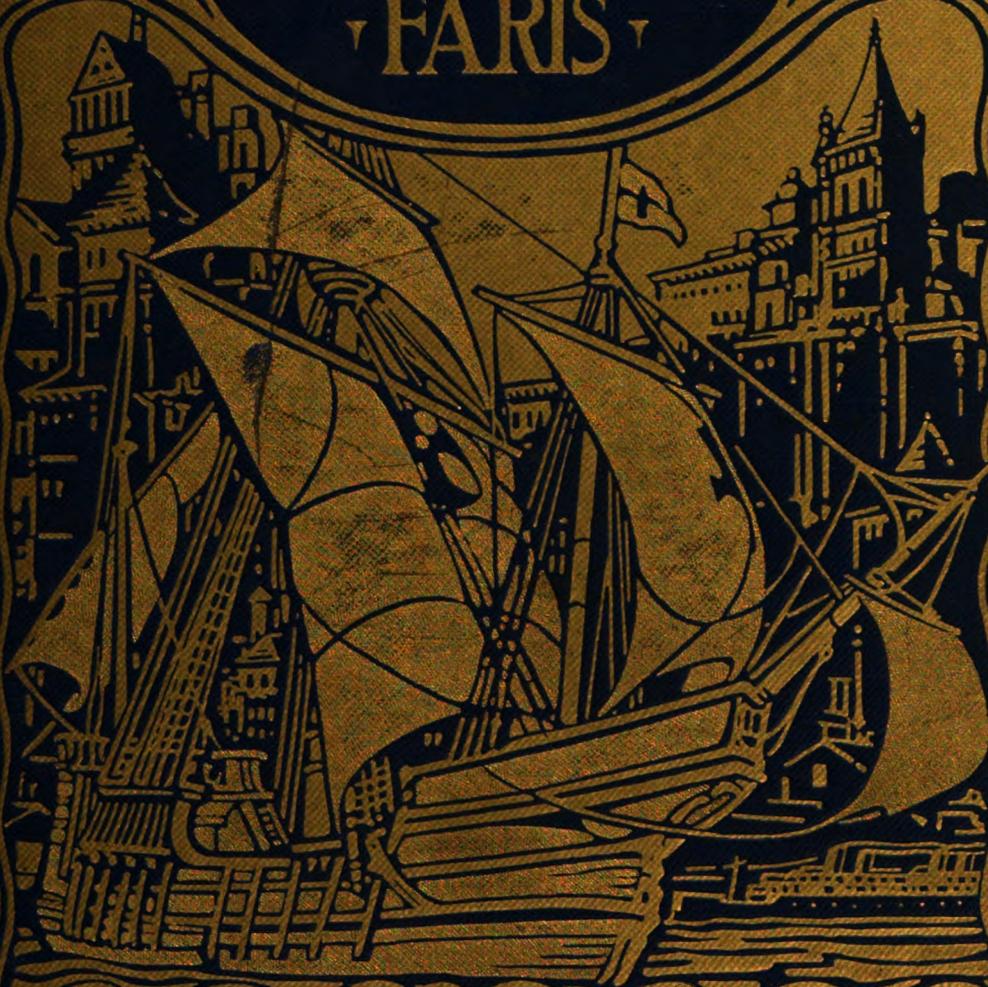
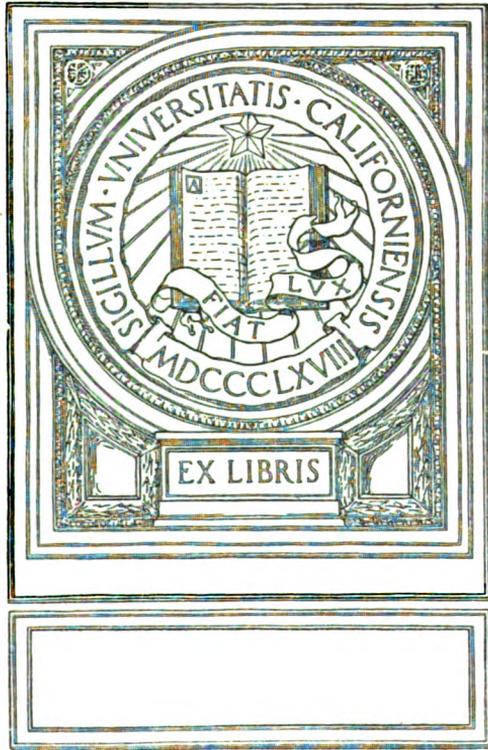
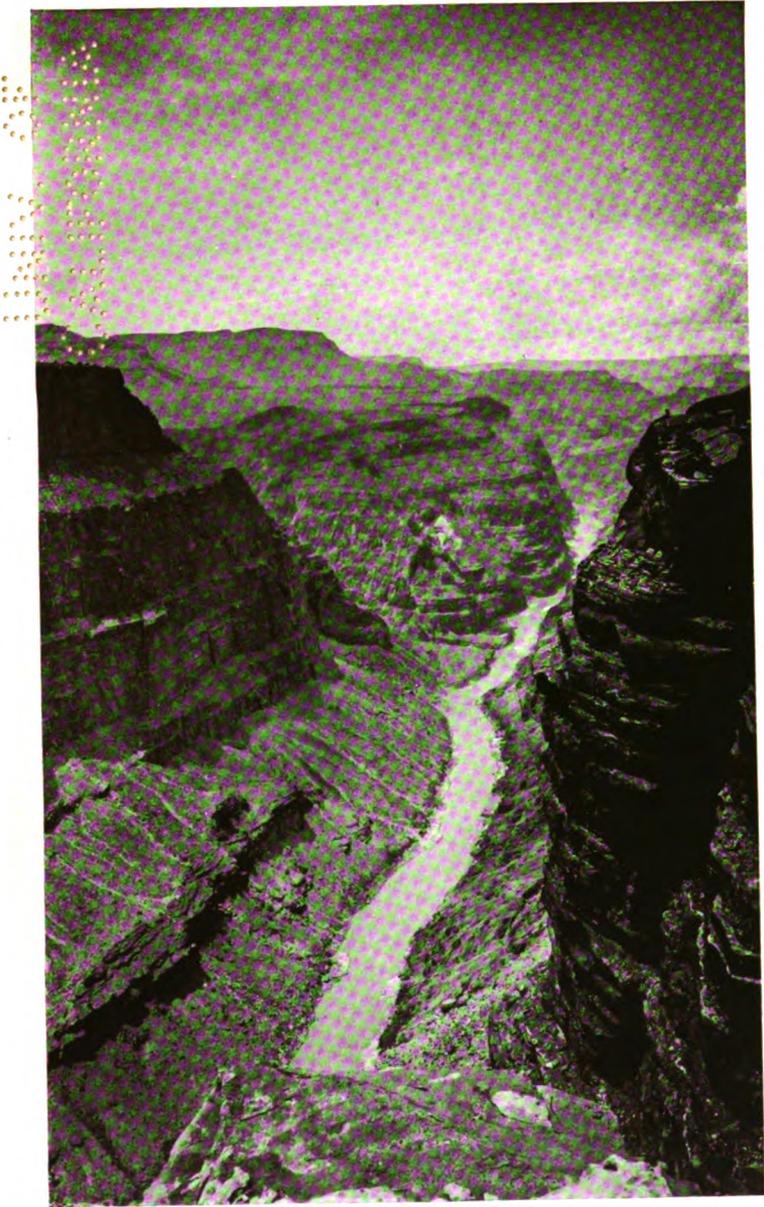


THE ROMANCE OF THE RIVERS

—
JOHN T.
FARIS







GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO RIVER IN THE KANAB SECTION



The ROMANCE *of* THE RIVERS

THE
ROMANCE OF
THE RIVERS

By JOHN T. FARIS

*Author of "The Romance of Forgotten Towns,"
"The Romance of the Boundaries,"
"When America Was Young," etc.*



Profusely Illustrated

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TO THE
ASSOCIATION

**THE ROMANCE OF
THE RIVERS**

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First Edition

G-B

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1927

PREFACE

WHAT is a river? If the question is put to a scientist he will likely give a reply that partakes of the careful accuracy of the words of John Playfair:

“Every river appears to consist of a main trunk fed from a variety of branches, each running in a valley proportioned to its size, and all of these together forming a system of valleys, communicating with one another, and having such a nice adjustment of their declivities that none of them join the principal valley either on too high or too low a level; a circumstance which would be infinitely improbable if each of these valleys were not the work of the streams that flow through them.”

A description like that might satisfy a professor of geology or a hydraulic engineer. And it is necessary sometimes to talk in such carefully measured terms of the streams that, from the dawn of history, have been highways for emigration, and have given to the land irrigation, to machinery power development, and to the merchant and the government facilities for the transportation of food and merchandise and soldiers.

But life would lose much of its charm if it were necessary to think of the wonders of the earth only in terms of utility and science.

For example, how dismal, doleful, deadening would be the effect of thinking of the Niagara River only in terms of potential horse power, of the Colorado solely as a means of transforming arid leagues into a garden for growing cucumbers, of the Penobscot or the Androscoggin

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merely as highways for driving countless millions of logs from the rapidly disappearing forests to the devouring mill!

Those who would extract the joy from the world that the Creator had in view for his people when he "saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good," need to study the rivers from an entirely different point of view, until they can read with sympathetic understanding the words of Henry van Dyke in *Little Rivers*:

"A river is the most human and companionable of all inanimate things. It has a life, a character, a voice of its own, and is as full of good fellowship as a sugar-maple is of sap. It can talk in various tones, loud or low, and of many subjects, grave and gay. Under favorable circumstances it will even make a shift to sing, not in a fashion that can be reduced to notes and set down in black and white on a sheet of paper, but in a vague, refreshing manner, and to a wandering air that goes 'over the hills and far away.' For such company and friendship, there is nothing outside of the animal kingdom that is comparable to the river."

A man of keen insight has written a book on *The Personality of American Cities*. In like manner a captivating volume might be written on "The Personality of the Rivers." For, to quote once more from *Little Rivers*:

"Every river has its own quality; and it is the part of wisdom to know and love as many as you can, seeing each in the fairest possible light, and receiving from each the best that it has to give. . . . The mighty rivers of the West roll their yellow floods through broad valleys, or plunge down dark canyons. The rivers of the South creep under dim arboreal archways, heavy with banners of waving trees. The Delaware and the Hudson and the

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Connecticut, the children of the Catskills and the Adirondacks and the White Mountains, created among the forests of spruce and hemlock, playing through a wild woodland youth, getting strength from numberless tributaries to bear their great burdens of lumber and turn the wheels of many mills, issue from the hills to water a thousand farms, and descend at last, beside new cities, to the ancient sea."

Thus the author of *Little Rivers* shows himself a worthy member of a company of seers who have been able to pass on to others their delight in the fellowship of the rivers. Henry D. Thoreau was an early member of that company; his intimate revelations of the Concord and Merrimac Rivers may not have been welcomed when he gave these to the world, but men and women have been coming to a belated appreciation of their riches. From his haunt at Slabside, near the Hudson River, John Burroughs sent out many clarion calls to people to enter into fellowship with the stream which, in the words of T. Morris Longstreth, "breathes celestial repose." And during a long life spent near the heart of nature John Muir wrote exquisite messages of which some of the most memorable were those that had to do with rivers. As a young man he said:

"There is nothing more eloquent in nature than a mountain stream. . . . Its banks are luxuriously peopled with rare and lovely flowers and overarching trees, making one of nature's coolest and most hospitable places. Every tree, every flower, every ripple and eddy of these lovely streams seemed solemnly to feel the presence of the great Creator. I lingered in the sanctuary a long time, thanking the Lord with all my heart for his goodness in allowing me to enter and enjoy it."

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In middle life Muir was in Alaska. His *Travels in Alaska* has a marvelous paragraph on the Stickeen River, in which he tells of the four seasons on the stream in language that makes the reader hungry for the freedom of the open spaces. And when he was an old man he was talking of his friends, the Merced and the Tuolumne, with such compelling charm that the reader feels he, too, must go to the streams that flow from the High Sierras.

These men, and others of the same goodly fellowship, have been an inspiration to the author of *The Romance of the Rivers* in his attempt to make the personality of America's noble streams stand out more clearly by telling not only of their history, but of their surroundings.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to those who have added so much to the volume by the photographs they have supplied. Definite word as to their courtesy is given in connection with the List of Illustrations.

Special acknowledgment is made to Henry van Dyke for the privilege of making the quotations in this Preface from his delightful *Little Rivers*, and to William E. Barton for the use of an extract from *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*, published by Bobbs-Merrill Company, also to authors and publishers for the permission to quote briefly from *A Canyon Voyage*, by F. S. Dellenbaugh, published by Yale University Press, and *In the Oregon Country*, by George Palmer Putnam, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

JOHN T. FARIS.

Philadelphia,
July, 1927.

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**THE ROMANCE OF
THE RIVERS**

CHAPTER I

DAY OF
CALIFORNIA

FOUR CENTURIES OF THE HUDSON RIVER

THE River of the Steep Hills" was the colorful name given by Giovanni di Verazzano to the Hudson when, in 1524, he sailed up New York Bay and looked in awe at the Palisades.

At any rate, it is so picturesquely simple to believe that the Italian privateer made the discovery and gave the name. There are those who question his right to be numbered among the millions of foreigners who have passed up the bay and the river to New York City. But why spoil a good story by the doubter's statement that evidence is lacking to prove that the sturdy Italian ever saw Manhattan Island? Is it not much better to believe that the privateer—call him pirate, if you prefer—who in 1523 captured the Mexican treasure ship laden by Cortez for Charles V, did indeed enter New York Bay and not Narragansett Bay; that, when he claimed to have explored 700 leagues of sea coast, he knew what he was talking about? Why rob the Hudson of a good story when nothing is at stake but mere historical accuracy?

At any rate, a Spanish chronicler narrated the tale of his tour along the coast with much attention to detail. Even if that account is unreliable, it is far more entertaining than the stories that were not left by biographers of other men who really sought the Hudson between 1524 and 1609. Why not take pleasure in a document—any

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kind of document—about such an interesting man as Verazzano, rather than let the mind dwell on his heedless successors who saw the place where the sky line of New York was to rise, without giving expression to their wonder?

Thus quickly one century of the Hudson River history has been disposed of, and we are ready for the doughty Dutchman in his *Half Moon* who, in 1609, sailed boldly up the river that was to bear his name, in the belief that opening out before his sails was the longed-for passage to the East Indies. For a time the waters so salt and wide and deep seemed to confirm his suspicion, and he was jubilant. But gradually he came to the realization that here was only a river, after all. Sorrowfully he continued as far as the site of Albany, then sent one of his men in a boat to see the tributary stream of which the Indians had told him, the Mohawk, whose entering into the Hudson is at the rugged rocks of Cohoes.

Because of Hudson's thoughtlessness in not having engaged a steering press agent, that is about all we can say of his voyage. He ought to have had with him such a man as Benson J. Lossing, who, although laboring under the handicap of absence from the *Half Moon*, still managed to clothe the prosaic tale of the historian after the following fashion:

"With what glowing colors does fancy fill the meager outlines of the picture of the discovery of the river and the voyage up it, drawn by the quaint pen of Juet! The navigator and his crew were all alive to impressions of the novelty and beauty, the poetry and prophecy, of the vision that burst upon them on that far September day in the year 1609, when they anchored in the bay at the mouth of the great stream. Even the dull chronicler



IN HARRIMAN STATE PARK, NEW YORK



FALLS ON BLACK CREEK, NEAR THE HUDSON RIVER



IN HARRIMAN STATE PARK, NEW YORK



AWOSTING FALLS IN THE CATSKILLS

FOUR CENTURIES OF THE HUDSON RIVER

gives us hints of the scene and the emotion it created. Before them stretched into the azure haze far northwest the strait of Hudson's dream, through which the *Half Moon* should pass from sea to sea, and open a way to long-lost Cathay. Swift canoes shot out from the shaded shore, filled with men clad in gorgeous mantles made of feathers or fur, and with women beautiful in form and features, sparkling black eyes, and teeth like finest pearls, who were scantily clothed in hempen garments, fringed with tinted deers' hair. Bright copper ornaments were on their necks and arms, and braids of glossy black hair fell gracefully from beneath broad scarlet fillets upon their bosoms. These all came with fruits and vegetables, green tobacco, copper pipes, and kindly gestures, to trade and be friends with the strange white men."

The Dutch compatriots of Hudson did not wait long before following up his exploration of the river by settlement on Manhattan Island. Three years later a trading vessel brought men who built the first rude habitations close to what is now known as the Battery. Gradually the popularity of the location increased, until the census of 1625 showed a population of about two hundred. Then they were ready for their first governor—he was called the director-general—and under his guidance they accomplished wonders as fur traders, though they were not successful in their attempts to grow tobacco and wheat.

Forty years of Dutch prosperity followed, interrupted at times by Indian quarrels, before England managed to get a grip on Manhattan Island. Once, for a year, the Dutch regained control, but after 1674 the real pioneers of Manhattan were only a memory, and for a century English sway at the mouth of the Hudson was disputed

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only by the Indians, though during the closing decade of that period marked resentment at British rule was shown.

New York City, as the settlement on Manhattan Island was renamed when the Dutch yielded it to the English, seemed fair game to the English army of occupation which held it from 1776 to 1783.

During the early days of the Dutch ascendancy at New Amsterdam the Hackensack Indians had a fort and council house on Castle Point, the rocky promontory near Hoboken. The Dutch across the river looked with dread upon this fortress of the savages, but they did not see the way to get control of it until, one winter day in 1643, the marauding Mohawks, swooping down from the north, weakened the Hoboken Hackensacks by forcing among them Indians who fled before the conquering Mohawks. So, while the Indians were off their guard, Hollanders were sent over the river. The immediate result of the midnight raid was the destruction of many of the Indians. The victory was costly, however, for so long as the Hollanders governed in Manhattan they were harassed by the avenging savages.

How often the stealthy Indians crept along the mighty trap-rock Palisades which rise far above the waters on the western bank of the Hudson! From the heights they looked sadly at the encroachments of the men who had bought their lands on the island across the flood.

The Dutch, watching fearfully in their turn, could see at night the signal fires of the dusky warriors on some pinnacle which to-day is a landmark in the Palisades Interstate Park, the playground for New York City's millions, erected by far-sighted leaders of New Jersey and New York.

One day in 1776 other anxious watchers succeeded the

FOUR CENTURIES OF THE HUDSON RIVER

Indians on these heights. Then the British were about to lead their forces against Fort Washington, on the Manhattan shore. General Washington, who was at Fort Lee, on the New Jersey side, studied their movements through his glass. But he could not see enough at that distance, so he crossed the river and found his way to his old headquarters at the Morris House on Harlem Heights. There he would have been surprised by advancing British but for the timely warning of a woman who sent him to safety just fifteen minutes before the arrival of the British force sent to capture him.

Fortunately the Morris House has been preserved in memory of the thirty-three days when Washington lived there. But old Fort Washington has disappeared, in order to make room for the devouring apartment house. The sole reminder of the days when Americans and British in turn occupied it is the monument built on the line of the eastern rampart of the structure. A bit of the brick chimney in the officers' quarters may be seen at the Morris House, where it has been rebuilt on the lawn.

Many valuable relics, including cannon, cannon balls, and other bits of metal, were picked up at various times on the site of the old fort and the camp of the British and Hessians near by, but these were sold by the prosaic miller to a foundryman at Spuyten Duyvil, the creek which enters the Hudson not far away. The name of the creek distracts the attention from the destructive foundryman. The explanation of the name by Washington Irving is diverting, even if it is not altogether dependable. His story is that Anthony Van Corlear, confronted by the high waters of the creek when he was on an errand for Governor Stuyvesant, declared that he would cross the angry waters *en spuyt den duyvil* (in spite of the devil).

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Soon after he plunged into the water he found himself sinking. As he sank he gave a loud blast of his trumpet, which he always carried with him. That defiant trumpet blast was Irving's warrant for saying, with his rare humor:

"Though he was never married, yet did he leave behind him some two or three dozen children, in different parts of the country, brawling, flatulent little urchins, from whom, if legends speak true (and they are not apt to lie), did descend the unamiable race of editors who . . . are bountifully paid by the people for keeping up a constant alarm and making them miserable."

For many miles above Spuyten Duyvil the attractive lands bordering on the river bank were for years in the hands of a privileged class known as the Patroons. These Patroons were given their land and granted their privileges because of the desire of the Dutch to have the Hudson River country peopled by those who would minister to the prosperity of the settlement at New Amsterdam, and would help provide cargoes for export to Europe. The proposal was made in 1659 that, to every man who would promise to take fifty adults for settlement on the Hudson, there be given a princely tract, with privileges of control over the lands and those who dwelt on them which were almost feudal in character. The best example of a Patroonship was that of Killiaen Van Rensselaer who, curiously enough, never set foot on the soil he ruled from Amsterdam. Ultimately his lands, situated on both sides of the Hudson, reached twenty-five miles to the north and forty-eight miles to the east and the west. The Patroonship of Rensselaerwyck became a power to be reckoned with in the Province of New Netherland, and its colorful story is bound up with that of the Hudson

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for many years. The rule of the Patroon was, in the main, just and helpful, but the knowledge of his great power was displeasing to the people of New Amsterdam.

Conditions were modified when the English conquered the Dutch and became masters of the Hudson. Then the Patroons became Lords of the Manor. These Lords of the Manor were never looked on as nobles, but merely as owners of large tracts of land, part of which they retained for themselves, while other parts were in the possession of persons to whom sections were sold or rented.

Of the manors one of the most famous was that founded by Frederick Philipse, which, at its greatest extent, reached from Yonkers to the Croton River. His lordship of the manor dated from 1693, though he began the spacious Yonkers house that bears his name in 1682. This house was enlarged by the originator's grandson, Colonel Frederick Philipse, whose partisanship of England during the Revolution led to the forfeiture of house and lands in 1779.

The fortunes of the mansion were varied for more than a century. For twenty years it was the Village Hall of Yonkers, but since 1911 it has been under the care of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society.

What a tale the walls of this house could tell of those who passed within its doors! Perhaps the most interesting story of all is that of the marriage, in January, 1758, of Mary Philipse to Captain Roger Morris. For this great event the social leaders of New York rode in their sleighs up the Hudson to Yonkers. Among them was the rector of Trinity Church, who was glad to take the journey that he might officiate at the marriage service. During the feast which followed, an Indian appeared

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suddenly and gave utterance to a weird prophecy: "Your possessions shall pass from you when the English shall despoil the lion of his mane." Some of the guests recalled the message when the property passed from the Philipse family for unpatriotic reasons.

Another famous mansion on the Hudson was that of Jacobus Van Cortlandt, whose son Frederick built the house used to-day by the Colonial Dames as a museum, the chief attraction of Van Cortlandt Park in New York City.

One of the charms of the Hudson River country to-day is the presence there of so many of the old manor houses, built in the days when great things were expected of their owners. But the great estates in which those manor houses were located did not attract many settlers. Even as late as 1755 there were not many more than fifty thousand people in the interior of New York Province. Seven other Provinces exceeded New York in population.

From Yonkers, with its memories of the Philipse and Van Cortlandt families, the traveler up the Hudson glides beneath the majestic Palisades. Dobbs Ferry, where the Americans had a blockhouse and two redoubts during the Revolution, has a location more picturesque than the name would indicate. For the town looks out on the Tappan Sea, that pleasing widening of the river in a stretch which, for ten miles, frequently is two or three miles wide.

Few can ride the Tappan Sea without recalling Washington Irving's story of the Flying Dutchman, who crossed this stretch of the river after traveling from Spuyten Duyvil to attend a quilting bee on the west bank of the river. It was Saturday night, and, unfortunately, he did not begin his return voyage until early Sunday morning. He was warned that he ought not to travel on the holy

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day. He laughed, and said he would not land until he reached home. The legend states that he was never heard from again, but adds that many belated travelers on the Tappan Sea have heard him rowing on the water which he never succeeds in crossing.

Now if anybody should know the truth, it was Washington Irving himself, for he lived on the shore of the Tappan Sea. His house he called Irvington. This was the successor of the home of one of Stuyvesant's privy councilors, who, so says Irving, modeled it "after Gov. Stuyvesant's cocked hat."

Every mile of the Hudson, from Tarrytown to West Point, tells of some incident of Revolutionary history. At Tarrytown a monument speaks of the spot where the capture of Major André brought to nothing the treasonable plans of Benedict Arnold, which, if they had succeeded, might have changed the outcome of the Revolution. Before the town, in July, 1776, British ships rode at anchor, almost within sight of Sleepy Hollow Church, the quaint building erected in 1699 by Frederick Philipse, in good time to be celebrated by Washington Irving.

Near by is Tappan, where André was imprisoned, and where he was tried and sentenced to death, while a little farther north, near the mouth of the Croton River, is the Van Cortlandt Manor House, built, probably, in 1665, whose owner during the Revolution, Philip Van Cortlandt, threw in his fortunes with Washington and his army. Governor Tryon of New York tried in vain to persuade him to desert the Colonial cause. After a visit to the estate on the Croton, he said, in disgust, "Come, we'll return; I feel nothing can be effected here."

Croton Point was known during the Revolution as Tellers Point, and was a marked spot in the itineraries

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of Washington up and down the Hudson, as it had been for many years a landmark to the Indians.

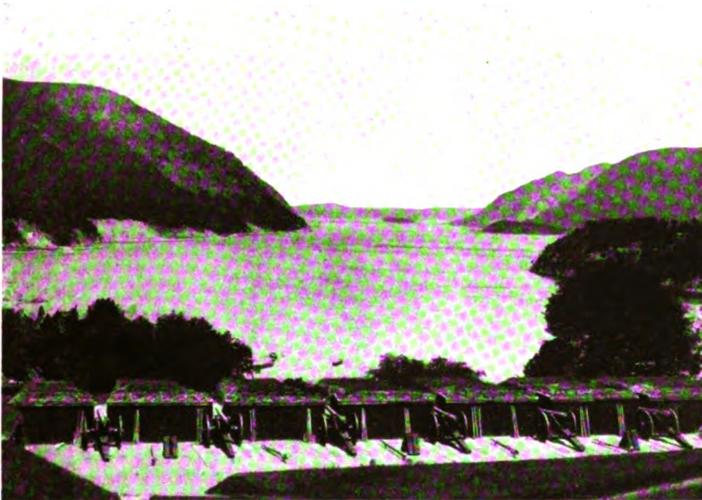
More reminders of the Revolution are given by Haverstraw Bay and its surroundings nearly opposite Croton Point. As a part of their program to cut the Colonies in two, the British fleet, co-operating with an army, tried to go up the river to join Burgoyne. They succeeded in capturing Forts Clinton and Montgomery, a little farther north, but, being unable to go on, they returned to Stony Point, where they fortified themselves. Washington, determined to destroy them, asked Mad Anthony Wayne to capture Stony Point. "Can you do it?" he asked, seeking to put the leader on his mettle. "I'll storm hell, General, if you'll plan it!" was the reply. Washington's response was, simply, "Try Stony Point first."

General Wayne's forces were small, but his men were inspired with their commander's determination. In the darkness of a July night they stole upon the fort, which they captured and destroyed. "The fort and garrison, with Colonel Johnson, are ours!" was the laconic announcement of the man on whom Washington had learned to depend. Then he took the captured cannon and stores to West Point.

Nearly fifty years later, in November, 1825, Haverstraw Bay was the scene of an incident just as historical. But it was a triumph of peace. The Erie Canal had been completed, and the celebration of the opening of the great waterway was in progress. The peak point of the celebration was the ceremony of the marriage of Neptune and the Naiads of the Forest. In the presence of high officials of the State and leaders in business, many of whom were on canal boats which had come down from Buffalo,



WEST POINT AND THE HUDSON RIVER



LOWER BATTERY AT WEST POINT



HAINES FALLS IN THE CATSKILLS

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water from Lake Erie was cast into the waters from the ocean.

Peekskill likewise has its spicy historic tale to relate. In 1777, when General Putnam was in charge of the forces at this point, a spy was brought before him for trial. Fearing the result of the trial, Sir Henry Clinton sent a messenger with a flag of truce. The accused man, he said, was a British officer, and he would be harmed at the peril of the Americans. But the bearer of the flag of truce carried back with him a note that must have angered the British general:

SIR: Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy, lurking within our lines. He has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and will be executed as a spy; and the flag is ordered to depart immediately.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

P.S.—He has been accordingly hanged.

At various times during the first two years of the struggle with Great Britain, General Washington and his officers were quartered at another of the Van Cortlandt houses, three miles north of Peekskill. This manor was built for the accommodation of Pierre Van Cortlandt, Lord of the Manor, when he had business in the upper part of his vast estate. He was a patriot of the patriots. A bronze tablet placed in the house by the Daughters of the Revolution tells of his varied career as member of the Colonial Assembly and of the Provincial Congress, Lieutenant Governor of New York State, and colonel of the regiment which bore the name of the Manor of Cortlandt. The house is still standing, though sadly altered by later occupants.

When Hendrik Hudson and his sturdy warriors came to Peekskill Bay, they thought for a time that they had

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come to the limit of an arm of the sea. But when they passed around the jutting Dunderberg and Anthony's Nose, they could see the glorious stretch of the river looking away far into the Highlands, which begin at this point and reach for twenty miles north—twenty miles of the world's most glorious river scenery.

Dunderberg revels in legends. For instance, Washington Irving has told of the Storm Ship, and of the "little bulbous-bottomed Dutchman in trunk, hose and sugarloaf hat, with speaking-trumpet in hand, who, they say, keeps the Dunder Berg."

Another legend had its start when some fishermen brought up a cannon from the river bed. Instead of coming to the natural conclusion that this was a relic of one of the armies that confronted each other thereabouts, some misguided man declared it must have belonged to Captain Kidd, the pirate. Now Captain Kidd had never been at Dunderberg, but the story was believed, because people wished to believe it. A vessel filled with loot must have been sunk there. There were found enough of gullible men and women to take stock in a company organized to discover the treasure. More than twenty thousand dollars were spent in building a coffer dam around the sunken vessel before the dupes realized that they were victims of their own cupidity.

The legend of Anthony's Nose is more laughable. As Washington Irving relates this, in his inimitable way, Stuyvesant was once a passenger on a vessel which carried a trumpeter named Anthony. When he washed his face he polished his large nose, which had been inflamed by the contents of the wine cup. One day, just after the polishing process, Anthony was leaning over the side of the ship when the rising sun, reflecting in the water the resplendent

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nose, killed a sturgeon; the water was hissing hot! The unfortunate sturgeon was fed to Stuyvesant, who celebrated the event by calling the promontory near by Anthony's Nose.

Many times during the Revolution beacon fires burned on the summit of Anthony's Nose, 1300 feet above the sea, which commanded a view of the river for a long distance.

The teeming millions of New York City are given welcome opportunity to pass along this historic section of the beautiful river when on their way to Bear Mountain, the landing-place provided by the Commissioners of Harriman State Park, who are administering for those who would revel in untouched nature the thousands of acres that stretch far back from the river, including lakes and streams and forests that would be recognized by Rip Van Winkle if he should go that way to-day.

Of the river in the vicinity of Bear Mountain landing Benson J. Lossing was speaking when he wrote of the reverie of a visitor:

"With the eye of retrospection he might see the *Half-Moon* running 'up into the River twentic league, passing by high mountains,' as the chronicler tells us, when the hopes of the commander were extinguished by the freshening of the water; he might see the dusky tribes fighting for the mastery upon the mountains and in the ravines before the advent of the white man; flotillas of vessels bearing armies for Northern campaigns during the French and Indian wars, sweeping around the magnificent curves of the river, while the voices of the resounding drums awoke the echoes of the hills; he might see the camp fires of the Continental soldiers engaged here and there in

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building fortifications spanning the river with a great chain."

This visitor of Lossing's might also see "a great military school from which have gone out soldiers and engineers to conquer men and rugged nature, and astonish the natives by their prowess and skill; he might see the commerce of an empire expanding, in the space of a few decades, from trade with a few Indian trappers, to the mighty bulk which floats to-day upon its waters or is hurried with the speed of a gale along the railway from field to mart."

The visitor's vision of commanding West Point is not complete until he stands on the parade ground and looks far away to the north, on a vista of the Hudson River that is without a parallel, and over to Constitution Island—once known to the Dutch as Martelaer's Rock—where Fort Constitution was established in 1775. The fortifying of West Point was an after-thought; the strategic value of that location was realized only after the island was duly cared for. On the island, at the time of the Revolution, was a house which was occupied by Benedict Arnold, the commander at West Point. Here he planned his treason, and from here he gave directions for the removal of a link from the chain that stretched across the Hudson at this narrow point, to prevent the passage of British ships. He declared that the purpose of the removal was to repair the chain, but it appeared later that his aim was to make easy the progress of vessels of the enemy to forbidden regions farther north.

While the house of the traitor has disappeared, it is really a part of the Warner mansion, long occupied by Henry W. Warner, whose daughters, Susan and Anne Warner, brought fame to the island that has helped to



IN ADIRONDACK STATE PARK, NEW YORK



FROM THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT MARCY



IN ADIRONDACK STATE PARK

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obliterate the marks of Arnold—Susan by her books, the most notable of these being *The Wide, Wide World*, and Anne by her life of devoted helpfulness.

In the days when Washington was present on the Hudson, access from his headquarters at Newburgh to West Point was difficult because of the huge mass of Storm King that rises in majesty between. But within the last few years the difficulty has been solved, and new beauties have been made accessible to thousands, by the Bear Mountain Bridge across the river, one of the two bridges below Albany, and by the highway that climbs the shoulder of Storm King, affording a vision of river splendor that would have rejoiced the heart of Washington.

The old Hasbrouck house at Newburgh which Washington occupied is preserved under the auspices of the State. The curious house, built in 1756, has an old room which figures in an incident related by Lossing:

“When Lafayette was old he was invited to a banquet by the Count de Marbois, who was secretary to the first French Legation in America during the Revolution. For dinner the company was shown into a room in strange contrast with the mansion. It was a room with large projecting beams overhead; a huge fireplace, with a broad-throated chimney, a single small uncurtained window, and numerous small doors, the whole having the appearance of a Dutch or Belgian kitchen. Upon a long, rough table was spread a frugal repast, with wine in decanters and bottles and glasses and silver goblets. . . . ‘Do you know where you are?’ the host asked. Lafayette replied: ‘Ah! the seven doors and one window, and the silver goblets! We are at Washington’s Headquarters on the Hudson, fifty years ago.’”

Not far from Washington’s Headquarters near New-

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burgh, but on the east side of the Hudson, travelers are attracted by the rambling old Van Wyck house which has many traditions of Revolutionary days. In this house in 1776 Enoch Crosby, an American spy, persuaded a company of loyalists to seek refuge, and when they were safely there they were apprehended and condemned by the Committee of Safety. But Crosby was not always so fortunate as to escape the penalty he sought for others. Once, when he led loyalists to Fishkill, he was apprehended with them and was kept with them in the picturesque old Dutch church until he could prove his identity.

In this church the Legislature of New York met after the members had been driven from New York City by fear of the British. There they were in close touch with leaders in the army who gathered near at hand with their troops and their supplies.

One of the members of the Dutch church was Madame Brett, who lived in the famous Teller house, which stands to-day in all the glory of its Dutch architecture. This house was built on the land of Francis Rombout, a New York merchant, who, in 1683, persuaded the Indians to sell him a tract of land that fronted on the east bank of the Hudson for sixteen miles. This, called the Rombout Patent, was confirmed by King James II. His daughter, who became Madame Brett, inherited a part of her father's property. In 1709 she built the Teller house, where she lived with her husband and three sons, the youngest of whom rejoiced in the odd name Rivery, given because he was born on the Hudson while his mother was on her way home from New York.

Those who take their leisurely way along the river that affords these wonderful historic sights are hardly out of the Highlands before they see the first rounded

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summits of the Catskills. These summits, and the valleys between, lure him to leave the river and wander back into the interior, where New York State has a reservation of one hundred thousand acres, dedicated to the preservation of wild life, wild country, and pleasant days for the people amid the scenes which made Washington Irving surpass himself in description.

But before the gateway to the Catskills is reached, Poughkeepsie stands on tiptoe, as if to look over the river and up the river to see the green summits of the famous mountain region. Here, where fame has come in modern days, for both commercial and educational reasons, ships were built for the Continental navy in the days of America's youth. And when the approach of the British was apprehended, fire was set to the vessels so bravely built, and they were completely destroyed. At that time fear entered the hearts of the citizens. Had not the British destroyed Forts Clinton and Montgomery? Was not the New York Legislature among them, driven out of Kingston, which town was burned by the British in 1777?

The old building in Kingston occupied then by the Legislature has been destroyed, all except the walls. But those walls were so sturdy that, after the fire had been extinguished, the building could be restored, much as it is to-day. There, in 1777, the New York Senate found shelter, and the building has ever since been famous as the Senate House.

When the Hudson River traveler passes Rondout, before reaching Newburgh, he looks on the scene of the settlement which was the parent of Kingston. Here, in 1614, a trading post was built. Settlers followed in 1640. Indians drove them away, and it was 1655 before Peter Stuyvesant, determined to have a village whose

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inhabitants would be safe from Indians, placed a guard of twenty-four soldiers. In spite of this protection, however, the sixty people who had gathered there by 1658 were driven away by the savages, while Kingston, which had shared in the prosperity of the near-by village, also was destroyed. But with the tenacity of the pioneers, the people returned, and in 1675 Kingston was the proud possessor of "a warehouse thirty feet by forty," a depot which told of the lucrative trade of the valley. This prosperity of the place continued until it was burned in 1777 by the British, who were hoping to go on to the north to join forces with Burgoyne. But they delayed too long. They were still burning the houses on the east side of the Hudson when they received the unpleasant word that Burgoyne had been forced to surrender.

Along this stretch of the Hudson the glory of the mountainous country to the westward vies with history in riveting the attention of those who make the river journey. Eyes turn with longing toward the pleasing summits along the sky line. All the way from Kingston the views are of surpassing beauty, but in the vicinity of Tivoli the climax is reached. The boat moves too rapidly for the comfort of those who feel that they can ask nothing better than to continue to gaze on the mountains.

The fifty miles from Tivoli to Albany offer a variety of scenery that is remarkable. Gradually the mountains recede and become modest hills, though not until Catskill and Athens have been left behind, and on the east bank, Hudson, where ocean-going vessels have made their way without difficulty. Schodac was famous in Indian days, for at this point was built the council fire of the Mohicans.

At length the river journey ends at Albany, where, in 1630, Killiaen Van Rensselaer and three of his associates

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secured from the Indians 700,000 acres of choice land, dominated by Fort Orange. There the Patroonship of Rensselaerwyck flourished until 1840, though, as already indicated, after the conquest of the Dutch by the English the Patroon was shorn of much of his power. The ancient house from which the Patroon dealt with the Indians is still in existence, but no longer can it be found at Albany; a few years ago it was removed to Williamstown, Massachusetts, where it has been serving as a fraternity house.

A very human document has been handed down from the early days of the Dutch settlement about Fort Orange. The steep streets of the growing town had wonderful fascination for the boys when snow and ice were on the ground. Vain efforts were made to persuade them to give up the use of their sleds in such risky places. But their doom was sealed in 1713 when the Albany Legislature passed a law that made more than one boy wish to murder the lawmakers:

“Whereas ye Children of ye sd city do very disorderly, to ye shame and scandall of their parents, ryde down ye hills in ye streets of the sd city with small and great sles on the lord day and in the week by which many accidents may come, now for preventing ye same it is hereby published and declared yt it shall be and may be lawful for any constable in the city or any other person to take any slee or sles from all and every such boys and girls ryding or offering to ryde down any hill within ye sd city and break any slee or sles in pieces. Given under our hands and seals in Albany ye 22th of December—12th year of His Majesty’s reign, Anno Domini 1713.”

Perhaps the most famous house to-day in Albany is that built in 1760 by Mrs. Philip Schuyler, who was

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Catherine Van Rensselaer. There she entertained, in 1776, the Commissioners from Congress to the Army of the North. Of these, Benjamin Franklin was one. A companion was Tench Tilghman, aide-de-camp of General Washington, who, while a guest, met Mrs. Schuyler's daughter Betsy. "I was prepossessed in favor of the Young Lady the moment I saw her," he wrote. He left the house soon, but he did not forget her. Four years later the young people were married in the old house, which, since 1917, has been preserved by the State.

At Albany the journey up the Hudson is but begun. The river may be navigable only to Troy, a few miles beyond the Capital of New York, but the upper miles are not to be neglected simply because the steamers do not go beyond Cohoes Falls, which mark the entrance to the Hudson of the historic and beautiful Mohawk. There, in 1777, General Schuyler built fortifications with which to keep Burgoyne from the Mohawk.

For a dozen miles above Troy the Hudson is a rapid stream. The Indians found here many obstructions in the way of their canoes, but they made good use of the river as they came down from the Adirondacks, pausing on the way at times to go up into beautiful Saratoga. In their musical tongue Saratoga meant "Hillside of the Great River Lake." The banks of Fish Creek, the stream which leads the waters of the lake into the Hudson, appealed to General Burgoyne as a good camping place. There he was when the Colonial army turned the tide of the war by compelling his surrender, and there the monument rises to commemorate the event. The traveler's heart is filled with joy as he beholds this reminder of victory that crowned devotion, until he sees the vacant niche in which would have been placed the statue of

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Benedict Arnold, one of the heroes of the campaign against Burgoyne; the vacancy tells of the forfeiture of the regard of his country because of the black record of later years.

The country through which the Hudson passes as it falls from Fort Edward to Lake Saratoga and Schuylerville was made memorable in 1755, when an expedition was sent north seeking the conquest of Canada. There was no way through the wilderness, so a primitive road was built from the vicinity of Schuylerville to Lake Champlain. On the road were three forts, called Nicholson, Lyman, and Edward. Not only was Fort Edward in use in the French and Indian War, but also during the Revolution it was a station of importance. No remnant of the historic fort is left to-day, but it will be forever memorable because of the tragic story of Jane McCrae, a loyal daughter of a Colonial family, who was engaged to an officer in the British army. When she tried to pass through the lines to go to him, she was seized by Indians. Several stories have been told of what followed. The probability is that each of two bands of Indians contended for the honor of taking her to her lover. The dispute resulted in her death. By her death, however, she did much for her country, for the people were roused so that they increased the forces of those who were opposing the advance of the British and their allies of the forest, until they were able to overwhelm Burgoyne.

From Fort Edward the Indians had a carrying place to Lake Champlain. The distance was about twenty-five miles. The first landlord of this region received a grant of the territory in 1696 from Governor Fletcher, at a rent of one raccoon skin a year. Unfortunately for him, the Legislature later annulled the grant.

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But those who ascend the Hudson cannot go toward Lake Champlain; they must follow the river as it comes from the westward past Glens Falls, until, at Fort Edward, it turns southward toward the ocean.

The name given by the Indians to Glens Falls, Chemun-tuc, was expressive, for it meant "hard place to get around." In a score of rapids and cascades in the black marble the river descends eighty feet. The Indian name for this wonder of falling water that is now supplying power to many industries was changed by a pioneer owner to the prosaic Wing's Falls. Wing's son was responsible for another change. At a supper party he said he would permit one of the guests to change the name, using his own patronymic, if he would pay for the supper. With alacrity the check was paid by the guest, and then he hastened to post bills, as far down the river as Albany, informing the public that the name for all time to come was to be Glens Falls.

The description of the falls as given by Hawk Eye in Cooper's novel, *The Last of the Mohicans*, is more palatable than the story of the man who sold the name for a mess of pottage:

"There are the falls on two sides of us, and the river above and below. If you had daylight, it would be worth the trouble to step up on the height of the rock, and look at the perversity of the water. It falls by no rule at all: sometimes it leaps, sometimes it tumbles; there it skips, here it shoots; in one place 'tis as white as snow, and in another 'tis as green as grass; hereabouts it pitches into deep hollows, that rumble and jerk the 'arth, and then reversing it ripples and sings like a brook, forming whirlpools and gullies in the old stone, as if 'twas no harder than trodden clay. The whole design of the river seems

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disconcerted. First, it runs smoothly, as if meaning to go down the descent as things were ordered; then it angles about and faces the shores; now and then are places where it looks backward, as if unwilling to leave the wilderness to mingle with the salt."

Once there was a dam in the river several miles above Glens Falls. This was built about the middle of the last century for the purpose of supplying water to the canal from the Hudson to Lake Champlain. Still farther on was the great log boom, built to catch the logs that floated down from the forests to the mills at Glens Falls. When the lumber traffic was at its height, half a million logs were held by the boom.

But perhaps the most interesting spot in the river course back to its source in the heart of the mountains is the place where stood at one time the thriving village called Adirondack, built to develop the iron mines whose presence in the wilderness was made known to David Hudson, of Jersey City. To him a St. Francis Indian showed a specimen of rich iron ore. "You want to see iron?" he asked. "Me hunt beaver all 'lone, and find iron where water runs over iron dam." An exploring party, headed by Hudson, followed the Indian guide to Indian Pass, then to a lake which was named Henderson. At the head of the lake they found the iron dam of the Indian story, a huge dike of solid ore which crossed a little stream, one of the branches of the upper Hudson.

There a town was begun in 1834, in spite of the fact that the site was thirty miles from a road and their iron as far from a market. So a road was built to Lake Champlain. The fall of the water was increased by the construction of a wooden dam on the iron dike. A company with a capital stock of one million dollars was in-

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corporated. Later the stock issue was trebled. After a time fourteen tons of ore were produced each day. A railroad was projected.

But the railroad was delayed. Hard times came. To crown all, a flood swept away the dam. In 1866, when a river lover told the story, he added the prophecy: "But the projected railway will yet be constructed, because it is needful for the development of that immense mineral and timber region; and again that forest village will be vivified, and the echoes of the deep breathings of its furnace will be heard in the neighboring mountains."

The truest thing about that prophecy is the last bit. There are neighboring mountains, plenty of them. Mount McIntyre, Mount Colden, and Mount Marcy are near by. Then come lakes and ponds innumerable, more mountains, Santanoni the most prominent of them, and finally the source of the Hudson in the little mountain-bound lake, Tear of the Clouds, far above the sea.

A most circumstantial account given by a traveler of early days tells of a trip only halfway to the mountain source. This account was from the pen of Richard Smith, of Burlington, New Jersey, who, on May 5, 1769, took passage in a New York City sloop for Albany, on his way to the source of the Susquehanna. He told of "agreeable Sailing with the country seats of the citizens on the Right hand, and the high Lands of Bergen on the Left."

On May 6 he wrote:

"These Albany Sloops contain very convenient cabins. We eat from a regular Table accommodated with Plates, Knives and Forks, and enjoyed our Tea in the Afternoon. We had laid in some Provisions at N. York & the Capt. some more, so that we lived very well. Our Commander

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is very jocose & good company. About 7 a cloc we passed Spite the Devil (why so called I know not)."

When passing Tappan he spoke of Col. Philips's Manor, and adds: "The Tenant for Life here tells me he pays Col. Philips only £7 per Annum for 200 acres of Land & thinks it an extravagant Rent, because, on his demise or Sale, his Son or Vender is obliged to pay the Landlord one Third of the Value of the Farm for a Renewal of the Lease."

On May 7 the journal entry included an interesting statement. This told of the migration from Connecticut to northeastern Pennsylvania which led to the Pennamite Wars:

"We took a Turn on Shore at Denton's Mill (Marlborough) . . . and walked above Two Miles down the River to Newburg a small Village. . . . The New England men cross here & hereabouts almost daily for Susquehanna; their Rout from here to the Minisinks accounted only 40 Miles distant and we were told that 700 of these men are to be in that Country by the first of June next. A sensible Woman informed us that Two Men of her Neighborhood have been several Times across to the fords of Susquehanna which lie in York Government & here the People say our Rout by the Albany is above 100 miles out of the Way. This is since found to be true, yet that Rout is used because it is the only Waggon Road to Otsego."

A later entry told of shipping on the river:

"Our Skipper says that there are at Albany 31 Sloops all larger than this, which carry from 400 to 500 Barrels of Flour each, traveling continually from there to York, & that they make Eleven or 12 Trips a year each."

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A glimpse of life along the river was given at Walkill, about 60 miles from Albany:

“We went on shore to Two Stone Farm Houses on Buckram Manor. The men were absent and the Women and children could speak no other Language than Low Dutch. Our Skipper was Interpreter. One of these tenants for Life or a very Long Term pays 20 Bushels of Wheat in Kind for 97 Acres of cleared land & Liberty to get Wood for use anywhere in the Manor. . . . One woman was very neat and the Iron Hoops of her Pails Scowered bright. . . . One Woman had Twelve good Boys and Girls all clad in Homespun both Linen and Woolen. Here was a Two wheel Plow drawn by 3 horses abreast, to a Scythe with a Short crooked handle.”

When Albany was reached Smith saw “about 500 Dwelling Houses besides Stores and Outhouses. The Streets are Irregular and badly laid out, some paved, others not. Two or Three are broad, the rest Narrow & not Straight. Most of the Buildings are pyramidically shaped like the old Dutch Houses of New York.”

The picturesque sloops were displaced gradually after the appearance on the Hudson of Robert Fulton's *Clermont* in August, 1807, which made the first trip to Albany in thirty-two hours.

Let Fulton tell the story of that trip:

“I left New York on Monday at four o'clock and arrived at Clermont, the seat of Chancellor Livingston, at one o'clock on Tuesday, time twenty-four hours, distance, one hundred and ten miles. On Wednesday I departed from the Chancellor's at Nine o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Albany at five in the afternoon; distance, forty miles, time eight hours. The sum is one hundred and fifty miles in thirty-two hours, equal to near

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five miles an hour. On Thursday at nine o'clock in the morning I left Albany and arrived at the Chancellor's at six in the evening. I started from there at seven and arrived at New York at five in the afternoon; time, thirty hours, space run, one hundred and fifty miles. Throughout my whole way, both going and returning, the wind was ahead; no advantage could be derived from my sails; the whole has, therefore, been performed by the power of the steam engine."

To his friend, Joel Barlow, Fulton wrote, after the conclusion of the trip:

"The power of propelling boats by steam is now fully proved. The morning I left New York there were not perhaps thirty persons in the city who believed the boat would even move one mile an hour, or be of the least utility, and while we were putting off from the wharf I heard a number of sarcastic remarks. This is the way in which ignorant men compliment what they call philosophers and projectors."

The sloop masters did not welcome the new motor power. They looked with awe at the funnel as it belched out smoke and sparks. Of their feelings a writer of the time said:

"The crews of many sailing vessels shrank beneath their decks at the terrific sight, while others prostrated themselves and besought Providence to protect them from the approach of the horrible monster which was marching on the tide and lighting its path by the fire which it vomited."

For many years Fulton and Chancellor Livingston tried to monopolize steam traffic on the Hudson, depending on a grant from the New York Legislature. An incident of the effort to make capital of the monopoly is told in

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a broadside preserved in the Library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania:

"A Steam-Boat having been built for the convenience and accommodation of the inhabitants of Albany, Troy, Lansingburgh and Waterford, by Robert R. Livingston, under the patent right of Robert R. Livingston and Robert Fulton. He offers part of the Same for sale, upon the following condition:

"The boat is 80 feet long, 14 feet beam, and conveniently fitted up for a passage boat. It is proposed that it be sold for 18,000 dollars, divided into 36 shares, at 500 dollars each. The subscribers to the shares to form a Company. The subscribers to receive twelve per cent, upon the capital subscribed, free of all charges, if the boat should earn so much, and whatever the boat shall earn beyond that sum to be equally divided between the patentees and subscribers. . . ."

