



Picturesque America; or, the land we live in

a delineation by pen and pencil of the mountains, rivers, lakes, forests, water-falls, shores, cañons, valleys, cities, and other picturesque features of our country ; with illustrations on steel and wood, by eminent American artists

Bryant, William Cullen

New York, 1872

Delaware Water-Gap.

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THE DELAWARE WATER-GAP.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRANVILLE PERKINS.



THE Indians called the Kittatinny the Endless Mountain; and, disregarding all the discussions of modern science, we may still say that the great range stretching from Maine to Georgia was the strong backbone of the thirteen colonies, that made them stand erect among the nations. In such union, indeed, there is strength; and grandeur and beauty invest the whole—whether, as the Green Mountains, giving its euphonic name to Vermont, or when the snow-capped peaks become the White Mountains of New Hampshire; whether Dutched into Kaatskill, or when, in Pennsylvania and the more Southern States, the even tinting of the forest-clad sides renames them, as melting softly into the atmosphere, they are as blue as the circumambient air.

In Pennsylvania the range is peculiarly symmetrical, and the richly-wooded sides and regular outline well entitle it to the name of Blue Ridge, given to it, in popular parlance, by the early settlers. The uniformity of character is still further illustrated in this State by the almost equal intervals at which the barrier is broken by the waters of the Delaware, Lehigh, Schuylkill, Swatara, and Susquehanna.

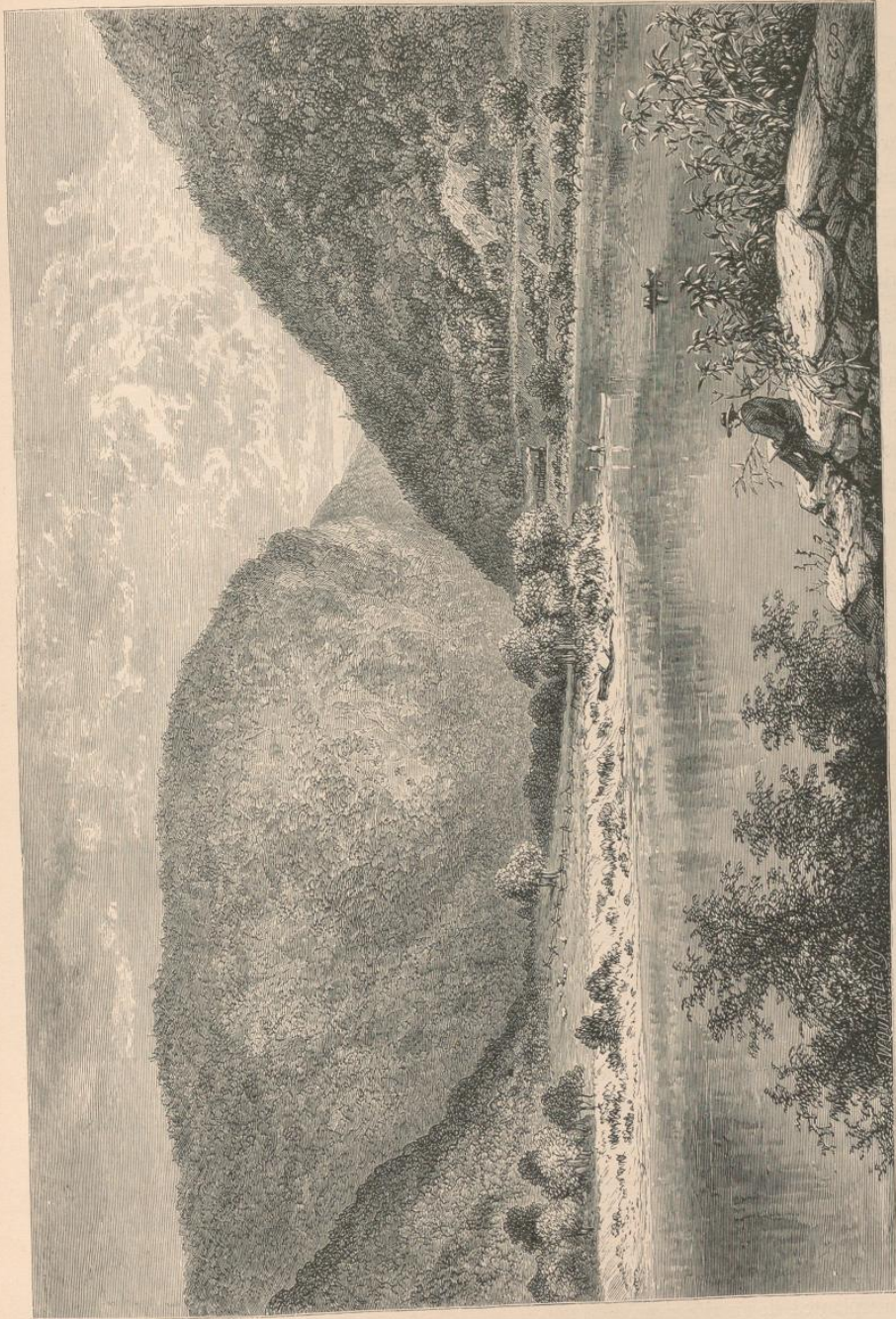
Pretty streams rise on the western declivity of the Catskills, and, quitting their mountain birthplace, wander toward the southwest until near the line of Pennsylvania they unite, and thence, as the mighty Delaware, move on in constantly-increasing volume, the fitting boundary of majestic commonwealths.

