under a republic that it seems hard to comprehend that "Susquehanna Manor" was intended to be a genuine feudal estate, in which George Talbot as "lord of the manor" was absolute master. He was expressly authorized to dispense justice through manorial courts whenever he so elected, and he introduced from Ireland a body of retainers and tenants ready to do his bidding as their lord. In his palmy days he had a company of mounted rangers, whose duty it was to scour the country and repel the attacks of hostile Indians. A line of blockhouses extended from the Susquehanna back into the extremes of the manor, and signals were established for the purpose of calling the "clan" together. Beacon fires on the hills, the blowing of horns and the fring of three musket shots in succession, either in the daytime or at night, gave notice of approaching danger and called this border chieftain's followers together.

In another interesting way George Talbot transplanted the customs of the middle ages to Maryland. He was fond of the then decaying sport of hunting with hawks, called falconry, and he brought with him when he came to Maryland, in 1680, several of his trained falcons, and with them pursued game in the Susquehanna hills. Traditions exist which say that the falcons supplied him with food when he was hidden in the cave already mentioned, and still other traditions assert that the falcons remained here long after George Talbot had left the country, and that they made their home on the peak of Mount Ararat.

It was not mere generosity to a relative which induced Lord Baltimore to give Tal-

bot such a big estate. William Penn had just procured a grant for Pennsylvania, and it was evident that the grants overlapped and that a boundary dispute was to ensue. For this reason Talbot, who was known to his cousin as an impetuous and courageous Irishman, was given the tract on the border that he might defend his cousin's rights, and it was expressly stipulated in the grant that within 12 years he was to settle at least 640 immigrants there. For the four years from 1680 until 1684 Talbot upheld Maryland's end with fidelity, now raiding the plantation of some holder of a Penn grant, now garrisoning a fort in disputed territory.

It is related in quaint fashion in the archives of Pennsylvania how a sheriff of that State rode up with deputies to such a fort and demanded Talbot's authority for coming there, whereupon, we are told, "Talbot, with divers of his company, bade them stand off, presenting their guns and muskets against their breasts, and he, pulling a paper, commander-like, out of his bosom, said: 'Here is my Lord Baltimore's commission for what I do.' Then the sheriff bid Talbot and his men depart, but in the same warlike posture they stood, and in Lord Baltimore's name refused to obey."

One of Talbot's most daring schemes was a plan to kidnap William Penn. The noted Quaker in 1683 left his infant city of Philadelphia to pay his first visit to that portion of his domain about the lower Susquehanna. Talbot believed that by suddenly seizing Penn he would end the whole dispute. It was a scheme that was worthy of Talbot and of the times. In some way its execution was prevented, most probably through a warning to Penn from some one friendly to the latter's claims.

Talbot's murder of Rousby caused a tragic end of his exciting life in Maryland, but it was done in defense of Lord Baltimore's rights, though it undoubtedly hurt Lord Baltimore's influence in England. King Charles II was jealous of the privileges and exemptions of Lord Baltimore's charter, and his royal tax collectors and agents followed his example by behaving with as much tyranny and insult

as they dared. This became so marked in the case of Rousby and his associate, Capt. Thomas Allen, who was cruising the Chesapeake in a royal brig, that Talbot, in anger, went on board the brig at old St. Mary's to demand an explanation of their conduct. He was at the time a deputy governor of the province, surveyor-general and president of the provincial council, so that he had abundant authority for his visit.

Talbot, Allen and Rousby got into a violent quarrel on the brig, and when Talbot wished to go on shore he was prevented from doing so. Then he drew a dagger and stabbed Rousby to the heart. Allen carried Talbot as a prisoner to Virginia, refusing to surrender him to the Maryland authorities for trial.

The next incident in Talbot's career is not the least interesting. It was his rescue from Gloucester gaol by his wife and a few devoted retainers. In midwinter they sailed down the Chesapeake in Talbot's yacht, called a shallop, and landed about 20 miles from Gloucester, where two of Talbot's faithful followers, Phelim Murray and Hugh Reilly, mounted swift horses and started for the prison. There, by Irish wit and suavity, they accomplished the release of Talbot and brought him back in safety to the vessel on which his wife waited. Then they made the best of speed back to Susquehanna Manor.

In the hue and cry which followed the escape Talbot bethought him of the cave on Mount Ararat's steep hillside. It was a natural formation in the granite bluff, about 12 feet wide, 10 feet high and 20 feet deep. Its exact location was on the northern end of the hill, not far above the river and near Herring run, the little stream which runs into the river there. Until 30 years ago the cave was an object of much attention on the part of the curious in the neighborhood, but finally it was removed by blasting the rocks which surrounded it in order to use them for an improvement in river navigation.

To this cave Talbot repaired. He had with him a flaxen wig and other means of disguise, and he was kept supplied with

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information and food by several faithful followers, among them Richard Touchstone, who subsequently came into possession of Mount Ararat and the cave. It seems probable that Talbot did not make a continuous stay in the cave, but frequently ventured forth in his boat for a sail upon the river and bay.

Finally, to save his friends further anxiety, the courageous Irishman voluntarily surrendered himself and was in April, 1686, tried in Virginia and convicted of the murder of Rousby. But his noble kinsman, Lord Baltimore, was prepared for the emergency and had obtained from the King and sent over a pardon.

With his influence lost because of his crime, Talbot did not remain long upon Susquehanna Manor after his return to it from Virginia. He went back to Ireland, took part in the struggle between James II and the Protestants, and after the downfall of the Stuarts entered the service of France in the noted Irish Brigade, with which he was killed in battle.

There remains no trace of the manor house or feudal home which Talbot had built on Principio creek near Principio Falls, a few miles back from the Susquehanna and near the spot where the Principio Iron Furnace has been located for nearly 200 years. Lord Baltimore subsequently made new grants of the vast quantity of land embraced in Susquehanna Manor, and with the manor utterly gone, the home on Principio gone and the cave on Mount Ararat gone, there is now naught to recall the romantic story of George Talbot save the records of history. Into what the lower end of the Susquehanna might have developed had Talbot retained his feudal power no one can guess.

This evening we leave the Susquehanna. For a month we have journeyed beside it, and the promise of beauty and historic charm which induced us to start upon such a jaunt has indeed been well kept. Few rivers could do so much. With memory's aid this one shall ever be cherished.



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