On the reverse side of this broadside is written the following, by Robert R. Livingston:

"In consideration of Five Hundred Dollars, to me in hand paid by William Gould, I do hereby Transfer and sell to him, his heirs and assigns, one Thirty Sixth part of the Steam Boat Fire Fly, her tables and furniture, to be used only in navigating the Hudson river to and from Albany, Troy and Lansingburgh under the conditions and subject to the rents contained in the within Proposals.

"The said Gould covenanting and this Lease being upon the express condition that the said Boat or any other Steam Boat built by him in virtue of this transfer shall not navigate any other part of the river in contravention of the exclusive right claimed by Robert R. Livingston and Robert Fulton and the said Robert R. Livingston covenanting that no boat other than such as is built in

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conformity to the within mentioned proposals shall have any right to navigate between Albany, Troy and Lansingburgh under the License of, or in virtue of the State's grant and patent right held by the said Robert R. Livingston and Robert Fulton."

This attempt led to a notable fight by the rival line of Cornelius Vanderbilt, by the State of New Jersey, and finally by Daniel Webster, who, in 1824, succeeded in persuading the Supreme Court of the United States that it was wise to declare "the several laws of the State of New York which prohibited vessels licensed according to the laws of the United States, from navigating the waters of New York, by use of fire and steam, repugnant and void."

The puncture of the monopolists' dream of sole rights let loose on the Hudson many new and beautiful steamers, and the traffic grew by leaps and bounds, until the railroads on both banks began to take the lead.

It is of interest to read observations of a trip on one of the successors of the *Clermont*, the *Paragon*, which was built in 1811. James Morrell was the passenger, and his trip from New York to Saratoga was made in August, 1813. He said:

"The Company on the boat were very numerous, say about 175 persons; the fare from New York to Albany was Seven Dollars, for which we were furnished all our meals and berth, with a sufficient of drink at dinner, either Brandy, Spirits; Wine, if called for, was an extra charge. The arrangements of the boats are constructed in a very fine manner; those who first enter their names are permitted the first choice of berths and so on in rotation. The shore, for several miles after we left New York, was very high and almost perpendicular, forming a complete

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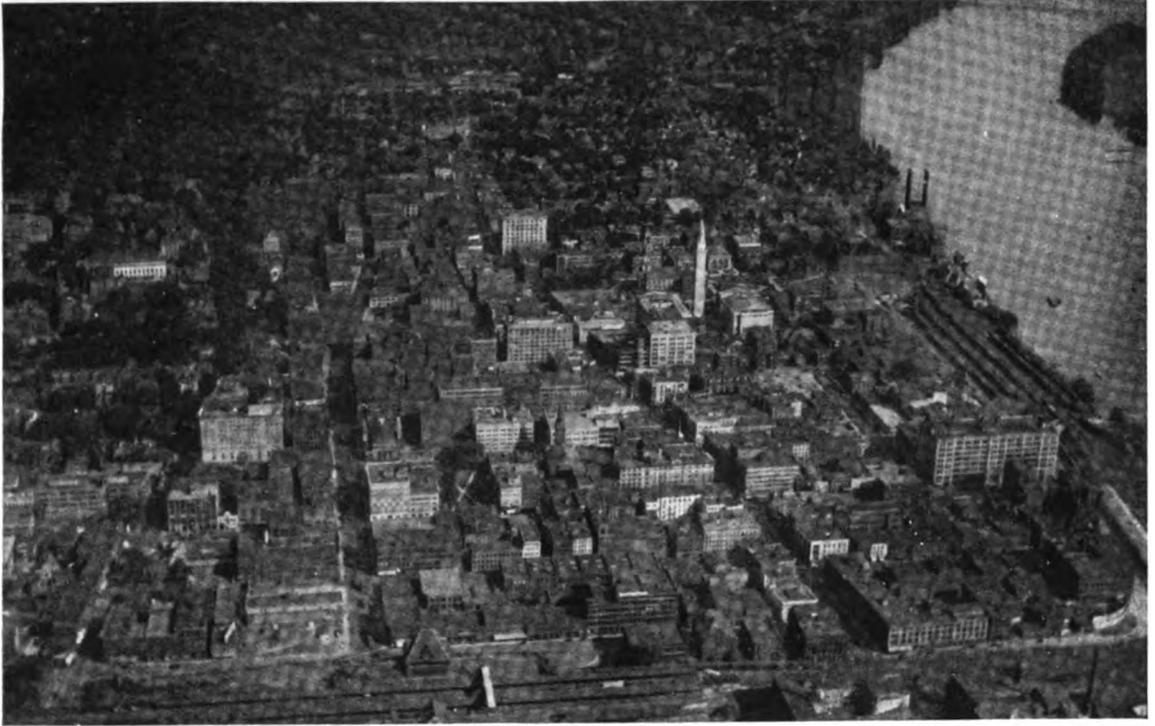
barrier against everything. Had England such a one around her Isle, she might bid adieu to her Wooden Walls, and laugh at all invasion. . . . I could not but observe and admire with what facility and despatch the passengers were landed and received from the Steam Boat at all hours of the night. The mode was as follows: They attached a line to a small boat about midships, and when cast off from the Steam Boat, she would immediately sheer off, and the line is paid out to any length they wish, a man being at the helm of the boat she would be Conducted to any port they wished and as soon as the passengers were landed and others taken on board, she would be hauled up to the Steam Boat by steam, and all this done without stopping the wheels of the Steam Boat."

An English immigrant of 1819 supplied further picturesque details of an early steamboat:

"These boats are large and splendid looking things, from paint, pictures, gilding and drapery, and they go about fifteen miles an hour. However, we never could find in them much of what Englishmen call comfort, and then, perhaps, because it is a free country, the accidents from racing and carelessness are very frequent. The gentlemen help don't like to be spoken to in the voice of reproof, and far less of command.

"'No gentleman is to go to bed with boots,' is occasionally suspended on a ticket hung in the cabin, and indeed the injunction, whether obeyed or not, is very necessary, because, generally, a scanty cotton sheet and cotton coverlet are all that a passenger has to depend upon. Of course the temptation to trespass is powerful."

What would a present-day traveler on the night boat from New York to Albany say to such accommodations?



SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS, FROM THE AIR



IN THE DEERFIELD VALLEY, CONNECTICUT



MILLER'S RIVER AT ROYALSTON, CONNECTICUT

CHAPTER II

ON THE CONNECTICUT, FROM CANADA TO LONG ISLAND SOUND

THE claim has been made for the Connecticut that it is one of the three most beautiful rivers in the world; the other two are the Hudson and the Rhine. No one has the right to contradict the statement until he has followed the less than four hundred miles of the stream from Long Island Sound to the source near the Canadian border. And the probability is that any doubter who takes the journey will become a believer and a booster. For the charm of this longest river of New England is irresistible. The unbeliever feels himself beginning to waver when he follows the tidal waters to Middletown and Hartford, noting by the way such side diversions as the quiet waters that lead away from the main stream, as at Selden Creek. When the direction of the stream changes after he passes Middletown, and the river widens in its alluvial plain, he wonders if there is not something in the contention as to the beauty of the Connecticut. As he moves farther north, crossing the line into Massachusetts and going on to Holyoke, where the broad agricultural valley rises by a series of steps or terraces to the rugged hills that are sometimes dignified by the title mountain, he finds himself becoming enthusiastic. When the stream again flows between the contracted banks which separate Vermont from New

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Hampshire, he will wonder if the Hudson should not be placed after the Connecticut. And if he is fortunate enough to thread the little streams that come from the lakes from which the river flows, he will have some sympathy with those who are unwilling to give the primacy among beautiful rivers to any other stream.

The Connecticut is a peaceful-looking river, but it was the scene of perennial conflict, from the days when the glacier gave it birth. In its channel, its direction and the numerous rapids and falls which distinguish its course, the student of Nature's handwriting will be able to tell of the wonders of the age of ice. He will read this record at Bellows Falls in Vermont, at Turners Falls and Holyoke, Massachusetts, and at Windsor Locks, Connecticut. At Middletown he will see how a change in the character of the rocks made possible a shift in direction to the southeast.

Long ages passed. Then the Indians lived in the valley. And how they fought to retain the fishing and hunting grounds that seemed to them so inviting! They formed the Pocumtuck Confederacy in the country between Brattleboro and Hartford, along the Connecticut and its tributaries. Among them were the Naunawtuks, the Agawams, the Warranokes, the Squakheags, the Podunks, and the Tunxis. But there came the sad day when they were compelled to give way before Indians of greater might, and their hunting grounds passed to others.

But the conquerors of the Pocumtuck Confederacy did not have things their own way. For in 1610 Adrien Block came from Holland to the mouth of the Connecticut, and opened the way for Dutch traders, who went to the site of Hartford, in 1633. During the same year,

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and a little later, came the first of the settlers from Massachusetts. Lured by the report of the explorer, John Oldham, they left their homes in Dorchester, Watertown, and Cambridge, and took their stand at Wethersfield, Windsor, Hartford, and Agawam (Springfield). The reason for this change of residence was told quaintly by Cotton Mather:

“It was not long before the Massachusetts Colony was like a hive overstocked with bees, and many of the new inhabitants entertained thoughts of swarming into plantations extending farther into the country.”

Again he said of the Massachusetts Colony, in the words of Scripture:

“Thou hast brought a vine out of England; Thou hast cast out the heathen and planted it; Thou didst cause it to take deep root and it filled the land.”

But, he said, “There was still one Stroke wanting, to wit: ‘She sent forth her branches into the river.’ Wherefore many of the planters, belonging especially to the towns of Cambridge, Dorchester, Watertown, and Roxbury, took up resolutions to travel an hundred miles westward from those towns for a further settlement up that famous river, the report of which had made such a little Nilus of it.”

The Dutch at Hartford looked on with jealous fear. They had bought their land from Wapegwooit, the Pequot Sachem, and they did not like to see others share in their privileges in the beautiful country. It is recorded that when the first settlers from Massachusetts passed by their fort on the site of Hartford, they called on the travelers to halt, but that the leader declared he was acting on the authority of those who had a right to give it, and he would not halt.

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For a season Agawam was content to be considered one in interest with the other Colonies on the Connecticut, but in 1638 the people felt that "by God's Providence they were now fallen into the line of Massachusetts jurisdiction," and they chose William Pynchon to be their magistrate "till we receive further direction from the General Court in Massachusetts Bay." This was really a declaration of independence of Connecticut. It led to controversy, but in time Massachusetts' claim to Agawam was recognized and the town was on a fair way to prosperity as Springfield.

Then there were jealousies between those who settled Saybrook, at the mouth of the Connecticut. Lord Brook and Lord Say and Seal, for whom the town was named, and George Fenwicke felt their superiority to others above them. But jealousies were forgotten in the necessity of making common cause against the Dutch, and permission was given graciously to the settlers from Massachusetts to remain where they were.

In 1639 the settlers adopted a constitution, the first written constitution in America. In 1644 they took over the Saybrook Colony, and so were in better condition than ever to oppose the Indians who kept them in constant terror. Many sorrows came to the towns of the valley from their savage neighbors. For instance, Springfield was burned in 1675, and the town of Deerfield, also in Massachusetts, was destroyed in 1704, while the victims of that atrocity were compelled to march in the dead of winter to Canada where they sought shelter.

Boundary disputes between Massachusetts and Connecticut gave a new turn to conflicts on the river. But these were nothing to the great difference of opinion between New Hampshire and New York as to the New

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Hampshire Grants, given by the Governor of New Hampshire between 1761 and 1763 at 108 places west of the Connecticut River. New York claimed jurisdiction to that stream, so the demand was made that the holder of the grants repurchase their rights from New York. England was back of New York's claim; in 1764 she declared that the New Hampshire Grants belonged to the Province on the Hudson. But settlers refused to yield; under the leadership of Ethan Allen, Seth Warren, and Remember Baker, they appealed to arms for the defense of their lands. The Green Mountain Boys were organized in 1771, and they were in the midst of their activities against encroachments when the Revolution gave them something better to do.

During the war, in 1777, the New Hampshire Grants declared themselves independent and adopted a constitution. They called themselves New Connecticut, but a few months later the name was changed to Vermont. The constitution adopted at that time abolished slavery; thus Vermont was the first of the States to outlaw the cherished institution.

Conflict with New York continued until 1790, and independent existence lasted until 1791, when Vermont became the fourteenth State in the Union.

But threatened conflicts on the Connecticut waters were not yet at an end. The treaty of peace which ended the Revolution described the northern boundary of Vermont in such fashion that there was misunderstanding for many years until surveys and commissions and more commissions and further surveys resulted finally in settling the boundary as it is to-day.

It would be a mistake, however, to conclude that the valley of the Connecticut was chiefly a place of conflict.

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It was a region of achievement also. The first achievement of note took place at the mouth of the river. For in Saybrook, in 1701, the Collegiate School of Connecticut, ancestor of Yale University, began its sessions in a building donated by Nathaniel Lynch, merchant. That building was occupied until the school went to New Haven. In the years between 1702 and 1716 there were 15 commencements and 55 graduates. Then the arguments of those who wished for a larger place became unanswerable. How could they be answered when the president pleaded for a proper "*Domiculum*," a "*cœnobium Academicum*"?

Other achievements of note were suggested by the water power which could be developed so easily at the various rapids and falls along the river. Hat manufacturers, woolen mills, paper mills, clock factories, ammunition and gun factories, were opened, and by the time of the Revolution the valley had achieved its proud place as a leader in the manufacturing industry of the infant country.

Along with the development of manufactures came the improvement of the river for the transportation of goods. The falls which made manufacturing easy made transportation difficult, until canals were built around the barriers. In many places along the river remains of these old canals may still be seen. The most ambitious project of all was the canal planned to connect New Haven and Barnet, Vermont. The first section, to the north of the Farmington River, chief tributary of the Connecticut in the bounds of Connecticut, was completed in 1828. Other sections followed rapidly. What a happy people they were who lined the banks at the opening! What huge bonfires they built! How gayly the horses that drew the first boat were decked with ribbons and flags!

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How the bands played and how the guns banged! What astonishment filled the simple minds of the Yankees as they looked at "the raging canawl" and exclaimed, "Who'd 'a thought of a boat going across the great plain!"

The canal was a failure. Finally farmers bought the boats for chicken coops. But the right of way was used for the railroad that has followed the river for more than three generations.

Yet the river traffic did not yield at once to the speedier railroad. By the middle of the nineteenth century one hundred boats, carrying from fifteen to twenty tons each, were busy on the water. Sometimes these were moved by sails, but often they were propelled by a half a dozen men who poled them through the shallows. At Enfield Falls, eleven miles above Hartford, it was frequently necessary to unload the vessels, carry the cargo around the barrier, and reload the boats above, after they had been moved through the dangerous waters.

Like the Delaware and the Hudson, the Connecticut made a claim to primacy in steam navigation. Samuel Morey ran a steamboat of his own manufacture from Orford to Fairlee, Vermont, in 1790. Later a patent was issued to him by President George Washington for his "mode of applying the force of steam." In 1794 he went from New York to Hartford, 160 miles, in his steamboat built on the stern-wheel-drive principle.

For many years after 1820 steamboats plied regularly on the Connecticut. For fifty years the boats continued to run in numbers, but gradually the competition of the railroads drove them out of business, until the traffic was about gone.

Perhaps the best description ever given of a trip on a Connecticut River steamer was written by Charles Dick-

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ens in his *American Notes*. He wrote facetiously, but it is possible to read into his description much truth. He was a passenger on the *Massachusetts*:

“The captain of a small steamboat was going to make his first trip of the season that day and only waited for us to go on board. Accordingly we went on board, with as little delay as might be. He was as good as his word, and started directly.

“It certainly was not called a steamboat without reason. I omitted to ask the question, but I think it must have been half a pony power. Mr. Paap, the celebrated dwarf, might have lived and died happily in the cabin, which was fitted with common sash windows, like an ordinary dwelling house. The windows had bright red curtains, too, hung on slack strings across the lower panes, so that it looked like the parlor of a little public-house, which had got afloat in a flood, or some other water accident, and was drifting nobody knew where. But even in the chamber there was a rocking-chair.

“I am afraid to tell how many feet short the vessel was, or how many feet narrow; to apply the words length and width to such measurements would be a contradiction in terms. But I may state we all kept the middle of the deck, lest the boat should unexpectedly tip over, and that the machinery, by some surprising process of condensation, worked between it and the keel, the whole forming a warm sandwich about three feet thick.

“It rained all day as I once thought it never rained anywhere but in the Highlands of Scotland. The river was full of floating blocks of ice, which were constantly crunching and cracking under us, and the depth of water, in the course we took to avoid the larger masses carried

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down the middle of the river by the current, did not exceed a few inches. Nevertheless we moved onward dexterously . . . and being well wrapped up, bade defiance to the weather, and enjoyed the journey."

One of the favorite landings of the steamers was Springfield, Massachusetts, where the old-time covered bridge, built in 1816, gave distinction to the approach to the town, until in recent years this made way for the beautiful modern bridge. Springfield is a glorious city, but it has a right to mourn the departing relics of former river supremacy, as it does well to be proud of the elms of Court Square, which tell of the attempt made by Daniel Shays in January, 1787, to capture the Springfield Arsenal.

The Connecticut Valley has had many amusing celebrations, but none of these was more picturesque than Springfield's observance of the centenary of Shays' Rebellion, when the old Shays' song was sung. One stanza of the classic will bear repeating:

"My name was Shays; in former days
In Pelham I did dwell, sir;
But now I'm forced to leave that place
Because I did rebel, sir."

How is that for doggerel? But let no one think that Springfield has never been able to surpass this literary triumph. Those who doubt should read the mournful ballad which tells of the death of a lad on Wilbraham Mountain, overlooking the Connecticut. This appeared until recent years in many college song books:

"On Springfield's mountain there did dwell
A likely youth who was knowne full well,
Lieutenant Mirick's onely sone,
A likely youth nigh twenty-one.

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"On friday morning he did go
unto the medow and did moe
A round or two then he did feel
a pison sarpent at his heel.

"When he received his deadly wond,
he dropt his sith a pon the ground,
And strate for home was his intent
Caling aloude still as he went.

"Tho' all around his voyse wase herrd
but none of his friends to him apiere,
they thot it was some workmen called
And therefore Timothy alone must fall.

"So soon his careful father went
to seek his son with discontent,
and then his fond onely son he found
Ded as a stone a pon the ground.

"And there he lay down sopose to rest.
with both his hands acrost his breast,
His mouth and eyes Closed fast,
And thus poor man he slept his last.

"his father vieude his track with great consarn
Where he had run across the corn,
uneven tracks where he did go,
did apear to stagger to and frow.

"The seventh of August sixty-one
The fatal accident was done.
Let this a warning be to all
To be Prepared when God does call."

CHAPTER III

FROM THE MOUTH TO THE SOURCE OF THE DELAWARE

THESE many years New York State and the Hudson River have been pluming themselves because of a fondly fancied first claim on Hendrik Hudson. But just as it has been necessary to yield to the Delaware River the priority in steamship invention and travel, because of the successful activities of John Fitch, so must be allowed the Delaware's determination to yield the Dutch navigator to the Hudson only after the old South River has had its innings.

For the Hudson River was only second choice. In August, 1607, Hudson, who was obsessed with the idea that somewhere there was awaiting discovery a broad and easy passage from the Atlantic Ocean to China and the East, was speeding toward the coast. He sighted land near the James River. He called it the King James River. Then he scuttled north until he came to the inviting estuary that separates Delaware from New Jersey.

This bay he tried to enter, but at once, like many a mariner since, he encountered the hindering sands. Though the *Half Moon* did not draw much water, she drew too much for the satisfactory examination of the broad waterway. So Robert Jouet, the historian of the expedition, wrote:

"Hee that will thoroughly Discover the great Bay

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must have a small Pinnacle that must draw but four or five foot water, to sound before him."

Then, on the night of August 28, 1609, the *Half Moon* anchored in "8 fathomes water." But next day, to quote the words of De Laet, a sorrowful observation was made:

"From the strength of the current that set out and caused the accumulation of sands" it was "suspected that a large river discharged into the bay."

Those shifting, treacherous sands proved the undoing of countless brave ships, until the building of the Delaware Breakwater, for a refuge, and the first lighthouse that flashed a message of warning and cheer to doubtful mariners. What a hard time those early lighthouse builders had! From their schooner they dropped stone into the rapacious waters when the storm allowed them to do so, until the foundation appeared and the beacon could rest securely.

But in the days of Hudson there was no protection from the threatening dangers of the river's mouth, and he turned away, sure that he must go elsewhere to find his longed-for passage. Six days later he saw the river that bears his name to-day. Was it because of pique at being second choice that the Hudson River revenged itself on him by leading him on for many days before he was compelled once again to realize that a passage to China was not yet ready to his hand?

What, however, is a mere matter of six days between friendly rivers? John Fitch was not quite so considerate as the discoverer of rivers; he dared to anticipate Fulton by full seventeen years.

Once again the Dutch sought the river which the Leni Lenape Indians called Kittanne. In 1625 Cornelius Mey led a company of adventurers upon the broad stream to

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a point near Gloucester, New Jersey. There, as agent for the West India Company, he built Fort Nassau for use in trading with the Indians. But the fort did not prosper, and soon its defenders made their way to their compatriots at New Amsterdam. Then when De Vries ascended the Delaware to Fort Nassau he found it in the undisputed possession of the Indians.

Just the same, the Dutch felt that they had a right to the Delaware by virtue of discovery and first settlement. So they were not satisfied when, in 1638, the Swedes found a place for their colonies on the Delaware, and began settlements that have left marks at New Castle, Wilmington, and even Philadelphia. They prospered to such an extent that in 1644 they were able to send to Europe two ships, with a cargo of 6,127 packages of bear skins, and 70,420 pounds of tobacco.

A relic of the Swedish attempt to hold the Delaware country may be seen at Naaman's Creek, near Wilmington, where there is a blockhouse which dates from 1654. At Wilmington and Philadelphia there are quaint churches, both built near the beginning of the eighteenth century.

English settlements were made at points far up the river. Burlington was prospering at an early day. At Salem in 1675 John Fenwicke took possession of the undivided one-half part of Nova Cæsaria, or New Jersey, which he had bought from Lord Berkeley for £1,000. The whole grant was too large for settlement, so he was content to take his place near Wehatquack Creek, on land to which title was given by Indian chiefs who signed themselves Mohut, Allowayes, Myhoffaney, Sacaborg, Necomus, and Necosessco. And this is the document they executed:

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“And for a token of our making good of all and every the premises, We and every one of us have voluntarily put the said John Fenwicke in the peaceable possession of the said tract of land and for the most full confirmation of all premises according to a former contract made by us the Seventeenth day of the ninth month last 1675. We have according to the English custom, ratified and confirmed this our grant and sayle as aforesaid, under our hands and seals this fourteenth day of the first month commonly called March in the year 1676 by the new Stile.”

Two houses in Salem are relics of the early days of the Fenwicke colony. One of them was built in 1687, while the other can boast only of a beginning in 1695.

The lands on which these and other houses were built extended from the Delaware in what became known as West Jersey. The line between East Jersey and West Jersey touched the Delaware at Cohecton, some forty miles above Port Jervis, and reached to the Atlantic in the vicinity of Toms River. The Fenwicke Colony was the successor of an attempt made near the same place in 1641 by a company of sixty English people from New Haven, Connecticut. They were unable to remain, however, so that to Fenwicke belongs the glory of beginning Salem town.

When William Penn landed at New Castle in 1682, on his way to Philadelphia, there were perhaps three thousand people in New Jersey, most of them along the river. Thus the emigrants who came with him in the *Welcome* were not destined to be so lonely as they had feared.

Penn's settlement between the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers prospered from the first. The temporary huts built on the banks of the river gave way quickly to comfortable homes. Before long Philadelphia surpassed in

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population the little city on Manhattan Island which the Dutch had called New Amsterdam, though its new English conquerors preferred the name New York.

Each vessel which arrived in the Delaware from England brought recruits for the Quaker City and the outlying settlements which were pushing back into the country. Some of the arrivals had money, but many of them had nothing but the determination to make a home in the new land. Thousands had not even the funds necessary to pay their passage, and they pledged their labor to repay the vessel owners for the benefits advanced to them. Because of the necessity of going out to long service, service that sometimes caused the separation of parents and children, the arrival of ships in Philadelphia was not always a time of joy for those who were about to disembark after the long voyage.

But perhaps the saddest arrival in Philadelphia in early days was that of three ships which cast anchor in the Delaware in November, 1755, the *Hannah*, the *Three Friends*, and the *Swan*. These came from Port Royal and they bore three hundred of the French residents of Acadia who had been driven from their homes and were to find refuge in Pennsylvania. They were dismayed at thought of going among strangers, and the citizens of Philadelphia were troubled because the French were to live in the Province.

Soon, however, the fears of the people gave way to pity because of the sad state of the homeless wanderers. The changed attitude was evident in a minute adopted by the Pennsylvania Assembly:

"Anthony Benezet, attending without, was called in, and informed the house that he had, at the request of some of the members, visited the French neutrals now on board

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sundry vessels in the river, near the city, and found that they were in great need of blankets, sheets, stockings, and other necessaries. . . . Resolved, That the House will allow such reasonable expense as the said Benezet be put to. . . .”

For nearly three months the unfortunate French remained on the vessels, suffering great privations. Then they were permitted to land, and were distributed throughout the country.

Twenty years later the people of Philadelphia had their taste of what it was to be ordered about by others. But they managed to live through the trying winter of 1777, when the British were in possession of the city. The later years of the war may have brought them greater privations, but they were their own masters in the city of the Declaration of Independence.

Then came the days of primacy of Penn's city, when the Constitutional Convention met there, while for ten years the seat of government was theirs. In 1799 the President and Congress went to Washington, but by that time Philadelphia had so many problems of her own to solve that she did not need to mourn their departure. Some of the problems were connected with the Delaware. For instance, there were the difficulties of navigation, especially in the winter, when, frequently, ice threatened to interrupt communication. During the early years of the nineteenth century there were many schemes for the conquest of the ice. A sample of them was the proposal, made in 1822, for the construction of “two ice-boats to be propelled by steam,” as well as for an ice harbor. The report of the commission of citizens appointed to consider the difficulty and its solution concluded in language that



IN THE COUNTRY OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE GRANTS



ON THE DELAWARE RIVER IN NORTHAMPTON COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA



ON THE DELAWARE RIVER NEAR KINTNERSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

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showed how seriously the people took themselves and their problem:

"It is hoped that the public motive for this appeal to the judgment of the community is sufficiently apparent to induce a candid consideration of the merits, and an efficient co-operation in the accomplishment of the object, if the author shall have succeeded in imparting to others the conviction of his own mind; but should it prove abortive from the defect of his argument, or the pecuniary difficulties to be encountered, he will have to regret that while other cities are impressing all their resources of nature and art into the service of their commerce, that of his native city is suffered to explore its way through all the obstacles which nature opposed to our intrepid forefathers."

Another problem that has occupied the city periodically almost from the days of the Revolution until the present is the communication between the two shores of the Delaware River. In these days when millions are interested in the solution of this problem, it is helpful to note how seriously early citizens took their discussion of something more efficient to displace the ferry-boats that plied from side to side of the river, facing fog and ice, wind and tide, and the treacherous shoals of such obstructions as Windmill Island, close to the Philadelphia shore.

One of the early proposals, suggested by a committee of 106 citizens, was the building of a bridge from the Jersey shore to Windmill Island. Ferries were to ply between Philadelphia and the island, which was to be, for all practical purposes, an extension of the New Jersey shore. In this way the passage of the boats would be reduced from 8,750 feet to 850 feet. Then, said the report, "the serious difficulties which arise from getting

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aground so often, as is now the case, will be entirely avoided. And, figuratively speaking, the Jersey shore, with all its ferry houses and stabling accommodations combined, will be brought to the island." One thousand horses, which were to be used in the transfer of goods across the river, were to be cared for on the island.

The estimated cost of the bridge was to be \$140,000.

Windmill Island, where John Harding's mill was built in 1746, was removed as an obstruction to navigation long before the talk of a bridge, continued periodically through a century, led to anything substantial. Now, at last, the river is spanned by one of the longest suspension bridges in the world, to care for the 48,000,000 passengers who have been using the ferries each year. The main span is 1,750 feet long, while the entire bridge is more than 9,400 feet long, and the width is 125 feet. The towers rise 380 feet above the water.

At the same time the less spectacular project of harnessing the power latent in the waters of the Delaware has occupied the attention of engineers. Already the first unit of a great power plant within the city has been opened, and when the plant is completed it is to be of greater capacity than the development on either the Canadian or the American side of the Niagara River.

How William Penn and his fellow passengers on the *Welcome* would have been amazed by the bridge and the power plant! Perhaps the contemplation of such wonders would have astounded also a Philadelphian of 1729, so that he would have hesitated to take the liberties with the Delaware which were described by an unfeeling reporter for the *American Weekly Mercury* of February 10 of that year.

"On Saturday last an unhappy man, one Sturgis, upon

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Some Difference with his Wife, determined to drown himself in the River; and she (kind wife) went with him, it seems, to see it faithfully performed and accordingly stood by silent and unconcerned during the whole Transaction; He jump'd in near Carpenter's Wharffe but was timely taken out again before what he came about was thoroughly effected so that they were both obliged to return home as they came, and put up for that time, with the Disappointment."

One more eventful day on the Delaware came in 1787, two years after John Fitch's successful effort to propel a boat by steam on the Schuylkill. Then the trial was witnessed by all the members of the Constitutional Convention, in session in Philadelphia at the time. During the next few years various experiments were tried, until, in 1790, a boat ran a mile on the Delaware, in dead water, in twelve minutes and a half.

The new model was so successful that it was put on regular runs as a passenger and freight boat on the Delaware. Its trips totaled from two to three thousand miles, and the speed was from seven to eight miles an hour, whereas Fulton's *Clermont*, seventeen years later, could achieve little more than six miles an hour.

Eager subscribers who examined their copy of the *Federal Gazette* on the morning of June 14 read the announcement:

"*The Steamboat* is now ready to take passengers, and is intended to set off from Arch Street Ferry in Philadelphia, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday for Burlington, Bristol, Bordentown, and Trenton, to return on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Price for passengers 2/6 to Burlington & Bristol, 3/9 to Bordentown, 5 s. to Trenton."

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Long before the days of Fitch's steamboat there were attempts to navigate the river. Records of Burlington, New Jersey, tell of some of these. In 1704 Lord Cornbury gave to John Ream the privilege of keeping ferry between Burlington and Philadelphia. The boat used was under sail, and was most uncomfortable. The passengers had to pay a good price for their poor accommodations, but the grant told just what they had to pay, so they were guarded against extortion. After word was given as to the payment required for passengers, there was indicated a charge of ten pence "for every hogg," while sheep and calves were "at the same rate as the hogs dead."

The ferry connected with a stage for Perth Amboy, for which grant was given in 1706. Hugh Huddy was to have sole rights on the roads for fourteen years, and he was supposed to make an annual payment for the privilege of one shilling, "if demanded," "on the Feast Day of the Annunciation."

But the most popular means of river transportation was by the Durham boats, long, flat affairs, so named because they were contrived to carry downriver the product of the Durham Iron Works, forty miles above Trenton. Frequently a single boat carried nine tons of iron. In 1769 it is recorded that the Durham boats were used to carry produce from the farms between Cookooze (now Port Deposit, Maryland,) to Port Jervis, New York, and points between. Five hundred bushels was a good load. Unfortunately these boats could not be used in time of low water, because of rapids and shallows.

Because of such impediments to navigation, canals became necessary. One of the first of these to be opened in Pennsylvania was designed to carry coal from Easton

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to Bristol. In October, 1827, a section of this canal was opened, and a large company gathered at Bristol to share in the rejoicing. These people were especially grateful because their town was given the preference as terminus over both Morrisville and Tullytown, whose citizens urged that the end of the route be there. One feature of the celebration was an excursion on a boat drawn by four horses, from Bristol to New Hope, where travelers by the Old York Road crossed the Delaware.

The entire canal, sixty miles long, was opened in 1832. The cost, \$1,374,743, did not seem so large to those who sought to profit by the traffic. Bristol had a season of prosperity. Three hundred men were given employment, several hundred horses were fed there each week, and as many as twenty vessels waited in the Delaware for cargoes brought to them by canal boats.

Some distance above Bristol is Trenton, at the Falls of the Delaware. There was a settlement by the latter name at this point as early as 1674. The following year William Edmundson, minister of the Friends, who had come out from England, wrote in his journal:

“Next morning we took our journey through the wilderness towards Maryland, and cross the river at Delaware Falls. . . . We had an Indian to guide us, but he took us wrong, and left us in the woods. When it was late we alighted, put our horses to grass, and kindled a fire by a little brook, convenient for water to drink, to lay down till morning, but were at a great loss concerning the way, being all strange in the wilderness. Richard Hartshorn advised us to go back to Rarington River, ten miles back, as we supposed, to find out a small landing place from New York, from whence there was a small path that led to Delaware Falls. So we rode back, and

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in some time found the landing place and little path. . . . We traveled that day, and saw no living creature. At night we kindled a fire in the wilderness and lay by it. . . . Next day, about seven in the morning, by the good hand of God, we came well to the Falls, and by His providence found there an Indian man, a woman, and boy with a canoe; so we hired them for some wampameg to help us over in the canoe; we swam our horses, and though the river was broad, yet got well over, and by the directions we received from friends, traveled toward Delawaretown [probably Newcastle], along the west side of the river. When we had rode some miles we baited our horses and refreshed ourselves with such provisions as we had, for as yet we were not come to any inhabitants."

Kalm, the Swedish traveler, spoke of the Falls at Trenton as "the Cataracts of the Delaware." Yet in 1796 another traveler said of them what was much truer:

"These do not deserve the name of Falls, being nothing more than a ledge of rock reaching across the river, but obstructing the navigation of large vessels."

Trenton had to overcome prejudice against it. An early name for the place indicates this; they called the collection of houses Littleworth. That name led an early immigrant from England to speak of it as "a most brave place, whatever envy or evil spies may speak of it." Brissot de Warville, in 1788, added his testimony to show the unfairness of those who decried the town. He said the Delaware was a superb river, especially pleasing from the middle of the stream, and that the "charming little town" overlooked the water.

The day came when the town so praised became a serious contender for the honor of becoming Capital of the United States. In 1783, in response to the invitation by

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Congress, Dr. David Cowell put in his will a provision that one hundred pounds be left to the Congress of the United States, "if they settle themselves at Lambertton," a part of Trenton. Dr. Cowell died that same year. His will was followed by the offer of the Legislature of New Jersey to give twenty square miles of land for the Capital, together with £30,000 for buildings. In October of that year a motion was made in Congress that buildings for the use of Congress be erected "on the banks of the Delaware, near Trenton, or of the Potomac near Georgetown." An amendment removed the names of the towns, so that the minute as entered on the records spoke merely of the rivers.

Later the resolution was made that the federal town should be on the banks of the Delaware, "near the Falls," on the New Jersey side, or in Pennsylvania opposite.

When Congress met in Trenton in 1784, an attempt was made to order the laying out of the new city within eight miles of the Falls as well as the erection of the Capitol, "in an elegant manner." Until the buildings were ready Congress was to meet in New York.

But the South fought the decision, and it was reconsidered. Later efforts to renew Trenton's selection proved futile.

Morrisville, the town across the river from Trenton, was named for Robert Morris, who was eager to see the Capital on the Delaware near the Falls. He owned an estate there, and it was his hope that the Capital might be built on his land.

Washington sounded the death knell of the hopes of Morris and his friends when, in 1785, he wrote to the President of Congress:

"By the time your Federal Buildings on the banks of

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the Delaware . . . are fit for the reception of Congress, it will be found that they are very improperly placed for the seat of the empire, and would have to undergo a second erection in a more convenient one."

Just the same, Washington brought lasting fame to the region about Trenton, for in the region from the Falls to Taylorsville, a few miles up river, some of the most momentous events of the Revolution took place during the last weeks of 1776. In November the leader of the Colonial army hurried across New Jersey, seeking to cross the Delaware before the enemy could overtake him. That he might cross the river safely, and that the enemy might have no means of transportation, he arranged that all the boats from Easton to Philadelphia be collected and placed under guard. Then rafts were built of the boats at Trenton landing. Men were sent up the river to collect all boats which might be used by anyone who wished to cross the river.

Many ardent patriots shook their heads; they felt there was nothing but disaster ahead. They agreed with Lord Cornwallis, who felt that the war was over; he was arranging to sail for England. For these John Adams had an answer. He said: "Let America exert her own strength; let them depend on God's blessing."

When Washington reached Trenton on December 3, he began the westward crossing at a point near the railroad bridge. The enemy pursued very soon, but they were checked at the river bank; because of Washington's foresight, there were no boats for them.

For a time the two armies looked at each other, with the river between—the well-clad, comfortable British, and the starving, half-frozen troops of Washington. The British hoped for a freeze, that they might cross on the

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ice and crush the upstart Colonials who had dared to defy them so long. They felt so secure that they made no plans for defense. General Rahl, who was in command at Trenton, said that there was no need of entrenchments; "we'll meet them with the bayonet."

Christmas day came. A Tory learned of Washington's plan to cross the Delaware; he sent a note to General Rahl. But the commander at Trenton was at a ball and he had no time to read the note. So Washington, with the 2,400 men who were fit for duty, was free to carry out his plan. He started to march at three o'clock in the afternoon, when darkness was falling, because of the snowstorm then raging. At sunset the passage of the river, amid the floating ice, was begun at Taylorsville. In the lead were boats filled with fishermen from Marblehead, Massachusetts. In each craft men were stationed in the bows with boat-hooks, to ward off the ice. The passage of the river took much longer than was planned, so that it was five o'clock in the morning when the march to Trenton, ten miles away, was begun. Cold and hail made progress difficult, but the enemy's outposts were reached at eight in the morning. Then followed the attack. Soon the victorious leader was taking his men back to Taylorsville, where the Durham boats were still in waiting. The river was recrossed, this time with a host of prisoners.

Monuments have been erected on both sides of the river to commemorate the event, and in 1917 Washington's Crossing Park was dedicated to mark the historic site. The stretch of river above the park presents a series of scenes of rare beauty. There are islands and rapids, curves and straightaways. Those who view the shore

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from the train or from the highway find cause for continued expressions of pleasure.

At length they find themselves at the Forks of the Delaware, where the Lehigh River enters the larger stream. The land at the Forks was released by the Indians for settlement in 1718, and in the years between 1725 and 1740 hundreds of Palatines settled in the region. They needed a market town, so Easton, at the Forks, began to prosper.

Above Easton the legends of the Indians tell of the savages' delight in the river and its surroundings. Delaware Water Gap, where the stream cuts its majestic way through the mountains, was a place of wonder to them. Near by they had villages of importance, from which they went out to hunt and to make war.

In the days of these Indians special pride was taken in the country known as Minisink, where Port Jervis has its picturesque location. As early as 1669 they fell on the settlers who had come from Esopus on the Hudson. But new settlers took the place of those who were killed. Before many years these and their successors were engaged in a conflict of a different character; both New Jersey and New York claimed the Minisink country, and armed collision was feared. Fortunately this was averted by the necessity of making common cause against the Indians, who once again were filling the frontiersmen with terror.

Port Jervis, in New York, looks over to both Pennsylvania and New Jersey; a stone by the river marks the place where the states come together.

Those who follow the Delaware above Port Jervis find themselves winding away, first into wild country, then into regions more quiet and sedate, until they come to the source of the river, in the vicinity of Otsego Lake,

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where the Susquehanna takes its start. In fact, the sources of the two rivers are so close together that in early days pioneers sometimes ascended one, crossed to the other, then descended to the country where settlements were more plentiful and where life was more quiet. Thus in 1769, when Richard Smith wished to return to his home in Burlington, after his study of his lands on the Susquehanna, he made his way to the Delaware, and began the careful descent in a canoe, avoiding difficulties in the way which have appalled adventurers in later days, finally reaching safety on the quiet reaches of the river below the Falls at Trenton and above Philadelphia.

CHAPTER IV

FORTY MILES ON THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER

IN 1683, when William Penn issued his prospectus of Philadelphia, the city he planned for the Capital of his province, Pennsylvania, he told with pride of its location:

“The Scituation is a Neck of Land, and lieth between two Navigable Rivers, Delaware and Skulkill, Whereby it hath two Fronts upon the Water, each a Mile, and two from River to River. Delaware is a glorious River, but the Skulkill being one hundred Miles Boatable Above the Falls . . . is like to be a great part of the Settlement of the Age.”

People made fun of the far-sighted Quaker city-builder; they declared that he was too much of a visionary. Even in 1755 Thomas Pownall, on the occasion of his visit from England, said:

“All the plans of Philadelphia represent it as extending from the River Delaware to the Schuylkill. This was indeed the original plan laid down on paper and held out to the first settlers, and it is said that Mr. Penn sold many of the lots on the banks of the Schuylkill almost as dear as those on the banks of the River Delaware. That the town should ever have such extention is almost impossible; it does not extend one-third of the way; those, therefore, who bought their lots as a speculation were much deceived.”

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Some of these early purchasers built houses on the Schuylkill, but they found themselves so far out in the country that they removed their dwellings to the banks of the Delaware.

The day came when Schuylkill lots were again in demand. At the very time of Pownall's visit some of those who delighted in the country were fond of their suburban homes across the Schuylkill. And one hundred years later the growth of the region beyond the Schuylkill became so great that West Philadelphia secured admission as a part of the city of Penn's dreams.

The Indians, who had a marvelous ability to select good sites, liked the peninsula between the rivers. There they had a town, which gave them ready access with their canoes to the waters of both rivers. The Schuylkill was an especial favorite of theirs. From the Man-ai-unk, as they called it, they found it easy to elude their enemies in various channels and islands which mark the stream's entrance into the Delaware. No wonder the Dutch called it "the hidden river."

Three of these islands have become famous in history. On Tinicum Island there were early settlements. Hog Island was reclaimed by the government during the World War; there was developed in record time the world's greatest shipbuilding plant, and from it scores of vessels went out to take the place of craft sunk by ruthless submarines. Then comes League Island, where the government has the world's largest navy-yard and largest dry dock.

From the days of Penn the winding Schuylkill has been associated with the history of the city and the country. A few miles above the mouth, in 1731, John Bartram built his house on a tract of land which he developed as a

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botanical garden. This became known on both sides of the Atlantic. Fortunately, the house and the garden, the latter in a sadly dilapidated condition, have been preserved to this day, when they are administered as a part of Philadelphia's magnificent park system.

A short distance from the spot on the west bank which John Bartram made so pleasing, George Gray had a license to run a ferry. There, after the Revolution, a garden was laid out which was one of the sights of the countryside. Travelers who used the King's Highway to Wilmington, as well as those who approached by the King's Great Road on the east side of the Schuylkill, were glad to turn aside for refreshment under the trees which had been brought from many parts of the world. The garden has disappeared, but the site of the ferry is still marked by Gray's Ferry Bridge, successor of the primitive structure of which Thomas Twining wrote in 1776, when he was telling of the picturesque things he saw in America :

"We soon reached the Schuylkill . . . crossed it upon a floating bridge constructed of logs of wood placed by the side of each other upon the surface of the water, and planks nailed across them. Although the bridge floated when not charged, or charged but lightly, the weight of our waggons depressed it several inches below the surface, the horses splashing through the water, so that a foot passenger passing at the same time would have been exposed to serious inconvenience. The roughness and imperfection of this construction in the principal line of road in America, and not a mile from the seat of government, afforded the most striking instance I had yet seen of the little progress the country had made hitherto in the improvements of civilization."

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Across this bridge Washington rode many times when on his way to or from his Virginia home. It was used in time of peace by countless humbler travelers, and during the War of 1812 the planks and logs sank deep in the water because of the passage of troops and armament destined for the city of Washington, where the British soldiers were making themselves most unpleasant.

Almost within shouting distance of Gray's Ferry, Andrew Hamilton, the King's governor of Pennsylvania, had his home, and there his son, William Hamilton, developed another famous botanical garden. His mansion may still be seen by travelers who pass from Philadelphia toward Washington, in a cemetery which bears the original name of the estate, Woodlands. In this cemetery there are still remnants of the garden of the old days which stood with that of John Bartram, famous on both sides of the ocean.

Then comes the great University of Pennsylvania, which, by the way, has as a feature of its limited grounds one of the most pleasing botanic gardens imaginable. Such a garden was a part of the dream of Benjamin Franklin for the school he founded. The University Museum, with its great Babylonian collection, supplements admirably the four buildings of the Commercial Museum near at hand, close to the river, devoted to a permanent international trade exposition, where the Philippine Islands, Africa, China, India, Mexico, and the countries of Central and South America are brought home to visitors.

The two museums stand close to several of the many bridges across the Schuylkill. Most famous of these is that at Market Street, the latest successor of the timber bridge on stone piers begun in 1797, and completed in

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1804, at a cost of \$275,000. That early triumph of the bridge-builder's art attracted more attention than would be given to-day to a monster suspension bridge costing forty times as much.

Above the Market Street Bridge the Schuylkill passes through Fairmount Park, and its shores are marked by the sites of the houses of many of the Philadelphia worthies of the days of the Revolution and earlier. Some of these houses are standing to-day. Notable among them is Mt. Pleasant, on the east side of the river, originally the home of Captain John Macpherson. This house John Adams declared was "the most elegant seat in Pennsylvania." There Benedict Arnold installed the beautiful Peggy Shippen as his bride. She chose him in preference to many other suitors, including Lafayette, Major John André, and, it is said, Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr. There she lived at the time of the treason which marked her husband with lasting ignominy.

In the days of Arnold's ownership of Mt. Pleasant there was, a short distance below, a unique organization known as the Colony in Schuylkill Fishing Club. This social and amusement club had its Castle where the members gathered for fishing and for fellowship. At the time of the Revolution the Colony declared itself independent of Great Britain, and took the name State in Schuylkill. When the development of the river made the fishing poor, the Castle was removed to Gray's Ferry. There the State was located, on the occasion of Lafayette's second visit to America, though it is now placed on the Delaware, near Eddington, between Philadelphia and Bristol. On its latest site the old Castle, twice moved, is occupied as one of the treasured buildings of this oldest social club in the United States.



TRI-STATE STONE, PORT JERVIS, NEW YORK



DELAWARE WATER GAP



NEAR VALLEY FORGE STATE PARK, PENNSYLVANIA



COVERED BRIDGE AT DOUGLASSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

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The most famous tributary of the Schuylkill enters from the east not very far from the spots made notable by the Colony in Schuylkill and Peggy Shippen Arnold. This is the Wissahickon, the creek that winds for miles under the trees, between lofty banks, giving an opportunity unparalleled in a great city for rambles in the wild that offer no suggestion of the neighboring hive of industry. On the bank of this stream was built by William Rittenhouse the first paper mill in America. Seventeen years later, in 1707, his noted son David was born. The paper mill is gone; but the birthplace of the astronomer and friend of Franklin is standing by the roadside, a short distance from the Wissahickon.

The country bordering on the Wissahickon became quite familiar to Washington and many of his soldiers during the Revolution. For this was an important section of a territory that was especially marked during several years of the struggle. One historian, when speaking of the days of heroism that followed 1776, said in an address to the people of Philadelphia:

“No section of the thirteen Colonies occupied a more important geographical position, in relation to the movements of the Revolutionary armies, than the peninsula between the Delaware and the Schuylkill. Within the embrace of these rivers were enacted some of the most memorable events of the war. Here, and in this very city, the Revolution had its birth, and from the walls of your venerable State House was proclaimed the veritable declaration that ‘all men are created equal, and are endowed with certain inalienable rights.’ Upon this peninsula was fought Germantown, one of the decisive battles of the war. Three times the Continental Army, with Washington at its head, marched across this narrow terri-

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tory to meet the enemy upon the ensanguined fields of Brandywine, Monmouth, and Yorktown. Just on the Delaware, at the eastern confines of the historic region, lies Trenton, where Independence was upheld by the most brilliant stroke of the war. On the opposite bank, over the Schuylkill, is Valley Forge, where the great cause was sanctified by one of the greatest examples of forbearance and devotion to duty recorded in history. When the war was over and it became necessary to construct a government for the new State, delegates from all the Colonies flocked to this section, and here, in Philadelphia, formed our Magna Charta."

The heroism of Washington and his men at Valley Forge has been commemorated by the dedication and preservation of Valley Forge Park, where visitors to the Schuylkill Valley may wander at will among scenes that tell of that dark time in the country's history, the winter of 1777 and 1778, entering the Headquarters of Washington, as well as of some of his associates, studying the memorials of a grateful nation, and worshiping in the beautiful chapel erected in memory of Washington, where honor is paid to the leader who was supported through the difficulties of that trying time by his dependence on the God of the Nations.

The story of the approach to Valley Forge and the months spent there may be familiar, but it is worth while for the visitor to this shrine set apart by a grateful country to review some of the facts.

A few days before the march to Valley Forge was begun George Washington thanked his officers and men for the patience and fortitude shown during the arduous campaign of the year about to close, and told them how necessary it would be that they be patient and courageous while

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in the winter quarters. He told them plainly what they might expect, but he assured them that he wished he could provide better things for them, and asked them to remember that he would share their hardships with them.

Of the march which followed George Washington Parké Custis wrote:

“The appearance of the horse-guard announced the approach of the Commander-in-Chief: the officer commanding the detachment, choosing the most favorable ground, paraded his men to pay to their General the honors of the passing salute. As Washington rode slowly up, he was observed to be eyeing very earnestly something that attracted his attention on the frozen surface of the road. Having returned the salute, with that native grace, that dignified air and manner that won the admiration of the soldiery of the old Revolutionary days, the Chief reined up his charger, and ordering the commanding officer of the detachment to his side, addressed him as follows:

“‘How comes it, sir, that I have tracked the march of your troops by the bloodstains of their feet upon the frozen ground? Were there no shoes in the Commissary’s stores, that this sad spectacle is to be seen along the public highways?’ The officer replied: ‘Your Excellency may rest assured that this sight is as painful to my feelings as it can be to yours; but there is no remedy within our reach. When the shoes were issued, the different regiments were served, and the stores became exhausted before we could obtain even the smallest supply.’

“The General was observed to be deeply affected by his officer’s description of the soldiers’ privations and sufferings. His compressed lips, the heaving of his manly breast, betokened the powerful emotions that were struggling in his bosom, when, turning toward the troops

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with a voice tremulous yet kindly, Washington exclaimed, 'Poor fellows'; then, giving rein to his charger, rode away."

And so the country's defenders found their way to "Valley Forge," as the site of the winter camp was called by an officer when the plans were first announced.

On December 18, the day before the site was occupied, Washington divided the soldiers into groups of twelve and informed each group that it was to build a hut of logs. A reward was promised to the group in each regiment which should complete its hut first, and in the most workman-like manner. The inventive genius of officers and men was stimulated by the offer of one hundred dollars for the best suggestion of an effective substitute for a roof which would be cheaper than boards and could be applied more promptly.

Thomas Paine, in a letter to Benjamin Franklin, gave a vivid picture of the scene during the days when the men became builders:

"I was there when the army first began to build huts. They appeared to me like a family of beavers. Every one busy, some carrying logs, others mud, and the rest plastering them together. The whole was raised in a few days, and it is a curious collection of buildings in the true rustic order."