Near the junction of the three States of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, the river again approaches the mountains, and follows their western side through a succession of magnificent scenes, which, gradually increasing in grandeur, find a sublime culmination where the river turns abruptly into the mountain, which opens to give it passage into a defile, or cañon, called, in our prosaic vernacular, the Delaware Water-Gap. Thence forward the forms gradually soften from grandeur into grace, and the river, escaping from bluff, precipice, and rock, pursues its way through picturesque rolling lands toward the level of the seaboard.

The country north of the Blue Ridge and above the Gap bore the Indian name of Minisink, or "Whence the Waters are gone." Here a vast lake once probably extended; and, whether the great body of water wore its way through the mountain by a fall like Niagara, or burst through a gorge, or whether the mountains uprose in convulsion upon its margin, it is certain that the Minisink country bears the mark of aqueous action in its diluvial soil, and in its rounded hills, built of pebbles and boulders.

Whether by upheaval or down-dropping, by slow friction or sudden disruption, the wound was made, rarely is seventeen hundred feet of Mother Earth's anatomy so laid bare to the eye, and the Gap furnishes especial temptations for geological speculation.

To the first settlers the mountains proved a troublesome barrier, and all intercourse to the southward necessarily passed through the natural gate-ways of the gaps; but the Delaware writhed its way through its cavernous passage with contortions too like those of the rattlesnakes that thronged upon the banks, and the dangerous pass was long avoided for the easier road through the Lehigh Gap, where the water-course of a pretty stream led to the head-waters of Cherry Creek, and a pleasant road followed its bank through the beautiful Cherry Valley, full of dimpling hills and fine orchards, among which stalwart men lived to a ripe old age upon the purest apple-whiskey. This Cherry Creek, running toward the north along the western side of the mountain, to join the Delaware just above the Gap, formed a natural road to Philadelphia, which by reason of its pleasantness long maintained its popularity. Nearly midway between the two rivers, Nature had also provided another gate-way in the Wind Gap, called, by the early Dutch settlers, "Die Wind Kaft," a sharp notch, which, descending almost to the base of the



DELAWARE WATER-GAP.

mountain, but not low enough for a water-passage, was only a pass for the winds. This route, early used, was the well-known road cut by General Sullivan and his army in 1779. These better routes caused the Gap of the Delaware to be left to the rattlesnakes for a long period, and it was not until the year 1800 that a serviceable road was made through it, by the exertions of the people of the neighboring country, for their own convenience.