Like a good comrade, Washington lived with his men until they had the shelter ready. Not until Christmas Day did he move to the house of Isaac Potts, the miller, which is preserved much as it was in the days of 1777. On the day when he entered the house he entered in his account book:

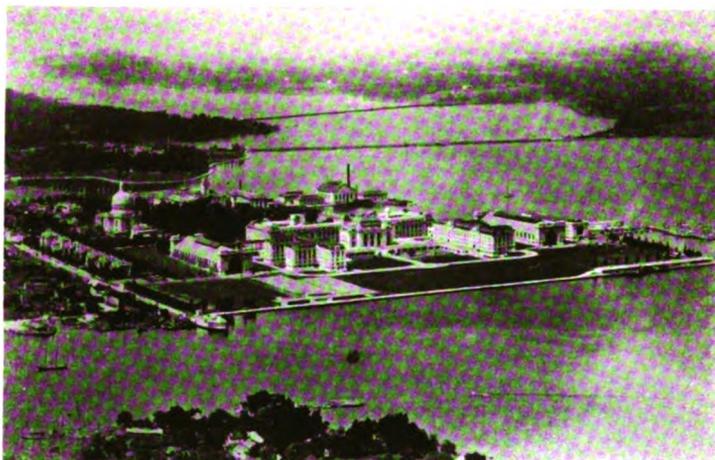
"To expenditure in the different and continued movements of the Army from Germantown Sept. 15 till we



SCHUYLKILL RIVER, CANAL, AND RAILROAD NEAR MOHRVILLE



HIGHWAY ALONG LITTLE SCHUYLKILL RIVER



THE NAVAL ACADEMY AT ANNAPOLIS



THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER IN JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

FORTY MILES ON THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER

huted at Valley Forge, the 25th of Dec. pr. mem, \$1,037.00 or £78, 1 s."

Several days earlier Washington sent to Congress a letter from General Varnum, who said:

"Three days successively we have been destitute of bread. Two days we have been entirely without meat."

When the Assembly of Pennsylvania found fault with the action of taking the men into winter quarters, Washington wrote:

"I can assure those gentlemen, that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room by a good fireside, than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow, without clothes or blankets. However, although they seem to have little feeling for the naked and distressed soldiers, I feel superabundantly for them, and from my soul, I pity those miseries which it is not within my power to relieve or prevent."

General Lafayette, in his *Memoirs*, gave another telling picture of the later sufferings of the men:

"The unfortunate soldiers were in want of everything; they had neither coats, hats, shirts, nor shoes; their feet and legs froze till they became black, and it was often necessary to amputate them. . . . The army frequently remained whole days without provisions, and the patient endurance of both soldiers and officers was a miracle which each moment seemed to renew."

Sergeant Andersen Kemp wrote to his mother:

"We have had a dreadful time of it through the winter at Valley Forge, sometimes for a week at a time with nothing but frozen potatoes and even worse still for clothing. Sometimes the men obliged to sleep by turns for want of blankets to cover the whole, and the rest keeping watch

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by the fire. There is hardly a man who has not been frost-bitten. . . . But our distress for want of food was nothing compared to the grumbling of some of the men, and, I am sorry to say, of some of the officers."

Albigeance Waldo told thus of a midnight feast:

"At 12 of the clock Providence sent us a little mutton with which we immediately had some Broth made & a fine Stomach for same. . . . Ye who eat Pumpkin Pie and Roast Turkeys and yet Curse Fortune for using you ill, Curse her no more lest she reduce your Allowance of her favours to a bit of Fire Cake & a draught of Cold Water & in Cold Weather too."

In 1914, one hundred and thirty-six years after Washington led his men out from Valley Forge, an arch was erected on the grounds by the United States Government, on which is this inscription:

"And here, in this place of sacrifice, in this vale of humiliation, in this valley of the shadow of that death out of which the life of America rose rejuvenate and free, let us believe with an abiding faith that to them America will seem as dear and liberty as sweet and progress as glorious as they were to our fathers and are to you and me, and that this institution which made us happy, preserved by the virtue of our children, shall bless the benevolent generations of the time to come."

There are scenes of wondrous beauty on the Schuylkill above Valley Forge. There are spots on and near the banks where history has been made. There are houses which tell of pioneers and Indian fighters. There are relics which speak eloquently of the days when Pennsylvania arranged for slack-water navigation of the Schuylkill, as a part of the plan to develop interior communication, a plan which promised great things until the growth

FORTY MILES ON THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER

of railroads made it unnecessary. There are bordering mountains and mountain gaps of the Blue Ridge, populous cities and country towns, busy coal mines, and other evidences of tremendous activity.

But the glimpses of Valley Forge and of the peninsula between the Schuylkill and the Delaware are enough to show the right of the Man-ai-unk of the Indians to a lasting place in the regard of every loyal American, even if the river is but one hundred and twenty-five miles in length.

CHAPTER V

ON THE BROAD BUT SHALLOW SUSQUEHANNA

IF THE Susquehanna River were as long in proportion to its history, it would be many times the four hundred miles from the source of the northern or longer branch to its mouth in Chesapeake Bay. In fact, it is difficult for those who read of the part played by the river in the early history of the country to realize that it is so short.

Long before the days of the explorers, who waxed enthusiastic when they spoke of the river, the Indians showed their partiality for it. From one end to the other ran their trails. They fished, they hunted, they rode in their canoes, and they had their villages from what is now Maryland to what is known as southern New York. Their regard for the stream was shown by the very name they gave it. To the Algonquin Susquehanna meant "The river with long reaches." But the Iroquois called it, more poetically, Ga-wa-no-wa-na-neh Ga-hun-da, "great island river."

The smiling lands through which the waters of the Susquehanna flow were a bone of contention between the Susquehannocks, who lived on the lower river, in what is now southern Pennsylvania, and the Mohawks and Iroquois. Soon after the beginning of the seventeenth century the Mohawks made war against the Susquehannocks,

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and all but exterminated them in a bitter war that lasted for ten years.

Enough of them were left, however, to be a thorn in the side of the first settlers on the river, the Dutch and the Swedes. Yet the Swedes who had settled at Christina on the Delaware, succeeded, as early as 1638, in conducting trading expeditions to the lower Susquehanna.

The strength of the remnant of Susquehannocks left by their enemies may be judged from the fact that, in 1647, when they offered to send aid to the Hurons in Canada, in their struggle with the Five Nations, they declared they could supply thirteen hundred warriors. This offer was not accepted.

Not many years passed until the Susquehannocks had need of all their armed men nearer home. In 1663 the Iroquois went south, determined to abolish their enemies who worried them. An expedition was made against the fort of the Susquehannocks, which was located perhaps fifty miles from the mouth of the river. The Susquehannocks found there 1,000 men opposed by 1,600 foes, but in spite of the enemy's superiority in numbers, the dwellers on the lower river were victorious.

Yet the triumph was not to last. In 1675 the Senecas led another expedition of the Five Nations, and were so successful in their struggle that the survivors of the Susquehannocks were driven into Maryland.

The first white strangers came among the Susquehannocks in the days of their strength. In the summer of 1608, on learning that a man who had come down the great water in a big boat with wings would visit their country, they sent representatives to meet him. So it came about that they fell in with Captain John Smith, who

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was on his way to the river of which he had heard numerous tales.

The journey up the river was continued until rocks prevented further progress. Those who are acquainted with the stream know how rocks abound in it, especially on the lower reaches; it is perhaps one of the rockiest rivers on the continent.

Captain Smith's astonishment as he beheld the Indians he had risked so much to see was told in the account of his trip:

"Sixty Susquehannocks came to us, with skins, bows, arrowes, targets, sleds, swords, and tobacco pipes for presents. Such great and well proportioned men are seldom seen, for they seemed like giants to the English. . . . They were with much adoe restrained from adoring us as gods.

"These are the strangest people of all these countries, both in language and attire, for their language may well become their proportions, sounding from them as a voyce in the vault. Their attire is the skinnes of bears, and wolves. Some have cassocks made of beare heads and skinnes, that a man's head goes through the skinnes neck, and the eares of the beare fastened to his shoulders, the nose and teeth hanging down his breast, another beares face split behind him, and at the end of the nose hung a paw, then half sleeves coming to the elbows were the neck of the beares, and the armes through the mouth with their pawes hanging at their noses. . . .

"Five of their chief women came aboard us and crossed the bay in the barge."

Then he proceeded to give the picture of the greatest of them, "the calf of whose leg was three quarters of a yard about and all the rest of his limbs so answerable to

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that proportion that he seemed the goodliest man we ever beheld."

As to their number, Captain Smith said:

"They can make more than 660 able and mighty men, and are pallsadoed in their townes to defend them from the Massawornekes, their mutual enemies. . . . They are seated two daies higher than was passage for the discoverer's barge."

It is easy to make allowance for the exaggeration of the explorer, but it is evident that, in his voyage up the Susquehanna, probably as far as the Conewago, he saw many surprising things.

Though the next explorer approached the river from the north, he found even more sights to astonish him. For his journey was much longer. The man was Etienne Brulé, a young man, companion of Champlain, whom Parkman describes as "the dauntless woodsman, pioneer of pioneers." He spent the winter of 1615 with the Carontonnais at their palisaded town Carontouan, on the upper Susquehanna. This was located near the junction of the Tioga and Susquehanna Rivers, in Bradford County, Pennsylvania. The Carontonnais belonged to the same Susquehannock tribe which had excited the admiration of Captain Smith. The population of the town was probably about four thousand Indians.

During the winter, Brulé, says Champlain, "made a tour along a river that flows in the direction of Florida, where there are many powerful and warlike nations, carrying on wars against each other. The climate there is very temperate, and there are a great number of animals and abundance of small game. But to traverse and reach those regions requires patience, on account of the difficulties involved in passing the extreme wastes."

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We are told that Brulé "continued his course along the river as far as the sea, also to islands and lands near there, which are inhabited by various and populous tribes of savages, who are well disposed and love the French above all other white people."

After his tour of observation, Brulé returned to the town of Carontouan, that he might receive there an escort to the St. Lawrence.

The journey to Canada was full of adventure. Captured by unfriendly Indians, he was tortured, but he escaped by appealing to the superstitious fears of his captors. Finally he reached his friends, and was ready for another expedition among the Hurons, which ended in his death at their hands.

There is evidence that the Dutch Kleynties was also an early visitor to the Susquehanna. In 1612 he went from Albany, up the Mohawk, then across to the Susquehanna from Otsego Lake, then down the Susquehanna. He found many Indian villages, among them Oghwaga, a settlement dating from 1550, where Dutch and Indians met for fur trading. He made a map of his journey. This he deposited in Amsterdam, where it may be seen to-day.

The first attempt of a white man to secure title to the Susquehanna lands was made in 1638 by William Claiborne. He told the government that he had received the right to forty miles on each side of the river for a long distance. He offered a payment of £100 for a confirmation of his right to the land. But his offer was not accepted.

The Indians realized that they must yield their beloved river, though they did so reluctantly. In 1684, in Albany, chiefs signed a deed which said:

"We have given the Susquehanna River, which was won



ICE ON RAILROAD TRACK ALONG THE LOWER SUSQUEHANNA



MCCALL'S FERRY ON THE SUSQUEHANNA, BEFORE THE BUILDING OF
TUCQUAN DAM



SUSQUEHANNA RIVER, SOUTH OF LIVERPOOL, PENNSYLVANIA



SUSQUEHANNA RIVER, LOOKING NORTH FROM SUNBURY

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with the sword, to the government, and desire that it may be a branch of the great tree which grows in this place, the top of which reaches the sun."

Even after this the Indians felt that they had not surrendered their privileges of living and hunting on the river. But soon they began to realize that their lands and all their rights were to be taken from them. Before the middle of the eighteenth century Cadwallader Colden, Surveyor-General of New York, paid a visit to Otsego Lake, and his coming was looked upon by some as the beginning of the end. In telling of his journey, he said:

"At fifty miles from Albany, the land carriage from the Mohawk River to the lake where the northern branch of the Susquehanna takes its rise, does not exceed fourteen miles. Goods may be carried from the lake in batteaus or flat-bottomed vessels through Pennsylvania to Maryland, and Virginia, the current of the river running everywhere easy."

Already the lands near the lake were attracting homesteaders. Cherry Valley, New York, which is drained by a tributary of the Susquehanna, was settled by Scotch-Irish from Londonderry, New Hampshire. There were enough of the same sturdy stock to join with the Dutch in the Mohawk Valley in organizing the Tryon County militia, which performed yeoman service during the early years of the Revolution, in keeping in check the Tories and advancing the interests of the Colonies.

The patriotism of these Cherry Valley pioneers was roused to fever heat on that awful day in November, 1778, when Brant and his Indians fell on the frontier settlement and killed many of the people.

Atrocities like this were responsible for the expedition of General James Clinton, in 1779, who was sent to the

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Otsego wilderness to give such a lesson to the Six Nations that they would cease their depredations. He started from Canajoharie, New York, under instructions to join forces with General Sullivan's command, which was on its way up the Susquehanna from Wyoming, Pennsylvania. He had with him 1,500 troops and 220 boats.

The story of what followed is told by James Fenimore Cooper in the Introduction to *The Pioneers*:

"The whole country was then a wilderness, and it was necessary to transport the baggage of the troops by means of the rivers—a devious but practicable route. One brigade ascended the Mohawk, until it reached the point nearest to the source of the Susquehanna; where it cut a lane through the forest to the head of the Otsego. The boats and baggage were carried over the portage, and the troops proceeded to the other extremity of the lake, where they disembarked and encamped. The Susquehanna, a narrow but rapid stream at its source, was much filled with 'flood-wood,' or fallen trees, and the troops adopted a novel expedient to facilitate their passage. The Otsego is about nine miles in length, varying in width from half a mile to a mile and a half. The water is of good depth, limpid, and supplied from a thousand springs at its foot. The banks are rather less than thirty feet high; the remainder of its margin being in intervalles and points. The outlet, or the Susquehanna, flows through a gorge in the low banks just mentioned which may have a width of two hundred feet. The gorge was drained and the waters of the lake collected. The Susquehanna was converted into a rill. When all was ready, the troops embarked, the dam was knocked away, the Otsego poured out its torrent, and the boats went merrily down with the current."

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A further touch is given in the more historic narrative, *The Chronicles of Cooperstown*. Cooper tells of the Indians upon the banks, who, "witnessing the extraordinary rise of the river at midsummer, without any apparent cause, were struck with superstitious dread and in the very outset were disheartened at the apparent interposition of the Great Spirit in favor of their foes." No more would the Mohawk rejoice in the village at the foot of Otsego, which was the keeper of the Eastern Door of the Long House. No more would their hunters travel the long trail which led from their village to the south on a trail "eight miles wide, six inches deep, worn by innumerable moccasined feet through the centuries."

So it came to pass that the brave troops of the resourceful leader floated down the river to their junction with the forces of General Sullivan, and the victory over the army of Brant, which broke the power of the Six Nations.

In the meantime the peaceful assimilation of the region was taking place. About Lake Otsego grants were being made in accordance with the old Dutch system of patroons, who were the owners of a vast territory, having a most autocratic power over the tenants. This Dutch system had been confirmed by the English.

Among the patents granted to Lords of the Manor was that to Richard Smith of Burlington, New Jersey, who, in 1769 made a tour to the headwaters of the Susquehanna that he might make a survey of his Otsego Patent. He found that he had 4,000 acres on both sides of Osdam Creek, which enters the Susquehanna at the lower limit of his patent.

Four years later he built a house which was the wonder of the country. This house, known as Smith Hall, was a

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relic in which Otsego County gloried until fire consumed it about 1920.

Many princely patents similar to that granted to Richard Smith followed the Treaty of Fort Stanwix in 1768, which opened so many thousand square miles of Indian lands to settlement.

Another of the arrivals of 1769 was Sir Richard Johnson. His large patent was called Dreamland Tract. Of course there was a story back of that unusual name. There is a tradition that Johnson, after his return from England, was entertaining at dinner Chief Red Jacket. The host wore an admiral's coat. This the Indian admired and coveted. So he said, craftily, "Quida, I dreamed a dream last night." "And what was your dream?" asked Johnson, curiously. "I dreamed that you gave me that red coat." Of course there was but one thing to do! Etiquette required that the dream be fulfilled by the gift of the jacket.

A few months later Sir William was the guest of Red Jacket, in one of the Indian villages which he was visiting. After a night's rest in the cabin of the Indian, he said, "Red Jacket, I had a dream last night." Red Jacket, knowing that he would have to give up some cherished possession, asked about the dream. "I dreamed that you gave me 30,000 acres of land!" was the stunning reply.

But after Red Jacket deeded the land to Sir William, the Chief said, ruefully, "Quida, do not dream again."

In May, 1769, Sir William came to Lake Otsego, after a rough journey by trail from Canajoharie on the Mohawk. To his surprise he found, at the head of the lake, "a Log House built with rough Boards." The owner told his visitor that within a year he had cleared eighteen acres and had built a sawmill.

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Next day Johnson went down the lake in the batteau of Colonel George Croghan, who was Sir William's deputy as Superintendent of Indian Affairs. Croghan was then preparing to build "Two Dwelling Houses and 5 or 6 Outhouses" on a "gravelly stiff clay covered with towering white Pines just where the River Susquehannah, no more than 10 or 12 yards broad, runs downward, out of the Lake with a Strong current."

On May 17 the little company departed on pack horses, with two Mohawk guides, one of whom was Joseph Brant, who was to win such ignoble fame for his leadership of the Tories and Indians. At the Oaksnee they felled a large tree to cross upon, and encamped. "Our Indians in half an Hour erected a House capable of sheltering us from the wet, for it rained most of the day and night succeeding," the account of the journey says. "They place 4 crotched stakes in the Earth, the Two first ones being tallest. On them are rested poles which are crossed by other poles and these are covered with wide hemloc Bark."

After crossing "5 or 6 Branches of the Otsego," Sir William "had the satisfaction of dining" in his own territory. There he remained long enough for the work of surveying the tract, before his adventurous journey home.

Colonel Croghan, too, was proprietor of a great patent. On the west side of Otsego Lake and of the Susquehanna he had 100,000 acres.

Needing funds to pursue his application to the Crown to confirm his title from the Indians, he borrowed £3,000 from William Franklin, the Governor of New Jersey, son of Benjamin Franklin. This application was successful, though 99 others were named with him, because of a

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regulation that only 1,000 acres could be given to one man. The 99 joined in giving a clear title to Croghan.

The next chapter in this real estate transaction tremendous was written in 1770, when a mortgage was given for the whole tract, as further security for the loan made by Franklin.

Unfortunately, the owner was unable to meet his payments, and in 1773 judgment was asked for by the creditor and given him by the courts. Soon afterward the dispossessed Croghan left the patent, with his family.

During the absentee ownership of William Franklin, in 1783, George Washington visited the headwaters of the Susquehanna. In his traverse of the country to the head of the northern branch of the Susquehanna, toward Lake Otsego, and the portage between the lake and the Mohawk River at Canajoharie, he was thinking of the problem that was uppermost in his mind in the days following the Revolution—the development of inland transportation. So he said:

“I could not help take a more contemplative and extensive view of the vast inland navigation of the United States from maps, and the inspection of others, and could not but be struck with the immense diffusion and importance of it, and with the goodness of that Providence which has dealt his favors to us with so profuse a hand.”

Two years after Washington's visit, Franklin assigned to William Cooper and Andrew Craig, of Burlington, New Jersey, the great property in the wilderness. At once Cooper sought his purchase. He rode his horse across country, taking with him his gun and his fishing rod. More than twenty years later he wrote for his children an account of the journey:

“In 1785 I visited the rough and hilly country of Ot-

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sego, where there existed not an inhabitant, nor any trace of a road; I was alone, three hundred miles from home, without bread, meat, or food of any kind, gun and fishing tackle my only means of sustenance. I caught trout in the brook and roasted them in the ashes. My horse fed on the grain that grew by the edge of the water. I laid me down to sleep, nothing but the melancholy wilderness around me. In this way I explored the country, formed my plan for future settlement, and meditated upon the spot where a place of trade or a village should afterwards be established."

When the town was placed on Cooper's 50,000 acres, it was known for a time as "Foot of the Lake." Then it became, successively, Cooperton, Coopers Town, and Otsego. Finally the name Cooperstown was given to it.

On his first visit Cooper was alone, but in 1787 he returned with Mrs. Cooper, his infant son, James Fenimore, and a dozen servants. Mrs. Cooper's journey to the head of Otsego was made as comfortable as possible by a chaise. From this she stepped into a canoe for the journey down to Foot of the Lake. But the canoe passage was so terrifying to the woman that she shrank from repeating it. For this reason her chaise was taken to the foot of the lake in two canoes. A bridge was built in order that the chaise might reach the eastern bank. This outlet bridge was the first across the Susquehanna.

From the bridge led a road, already built, along the lake shore. But the road was so primitive, so narrow, and so steep that Mrs. Cooper had a journey in the chaise almost as terrifying as that in the canoe; men with ropes accompanied it, for only in this way could it be kept from disaster.

About the site of the primitive bridge grew up the

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town. Many interesting stories are told of its early days. For instance, there is a tale of the stocks, which were a feature of village life in 1791. Dr. Charles Powers was an offender whose punishment was decreed in these stocks for an offense committed at a ball. Of this he told in a letter of contrite apology which he sent to the men and women who had suffered at his hands:

“Worthy and much Injured Gentlemen & Ladies—
From the Bottom of my Heart I sincerely regret my Presumptuous, Unhappy and Ungrateful Conduct towards you on the day of the 4th of Instant October—Gentlemen and Ladies will you do me the honor to believe me when I say that the Tart. Emetic I put into your Liquor was owing partly to Intoxication, and partly to the Insistence of the Adversary of Men. It was not due to any Pique or Prejudice I had against the Company, for I acknowledge you are a Company of Modest Respectable young Gentlemen and Ladies. I declare before God and his Holy Angels that what I did was done to have a little Sport and from no other motive. I declare as solemnly that I had no intention of Injuring the Health of any person, for had I wanted that I could have put in the Solution of Corrosive Sublimate which is the strongest preparation of Mercury, which would have acted as slow but certain Poison. Or I might have put in Liquid Laudanum, a Preparation of Opium, in such quantity that it would have thrown you all into a perfect sleep, from which 'tis not probable all of you would have awaked, both of which Medicines are much cheaper than the Tart. Emetic. It is useless Gentlemen and Ladies for me to be more particular.”

The close of this strange letter was even more startling:

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"I might have done worse. It would have been cheaper to kill you. So forgive me."

Another of the chronicles of Cooperstown tells of Judge Cooper's kindness to his tenants. One year, when crops failed, a representative of the tenants called. The reply to his explanation was unexpected, to say the least:

"You think that you are something of an athlete. I think the same of myself. Suppose we try a wrestling bout: If I throw you, your clients must find a way to pay. If, on the other hand, you throw me, I will give a receipt in full to the whole settlement."

Perhaps the Judge was not sorry to be thrown that day. At any rate, he kept his word; the tenants were forgiven their debts.

In the home of this genial landlord was James Fenimore Cooper, who became the writer of the series of novels that depict pioneer life in a marvelously realistic fashion. Most of his life was spent in Cooperstown. For seven years he lived in Europe, but otherwise he was in Cooperstown until his death in 1851.

For a time the people of Cooperstown were proud of having among them an author of such repute. But in later life Cooper became the most unpopular man on the lake. This was due to his innocent attempts to preserve his rights to a beauty-spot on the shore, called Three Mile Point, because of its distance from Cooperstown. In legal form he asserted his right to the Point, but promised to grant the use of the property to all who would ask his permission. The villagers opposed "the arrogant pretensions of one James Fenimore Cooper," and they proposed to continue to use the Point "without being indebted to the liberality of anyone, whether native or foreigner."

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Feeling became so intense that Cooper's novels were removed from the town library!

Yet the novelist's only sin was due to his desire to preserve the beauty of the country in which he found so much pleasure. Of this beauty he told in a number of his books. *The Pioneer* he called "a Story of the Sources of the Susquehanna." In *Leatherstocking Tales* the scene was laid on Otsego Lake and its vicinity.

But perhaps the supreme evidence of his fondness for the locality was shown in his description of the lake in *The Chronicles of Cooperstown*:

"It is a sheet of limpid water . . . varying in width from about three quarters of a mile to a mile and a half. It has many bays and points; the first are graceful and sweeping, the last low and swampy. . . . The road along the eastern side of the lake is peculiarly placed, and traveled persons call it one of the most strikingly picturesque roads within their knowledge. The western shore of the lake is also high, though more cultivated. As the whole country possesses much wood, the ravines, viewed across the water on the side of the lake, resemble English park scenery, and are singularly beautiful. Nothing is wanting but ruined castles and recollections to raise it to the level of the scenery of the Rhine, or, indeed, to the minor Swiss views."

The presence of deer helped make the country on the upper Susquehanna seem more like English parks. But in the parks of England the deer are tame; in the Susquehanna country they were free creatures of the hills and the forest. When Judge Cooper made his first visit to Lake Otsego, he was delighted by the sight of a fawn which came down from the hills to the water to drink. He had

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brought his gun with him, but he was probably too much impressed by what he saw to use it on the animal.

Then how much Cooper would have been dismayed by an event in 1818, when the men who lived on both sides of the border between New York and Pennsylvania, resolved to have a grand deer hunt, adopted measures that make a true sportsman writhe in torture. One night they lit fires on North Mountain. Early the next morning they sent out hounds to drive the deer from their shelter in the hills. The animals were to be forced to the country between the Susquehanna and its tributary, the Chemung, which enters at Tioga Point, making a wedge of land between the waters. Two hundred men divided themselves into two parties; one went north from the junction of the rivers, while the other went south. The deer were driven relentlessly forward until they were trapped between the two parties, with water on either hand. Then thirty animals were slaughtered without pity.

The course of the Susquehanna from Lake Otsego to Tioga Point, where the Chemung joins its fortunes with the larger stream, is curious and attractive. Southwest it flows among the hills until it comes to the Pennsylvania line. It skirts the ridge of wooded hills, makes a daring excursion of a few miles into Pennsylvania, then, as if repenting of its temerity, hurries back into New York, where it keeps company with the hills and the valleys for thirty or forty miles, passing by Binghamton and Owego on the way, before taking a final lunge into Pennsylvania. This time there can be no turning back; the course to the southward is irrevocable.

Near the boundary line is Spanish Hill. The absurd claim of the unlearned has been made that the name tells of Spanish origin. But those who are skilled in reading

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the marks of geologic ages say that the thousand-foot summit of the hill is a monument to the activity of the glacier that sought the path taken by the river on its way to the sea.

It is five miles from Spanish Hill to Tioga Point, the meeting-place of the rivers. Diahoga was the name the Indians gave to the locality, in which they took great delight. There they had a populous village.

But the day of the Indians has passed away. And Tioga Point witnesses some of the events that helped them to vanish. Near the Point, General Sullivan, sent to join forces with General Clinton, who was on his way down from Lake Otsego, built Fort Sullivan, where he left 250 of his soldiers as a rear-guard during the campaign he planned to conduct from the north.

On August 22, 1779, the army of Sullivan, after triumphantly riding on the crest of the miniature flood from Otsego, as already described, reached Tioga Point. There were then, in the two armies, 5,000 troops, or nearly one-third of the entire army under Washington's command. Two thousand packhorses and 400 barges were employed in the journey north to Chemung, where they met the Indians and defeated them in a great battle.

The victorious army continued into New York State. They were busily engaged at the task committed to them, but some at least had eyes for beauty as well as slaughter. One of the officers wrote of a view from a height overlooking the river:

"The prospect from the summit of this mountain is most beautiful. We had a view of the country at least twenty miles around. The fine extensive plains, interspersed with streams of water, made the prospect pleasing and elegant."

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After their return to Tioga Point, the headquarters of the expedition, the troops were led to Easton on the Delaware, where the commander reported, simply, "a successful expedition against the Indians."

When the Connecticut Susquehanna Company began operations against the Pennsylvania claimants to the Wyoming Valley, headquarters were fixed at Tioga Point. In 1786 the name was changed to Athens.

One of the institutions that give pleasure to the citizen of modern Athens, the town seated in beauty where the rivers meet, is the Spalding Memorial Library and Museum. A curious document issued in the interest of this institution is a poem of fifty lines. That poem seems quite ordinary, until the explanation is given that the lines are a cryptogram, giving the name of the institution, and its location. The first letter of the first line, the second letter of the second line, the third letter of the third line, and so on, spell the required words. As an illustration the first nine lines may be quoted:

Serene I stand on famed historic ground,
Upraised to shed the light of knowledge round.
Staid monument of philanthropic thought,
I'm blest in blessing and by many sought.

Would'st know my name? Scan well each crafty line⁷
And bring one letter thence, then all combine.
A cunning scheme my modest name conceals,
A running glance in order it reveals.

When directions are followed it will be found that the chosen letters spell the name Spalding.

This is sufficient to show the almost uncanny ingenuity and industry of the author who spelled out the words "Spalding Memorial Library and Museum," in thirty-two lines, then the words "Athens, Pennsylvania," in the final eighteen lines. The fifty lines do not sound as if they were

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forcibly written to meet the requirements of the fifty letters.

One of the lines speaks of the beauties of "bonny Susquehanna," and "brusque Chemung." But both streams have been brusque at the season when ice and floods pour down their reckless mass. There is still the tradition in Athens of the "pumpkin flood" of 1786, when an autumn flood sprinkled the surface of the swollen river with pumpkins. Another flood that will be remembered for many years came in 1865, when a heavy snow was succeeded by a burning sun, then by a long, warm rain. As a result the valley was practically covered from mountain to mountain. The waters of the two rivers met in three places, and Athens was a river of islands. From Spanish Hill, it was said by observers, the valley with its united rivers looked like a great lake, dotted with green islands.

Downstream from Athens is Sheshequin, on the opposite side from the old Sheshequin, the town where the Indians looked out on the beauty of the vale which is six miles long and two miles broad. It is related that when General Sullivan went up the valley, one of his officers, Captain Spalding, looked with delight on the country before him. "When the war is over I am coming back here!" he said. Sure enough! When he could command his own time, he returned to the glorious valley and founded New Sheshequin.

For many miles below Sheshequin the Susquehanna continues to tell of the Indians and the pioneers. At Towanda the Nanticokes had a cemetery which they called Tawandee. Standing Stone boasted a huge rock which was a landmark to both whites and Indians. And at Wyalusing, in 1765, the Brethren from Bethlehem paused with a company of Christian Indians, whom they

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had taken there from Philadelphia, to found a settlement for them on ground set aside for the purpose by the authorities of the Colony. There they lived in peace until the Indian lands were wanted by the pioneers. Then the Indians removed to Ohio.

In the neighborhood of Wyalusing the unfortunate French colony Asylum was started in 1791, when the Duc de Noailles bought 2,400 acres of land from Robert Morris and settled on it a company of French refugees who had sought asylum in America by way of Santo Domingo. The colony failed, but the name and the memory remain.

How the pioneer history of Pennsylvania is recalled at almost every mile of the river course! An example is Luzerne county and its county-seat, Wilkes-Barre, located soon after the river changes its march toward the Delaware River to a course just as decorously southwestward. The county was named in 1786 for the Minister of France to the United States, Anné César, Chevalier de la Luzerne. And the city commemorates the names of two members of Parliament who were consistent friends of the Colonies through all the days of the Revolution, Wilkes and Barre. The founder, Major Durkee, had a son named Barre, in honor of Colonel Isaac Barre, his old commander at Quebec. He had also a cousin who had named his son Wilkes, after Colonel John Wilkes. When he sought a title for the new settlement, he thought of putting together the names of the two boys. Thus was created a town which had the distinction of a name that was spelled seventeen different ways during the first few decades of its existence!

Above Wilkes-Barre is that town of proud memories and sad history, Wyoming, remarkable to-day for the

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beauty of its surroundings, remarkable yesterday for the bravery of its people.

Two hundred families came to the Wyoming Valley from Connecticut in 1762, and settled on lands which they had been told belonged to Connecticut. Confusion in the charters of Connecticut and Pennsylvania was responsible for this misunderstanding and the difficulties which followed. Connecticut sought to bolster up its claim by purchase from the Indians, but, later on, Pennsylvania made a counter-stroke by persuading the Six Nations, which claimed the territory, to dispose of it to that Colony. By so doing certain Indian leaders took part in two sales.

When settlers from Pennsylvania sought to dispossess the Connecticut families, there was trouble. Both sides fortified themselves, and the first of the Pennamite Wars was on. The difficulty was not settled until, in 1782, Congress decided that Pennsylvania had a right to the territory in dispute.

In the meantime came a disaster that put all differences between the settlers into the background. In June, 1778, an army of Tories and Indians attacked the settlers in Forty Fort, a defense erected at Wyoming at the beginning of the struggle for possession of the land. A heroic defense was followed by a horrible massacre, in spite of the fact that mercy was promised in case of surrender. Nearly all the men were killed, while the women and children fled across the mountains and the swamps to Easton on the Delaware. A monument in Wyoming tells of the brave defense and the barbaric cruelty that followed it.

Those who follow the Susquehanna from Wyoming and Wilkes-Barre to Sunbury are astonished at the quiet beauty of the stream as it winds among the hills, through

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country where the Indians wandered lovingly and lingered with ardent desire to retain possession of regions from which the pioneers were driving them.

Every mile of the journey could be described in connection with tales of the heroism of the settlers who made the country or of the Indians who harassed them and helped them by turns. Thus near Bloomsburg the river receives the waters of Fishing Creek. On the banks of the stream, in 1780, Indians attacked farmers who lived near Fort Wheeler. Some were tortured, while others were taken prisoner. One of them was Peter Pence. Finally, with four captives, ten Indians led the way to Bradford County. One night the prisoners managed to outwit their captors. After killing all of them they escaped on a raft on the Susquehanna. Later Peter Pence became an Indian fighter noted among the settlers. Tales of his deeds of daring were told with bated breath for many years. After his escape from the Indians by floating down the Susquehanna, Pence reached Fort Augusta, on the site of Sunbury, a town laid out in 1772 by order of Governor Richard Penn.

One of the early residents at the spot—where was located the populous Indian village Shamokin—was Thomas McKee, the Indian trader. Once, when he was on a trading expedition up the West Branch, he was captured by Indians, but was released during the night by an Indian maiden. In gratitude for her action McKee took her with him and made her his wife.

The site of Fort Augusta was chosen because it was at the strategic place where the two branches of the Susquehanna come together before proceeding southward to Chesapeake Bay. This region of the joining rivers is a spot of rare beauty. Thomas Cooper, English visitor, wrote of it in 1793:

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“At this distance you look down upon the Susquehanna, about three or four miles off, a river about a mile broad, running at the foot of bold and steep mountains, through a valley not much above three miles broad at that point, rich, beautiful, and variegated; at the distance of about four miles, on the banks of the river, you catch the town of Sunbury, and on the opposite side of the river, about two miles farther, the town of Northumberland. Ten years ago the land on which the town of Northumberland stands is said to have been offered for sale by the Proprietor for £2,000. He has since refused £10,000.”

Fortunate are the visitors to the Susquehanna who are able to pause at Sunbury in their descent of the river long enough to go up the West Branch, tracing the beautiful stream to its source, in Potter County, in one of three noted springs. Two of these springs are on one farm, while the third is but three miles distant. One of the springs is the head of the Genesee River, which flows away to the north, straight for Lake Ontario, and then to the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean. In another of the springs rises the Allegheny River, which is bound for the Gulf of Mexico. The third spring is the source of Pine Creek, a stream famous among the lumbermen of other days. This, after flowing through a deep gorge wildly beautiful, enters the West Branch of the Susquehanna, and so flows to the Chesapeake Bay.

The first part of the course of the West Branch is through scenery of surpassing beauty and variety. On the way it passes five towns that are notable, among other things, for the story of the names they bear. Renovo is Latin for “I renew.” The genius who christened it was thinking of the railroad shop there where cars were sent to be renovated! Farther down the river, near the point

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of junction with Pine Creek, is Jersey Shore. That name was given to it in derision by those on the opposite side of the river; they wished to poke fun at the emigrants from New Jersey who lived there. But their joke fell flat, for when, in 1826, the town was incorporated, its inhabitants could think of no better name than Jersey Shore.

This beautiful stretch of river country, like Wyoming on the North Branch, had its days of tragedy in 1778. Not content with terrifying and torturing the settlers at Forty Fort, the Tories and Indians agreed to work together for the complete extermination of all who lived on both branches of the stream. When Colonel Hunter at Fort Augusta learned of the impending danger he sent messages to the scattered farmers on the West Branch, telling them they had better seek the fort.

What a thrilling story the tale of these messengers would make! Madly they rode, surmounting obstacles that, under ordinary circumstances, would have daunted them. No dangerous watercourses stayed them. Bald Eagle Mountain was in their way. This they climbed. On its summit they forced a passage until descent could be made safely to Fort Antes in the Nippenose Valley. Everywhere they went the message from Fort Augusta was given, and everywhere the people responded.

The manner of that response has been described by a local historian, who wrote of what became famous as The Great Runaway:

“Canoes, rafts, and all manner of floats were hastily collected and loaded with household effects and provisions, when the women and children were placed on board and the motley floats started down the river. In many instances household utensils and articles of value that could

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not be carried away were buried by the owners and when they returned in a few years afterwards these were found in good condition. As the floats passed down the stream, they were convoyed by companies of men armed with rifles, who marched along the shore, and in supporting distance of each other.

“Such a sight was never seen. Boats, canoes, log troughs, rafts hastily made of dry sticks—every sort of floating article, had been put in requisition. There were several hundred people in all. Whenever any obstruction occurred at a shoal or a riffle, the women would leap out and put their shoulders to the flatboat or raft, and launch it again in deep water.”

The armed men on the shore kept the Indians at a distance, and the refuge sought was reached safely. The red rascals took vengeance by setting fire to the buildings so hastily left, so that the way down river was lighted by burning cabins.

In the country of the historic Great Runaway, the metropolis is Williamsport, which has a wonderful situation not far from where the West Branch turns toward the south and unites with the North Branch. In early days, when Pennsylvania's forests were in their prime, here was the point to which the lumbermen who brought the log drives from the headwaters of the Susquehanna and its tributary streams looked forward as their journey's end. So much timber gathered at Williamsport that it was necessary to construct a great boom in the river. Thus Williamsport became more than ever a town of note among the foresters.

What jolly, noisy times the men had as they gathered there after drives downriver! Then they had little opportunity for the enjoyment of the remarkable beauty of

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the lumber town's setting—though when they were on the river some of them were among the keenest observers of the scenery about them.

At least one among the early arrivals at Williamsport stopped to admire the unusual combination of winding river and circling hills. This was William Russell, the leader of a boatload of pioneers who landed between the mouths of Loyalsock and Lycoming Creeks. He was attracted by the good harbor which, later, was to give to Williamsport—the town named in his honor—its importance as a lumber haven and market.

The stretch of river between Williamsport and Northumberland and Sunbury is so remarkable that travelers who go from Harrisburg to Buffalo should plan their trip so as to ride by daylight. The railroad follows the stream, first on one side, then on the other, but so closely that many times the water seems almost within reach of the windows.

Northumberland became in early days the home of three men from Great Britain who brought fame to the town. One of them, Dr. Joseph Priestley, the friend of Benjamin Franklin, was the discoverer of oxygen, or "dephlogisticated air." While the discovery was announced in 1774, twenty years before Dr. Priestley came to America, his laboratory work in Northumberland was fruitful in the discovery of three more new gases.

The second Englishman was Thomas Cooper, who came to America in 1794, the year of Dr. Priestley's arrival. With the son of his friend, Dr. Priestley, he planned a settlement for Englishmen on the waters of the Susquehanna, perhaps fifty miles from Northumberland, but the plan failed. At Northumberland he lived with Dr. Priestley and worked with him in his laboratory. His efforts

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were successful, among other things, in the production of the metal potassium by the "fire method."

The third Englishman in the notable company in Northumberland was John Binns, an Irishman. 1801 was the year of his arrival in America. From Baltimore he went to Harrisburg on foot, while his household goods, loaded in three wagons, accompanied him. Then at Harrisburg he took to the river and made his way to Northumberland without difficulty. Soon he was a leader in the affairs of the town and of the State.

A much more adventurous trip from Harrisburg to Northumberland—or rather to Sunbury, the town just below, directly at the point of union of the two branches of the river—was made by Bishop Christopher Cammerhoff, the Moravian missionary who, in 1749, with one companion, went from Bethlehem to Shamokin, the Indian town that preceded Sunbury. Though he went by land, he followed the river all the way. The two men more than once nearly lost their lives while crossing swollen creeks near their junction with the Susquehanna. Mahantango Creek, Mahanoy Creek, and Shamokin Creek gave them greatest concern.

While crossing the last named the companions were carried some distance downstream by the strong current of the turbulent flood.

A few years later one of the creeks to the east of the Susquehanna was the scene of the death of a pioneer. This was Andrew Lycans, whose house was on Wiconisco Creek, whither he had removed after he had been requested by the Governor to leave an earlier home near the Juniata River. The request was made because the Indians complained of his presence there. Later the Indians were the cause of his death; a score of the savages,

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encouraged by the unsuccessful campaign of General Braddock, attacked him, with several companions. Some of the Indians were killed, but in the end brave Lycans, after a marvelous escape from his pursuers, succumbed to his wounds, the sole victim of Indians in the beautiful valley where he lived.

But the Susquehanna has tales of renegades as well as of heroes. One of these was Simon Girty, the son of an Indian trader, who became an outlaw. Girty's Gap, a beautiful formation near Liverpool, is the unpleasant reminder of his life. He was known as Katepacomen among the Indians, by whom he was received as one of themselves.

His life among the Senecas, and later on with other Indians, was not so great a blemish on his record as his desertion to the British in 1778 from Fort Pitt, where he was an officer of militia. Then he became a leader of the Indians and was dreaded even more than the savages. Indeed, the name, "Girty, the White Savage," was given to him because of his extreme cruelty.

A pleasant reminder of Indian days is the bowlder, a few miles above Harrisburg, erected on the site of old Fort Hunter, one of the chain of forts placed in strategic places during the trying days of the French and Indian War. The river was used by many who approached the fort for refuge or to carry supplies to the garrison.

A much older fortification stood on the site of Harrisburg, where the river glides by a series of green islands that cause those who stand on the banks to gaze in admiration. This was Fort Harris, which was placed in the house of logs built in 1705 by John Harris, Sr. That year was really the birthday of Harrisburg, for then Harris was licensed "to seat himself upon the Susquehanna."

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He became the owner of five hundred acres of land on the banks of the river, and his operations there led him to boast that he was the first man who plowed the fields along that river.

Like his father, John Harris, Jr., was an Indian trader. The important date in his life was 1753, when he received a license to operate Harris's Ferry across the river. Before many years he declared that he lived in a spot where, some day, there would be a city which would be Pennsylvania's Capital. The prophecy was in his mind in 1785, when he laid out a new town, for one of his far-seeing acts was the dedication of four acres of land "in trust for public use and such public purposes as the legislature should hereafter direct."

On the site thus provided stands the handsome Capitol, the latest in a series of buildings, the first of which came after the choice of the city as the seat of government of Pennsylvania in 1812. The visitor to Harrisburg should go without fail to the cupola of the Capitol for the wide and varied view of the Susquehanna, its islands, and the billowing hills beyond.

¶ In reality Harrisburg has a right to think that its beginning was much earlier. For in 1690 William Penn wrote of a dream he was not able to fulfill:

"It is now my purpose to make another settlement upon the River Susquehanna that runs into the Bay of Chesapeake, and lies about fifty miles west from the Delaware. There I design to lay out a plan for the building of another city in the most Convenient place for Communication with the former plantation on the east."

If the authorities had been given their way the name of the Capital on the Susquehanna would have been Louisburg. In the days when France was high in favor, the



SUSQUEHANNA RIVER IN BRADFORD COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA



TIOGA RIVER EMPTYING INTO THE SUSQUEHANNA

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county was named Dauphin, and directions were given that the town should be Louisburg, in honor of Louis XVI. But the people would not agree. The founder said: "The members of the Council may Louisburg it as much as they please, but I will never execute a title for a lot in any other name than Harrisburg."

In the opinion of many the finest scenery on the Susquehanna River is between Harrisburg and the Pennsylvania line. Fortunately a railroad follows the stream all the way, and this is seldom out of sight of the water. What a treat it is to take the leisurely ride from Harrisburg to Columbia, then from Columbia to Peach Bottom and beyond—a trip that passes Marietta, where the lumbermen who sought the lower river once gathered in numbers, after the journey with their rafts; Columbia, once called Wright's Ferry, which, in 1789, so narrowly missed the choice as Capital of the United States; the Conestoga region, where James Patterson, Indian trader, opposed Thomas Cresap, the bold man who made such serious attempts to enforce the claim of Maryland to the Susquehanna; McCall's Ferry dam and Tucquan Lake, which mark the first great attempt to harness the power of the Susquehanna for the business of the adjacent towns and cities; Conowingo, where a town has been submerged in the process of more power development; as well as the numerous mementoes of the days before the coming of the white man when the Indians were supreme on the shores, and dashed everywhere on the waterway in their frail canoes.

So long as the Indians' successors were content with canoes and boats of light draught, they, too, found that the Susquehanna was friendly to their attempts at navigation. Long trips were made on its waters, like that of

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the German Colony from the Palatinate, which, under the leadership of John Weiser, father of the celebrated Conrad Weiser, sought a new home in Pennsylvania in 1723. They had been living at Schoharie, New York, but they were not able to make a good living there. So they cut a road through the forest to the Susquehanna, then made boats in which thirty families floated hundreds of miles to the mouth of the Swatara, not far from where Harrisburg now stands. The journey was continued up the Swatara, until the passage to the Tulpehocken was easy. Along the banks of the latter stream they made their new home. Fifty families followed two years later, and still more trusted themselves to the current in 1729.

Many of the early canoes were mere dug-outs, but they could carry several tons. Not only were primitive vessels taken downstream, but frequently they were maneuvered up the river by emigrants with their goods. The services of two workers were needed with each boat; one of them stood on the shore, while the other was in the bow. Each placed an iron-pointed setting pole in the bottom of the river. Women used the paddles.

So useful was the river becoming as a means of access to the interior of Pennsylvania that, in 1771, the legislature took action in response to the urgency of those who felt that the stream surely would become a great commercial highway. Funds were appropriated to take the first steps in realizing the dream, and Maryland was asked to help. But the "Maryland legislature is too ignorant," was the comment of one early settler, and in 1783 Pennsylvania went ahead alone. William Maclay was commissioned to study the river and survey it. Though the funds supplied were meager, he was able to remove gravel bars, trees and stumps, open a channel and build tow-

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paths where rapids were hindrances. Thus the river became navigable from Wrightsville to Wyoming. Later boats could go from Chesapeake Bay as far as the New York State line.

Another meeting was held at Harrisburg in the interests of inland transportation in 1789. One result of the meeting was the appointment of three commissioners who, from the mouth of the Juniata River above Harrisburg, were to survey the Susquehanna to Sunbury, then proceed along the West Branch until they could cross over to the Allegheny, then to the Conemaugh and the Juniata, and so back to the Susquehanna.

The report of the adventurous trip of these commissioners filled the partisans of the river with enthusiasm. One result of the survey was the passage down the Juniata and the Susquehanna, to Havre de Grace, of boats loaded with two hundred and fifty barrels of flour. Men marveled at the passage of boats that carried five hundred bushels of wheat as far as three hundred miles from Frankstown on the Juniata, where there was a portage of but twenty miles to the Conemaugh, which led from the Allegheny and the Ohio.

One proud record made in 1790 was the carriage of 150,000 bushels of grain as far as Middletown.

The building of the Conewago Canal, at York Haven, enabled keelboats to pass the rapids with safety, so that navigation became still easier. An English emigrant writing in 1796, spoke of these falls:

"The Conewago Falls are situated at the distance of five miles below the Swatara, and have been considered as among the most difficult obstructions in the navigation of the river. The Legislature of Pennsylvania, with a liberality of policy which does them infinite honor, have con-

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tracted with and incorporated a Company for the clearing the navigation of the Susquehanna from the mouth of the Swatara to Wright's Ferry, a distance of something less than eighteen miles, and comprehending the falls.

"This company, in consideration of £5,250, has contracted to cut and maintain a canal of a sufficient width, length and depth for the purpose required." The canal was opened as a public highway, for the use of any owner of a boat, raft, or other suitable vessel, without toll.

In 1796 a curious book was published which was called *The Description of the River Susquehanna*. There this statement was made:

"Of the numerous and valuable rivers of this State no one presents such a prospect of internal commerce, with so extensive, so complete, and convenient a connection with the Atlantic, as the river Susquehanna and its branches. . . . No two rivers in the United States combined provide equal advantages. The Ohio and Mississippi flow through a greater extent of country, but when it is considered that the territory which they water is, as yet, quite uncultivated, and must so remain for many succeeding years, that the navigation through them to the Atlantic is not only difficult and dangerous, but lengthy in the extreme, and that the Susquehanna forms the most ready communication with the lakes, perhaps even these rivers cannot be considered as exceptions to the observation."

The magnitude of the expectations formed of the river is evident from a further quotation from the same volume:

"Placed direct in the center of the Union, or at least at an equal distance from the extremities of her sea coast, an object of no small moment to the emigrant, Havre de Grace is calculated to communicate, in the most expeditious manner, with all the seaports of the United States,

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and to secure, with equal convenience, the productions of every part of this extensive territory."

The prophecy was made that, in view of these things, Havre de Grace would soon be reckoned "high among the ports of the United States."

Keelboats, batteaus, and Durham boats had their own way on the Susquehanna. But later a team-boat appeared. This was drawn by poles, propelled by horses. Then came the steamboat. The first specimen was the *Cadorus*, built at York in 1826. A trip was made to Williamsport, then to Elmira, New York. But the vessel was a failure, and had to be given up.

Again enthusiasts prophesied. They spoke of a time when "the Susquehanna would swarm with steamboats."

For many years after the abortive attempt of the *Cadorus*, other boats were prepared for the river, ran for a longer or shorter time, then met disaster. Once a boiler exploded, though fortunately not until twenty passengers had left the boat in disgust for a walk on the bank. A few passengers who remained on board were killed.

Builders of boats realized that it was necessary to have steamers of very light draught. But it was found that a boat that drew as little as twenty-two inches could not be sure of safety!

A picture of life on one of these miniature steamboats has been left by N. P. Willis. He said:

"Navigating the Susquehanna is very much like dancing 'the cheat.' You are always making straight up a mountain, with no apparent possibility of escaping contact with it, and it is an even chance up to the last moment which side of it you are to *chassez* with the current. Meantime the river seems capering about to all points of the

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compass . . . and north, south, east and west changing places with the familiarity of a masquerade. . . . It was somewhat ticklish steering among the rafts and arks with which the river was thronged. . . . One man stood at the stern of a single raft, gaping at us open-mouthed, as we came down upon him. 'Wal,' said he, as we shot past, 'you're going a good hickory, Mister!' The different methods of expressing surprise became at last quite a study to me."

Not many years passed before the attempt at steamer navigation ceased, though there were a few spasmodic efforts to revive the dreams which were at one time so rosy. In 1849 a steamer ran between the Wyoming coal fields and Athens, carrying coal, and returning with produce and grain. But the boat was unprofitable, for it could run only in time of high water.

The last freight steamer, the *Enterprise*, was built in 1851. But this boat soon grounded in shallow water and was left to rot by the riverside. Not until 1889 did the last pleasure steamer appear on the stream. This boat ran from Owego to Athens.

Visitors to Harrisburg can see the last remnant of the attempt to navigate the stream to which Pennsylvania enthusiasts pinned such great hopes. Along the stream, above and below Pennsylvania's capital city, are little stern-wheel steamers that look like toys.

It seems a bit of poetic justice that, as the coming of the railroads made navigation of the Susquehanna unnecessary, a railroad made these tiny steamboats possible.

In 1873 the farmers of the vicinity of Oxford were building a narrow-gauge railroad toward the Susquehanna. Difficulties were many and money was scarce. So not until 1874 did the railroad reach Fulton House, the birth-

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place of Robert Fulton. Possibly the contact with the house where lived the man who built the *Clermont* was the inspiration needed to enable the builders, when, after many vicissitudes, they reached the river at Peach Bottom, to devise a method of crossing the stream by means of a flat-bottomed boat, with upright steam boiler and engine in the center. There was also a wooden apparatus like "a great revolving churn dasher clear across the stern of the boat, which was extended out over the stern at a height to allow revolving parallel paddles of the churn dasher type to strike the surface of the water as it revolved. This was then driven by a chain gear and sprocket wheel driven from the engine, and the boat was sent across the river at about a twelve-mile gait."

Thus was described the ancestor of the Harrisburg steamer that delves in the bed of the river for hard coal that has washed down stream from the anthracite regions.

CHAPTER VI

THE WONDERS OF THE POTOMAC RIVER

LONG before visitors from Europe roamed through the American forests, the Indians looked with wonder on the mighty Potomac, whose course leads through such varied scenes of beauty, from its source in the Alleghanies to its majestic entrance to the waters of Chesapeake Bay. Along the four hundred miles of the river's banks they roamed, and about their camp fires they told legends like that which recited the sorrows of the three daughters of an Analostan chief who were caught in a whirlpool as they stole along the river in their canoes, their goal the camp of the Powhatans. Their struggles were in vain; they found a watery grave. The site, so the Indians declared, was marked by three gaunt rocks which rose that night in the treacherous waters. Their tragic tale has been passed on for modern appreciation by an unnamed poet:

Swiftly they came and swifter,
With dark eyes gleaming round,
With soft words, glad and eager,
For the braves of the Powhatan;
When out of the darkness around them,
Out of the black of the trees,
The voice of the great spirit called them,
Like the cry of choking seas.
They leaped, with a moan of terror,
Into the heart of the mere;

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A FERRY ACROSS THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER



GUNSTON HALL ON THE POTOMAC, THE HOME OF GEORGE MASON

THE WONDERS OF THE POTOMAC RIVER

The waters hissed around them,
The stars were white with fear.
Three rocks, spired and gloomy,
Gray as a stormy sky,
Sprang from the depth of the whirlpool,
Where the Indian sisters lie.
Ever at night they ring,
Like a sad cathedral bell,
Echoing far on the waters,
They sound the warning bell.

Probably the first European who passed the spot of which the ballad tells, near the Key Memorial Bridge, at Georgetown, D. C., was Captain John Smith. In 1608 he ascended the river from its mouth, where it is six or seven miles wide, past the place where the tide's influence is felt, at Washington, on to the glorious barrier of Rock Creek Falls, a few miles above the site chosen by Washington and Congress for the location of the United States Capital. He descended the river, and came no more that way. But countless others followed him. For them the Potomac became a path of empire; by it they made their toilsome way back into the interior, where they laid the foundations of many towns and cities.

But the first settlers on the Potomac did not go far from the mouth of the river. When the "twenty gentlemen and two hundred workingmen and servants," sent out by Cecilius Calvert, reached the island near the entrance of the Potomac to the Chesapeake, on March 25, 1634, they disembarked from the *Ark* and the *Dove*, which had carried them safely across the sea, ascended a tidal inlet which they called St. George's River, though later it became known as St. Mary's River, until they came to a site that appealed to them perhaps five miles from the Potomac, and sixteen miles from Point Lookout, the southern extremity of the western shore of Maryland.

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There they laid the foundation of Maryland, which was planned as the most independent of all the Colonies. The proprietary was given royal rights over the soil and the people who were to live there. The king could not call for the payment of taxes; his only income was to be two Indian arrows each year. Laws, made by the Colonists, were to be in force when approved by Calvert. Then it was provided that war could be made by him. He was responsible to no man in anything.

From the Indians a tract of land was bought, and St. Mary's was laid out—a town which has disappeared entirely, though it continued to be the seat of government of the Colony for sixty years.

Beauty of situation and the promise of free navigation attracted to the port the hardy men and women who were to learn by bitter experience that beauty and navigability are worthless when health is jeopardized by the situation.

There was an Indian village on the site when the choice was made of the location on the St. Mary's. "Yoacomico" was the name of the Indian town. The Maryland Colony had been told by Captain Henry Fleet that the place of the Indians' abode was "a spot so charming in its situation that Europe itself can scarcely show one to surpass it."

A rare book, *A Relation of Maryland*, published in London in 1635, tells of the events after the arrival of the vessel which bore the colonists of Lord Baltimore, under the guidance of his representative, Leonard Calvert. When they reached the point desired, Governor Calvert went to the abode of the Werowance, the chief man of the Yoacomicos, who "entertained him and his company that night in his house, and gave him his owne

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bed to lie on (which is a Matt layd on boards) and the next day went to show him the country."

When the good will of the Indians was secured by gifts of cloth, axes, hoes, and knives, a part of the town was turned over to the settlers, it being understood that the Indians were free to remain in the other portion. "Those Indians that dwelt in that part of the Towne, which was allowed for the English, freely left them their houses, and some corne that they had begun to plant. It was also agreed between them that at the end of harvest they should leave the whole Towne; which they did accordingly. And they made mutuall promises to each other, to live friendly and peaceably together, and if any injury should happen to be done in any part, that satisfaction should be made for the same, and then upon the 27 day of March, Anno Domini, 1634, the Governor tooke possession of the place, and named the Towne Saint Maries."

The story continues, relating how a Court of Guard, or Guard-house, was built, as well as a Storehouse. Then "the Governor thought fit to bring the Colours on shore, which were attended by all the Gentlemen, and the rest of the servants in arms who received the Colours with a volley of shot, which was answered by the Ordnance from the ships."

After seeing these wonders, the Werowance warned his people to be kind to the Englishmen. "I love the English so well," he said, "that if they should goe about to kill me, if I had just so much breath as to speak, I would command the people not to revenge my death; for I know they would not do such a thing, except it were through my owne default."

Further preparations were made rapidly, so that "within the space of six moneths was laid the foundation

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of the Colonie in Maryland. Whosoever intends now to goe thither, shall finde the way so trodden, that hee may proceed with much more ease and confidence than the first adventurers could, who were ignorant both of Place, People, and all things else, and could expect to find nothing but what nature produced: besides, they could not in reason but think the Natives would oppose them; whereas now the Country is discovered, and friendship with the Natives is assured, houses built, and many other accommodations, as Cattell, Hogges, Poultry, Fruits and the like brought thither from England, Virginia, and other places, which are useful, both for Profit and for Pleasure; and without boasting it may be said, that this Colony hath arived more in six moneths, than Virginia did in as many yeares."

Forty-three years after the first settlement, when the Lords of the Committee on Trades and Plantations sent out from London a series of queries to the provinces, facts were given among others which show how far St. Mary's had progressed:

"The principal place or town is called St. Mary's, where the General Assembly and Provincial court are kept, and whither all ships trading there do in the first place resort. But it can hardly be called a town, it being in length by the water about five miles, and in breadth upwards, toward the land, not above a mile, in which space there are not above thirty houses, and these at considerable distance from each other, and the buildings very meane and little, and generally after the manner of the meanest farm houses in England."

The people were planters; each cultivated his land. This was the explanation of the scattered houses.

The friendship of the Indians continued for a long time,

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but there were troubles enough with men of the Colonists' own race. Calvert wished to be friendly with William Claiborne, who opened a trading post on Kent Island, in the Chesapeake. But Claiborne would not be his friend. Difficulties led finally to a battle fought on the Pocomoke River, which enters the Chesapeake from the Eastern Shore of Maryland. The two vessels belonging to Maryland forced the surrender of Claiborne's single shallop. Later, after Claiborne's return to England, his settlement acknowledged the sovereignty of Maryland, and there was peace until 1644. Then Richard Ingle, who claimed to be acting by authority of Parliament, seized St. Mary's. After about two years, however, Governor Calvert resumed possession.

Then came the days of grief when the Indians were no longer friendly. More than once they threatened the town, and for years the inhabitants were in constant fear.

The death blow of St. Mary's came not from the Indians, however, but from the Governor of the Province. Though the Capital had been taken to Patuxent in 1654, it had returned to St. Mary's in 1659. There it remained until 1689, when Anne Arundel, for Annapolis, put in a claim for the honor. Governor Nicholson approved the change, demanded by many of the people. This he was the more ready to do because he wished to make the new government as distinct as possible from the old proprietary government begun in 1634.

One reminder of old St. Mary's exists in St. Mary's School, founded in 1840 by the Legislature of Maryland as a memorial to the old Capital.

Still another memorial school is near Charlotte Hall, forty miles northwest of St. Mary's, near the Patuxent River, an estuary which enters Chesapeake Bay, a few

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miles north of St. Mary's. There is the site of the once famous "Coole Springs of St. Maries" which were mentioned first on April 1, 1698, when their proprietor, Captain John Dent, wrote of them to the Assembly. The slighting record of his communication was this: "As to Captain Dent's letter it is looked upon as an idle letter not worth an answer." Yet a few months later the Assembly was compelled to take notice of the spring, because, during the pestilence that visited the Colony in the winter of 1697 and 1698, the waters were found so helpful to invalids who were taken to them.

It is recorded that, in 1698, Governor Francis Nicholson persuaded the legislature to appoint trustees "to purchase the land adjoining to the Fountain of Healing Waters Called Ye Coole Springs, for houses to be built on for ye entertainment of such poor, unfortunate persons as should resort hither for cure."

Provision was made for twelve persons, and to them was allowed, by the Governor, "a mutton and as much corn as will amount to 13 shillings a week."

When the pestilence abated, the Governor proclaimed a day of "Thanksgiving for the Healing Waters." This state paper spoke of the recognition of "God Almighty's withdrawing his Afflicting hand of sickness from us and restoring health to us with several beneficial and healing springs of water called the Coole Springs which by his blessing have wrought many wonderfull and signall Cures."

The fame of the springs spread as far as New York. That the people who would be attracted from a distance might be cared for, the Governor proposed to give twenty-five pounds sterling toward the building of "some small Tenements . . . in the nature of a Hospitall."

The result was the passage by the legislature of a bill

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to purchase "for pious and charitable uses" fifty acres of land, "in which the said fountains shall be included."

Later in 1698 the hospital was ready, the second hospital in the Colonies.

The springs still flow on the grounds of the Charlotte Hall School, which began its sessions in 1775. There are four large springs, and a number much smaller.

Among the patrons of the springs were many of those who had estates on the Potomac above St. Mary's. For the possession of such a home on the Potomac was considered desirable at an early day.

Perhaps the two most famous estates on the lower river were those of the two friends, George Mason and George Washington. George Mason lived in Gunston Hall, four miles from Mount Vernon. The grandson of the George Mason who fled to America after the battle of Worcester, when he was in arms against the King of England, erected this house in 1758. His grandfather was owner of land in Virginia in 1655.

It is recorded that Washington and Mason were on the most neighborly terms, passing back and forth along the river, each to the home of the other. Frequently the master of Mount Vernon floated down the stream in his four-oared gig, manned by his own slaves. Sometimes the river trip was followed by a ramble through the woods or the fields. Once the two walked along what they decided was the boundary line between the estates.

Gifts were exchanged between the two houses. On one occasion Washington sent to Gunston Hall some choice shoots of the Persian jessamine and the Guilder rose. Again a liberal supply of cider was sent from Gunston Hall, while in 1785, when Mason killed the first deer of the season, he sent a side to Mount Vernon.

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Like his neighbor, Mason was dragged from the retirement of his estate because his country needed him. As a member of the Virginia Convention he prepared the Bill of Rights which became a part of the Constitution. Later he was a member of the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia, though he refused to sign the document adopted by that body because it contained what he thought were dangerous provisions.

Gunston Hall still stands, a monument to the friend of Washington, who, competent critics have said, was one of the greatest statesmen of all time. Thus he was a fit neighbor for the sage of Mount Vernon.

Most visitors go to Mount Vernon by land, losing thus the picturesque approach that was used by George Mason, by way of the Potomac. When Mason first visited his friend, the Mount Vernon estate contained about one thousand acres, but the property has been reduced gradually until now it contains about two hundred acres, with the Mansion as its dominating feature. Since 1858 this has been the possession of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, by whom it has been preserved for the people.

When Washington, the farmer, was in charge of the estate, he divided it into five plantations. These were the Mansion House Farm, the Union Farm, the Muddy Hole Farm, the Dogue River Farm, and the River Farm.

These names Washington gave in his diaries, which he kept through all the years of his residence at Mount Vernon. Fortunately the diaries have been preserved. The originals of most of them may be seen in the Library of Congress.

These diaries tell how busy Washington was on the es-



THE LEE MANSION IN ARLINGTON CEMETERY, ON THE POTOMAC RIVER



LOOKING TOWARD THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL WHEN THE JAPANESE CHERRY TREES
ARE IN BLOOM



THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL, WASHINGTON, FROM THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

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tate. He did not leave the oversight to a manager, but rode about, early and late, and took his part in the work.

Among the most interesting entries in the diaries are those which tell of the making of improvements to the house and the grounds. Those who go to Mount Vernon can say, "It was of this very spot Washington was speaking in his diary."

Thus, on March 27, 1760, the patriot-farmer wrote:

"Agreed to give Mr. William Triplet £18 to build the two houses in the Front of my House . . . and running walls for Pallisades to them from the Great house, and from the Great House to the Wash House of Kitchen also."

On January 9, 1769: "At home all day, opening the Avenue to the House." (This was the avenue from the Mansion House to the Porter's lodge on the Accotink Road.)

On May 13, 1785, the entry was made: "Began to set my turned Posts in a Circle in the Ct. Yard."

The same paragraph in the diary noted: "The Guilder rose in my Garden has just got into bloom." (With chagrin he noted that this was eight days later than the Guilder rose at Fredericksburg where his mother lived.)

On October 1, 1785: "Began to raise a Scaffold for Shingling the Front side of my House, next to the Court yard."

October 11, 1785, saw the beginning of the foundation of the House at the Southwest corner of the South Garden.

On May 23, 1786, Washington says he "began to lay the Flags in my Piazza." And on May 27 he told of finishing the laying of "28 courses of the pavement in the Piazza."

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The entry of September 7, 1786, is of special interest, in view of the fact that wall paper was still a rare addition to houses in the Colonies:

"Began to paper the yellow room this day—Major Washington and Thos. Green the undertaker—by the directions I received with the paper from England."

On March 17, 1788, Washington "began the circular port and Rail fencing in front of the lawn."

The Mansion was built in 1743, but as the years went by the owner wrought a great change in it before he laid down his pen and was taken to his tomb, the simple brick tomb to which visitors are shown, with its statement above the gateway, "Within this enclosure rest the remains of General George Washington," which was built in 1831, after the original tomb had been visited by vandals. When the bodies of Washington and his wife were placed in the marble sarcophagus in the tomb, the door was locked, and the key was thrown into the Potomac.

The words of Edward Everett will have new meaning for all who go to the tomb:

"No gilded dome swells from the lowly roof to catch the morning or evening beams, but the love and gratitude of united America settle upon it in one eternal sunshine. From beneath that humble roof went forth the intrepid, unselfish warrior, the magistrate who knew no glory but his country's good; to that he returned happiest when his task was done. There he lived in noble simplicity; there he died in glory and peace. While it stands, the latest generation of the grateful children of America will make their pilgrimage to it as a shrine; and when it shall fall, if fall it must, the memory and the name of Washington shall shed an eternal glory on the spot."

But the greatest monument to Washington is the Capi-

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tal, a few miles up the river from the estate beloved by the Father of his Country. The beauty and the glory of the city whose early years were so trying that there were few to do him honor have won for it world-wide fame. The view of the city from the Potomac is especially pleasing. The Capitol, the Washington Monument, the Lincoln Memorial, the White House, and many of the Department buildings show their dignified presence to those who cross the stream by the railroad bridge from the south, or who approach the docks on a vessel that follows the tide to the borders of the District of Columbia.

Beyond Washington lies Georgetown, which was half a century old when the city of Washington was born. In fact, the older settlement proved a welcome refuge to many of the statesmen who found Washington an impossible dwelling place during its early days. For many years the town across Rock Creek was the center of official and diplomatic society. Foreign ministers learned the wisdom of making headquarters there. A pleasing picture of life in the old town was left by the attaché of an early English legation:

“There is no lack of handsome ladies for the balls of Georgetown, drawn from the families of the members and others who come for the season. I never saw prettier, more lovely, or better-tempered girls anywhere—mostly from Virginia and Maryland. As there are but few of them, however, in proportion to the great number of men who frequent places of amusement, it is one of the most marrying places on the whole continent; a truth which was beginning to be found out and became by and by the cause of vast numbers flocking thither, all around from the four points of the compass.”

The banks of the Potomac at Georgetown and beyond

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are most attractive. Forests are there which have caused many appeals to make these leafy regions into a reservation that will be preserved forever for the people. What a wonderful extension these lands would be for the park system of the Capital!

There are innumerable fine walks in the vicinity of Georgetown. Some of them have been popularized by Presidents and other men in public life, who have made a daily habit of taking a stroll when the country gives compelling invitation.

One of the favorite walks is along Rock Creek, which winds about from its source above Georgetown, and enters the Potomac within the limits of that little city, close to the Key Memorial Bridge, the structure named for Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star Spangled Banner." His name was given to the bridge partly because he once lived close to the spot, where the bridge touches the Virginia shore.

Another favorite walk is up the Potomac, on the trail of George Washington, to Great Falls, and along the aqueduct which carries to the city's thousands the water secured at the Falls. Of the many points of interest on the line of the aqueduct, perhaps the greatest is Cabin John Bridge, built for the movement of the water far above the little stream that makes its peaceful way toward the Potomac. This famous bridge is 420 feet long. The arch has a span of 220 feet, and thus is one of the largest span arches in the world.

The unusual bounty of nature in the vicinity of the nation's Capital led Viscount Bryce to say:

"I know of no great city in Europe except Constantinople which has quite close—in its very environs—such beautiful scenery as many of the woods which stretch along

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the Potomac. . . . Some day the people are going to set the true value upon all these things. . . . When that day comes those who come after you will either pay far more for their pieces of ground, or else men will mourn in vain over opportunities forever lost."

The Englishman was especially attracted by the valley of Rock Creek: "What city in the world is there where a man . . . can within a quarter of an hour and on his own feet get in a beautiful rocky glen such as you would find in the woods of Maine or Scotland," he wrote, "a winding, rocky glen, with a broad stream foaming over its stony bed; and with leafy woods looking down on each side, where you not only have a carriage road at the bottom, but an inexhaustible variety of foot-paths; where you can force your way through thickets and test your physical ability in scaling the face of broad cliffs?"

The efforts of many years to save the creek valley from destruction were crowned with success in 1890, when the government bought the valley, paying more than one million dollars for this region where John Quincy Adams once owned a mill, and the creek where Robert Fulton made his first steamboat experiments with models from which his successful *Clermont* was built later on.

The wild beauty of the Potomac in the vicinity of Washington is by no means confined to the Rock Creek country. Much farther upstream the rugged country begins. Fifteen miles above Washington the Potomac begins a rapid descent. Within two miles the fall of the water is eighty feet. The final descent is at Great Falls, where the water drops thirty-five feet.

Those who stand beside these Falls will be interested in remembering that, between the close of the Revolution and the beginning of his first term as President, George

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Washington gave much attention to what was known as the Potomac Canal Company. He had a dream of carrying on commerce, by means of the Potomac, with the western country, which was already promising such wonderful development.

Because of the rapids and falls in the river, it was decided to build a canal, and a company was organized for the purpose. George Washington was not only a stockholder, but he was chairman of the meeting held to organize the company, and he was a leader in the study of the river and what the company would have to do to overcome the difficulty caused by the Falls. How many times Washington must have ridden his horse from Mount Vernon up the Potomac to the Falls! Once he said in his diary that he arrived "after as disagreeable a ride as I ever had for the distance."

On August 3, 1785, Washington told of an examination of the rapids: "Beginning at the head of them we went through the whole water, and continued from the foot of them to the Great Falls." Then he said: "The Water through the Falls is of sufficient depth for good navigation; and as formidable as I had conceived them to be; but by no means impracticable."

Washington's plan for a canal about the Falls was adopted. This was to be about 2,400 yards long.

Work was begun on October 18, 1785, and continued for several years, in spite of difficulties due to rocks, as well as to lack of funds. At length the canal, which cost \$750,000, was completed, and it was possible to carry on trade with the West, even as far as the Missouri River, Mobile, and Lake Erie. Georgetown became a port of entry, and in the period from 1790 to 1821 duties amounting to \$620,000 were collected. Fifteen thousand boats,

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which averaged twelve tons each, carried merchandise valued at nearly ten million dollars. Tolls collected were nearly a quarter of a million dollars.

The work begun by the Potomac Company was taken up by the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, in 1828, and a canal was completed to Cumberland, along the banks of the Potomac. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal keeps company with the river through mile after mile of beautiful scenery, first amid the hills and the forests, then in the country of the mountains. The traveler on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad sees from the window both river and canal, as well as the National Road which is a monument to the persistent statesmanship of Henry Clay. Those who ride along the historic highway have a better opportunity to appreciate the marvels of both waterways. But only those who have had the good fortune to take passage on a canal boat, or to wander by the banks of the Potomac as the waters reach back toward their source in the Alleghanies, beyond Cumberland, can appreciate the fascination of the country, which made itself known first to the Indians, then to the pioneers, the soldiers who marched through the country or manned the frontier forts, and the builders of the triple wonders of the valley—the river, the canal, and the railroad.

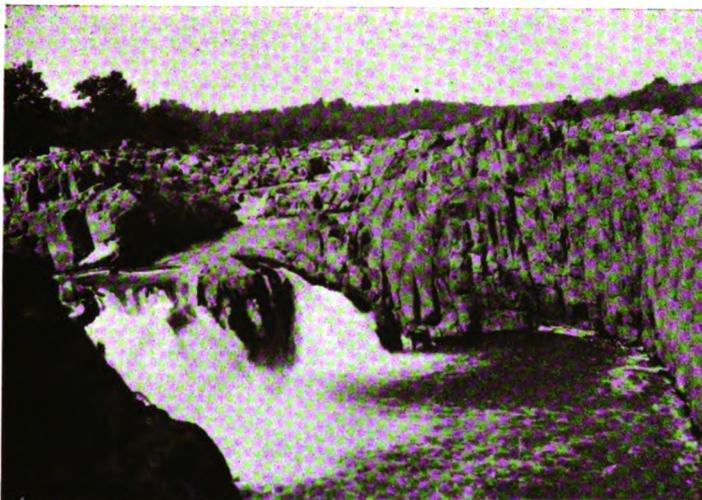
Of all the beauty spots on the Potomac's course, chief place must be given to Harper's Ferry, where Maryland, Virginia, and West Virginia are separated only by the waters of the Potomac and its tributary, the Shenandoah. The heights of Bolivar, Loudoun, and Maryland unite with the rivers in making a matchless picture. The canal, the railroad, and the highway approach the bridge which leads to Harper's Ferry under the shoulder of a tree-covered, precipitous ridge. A second bridge crosses the

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Shenandoah from West Virginia into Virginia, while a highway reaches down into the Valley of Virginia, watered by the Shenandoah, where fairyland waits for those who travel toward old-fashioned Charlestown; Winchester, which so many times changed hands during the Civil War; Harrisonburg, where pleasing modern developments mingle with the relics of historic days; Staunton, which is a bit of the Old Dominion kept for modern satisfaction. But who can go along the valley without turning aside over Massanutten Mountain to see the wonders of Luray Caverns, or continuing through Lexington, the city which is so proud of the educational service there of Robert E. Lee after he turned from his campaign to the arts of peace, on to the Natural Bridge, which tells of days when Thomas Jefferson found delight in this marvel hidden in the forest?

Jefferson was partial also to Harper's Ferry. He declared that the scene from the heights was worth a trip across the Atlantic, and he went there frequently, sometimes alone, again in the company of friends to whom he showed with pride the Old Dominion's landscapes.

Harper's Ferry is noted not only for its beauty, but for its past. During more than a century it was a center of national interest. The year 1747 witnessed its real beginning; then Robert Harper picked his way through the woods from Baltimore to the junction of the rivers. He planned to go down the Shenandoah to Winchester, but the fascinations of the region of blending rivers held him, and he was not satisfied until he bought the log cabin of the lone settler he found there. In this he decided to make his home, that he might live on beauty as well as on the fruits of field and forest. Soon he realized the necessity of establishing a ferry for the accommo-



GREAT FALLS OF POTOMAC RIVER



JEFFERSON'S ROCK AT HARPER'S FERRY ON THE POTOMAC RIVER



WHERE THE SHENANDOAH RIVER JOINS THE POTOMAC AT HARPER'S FERRY, WEST VIRGINIA

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dation of the travelers and settlers who followed him to his chosen spot. Far and near this came to be spoken of as Harper's Ferry.

When George Washington was securing his experience as a surveyor, he wandered over the lands of Lord Fairfax until he knew the country thoroughly. His practical mind and his dependable memory enabled him, in 1794, to fix on Harper's Ferry as the best possible spot for the new National Armory which he, as President, recommended to Congress. On his assurance that ample water power could be counted on there, 435 acres were purchased, and the shops were built. These were called on for the production of most of the flintlock muskets used during the War of 1812.

When war with France was threatened during the Presidency of John Adams, because of the action of our former ally in seizing hundreds of American ships on the high seas, an army was made ready for possible service. Part of this army was in camp for a season near Harper's Ferry.

The next great stage in Harper's Ferry's checkered history was ushered in by John Brown, who, on October 16, 1859, led nineteen men who succeeded in capturing the armory. Although United States forces, led by Colonel Robert E. Lee, besieged the engine-house in which the insurgents barricaded themselves, two days passed before the doors were battered down and the way was open to take the leaders to Charlestown, where they were convicted of treason and murder and were put to death.

The arsenal was destroyed in April, 1861, by the garrison of forty-five men, rather than surrender it to the forces of Virginia which had seceded from the Union.

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Thousands of rifles and many rounds of ammunition were consumed with the arsenal.

But Union forces soon drove out the Confederates from this important position, on the highway to the Capital of the nation, as well as into Pennsylvania. When General Lee was leading his army into the Keystone State, the fact that Harper's Ferry was then in Union hands made necessary a division of his forces.

Then came Confederate control once more, which continued until the battle of Gettysburg made possible the final capture by Federal troops of this location of many changes of ownership.

In some ways the town has changed. But there can be no change in the glorious outlook on the rivers, and the wooded heights, and the islands that dot the Potomac, or in the streets of the old town which rise so picturesquely above the Potomac, looking upstream toward the mountains from which the river comes, and down below toward the country of George Washington and George Mason and the far-away settlers of old St. Mary's.

CHAPTER VII

WHERE THE JAMES RIVER FLOWS

POWHATAN was the name given by the Indians to the mighty river which rises in the mountains of western Virginia and empties into Chesapeake Bay, after a tortuous course of four hundred and fifty miles. Their appreciation of the splendid stream won the approval of one of the early English explorers who, after ascending it as far as The Falls, where Richmond now stands, declared it to be "one of the famousest rivers that ever was found by any Christian."

The discoverers from England thought that the stream should be dignified by a greater name than that chosen by the primitive Americans, so they called it "King James His River," or James River, for short.

But the river might easily have borne the more high-sounding name preferred by the Indians, for when it enters Chesapeake Bay through Hampton Roads it carries a volume of water that is exceeded, so far as American rivers are concerned, only by the Columbia and the Potomac.

On June 10, 1607, the first explorers ascended the river to the Falls. There they stopped, for, Gabriel Archer wrote:

"Here the water falls Downe through great Manye Rockes from ledges of Rockes above . . . in which fall it

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makes Divers little Islets, on which might be placed 100 water Milnes for any use."

The modern visitor to Richmond who looks out on the ledge of rock in the stream, and notes that the river falls one hundred feet in six miles, can appreciate how good were the reasons of the explorers for halting their explorations at this point.

So turn again to the record of Gabriel Archer:

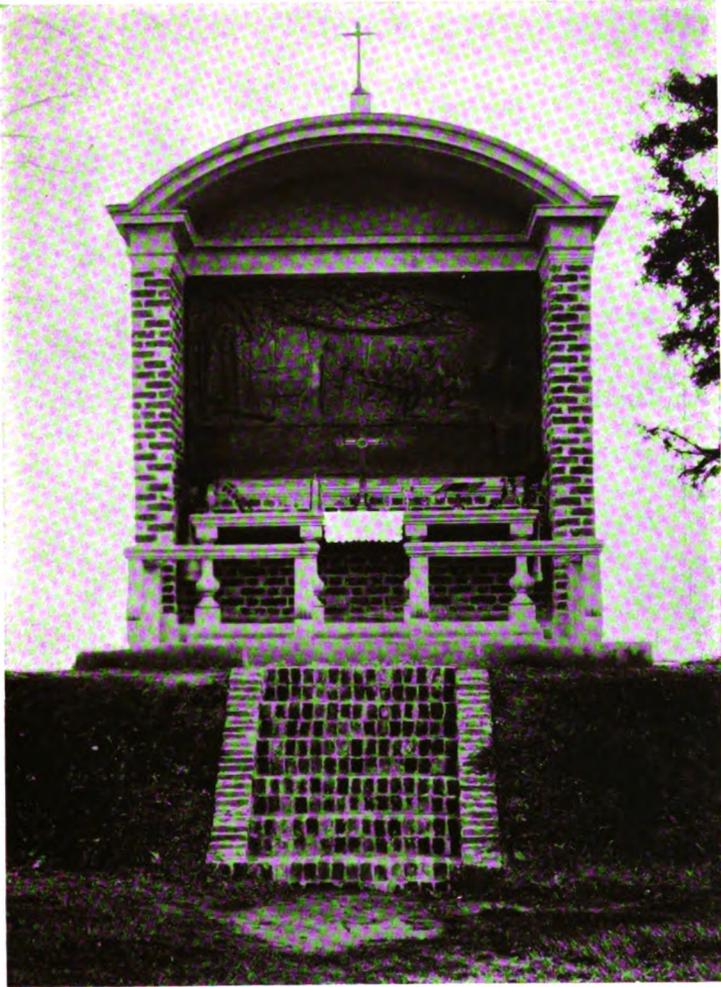
"Captain Newport . . . decided to explore no further for the present. . . . So upon one of the little Isletts at the south of the falls, he sett up a Crosse with this inscription, *Jacobus Rex 1607*, and his own name below. At the erecting thereof we prayed for our King and our owne prosperous success in this his Actyon and proclaymed him Kyng, with a great showte."

That cross of other days has its successor to-day. On a hill above Richmond is a greater cross which bears the inscription:

"Capt. Christopher Newport, John Smith, Gabriel Archer, Hon. Floy Percy, With Gentlemen, Marines, Soldiers, to the Number of Twenty-one, Explored James River to The Falls and set up a Cross. Whitsunday, June 10th, 1607."

The stately language used by the explorers in telling of their achievements is in keeping with the sedate flow of the river down through its ever-broadening estuary to Hampton Roads, the scene—more than two hundred and fifty years later—of the destruction of the *Congress* and the *Cumberland*, and, next day, of the epoch-making appearance of the *Monitor* to contend with the *Virginia*. There, in March, 1862, was born a new idea of construction that was to revolutionize the navies of the world.

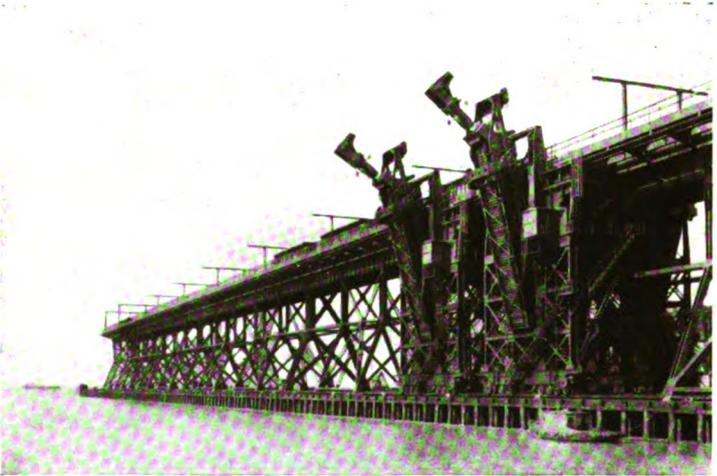
Hampton is on one side of the Roads, while across the



MONUMENT ON THE SITE OF THE FIRST COMMUNION SERVICE ON JAMESTOWN ISLAND



CARTER'S GROVE ON THE JAMES RIVER



THE COAL PIER OF THE VIRGINIAN RAILWAY AT SEWALL'S POINT

WHERE THE JAMES RIVER FLOWS

way is Newport News, with its glorious harbor and its mammoth shipbuilding plant. They are accustomed to large things in that country, as the visitor will find when he sees the wonders of Norfolk as well as such tremendous works of commerce as the coal piers of the Virginian Railway at Sewall's Point.

The generosity of Chesapeake Bay in affording outlet to rivers like the Patuxent, the Rappahannock, the York, the Elizabeth and the Nansemond, as well as the James, was not enough. Men who are always trying to improve upon nature constructed a canal to connect the waters of the Chesapeake and of Albemarle Sound, through the Great Dismal Swamp, to the south of the James in Virginia and North Carolina. This strange area—which at one time was thirty-five miles by twenty-five miles in extent, though it has been drained until its area is much less—produced so much valuable timber, juniper, cypress, and white cedar, that the canal seemed a necessity. That canal gave access to Lake Drummond, the area six miles square in the heart of the morass, and united its waters with those of the Chesapeake.

From the beginning canals have been a recognized feature of James River life. Not far from Richmond, Sir Norman Dale, of Jamestown fame, dug a canal across a narrow peninsula at Dutch Gap. However, this canal was not intended primarily to benefit transportation, but to provide sites for fortifications which would protect the new settlement Henrico from the Indians. Later this Dutch Gap Canal was valuable for transportation purposes as well as for defense; during the Civil War General Butler decided that the old ditch was worth adopting and improving. Under the fire of the guns of the opposing forces, he succeeded in doing a tremendous amount

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of work. His task was completed in 1879 by the United States Government, for the benefit of those who used the river, that they might cut off seven miles of difficult navigation.

But the greatest canal on the James is the James River and the Kanawha Canal. As far back as 1716 General Spotswood had the notion that the building of such a canal would be a good move. At the time he was making an expedition across the Blue Ridge. But he was ahead of the times. Not until 1784 were the authorities ready to think of making Spotswood's dream a reality. Then George Washington became the sponsor. He talked so convincingly of the necessity of improving the navigation of the James River from Richmond to the junction of the Kanawha River with the Ohio, that the legislature was persuaded to authorize a company for the purpose. Of this company Washington was the first president.

Yet fifty years more passed before the first section of the canal was opened for traffic, from Richmond to Lynchburg. The second section, to Buchanan, followed in 1851, while a third stage was begun, to extend beyond the junction of the streams that form the James in Allegheny County. Work on this section languished, and not even the proposal made in 1874 for the completion of the work to the Ohio could lead to action. In the meantime, however, the canal had justified itself by the great traffic which it carried from the interior to Richmond and the sea.

The first settlers did not think of canals; sufficient for them was the making of a settlement. The 107 colonists who came in 1607 with Wingfield, Christopher, Newport, and Gosnold, chose a site on a low-lying peninsula, thirty-two miles from the mouth of the river. This peninsula

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was long ago changed by the action of the current into an island, which, by a continuation of erosion, has been made much smaller than in the beginning.

To infant Jamestown came other settlers in 1609 and 1610. In 1611 the arrival of 350 men made it a lusty community. In fact, the town grew to such an extent that in June, 1619, when the House of Burgesses, the first Legislative assembly in British America, had its first meeting at Jamestown, the citizens were quite satisfied that this was nothing more than they had a right to expect.

For ninety-one years Jamestown, or James City, as it was named in the beginning, continued to flourish, in spite of plagues and Indian attacks and other nuisances. In 1635 the people had sufficient spunk to force Governor Harvey to take passage for England; they were weary of his bad government.

Bacon's Rebellion, in 1676, brought to the brave town its greatest disaster since the massacre of nearly four hundred Colonists by the Indians in 1622; in that year the town was burned. The State House was rebuilt, only to be burned once more in 1698. Then the glory of Jamestown departed and Williamsburg, a few miles farther up, and three miles back from the river, took its place.

But Jamestown's history was not to end so summarily. The island was to see a battle between Lord Cornwallis and the Marquis de Lafayette, on June 6, 1781. In the following September the French troops, bound for Yorktown, landed near the spot where the pioneers of 1607 stepped on shore. And its final appearance on the stage of history came in 1861, when General Robert E. Lee ordered the building of a fort there.

The preservation of the scant memorials of old James-

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town is due to the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, to which the owner of Jamestown Island gave the tower, the churchyard, and the fort. Monuments and memorials which have been built since add to the interest of those who go down the James on the leisurely steamboat and land where the pioneers of 1607 paved the way for the greatness of the Old Dominion.

Malaria, mosquitoes and the bad water supply were allies of Williamsburg in winning from Jamestown the primacy of Virginia and the James. The town dates back to 1632—in fact, it is the oldest incorporated city in Virginia—but it had no prominence until it became the Capital of the Province.

The Middle Plantation was the name of the new Capital until the desire to add to its honors led to the choice of a new name in honor of King William. An ambitious plan for the new town was made; it was to have streets laid out in such a way as to form the letters W and M, for William and Mary. Fortunately the notion was given up and the streets were laid out in checkerboard fashion, but with names which still give them distinction.

Williamsburg retained its glory until 1779, for it was the Capital of the State of Virginia during the early years of the Revolution. Richmond succeeded to its position as Capital, but the town still retains enough of its early greatness to make it memorable, not only for its history, but for its present.

There are the buildings of William and Mary College, the second oldest college in the country, on Duke of Gloucester Street. In the halls of this institution Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, and John Tyler received their

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education, while George Washington was the first chancellor after the Revolution.

Notable among the houses that have come down from early days are the little cottage where lived John Blair, president of the Council of State and Acting Governor of Virginia; the Wythe House, headquarters of George Washington before the Yorktown campaign, and home of George Wythe, Signer of the Declaration of Independence; and the Saunders House, in which Governor Dinwiddie lived for some time in 1752.

Then what admirable public buildings there are! Bruton Parish Church, first built in 1676, and replaced in 1715 by the present edifice, which "has been longer in continuous use than any other Episcopal church in America," the Court House, with its worn old steps, built in 1769, and the Old Powder House, the octagon-shaped building erected in 1714 to hold the Colony's supply of powder.

Near neighbor to Williamsburg is Yorktown, or, as it was called originally, York Plantation. The location is on York River, but, like Williamsburg, the town is so close to the James River that those who ascend the stream wish to turn their steps thither that they may go to scenes made famous by the closing campaign of the Revolution and the surrender of Cornwallis. Cornwallis had his headquarters at the Nelson House, which is still standing. A little way from town is the Moore House, where the surrender of the British army was arranged. Vying with these houses in interest is the old Custom House, built in 1715, the first custom house in the United States.

The banks of the James from the neighborhood of Williamsburg and Yorktown to Richmond, and even beyond, are notable for the old-time homes of pioneers.

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Carter's Grove, in James City County, was built in 1751. On the south side of the river, in Prince George County, is Brandon, famous for its wonderful gardens, home of the ancestors of Benjamin Harrison, which has been standing for more than two centuries. Weyanoke, in Charles City County, was built in 1740, on the spot where the exploring party which ascended the James in 1607 found a settlement of the Weyanoke Indians. In the same county is Sherwood Forest, the home of John Tyler, who built the house in the place of a mansion much older. Also in Charles City County is famous Westover, built in 1730, home of the noted Byrds, including Evelyn Byrd, once the belle of all the countryside. There, in 1781, both Benedict Arnold and Lord Cornwallis found shelter.

Appomattox Mansion stands at the junction of the river of that name with the James. There the Eppes family began their tenure of the surrounding estate, which continued for more than two hundred and seventy-five years. Near by is City Point, which General Grant made his headquarters in 1864, during his campaign on the James.

Shirley is a short distance up the Appomattox. This house of unknown age—probably it was built before 1700—sheltered the many Carters who were noted in the annals of the Province, the State, and the nation. The description of the house, as given by Robert A. Lancaster, is appealing:

“Four square to the world, three stories high, it stands, in the midst of a lawn shaded by great oaks. Rows of many-paned dormer windows look out from all four sides of the high sloping roof and huge chimneys tower above them. The entrances are through square, two-storied, pillared porches and the massive brick walls are checkered

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with glazed 'headers.' A glance proclaims it the product of prosperity as well as of taste."

Some of those who lived in these mansions found their way to the Falls of the James, during early years, thus visiting a spot where the first abortive colony of one hundred men was planted in 1609. The town was not founded until 1737, when Colonel Byrd, of Westover, laid out a settlement and called it Richmond. The new town was to become, in the words of John Fiske, "the most historic city in the United States."

During the Revolution Richmond was a center of patriotic interest, from the days when Patrick Henry made his immortal oration in St. John's Church, to 1781, when Benedict Arnold led troops into the city and destroyed much of the wonderful new Capitol building.

Memorials of historic events are located in many parts of the old city. But on and about Capitol Square are enough to make any city famous.

There is the Capitol, the central part of which is almost as it was when it was built in accordance with the spirited design of Thomas Jefferson, who, in 1785, at the request of those appointed to superintend the building, sent from Paris a stucco model of the ancient Roman temple, the Maison Quarrée of Nismes. This model may still be seen in the State Library.

Many events of importance in the history of the country took place within its walls, including the Constitutional Convention of 1829-1830, and the convention which declared the right of secession, in 1861. And when Richmond, instead of Montgomery, Alabama, was made the Capital of the Confederacy, Congress began its sessions there.

Beneath the rotunda of what in 1905 became the central

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building of the Capitol group, is the marble statue of Washington. This was made by the famous French sculptor, Houdon, who spent the last three months of 1785 at Mount Vernon, that he might have the first American sit for him. Though it was completed in 1788, it was not taken to Richmond until the Capitol was ready in 1796. Rembrandt Peale, whose portraits of Washington are so well known, said, after visiting Richmond in 1855, "If you will stand in the southeast corner of the rotunda and look at this statue or on a level with it, you may well think you are beholding Washington himself. That is the man, exactly."

Close to the statue of Washington are busts of Generals J. E. B. Stuart and Fitzhugh Lee, soldiers whom Richmond delights to honor, as well as of John Marshall, the first chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Surrounding the Capitol are the grounds of Capitol Square, on Shockoe Hill, set apart by act of the Assembly in 1779. Memorials of Washington, Henry Clay, and Stonewall Jackson are among the statues on the grounds. The Executive Mansion is also there, as well as the State Library.

Though this library was not founded until 1823, Virginia likes to think of the public library, the first in America, given to Henrico College in 1621, as its ancestor. Even if the present library has no connection with that earlier collection of books, the spirit back of the more modern institution is the same.

In the manuscript division of the State Library may be seen the parole signed by Lord Cornwallis after the surrender at Yorktown, the last dispatch written by Stonewall

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Jackson, as well as letters from Jefferson, Lafayette, Washington, Robert E. Lee, and Jefferson Davis.

Close to Capitol Square is a stately old three-story house, with square cupola. Six great white columns lift the hospitable portico nearly to the roof. In 1862 the residence was bought by the city of Richmond and was offered to Jefferson Davis as a gift. When he refused to accept it, the Confederate Government asked to pay rent for it, that the President might use it as the Executive Mansion.

Next came the years of Federal occupation following the surrender of General Lee and the possession of Richmond.

Above the Falls the James leads back enticingly amid forests and hills and mansions, past historic regions like Appomattox County, with its county seat, Appomattox Court House, where Lee surrendered to Grant on April 9, 1865; Lynchburg, where the fortunate residents on the side of the hill which slopes abruptly from the river are able to look off to the Blue Ridge and the Peaks of Otter, twenty miles away; Lexington, on the north branch of the James, with its memories of Robert E. Lee; and the Natural Bridge, buried deep in the forests, looking up to the green hills, survivor of an old cavern, long since cut away until nothing is left but the gorge and the bridge, which was a bit of the roof. Geologists say that the bridge is "eroded in the horizontal strata of Cambro-Silurian Magnesium limestone (Knox dolomite)." But how much more satisfying is the knowledge that the crown of the arch is about two hundred feet above Cedar Creek, a tributary of the James, that the public road which crosses the bridge is 236 feet above the stream, and that the arch is 44 feet thick, while its span is from 45 to 60 feet!

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Better still it is to look at the lofty, graceful arch, making no account of figures, but seeing only the gaunt, bare precipices that are in such striking contrast with the tree-clad cliffs that border the stream, and believe the structure made by the Architect of the Universe.

And here, amid the splendid ruins of a cavern that once may have been like Luray, the visitor receives impetus for wandering farther along the upper waters of the James until he passes entirely through the Blue Ridge and comes to the union of the Jackson and the Cowpasture Rivers near the borders of West Virginia.

CHAPTER VIII

THE OHIO RIVER, PATHWAY OF EMPIRE

FROM the early days of the explorers great generosity was shown to the Ohio River. They were lavish as they talked of its length; not only did they insist on making sometimes the Monongahela, sometimes the Allegheny, a part of it, but they proposed to rob the Mississippi—La Salle's River Colbert—of the long reaches from the site of modern Cairo to the Gulf of Mexico. Some, who evidently saw it in seasons of flood, agreed with La Salle that it was much wider than the Mississippi.

But the chief evidence of generosity was in names. De Soto's expedition wished to call it the Chucagoa. In 1680 La Salle spoke of it as the Baudrame. Again he said it was the Saint Louis. Later the French referred to it as *La Belle Rivière*; they were unable to think of anything but the beautiful scenery made by forests and hills along its many hundreds of miles.

This French name always has had decided appeal to travelers. George Washington was eloquent in his description of the great trees he discovered everywhere in the course of his study of the river banks on the upper river—"walnut, cherry, and some other kinds of wood neither tall nor large, but covered with grape vines, with the fruit of which this country at this instant abounds, are the growth of the richest bottoms." On more than one occasion this famous traveler set down measurements of giant

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trees which he found on the islands or on shore, similar to the famous "Sycamore of Fifteen Horsemen," so named because that number could stand within its trunk or "The Chestnut of a Hundred Horses," under whose branches the troop could find shelter.

In like manner, in 1785, John Filson wrote with poetic abandon:

"Along the channel of 'the beautiful river,' severing the dark forests on either side, like the zig-zag lightning's path through the black clouds, they floated on the gentle current. The huge old sycamores and cottonwoods that had beautified the wild banks for untold years stood at the water's edge and leaned over the stream and beheld their wide-spreading arms and giant forms mirrored in the crystal waters. Everything along the shore indicated the uninterrupted abode of the wild animals of the forest, except here and there, upon some rich bottom raised above the vernal floods, peeped from the rank foliage solitary mounds that had been reared so long ago by human beings that their builders had passed away without a tradition, a history, or a name. The haughty buffalo, and the timid deer, disdain the smaller streams that paid tribute to the Ohio, came to the margin of the main river to slake their thirst, and there was nothing in all the vast solitude to remind me of civilized life except the rude vessel that floated along the current."

A few years later an emigrant, bound down the river, became even more enthusiastic:

"How soft the blossom-scented balmy air is breathing! See! the sunlight dancing from one sparkling ripple to another! A most delicious April morning is inviting us with the blandest of smiles to come and float on the beauteous

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river far, far away to the boundless prairies, and the endless forests."

The sunsets and the twilights amazed this same man of long ago:

"The witchery then entranced the very soul. All of poetry, and of shadowy form, and of similar Elysium,—all of magic in musings and dreams—all was embodied there. The ethereal floated on the river's bosom, while its now unruffled waters floated our rude vessels. It dwelt in the dark mirror, where shadows of cliff and forest pointed to a depth down, down away, far beyond the sounding-line. It was melting in the blazing river, whence farewell rays were reflected as the sun hid behind some tall and precipitous headland . . . till the soul was phrenzied, as gliding past an island, another in front rose to intercept, and we were seemingly shut within a fairy lake, never to find an egress."

Naturally John James Audubon's emphasis was on the birds:

"The hooting of the Great Owl, or the muffled noise of its wings, as it sailed smoothly over the stream, were matters of interest to us. . . . When daylight returned, many songsters burst forth with echoing notes, more and more mellow to the listening ear."

Long before the days of Audubon or Washington or other traveling enthusiasts, Indians who roamed along the banks of the river, or camped on its shores, showed their appreciation of the marvelous beauty of their surroundings. Within easy reach of its waters they chose sites for the great earthworks we call mounds—most famous of them being the Serpent Mound in Adams County, Ohio, whose size is indicated by the fact that the egg which the

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serpent is represented in the act of swallowing is 121 feet long and 60 feet wide.

These builders of prehistoric works, and those who followed them, chose for the stream the name *Oyo* or *Ohi*. Fortunately that name, rather than those of the explorers, has survived on the modern map. Some say that *Ohi* meant beautiful, but others have insisted that the translation made by some of those who know the Indian language best, "The River of Many White Caps," is true to the facts.

Only those who travel along the entire length of the stream can understand what seems like extravagance used by friends of the river in their descriptions. They will, of course, find many flat and uninteresting places, but they will discover long reaches where there are lofty green slopes, like those which the builders of Cincinnati conquered by their inclines; precipitous bluffs, whose rich verdure disguises the rocks until they glorify everything about them; and rounded, billowy hills receding back from the stream in successive ridges that defied the early road-builder and made sport of railroad engineers who sought to conquer them.

The historian as well as the artist has much to say about the Ohio and its tributaries. The Allegheny River was a favorite passage of the French explorers and adventurers to the lower valley, and strenuous efforts were made to hold it against all comers. In his earlier years George Washington took a leading part in the attempts of Virginia to curb the greedy French. But he was partial to the Monongahela also, as well as to its chief tributary, the Youghiogeny, or the Yok, as it was called by disrespectful pioneers. Before the Revolution trail-blazing and the expedition with Braddock against the French at the

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Forks of the Ohio led him to these waters, while after the struggle for independence his appreciation for good land and his prophetic vision led him to take up many thousands of acres in the valleys with which he had been acquainted in days when he had time only to make observation for the future before passing on his way. And in 1794 he was about to send an army to western Pennsylvania to quell the so-called Whisky Rebellion, fomented by persons who resented the excise tax on their home-made product of the corn. But fortunately the rebellion collapsed.

The attempts of the French to win and hold the all-important valley of the Ohio and its tributaries began with the adventurous journey of La Salle in four spacious canoes, by way of the lakes, and finally, about 1670, to the Ohio River. Before his Indian guides and his French associates deserted him, he probably succeeded in reaching the Falls of the Ohio, where Louisville now rules the river. Twelve years later he buried a leaden plate at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, to witness the claim of the French to the valley of that stream.