The earliest history of the region is involved in obscurity; but, shortly after Hendrick Hudson, in his little Half-Moon, passed up the river that was thenceforth to bear his name, his enterprising countrymen founded settlements at Orange, afterward to be known as Albany, and at Esopus, since the historic city of Kingston. The pretty valleys leading to the southwest wooed these colonists to travel, and the Dutch, certainly at an early day, traversed the valleys of the Mamakating and Neversink to the land of the Minisink. Near the Gap were found mines of copper and iron, and "the mine-road" was soon opened, proving so available that, even as late as the year 1800, it was chosen by John Adams as the best route from Boston to Philadelphia.

Of these earliest Dutch immigrants little is positively known, and it is believed that some of those farthest advanced into the wilderness returned to safer and more friendly regions when the country, in 1664, fell into the hands of the English.

The religious persecutions in France, which compelled the Protestants to escape into Holland, were the remote cause of the introduction of French settlers into these forest-wildernesses. Among them, Nicholas Depuy, coming with the Dutch to Esopus, finally established himself a few miles above the Delaware Water-Gap. Two fertile islands in the river furnished him farming-ground, and he soon built upon the main-land a stone edifice, which, well known as a frontier fort during the long period of the Indian wars, is now a charming residence. Seated in the broad, spacious hall, a forward view leads through a lovely lane of greenery to the base of a high mountain; and then, glancing backward, a flowery path carries the vision down to the gleaming waters of the river, thence over the fertile island to the towering mountains beyond, whose tops seem to touch the very clouds.

The pioneer Frenchman, vigorously and bravely erecting his home in the wilderness, had never heard of the peaceful settlement of Quakers away down the stream, and both parties seem to have been equally astonished when the envoys of the Penn government, after toilsomely leading their horses through the unknown terrors of the cavernous Gap, entered the fertile country beyond, and found a firmly-established settlement. The Huguenot told them of his crops, and how he carried his wheat along a good road to 'Sopus, and proudly showed his little fort and his cultivated islands, while the envoys especially marvelled at his fine apple-trees, and told him how a town was being planted down the river.

The love of adventure that marks the true frontiersman is well illustrated in the

story of the La Barres. Three brothers, who had also fled from France to find religious liberty in a new country, landed first at Philadelphia, and, anxious to found a home in the wilderness, pursued their course up the Delaware. Believing that the remotest frontier was at the Forks, where Easton now stands, they wandered on still farther, until, assured that they had safely passed the very utmost verge of civilization, they built themselves a cabin on a hill-side near the Delaware, a little below the Gap. Expert marksmen, they supplied themselves with game, while, with the adaptability of their nation, they were speedily in friendly relations with the Indians, who willingly supplied them with corn. Congratulating themselves on having reached the longed-for *ultima Thule* of savage solitude, they lived for some months in blissful ignorance of the fact that Depuy was already firmly established on the other side of the mountain; and there is something ludicrous in the description of their first annoyance and disgust at the discovery of a neighbor. They, however, submitted heroically to the misfortune, and allowed themselves white bread on Sundays, as a compensation for living so near Depuy's mill that it took only one entire day to toil with a bag of wheat over the mountain-road, wait till it was ground, and then return.

The stalwart brothers married Dutch wives, and founded families near the Gap, where they remained until the country, in 1808, became too crowded for one of the descendants, who in that year, at the age of eighty-five, emigrated to Ohio to find more room. On that new frontier, when he was ninety-eight, his first wife died, and the widower, at the ripe age of one hundred, was married again, and lived to reach one hundred and five. A son remained at the Gap, where he was living a couple of years ago, at the age of one hundred and seven, and was still frequently employed in the forests in cutting wood. His brother, aged ninety-eight, and two sisters, above eighty-six, were all strong and hearty; and, as an instance of a prosperous early marriage, it may be mentioned that his son, who at twenty-one had chosen a bride of thirteen, was still hale and hearty at seventy-nine, his wife being only seventy-one.