Much more pretentious and picturesque was the expedition of Celoron de Bienville, who had "a captain, eight subaltern officers, six cadets, an armorer, twenty men of the troops, one hundred and eighty Canadians and nearly thirty savages." The departure from Montreal of this impressive company came soon after the proposal of Virginia to the authorities in England to permit the formation of a company of Virginia men "for settling the Countrys upon the Ohio and extending the British trade beyond the Mountains in the Western Confines of Virginia." At any rate, it is of interest to note that Virginia's proposal was made in 1747, and that Celoron set out on his adventure

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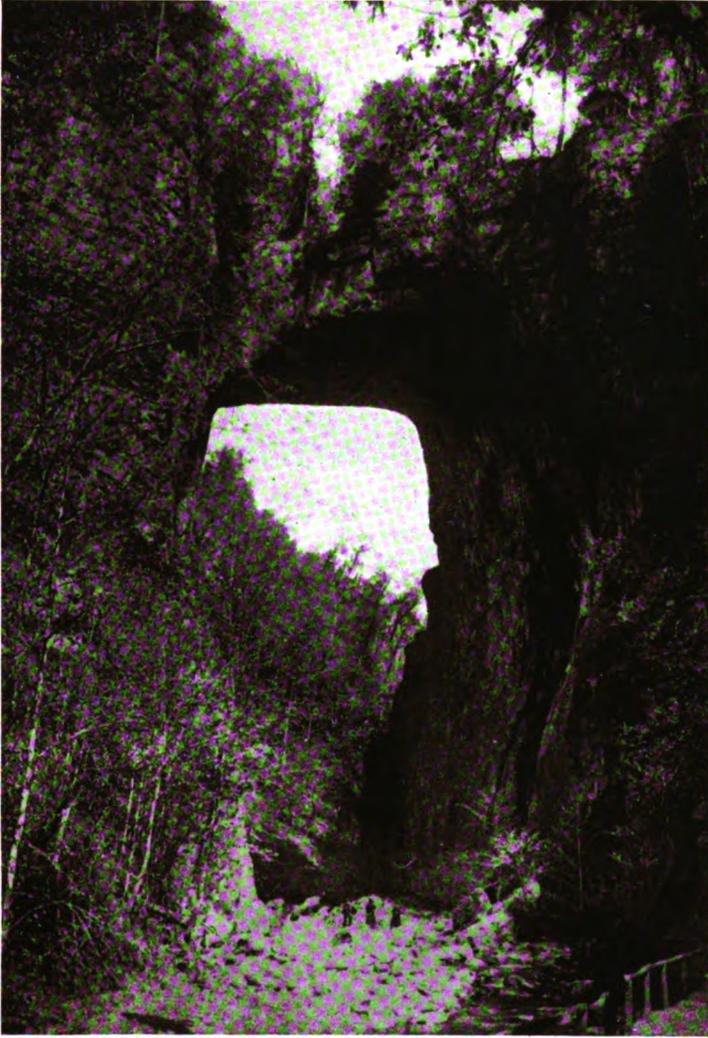
in 1749. It was his purpose to out-La Salle La Salle; whereas that explorer had planted a plate at the mouth of a river, he would deposit half a dozen, and so make lead-proof the claim of France to the waters and the marvelously fertile country drained by them.

The first of the plates was where the expedition, after crossing by land from Lake Erie to Lake Chautauqua, passed down Conewango Creek to the Allegheny River. On July 29 Celoron made the entry in his Journal:

“I entered at noon into La Belle Rivière. I buried a lead plate, on which is engraved the possession taken, in the name of the King, of this river and of all those which fall into it. I also attached to a tree the arms of the King, engraved on a sheet of white iron, and over all I drew up a Proce Verbal, which the officers and myself signed.”

This Proce Verbal of course made large claims. It declared that the plate was to be “a monument of the renewal of possession which we have taken of the said river Ohio, and of all those that therein empty; and of all the land on both sides to the source of said river, as they were enjoyed, or should have been enjoyed by the Kings of France, and that they were maintained by their arms and by treaties. . . .”

In like manner lead plates were deposited with solemn rites at the mouth of French Creek, Whiting Creek, Great Kanawha River, Muskingum River, and Great Miami River. What if these plates, even when backed by armed forces, did not accomplish the purpose of Celoron? They have at least contributed to the enjoyment of those who have discovered three of them—especially those boys sporting near the mouth of the Muskingum, whose curiosity was aroused by their find of the black document eleven inches long and seven inches wide, with its strange words



THE NATURAL BRIDGE NEAR THE HEADWATERS OF THE JAMES



ON THE ALLEGHENY RIVER AT WARREN, PENNSYLVANIA



ON FRENCH CREEK, NEAR THE ALLEGHENY RIVER

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which told of the purpose of the makers to hold forever "de la ditte Rivière Oyo."

In the meantime the Ohio Land Company was duly chartered by the Crown in accordance with their flamboyant prospectus. In fulfillment of the promise of the charter, its servants followed the Potomac to its headwaters, then ventured along to the Youghiogeny and the Monongahela, building forts as they went. One of the leading spirits in the fort-building, land-claiming organization was George Washington's elder brother, Lawrence.

The building of Fort Duquesne at the Forks of the Ohio, where to-day Pittsburgh has her seat, was notice to the land company to keep away from the French preserves. But the only attention paid to the notice by Virginia was to send the expedition under George Washington to tell the French that they must give an account of themselves; Virginia did not propose to yield claim to the riches of the Ohio Valley. Resolutely she set her face to the task until Fort Duquesne became Fort Pitt, and Fort Pitt became the gathering-place for those who would make Pittsburgh.

That there were many hopeful-hearted pioneers at the Forks of the Ohio immediately after the Revolution was discovered by one of the early visitors, Johann Schöpf, who served for Great Britain during the war. He celebrated the arrival of peace by making a journey of discovery. When he reached Pittsburgh he wrote:

"It now contains about sixty wooden houses and cabins, in which live only a little more than one hundred families. The first stone house was built this summer, and you will soon see several substantial buildings, as this place has hopes of becoming in course of time a large and important city. . . . As very considerable settlements have already

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been begun farther down the Ohio, which increase constantly and rapidly because of the great number of people who are daily moving in that direction, the inhabitants of Pittsburg derive much profit from trade and the coming and going of travelers. On account of its advantageous situation, Pittsburg, inconsiderable as the town now is, cannot fail to be in the future an important place for inland trade."

The region down the river to which Schöpf refers already contained many promising settlements. On the site of Wheeling was Fort Henry, which resisted two attacks from the Indians. The second of these attacks is best known because of two picturesque incidents. First, the besieging Indians, after capturing a boatload of cannon balls which were being sent to Corn Island and Louisville, manufactured a cannon from a hollow log. This they bound about with chains. But when they attempted to fire it, there was an explosion which proved fatal to the users and to those who stood by. The second incident is a favorite legend: the tale of the exhaustion of the supply of powder within the fort, and of the volunteering of Elizabeth Zane to go to the cabin of her brother, Colonel Zane, who also was besieged by the Indians. When the Indians saw her dart from the fort, they paid no attention to her, because she was only a squaw. But when she reached the cabin and told her errand, a tablecloth was fastened about her waist, a keg of powder was emptied into it, and she was sent on her dangerous way. The besiegers, discovering their error in paying no heed to her, tried to shoot her, but in vain. Her burden enabled the men in the fort to maintain the siege; after three days of further effort the Indians retreated.

But the West Virginia bank of the Ohio did not wait

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until the attacks on Fort Henry for their baptism in blood. One of the famous battles of pioneer warfare was that of Point Pleasant, on October 10, 1774, at the mouth of the Great Kanawha River, when the force of General Lewis defeated a body of the Indians who, under Chief Cornstalk, enraged at the persistence of the settlers in seeking lands on the river, had taken the warpath. The victory gave fresh impetus to the movement of pioneers down the river. On the southern bank, men from Virginia, whose pilgrimage began in 1770, pushed on until they possessed the land for hundreds of miles.

But there was delay in peopling the north bank of the river, "the Indian lands." And when the settlers did begin to make their home there, they hailed from New England. In 1788 the advance guard under General Rufus Putnam floated down from Brownsville on the Monongahela to Fort Harmar, a fort which United States troops had built in 1785, and formed, in the name of the Ohio Company, the settlement which was called for a time The Muskingum. Later this became Marietta. So New England's conquest of the Northwest Territory was begun.

Rapidly the pioneers built their towns and developed their social, civil, and religious life. Within a few months they had transplanted to the banks of the Ohio many of their cherished institutions. "Our first ball was opened about the middle of December," wrote one of the women, to a friend in the East who probably was pitying the writer because of the hardships of her life. At this ball "were fifteen ladies, as well accomplished in the manner of polite circles," continued the writer of the letter, "as any I have ever seen in the old States. I mention this to show the progress of society in this new world, where, I believe, we shall vie with, if not excel, the old States in

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every accomplishment necessary to render life agreeable and happy."

One further glimpse of life at Marietta should be given. It tells of an event of September 2, 1788—the sitting of the first court in the new settlement:

"The procession was formed at the Point (where most of the settlers resided), in the following order: 1st, The high sheriff, with his drawn sword; 2d, the citizens; 3d, the officers of the garrison of Fort Harmar; 4th, the members of the bar; 5th, the supreme judge; 6th, the governor and clergyman; 7th, the newly appointed judges of the court of common pleas, General Rufus Putnam and Benjamin Tupper.

"They marched up a path that had been cut and cleared through the forest to Campus Martius Hall (stockade), where the whole counter-marched, and the judges took their seats. The clergyman, Dr. Cutler, then invoked the divine blessing. The sheriff . . . proclaimed with his solemn 'O yes,' that a court is opened for the administration of even-handed justice to the poor and the rich, to the guilty and the innocent, without respect of person; none to be punished without a trial by their peers, and then in pursuance of the laws and evidence in the case. . . . To witness this spectacle, a large body of Indians was collected, from the most powerful tribes then occupying the almost entire West. They had assembled for the purpose of making a treaty."

A notable event of the following year, 1789, was the arrival of Governor St. Clair, appointed to administer the affairs of the Northwest Territory, and his removal in 1790 to Fort Washington, which became the nucleus for Cincinnati. The original name of the settlement was Losantiville; the *L* stood for the Licking, which had its

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mouth, *os*, into the Ohio opposite (*anti*) the new town (*ville*). This fantastic name was chosen by John Cleve Symmes, who had secured a large grant of land bordering on the Ohio River. Fortunately, this name was doomed to early extinction; General St. Clair frowned upon it. He thought it fitting to call by its name Cincinnati the town that was to become in 1801 the capital city of Ohio.

Sixteen miles from Cincinnati, at North Bend, close to the Indian line, the monument to Judge Symmes tells of his part in making the territory of the valley of the Ohio. A few rods distant is the grave of General William Henry Harrison, whose service as Governor of the Northwest Territory added to the reputation that later made him President.

There were, of course, failures as well as successes among the settlements on the river. Perhaps the greatest tragedy was that of Gallipolis, the town located not far from the scene of the battle of Point Pleasant, but on the northern shore of the river. Some six hundred French emigrants were lured there by the siren voice of Joel Barlow, who went to France to sell lands. These lands were not yet in possession of the company; it only had the right to purchase them from Congress. But the Frenchmen pinned their faith to Barlow, sold their possessions, and embarked for the New World. When they reached Alexandria, Virginia, in 1790, there was trouble. For the Scioto Associates had no land with which to fulfill the promises of their agent.

In this emergency William Duer, whose position of leadership among the Associates made him feel the gravity of the situation, remembered a debt owed to him by the Ohio Company for assistance given them in their move to

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Marietta and the settlement for their lands. Would they help him out?

They did—to the tune of nearly two hundred thousand acres. To these lands the pilgrims from across the sea were taken. "Rufus Putnam was engaged to build their huts," says Frederick L. Paxson, "but no one could be found to fulfill the promises of Barlow's prospectus, or to provide profitable occupation for the skilled craftsmen who were among the emigrants." Colonel Duer failed in 1782, before the titles at Gallipolis had been straightened out; the settlement withered away, and Congress for many sessions listened to the tales of disappointed hopes and fraud. Ultimately the sufferers were compensated in part.

One of the colonists, Waldeuard Manlette, wrote in 1843 to the *American Pioneer*, an account of the pitiful state of the deluded French:

"Far in a distant land, separated forever from their friends and relatives, with exhausted means, was it surprising that they were disheartened and that every social tie should have been loosened, nearly broken, and a great portion of the deceived colonists should have become reckless? Many of the colonists went off and settled elsewhere with the means that remained to them . . . others led a half-savage life, as hunters for skins; the greater part, however, resolved, in a general assembly, to make a memorial of their grievances, and to send it to Congress."

One result of the memorial was to secure 24,000 acres, on the Ohio, opposite the mouth of the Little Sandy. Ninety-three persons shared in the grant, and conditions were somewhat relieved. But, in the words of one his-

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torian, "Gallipolis remains a scar upon the surface of the Northwest."

Gallipolis is thus the scene of the tragedy of a whole colony. Less than one hundred miles up the river occurred the tragedy of a single family—that of Harman Blennerhassett, a wealthy Irishman, graduate of the University of Dublin. After selling his possessions abroad, he came to America in 1797, and in the following winter he went to Marietta. From this settlement of General Putnam's New Englanders he conducted a search for an estate, until he found the island—now Belpre, on the Virginia side of the Ohio, which once belonged to George Washington. To Elijah Backus he paid \$4,500 for 174 acres. His first house on the island was a block-house. But in 1800 the family moved into what was, for the time, a splendid mansion. This was a three-story house, with single-story wings which stretched to either side until the whole became a semicircle.

The mistress of the house in the Ohio wilderness was a daughter of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man, a beautiful and accomplished woman, the gracious hostess of a home where there were books and music in profusion. Both husband and wife were a source of wonder even to the accomplished residents of Marietta, some of whom delighted to accept invitations to the island home, where lived a man who could recite all of Homer's Iliad in the original.

Early in the new century Thomas Ashe, a traveler from England, spent a few days on the island. His account of the visit is suggestive:

"The island home is seen to great advantage from the middle of the river, from which point of view little more appeared than the simple decorations of Nature; trees,

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shrubs, flowers of every perfume and kind. The next point of view on running with the current, on the right hand side, varied to a scene of enchantment. A lawn, in the form of a fan inverted, presented itself. . . . This lawn contained one hundred acres of the best portion, interspersed with flowering shrubs and clumps of trees, in a manner that carried a conviction of the taste and judgment of the proprietor. The house came into view at the instant I was signifying a wish that such a lawn had a mansion. It stands on the immediate summit of the island, whose ascent is very gradual, is snow white, three stories high, and finished with wings which interlock with the adjoining trees, confine the prospect, and intercept the sight of farms, stables, and out-offices, which are so often suffered to destroy the effect of the noblest views in England."

A fellow passenger on the boat on which Ashe was, urged him to stop off for a visit at the mansion. Then came further revelations. Tea "was served with a propriety and elegance I never witnessed out of Boston. The conversation was chaste and general, and the manners of the lady and gentleman were refined, without being frigid, distinguished, without being ostentatious; and familiar, without being vulgar, importunate, or absurd."

But already the doom of the peaceful dwellers on the island was approaching. In 1805 Aaron Burr, dreaming of conquests, fair or unfair, in the Southwest, paused at the island on his way down the Ohio. He was a stranger when he arrived, but he was made welcome for three days. That time was sufficient to enable him to persuade Blennerhassett to join him in a scheme to take an armed force to the Washita, avowedly for colonization purposes, but really to enable him to subjugate Mexico, in case war with Spain should engage the United States. Later Burr's

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enemies charged that he contemplated a separation between the Southern and the Western States. But that dangerous man said he had never dreamed of treason.

It seems certain, however, that Blennerhassett was entirely ignorant of any treasonable plan when he agreed with Burr to help him finance the expedition down the river toward New Orleans, and to permit his island home to be used as a center for preparations. Boats were built at Marietta, and in December, 1806, the two men, with thirty others, floated downstream.

The authorities of Virginia learned too late of the proposed departure. When the militia reached the island the men had gone. The house and the island were looted, and Mrs. Blennerhassett hurried to join her husband at Louisville.

The arrest and trial of Burr, the opening of the eyes of the unhappy Blennerhassett, the burning of the house on the island in 1812, and the sad ending of the lives of those who had lived there so happily, belong to the record of American pioneer romance.

While living in poverty in Montreal in 1824 Mrs. Blennerhassett wrote a volume of verse in which she included "The Deserted Isle." Of the ten stanzas two are quoted:

"To the fair isle, reverts the pleasing dream;
Again thou risest, in thy green attire;
Fresh, as at first, thy blooming graces seem:—
Again thou'rt all my heart could e'er desire.
Oh! why, dear isle, art thou not still my own?
Thy charm could then for all my griefs atone.

"There rose the seat, where once in pride of life,
My eye could mark the queenly river's flow,
In summer calmness, or in winter strife,
Swollen with rain, or battling with the snow.
Never again my heart such joy shall know,

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Havoc and ruin, rampant war, have passed
Over that isle, with their destroying blast."

Contrast with this palatial residence the typical cabin of a pioneer, which was built on the river bank near St. Clairsville in 1800. One who was at that time a boy described it for his children:

"Emigrants poured in from different parts, cabins were put up in every direction, and women, children and goods tumbled into them. The tide of emigration flowed like water through a breach in a mill-dam. Everything was bustle and confusion, and all at work that could work. Our cabin had been raised, covered, part of the cracks chinked, and part of the floor laid when we moved in, on Christmas day! There had not been a stick cut except in building the cabin. We had intended an inside chimney, for we thought the chimney ought to be in the house. We had a log put across the whole width of the cabin, for a mantel, but when the floor was in we found it so low as not to answer, and removed it. Here was a great change for my mother and sister, as well as the rest, but particularly my mother. She was raised in the most delicate manner in and near London, and lived most of her time in affluence, and always comfortable. She was now in the wilderness, surrounded by wild beasts, in a cabin with about half a floor, no door, no ceiling overhead, not even a tolerable sign for a fireplace, the light of day and the chilling winds of night passing between every two logs in the building, the cabin so high from the ground that a bear, wolf, panther, or any other animal less in size than a cow, could enter without even a squeeze. Such was our situation of Thursday and Thursday night, December 25, 1800, and which was bettered but by very slow degrees. We got the rest of the floor laid in a very few

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days, the chinking of the cracks went on slowly, but the daubing could not proceed till weather more suitable, which happened in a few days; doorways were sawed out and steps made of the logs, and the back of the chimney was raised up to the mantel, but the funnel of sticks and clay was delayed until spring."

The families for whom such crude houses were made descended the river in various ways. Sometimes they used canoes. Most of them, however, trusted themselves and their possessions to a flatboat, described as an unwieldy box, which was broken up, for the lumber it contained, on reaching its destination. Others, more ambitious, used the keelboat, which was "long and slender, sharp fore and aft, with a narrow gangway just within the gunwale," from which the boatmen used their poles. The "ark" was a popular name for a flat-bottom contrivance in great favor with families, whose members found accommodation in it for themselves and their household chattels and cattle.

Fortunately the literature telling of the adventures of those who used these various contrivances is so complete that it is possible to picture them as they descended the Ohio in search of adventure or profit or a home.

When George Rogers Clark made his first expedition downriver, he had a companion, David Jones, who kept a journal of the trip. In this journal he said:

"I left Fort Pitt on Tuesday, June 9, 1772, in company with George Rogers Clark, a young gentleman from Virginia, who with several others intend to make a tour of this new world. We traveled by water in a canoe. . . . Instead of feathers my bed was gravelstones by the river side. From Fort Pitt to this place [Grave Creek] we were only in one place where white people were. Our

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lodging was on the bank of the river. . . . We arrived at the Kanawha. . . . We went up this stream about two miles and out on every side to view the land and obtain provisions. My interpreter killed several deer, and a stately buffalo bull."

When Thomas Ashe, the English adventurer who wrote so fully of his experiences, left Pittsburgh in 1806, he began to make observations which enabled him to give a vivid description of his journey. He spoke of the first settlements on each side of the river, where the land was well cultivated. He told about the "trading and family boats" which, in the fall and in the spring were everywhere on the river. The trading boats were laden with "flour, whiskey, cyder, apples, peach-brandy, bacon, iron, glass, earthenware, cabinetwork, &c," and were bound for Kentucky and New Orleans.

The flat-bottom boats used by these traders and families were made in quantities "almost everywhere along the Monongahela River, and in some places on the Youghiogheny; very few are yet built on the Allegheny." Unfortunately, he said, there was no boat inspection, and many builders persisted in palming off on unsuspecting purchasers poorly timbered and constructed boats which were not fitted for the difficulties of the way.

Fortunate was the man who secured a good boat. He needed, too, a cable at least forty feet long, for use in times of freshets, or of floating ice. Those who depended at such times on oars were foolish, since their use was apt to throw the boat out of the current which would take it safely past the islands; the use of oars would allow them to be thrown on the point of an island, and so "become entangled among the aquatic timber."

Even at night it was unwise to leave the current, even

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to land. Travelers were warned to "land as seldom as possible; they were not even to lie by at night." Of course they must keep a good lookout. The cable would be of use when they saw fit to pause for sleep, without landing. Flatboats did not carry anchors, but swung at cable length from a stump or tree on the bank.

Mr. Ashe paid forty dollars for his boat. This had an oblong frame, perhaps forty feet long by sixteen wide. The four pieces of the frame were "sustained so as to receive a number of bars across, on which were fastened thick planks with wooden pins, thus forming the flat bottom of the boat. Uprights rose from the solid beams of the frame; to these "boards were attached to form the ends and sides."

The boat was roofed over, except a small space through which those who traveled on it could drop or enter. The steering was done by "a large oar balanced on a pivot, issuing from the middle uprights of the stern."

The boat was divided into two "apartments, one for the owner, the other for the servants. There were also a chimney and four windows. Two men were carried with him, though it was usual to have at least four hands."

It was possible for such a boat to pass from Pittsburgh to the mouth of the Ohio in fifteen days, though twenty days was a more usual time. In summer, when water was low, from six to ten weeks were required for the voyage.

The year following Ashe's experience on the river, John J. Audubon, whose name is so familiar to all lovers of birds, set out with a companion on a trading voyage to Kentucky. Their start on the river was made at Pittsburgh. He made the journey "in an open flatboat, a cumbersome, unwieldy craft, managed by hand, and in this particular instance very badly." With much feeling, Audu-

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bon made further comment: "One who has never had this experience can little understand the trouble, anxiety, hardships and deprivation encountered in a long journey such as we endured. We were unprotected from the elements, and our beds consisted of tar-pine boards, upon which we slept as best we could, enveloped in our great-coats. There were times without number when our boat would run upon hidden sand bars to become grounded, and we were then often obliged to get into the cold water and assist in the work of extricating her. At other times, unprotected as we were, the rain drenched us to the skin, and our clothing was so saturated that it took many hours to dry. At night when it was clear, we continued our course down the river, but, in bad weather, or when very cloudy and dark, we were obliged to tie up to the shore, frequently to the bank of some wild, uninhabited island, and wait there for daylight; then we would resume our slow, tedious, and seemingly unending journey."

A trading venture undertaken with a motive quite different from that of Audubon, was that of Rev. John Mc-Millan, pioneer pastor at Chartiers, Pennsylvania. His people were unable to pay his meager salary, and so he could not make the small payments on his farm. The farmers had plenty of wheat, but there was no market. So "one of the ruling elders of the congregation proposed to the people to build a flatboat on the Ohio River, twenty miles away, and to pay the minister's stipend in wheat delivered at the boat." The elder said he would then run the boat down the Ohio and the Mississippi and at New Orleans would sell the wheat for money to save the pastor's farm.

The historian of the church relates that "on the trip, accompanied by two young men of the congregation, he

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passed through unknown wilderness, in constant danger from the navigation of the unknown channel and from hostile Indians, who swarmed on the banks of the river." But the venture was successful, and when, a year later, the elder returned by sea from New Orleans to New York, he had with him gold sufficient for the pastor's needs.

The plan of the church officer to dispose of his boat in New Orleans was followed by most traders. But sometimes these men sought to take cargoes upstream. One such merchant, who had bought a cargo of sugar which he proposed to take to Indiana, devised a plan to save the labor of poling upstream. He rigged an axle to cross the boat, on each end eight paddles. On a platform built above the boat six horses walked round and round, moving the axle. Twenty miles against the current proved possible. This seemed a great advance on the twelve miles a day usually made upstream, except in time of favorable wind, when the distance achieved was frequently fifty miles.

But there were greater hindrances for the river pioneer than those of the stream. The most exasperating of them came from the outlaws who lay in wait for traders and settlers, luring them to a lonely island, where they could plunder them, or even boldly seize the boat on the river. A favorite method was to station a man or woman at a lonely place on the shore. Their apocryphal tale of privation and their entreaty to be taken back to civilization frequently duped the hearts of even the roughest boatmen. But woe to those who took the lying impostors on board! Soon these men were transformed into robbers who managed to get a boat where their companions in crime could reach them.

Another favorite method was at parts of the stream where, according to the *Navigator*, the crude handbook is-

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sued at Pittsburgh to warn the voyagers of dangers, it was necessary to be especially on guard. The book would tell of men who were apt to be on the bank near these dangerous places, and advise that their services as pilots be secured. It was a simple matter, then, for the robbers to impersonate the expected pilot, and guide the trusting emigrants into the merciless hands of river pirates, who frequently took life as well as property.

A favorite spot for the exercise of this diabolical plan was above Cave-in-Rock, in what is now Hardin County, Illinois. The pirates had their headquarters in a spacious and picturesque cavern in the rocky bluff which faced the river. For many years this cavern—known for a time as Cave-Inn-Rock because the pirates of the period kept there a tavern, that they might the more easily lure their victims to destruction—was a landmark famous among those who knew the river, from the days of M. de Lery who saw it in 1729, and called it "*Caverne dans le Roc.*"

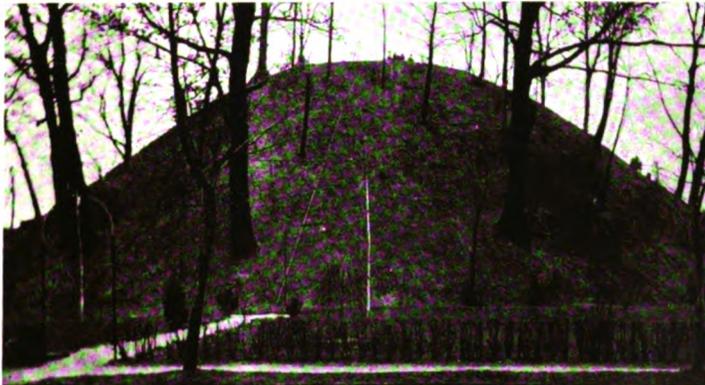
At first the reputation of the spot was simply because of its beauty. In 1766 John Jennings, who passed it while taking provisions from Pittsburgh to Fort Chartres, spoke of it as "a large rock with a hole in it." Christian Schmaltz in 1807 said it was a convenient place for a hermit or for a convent of monks. Not until after the Revolution did it begin its unsavory history. In 1797 Captain Mason, who had served in the army, continued a career of crime there. At other times it was the abode of the infamous Harper, or was the den of bands of counterfeiters.

To-day the little village of Cave-in-Rock, not far from the historic opening in the cliff, tells of the long season of terror that made pioneers fearful, but did not deter them from passing downriver, seeking gain or lands.

It does not seem strange, then, to read that about the



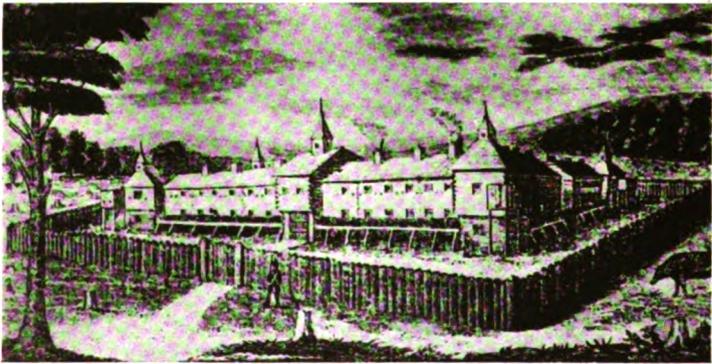
GIANT SASSAFRAS TREE ON THE OHIO RIVER



PREHISTORIC MOUND AT MOUNDSVILLE, WEST VIRGINIA, ON THE OHIO RIVER



OLD INDIAN FORT, POINT PLEASANT, WEST VIRGINIA



THE CAMPUS MARTIUS AT MARIETTA, OHIO

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beginning of the eighteenth century, when a line of keel-boats made regular trips between Fort Washington (Cincinnati) and Pittsburgh, each completing a trip once in four weeks, they were covered with a protection against rifle- and musket-balls, and had portholes from which weapons could be fired at threatening Indians or river pirates.

Of course measures were taken by the government to oppose these lawbreakers. The appearance of officers bearing arms on the Ohio River made evil-doers more wary, and travelers more confident. This feeling of confidence was increased by the report, in 1798, that two armed galleys had been built at Pittsburgh, designed for service, not against river pirates, but against Spain, whose obstructive tactics at the mouth of the Mississippi seemed for a time to make war inevitable. A government officer at Pittsburgh wrote triumphantly of these vessels, in May, 1798:

"On the 19th inst. the galley *President Adams* was launched, and is now at anchor in the Allegheny. She will be completely equipped in a few days, and will, I am confident, be as fine a vessel of her burden and construction, as the United States possesses. The keel of the second galley is laid, and the materials prepared."

A little later the same officer told of the launching on the Monongahela of the second galley, the *Senator Ross*. "She is certainly a fine piece of naval architecture," he wrote, "and one which will far exceed anything the Spaniards can show in the Mississippi."

Two years passed. War rumors had been forgotten. Now there was call for improvement in the vessels of peace. So the shipyards at Marietta built a schooner of 110 tons, the *St. Clair*, which in May, 1800, carried flour

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and pork downriver, bound for Havana, while wondering settlers on the bank watched the graceful vessel. At Cincinnati spectators thronged to see what, it was thought, would revolutionize river traffic. The vessel was in charge of Commodore Abraham Whipple, the hero of the destruction of the British vessel *Gaspée* in Narragansett Bay in 1772.

The voyage was so successful that other schooners followed. Before 1809 twenty vessels had been built. One of the largest of them was the *Monongahela Farmer*, which left the ways at Elizabeth, Pennsylvania. In command of this ambitious vessel of 250 tons was Captain Joel Walker, who chafed at the delay of two months at the Falls of the Ohio, due to low water. To his wife he wrote on August 26: "Our vessel stands the hot weather much better than I expected, but our flour does not stand it so well."

Such voyages as these led Francis Baily to venture a prophecy:

"If we may be allowed to anticipate a century or two, we may fancy we see a fleet of merchantmen doubling the cape at the mouth of the Ohio, and bringing up that delightful river (where nothing is now heard but the croaking of bullfrogs, the howling of wolves and wild beasts) the produce of every climate under the sun."

The prophecy did not seem so far astray when it is noted that in 1790 a French merchant in Philadelphia established at Pittsburgh "a wholesale and retail store and warehouse, a shipyard, a sail and rigging loft, an anchor shop, a block manufactory, and all other things necessary to complete sea-going vessels." Within two years he had on the sea two schooners which they loaded with flour from Philadelphia, then sent them to France for

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wines and other goods. To think of carrying merchandise from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia, by way of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Atlantic Ocean! This was cheaper than paying sixty-eight cents a pound for overland transportation.

Within a few years, however, merchants and navigators realized that wind and water on the river were too uncertain to allow profitable commerce by schooner. But by that time there were whispers of a means of transportation that would be far more efficient, so there was little regret. The day of the steamboat was coming!

The pioneer of Ohio River steamboat construction was Nicholas J. Roosevelt, a member of the famous family that later gave to the United States one of its great Presidents. When, in 1811, everything was ready for his venture from Pittsburgh, he sent men to the forests to cut timber for ribs, knees, and beams. These were floated down the Monongahela to the shipyard. Planking was cut from white-pine logs in the old-fashioned saw pits. A shipbuilder and the mechanics required were brought from New York.

Curious visitors watched the growth of the prow, and prophesied failure. But Mr. Roosevelt smiled at their doubts.

At last the boat, 116 feet long, was ready, and was christened the *New Orleans*. There was a ladies' cabin containing four berths. One of these Mrs. Roosevelt said she would occupy. Friends in Pittsburgh appealed to her to give up the dangerous project, but she insisted that there was no danger; she had faith in her husband.

"Mr. Roosevelt and herself were the only passengers," wrote J. B. Latrobe, Mrs. Roosevelt's brother, in his account of the trip. "There was a captain, an engineer,

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the pilot, six hands, two female servants, a man waiter, a cook, and an immense Newfoundland dog. Thus equipped, the *New Orleans* began the voyage which changed the relation of the West—which may almost be said to have changed its destiny."

Eager watchers at Pittsburgh saw the vessel swing into the stream and disappear round the first headland; their prophecies of disaster at the very start had not been fulfilled. The pilot, the captain, and the crew had their misgivings, but these were soon set at rest by the behavior of the boat.

At Cincinnati, which was reached on the second day after leaving Pittsburgh, an enthusiastic crowd welcomed the vessel. But still there were doubters. "You are as good as your word; you have visited us in a steamboat," one of these said. "But we see you for the last time. Your boat may go down the river, but as to coming up it, the very idea is absurd." The keel-boatmen shook their heads as they crowded around the strange visitor. "Some flat-boatmen whose ungainly arks the steamboat had passed a short distance above the town and who now floated with the current, seemed to have a better opinion of the newcomer. They proposed a tow in case they were again overtaken. But as to the boat's returning, all were agreed that could never be."

The doubters in Cincinnati were convinced when the boat returned from Louisville, having been stopped by the lack of sufficient water to carry it over the Falls.

When the stage of water was right, Louisville was safely passed, and the successful voyage to New Orleans was continued.

However, it was not until the building of the *Washington* by Captain Henry M. Shreve that the terrors of

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the river were finally conquered by the steamer. The *New Orleans*, and vessels which followed it, were unable to stem the currents of the Mississippi and the Ohio. But Captain Shreve's steamboat, built on a new plan, was a success; in 1816 and 1817 she made trips to and from New Orleans, and so began a contest with the projector of the *New Orleans*, who claimed a monopoly of transportation on the Ohio and the Mississippi. The case was fought in court, and was won by Shreve.

Then progress was rapid. Everywhere shipyards prospered, and vessels appeared as if by magic. The 63 vessels of 1819 became 230 in 1832, while in 1842 there were 450 boats west of Pittsburgh. In that year 105 new boats were built on the Ohio River. Progress like that continued until the coming of the railroad broke the back of river transportation.

One of the picturesque figures of early steamboat days on the Ohio was Abraham Lincoln, who, in 1827, lived near Posey's Landing, Indiana. At that time a ferry was operated across the river by John T. Dill, who had a license from the State of Kentucky, which has jurisdiction over the river to low-water mark on the Ohio bank. Young Lincoln owned a rowboat, which he sometimes used in taking passengers out to a passing steamer.

William E. Barton, in his *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, tells an interesting story of a contest between the two ferrymen:

"One day, when Lincoln was in his boat, Dill hailed him from the Kentucky side, and Lincoln rowed to the shore; when he was seized by Dill and his brother, the brother having hidden till Lincoln was within reach. They accused him of taking their business away from them, and threatened to duck him in the river. Perhaps they felt

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some misgivings as to whether even the two of them were safe in an undertaking of this character. For whatever reason, they offered to modify the plan if Lincoln would go with them to the house of a magistrate and have the matter settled according to law. Lincoln readily consented, and the three went together to the home of Squire Samuel Pate, only a few hundred yards away. There the Dills entered complaint, and swore out a warrant. This was issued and served upon the defendant, present in court, and the case of the Commonwealth of Kentucky against Abraham Lincoln was called. Both parties owned themselves ready for trial. The complaining witnesses introduced their evidence. The defendant had transported passengers from the Indiana shore to steamboats on the Ohio River, though having no license to operate a ferry on that stream. The defendant admitted the facts as alleged, but denied having violated the statute or having infringed upon the rights of the authorized ferrymen. The ferry license authorized John T. Dill to carry passengers across the Ohio River, and gave him the exclusive right of doing this for pay. But it did not forbid others than the ferrymen to transport passengers to the middle of the stream."

Of course Lincoln won his case, and was acquitted.

While the steamboats were in their glory, they were the favorite means of transportation of many famous men from the West, who chose the river as their most feasible way to Washington. Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson, Tom Benton and General Harrison, Tom Corwin and Colonel Crockett, were frequent passengers. At Wheeling they would leave the river, taking stage for Washington over the National Road, which was completed between Washington and the Ohio River in 1817.

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After the extension of the great highway to Ohio and Indiana, there was comparatively little trouble from Indians. But in the first days of the steamer, and during the decades of primitive transportation that preceded the steamer, the savages were the constant dread of all who used the waterway. During earlier years their approaches were made from both banks, but the earlier settlement of the southern bank and the understanding that the country north of the Ohio was still Indian land, led travelers to be more on their guard lest danger come to them from that direction. Yet the Indians were always an unknown quantity, and there was long deadly risk in any feeling of security from attacks on either bank.

When thinking of Indian atrocities it is easy to get the idea that the red men were always the aggressors, and the settlers and traders were the innocent parties. That this was not the case is illustrated by the unfortunate incident which led the Mingo chief Logan, whose friendship to the white people had become almost a tradition, to take the war path against them.

Logan, who lived three miles below the site of Steubenville, Ohio, on the bank of the river, succeeded, in 1774, in persuading from attacks on the settlers Indians who were enraged by the encroachments of Virginians on their territory. Logan, who was present at the council, said that, while they had good cause for complaint, the Indians had done many things against the white people. He assured them that, if they went to war, they would be able for a time to destroy the settlements, but that the "Long Knife," as the Virginian was known to them, would in time come "like the trees in the woods," and the result would be their banishment from the good lands they enjoyed. As-

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sent was given to his good counsel, and peace seemed assured.

But at that unfortunate time came a little company of terrified fugitive Indians, survivors of a little party which had gone to the junction of Yellow Creek with the Ohio River. There five men, a woman and her babe were lured across the Ohio by a large company of white men. Three of the Indians were made drunk. The two Indians who remained sober were challenged to shoot at a mark. When their guns had been discharged and all the Indians were at the mercy of the white men, they were killed in cold blood, and the one woman was also murdered.

For a long time the remainder of the party of Indians awaited the return of their comrades at the mouth of Yellow Creek. When they learned of the fate of those who had crossed, they escaped down the river, passing to the west of Wheeling Island. In time they reached Logan and told him their story. When Logan learned that among those killed so treacherously were his father, his brother, and his sister, his eagerness for reprisals was as strong as his desire for peace had been but a little while before. He declared that he would have ten white men's scalps for each of the three murders. During the summer of 1774 he was true to his word; thirty scalps and prisoners were taken by him and his band.

In 1778, however, an incident occurred for which the white man was not to blame. In February, Daniel Boone, with thirty settlers, had gone from Boonesborough, Kentucky, to Blue Lick, in search of salt sufficient to last during an expected siege of the fort there. Boone was separated from his companions by a band of Shawnees, taken prisoner, and carried across the Ohio River, then to Detroit, and finally to Chillicothe, Ohio. There he learned

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that an attack on his people in Kentucky was planned, so he resolved to escape and give them warning. The story of the journey of 160 miles to Boonesborough is one of the most thrilling tales of pioneer days. Early on the morning of June 16, 1778, he asked leave to spend a day in hunting. As soon as he was out of sight of camp he turned toward Kentucky. All his woodcraft was called into play to deceive those whom he knew would soon be on his track. He did not dare to shoot game, lest he betray his whereabouts.

At last he reached the Ohio. Unfortunately, the river was in flood and he was not a good swimmer. Discovering an old canoe, he crossed the stream. But he was not yet out of danger. For five days longer his hardships continued. Finally, footsore and weary, half starved and eager for a good night's sleep, he reached his friends at Boonesborough. Two months later he led in the defense of the fort against 450 Indians.

Four years later John Fitch, another of the wanderers who were lured by the Ohio River country, was captured by Indians while passing near the site of Marietta, Ohio, boating on a raft. His brief captivity bore fruit for the country. While he wandered about with his Indian captors, he observed carefully the country through which he passed. From them he secured details concerning the rivers of the West, and the form, position, and size of the Great Lakes. The information which they gave was, on the whole, accurate, and formed the basis of the knowledge which enabled Fitch, in 1786, to make a map of the country extending from the Lake of the Woods to Tennessee, doing the printing on a cider press.

Not far from Wheeling, at about the time of the settlement of Marietta, the Indians at Opossum Creek, which

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they called Buckchetawa, took a white prisoner whom they compelled to lure to the shore the boats of travelers who were passing downstream. On one occasion, when the prisoner, in accordance with instructions, hailed a passing ark with the information that he was an escaped prisoner and that they should come ashore and take him, a monster Indian, who was reputed to be nearly eight feet tall, was hiding in the forest. Unconsciously he peered from behind a tree at the wrong moment, and the suspicious steersman killed him with a well-directed shot. Then other Indians in the party fled, and the prisoner really escaped.

In the fall of the same year Indian marauders were proving troublesome to pioneers in the neighborhood of Short Creek, which enters the Ohio near Wheeling. Among the victims of their activity were two boys, one of twelve, the other two years older, who had wandered some distance from home. The Indians prepared to kill them, but when the boys told them of their love of the woods and of hunting, they were spared. The savages seemed to think they could make the captives members of their tribe. That night, when their unsuspecting captors slept without a guard, the boys killed one of them, stunned the other, and managed to escape to Carpenter's fort, some distance from their home. A party from the fort found the dead Indian next day.

Baker's, another of the strongholds of the settlers, was in Virginia, nearly opposite the mouth of Captina Creek, an eastern Ohio stream. One day in May, 1794, four men were sent to the river bank to look for signs of Indians, who had been showing displeasing activity. Two of these scouts were killed from ambush, another was taken prisoner, while the fourth escaped by swimming the river.

THE OHIO RIVER, PATHWAY OF EMPIRE

Their comrades at the fort, hearing the firing, hurried to their assistance. The fourteen men who crossed the river went up Captina Creek, following the trail of the Indians. From ambush the red men fired at them, and they took to the trees. Later they descended and pursued the Indians, of whom there were thirty. In spite of this superiority in numbers, the Indians were unable to win the victory in "the battle of Captina," as it was called later. Seven of the savages were slain, while half of the party from the fort were killed or wounded.

One of the unpopular marauders into Kentucky was Tecumseh, who in March, 1792, led Indians who stole horses from settlers in Mason County, Kentucky. They were pursued by thirty-six whites, of whom Simon Kenton, famous Indian fighter, was commander. They crossed the Ohio on rafts, and then followed the trail. An Indian camp was discovered on the banks of the Little Miami, but the red men were so many that it seemed wiser to wait for night and then surprise them. The attack was a failure; one reason for this was that there were one hundred braves in the camp, while Kenton had only a few more than twenty, the others having lost courage and gone home. Even so, fourteen Indians were killed and seventeen were wounded. The survivors, including Kenton, were three days in reaching Limestone, Kentucky, most of the time without food or sufficient clothing.

During the last decade of the eighteenth century many boats filled with settlers who were descending the Ohio River were attacked by Indians, their property stolen, and the owners killed. Among the victims were pioneers of Mason County, Kentucky. One little body of these settlers, dismayed by the constant danger to which they

THE ROMANCE OF THE RIVERS

were exposed, resolved to go back to their old home in Pennsylvania. The journey was made upstream from Maysville, Kentucky. They were near the mouth of the Big Guyandotte, close to the Virginia shore, when Indians secreted on the bank fired on them. Two of the men were killed. The others steered for the Ohio shore. On reaching the bank, one rushed into the forest, and was never heard from again. The remaining men stayed to care for the women and children. They started to lead them overland to Gallipolis, but forgot to take food with them. A woman in the party, bitten by a copperhead snake, had to be left behind with her children. On reaching the French settlement, the faithful men persuaded thirty men, in a keel-boat, to go downstream to the rescue of the woman, who had been hidden from the Indians.

During the absence of the men who had left her in the forest, the woman "was accustomed to send her little son to the river's edge, to hail any boats that might pass," a pioneer historian told the story. "Fearing a decoy from the Indians, several went by without paying any attention to his cries. An hour or two before the arrival of the aid from Gallipolis, another boat from farther up the river passed down. At first but little attention was given to the hailing of little James; but feelings of humanity prevailed over their fears, and reflecting also upon the improbability of the Indians sending such a mere child as a decoy, they took courage, turned to the shore, and took the sufferers aboard. They were then in a starving and deplorable condition, but food was soon given them by the kind-hearted boatmen and their perils were over. Soon the Gallipolis boat hove in sight, and they were taken on board, and eventually to Pennsylvania."

In the Ohio valley the Indians are only a memory, but

THE OHIO RIVER, PATHWAY OF EMPIRE

those who travel on La Belle Rivière between Pittsburgh and Louisville need have no difficulty in picturing the days of uncertainty and terror when every tree might hide a foe, and every island was approached with keen anxiety, lest it harbor a band of savages or robbers.

CHAPTER IX

THE CUMBERLAND AND THE TENNESSEE, RIVERS OF THE PATRIOTIC PIONEERS

THERE is an odd inter-relation between two rivers of the South, the Cumberland and the Tennessee. Their headwaters are not far apart, though they are separated by mountains and by the great Cumberland Plateau. The Cumberland River begins in Kentucky, and the Tennessee River takes its rise in the State of that name. But the Tennessee River drops rapidly to the southwest until it enters Alabama. The Kentucky also flows to the south, as if determined to get closer to the stream that was a near neighbor at the beginning. It, too, crosses a State boundary, and its course in Tennessee is quite similar to that of the Tennessee in Alabama. Yet the Cumberland seems to be too timid to reach within two hundred miles of the Tennessee, until the latter river retreats and rushes northward, straight almost as a river can go toward the Cumberland. Actually they come within a dozen miles or so of one another, just before they cross the line into Kentucky. Then they travel like brothers, almost in parallel lines, and never far apart, once more the Cumberland bends toward the Tennessee. This time it succeeds in coming within half a dozen miles before deciding that its company is not desired. But by this time both streams are within a short distance of the Ohio,

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and they lose themselves in the waters of La Belle Rivière, with only fifteen miles or so between their mouths.

The rivers are closely connected in their history also. Pioneers crossed from the headwaters of the Tennessee to the headwaters of the Cumberland, before passing down that stream, and other pioneers, bound for the Cumberland, floated down eight hundred miles of the Tennessee before passing into the Ohio, then into the Cumberland, which they ascended for nearly two hundred of its six hundred miles.

The Cumberland River was named in 1748 by a company of Virginians, in honor of the Duke of Cumberland, then Prime Minister of England. The Indian name, Warioto, was more musical, and so was the French, Chautanon. But neither name appealed to the men of English birth.

During the years between 1769 and 1778 venturesome hunters from Virginia and North Carolina went from the Holston, longest tributary of the Tennessee, to Powell's Valley, then to the Cumberland River. In 1770 a few of the first party built boats and descended the river to the Ohio, then to Natchez, Mississippi, with furs, hides, and bear's meat. They passed the place where Nashville was located later on, and saw an immense herd of buffalo, attracted probably by the Great French Lick, which became a determining factor in the founding of Nashborough, ancestor of Nashville. It is said that their bellowings fell upon the ears of the hardy woodsmen before they came in view of them like the roarings of a distant but tremendous cataract.

In 1771 a party of these hunters, who had returned to the Cumberland country, was attacked by Indians and the men barely escaped with their lives. But their lot

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was better than that of another hunter whom they came across who was trampled by a herd of stampeding buffaloes and so injured that he died.

Soon after this trying experience, in 1779, Colonel John Donelson led a party from Fort Patrick Henry, in Virginia, to the Holston, then to the Tennessee. Indians pursued them on the bank, and finally captured the unfortunate occupants of one boat, which capsized at the wrong moment. After reaching the Ohio, they entered the Cumberland, in spite of the flood waters of early spring. In five weeks they reached the French Lick, where they had agreed to meet James Robertson, after his overland journey of two hundred miles, in company with other settlers who were to make the beginning of the town destined to be the capital of Tennessee.

The early citizens of Nashville were troubled much by the Indians, stirred up against them by the Spaniards who claimed the country. In these Indian troubles Robertson proved a tower of strength; a brigadier general in charge of the district, appointed by Congress in 1790, after the country was ceded by North Carolina to the United States, he had the authority to care for them. Fortunately, however, the difficulties ceased soon after 1794. A book published in 1796 called attention to "the late friendly conduct of the Cherokee Indians, in consequence of a long talk with Governor Blount, and the amiable disposition of the Spanish government." These "greatly altered the condition of settlers in Cumberland River and made them perfectly happy."

Some of the pioneers who visited the upper waters of the Cumberland were astonished when they beheld the Great Falls in what is now Whitley County, Kentucky. There the river descends sixty-three feet. Then come ten miles



THE BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN, NEAR THE HEADWATERS OF THE
TENNESSEE RIVER



ON THE FRENCH BROAD RIVER, APPROACHING ASHEVILLE, N. C.



HAMILTON COUNTY COURT HOUSE, CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

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of rapids, while the river passes between beautiful bluffs three hundred feet high. The river is navigable for light steamers to within a short distance of the Falls, more than five hundred miles from the mouth. Those who travel along the upper stretches of the stream, especially above Carthage, Tennessee, are treated to what has been called some of the finest river scenery in America, including old Indian town sites, buried caverns, the Seven Sisters—towering cliffs—near the border of Tennessee, and the Natural Bridge at Burkesville, Kentucky. This is a country of Indian legends which tell how the savages revered the wild scenery along the river.

Government locks and dams have been constructed to help the navigators, from the mouth of the river to Nashville. In like manner the navigation of the Tennessee has been improved by locks and dams, so that steamboats can pass for hundreds of miles, past Pittsburgh Landing and the battlefield of Shiloh, the scene of one of 484 battles fought in Tennessee during the Civil War, over the line into Alabama, then around the shoals between Florence and Decatur, where has been built the famous Muscle Shoals Dam, designed for the harnessing of power for the production of nitrogen for agricultural uses.

The passage of the river above Muscle Shoals is much more simple than it was in the days of the pioneer, who had to face not only the difficulties of the channel, but the enmity of the Indians and of outlaws who had their lair in infamous Nicajac Cave, not far below Chattanooga, until troops from North Carolina and Virginia put an end to their atrocities.

One of the most picturesque spots on the Tennessee was chosen by those who settled Chattanooga. There Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, and Moccasin Bend

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are attractions that tell not only of the history of yesterday, but of beauty that abides.

From Chattanooga there are marvels of scenery all the way to Knoxville, the city laid out in 1792, "in a thicket of brush and grape-vines." General White, the owner of the land, offered lots for eight dollars each to those who would agree to settle on and improve them. The following year the infant town had a narrow escape from Indian marauders. Creeks and Cherokees had formed a league to destroy the city. On the way to the attack they stopped at a settler's cabin seven miles distant. The people there finally agreed to yield, on the promise that their lives would be spared. The Cherokees wanted to keep the promise, but the Creeks insisted on killing the settlers. The dispute that followed led to the disbanding of the forces and the salvation of Knoxville.

The treachery of the Indians was experienced a few years later at Fort Loudon, built by the British in 1756, thirty miles from Knoxville on the Little Tennessee River. In 1760 the fort was surrendered to Indian besiegers on the solemn assurance that those who were in it would be permitted to go to the settlements in North Carolina. These people started on their way, but they had gone only twenty miles when they were surrounded by the savages and all but nine men were killed.

Between the dates of these two massacres, in 1784, some of the pioneers who lived northeast of Knoxville, on the Nolichucky River, a tributary of the Tennessee, founded the State of Franklin, because they were so far from the seat of government in North Carolina. A constitution was adopted and officers were appointed. Application was made to the United States that they be received into its care, but the request was refused on the

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ground that the territory was simply a revolted section of North Carolina. The government of the little republic continued for several years, until there seemed to be no more necessity for it.

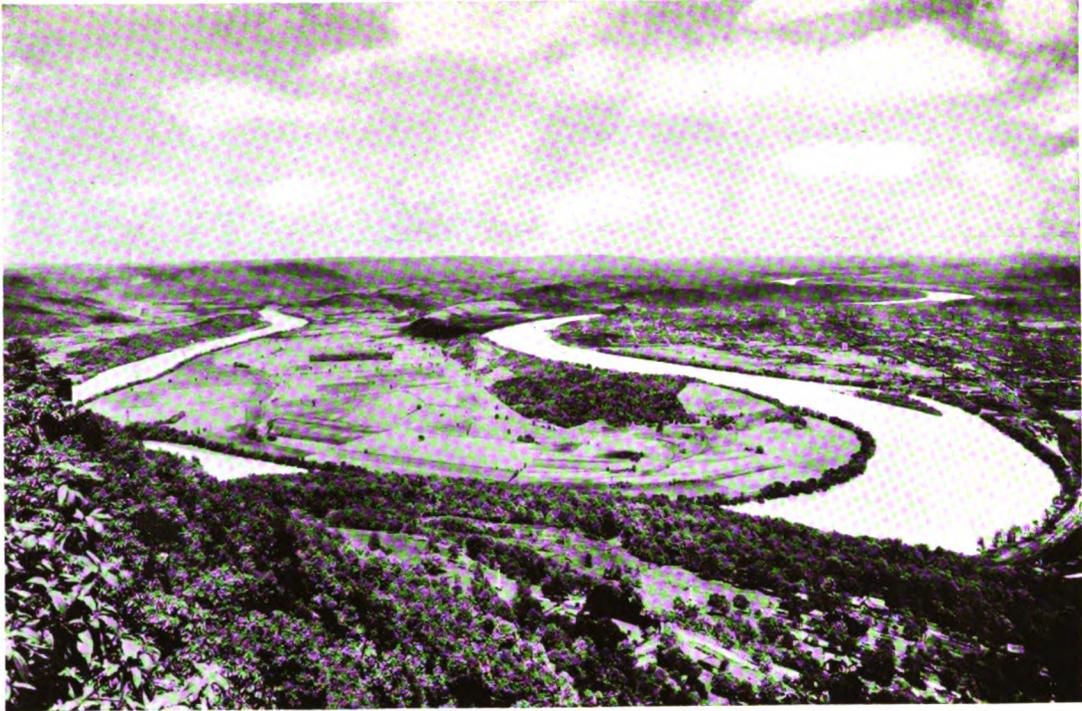
The upper waters of the Tennessee had the distinction of giving birth to another independent commonwealth, and at an earlier date. In 1772 settlers on the Watauga River, a tributary of the Holston, which becomes a part of the Tennessee, formed the Watauga Association. This little republic was, according to Theodore Roosevelt, the first in the country devised by men of American birth. Four years later North Carolina annexed, as the District of Washington, the territory occupied by the settlers of Watauga. This is said to be the first spot in America named for George Washington. The residents were not dissatisfied with the annexation, but when, in 1784, North Carolina ceded the country to the United States, the inhabitants revolted and the State of Franklin was organized, as has been narrated already.

A book telling of pioneer life, *Life as It Is*, which is itself nearly a century old, has given in most interesting fashion a description of the life of these citizens of the independent Watauga:

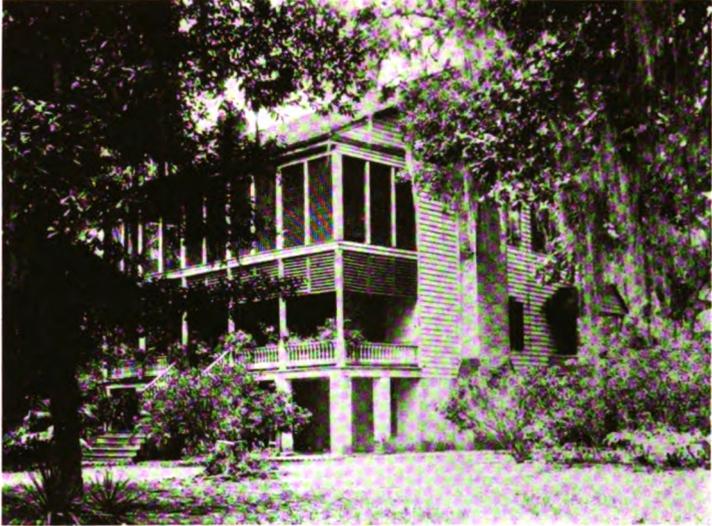
“When the first inhabitants of Tennessee settled down upon the Watauga, the Holston, and the Cumberland rivers, they were compelled to rely upon their own industry and enterprise, and live upon the plainest and most common necessaries of life. There was not a grist mill in the country. Hence the first inhabitants were under the necessity of beating their corn into meal by hand. . . . The floors of their cabins were laid with broad, split timbers, hewed with a common chopping axe, and these broad timbers were called puncheons. Their wearing apparel

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was necessarily manufactured, for a time, out of the skins of the wild animals of the wilderness, which the inhabitants dressed and prepared in such a manner as rendered them both comfortable and durable, and, in many instances, even tasteful and neat. . . . The cooking utensils consisted of a single cast-iron pot or oven, and they frequently baked their bread upon long boards, called Johnny-cake boards. Upon these boards the dough was spread, and then set up before the fire, until it was baked; and a most delicious bread it was, when well managed. The balance of the household and kitchen furnishings consisted of a table made of a broad slab split out of a large poplar or walnut tree, and hewed in the same manner as the puncheons. A washing tub, a water pail, and a piggin, often made with no other tools than a chopping axe and butcher knife (the latter being fastened in a stick of timber hewed and made as straight as possible, in imitation of a carpenter's plane, called a jointer,) constituted the ordinary kitchen vessels; and the ornaments of the parlor were a few round or square benches, called stools, made out of the same material as the table. The table furniture consisted of a few pewter plates, wooden bowls and trenchers. . . . Table knives and forks were often very scarce, but each citizen was supplied with one or more kitchen knives, and the inhabitants often manufactured forks out of small cane. The most difficult necessity of life was salt, and the settlers were frequently compelled to live without it, for a long time; and some of them did not use one pound in a twelve-month. . . . How did they contrive to preserve their meat? After the meat was butchered and cut up, it was suffered to lie a short time and cool; if in the summer season, it was plunged into cool spring water, until the animal heat escaped, then covered



MOCCASIN BEND ON THE TENNESSEE RIVER



OAKLEY PLANTATION MANSION, NEAR ST. FRANCISVILLE, LOUISIANA



RUINS OF HOUSE WHERE GENERAL PAKENHAM DIED, ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF NEW ORLEANS

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with clear, strong ashes, and packed down in a large trough, made for the purpose, where it remained a time, the length of time depending somewhat upon the temperature; it was then taken up, plunged, for a moment, into boiling water, to extract the bloody fluid, then hung up over a brisk fire, and thoroughly smoked and dried. After being cured in this manner, it remained sound nearly as long as though it had been salted."

CHAPTER X

THREE CENTURIES ON THE FATHER OF WATERS

WHILE the Mississippi River is exceeded in length by the Nile and in volume by the Amazon, there is no river that surpasses it in historic interest.

Its wonderful story begins long before men stood in amazement on its banks or floated along in its broad waters. In that day, when Minneapolis—if there had been any Minneapolis there—would have been a seaport, the Falls of St. Anthony marked the river's southern limit. Then followed the ages when the swift stream, laden with rich silt and with great trees and green shrubs, plucked from the banks to the north, made for herself not only banks which reached out into the ocean, but a wide valley beyond its shores.

The fascinating process was described nearly a century ago by a resident of Ouachita, Louisiana, in a pioneer periodical of the Mississippi Valley:

“Allowing the Mississippi a velocity of three miles an hour, we may be certain that it did not immediately lose its motion in falling into the ocean. But as the resistance of the still water would finally overcome its velocity we must admit that whenever it became quiescent, then it began to deposit its soil, beginning first to deposit its more gross and sandy portions, and at a still greater distance, the finer. The process being continued, would at length fill up that place. Consequently a bar would be formed, in

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front of the mouth of the river, and at a distance of three miles."

While the bar would be forming at the mouth, there would be similar conformation at the sides; these became the banks. And "when the bar in front had risen to so near the level of the surface as to admit of the lodgment of trees upon it, it would not be long in gaining a supremacy over the water, and becoming capable of opposing an effectual resistance to the course of the river." Next the stream would break over one of its banks and find a new way to the ocean. "Succeeding bar and break in the bank would come, usually, a change in direction, and thus the serpentine course of the stream would be determined."

Though the valley-building work of the river was completed long ago, its power is still manifest. Floods come, and the banks are torn away. Man's ingenuity is taxed to the utmost in building levees to hold back the angry stream, and the silt-laden waters are ever laying new problems at the door of those who seek to keep up the jetties which James B. Eads devised that the river, narrowed at its mouth, might be forced to flow more swiftly, and so scour for itself an ever deepening channel.

Through long centuries savage hunters and warriors were the only visitors to the great river. But when Europe sent its first explorers to America, these men were roused to enthusiasm by what they were told of the stream that rolled in majesty from north to south. The first information they gained told of the lower reaches of the river, which, as early as 1524, was marked on a map with essential accuracy. This was five years after the expedition of Alonzo Alvarez de Pineda, the Spaniard who, longing to find a passage to the mysterious Isles of Spice, sought

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and found what was called the River of the Holy Spirit, *Rio del Espiritu Santo*.

Pamphilo de Narvaez's ill-starred attempt to reach the fabled river resulted only in his tragic death in a storm on the Gulf of Mexico. But one of the five survivors of the expedition, Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, succeeded, in 1528, after incredible hardships, in penetrating from Florida to the Mississippi, and on to Texas and Mexico.

When De Vaca returned to Spain, his report of the riches of Florida led to the expedition of Hernando de Soto, who carried with him, on nine ships, 950 passengers, many of them men of high degree, who knew little of hardship and balked at the stern realities of this expedition. In addition to his responsibilities as Governor of Cuba and Florida, De Soto was charged with the exploration and conquest of the country as far west as Texas. His effort to carry out his commission led him to the Mississippi, probably at Chickasaw Bluffs, on May 8, 1541. At the Rio Grande, as he called it, he paused for twenty days, that time might be taken for boat-building.

The Portuguese historian who told of the expedition said:

"At this place the river was half a degree from one shore to the other, so that a man standing still could not be seen from the opposite shore. It was of great depth, and of wonderful rapidity. It was very muddy, and was always filled with floating trees and limbs, carried down by the force of the current."

The passage of the great stream was accomplished safely, in spite of the opposition of the Indians who hid on the banks or paddled their war canoes on the stream and bayous near by.

After a season of exploration in the country to the north-

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west, De Soto returned to the river, and sought to cross, but was opposed by a chief who lived in a village on the east bank, where he threatened dire punishment if the pale-face and his men persisted in violating his territory. What De Soto could not accomplish by force he tried to do by guile; the chief was a sun-worshiper, so the explorer told him that he and his men were children of the sun. "Then, if you are a child of the sun," the answer was given, "you will be able to dry up the river, and I can come over and do honor to you."

But before De Soto could leave behind him the great river, he died, and was buried beneath the waters which had lured him on, that his body might be saved from desecration by the savages.

The desire for gold, which had been responsible for the approaches of Spain to the lower river valley, did not prove sufficiently strong to compel further achievements of value. Fortunately, however, adventurers from France were more determined. They, too, desired gold, but they thought to secure it through the fur trade with the Indians. Even stronger was the eagerness of the missionaries to win to the Church the natives of the Mississippi Valley. So traders and priests were responsible for the next approaches to the still mysterious river.

Radisson, the first Frenchman to approach the Mississippi, was a good deal of a liar. But his lies can be forgiven because of his very real achievements, though he did not know the value of what he had accomplished. After his return from the epoch-making journey to the Mississippi, he was content to tell of it under the grotesque title of "The Auxoticiat Voyage into the Great and filthy Lake of the Hurrons, Upper Sea of the East, and Bay of the North."

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In company with De Groselliers, Radisson in 1655 found his way to the Mississippi by way of Lake Huron, Lake Michigan, the Fox River, Lake Winnebago, and the Wisconsin River. They ascended the stream from a point near what is to-day Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, to Prairie Island, near Red Wing, Minnesota, to the north of Lake Pepin. On this island they remained a year, that Groselliers might grow corn for use on the trip with furs back to Quebec. The inhabitants of the fertile prairie land, Hurons and Ottawas, were friendly to them because their presence was a protection against their enemies, the Iroquois.

While Groselliers toiled in the field, Radisson was the companion of the Indians on their hunting expeditions, and made further explorations. The account of these gave him his reputation for drawing the long bow. He said that he explored the river all the way to the Gulf of Mexico. See how circumstantially he told his story of achievements he imagined:

“We were 4 moneths in our voyage without doing anything but goe from river to river. We mett severall sorts of people. We conversed with them, being long time in alliance with them. By the persuasion of some of them we went into the great river that divides itself in 2, where the hurrans with some ottanaks & the wildmen that had war with them had retired. . . . We were informed of that nation which lives on the other river. These weare men of extraordinary height and bignesse. . . . They live only upon corne and citrullles [pumpkins], which are mighty bigg. They have fish in plenty throughout the yeare. They have fruit as big as the heart of on Orinak, which grows on vast trees, which are three arme-full in compass. When they see little men they cry out,

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which makes many come help them. Their arrows are not of stones as ours are, but of fish boans & other boans. . . . Their dishes are made of wood. I having seen them, could not but admire the curiosity of their work. . . . They make a store of tobacco. They have a kind of drink that makes them mad for a whole day. This I have not seen, therefore you may believe as you please."

Probably Radisson went south as far as the mouth of the Missouri, and up the Illinois River as far as the Desplaines and the Kankakee.

At length the corn was ready, the boats were provisioned and laden with furs, and Radisson and Groselliers desired to set out for Quebec. But the several hundred Indians in the birch-bark canoes pleaded for delay. Some of them were from Prairie Island, and they feared to go among possible enemies; others had come with the explorers, and they thought that delay would mean safety from possible foes by the way. Then followed an incident of which one historian has written:

"What a scene for a painter to depict—Groselliers and Radisson pleading before eight hundred Indians! On each side, two miles away, rise the wooded bluffs that enclose the valley and its islands. In a beautiful prairie area, the motley crowd of savages are sitting or lying upon the ground. At the centre of the assemblage, the two courageous Frenchmen are striving to persuade their dusky auditors to set out on the first commercial venture connecting the region with civilization."

The appeal was successful, and the trading voyage led to others. In 1658 and 1659 the two adventurers sought the Mississippi by way of Lake Superior.

The tales of Radisson and Groselliers helped to stir the blood of Jacques Marquette, a worker among the Indians

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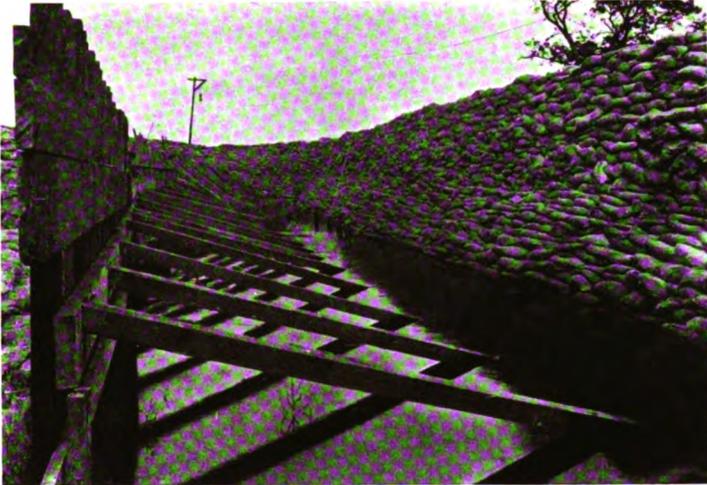
on the island Micheli-Mackinac, in the strait connecting Lakes Michigan and Huron. From the Indians at the station he heard much of the mysterious river Mississippi, and he wished that he might be the one to go to it, explore it all the way to its mouth, and so decide whether it emptied into the Gulf of California, into the Gulf of Mexico, or into the Atlantic.

The same problem was in the minds of French leaders who wanted to extend the forts that would keep the English to the Atlantic slope, to extend the fur trade, and to discover mines, as well as to Christianize the Indians. It was felt that all these purposes could be accomplished by finding a passage to the South Sea. Did the Mississippi lead there?

Louis Joliet, born at Quebec and trained in the wilderness, was chosen to lead the expedition. Marquette was told to go with him. After a winter spent in preparation, the voyage of discovery was begun at St. Ignace on May 17, 1673. Five French *voyageurs* went with them.

The route led along the Fox River, where many dangerous rapids interfered sadly with progress, through beautiful Winnebago Lake, and then on the upper waters of the Fox to a point where that stream was only a mile and a half from the Wisconsin River. The canoes were carried across this interval, and the Wisconsin was entered at the present location of Portage. There the guides "returned home, leaving us alone in the unknown country, in the hands of Providence. There we left the Waters flowing to Quebec, four or five hundred leagues from home, to float on those that would henceforth take us through strange lands."

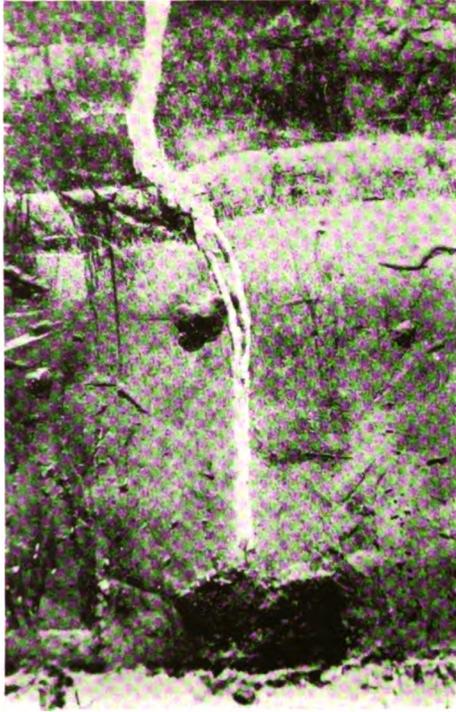
Marquette called the river that was to carry the party to the Mississippi the Meskonsing. On its bosom the



PREPARING FOR A FLOOD IN LOUISIANA



MISSISSIPPI RIVER AT WINNIBIGOSHISH DAM



EARTHQUAKE CRACKS FILLED WITH SAND NEAR CHARLESTON, MO., FORMED BY THE NEW MADRID EARTHQUAKE IN 1811



HISTORIC MAIDEN ROCK ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI

THREE CENTURIES ON THE FATHER OF WATERS

canoe floated for seven days, when they entered the Father of Waters where it was a mile wide. Marquette said of the first sight of the river of which he was in search that it caused "a joy that I cannot express."

The monsters of which the Indians warned them were soon found:

"From time to time, we came upon a monstrous fish, one of which struck our canoe with such violence that I thought it was a great tree about to break the canoe to pieces. On another occasion we saw on the water a monster with the head of a tiger, a sharp nose like that of a wild-cat, with whiskers, and straight, erect ears. The head was gray, and the neck quite black."

Of course the fish described were the catfish, which grow to a great size in the Mississippi, and the tiger-cat.

"While Skirting some rocks, which by Their height and Length inspired awe, We saw upon one of them two painted Monsters which at first made us afraid, and upon which the boldest savages dare not long rest their eyes. They are as large as a calf. They have Horns on their heads Like those of deer, a horrible look, red eyes, a beard Like a tiger, a face Somewhat like a man's, a body Covered with scales, and so Long a tail that it winds all around the Body, passing above the head and going back between the legs, ending in a Fish's tail. Green, red and black are the three Colors composing the Picture. Moreover, those 2 Monsters are so well painted that we Cannot believe that any savage is the author, for good painters in france would find it difficult to paint so well—and, further, they are so far up on the rock that it is difficult to reach that place conveniently to paint them. . . . While canoeing about these mountains, sailing quietly in clear and calm water, we heard the noise of a rapid, into which

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we were about to run. I have seen nothing more dreadful. An accumulation of large and entire trees, branches and floating islands was issuing from the mouth of the river pekistanou [Missouri], with such impetuosity that we could not without great danger risk passing through it. So great was the agitation that the water was very muddy, and could not become clean."

Later explorers spoke scornfully of Marquette's monsters on the bluff. But that there was something hideous painted on the bluff seems sure; other travelers have described these monsters, and a drawing has been made of one of them. It is said that the ruins of the painting could be seen until 1857, when quarrymen destroyed the legacy of long ago.

The voyage was continued to the mouth of the Arkansas. There it seemed best to turn back. They had learned that the river flowed to the Gulf of Mexico, and they feared lest they lose the results of the expedition by falling into the hands of the Spaniards.

On July 17, two months after leaving St. Ignace, the return journey was begun. For days and weeks they struggled against the current, finally entering the Illinois River and crossing over to Lake Michigan. The western shore of the lake was followed to a point opposite Sturgeon Bay, where the canoe could be carried across to Green Bay. Four months from the time they had left the mouth of Fox River, they arrived at De Pere, on their return.

At De Pere, Joliet and Marquette each prepared a map and a story of the expedition. In the spring Joliet started for Quebec, but his canoe capsized at Lachine Rapids, above Montreal, and his crew and all the outfit were lost. The leader's life was saved after he had been in the water for hours.

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Thus it was that Marquette's map and story are the only documents that tell of the historic voyage. He thought he had found the river that would show the way to China!

Seven years passed before further explorations of importance were made. In 1680 Father Louis de Hennepin, with two companions, set out by way of the Illinois River to explore the upper waters of the Mississippi. The engaging narrative of the journey was written by Hennepin. Their entrance into the great river was hindered for two days by floating ice, but at length it was safe for their canoes to proceed to the north.

On one occasion their advance was questioned by a party of Sioux Indians, whose war canoes were encountered as they descended the river. For a time conflict threatened, though Father Hennepin wrote: "I determined to allow myself to be killed without any resistance, as I was going to announce to them a God who had been falsely accused, unjustly condemned, and cruelly crucified, without showing the least aversion to those who put him to death." Fortunately, hostilities were averted by those among the Indians who thought it would be exceedingly unwise to oppose representatives of a people that were already bringing to the tribes along the river the benefit of barter for furs.

But the savages were unwilling to let the Frenchmen go entirely free. They decided to escort them up the river, but guarded them so closely that they soon realized they were virtually prisoners. Their greatest enemy among their captors was a chief who had thought to avenge the death of his son by the war which the encounter with the Frenchmen had prevented. The narrative tells how this leader, in a manner exceedingly unlike

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that of the traditional stoicism of the Indian, mourned unceasingly for his son. His weeping was given permanent memorial, for his action led Hennepin to name a now famous widening of the river, "Lake Pepin," the Lake of Tears.

Beyond the Falls of St. Anthony, captors and captives left the river, and went overland to the region of lakes, near the source of the Mississippi. The hardships of the march—more than once the Indians hastened the steps of the weary laggards by setting fire to the prairie—were exceeded only by the disagreeable features of a three months' captivity, when Hennepin and his two fellow-leaders were given each to a chief, to be that man's consolation for a son lost in war.

The adventures of the three men in Minnesota, the escape, and their encounter with DuLhut, another French explorer who had succeeded in reaching the Mississippi some distance below the Falls of St. Anthony, and the later expedition of Hennepin to the mouth of the Arkansas River, form one of the thrilling narratives of American exploration.

So the stage was set for the man who was, in many respects, the greatest of all the Mississippi's early investigators—René-Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle, who had sent Hennepin's party on their mission to the river whose mysteries were in process of solution. In 1682 La Salle explored the river from the mouth of the Illinois to the Gulf of Mexico. At the mouth of the river, on April 9, 1682, the Frenchman took possession of the great region drained by the river in the name of his King. This was done by a proclamation whose claims were as generous as the country was immense. The sixty men with La Salle took part in the ceremonies, and the assembled Indians



A LOG JAM ON THE WISCONSIN RIVER



THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER AT MCGREGOR, IOWA



A RIVER VISTA



THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER AT ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA

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listened in wonder. To a tree the arms of France were fixed, and a cross was fashioned, while at the foot was buried a plate of lead having an inscription in Latin which told the events of the day.

The next chapter in the La Salle narrative was dated in 1684. In the meantime the man who had laid claim to the valley of the Mississippi had returned to France. There he succeeded in persuading the government to equip a colonizing expedition to the new land. Nearly three hundred people embarked in four vessels.

In January, 1695, these passed the mouth of the Mississippi. The remaining record of the expedition tells of the wrecking of one of the vessels; the landing of 230 men some eight hundred miles from the Mississippi; the experiences of the starving colony on Matagorda Bay; the building of Fort St. Louis on the Colorado River—the first French settlement in Texas, which became a ground for the claim that Texas was a part of Louisiana; the two years' search for the Mississippi by La Salle and some of his followers, while others remained at Fort St. Louis; the reduction of the colonists to forty because of Indian attacks and hunger; the death of La Salle at the hands of his associates who felt that his search for the Mississippi was useless; the journey of a few survivors to Quebec; and the final disappearance of the remnant of the Texas colony.

More successful as a colonizer was Pierre Le Moyne, Sieur D'Iberville. His vision of wealth to be gained by copper mines and pearl-fisheries, by buffalo-wool and by abounding furs, was reënforced by the plea that France's hold on the Mississippi be strengthened by actual settlements. Two hundred men sailed with him in two vessels, leaving Brest on October 24, 1698. After leaving a colony

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not far east of the site of Mobile, D'Iberville sought the Mississippi, and entered its mouth on March 2. For the first time a French expedition had come to the north from the south. The river was followed as far as the mouth of the Red River, where any lingering doubt as to the identity of the stream was set at rest by the discovery of an Indian who had in his possession a letter from Tonty—"the speaking bark," it was called—which had been left by La Salle's associate fifteen years before, with instructions that it be given to the first Frenchman who should go that way. Tonty was then on his first expedition in search of La Salle's lost colony in Texas.

Colonies were established on Biloxi Bay, and halfway between the site of New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico. The colonists had stirring experiences, and many misfortunes, but they bolstered up the French claim to the territory. Further assistance to their claim was given by Le Seuer, who was sent by D'Iberville from the Gulf to the upper Mississippi, in search of the "blue earth" or copper of Minnesota, of which he had heard fanciful tales. Twenty men went with him to the Falls of St. Anthony and the St. Peter or Minnesota River. On a tributary of the Minnesota, called the Blue Earth, he built Fort d'Huilier, where a mine was opened. Six months later, in May, 1702, canoes heavily laden with furs and "green earth" left for the lower river. The voyage was concluded successfully, but the men left behind to hold the fort were wiped out by the Indians, and Le Seuer did not return to his home, as he hoped to do.

The fascinating story of Mississippi River exploration is not complete without the record of the long search for the source of the stream; the threading of the glorious lakes of Minnesota by the explorers; the discovery and

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naming of Lake Itasca—by a series of surgical operations on the Latin words *veritas* (truth) and *caput* (head)—by Henry R. Schoolcraft in 1832; and the evidence submitted by others that the true head must be sought even farther on.

Thus during three hundred years, the Father of Waters had been traced from its mouth to its source, by scores of intrepid explorers, and the way made easier for the operations of colonizers, exploiters, visionaries, adventurers, governors, and serious developers of magnificent resources.

The progress of the colonies in the vicinity of the Gulf of Mexico was hampered by the absence of women. So young women from France, with a taste for adventure, were transported to the Mississippi country. These were called "Casket Girls," because each carried her bridal possessions in a trunk, or casket.

Many vain attempts were made by France to bring the colony to self-support. At first dependence was placed on mines, in spite of the plea of De Bienville that the rich lands, fitted for raising agricultural products, were better than any mines. Francis Renault was sent out as "Director General of the Mines of Louisiana." Antoine Crozat was given, for fifteen years from 1712, the privileges of a seigneur over Louisiana, with powers almost without limit, by a charter that made grandiose claims to lands "from New Mexico eastward to Carolina, and from the sea to the tribes of the Illinois."

Crozat was a merchant, and he was much more deeply interested in commercial ventures than in the building of colonies. And when his efforts failed to produce prompt returns, he was glad to resign his patent.

His successor was the ambitious "Company of the

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West," or "The Mississippi Company," by which John Law, the visionary Scotchman, sought to solve the financial problems of France. He managed to wreck countless fortunes after a season of exploitation that made multimillionaires for a day of servants and small tradesmen, and wild gamblers of tens of thousands of Frenchmen. The inevitable result was the bursting of "The Mississippi Bubble," as the exploitation of the unknown resources of the lands of the Western Company later was called, and the real beginning of New Orleans as a center of commerce and population.

Another result was the beginning of slavery in Louisiana. The rich lands on the Mississippi River and its tributaries were fitted for the growth of tobacco, and rice and indigo. But its climate was not favorable to white workers. Moreover, these workers were few. Why not supply their place, as had been done in Virginia, by negroes brought from Africa? Therefore, in accordance with the privileges granted by France, the Western Company in 1720 sent two ships to the coast of Africa, which returned with five hundred negroes. Some of them helped to open a large plantation nearly opposite New Orleans, while others were taken by colonists to more remote regions of the valley. Later cargoes increased the negro population and slavery became a recognized feature of Louisiana life. The colonists were glad to pay \$150 for a strong man, and \$125 for a woman.

During fifteen years the Western Company failed to keep its promises to transform a liability of the French crown into a source of revenue. While the population had increased from seven hundred to five thousand, of whom two thousand were negroes, the results were so far from satisfactory that the king was glad to relieve the

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company of its claim to Louisiana. In 1733 governors were appointed, one for Louisiana, and a second for the Illinois country.

In vain France tried to hold her own on the Mississippi in the face of English pretension, Spanish encroachment, and demands at home for treasures that were being wasted in the New World. Some advance was made, a few permanent settlements were established, but in 1762 the results of generations of effort were so disappointing that Louis XV was glad to cede to the King of Spain "all the country known as Louisiana, and also New Orleans and the island on which it is situated." Thus, it was felt, Spain would be given a territory that would drain her resources, while French money would be freed for struggles with England.

Naturally, the subjects of France on the Mississippi did not relish the cavalier manner of their change in ownership. Various protests were made, but in 1766 they were asked to receive the first Spanish Governor, Don Antonio de Ulloa. This they refused to do. Were they not Frenchmen? Were they to have no say as to their disposal? Why should they be handed over to a foreign governor?

Accordingly they made matters so unpleasant for the man on whom they looked as a usurper that the governor was forced to flee for his life from New Orleans. While he was in Spain, telling of his grievance, emissaries from Louisiana were making an appeal to France. They were told to behave themselves; the transfer to Spain was irrevocable, and they must submit.

They were to learn by sad experience that the warning of France was to be taken seriously. Ulloa's successor was a man altogether different from the governor whom they had despised, who had run away from their power.

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Don Alexander O'Reilly was an Irishman, a soldier, a man of inflexible determination. With a fleet at his back he approached New Orleans. The residents made the best of the situation, and received him because they had to do so. In the presence of several thousand soldiers, who were drawn up in battle array on the famous Place d'Armes, O'Reilly had the statement of what they must do read to them. Henceforth they were Spaniards. The French flag dropped from its place, the Spanish colors ascended, and the people withdrew sulkily to their homes.

The ringleaders in the rebellion against Ulloa were apprehended, tried for treason, and executed or imprisoned. Then the power of Spain was asserted with positiveness. The plan of government was changed, the Cabildo taking the place of the Supreme Court. The name survives to-day; the successor to the old Cabildo, from which the body of that name ruled, is a landmark in the Place d'Armes. The laws enforced were different, but usually they were just. Lower Louisiana prospered, and Upper Louisiana—in which New Madrid, Ste. Genevieve, St. Charles, St. Louis, Cahokia and Kaskaskia were sturdy settlements—throve on the fur trade and attracted settlers from Kentucky and points farther East. Among others, Daniel Boone made a new home on a grant given him in Missouri by Spain, because neighbors were too close to him in Kentucky.

The addition to the population of Lower Louisiana of some four thousand of the exiled Acadians, the first of whom landed in New Orleans in 1765, added to the number of those who hated tyranny and sympathized with the American Colonies in their struggle for independence. Thus it happened that when Spain joined France in armed opposition to England, the French residents of the valley

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were in harmony with this move on the part of those who were thought of as their oppressors. Supplies were furnished willingly, and efforts were made to turn the Indians against the British. The English were driven from positions on the Mississippi which they had fortified. One result was the transfer of West Florida from England to Spain, by the treaty of 1783.

After the Revolution one reason for Spain's help to the Colonies appeared. She wanted control of navigation on the Mississippi. She would have been glad to insist that America, having no control of land on the banks of the Mississippi, could not lay claim to the right of navigation. But the treaty of peace gave to the new federation of states more than a foothold on the northern river. Yet what of that? America was weak, and Spain would assert her right to the sole privilege of navigation. This she did, to the sorrow of many who floated in their flatboats down the river from the Ohio.

The anger of the American pioneer who wished to question Spain's right to interdict the free use of the river became dismay when it was actually proposed by Secretary of Foreign Affairs John Jay, to yield the right to travel on that part of the Mississippi which Spain actually controlled, on condition that American vessels be admitted freely to Mediterranean ports of that country.

Fortunately, however, the plan of John Jay and his advisers came to nothing. The agreement was not completed, and the way was made more simple for triumphs in the Mississippi Valley which were to come so soon to America.

Spain's pretensions to control of the Mississippi River were given their death blow when the Constitutional Government succeeded the loose Confederation whose weak-

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ness offered opportunity to the European powers to sow dissension among the Americans. Soon Spain found it necessary to pay so much attention to retaining the power she had that there was no time for efforts to win Americans from allegiance to their country.

In France there had never died the desire to win back the colonial empire in America which had been yielded so easily to Spain. Efforts were made through many years, and all failed. But in 1800 shrewdness, craft and diplomacy won, and Spain was persuaded to yield Louisiana to France, in exchange for lands to be taken from others in Europe by France, and given to Spain. When, later, it seemed that Spain was not satisfied with her bargain, Napoleon made a show of force, and Spain gave up her American domain. This she did on the express condition that France should agree never to cede Louisiana to any other power.

France made the required promise, and intended to keep it. But Napoleon did not long hold the title to the great acquisition in America before war with England made him fearful lest he lose to that country the whole of Louisiana. Would it not be better to sell the lands to America, and so receive funds to help in the war with England?

America became a ready purchaser. The young country had opposed the talk of cession to France—it was better to have weak Spain as overlord of the Mississippi than imperialistic France. So far-seeing American leaders were overjoyed when they learned that the expenditure of fifteen million dollars would secure the vast domain of indefinite extent to which France laid claim. At first the plan was to pay two-thirds of this amount for New Orleans and a small bit of land adjacent, and the determina-

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tion of France to sell the whole was staggering. Finally, however, the bargain was concluded, in spite of the fact that the representatives of America were acting without full warrant. They realized that President Jefferson was with them, and they were brave enough to go ahead.

When, in 1803, the treaty of transfer was signed, Robert R. Livingston, who, with James Monroe, conducted the negotiations, declared this the noblest work of his life. He called attention to the fact that the treaty was equally advantageous to both the contracting parties, and that it would change vast solitudes into a flourishing country. He was sure that the treaty would lead to the happiness of innumerable generations of the human race. "The Mississippi and the Missouri will see them prosper and increase, in the interest of equality, under just laws, freed from the scourge of bad government, and truly worthy of the regard and care of Providence."

Yet the acquisition of Louisiana was strenuously opposed in Congress. On one occasion the attempt to make void the treaty of purchase was defeated by a majority of two!

But opposition finally ceased and the transfer was consummated. The last days of 1803 witnessed the passing of the territory, first from Spain to France, then from France to the United States. France was in possession only from November 30 to December 20. The Place d'Armes in New Orleans was the scene of both transfers. The flag of Spain gave way to the tricolor of France, and the tricolor fell before the Stars and Stripes. "The sale assures forever the power of the United States," said Napoleon. The significance of his words is apparent at once to those who try to imagine a United States without

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the Louisiana Purchase and the control of the Mississippi Valley which was carried with it.

The vast extent of the territory acquired was not realized for many years. Even the exploring expedition of Lewis and Clark failed to open the eyes of the people to the facts. But far-sighted men like Jefferson realized something of what the Louisiana Purchase would mean to the nation. Eagerly they took the steps necessary to make the most of opportunities so unexpectedly provided. The Territory of Orleans was organized, with headquarters at New Orleans, where the first legislature met in the old Cabildo on June 20, 1805. The problems arising from Spanish claims to a portion of the territory on the river which the United States felt was included in the Purchase—notably the Baton Rouge district—were solved. The possibility of British claims to the lower valley was removed by the issue of the Battle of New Orleans in 1815, nearly three years after the admission of Louisiana as a state. At that time the population of the state was less than fifty thousand, fully half of them negroes.

Possibly eight thousand whites lived in the vicinity of New Orleans, the city founded by De Bienville in 1721, in a spot which he thought far more favorable than Mobile and Biloxi. When the headquarters of the Western Company were placed there, M. Hubert, the director-general, said that the place "never would be anything more than a depot for goods." Even in 1724 a visitor spoke of the one hundred houses built "in a malarious wet thicket of damp palmettoes—full of serpents and alligators." But this man was more optimistic than Hubert! he prophesied a great future for the new town.

Progress was slow. Nearly forty years later Captain Harry Gorden wrote in the record of his travels:

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“New Orleans is a small Town, not many good Houses in it, but in general healthy and the Inhabitants well looked; Its principal Staple is the Trade for Furrs and skins from the Illinois. There is only a Stockade round the Place with a large Banquet, their Dependence for their Defence is the Difficulty of Approach, that up the River is tedious and easily opposed.”

A disastrous fire proved one of the greatest blessings in the history of the city. In 1788, when O'Reilly was ruling, more than eight hundred buildings were burned, including the original Cabildo. Fortunately a member of the Cabildo, Don Andres Almonaster y Roxas, saw his opportunity. He would glorify the city with the wealth won from the pioneer trade. First he built a schoolhouse, then a church, then a hospital. On one side of the church he erected a convent; on the other side he reared the new town hall, the Cabildo. These three monuments of early days front the old Place d'Armes, or Jackson Square, as it is called to-day, because of the central statue to the hero of the Battle of New Orleans.

Baton Rouge, which gave its name to the district to which Spain clung so tenaciously, and Natchez were two points on the lower river that won fame in early days. The beginning of Natchez was Fort Rosalie, built by De Bien-ville in 1710. To-day there is Natchez, built on the hill, and Natchez-under-the-Hill, the remnant left by the encroaching river as a reminder of the days when this was a favorite stopping place of the flatboat men on their way to New Orleans, and a shipping point well known to fur traders.

One of the most stirring tales of the days of Indian depredations tells of an early tragedy at Fort Rosalie. In 1729 the commandant was a hard, grasping man, disliked

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and feared both by the Indians and by his own soldiers. The anger of the Indians was intensified by his determination to secure their treasured White Apple Village, twelve miles from Natchez, as a site for a new settlement. When the Indians refused to sell, they were told that they could choose between yielding and dying. The chief asked for a delay of two moons, that his people might find a new habitation. During the interval he called together the leaders of the Indian nations. These men decided to kill, at one time and by a united attack, all the French on the Mississippi, from Natchez to the Gulf.

The date appointed for the attack was November 30, 1729. To avoid mistakes in calculating the time, each chief prepared a bundle of rods, one rod for each intervening day. The bundle of the Natchez Indians was given to a priest, who deposited it in the temple of which he had charge. Every morning the priest was to destroy a rod; on the morning when but one rod remained the fatal blow was to be struck.

Now the mother of the chief of the Natchez Indians was a friend of the French. When she learned the secret of the rods, she secretly destroyed two of them, with the thought that the Natchez, depending for their information on the rods, would strike two days ahead of the day planned for a general uprising. Then the French settlements would be on their guard against the later attacks of the other tribes. When there was but one rod left in the Natchez temple, the Indians rose, and two thousand French of all ages were killed, and the fort was burned. When the other tribes learned of what they thought was treachery they were angry. In their rage they agreed to join the white men in punishing the Natchez. But the Natchez, learning of their danger, built a rough fortifica-

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tion some miles up the Mississippi. There they were attacked by the French and their allies. More than one thousand of the tribe were taken prisoners and were sold into slavery in San Domingo.

The rebuilt Fort Rosalie was occupied by the French until it was turned over to the English in 1764. The English, who renamed it Fort Panmure, held it until 1779, when Spain became its possessor. In 1798 the Spanish flag was lowered and United States troops entered its walls.

Natchez came into prominence again in 1807, when Aaron Burr was apprehended there in the course of the carrying out of his hare-brained scheme to make himself dictator of Mexico, with New Orleans as his capital. His plans were wrecked by Major-General James Wilkinson, to whom New Orleans was delivered after the purchase of Louisiana from the French.

General Wilkinson is one of the enigmas of American history. Some say he was a traitor, in the pay of Spain, and that, dreaming of his own profit, he encouraged Burr's schemes until he found that it would bring disaster to Spain; then he disclosed his plans to his secret sponsors. Others declare that he was an honest and much-maligned man. One historian, E. B. Staunton, writing in the *Journal of American History*, spoke of him as "a pensioner of Spain for twenty years, acting the spy and traitor, posing as the savior of the Union, while drawing \$2,000 per year from the Spanish treasury." Another—Frederick L. Paxson, in his *History of the American Frontier*—saw in him "an unfit leader of the American army, for no one had illicit relations more than he with these Spanish officials." On the contrary, Henry E. Chambers, in *Mississippi Valley Beginnings*, says that the unfortunate charge

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of bribe-taking from Spain was due to the fact that he received \$17,784 damages from the Crown, in payment for tobacco—a trading venture from upriver—which was appropriated by Spain because tobacco lands were a monopoly of the Government. John W. Monette, in his *History of the Valley of the Mississippi*, is even more outspoken: "General Wilkinson merits, at the hands of posterity, such judgments as must be sustained by his uniform patriotism, and the tenor of his services in defense of his country both before and after this transaction. . . . No one transaction can be adduced which savors of treachery to his government. Whatever may have been his indiscretion, his pecuniary exactions and his commercial dealings with the credulous Spaniards, he never was a traitor to his country, or deserted her in the hour of danger."

But there can be little difference of opinion as to Aaron Burr. He had been Vice-President of the United States. He was a brilliant man who might have held almost any position. But he chose to lead adventurers down the Mississippi, feeling that a disaffected South and West could easily be persuaded to join him in his plan against Mexico.

Wild rumors preceded his progress downstream. His small following was exaggerated. Wilkinson was eager to have Governor Claiborne proclaim martial law, but the demand was not acceded to. Volunteers were aroused, and merchants in New Orleans equipped them. Regular troops from a number of United States posts were held in readiness. Major Shreve, who was in command of the naval vessels at New Orleans, was told to place eight of them at Natchez, to head off the dangerous man; their 214 guns, it was thought, would be ample for the purpose.

When, at length, came the dangerous Burr, he had but

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nine flatboats, which bore less than one hundred men. More to be feared, however, was the partisanship of men of wealth and position along the river.

But the expedition amounted to nothing. Burr was arrested, and was taken to Washington, Mississippi, where he was arraigned on the charge of treason. When he was released on his own recognizance, he went to Windy Hill, the plantation of a friend, near Natchez. While there, the man who was as ready for love as he was for war proceeded to win the heart of a young woman whom he met in a secluded retreat not far from the home of his host. The story is told delightfully in Claiborne's *History of Mississippi*:

"There lived at that time, near the summit of the hill, in a little vineclad cottage, a widow from Virginia, whose small farm and two or three slaves were the only remnants of a large fortune. Her husband had converted his property into money, and on his way to the territory had been robbed and murdered. . . . She had but one child, Madeline, . . . a miracle of beauty. In form and feature, in grace and modesty, she was all that the old masters have ever pictured in the Madonnas.

"Burr determined to forfeit his bond. In February, 1807, he mounted his horse, and rode off. But on his way he stopped at the widow's cottage, asking Madeline to go with him. He promised marriage, fortune, high position, and even hinted at imperial honors. . . . The maiden had given him her heart, she had listened to his witchery night after night, and loved him with all the fervor of a Southern nature. She would have followed him to the ends of the earth."

But she was a Catholic and her religion held her back. So he went on alone. During his absence many wooed her,

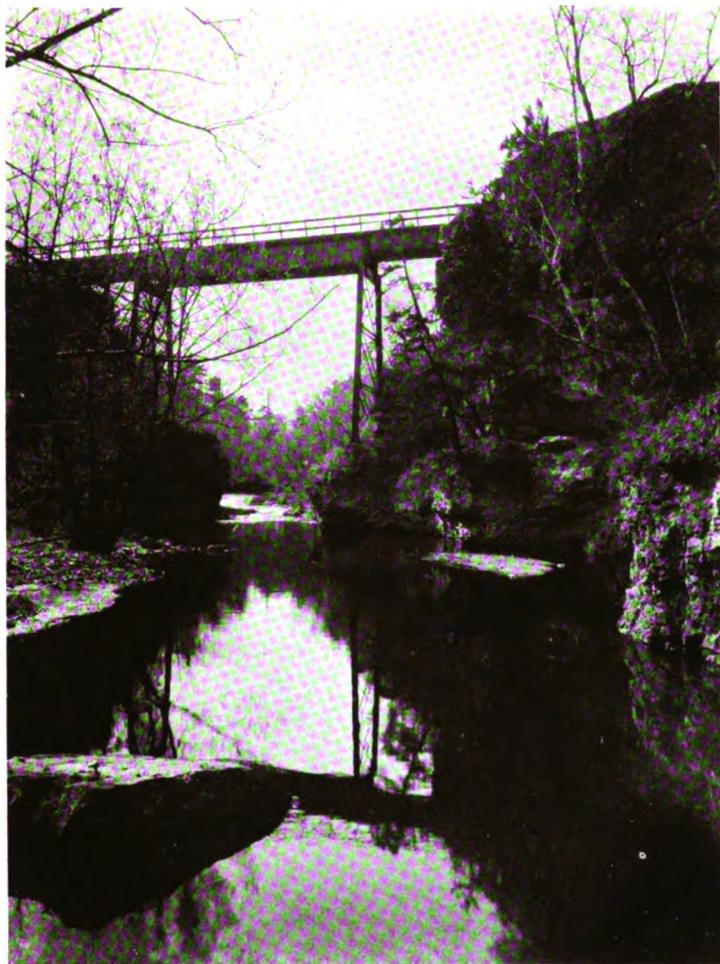
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but she was true to his memory. He, however, failed her. When he had fled from America, had been driven from England, and was long an outcast in Paris, he wrote to her that their love was hopeless and released her from her promise, advising her to enter a convent.

In so many ways attention had been focused on settlements like Natchez on the lower river, that it is not to be wondered at that many even of the statesmen felt that the only country of special value in the Louisiana Purchase was the section that became the State of Louisiana. It was easy to lose sight of the northern territory, which the French called Upper Louisiana, though Spain organized it as Spanish Illinois. This included the country above New Madrid, now in Missouri. Perhaps five thousand people lived in the scattered settlements of this territory, which became parts of the District of Louisiana, attached at first to Indiana Territory, but in 1805 made a distinct unit, with its seat of government at St. Louis.

The most exciting time in the career of New Madrid, settlement on the limit of the District of Louisiana, came twenty-five years after its founding in 1786 by Colonel George Morgan. This trading center and meeting place for the crude river boats of early days from the Ohio, the Wabash, the Tennessee, and the Cumberland, bound for New Orleans, had its season of tragedy in 1811, when it was the center of repeated shocks of earthquakes, which would have been numbered among the most destructive in modern times if there had been enough people in the region.

The first shock was felt on December 11, 1811. Many others followed on succeeding days, but the worst came on January 23, and on February 7, 1812. One who lived



CLOSE TO THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER IN MINNESOTA



ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, NEAR MAIDEN ROCK, WISCONSIN

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in New Madrid at the time wrote of the phenomena accompanying the first great shock:

“The Mississippi first seemed to recede from its banks, and its waters gathered up like a mountain, leaving for a moment many boats, which were on their way to New Orleans, on the bare sand.

“Then, rising 15 or 20 feet perpendicularly and expanding, as it were, at the same time, the banks overflowed with a retrograde current rapid as a torrent. The boats, which before had been left on the sand, were now torn from their moorings and suddenly driven up a little creek, at the mouth of which they had laid, to a distance in some instances of nearly a quarter of a mile.

“The river, falling immediately as rapidly as it had risen, receded within its banks with such violence that it took with it whole groves of young cottonwood trees which had hedged its borders. They were broken off with such regularity in some instances that persons who had not witnessed the fact could be with difficulty persuaded that it had not been the work of man. The river was literally covered with wrecks of boats.

“The surface of the earth was from time to time by these hard shocks covered to various depths by sand which issued from fissures that were made in great numbers all over this country. Some of these closed up immediately, after they had vomited forth their sand and water.”

Marks of the great New Madrid earthquake may be seen to-day. Most of them are unlovely, but the scores of lakes created by the movement of the earth are, many of them, attractions of the countryside. Most famous among them is Reelfoot Lake, not far from New Madrid, though on the east side of the Mississippi, in Tennessee.

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This famous resort of sportsmen is fourteen miles long and more than four miles wide.

The poetical Indians accounted for its sudden appearance by telling of a chieftain who had a club-foot. He was called Kalopin, or Reelfoot. Reelfoot dreamed of a princess more beautiful than any of the maidens near his home. So he set out on his travels and discovered the beauty of his dream, the daughter of a Choctaw chief. However, the chief refused to give her in marriage; she should not marry out of the tribe and she must not marry a deformed man. Fearing that the lovelorn chief might steal the bride he coveted, the medicine men of the tribe were called. These men proceeded to give dire warnings of what would happen if the girl were taken from her home; the Great Spirit would cause the earth to rock and the water to swallow up the village of the Reelfoot, and the people would be buried in a watery grave.

Sorrowfully Reelfoot went home. But his fear of the Great Spirit was less than his love for Laughing Eyes. So, taking his warriors with him, he descended on the Choctaw village and stole the maiden. But when she was brought to the home of Reelfoot and the wedding festivities were in progress, the earth began to tremble. In vain the Indians tried to flee to the hills. "The Great Spirit stamped his foot in anger. The Father of Waters heard and, breaking over his course, rushed over Reelfoot's country. Where the Great Spirit stamped the earth the Mississippi formed a beautiful lake, at the bottom of which lay Reelfoot, his bride, and his people."

Several hundred miles to the north of Reelfoot Lake, also on the east side of the river, clustered settlements famous from early days. There was Fort Chartres, founded in 1720, as a part of the French plan to have a

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chain of forts from the mouth of the river to its source. Eighteen months were required to build one of the strongest fortresses on the continent, but in a short time it yielded gradually to the inexorable advance of the river.

Kaskaskia, too, which dates back to about 1700, became the victim of the floods, but not until it had won fame as the center for fashionable, political and commercial life on the central Mississippi.

In the days of Kaskaskian prosperity, the houses of the pioneers were built about a common field of several hundred acres. In this field each family was given a bit for its own use. Here, as at Cahokia and Prairie du Rocher, "the French settled in compact villages, although isolated, in the midst of a wilderness of thousand miles remote from the settlements of Canada. On the margin of a prairie, or on the bank of some gentle stream these villages sprang up in long, narrow streets, with each family homestead so contiguous that the merry and sociable villages could carry on their voluble conversation, each from his own door or balcony."

Across the river, in addition to Ste. Genevieve and St. Charles, there was St. Louis, founded in 1764 by Maxent, Laclède & Company, the firm empowered by the Governor of the Province of Louisiana to trade with the Indians along the river as far north as the river St. Peter's, in what is now Minnesota. Desiring a convenient depot for provisions and fur trade, they fixed on the site of St. Louis. It was named in honor of the French king, but for a time the people called it Pain Court, due to the scarcity of provisions which had to be brought from Ste. Genevieve.

In spite of famine, disease, and Indian attacks, the new settlement prospered, and it was not long until visionaries began to talk of the wonderful future in store for

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the Mound City, as it came to be called, from the Indian mounds within its borders, which long ago disappeared. One of the boldest of these prophets appeared in 1830. In the *Illinois Monthly Magazine* for November of that year he wrote an article which he called "St. Louis 300 years hence." He says that he stood on great Cahokia Mound, across the river, where he expressed the wish to know the future of the city near by. The Geni of the Valley hearing his wish, hurried him toward St. Louis. Then the prophet wrote of what he saw:

"In the streets were a stream of people, some on foot, and some in carriages of every description, loaded with various commodities, all going to, or returning from their work. This was a sufficient indication that St. Louis, or some other town west of me, had become the emporium of a vast commerce."

At length St. Louis with its thousand spires came into view. "How glorious was the sight presented by the Great Father of Waters! A forest of masts lined both shores, for miles, and every flag of Europe waved at the masthead of the ships that ploughed the water. I entered the city by one of the iron bridges that spanned the river. The streets near the waterfront excited my attention. The bustle of loading and unloading the vessels; the constant discharge of cannon from steamships arriving and departing, carrying on commerce with every portion of the globe; the various costumes and dialects of merchants and sailors from China, Japan, and the islands of the Pacific, prepared me to learn, without surprise, that St. Louis, in the interior of the most fertile region of the globe, far exceeded in wealth and population the largest city of the eastern hemisphere."

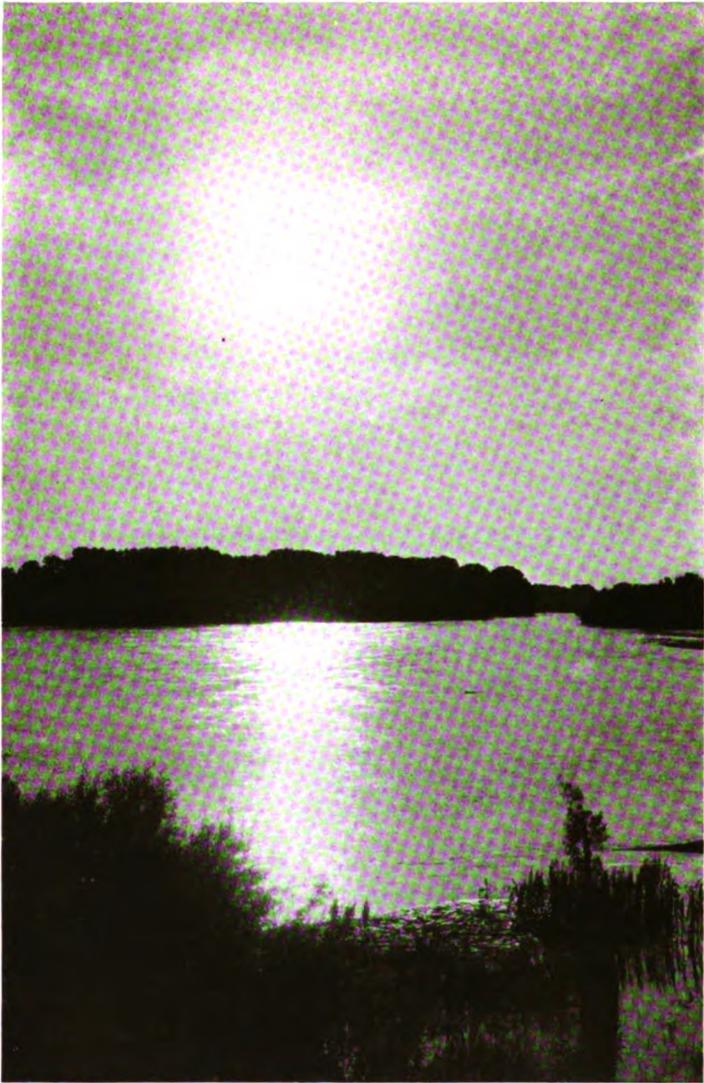
The fur trade was the making of St. Louis. From the



CLIFF DRIVE ON THE MISSOURI RIVER AT KANSAS CITY



THE MISSOURI RIVER, FROM BLUFF AT KLONDIKE, MISSOURI



SUNSET ON THE PLATTE RIVER, NEBRASKA

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west traders brought them, and by river they took them to New Orleans or Chicago or Pittsburgh and Buffalo.

But New Orleans was the port to which the fur traders looked with keenest anticipation. A trip to "The City," as it was called, was an annual event, filled with danger, but absolutely necessary. In the spring the fur traders' keel-boats would make their start, and in the fall the men would return after the completion of a voyage that seemed as great as a writer of 1820 said a voyage to the East Indies seemed then. The danger to be faced included not only the hazards of the river, but the robbers who took terrible toll of goods and life. The most famous of these river pirates was McGilbray, whose headquarters were at Cottonwood Creek. His depredations became so great that in 1788 a fleet of ten keel-boats, armed with swivel guns, set out from New Orleans for St. Louis. The first boat lured the robbers from their hiding place; the others scared them so badly that they were never heard from again.

In memory of the event, the year 1788 was long known in St. Louis as "the year of the ten boats," just as 1785 had been called "the year of the great waters" which deluged Kaskaskia and rose thirty feet above previous high water at St. Louis; and as the year of the Indian attacks was known as "the year of the great blow."

Gradually the slow and dangerous keel-boat yielded to the steamboat. The first steamer, the *New Orleans*, parted the waters of the river at the time of the New Madrid earthquake. In 1817 Captain Shreve made the journey from New Orleans to Louisville in twenty-five days, an unbelievable triumph. By 1828 the time had been reduced to eight days. Then there were 323 boats on the river, and their tonnage was 56,000. The progress in

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later years was so rapid that the Mississippi River steamboat became a marvel of speed and luxury. The fastest time ever made from New Orleans to St. Louis was by the *R. E. Lee*, in 1870, three days and eighteen hours, while the voyage to Louisville was made in 1853 in a little more than four days.

But with the coming of the railroads the river trade declined. To-day there are comparatively few packets. Most of them are on the river below Davenport, though some ply the waters of the upper river, as far as St. Paul, and help to keep alive the memory of the days before what some felt was the crowning glory of the Mississippi departed forever.

CHAPTER XI

WHEN THE MISSOURI RIVER WAS MIGHTY

EARLY explorers who ventured down the Mississippi River made note of the mouth of the Missouri. But it was not until about 1700 that one of the French pathfinders made his way far up the muddy stream. By 1720, however, France had become so successful in her penetration of the lower Missouri that Spain felt the time had come to check her progress. So an expedition was directed against the Indians, whose faithfulness as allies of the French did not please her enemy. This, however, was unsuccessful, and the French sat more firmly on the river as far from the mouth as Fort Orleans, two hundred miles from the Mississippi River.

Eighteen years later a Frenchman succeeded in reaching the Missouri at a point far to the north. In 1731 M. de la Verendrye set out from the site of Montreal, determined to find a water passage to the Western Sea. Long years he wandered, by water and by land. Vainly he turned to the Assiniboine River, only to be disappointed. Then he learned of a people called the Mandans, who lived on a river called the Missouri. The Mandans, he was told, knew a tribe which lived on the Western Sea.

With a company of six hundred Assiniboine Indians—to protect the explorer and themselves from the dreaded Sioux Indians—Verendrye set out on October 21, 1738, for the river of promise. What a picturesque advance

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across the height of land dividing the watersheds of two great rivers that must have been! Three weeks were required for the journey. Then the explorer proudly stood on the banks of the Missouri, near the site of the modern Bismarck, the capital of North Dakota, and loyally claimed the country for France. But not yet had the time come for exploring the route to a people who lived, he was told, by a sea whose waters were bitter to the taste; it was necessary for the explorer to return for a season to the East.

Then came 1742. During the absence of the leader of the expedition, his sons, Pierre and Francois, once more went south to the Mandan village on the Missouri River. In the face of many obstacles, they managed to follow the Little Missouri toward the Black Hills, then the Valley of the Yellowstone. At length they succeeded in reaching the country close to what is now Helena, Montana, not far from the headwaters of the Missouri. They saw the Rocky Mountains. If only they could cross these barriers! Surely then they would see the glistening waters of the Western Sea!

Perhaps it was as well that their Indian guides, fearful of possible death at the hands of a tribe at war with them, announced that they would have to return at once to the country from which they had come. For which is worse—to reach a goal, only to find bitter disappointment there, or to be kept from that goal, and be able afterwards to think, "If only I had reached the longed-for spot"? At any rate the Verendryes for the second time turned their backs on the Missouri, but not until they had planted on its banks one of the futile leaden plates, bearing the arms of France, to which that country's explorers pinned such faith.

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Then came two generations when a few scattered white men forced bullboats or keel-boats or Mackinaw boats up the river of Verendrye's vain dream. Their quest was for furs for the hungry St. Louis market which supplied the demands of the East and of countries beyond the sea. At first these men were trappers and traders on their own responsibility, but many of their successors were bound to the American Fur Company, though some of them had the temerity to oppose that all-powerful company by carrying on trade in their own right.

During the later years of the eighteenth century Thomas Jefferson made two attempts to have explorations of the Missouri River and the region to the westward. While he was in Paris, on mission for the United States, he talked with John Ledyard, who had been one of Captain Cook's companions on his voyage around the world. Ledyard's interest in western America led Jefferson to propose that he "go by land to Kamchatka, cross in some of the Russian vessels to Nootka Sound, fall down into the latitude of the Missouri, and penetrate to, and through, that river to the United States." Ledyard was eager to make the exploration. So the approval of the Russian government was secured, and he set out on the journey. This was accomplished safely as far as Kamchatka, but then he was arrested by order of the Empress of Russia, who had changed her mind as to the expedition. The captors took him to Poland, where they set him at liberty. The attempt was not resumed.

Again in 1792 Jefferson thought the time had come to learn more about the Missouri Country. "I proposed to the American Philosophical Society that we should set on foot a subscription to engage some competent person to explore that region in the opposite direction," he wrote;

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“that is, by ascending the Missouri, crossing the Stony Mountains, and descending the nearest river to the Pacific. Captain Lewis . . . warmly solicited me to obtain for him the execution of that object. I told him it was proposed that the person engaged should be attended by a single companion only, to avoid exciting alarm among the Indians. . . . M. André Michaux . . . offering his services, they were accepted. He received his instructions, and when he had reached Kentucky in the prosecution of his journey, he was overtaken by an order from the Minister of France, then in Philadelphia, to relinquish the expedition.”

Five more years passed. Jefferson, still tenacious of his purpose, recommended to Congress that an exploring party be sent “to trace the Missouri to its source, to cross the Highlands, and follow the first water connection which offered itself from there to the Pacific Ocean. The immediate excuse for the expedition was the necessity for renewing trading relations with the Indians.”

Approval was given to the plan, before word was received in the United States that Louisiana had been sold by France. Captain Meriwether Lewis, who was Jefferson’s private secretary, asked to lead the expedition. His request was granted without hesitation, because he was “of courage undaunted; possessing a firmness and perseverance of purpose which nothing but impossibilities could divert from its direction; careful as a father of those committed to his charge, yet steady in the maintenance of order and discipline; intimate with the Indian character, customs, and principles; habituated to the hunting life . . . honest, disinterested, liberal, of sound understanding, and a fidelity to truth so scrupulous that what-

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ever he should report would be as certain as if seen by ourselves."

Surely a certificate of character like that, from a man like Thomas Jefferson, must have delighted Captain Lewis!

The chosen companion of Captain Lewis was William Clark, brother of General George Rogers Clark, whom Governor Patrick Henry of Virginia had sent out on what some thought was a wild-goose chase to the West which resulted in giving the United States Vincennes and the whole upper Mississippi Valley.

In spite of the opposition of some statesmen, the vast initial appropriation of \$2,500 was made for the expenses of the expedition, which consisted of fourteen soldiers, eleven voyageurs, and nine frontiersmen. We are given helpful information concerning some of them, as well as of those who joined the party, by James K. Hosmer, in his Introduction to the *Story of Lewis and Clark*:

"The stout sergeants, Pryor, Ordway, and Patrick Gass . . . the blacksmith Shields, York, the negro and slave, whom the Indians thought 'great medicine,' the half-breed Drawyer, past-master of woodcraft, the Frenchman Cruzat, whose fiddle resounded night after night in the desolate camp while the men danced off their pain and fever. But most of all the one woman Sacajawea, is an object of interest. Her figure in the story of Lewis and Clark is very pathetic and engaging, and in Indian story few characters appear whose desert was greater. A captive and a slave, she followed the trail or worked with the men in forcing on the canoe. Her husband, Charboneau, soon proved to be inefficient and cowardly; but as dangers and hardships gathered, the heart and head of the squaw showed ever new resources. It is doubtful if the expedition could have pushed its way through without her."

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Before all these people were brought together conditions changed. The instructions of President Jefferson were sent to Captain Lewis on June 20, 1803. About July 1 the news of the purchase of Louisiana electrified the nation and made the contemplated expedition seem more necessary than ever.

It was December before the party reached St. Louis. Ice in the Missouri made advisable delay until spring, so camp was made near the mouth of the river. Not until May 14, 1804, was the journey begun, in a keel-boat fifty-five feet long, which drew three feet of water, and carried a large square sail and twenty-two oars, supplemented by two pirogues, each of them consisting of two long canoes, six feet apart, fastened together and covered with rough flooring. One pirogue carried six oarsmen; the other boasted seven. Two horses were led along the bank, that they might be of service in bringing in game, when this was secured by the hunters in the party.

In all the history of exploration there are few pictures as appealing as that of those intrepid spirits who set off into the unknown. They knew that for a time they would be within reach of civilization; that they could send letters to their friends by the hands of fur-traders and Indians. Then they would be out of the world, so far as contact with others was concerned, for one, two, or possibly three years. Perhaps they would never be heard from again. But they were not discouraged. Patrick Gass, whose quaint diary should be read along with the official journal of the expedition, tells how they felt:

"The best authenticated accounts impressed us that we were to pass through a country possessed by numerous, powerful, and warlike nations of savages, and particularly hostile to white men. And fame had united with tradition



JUNCTION OF THE YELLOWSTONE AND MISSOURI RIVERS



FORT UNION, MONTANA, ABOUT 1850



ON THE WEST GALLATIN RIVER, MONTANA



ON THE UPPER MISSOURI RIVER

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in opposing mountains to our course, which human enterprise and exertions would attempt to pass in vain. The determined and resolute character, however, of the corps, and the confidence which pervaded all ranks, dispelled every emotion of fear, and anxiety for the present, while a sense of duty, and of the honor which would attend the completion of the object of the expedition, a wish to gratify the expectation of the government, and of our fellow-citizens, with the feelings which novelty and discovery invariably inspire, seemed to insure an ample support in our future toils, sufferings, and dangers."

The feeling of the members of the party that they were leaving their country behind, in spite of the fact that Louisiana was now a part of the United States, found unconscious expression within a few days after the beginning of the venture. On May 22, when passing Good Man's River, the official Journal told the fact that "a small number of emigrants from the United States have settled on the banks of this creek."

For months the party braved the perils of the lower river. The story of the adventures there is of absorbing interest. But with the coming of winter, and the making of winter quarters among the Mandans, near the site of Bismarck, North Dakota, the record becomes even more captivating. While there the leader became acquainted with Sacajawea, the Bird-woman, the squaw wife of the French Charboneau. She was a member of the Snake tribe, but was living near the Mandans because she had been captured in war when she was a child and had been dragged from her people. She was taken with the expedition as an interpreter, in spite of the fact that she carried her papoose on her back. That proved indeed a happy addition to the company. More than once she pre-

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vented such untoward incidents as had occurred on September 28. The party was then in the Sioux country. Scouts, who visited the boats, received gifts of tobacco, then went to their chief with an invitation to a conference. This invitation was accepted. But it proved easier to welcome the Indian leaders than to bid them farewell. The Journal of the explorers told of the dilemma and its solution:

“At length we got rid of all except the great Chief, when, just as we were setting out, several of the chief’s soldiers sat on the rope which held the boat to the shore. Irritated at this, we got everything ready to fire on them if they persisted, but the great Chief said that these were his soldiers, and they wanted some tobacco. We had already refused a flag and some tobacco to the second chief, who had demanded it with great importunity; but willing to leave them without going to extremities, we threw him a carrot of tobacco, saying to him, ‘You have told us you were a great man and have influence; now show your influence by taking the rope from those men, and we will then go without further trouble.’ This appeal to his pride had the desired effect; he went out of the boat, gave the soldiers the tobacco, and pulling the rope out of their hands delivered it on board, and we then set sail.”

Before leaving the winter quarters, which had been reached four weeks after this adventure with the Indian chiefs, the barge, in charge of four men, “sailed for the United States,” carrying to the President an account of the expedition to the moment of the final farewell to country from which communication could be expected. The boat was burdened also with a strange assortment of presents for Jefferson—a stuffed antelope, a weasel, three squirrels from the Rocky Mountains, a skeleton of

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the prairie wolf, two burrowing dogs of the prairie, the horns of the mountain ram or big-horn, a pair of large elk-horns, a number of articles of Indian dress, among them being "a buffalo robe, representing a battle fought about eight years since between the Sioux and Ricaras against the Mandans and Minnetarees, in which the combatants are represented on horseback."

Soon the Little Missouri was reached by the explorers, then the Yellowstone. Food became scarce, and the hunters had many exciting adventures in the course of their search for food, including narrow escapes from bears. The course of the river was not always clear, and many land excursions were made in search of the stream that should be followed.

Finally, on June 13, the long-anticipated Great Falls of the Missouri were reached by a journey of seven miles after hearing the sound of them. Captain Lewis, on reaching the hills that surround them, hurried down them with impatience, "and seating himself on some rocks under the centre of the falls, enjoyed the sublime spectacle of this stupendous object, which since the creation had been lavishing its magnificence upon the desert, unknown to civilization."

The description of the various falls and rapids—"the river experiences a descent of three hundred and fifty-two feet in the course of two and three-quarters miles"—is a gem in the literature of exploration. But better still, because it reveals so much of the difficulties surmounted by the pioneers of the Missouri, is the tale of the building of a vehicle to carry the baggage across the trying portage around the falls, and the boat to be used afterwards. The axletrees of the carriage, as it was called, were made of an old mast. These, as well as the tongue of cottonwood,

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broke under the strain of travel. They were renewed with the timber of the sweet willow. When within half a mile of the day's camp the substitute broke, and the men had to carry the baggage on their backs.

Then came the boat of skins. The iron frame for this had been made at Harper's Ferry, in anticipation of the journey. The men sent for timber to complete it "could find scarcely any even tolerably straight sticks four and a half feet long, and as the cottonwood is too soft and brittle, we were obliged to use the willow and boxelder." Men sent out for bark succeeded in killing two elk, to the joy of all, since elk skins were needed to cover the boat. Willow bark was placed beneath the skins, which had to be supplemented with buffalo hide, though this was far less satisfactory. Tar was needed, and a pit was dug for the manufacture of tar. The effort proved a failure, and a composition of beeswax and buffalo tallow was used instead. This was the best that could be done, though it was feared that the result of its use would not be a water-proof boat. The anticipation of leaks was increased by the necessity of sewing the covering hides with a needle which had sharp edges instead of merely a point.

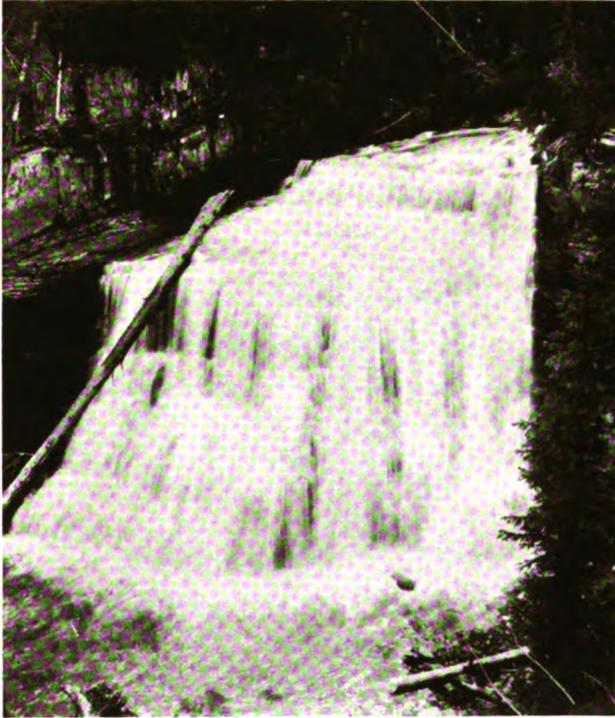
The fear was justified. When the boat was launched and loaded, it leaked badly; nearly all the composition separated from the skins. Contrary to expectation, the buffalo skin proved better than the shaved elk skin, since the hair of the buffalo retained the composition. But buffalo had disappeared, so it was too late to repair the damage. The boat was therefore taken to pieces, and the frame was buried in a cache, similar to those left at various places, that goods and equipment might be available on the return journey. Immediately search was begun for wood from which to build two canoes, to supple-



THE MISSOURI RIVER IN DAVISON COUNTY, MONTANA



THE MISSOURI RIVER IN MONTANA



**OUSEL FALLS, WEST BRANCH OF GALLATIN RIVER, JEFFERSON
NATIONAL PARK, MONTANA**

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ment those already in use. The tale of the difficulties experienced in this further attempt to trample over obstacles would be notable if the record were not crowded so full of still more interesting details.

Five weeks more of toil, tribulation, and triumph. Then the three head branches of the Missouri were found. Because each was so similar in size and appearance, the explorers discontinued the use of the name Missouri and gave to the southwest branch the name of Jefferson in honor of the President of the United States, and projector of the enterprise; and called the middle branch Madison, after James Madison, Secretary of State. The third branch was named Gallatin. Note was made of the fact that "the bed of all is formed of smooth pebbles and gravel, and the waters are perfectly transparent." What a contrast to the turbid waters of the lower river, which makes of the clear Mississippi a river of liquid mud!

In this country—where Sacajawea said she had been captured by the Minnetarees when she was a child—the explorers divided into parties, each of which sought the best outlet. It was the custom for the various parties to leave directions for others who might follow. More than once, however, strange accidents happened to the notes. Once Captain Lewis left directions on the top of a pole. Unfortunately, the pole was green and appealed to a beaver, which cut it down and carried it away, as well as the note. When those for whom this note was intended came up, there were no directions for them, and they were at sea.

The maze of small streams encountered proved disconcerting. But it is diverting to note the names given to these little rivers by the puzzled men. One they called

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Wisdom, another was Philosophy, while a third was Philanthropy. Possibly they thought that it would have been the part of wisdom if they had remained at home, but were enabled to bear their trials with philosophy because of the thought that their deed of philanthropy would help their country!

The leaders were looking not only for the ultimate source of the Missouri, but also for representatives of the Shoshone Indians, on whose attitude it was felt the success of the expedition depended. On August 11, therefore, when, at a distance of two miles, Captain Lewis discovered an approaching Indian who was of a different tribe from any before encountered, he tried to reach him. But the Indian, suspicious from the first, was confident in his belief that danger threatened him, by the appearance of two of the men of the party, from the side. He thought he was threatened by many enemies, and when Captain Lewis was within a hundred yards he turned his horse, and hurried away.

Disappointed temporarily in one of his quests, Captain Lewis next day had the joy of success in the other. The stream he was following "gradually became smaller, till after going two miles it had so greatly diminished in width that one of the men, in a fit of enthusiasm, with one foot on each side of the river, thanked God that he had lived to bestride the Missouri. . . . After four miles from the last abrupt turn of the river, they reached a small gap formed by the high mountains which recede on each side, leaving room for the Indian trail. From the foot of one of the lowest of these mountains . . . issues the turbulent water of the Missouri. They had now reached the hidden source of that river, which had never

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yet been seen by civilized man; and as they quenched their thirst at the chaste and icy fountain, as they sat down by the brink of that rivulet, which yielded its distant and modest tribute to the parent ocean, they felt themselves rewarded for all their labors and all their difficulties."

The very next day saw the fulfillment of his second dream. Captain Lewis came suddenly upon three Indian women. One of them escaped, but the others, seeing that flight was useless, sat on the ground and lowered their heads for the expected death. Yet they were not only received kindly, but were sent with presents after the other woman. The three women led the party to a troop of warriors, whose chief, Cameahwait, informed the leader of the expedition that his braves, fearing that the men approaching were their dreaded enemies, the Minnetarees, had taken the war path against them. At first they were convinced that there was nothing to be feared from the white men, but in a day or two they became suspicious once more. They were probably in league with their enemies!

This was a ticklish moment for the expedition. Unless suspicion was allayed, a successful outcome could not be hoped for. In vain the plea was made that the Indians go to the forks of the river, where the rest of the exploring party were waiting with arms and trinkets which the Indians valued. But at last the explorer touched them in a sore point. If they were men, and had the courage of men, they would show that they were not afraid to die by going in the face of what they thought was grave danger. Of course the chief declared that he was not afraid to die; he would go, and he would ask others to follow him. At first six or eight Indians said they would go to the forks. Soon ten or twelve men joined the cavalcade. Before long all the men of the nation and a number of the women were

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in the company. Suspense had given way to cheerfulness and gaiety, and the day was won.¹

The growing good feeling between whites and Indians was furthered not only by their common experience of hunger, because of shortage of game, and the generosity of Captain Lewis in sharing all that he had with the Indians, but also by a strange event. On approaching the remainder of the party under Captain Clark, Captain Lewis noted Charboneau and his Indian wife walking apart from the others. Suddenly Sacajawea "began to dance and show every mark of the most extravagant joy." She had recognized members of her native tribe, from which she had been stolen so many years before. Soon she was in the arms of a young squaw, who, as a girl, had been taken prisoner with her. As if this was not coincidence enough, a little later, when Captain Lewis had summoned Sacajawea into the tent as an interpreter in his interview with Chief Cameahwait, she recognized in him her brother. "She instantly jumped up, and ran and embraced him, throwing over him her blanket, and weeping profusely."

The now friendly Shoshones did not hesitate to supply horses and guides to the explorers, and the journey was continued across the mountains. Food was scarce most of the time; on several occasions horses were killed and eaten. On September 19 snow was melted and was mixed with a little portable soup, a few canisters of which, with a little bear's oil, was the sole food remaining. But privations were forgotten when, the divide of land crossed, the way was open by Lewis's River, the Snake, and the Columbia, to the Pacific.

¹ On July 20, 1925, the Upper Missouri Historical Expedition, at Meriwether, Montana, unveiled a monument to commemorate the farthest north point reached by Lewis and Clark.

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The return journey was equally full of adventure. On reaching the source of the Missouri, Captain Lewis took a party along that stream, while Captain Clark sought the Yellowstone and followed its winding course to its junction with the Missouri.

Soon after Captain Clark reached the region where the Missouri heads, he was much puzzled as to his route. For a time it seemed as if no headway could be made. But Sacajawea's remarkable memory solved the difficulty. She recognized the country, having traversed it often in her childhood, when the Shoshones went that way to take beaver. She said that the creek they were on flowed into Wisdom River, and described the surrounding country exactly as it was.

When Captain Clark reached the mouth of the Yellowstone River, he made camp there, planning to wait for Captain Lewis. But the mosquitoes were so bad that he had to move downstream. A note, attached to a high pole, was left for Captain Lewis.

Before Captain Lewis arrived came Sergeant Pryor, with three men. These had been sent overland by Captain Clark, in charge of the horses of the party. These horses were stolen by Indians, and the men had to make their way overland, with the baggage. Reaching the Yellowstone in the neighborhood of Pompey's Pillar, the resourceful men proceeded to make two skin canoes, such as they had seen among the Indians. These were constructed first by tying together two sticks, so as to form a round hoop. This served for the brim. A second hoop, made in the same way, was for the bottom of the boat. These hoops were fastened together by sticks, spaced regularly. Over this frame a skin cover was drawn and tied with thongs. The result was a basin, seven feet in diameter, and sixteen

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inches deep, which could carry six or eight men with their loads.

"In perfect security," they passed down the river in their bullboats, as they were called, without taking water, and finally reached the mouth of the Yellowstone. There they found the note for Captain Lewis. This they took down, feeling that it had not been observed by him.

After a time Captain Lewis with his party also appeared, and the reunited company proceeded down the Missouri. When in the country of the Minnetarees, Charboneau and his wife Sacajawea were left behind, although they were invited to go on to the United States. It is of interest to note that, while the husband received five hundred dollars for his services, Sacajawea, his wife and slave, received no recognition for her wonderful assistance.

The rapid course downstream was interrupted at Council Bluffs, for an examination of a situation that would make it "a very eligible spot for a trading establishment."

When within a few days' journey of St. Louis they encountered a United States army officer, who told them that the people of the United States, having had no word of them since they left the Mandan village, sixteen months before, thought that the entire party had perished. Yet all returned except Sergeant Floyd, who died from natural causes during the first weeks of the journey.

On Sunday, August 31, 1806, St. Charles was reached; on Monday a troop of United States soldiers was encountered; and on Tuesday St. Louis was in sight. After firing a salute, all went on shore and received the heartiest and most hospitable welcome from the whole village.

The journey of 4,134 miles from St. Louis to the Pacific, and 3,555 miles back to St. Louis, by the shorter route taken, had been completed.

WHEN THE MISSOURI RIVER WAS MIGHTY

"Never did a similar event excite more joy throughout the United States," said President Jefferson. "The humblest of its citizens had taken a lively interest in the issue of the journey, and looked forward with impatience to the information it would furnish."

The arrival of the two leaders in Washington was delayed until February, 1807. Congress "granted to the two chiefs and their followers the donation of lands which they had been encouraged to expect in reward of their toil and danger," the Jefferson comment continues. Further reward was given to Captain Lewis by his appointment as Governor of Louisiana, while Captain Clark was made a general of militia, and agent of the United States for Indian Affairs.

The success of Lewis and Clark gave new impetus to the fur trade, which was carried on in canoes, or dugouts, keel-boats and bullboats. In time the American Fur Company had the trade in good control. In 1830 Kenneth McKenzie was in charge of their post, Fort Union, at the mouth of the Yellowstone, which soon became the most important fur-trading center in the United States.¹ A year later Fort Piegan was built at the mouth of the Marias River, in the Blackfoot country. This was not far from the later military establishment of Fort Benton. Then came Fort McKenzie, which soon was one of the best paying stations in the fur trade. Its importance

¹The anniversary of Fort Union's colorful history was celebrated on July 18, 1925, when a company led by the Governors of North Dakota and Montana, called the Upper Missouri Historical Expedition gathered on the site, which is on the boundary between the states. Representatives of all the tribes which formerly traded at Fort Union were present. The pipe of peace was smoked, and all the formalities of an earlier day were observed. On the preceding day the Commission was at Verendrye, North Dakota. There exercises were held in commemoration of the exploration of Pierre de la Verendrye, the first white man to penetrate to the Upper Missouri River. His journey was made in 1738-39.

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continued until 1843, when the Blackfoot Indians succeeded in burning the fort and killing many of its inhabitants, in revenge for an earlier attack made on them when they were within the fort, seeking to trade. The plan had been made to kill them and rob them of their goods, on the pretense that they had offended by the breach of some law of the white men. The only memorial of the fort is the name *Brulé Bottom*, given to the land where the fort stood. For a time the place was called *Fort Brulé*, or *Burned Fort*.

The year 1844 saw the founding of *Fort Lewis*, named in honor of Captain Meriwether Lewis, but the site proved impossible and in 1846 it was rebuilt on the site of the more modern *Fort Benton*, whose prosperity dates from 1853, when explorers for a northern railroad route to the Pacific reached that fort.

During the years of the American Fur Company's greatest prosperity, the steamer was the accepted method of river transportation. Though the first steamer entered the *Missouri River* as early as 1819, it was not until 1832 that the *Yellowstone* managed to negotiate the crooked river as far as the mouth of the *Yellowstone*. This successful voyage has always been thought of as an important event in the story of *Missouri River* progress.

These early boats found many impediments in the way of their advance. Snags and sandbars were hindrances enough, but the constant changes in the channel of the stream made difficulties even greater. In 1806 Captain Lewis noted in his *Journal* this peculiarity; he spoke of the fact that since his journey upstream sandbars had become channels, and channels had become sandbars. A curious commentary on this habit of the river was made in 1896. A farmer was digging a well near the mouth of *Grand*

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River, Missouri, several miles from the channel of the Missouri. In the excavation he found a Bible, marked on the cover with the name *Naomi*. On inquiry he learned that this was evidently one of the Bibles given by missionaries to steamers in early days, for the use of travelers. The *Naomi*, which was burned in 1840, near the site of the well, possessed such Bibles. But the stream changed its course, and the memento of the steamer was found far inland.

The fortunes of the Missouri River steamer were not tied up altogether with the fur trade. The Mormon emigrants from Illinois to Utah, advance guard of tens of thousands of homeseekers, found the steamer useful. When war with Mexico was declared, troops and supplies were carried to Independence, where the Santa Fé trail was touched. Gold seekers, bound first for California, and later for Montana, welcomed the steamer as a help in the journey. Troops and supplies for frontier forts were loaded on these convenient carriers, and the Indians came to look for the arrival of the vessels because they carried rich cargoes of supplies which were used in paying their annuities. Steamers played an important part in the Civil War, as also in the many conflicts with Indians, including the tragic campaign of General Custer in 1876. One of the thrilling legends of Missouri River travel tells of that record-breaking journey of the steamer which carried the survivors of the battle on the Little Big Horn, to the mouth of the Yellowstone, then down the Missouri.

The Indians were ever making trouble for the steamers. For instance, in 1847, when the *Martha* was carrying annuity goods for the Yanktonnais Sioux, the Indians, enraged because they did not receive all that was due them, attacked the boat. They knew that part of their goods

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were on board and were to be taken to Fort Pierre, where they had been told to apply for them. They did not see the reason for that journey. So, when the boatmen were loading ten cords of wood for the engine, they saw their opportunity. "When the men were loaded up and were jammed close together in single file on their way to the boat, the Indians jumped upon them and began to belabor them with the rawhide horsewhips which they always had fastened to their waists," wrote a river historian. "The men were frightened almost out of their wits, and dropping their wood, scrambled on board the best way they could."

In 1866, when the *Octavia* was taking a commission up river to negotiate a treaty with the Indians, there was serious trouble with a party of Yanktonnais Sioux. Contrary to the advice of the captain of the steamer, the commission invited large numbers of the Indians on board. The members of the commission said they perceived that the captain was afraid of the Indians, but they would show him the folly of such fear. At once they saw their mistake. The Indians became insolent, and the commissioners, powerless, hurried to their staterooms. The captain, seeing that he must extricate himself from the difficulty, gave orders to cut the rope which tied the boat to the shore. "The sudden move astounded the Indians," wrote the captain later. "Those on shore seized the line and began pulling before they discovered that it was cut. I knew they would not dare to fire, for fear of shooting their own people. Those in the boat were panic-stricken and began to leap overboard. I caused the prow of the boat to be held close to shore that they could get to land without drowning, and in a few minutes the boat was clear of them. Then, reversing the engine, we steered for the opposite shore and made the boat fast. The danger being over, I

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went to Curtis's room, and told him it was safe for him to come out. When he appeared, I said, 'Who is afraid of Indians now, General Curtis?' His only reply was, 'Who would have thought that the rascals would dare molest a government officer?'

A real river tragedy where the Indians played a sorrowful part came in 1863, when the Winnebago Indians were removed from their old home near Mankato, Minnesota, to the banks of the Missouri River. Instead of the fertile lands in the Minnesota Valley, they were to have stern leagues of arid land on the Missouri. They were transplanted by steamer, first down the Minnesota and the Mississippi, to the mouth of the Missouri, then up the Missouri to a point above the present site of Chamberlain, South Dakota. The land distance was but three hundred miles, but the water journey was nearly two thousand miles.

The "golden era" of Missouri River steamboating was between 1850 and 1866. "In the year 1858 there were 57 steamboats on the lower river, and 306 steamboat arrivals at the port of Leavenworth, Kansas," according to the proud boast of one who knew the river. "In 1859 more vessels left the port of St. Louis for the Missouri River than for both the Upper and Lower Mississippi. In 1857 there were 28 steamboat arrivals at the new village of Sioux City before July 1."

On the upper river the high tide of traffic came later. "Prior to 1864 there had been only six steamboat arrivals at Fort Benton. In 1866 and 1867 there were seventy arrivals. . . . There were times when thirty or forty steamboats were on the river between Fort Benton and the mouth of the Yellowstone."

But the railroad came and the steamer traffic passed

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away. The trouble began in 1859, when the Hannibal and St. Joseph road reached St. Joseph, Missouri, but not until 1867, when the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad came to Council Bluffs, the advantageous spot concerning which Lewis and Clark had ventured to prophesy in 1806, was the steamer's fate sealed.

Vain efforts were made by the United States Government to keep the river open and to encourage the resumption of steamer traffic. At great expense the Missouri River Commission was kept alive, but on June 13, 1902, the inevitable was recognized and the commission was abolished.

What of the river's future? The answer of Horace M. Chittenden, United States Army Engineer, has in it a ring of triumph and of promise:

"Turn this river out upon the lands. Unlock its imprisoned power. When the rains do not fall, let it supply the need. Then the new and greater history of the Missouri River will begin. Utility will take the place of romance. The buffalo, the Indian, the steamboat, the gold-seeker, the soldier, will be seen in the valley no more, but in its stead culture and comfort, and the choicest blessings that come with civilization."

CHAPTER XII

ON THE AMAZING COLORADO RIVER

IT IS not necessary to go to South America or to Africa to discover a river that, in most of its length, is all but unknown. For such a river is the Colorado. And it is not a small river, either. From the headwaters of the Green River, its chief tributary, it is about two thousand miles long. Yet approach to it is difficult or impossible in the greater part of the distance. It receives the waters from a region of perhaps three hundred thousand square miles, but most of the country through which it passes is a barren desert, because in most places the river sullenly refuses to yield its life-giving stream. In five or six places only has the United States Reclamation Service—which works wonders even when there seems to be no chance of achievement—been able to divert the waters of the Colorado and its tributaries to the transformation of the land near by; by these projects only about eleven thousand farms have been benefited.

Some of the early fur traders thought that the almost inaccessible canyons would prove a glorious hiding-place for the beaver, but they were disappointed in their quest. Fishermen have had the notion that the hidden pools and mysterious recesses of the stream must shelter game fish of distinction, but they have learned that the waters are practically without life. The thought was born in the minds of dreamers that the mighty current could be used

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for transportation purposes, but investigation soon led to the decision that no ordinary boat could float downstream, to say nothing of stemming the flood.

Then—aside from the few irrigation projects to which it gives water—what is the good of the Colorado River? Its chief merit is not utility, but grandeur. For practically half of their length, the Green River and the Colorado River are buried far down beneath the surface of the surrounding plateau. A succession of tremendous canyons begins in Utah, near the junction of the Grand and the Green Rivers, and these canyons become more awe-inspiring as the Colorado leaps from the union toward the Gulf of California. In the more than two hundred miles of what is known as the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, there are a few places where those who would see what many have spoken of as the world's most sublime natural wonder can stand on the rim, looking five miles, ten miles, sometimes much farther over to the opposite rim. But it is difficult to keep the eye on the distant margin because of the glorious formations that tower between, formations which in their bewildering succession of rainbow colors and their fantastic shapes and tremendous height hold the vision in spite of repeated efforts to turn away.

There are, too, a few winding trails by which it is possible to scramble down through the wreckage of whole geologic eras, through the succession of canyons, past the weirdly beautiful formations, to the final canyon where the river—which seems a mere thread when glimpsed from the rim—thunders swiftly along in search of the passage out of the prison of its own making. And no one can profess to know the glories of the Grand Canyon unless he has spent the weary hours necessary for its descent; has camped by the river side, and has toiled back to the sur-

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face by the serpentine routes where there are thrills a-plenty, though real danger is kept far away by the vigilant guides who know the route so thoroughly. These thrills vary, according as choice is made of the Bright Angel Trail or the Grand View Trail, the Mystic Spring Trail or the Peach Springs Trail, or the half-dozen other available routes within easy reach of the point where the railroad deposits Arizona passengers, even if they cannot be mentioned in the same breath as the experiences of the toiling pioneers of the river who floundered amid the eddies, the rapids and the bowlders, or sought, usually in vain, for an outlet to the rim of the plateau.

Railroads cross the river at two points on its lower course, at Needles and at Yuma, and a momentary glimpse of the upper Green River is provided for passengers who journey through southern Wyoming. But those whose impression of the river's might is formed at such places as these have yet to come to them a revelation of power and glory.

And how those who have let the wonders of the canyon take possession of them have rhapsodized about it! Joaquin Miller called the Grand Canyon and the shorter, but in many respects equally remarkable, Marble Canyon, farther up the river, "The world's paint shop," "a saber thrust in earth's bosom." Charles Dudley Warner spoke of the city of turrets and spires and pinnacles, far down beneath the earth's surface, a city of the imagination. Fitz-James McCarthy talked of "the geological apocalypse, half mystery and half revelation, a paradox of chaos and repose, of gloom and radiance, of immeasurable desolation and enthralling beauty, a despair and a joy, a woe and an ecstasy, requiem and a hallelujah, a world-ruin and a world-glory." And in explanation of

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his own despair of description he called attention to the fact that a hundred Yosemitees might be lost in the Canyon, and they could never be found again. "Here a dozen Niagaras would form but minor details in the stupendous scene. You might scatter the whole area of the Alps through the three hundred miles of this abysmal chasm without filling it up."

Early in the history of the mighty efforts of explorers from Europe, the Colorado made its call heard. Indians whose ancestors for centuries had dreaded or worshiped the river about which they possessed fantastic legends told them of the mystery to the north. In 1540 Nuñez persuaded Coronado, that inveterate gold-seeker, to lead an expedition from Mexico to the Seven Cities of Cibola. A member of that expedition, Garcia Lopez, was sent in the company of Indian guides to find the fabled Canyon of the Colorado. The Canyon was found, but not the desired gold. This, the first of a number of expeditions by explorers and missionaries, told the world little of the great river hidden in the earth, though they approached it from the Gulf of California, ascended its waters for hundreds of miles, and stood on the rim at various points, including the remarkable Grand View Point, where tributary canyons give to the sublime spectacle great width; there the eye ranges for near twenty miles across the buried mountains which must be descended before they can be climbed.

There are legends of visitors to the several canyons during the century preceding 1857, but not much that is authentic can be said of them, until the crossing of the river by the expedition to California of the United States Army of the West in 1846-47. The next approach of vital importance was by Lieutenant J. C. Ives in



LOOKING DOWN THROUGH BOULDER CANYON



CANYON OF THE COLORADO, AT THE MOUTH OF AZTEC CREEK, ARIZONA



SUSPENSION BRIDGE ACROSS COLORADO RIVER, GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK

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1857, made partly in consequence of Zebulon Pike's belief, announced after his Western exploration, that the best route to follow in crossing the plains to California was along the Arkansas River to its source and then down the Colorado to its mouth near the Gulf of California. It was evident that Pike did not know much about the Colorado; he had not heard of the great canyons, through which no ordinary boat could go in safety. Soon, however, the United States Government had hints of the existence of these canyons, and the expedition headed by Lieutenant Ives was sent in order to find how far steamboats might ascend the lower Colorado, and to determine whether the route taken would be suitable for sending men and supplies to the forts in what is now the southern part of Utah.

For Lieutenant Ives's use an iron steamboat was built in sections, which were shipped to San Francisco, and from there to Robinson's Landing, at the mouth of the Colorado. Preparations for the trip up the river were greatly delayed by the difficulties that arose when the men set about rebuilding the boat. The bank of the river was so high that it was not easy to find a place for putting the boat together. Finally a pit fifty feet long, fourteen feet wide, and from four to five feet deep, was dug in a spot on the bank where the vessel could be floated off at the next high tide. A long time was required for this, since the soil was a soft, sticky clay that clung to the spades like gum. Half-decayed logs found here and there in the mud were used as ways for supporting the boat. To bring them to the camp, two or three men harnessed themselves to each log and drew it along through gully and mud, sinking to their knees at almost every step.

When the ways were ready, it was found that the machinery had become rusted and bent during the long sea

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voyage, and that the hull of the boat needed to be strengthened, since the boiler was very large. In addition to these troubles, two men had to spend one day each week in going fifteen miles after drinking-water for the party.

At last the vessel, which was named the *Explorer*, was ready for the water. "She is fifty-four feet long," wrote Lieutenant Ives. "Amidships, the hull is left open, like a skiff, the boiler occupying a third of the vacant space. At the bow is a little deck, on which stands the armament—a four-pound howitzer. In front of the wheel another deck, large enough to accommodate the pilot and a few of the surveying party, forms the roof of a cabin eight feet by seven."

The voyage up the river was begun on December 31, 1857, but in two days the curious steamboat had traveled only thirty-one miles. Not until Fort Yuma was passed was the difficult part of the voyage begun.

Every day brought new trials. Sometimes a bar in the river would bring the vessel to a dead stop, and most of the crew would have to climb overboard and work for several hours to force it into deep water. Sometimes the rudder broke and it became necessary to haul up to the bank to make a new rudder. Sometimes men had to go ashore with a towline in order to guide the boat through a whirlpool or eddy.

The strange craft attracted the attention of the Mohave Indians who lived along the river, and they often followed it for some distance. The Indian children liked to mimic the man at the bow who made the soundings, to his great amusement. Every call that he voiced in giving his observations was "echoed from the bank with amazing fidelity of tone and accent."

As the *Explorer* continued up the stream, passing

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through canyons and chasms, the walls between which the river rushed grew higher and higher, and the blue sky, far above, seemed framed in the rock. Often logs were seen in clefts in the rock fifty feet above the deck, thus showing the height to which the water rose in time of flood.

In the Black Canyon, not far from where the Colorado bends to the east, and from the point where it is joined by the Virgin River, Lieutenant Ives decided that the head of navigation had been reached. Here, the *Explorer* struck a sunken rock, and while some of the men were repairing the boat, Ives and two companions went on up through the gorge and a short distance beyond in a skiff. In his report of the expedition he stated his belief that supplies could be sent over the route that he had taken and then up the Mormon road to Salt Lake City.

In March, 1858, the *Explorer* was sent back to Fort Yuma, but before Ives himself returned he made a land journey to the canyon farther east. In making his report Ives said:

“This region can be approached only from the south, and after entering it there is nothing to do but to leave. Ours has been the first, and will doubtless be the last party of Whites, to visit this profitless locality.”

Some years later the Union Pacific Railroad across the continent was completed, and the route that Lieutenant Ives had followed was no longer of any value for transit or transportation, though the Mormon trail of which he spoke continued to be in use for many years.

Many Mormons approached the Grand Canyon over this and other trails. The most notorious of these was John D. Lee, the Mormon leader who was held responsible for the awful Mountain Meadows massacre in Utah

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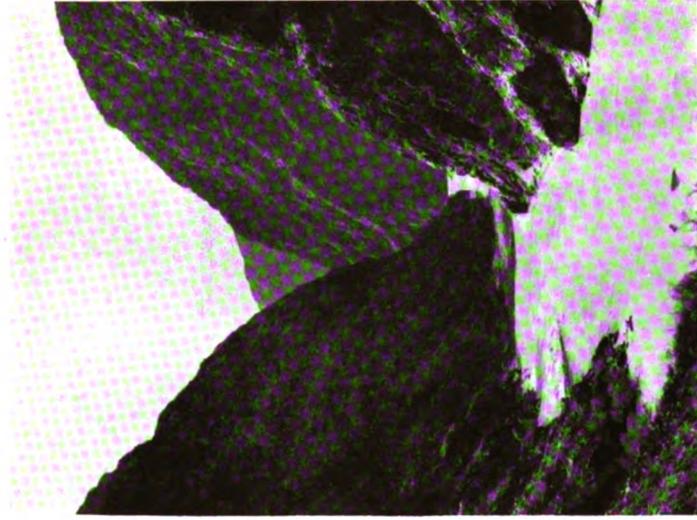
in September, 1857. The victims were one hundred and twenty men, women, and children who were on their way from Arkansas to California. Their troubles in Utah, caused by both Mormons and Indians, were great even before they reached Mountain Meadows in the southern part of the territory. They were sent to camp there, probably as part of the plan which was carried out when a company of Indians, associated with Mormons disguised as Indians, besieged them there. They were soon in desperate straits, because water supplies were exhausted. They therefore welcomed the approach of Lee and some of his associates, who, in the words of one who has told the story, "offered to lead them away from danger, provided they would undertake to retire and give up their arms to please the Indians. Incredible though it seems, the despondent men, anxious for the lives and honor of their loved ones, yielded to this preposterous demand, and, under a flag of truce, began to march, as they thought, to a place of safety. Those in line were no sooner stretched out so as to prevent mutual help, when they were set upon by the fiends who had pledged themselves to protect them, and every man and woman, and most of the children, were ruthlessly butchered in cold blood."

Of course the Mormon Church disavowed the crime, though Lee declared that he was obeying the orders of the authorities. The only explanation made by the Mormons was that Lee declared the crime was committed by Indians, whom he had tried to restrain. Later the Church asserted that Lee and those with him were responsible, and that they had committed the crime in order that they might plunder the little company.

When Lee was arrested, he escaped—he claimed by the orders of Brigham Young. For three years he dis-



SURVEYING THE RAPIDS IN MARBLE CANYON,
COLORADO RIVER



HEAD OF BOULDER CANYON, COLORADO RIVER



COLORADO RIVER, NEAR DIAMOND CREEK

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appeared, but at the end of that time he was found where Paria Creek empties into the Colorado, near the mouth of the Marble Canyon. There he found a waste of sand, but this he soon turned into an irrigated garden where alfalfa, fruits, and vegetables grew with the profusion characteristic of the scattered gardens which have been made by Indians and others along the river, far beneath the plateau. He also set up a ferry. Lee's Ferry and ranch are still noted points on the Colorado for those who seek the beginning of Marble Canyon.

Lee was arrested a second time, and once more he escaped. But when he was again apprehended, he was tried, found guilty, and was shot on the scene of his crime.

During the long interval between the Mountain Meadows Massacre and the punishment of Lee, the Colorado River was conquered by John Wesley Powell, who was determined to learn something of the secrets of a region four hundred miles long and fifty miles wide which was left blank in a War Department map of 1868. Just how many canyons he would have to pass through from Green River, Wyoming, to the end of the Grand Canyon, he did not know. Later he found there were fourteen of them, varying in length from eight to two hundred and seventeen miles, and in depth from twelve hundred to six thousand feet. Two of them, the Marble Canyon and the Grand Canyon, form a continuous majestic gorge 283 miles long.

Major John Wesley Powell, who had but one arm, was accompanied by nine men. The start was made on May 24, 1869. The four boats in which they were to travel down through the canyons of the Green River to the canyons of the Colorado had been built to withstand rocks and rapids, and were described thus by the leader:

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“Three are built of oak; stanch and firm; double-ribbed, with double stern and stern posts, and further strengthened by bulkheads, dividing each into three compartments. Two of these, the fore and aft, are decked, forming water-tight cabins. It is expected these will buoy the boats should the waves roll over them in rough water. The fourth boat is made of pine, very light, but sixteen feet in length, with a sharp cut-water and every way built for fast rowing. The little vessels are twenty-one feet long, and, taking out the cargo, can be carried by four men.”

Mountaineers told the men that the canyons could not be run, and Indians warned them that “Water heap catch ’em.” One old Indian named Páriats, in telling of a number of his tribe who tried to run one of the upper canyons, held his arms above his head and looked between them to the hearers as he said: “The rocks he-e-a-p, h-e-ap high; water go h-oo-woogh, h-oo-woogh; water pony h-e-a-p buck; water catch ’em; no see ’em Injun any more! no see ’em squaw any more! no see ’em papoose any more!” But Major Powell refused to be discouraged.

In the Canyon of Lodore, on the Green River, in Utah, the explorers had their first serious accident. One of the boats struck a rock in a whirlpool and was carried rapidly down, broadside on, to another rock, on which it broke in two. The men were thrown into the river, but managed to climb up on the larger fragment of the boat, which still floated because of the water-tight compartment. In another whirlpool, filled with huge boulders, the fragment was dashed to pieces, and the men were rescued only with great difficulty and after they had been carried down the rushing stream for some distance.

After many narrow escapes the party succeeded in passing through Marble Canyon and into the Grand Canyon.

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They now had provisions for only one month, since much of their food had been lost on the way, and the stock that remained was badly damaged. In his Journal entry of August 13, Major Powell wrote:

"We are three quarters of a mile in the depths of the earth, and the great river shrinks into insignificance as it dashes its angry waves against the walls and cliffs that rise to the world above; the waves are but puny ripples, and we but pigmies; running up and down the sands or lost among the boulders.

"We have an unknown distance yet to run, an unknown river to explore. What falls there are, we know not; what rocks beset the channel, we know not; what walls rise over the river, we know not. . . . The men talk as cheerfully as ever, . . . but to me the cheer is somber and the jests are ghastly."

The depth of the Canyon increased to more than a mile. Rapids and rocks became more numerous, and the boats were hurled against the great cliffs in the water that foamed and boiled about them.

When the party reached a point in the Canyon near where visitors to-day go down the Bright Angel Trail, only ten days' supplies were left to them, and these were spoiled or spoiling. Fortunately an Indian garden was found in the narrow valley of a side canyon. The corn growing there was not ripe enough for roasting, so the men had to be content with a few green squashes, which they felt they were justified in taking under the circumstances. "Never was fruit so sweet as these stolen squashes," wrote Major Powell.

On August 28, three of the men, fearing that they would never reach the end of the Grand Canyon alive, urged Major Powell to climb the wall on the Utah side

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and seek the Mormon settlements on the Virgin River. But the leader refused to give up when he had proceeded thus far, so the three men decided to climb the wall alone. They declined to take a share of the food remaining, but they were given two rifles and a shotgun. They managed to reach the plateau after a hard climb; but soon afterward they were killed by Indians, who believed that they were miners who had been accused of mistreating the Indians. The Indians did not credit the story of the voyage down the Colorado, for they could not understand how a boat could live on that river.

The next day the rest of the party emerged from the Grand Canyon. Through courage and perseverance they had accomplished the feat that had been thought impossible. Coming down the river, they soon reached the mouth of the Virgin River, where they met Mormons who supplied them with food. As the river had already been ascended to this point by Ives and others, the exploration of the Colorado was completed.

One historian has spoken of the journey of Major Powell as "a feat of exploration unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, on this continent." It was a private venture, but the results were so satisfactory that his second expedition, made in 1871 and 1872, was supported by the United States Government. The plan was to secure the scientific data which it had been impossible to provide during the first expedition. The narrative of the expedition is a fascinating story of adventure abundantly worth while.

Other expeditions can be counted on the fingers. Captain G. M. Wheeler succeeded in his attempt to stem the river from Camp Mohave to Diamond Creek, along a small portion of the stream. Frank M. Brown, in 1889,

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failed in his effort to float down the Colorado from the crossing of the Green River by the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railway. The purpose was to find a route for a railway through the canyon to the Gulf of California. Three of the men, including the leader, were drowned, and the remainder of the expedition climbed the canyon walls and returned to their homes.

Later in the year 1889 Robert B. Stanton, an associate of Brown, succeeded where his friend had failed. In less than six months the party managed to reach the Gulf of California, but not without many adventures. One of these followed the breaking of the leg of the photographer of the expedition, not far from Lee's Ferry. With incredible difficulty he was carried for four miles, up seventeen hundred feet, to the rim, and there was taken on a ladder to Lee's Ferry.

Perhaps the most spectacular journey made by successors of Powell and Stanton was that of the Kolb Brothers, who, in 1911, launched their boats on the Green River, determined to brave the canyon below that they might give the world the first motion picture of the river whose descent into the depths has been so picturesquely described by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh:¹

"At the southern extremity of Green River Valley the solid obstacle of the Uinto Range was thrown in an easterly and westerly trail directly across the course of the river, which, finding no alternative, had carved its way, in the course of a long geological epoch, through the foundations of the mountains in a series of gorges with extremely precipitous sides; continuous parallel cliffs between whose forbidding precipices dashed the torrents towards the sea. Having thus entrapped itself, the turbulent

¹ In "*A Canyon Voyage.*" Yale University Press.

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stream, by the configuration of the succeeding region, was forced to continue its assaults on the rocks, to reach the Gulf, and forced its fierce progress through canyon after canyon, with scarcely an intermission of open country, for a full thousand miles from the beginning of its entombment."

The experience gained by the Kolbs made them valuable members of the United States Geological Survey expedition of 1923, which started at Lee's Ferry, the only place for hundreds of miles, up or down stream, where the Colorado River can be approached without a descent into a forbidding canyon. The official story of the trip, as told by men of the Geological Survey, makes little of difficulties encountered. One paragraph is typical:

"The worst rapids on the river, according to report, are in the Upper Granite Gorge, below the mouth of the Little Colorado. One of these is known as the Sockdologer rapid, so named by Major Powell as representing the largest of all. The height of the fall at this point has been immensely exaggerated in some accounts of trips through the canyon, one recording a drop of 80 feet in a third of a mile. The fall really amounts to only 19 feet, but most of it occurs in the first 100 yards. It is impossible to climb around this rapid, and so all had to ride the boats. Seen from above the rapid, the first boat and its passengers were glimpsed only at intervals. The boat was out of sight most of the time, but finally appeared below right side up, and one by one the other boats successfully made the descent. Several other large rapids occur in the Upper Granite Gorge, but all were run without difficulty other than the usual bath of dirty water."

In keeping with the interest of the writer is the more characteristic statement made in the conclusion of the

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article in *The Geographic Magazine*, which has just been quoted:

“This latest trip through the Grand Canyon has confirmed the outstanding conclusion reached by its earlier explorers—that it reveals everywhere, even throughout its most minute features, the impress of the rock formations in which it is carved. Strikingly unparalleled though it is in the character and relations of its beds and systems of stratified rocks, still more striking is it in its abounding evidences of the complete control that the rock formations have exercised in shaping not only its general form but its infinitely varying details. The succession of alternating cliffs and terraces; the height of each wall; the width of each bench; the open, gently sloping spaces at the bottom of the canyon in some places and the narrow precipitous gorges in others; the details of the ornamental sculpture; the vivid colors; the width and the swiftness of the river; the patterns of the tributary drainage systems—all these depend upon the character and the relations of the rocks through which the stream has carved its way to the sea. The boldness with which the nature and the divisions of the rocks in every part of the canyon are displayed and the structure is laid bare is due mainly to the aridity of the region. The Grand Canyon is thus presented to us as a field in which the geographer and the geologist can together pursue studies of far-reaching interest—studies that disclose not only the action of forces now in operation but the action of ever-present forces that have been potent through the ages since the Colorado has been forming the mighty chasm that is now reckoned among the wonders of the world.”

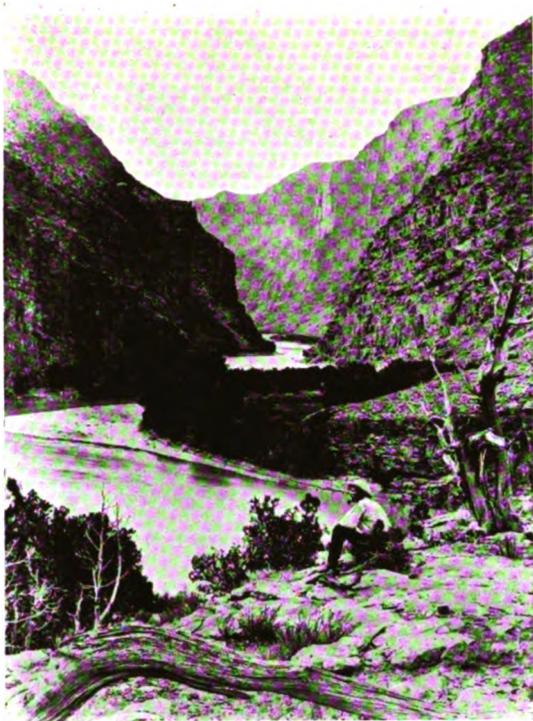
Closely affiliated with the Geological Survey in the study of the Colorado River has been the United States Rec-

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lamation Service, which has succeeded in diverting the water of the Colorado and its tributaries at a number of points to the semi-arid land adjacent. Each of the projects already completed has its own story of intense interest, from that of the Uncompahgre Project in Colorado, where more than six thousand farms have been benefited by waters of the Gunnison River by a tunnel through the mountain nearly six miles long, to that of the Yuma Project, in California, which has made out of waste land more than twelve hundred farms.

In the annals of reclamation there is no more thrilling series of episodes than those which tell of the translation of the dead Salton Sink into the fertile Imperial Valley, in spite of broken dams, and desolating floods, and the wrath of a river that threatened to make luxuriant farms into a fruitless desert. The epic fight against the stream, which culminated on February 11, 1917, after fifteen days and two hours of mighty effort, was called by Edward Harriman, of the Southern Pacific Railroad, which cooperated in the conquest, the greatest achievement, not only in his own experience, but in recent history. More recently the Imperial Valley has been protected from overflow by the Pescadero Cut-off, a monster project by which a new channel has been created in a dangerous place.

The latest scheme for a reclamation project centers in Boulder Canyon, close to the mouth of the Virgin River, the tributary of the Colorado which figured so prominently in the records of Ives and Powell. There, where the canyon is 600 feet deep, the walls of granite rock are but a few hundred feet apart. What a matchless site for a dam! It will make a reservoir 120 miles long, with an area of 157,000 acres, 50 per cent larger than Gatun Lake on the Panama Canal. Thus the plans call for the



GATE OF LODORE CANYON, ON THE GRAND RIVER



LOOKING UP THE COLORADO RIVER, GRAND CANYON



GLENWOOD CANYON ON GRAND RIVER, COLORADO

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largest engineering structure of the kind ever attempted. Water surface is to be raised 605 feet.

Since the region of the Grand Canyon was not easily accessible for tourists, except at one point, interest in it was not especially keen for many years. But interest grew, until the time seemed ripe for the creation in 1919 of Grand Canyon National Park. This succeeded President Roosevelt's Grand Canyon National Monument, erected in 1909. In 1919, also, a large portion of the Mukuntuweap Canyon, on the Virgin River, in Utah, which Major Powell had visited, was set apart as Zion National Park. Railroads and automobiles now make travel easy for visitors to these points of marvelous beauty and interest.

Already the National Park Service has accomplished wonders in preserving the grandeur of the Grand Canyon and in making this more accessible to the people. One of their objectives was the creation of a new and easier trail to take the place of the favorite Bright Angel Trail, which was owned by Coconino County. The charge of one dollar for each person who used the trail seemed an anomaly in a National Park, so, when the effort to purchase Bright Angel failed, steps were taken to substitute another, better trail, which leads from the south rim down to the Colorado River and the adjacent Kaibab Forest. This is known as the Kaibab Trail. The maximum grade is only 18 per cent, instead of 36 per cent. Then it crosses Bright Angel Creek only four times, while the old trail crossed sixty-eight times in less than four miles.

The Colorado is crossed by a remarkable suspension bridge which connects the trails from the Arizona and Utah rivers.

Here is the detailed story of the bridge, as told officially

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by D. L. Reaburn, superintendent of Grand Canyon National Park:

"To permit tourist travel by means of animal transportation between the south and the north rims in Grand Canyon National Park, the National Park Service of the Department of the Interior has completed the construction of a suspension bridge across the Colorado River at a point about five hundred feet above the mouth of Bright Angel Creek.

"The elevation of the river bed at this point is more than twenty-four hundred feet above sea level and the elevation of the south rim at Yaki Point, immediately opposite, is over seventy-two hundred feet. The elevation of the north rim at Bright Angel Point is about eighty-two hundred feet. The bridge, therefore, is forty-eight hundred feet below the south rim and fifty-eight hundred feet above the north rim.

"The distance to the bridge from the south rim by way of the Bright Angel Trail and the Tonto Trail is ten miles, the distance from the bridge to the north rim by way of the old trail which leads up Bright Angel Canyon is about twenty miles.

"The north side of the park, or the north rim, as it is called, is practically unvisited except from the north side, owing to the difficulty of getting horses or mules across the Colorado River. It is about fifteen hundred feet higher in altitude than is the south rim, and the great chasm, viewed from this side, reveals a new and alluring aspect. With the construction of the suspension bridge, rim-to-rim travel is destined to become one of the most fascinating of park-trail trips. Two days are required for the journey. After crossing the bridge the night may be spent near the river.

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“One of the most interesting of the problems presented by the construction of the bridge was the transportation of the bridge materials down the trails. Everything utilized in holding the bridge together, from the tiniest screw to the longest cable, was packed into the canyon on the backs of mules. For months, from the middle of December, 1920, the pack trains daily crawled along the narrow and steep-tilted shelves that zigzag down the walls of the sheer cliffs to the river.

“The only tragic incident of the undertaking to the National Park Service was the loss of three pack horses which became unruly at the head of the Bright Angel Trail and went over the precipice before the packers could disentangle them. The bodies of the animals were found several hundred feet below the rim. One of them was loaded with a hundred and fifty pounds of TNT, to be used for blasting. Fortunately this did not explode.

“The span length of the bridge is five hundred feet from center to center of bearings, and about four hundred and twenty feet along the roadway. It has two main seven-eighths inch plow-steel cables placed approximately ten feet apart, and anchored about eighty feet above the floor level on the sides of the rock canyon. These cables carry the wood floor by three-eighths inch galvanized steel cables spread six feet from center to center, through the medium of iron rods four feet apart. The bridge is fifty-six feet above low-water level and about thirteen feet above the highest discoverable high-water mark.

“One of the difficult transportation problems was that of getting the steel cables down. These have a resistance of nearly ninety-three thousand pounds. They weigh about one thousand pounds each and are five hundred and fifty feet long. They were taken down to the bottom of the

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canyon by a most laborious method. About two hundred pounds of cable were loaded on a reliable mule at either end of the cable, and the intervening cable length was loaded on the shoulders of fifteen men placed at intervals of about twenty feet. Then the procession slowly moved down the perilous and tortuous trail.

"In designing the bridge it was necessary to secure a structure which would be light and at the same time of sufficient strength to accommodate the travel and to have the units of such size and width that they could be packed down the trail. The floor system of the bridge is suspended from the two main cables by special three-eighths inch steel wire rods placed six feet apart. These are attached to the floor beams by three-eighths inch steel stirrup rods three feet apart.

"The bridge is five feet wide, with guards of heavy mesh wire. Because of the wind play and vibration that may be expected in a bridge of this length, eight wind guy anchors of half-inch cable extend from the bridge to the points on the shore."

Only one horse or mule is permitted to cross the bridge at a time.

The total cost of the bridge was about \$20,000. The construction work was finally completed on May 17, 1921.

The new bridge is the only structure of any kind across the Colorado River above the railroad bridge near Needles, California.

CHAPTER XIII

FOURTEEN HUNDRED MILES ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER

ONCE it was proposed that the Columbia River should be made the boundary between the United States and the British possessions on the Pacific Ocean. This would not have been altogether a bad proposition, so far as square miles of territory are concerned, for nearly half of the river's fourteen hundred miles is in British Columbia, and such a boundary, while it would have lost the United States much of the valuable State of Washington, would have included some of the richest garden and fruit country of our neighbor to the north.

Many modern travelers, like some early explorers, are surprised by the far northward reach of the famous River of the West, as it was called. When west-bound passengers on the Canadian Pacific Railroad are told at Beavermouth that they are crossing the Columbia, and again at Revelstoke learn that the Columbia is below them, they are apt to think the stream must be another river of the same name.

But a glance at the map verifies the statement. In beautiful Lake Windermere the river has its beginning, on the east of the Selkirk Mountains. Its evident longing for United States territory is not satisfied for several hundred miles; mountain barriers hold it to a northwestward course. But at the first opportunity it makes an abrupt bend to the south, at Revelstoke receives the tur-

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bid waters of the mountain-born Illecilliwaet, and a little farther on loses itself in the fascinating narrow Arrow Lakes.

As if the game of hide-and-seek with the majestic mountains was not distinction enough for a river, soon after passing out of Lower Arrow Lake it welcomes the Kootenay, another stream which is a good companion in the game with the mountains. For the Kootenay, which comes so close to the source of the Columbia that, once upon a time, steamers passed through a short canal from one river to the other, flows south, into Montana and Idaho, then completes a thousand miles of wandering by finding Kootenay Lake, less than sixty miles west of its own early approach to the Columbia, from which it ends its indecision by passing out to the southwest and joining its playmate, the Columbia. And the mouth is little more than one hundred miles from the canal through which steamers passed from the infant Kootenay to breast the quiet waters of the Columbia at its beginning.

Lovers of the water who have made the trip say that there are thrills innumerable and joys unbelievable in store for those who follow the upper Columbia in the boats from its source, where all is so quiet, to Golden, through the 250 miles of turbulent water to Revelstoke, and finally through the lakes to the mouth of the Kootenay. But most travelers must be satisfied with the glimpses gained from the railway train between Golden and Beaver-mouth, or the visit to its source. This may be approached in various ways, but the best and the most spectacular is the marvelous mountain highway from Rocky Mountain Park at Banff to Kootenay National Park, past Castle Mountain, through Vermilion Pass, within sight of Mount Assiniboine, the final passage from the mountains

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being through the guardian walls of Sinclair Canyon. A ride like that is glorious preparation for marvels of a river so varied and spectacular that the Indians feared it, revered it, and told wonder-stories about it, and more modern explorers and travelers have despaired of adequate description. One of them, Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor, who wrote more than fifty years ago of the lower river, said:

“It cannot be described—it can only be felt. The Hudson, which so long has been the pride of America, is but the younger brother of the Columbia. Place a hundred Dunderbergs side by side, and you can have some conception of these stupendous bluffs. Treble the height of the Palisades, and you can form an idea of these precipitous clefts. Elevate the dwarfed evergreens of the Hudson Highlands into firs and pines, like these, and you may compare. There seemed nothing to desire; we could only gaze and dream.”

It would be difficult to imagine a passage through more delightfully varied country than that traversed by the Columbia below the mouth of the Kootenay, through the leagues of northwestern Washington, then south to the border of Oregon, then in the final long sweep of more than three hundred miles to the elusive entrance to the Pacific Ocean.

Throughout its long course so many other majestic rivers lose themselves in its waters, beginning with Pend Oreille River, outlet of Idaho's “Earring Lake,” whose mouth is near the northern boundary of the United States, to the Willamette, river of the pioneers of the Oregon Country, boast of Portland as the unmatched standard of what is most beautiful in a stream.

Near the sharp westward bend of the mighty river the

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Spokane River finds entrance after its passage through some of the world's finest wheat country. A little farther on the spectacular Grand Coulee leads away through the lava country. Many scientists think that this became the bed of the Columbia when the regular channel was stopped by some tremendous cause.

What if the river does pass through what seems to be barren country to the west of Grand Coulee? There is abundant opportunity to think what this same barren country will become when water is given to it in abundance; it is only necessary to look at the transformation of other so-called desert leagues into garden spots of fertility unbelievable. And who can let the mind dwell on barrenness when the river, after making another sharp change in course, flows rapidly down between forbidding banks, past the mountains between whose frowning precipices Lake Chelan stretches away for fifty miles like a Norwegian fiord, with its lower waters bounded by slopes where vineyards and orchards flourish, while its upper reaches are in familiar touch with mountain gorges which hide glaciers and waterfalls and torrents? How the passenger in the little steamer that daily finds its way from Chelan to Stehekin wishes to land and clamber over the rocks to some of the hidden glories beyond—perhaps up Railroad Creek, whose rapid descent of 600 feet in twenty miles gives promise of clambering and struggling and conquest!

One of the best things in store for the visitor to Lake Chelan is the rapid descent from its level to that of the Columbia, by a road where thrills abound for the courageous, though perhaps admiration of engineering skill may drive away all fear.

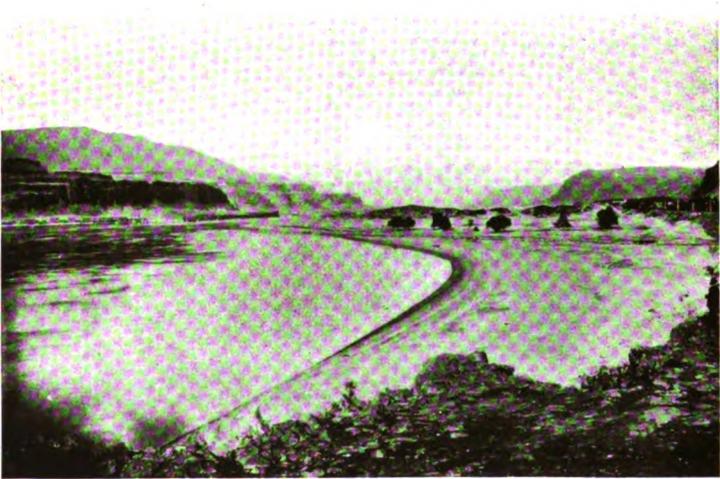
Swift waters and ever-varying bordering cliffs mark the next stage in the Columbia's program, to Wenatchee, the



IN GRAND RIVER CANYON, NEAR MOAB, UTAH



ON CLARK'S FORK OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER IN IDAHO



SAND BEACH ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER, OREGON

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town made famous by the Wenatchee River country, where fruit grows so luxuriantly. Then follow many leagues of progress through country whose owners dream of a day when the land will be as valuable as that of their northern neighbors, to Pasco, where enters, from the east, the great tributary long known as Lewis Fork, from the explorer who made its waters famous, though its accepted name to-day is Snake River.

The Snake River's nine hundred miles of scenery and history is worth a chapter to itself. Its long sweep through, and along the west of Idaho, after its rise near Yellowstone National Park; its service as a route of the pioneers in days when the West was finding its people; its famous Fort Hall, where emigrants found friends and Indians learned to treat them more kindly than they were sometimes tempted to do; its treacherous rapids and lofty waterfalls; its great lava plain through which it makes its way; its mighty irrigation service for a country that is turning from desert to bloom—all these things give it outstanding place among American rivers. But one of its chief claims to fame is that by its waters the expedition of Lewis and Clark found the way to the Columbia and so to the Pacific Ocean.

The fascinating record left by the explorers tells of the long search for water which would lead them to the West. On August 12, 1805, they thought they had found what they desired, for on that day Captain Lewis wrote:

"The ridge on which they stood formed the dividing line between the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific Ocean. They found its descent steeper than the eastern side, and at the distance of three quarters of a mile, reached a handsome bold creek of cold, clear water running to the westward. They stopped to taste for the first

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time the water of the Columbia. They little thought that a thousand miles lay between them and the Pacific."

It was September 14 before they decided that the Kooskooskee River would do what they wished. From the Kooskooskee to the Clearwater the way was found after difficulties of which it is so easy to read. But it was anything but easy to starve by day and to freeze by night; to make new canoes in place of the others which had been wrecked, in spite of debilitating weakness that made effort seem an impossibility; to steer them successfully amid the rocks or while rapids threatened to dash them; to defend their goods and sometimes themselves against covetous Indians whose professions of friendship could not be depended on.

But at length these difficulties were past, and the mouth of the Snake, or Lewis, River was reached, at the site of modern Lewiston, which first came into prominence with the gold rush to the Clearwater in 1861. One hundred and twenty miles more, and the Columbia was before them; they could sweep onward to the sea.

How the fact would have interested these intrepid explorers if they could have known that within two generations there would be steamboats on Snake River, after coming all the way from Portland, 400 miles! A pioneer, who wrote soon after the Civil War, said that it was even hoped to have steamers beyond the rapids and falls which hindered traffic on the lower Snake. "It is expected to bring the boats of the Missouri and Columbia within five hundred miles of each other," said this believer in water transportation.

Those who see the Columbia near its junction with the Snake have no difficulty in believing the stories of Lewis and Clark as to their troubles in securing firewood, to

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say nothing of timber for their boats. On all sides are treeless plains; these stretch away in lazy vistas to the mountains where trees abound.

A few miles from its junction with the Snake River, the Columbia receives the waters of the Walla Walla, the first of a number of historic streams, with Wallula at its mouth. Here was the site of the original Fort Walla Walla, the mecca of fur traders and Indians. Later Fort Walla Walla was removed to the site of the modern town of the same name, which is close to the site chosen by Marcus Whitman and his associates for the pioneer mission among the Indians of the Columbia. Whitman gave to the mission the Indian name Waiilatpu. There he lived for the natives, ministered to emigrants who came from the east, planned and schemed for the day when the United States should make good its right to the valley of the Columbia, and finally fell a martyr to the Indians for whom he had given the service of years.

Before Whitman made his settlement on the Walla Walla River he went on down the Columbia as far as Fort Vancouver, passing on the way the mouth of the Umatilla River, which was easily seen because of the low-lying banks. Later that stream supplied a welcome passage toward some of the gold mines which were ever luring prospectors in a new direction. But when he reached John Day River he was unable to tell of its proximity until he was opposite its mouth, for it enters the Columbia between walls high and close together.

Most important, however, as most spectacular of the southern tributaries of the Columbia, is the Deschutes, which is the only outlet for the river to the great plateaus and lava beds of central Oregon. Those who would know the Columbia in all its majesty should see this tributary,

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from its source far down in the Cascade Mountains, in fascinating, island-studded lakes perched far up among forests whose grandeur is jealously guarded by the United States Forest Service. They should follow it through mountain meadows, by forsaken lumber operations like that at Pringle Fork, past cinder cones, amid lava beds. From the banks they should rejoice in the prospect of heights like Mount Newberry, with its age-old crater whose lava and obsidian are the setting for two marvelous little lakes, two thousand feet below the lonely observatory on the rocky pinnacles of the topmost peak, where keen-eyed observers watch for forest fires. After passing Bend, the lumber town on the spot known to emigrants as Farewell Bend, because there they had their last view of the river before going on toward the Willamette Valley, the rushing tide of milk-white waters flows through meadows richly green, beneath ridges where the deer hide amid the trees; under bridges with floors so close to the stream that the observer wonders why a flood does not carry them away, until he learns that the volume of water never varies; past snow-clad mountains like the Three Sisters and Diamond Peak; on to the more than sixty miles of canyons, weird, winding, wondrously carved in lava and sandstone, with sweeping curves about superb peninsulas. These peninsulas add many miles to the length of the stream that is sometimes eight hundred feet down between bristling precipices often a mile apart.

A fascinating description of the Deschutes Canyon was written by a newspaper reporter, George Palmer Putnam.¹ His paper sent him into the wilds on a still hunt for news. He tells of sides which sometimes prick in to the water's very edge, while often the sheer cliffs tower

¹From *In the Oregon Country*. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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mightily, "their bases lapped by the white foam of rapids. Great rounded hills, green in spring, brown in summer, and white under the snows of winter, climb into the sky a thousand feet and more on either hand. Their sides are ribbed with countless cattle trails, like the even ripples of the wind and tide on a sandy beach. Strange contorted rock formations thrust forth from the lofty slopes, and occasional clutters of talus slide spill down into the water. Rich hues of red and brown warm the somber walls, where prehistoric fires burned the clay or rock, or minerals painted it. White-watered, crystal springs are born miraculously in the midst of apparent drought offering arctic cold nectar the year around."

The reporter who told so eloquently of the canyon was hunting for news of the builders of a railroad—or, rather, two railroads. For untold centuries the Deschutes had been left to the free creatures of the world who lived there. But in 1909 Harriman and Hill, industrial giants who directed the railroads which follow the north and south banks of the Columbia, decided almost simultaneously that they must build down the Deschutes Canyon into the heart of Oregon. Picturesque incidents followed fast—armed camps, rival gangs of laborers, appeals to the law, sharp practices of various kinds. A colorful sample has been given by Mr. Putnam:

"At one point the Hill forces established a camp reached only by a trail winding down from above, its only access through a ranch. Forthwith the Harriman people bought the ranch, and 'No Trespassing' signs, backed by armed sons of Italy, cut off the connection of the enemy below. At a vantage point close to the water both surveys followed the same hillside, which offered the only practical passage-way. One set of grade stakes overlapped the other, a few

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feet higher up. The Italian army, working furiously all one Sabbath morning, 'dug themselves in' on the grade their engineer had established in most approved military style. But while they worked the Austrians came and hewed a grade a few feet above the first, thus meanwhile demolishing it. That angered Italy, whose forces executed a flank movement and started digging still another grade above the hostiles, inadvertently dislodging boulders which rolled down among the rival workers below. Then a fresh flanking movement, and more boulders and nearly a riot! And so it went, until the top was reached, and there being no more hillside to maneuver upon, and no inclination to start over again, the two groups called quits and spent the balance of the day playing seven-up, leaving the settlement of the burlesque to courts of law!"

The outcome? Peace, and two railroads, one on the left bank, the other on the right bank. Of course there was not enough traffic for both, so they were operated in common. When the writer traversed the canyon the day train, the chosen of nature lovers, was operated by one company, while the night train, favorite of those who were ready to save time at the expense of nature, was financed by another.

The railroad in the canyon lands its passengers close to Celilo, where the Columbia is a mass of foaming rapids that dismayed the pioneers as they delight to-day's searchers for the unusual. And he will find it, in generous measure, from Celilo all along the river's course to Portland and the sea. To rugged waters are added drifting sands and a forest buried by the river; government locks that conquer for steamers the abrupt descent of the water; islands that bristle with trees and pinnacles that rise from the stream as well as from the bank; a passage through

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the Cascade Mountains, far down between beetling crags, that leads in a brief time from a dry climate to the moisture of the Pacific slope; broad vistas of river and narrow channels always directed by navigators; massive rock barriers that gave to the Indians the justification for a fantastic story about a Bridge of the Gods, miraculously built from mountain to mountain, and suddenly tumbled into ruin by the builder in a fit of temper; cliffs of basalt; falls whose waters descend five hundred, a thousand feet; mountains before which Lewis and Clark stood in rapture, and beetling precipices which led early explorers to wonder if the time would ever come for civilization to tame the river surroundings.

The query finds speedy answer by those fortunate enough to wind far above the river, on the solid surface of the Columbia River Highway, the road, cut in the cliffs, following the twisting river on its way to fresh surprises, affording glimpses of glories beyond, above, below, around. It is difficult to believe that only a few miles to the south are orchards whose fruitfulness has given Oregon fame. Between lie slopes covered with massive forest trees, where the United States Forest Service gives care to the sheltering coves of such streams as Eagle Creek, with its winding trail leading to the falls hidden far up the stream.

Among the most picturesque stretches of the highway are those between Celilo and Dalles City, above the sixteen-mile-long passage through a channel in solid rock, where the Columbia narrows from the generous mile near Dalles City, at one point, to 160 feet. What an opportunity such construction gives to thrills and difficulties! The thrills remain for the right men, but the difficulties have been conquered by the work of engineers, as they

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were conquered at the Cascades, the five miles of thundering water where the river passes over its rocky bed through the heart of the Cascade Mountains.

The story of the conquest of the Cascades is the story of Oregon's first railroad. Before the building of the canals goods were transported by land around the Cascades. Then, in 1851, on the north side of the river, a railroad was built. On the south side a wagon road, built in 1856, was changed two years later to a railroad over four miles long. This was built of wood which came, probably, from the sawmill on Eagle Creek. Wood was so plentiful that it was used not only for rails, but for planking between the rails, and for solid bridges which were so numerous because it was cheaper to build them than to construct embankments. A flood resulted in temporary abandonment of the railway on the north bank. Then the other railway had matters in its own hands with such results that a critic was led to speak of "that ticklish specimen of monopoly, the wooden railway around the portage."

When the owners of the northern railroad proposed to begin operations on a steam railroad, the owners of the southern line countered by ordering a locomotive from San Francisco. This locomotive, called *The Pony*, was the first north of the California line. The cost was \$4,000. Its career was begun by hauling passengers and ordinary freight, it was continued by transporting gold from the Salmon River Mines, and it was completed by a period as sand leveler in San Francisco. One of its last services was to assist the grading of the site of the San Francisco Palace Hotel.

One of those who rode behind the *Pony* when it was still in service in Oregon waxed eloquent:

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GORGE OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER, OPPOSITE CHELAN, WASHINGTON



ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER, NEAR ORONDO, WASHINGTON



METLAKO FALLS ON EAGLE CREEK TRAIL, COLUMBIA RIVER, OREGON

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"It was our first railroad ride on the Coast," he said. "It inspired us with animating topics of the not distant future when not only through the rocky portals of the golden West, but far beyond the teeming centers of the Mississippi, the iron horse would thunder with its tread, slaking its thirst at Snake, Green, Platte, and other rivers and waking the solitude of the Rocky Mountains with its shrill neighing. That moment will come. We stand upon the threshold, and those are now living who will witness its full accomplishment."

The railroad of the pioneer locomotive was the ancestor of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company. A modern railroad on the site was building in 1877, when the United States Government began work on the Cascade canal and locks. Their completion in 1896 marked a new epoch in Columbia River transportation, which had its beginnings in 1851 when the steamer *Jason P. Flint*, built in the East, was put together at the Cascades and taken to Portland by river. Not long afterward it became possible to go from Portland on the Columbia to Lewiston on the Snake, for sixty dollars. This passage was made in three or four days, on three steamboats, the transfer being made necessary by the two portages and the requirements of the Snake River.

The view of the lower Columbia afforded by the Columbia River Highway is one of the world's most remarkable spectacles. Precipices are surmounted by startling grades, prospects of long stretches of river are offered until the beholder wonders if the world can present anything more beautiful. Even in the midst of such abundant glories, Crown Point, reached after a winding ascent that was thought an impossibility by skilled road engineers, is such a revelation that those who before have restrained their

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enthusiasm find themselves struggling for words to express their wonder. How the long successions of explorers, fur traders, missionaries, pioneers and gold hunters must have stood in amazement on such a vantage-ground!

Long before the first white man looked on the Columbia, rumors of its greatness came from the Indians. In 1775 Bruno Heceta tried to find it. He discovered a stream which he called Ensenada de Asunción. He cast anchor between two capes, which he called San Roque and Frondoso. The currents and eddies between the capes led him to believe there was a great river within, but he was unable to stem the flood. Yet he was not certain that this was the passage discovered by Juan de Fuca in 1592.

It was 1786 before the next attempt was made. Captain John Meares, a navigator for the East India Company, sailed the *Nootka* to the Oregon coast. His primary object was to secure furs; his second hope was to discover the elusive river. In this attempt he failed, though in 1788, when he was sailing the Portuguese vessel *Felice*, he found a bay where the shoals made him afraid to enter. Cape Disappointment, named by him, expressed his feelings: he had found no river, and he doubted its existence. His disbelief did not keep Great Britain from citing his voyage as one of the chief reasons for claiming the Oregon Country.

More fortunate were John Kendrick and Robert Gray who, in 1788, sailed the *Lady Washington*, and the *Columbia Rediviva* to Nootka Sound. The first voyage was uneventful so far as the Columbia was concerned, but in 1792, when Gray was with the *Columbia Rediviva*, he sailed triumphantly between the guardian capes, which he called Adams and Hancock. On May 12 he sailed fifteen miles up the stream, to which he gave the name Columbia.

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Thus he proved a better judge than George Vancouver, the English exploring officer, who, on meeting him along the coast, discouraged him in his efforts to find a river that did not exist.

But when Vancouver learned that Gray had found the river after all, he sent Broughton, one of his officers, to verify the fact of the river's existence. So, on October 21, 1792—more than five months after Gray's discovery—the *Chatham* entered the river and proceeded to a point twenty miles inland. There the vessel was left and the cutter was used for further exploration. Later Vancouver claimed that Gray had not gone beyond the bay, in spite of the fact that Gray told of finding fresh water for his exhausted casks. At any rate, Vancouver, determined to hold the country for Great Britain, took possession of the river and its valley in the name of his sovereign.

Soon vessels from all over the world followed in the wake of Gray and Vancouver. The voyages for furs that had been directed only to Nootka Sound now included the Columbia. Great fur companies began to plan for posts on the river. Approach was made not only by sea, but by land. From the British possessions to the north, and by way of the United States, they came in search of fabulous wealth from the animals so long unmolested except by the Indians. For many years the fur brigades of the Hudson's Bay Company made their annual voyages up and down the Columbia, and prepared the way for the home-seekers who were to follow—immigrants from two countries, each of which hoped to make the rich valley of the Columbia its own.

But first came Lewis and Clark, fresh from their triumphs on the Missouri. The snow-peaks gleaming in

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the river attracted them, and the possibilities of the country back of the cliffs that bounded the winding waters led them to prophecy. When they passed the mouth of the Willamette, with its more open country, they expressed the opinion that the spot might some day be the home of fifty thousand people. Their judgment was justified; forty years later Portland was founded there, just escaping the name Boston.

Where the river broadened and deepened beyond the Willamette, they were filled with new admiration for the stream. In the list of "remarkable places descending the Columbia," given in an appendix to the official account of the trip, the approach to tide water is signalized by the use of large black type. They had reached the Pacific Days passed before they were between the capes. By that time their enthusiasm had been exhausted; the journal tells calmly of Captain Lewis's conclusion to "examine more minutely the lower part of the bay."

While among the Clatsop Indians at the mouth of the river, the explorers gave to a number of Indians copies of a paper which recorded their achievements:

"The object of this is, that through the medium of some civilized person, who may see the same, it may be made known to the world, that the party consisting of the persons whose names are hereunto annexed, and who were sent out by the Government of the United States to explore the interior of the continent of North America, did penetrate the same by the way of the Missouri and Columbia Rivers, to the discharge of the latter into the Pacific Ocean, where they arrived on the 14th of November, 1805, and departed this 23d day of March, 1806, on their return to the United States, by the same route by which they had come out."



THE OREGON PORTAGE RAILROAD ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER



THE OREGON PONY, THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE ON THE OREGON PORTAGE RAILROAD



LITTLE DALLES OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER

ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER

In the Journal the explanation was given:

"On the back of some of these papers, were sketched the connection of the upper branches of the Missouri and Columbia rivers, with our route and the track which we intended to follow on our return. This memorandum was all that we deemed it necessary to make; for there seemed but little chance that any detailed report to our government, which we might leave in the hands of the savages, to be delivered to foreign traders, would ever reach the United States."

They were agreeably disappointed, for, in a footnote to the printed account of the trip, the statement was made:

"By a singular casualty, this note fell into the possession of Captain Hall, who, when on the coast of the Pacific, procured it from the natives. The note accompanied him on his voyage to Canton, from whence it arrived in the United States."

A copy of the paper thus returned to the United States was posted at Fort Clatsop, the winter quarters of the party, before leaving for the East. These winter quarters were the late site of Astoria, where Astor's Pacific Fur Company in 1811 founded a trading-post, on the arrival of the ship *Tonquin* from New York. The history of that enterprise during the brief period before the complication with Great Britain during the War of 1812 contained no more dramatic episode than that of the arrival in 1812, of the overland expedition headed by W. P. Hunt, whose experiences of hunger, thirst, and exposure on the Snake and Columbia Rivers are so thrilling.

The checkered career of old Astoria ended in 1824, when the North-West Company's successor on the Columbia, the Hudson's Bay Company, built Fort Vancouver

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near the mouth of the Willamette River, though on the north side of the stream. In its choice of the site the Company was thinking of the future settlement of the boundary; it seemed to them desirable, and certain, that the chosen line would be the Columbia River. For many years this fort was "the metropolis of the Northwest coast, the center of the fur trade, and the seat of government for that immense territory, over which roamed the hunters and trappers in the employ of that powerful corporation."

Notable in the annals of Fort Vancouver was Dr. McLaughlin, the factor whose loyalty to his employers, who did not desire the settling of the country, and whose humanity were in conflict many times as he had opportunity to minister to the needs of emigrants from the United States. To the fact that sympathy for those in need conquered Dr. McLaughlin's fame in the annals of Oregon is due.

An instance of Dr. McLaughlin's readiness to help the pioneers was given in 1842. Commodore Wilkes, who in 1841 had sailed the Columbia on an exploring expedition for the United States, wished to help the settlers secure cattle from California. Supplies for the schooner to be sent for them were needed, and were furnished by the factor at Fort Vancouver. The expedition was successful; soon 3,000 sheep, 1,250 head of cattle, and many mules and horses were brought to the Columbia in the first vessel built in Oregon.

In 1843, when Fremont reached the Columbia by way of the Snake River, he was astonished to note the number of the pioneers. On the shore he saw camps of immigrants, all along the latter part of the route. He, too, was indebted to Dr. McLaughlin for provisions and other help.

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The record of the coming of these pioneers, and the subsequent struggle for possession of the Oregon Country, which culminated in 1846, is called by Lyman "one of the epics of history, one which ought to have some modern Tasso or Calderon to celebrate its triumph."

CHAPTER XIV

ON THE SACRAMENTO, RIVER OF GOLD

MANY superlatives must be used in talking of California. But none are needed when talking of the length of her rivers. She has many rivers, but they are short. Most of them run in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and their flow is northward or southward through the valleys that lead toward the Golden Gate. From the south comes one of the two navigable rivers, the San Joaquin, born amid the snows of the Sierra; buried for many miles in canyons deep, dark, mysterious; giving generously of its waters to enrich the lands near its course; receiving on its way two more rivers possessed of famous canyons—the Merced, contributor of the Yosemite to the world's beauty, and the Tuolumne, whose upper waters look out on the marvels of Hetch Hetchy; and finally losing itself in the waters that lead out the Golden Gate to the Pacific.

The second of California's navigable rivers, the Sacramento, is in many respects the most remarkable stream in a state of marvels, even though it is but four hundred miles long from its source to its mouth, or, if the tumbling, twisting, forest-embowered Pitt be considered its headwaters, six hundred miles.

Like the streams of the south, the Sacramento is noted for its beauty. Mount Shasta's stream in its beginnings, it seems loath to lose sight of the peak that is so majestic



FIRE LOOKOUT ON TOP OF TREE, MOUNT SHASTA IN THE BACKGROUND



ON A BRANCH OF THE FEATHER RIVER, CALIFORNIA



SOUTH FORK OF THE AMERICAN RIVER, CALIFORNIA

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in its loneliness. It is still close to the mountain when it receives the waters of the McCloud, the rushing torrent conserved by the dense forests of spruce and fir which it is helping the lumbermen to lay waste, though the United States Forest Service is doing effective work to direct and curb the destruction and so keep the stream generous and beautiful.

Shasta's glory is not yet forgotten by those who follow the upper waters of the Sacramento, when they come, fifty miles to the south, to Mt. Lassen, noteworthy not only because it marks the meeting place of the Cascade and Sierra Nevada Mountains, but also for the re-awakening, in 1914, of the long-quiescent volcano which brought terror to many and destruction to great areas of mighty forest. The best way to reach the new volcano is from Red Bluff, once looked upon as the head of navigation on the Sacramento, though to-day that town is far above the point where steamers find it possible and profitable to go.

The banks of the Sacramento at times are lost between bounding walls. Again these walls recede and small valleys appear, with lofty mountains surrounding them. Rich bottom lands and fertile plains become more numerous as the valley widens. Orchards and vineyards are everywhere. A few miles above the city of Sacramento enters one of its two notable tributaries, the Feather River, some of whose wonders have been made familiar to those who enter California by the Western Pacific Railroad. Then at Sacramento the parent river receives the second of its famous tributaries, the American River.

Below Sacramento are more lands of unbelievable riches, where forests and grains grow in luxury. Some of them are islands, which receive their life from the

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surrounding water and are protected by levees from the stream's excessive generosity in time of floods.

Some day there will be still more fertile lands in the region of marshes now given over to the tules. There gun clubs and hunting lodges still flourish, though their day is numbered. Gradually the floods, which have built up the marshes, are depositing more of the rich soil that will add perhaps a million acres to the best agricultural land in the state.

Beyond the marshes the traveler along the Sacramento looks south to Mount Diablo, as he goes on to Suisun Bay, where the water is half fresh and half salt, through the Straits of Carquinez—famous as the home of the world's longest car ferry—and out into San Francisco Bay.

Not least of the wonders of the river are the struggles of those who seek to protect the fertile lands from floods, and their triumphs in giving the water in proper measure in time of the soil's greatest need. The novel levees—many of them built by dredging the bed of the stream and throwing up the débris as a bulwark—are in evidence for miles. No one wishes a repetition of the disastrous floods which swept Sacramento for many years. Three times they came between 1849 and 1853, and once again in 1862. Then the landowners, having learned their lesson, set to work to make a garden of what might have become a waste. They will not be satisfied until the flow of the river is regulated from reservoirs, so designed as to force the Sacramento to clear a channel for itself, making unnecessary the work of the dredges that were long the dependence in keeping open the bed of the river.

Contemplation of a stream that is so liberal with re-

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spect to those who treat it wisely is responsible for the affectionate claim that the Sacramento is California's Nile. In his old age a man whose boyhood was spent close to Sacramento told of the new days when some of the things that made the river charming to him in youth had vanished:

"Yonder continues to flow the sacred river, pouring out its blessings of riches to all the people. If the buckeye and the sycamore are gone, the great dyke gives added security against overflow; if the jungle of early days, with its bounty of wild blackberries and grapes, is gone forever, in its place are the fertile fields of fine alfalfa and richly laden orchards of pears, peaches, and cherries; if the side-wheelers do not ply the river's water, neither is the débris permitted now to clog the river bed, and the promise of the great dredge gives prophecy of even better days for navigation."

Yet the same old man could not but dwell lovingly on the days of flood adventure:

"To a healthy boy the 'high water time' was full of the charm of varied excitement. What matters it if the faithful cows, carefully stanchioned in the barn, were found some winter morning standing knee-deep in the flood waters that had risen overnight, and must needs be moved off to the distant foothills? What if fences and bridges are ruthlessly swept away and the season's planting ruined beyond repair? What if for weeks the only vehicle capable of running on the country road was the indispensable river boat, and the levees were patrolled night and day by anxious men armed with rifle and shovel, as they looked out for a fresh 'break'? It was fine for the boy."

The river guardians are having their reward as they see, in the central valley, oranges, figs, olives, and limes

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flourish, on even terms with apples and plums, peaches, and pears.

And to think that a country otherwise so richly favored is also one of the richest of America's wheat-growing sections! Although some far-sighted men in early days prophesied that this would be so—an agent of President Taylor in 1842 urged the acquisition of California, since it would become "the granary of the Pacific"—the fulfillment of the prophecy came as a surprise. Frank Norris has pictured this:

"The news that wheat had been discovered in California was passed from mouth to mouth. Practically it amounted to a discovery. Dr. Glenn's first harvest of wheat in Colusa County, quietly undertaken but suddenly realized with dramatic atmosphere, gave a new matter of reflection to the thinking men of the New West. California suddenly leaped unheralded into the world's market as a competitor in wheat production. In a few years her output of wheat exceeded her output of gold."

But there was gold also. And the Sacramento River brought that gift to the nation in the hour of the country's dire need. Well did the Poet of the Sierras say:

"If ever river deserved idolatry, adoration . . . it was the generous Sacramento River of ours—the river that saved the nation with its gold!"

Likewise John Bidwell, one of California's earliest pioneers, said:

"It is a question whether the United States could have stood the shock of the great rebellion of 1861 had the California gold discovery not been made . . . the hand of Providence so plainly seen in the discovery of gold is no less manifest in the time chosen for its accomplishment."

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The story of the discovery of gold, on the South Fork of the American River, tributary of the Sacramento, goes back to John Augustus Sutter, founder of Sacramento, for whom the discoverer, James Marshall, was building a mill-dam.

Not long after the discovery, Sacramento, built on the site of Sutter's trading-post, at the junction of the Sacramento and the American, became a town of ten thousand people, and it has been growing ever since. It has had setbacks—for instance, a great fire and several floods. But with what tremendous energy it has conquered the conditions that threatened to undo it, building levees and laughing defiance at the floods!

The levees built after the flood of 1862 were put to unexpected use in 1863. Then Leland Stanford and his associates were building the Central Pacific Railroad, eastward to the mountains, and the levees became the roadbed for some distance along the Sacramento.

With the coming of the railroads began the decline of the steamer trade with San Francisco which had been growing for years. The great passenger boats disappeared, and the freight boats with their wheat-laden barges followed them. To-day there are a few light-draught steamers. There may be sturdier boats some day, when the débris from the placer mines that has filled the river bed has been removed. But it is a question if they will ever be needed.

Not long ago an old man, who was writing in *The Overland Magazine* of his boyhood memories, told of the days when river transportation was in its prime:

"Those wonderful steamboats! Not merely the light draft stern-wheeler—some of them with great walking-

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beams that competed for the passenger traffic between the metropolis at the bay and the capital city. It is a happy memory to recall the names now—the *S. M. Whipple*, with its steam calliope on deck; the *Amador*, the *Chin Du Wan*, the *Yosemite*, the *El Capitan*, the *Chryso polis*, and the rest of them. And a pity it was these splendid vessels had to be taken from the river, as the bed filled year after year with 'slickers,' and navigation by anything but very light-draft boats became impossible during the summer season of low water."

The *Chryso polis*, the City of Gold, greatest steamer of them all, was built in 1860. "Let us have a boat as beautiful as a Hudson River steamboat," said the wife of Captain James Whitney, who had come recently from New York City. So Captain North, the builder, took workmen into the forest. They chose the finest logs they could find. After months of labor and cutting and trimming them they were taken to San Francisco, where teams of twelve horses were necessary to take them to the yards.

When the *Chryso polis* was finished she made some record runs; her best speed for the 125 miles from Sacramento to San Francisco was five hours and ten minutes.

The success of the railroads and the filling of the river bed put the fine steamer out of business. She was made over into a ferry steamer, and as the *Oakland* she has carried millions between San Francisco and Oakland.

That they still like to do things well on the Sacramento River is realized by those who go to the city that has grown on the site of Sutter's Fort. For there the most notable building is the State Capitol. This has been called "a survival of the days when men knew how to plant as well as build; when a man appreciated the fact

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that, just as a beautiful jewel should have an appropriate setting, so a noble edifice should be surrounded by suitable grounds." So the Capitol stands in a park where palms and other stately trees vie with formal flower gardens to make remarkable this monument to John Augustus Sutter.

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