The curious conglomeration of American society is well exemplified by the history of the Gap; for another leading family was founded by Daniel Brodhead, a Yorkshireman, captain of grenadiers to Charles II., who assisted in the capture of the New Netherlands from the Dutch. His son Daniel, colloquially Dan, invited the Moravians to found a mission at his settlement, which he plainly called Dansbury, a name which it retained until it was rechristened into Stroudsburg, in honor of Colonel Stroud, another ancient resident.

The two grand mountains which form the mighty chasm of the Gap have been fittingly named. The one on the Pennsylvania side is Minsi, in memory of the Indians, who made the Minisink their hunting-ground. The opposing more rugged and rocky cliff in New Jersey bears the name of Tammany, the chief of chiefs, who clasped hands in solemn covenant with William Penn under the elm-tree of Shackamaxon.

The ruggedness of the narrow defile is seen in the sketch of the entrance. The bold face of Tammany exhibits vast, frowning masses of naked rock, while the densely-wooded Minsi displays a thicket of evergreen, with the railway-track skirting it down by the water's edge. Mount Tammany defies ascent except by a vigorous climber, but the bold and distinct stratification shown in the great rocky mass called the Indian Ladder adds to the grand abruptness of the outlines, and from the narrow mountain-top is best beheld the wide, extended view of the magnificent scenery above the Gap.

Mount Minsi owes its sweeter beauty to the lovely streams of water that descend



Distant View of the Gap.

its sides beneath a dense foliage, which veils the mossy pools and fern-draped cascades from the sunlight into the cool twilight that enraptures the summer tourist.

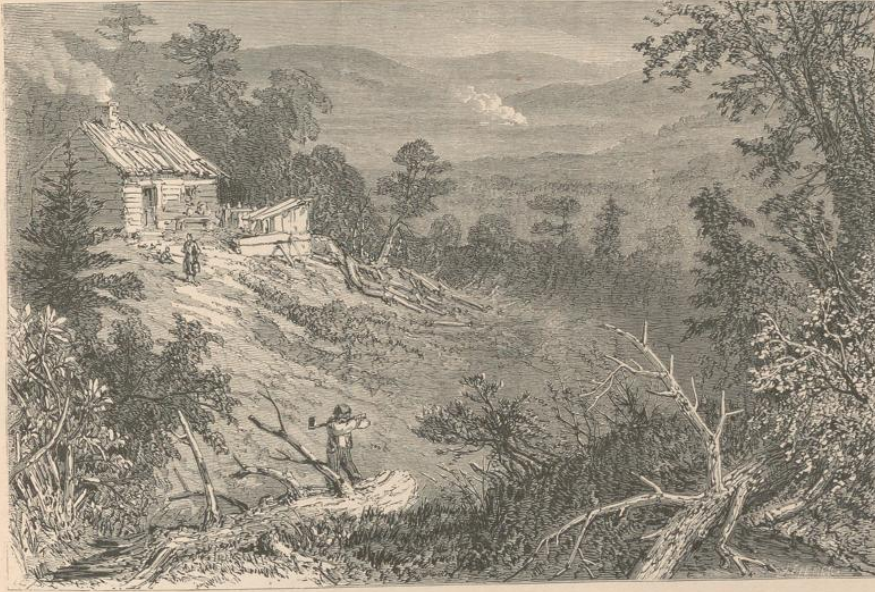
Successive ledges, or geological steps, mark the face of Minsi, and upon the lowest of these, at nearly two hundred feet above the river, stands the old and well-known hotel—

“Kittatinny House, that on a rock is founded,
So, when floods come, the folks won't be drowned.”

The stream that issues beneath the hotel, to fall in a cascade into the river, has come down the mountain-side through a dark ravine. The densest bordering of rhododendrons fringes its sides with dark foliage and lovely blossoms, while tall trees complete

the shade. Far up the ascent it takes its rise in the Hunter's Spring, whose cool margin has long been known as a welcome resting-place to the sportsmen that sought deer along the range. Under the name of Caldano Creek, it continues its downward course by cascade and water-fall, and, to those who have once followed its devious way through the shaded ravine, the lovely glens and fairy grottos must return in dreams, for to dream-land does their witching, twilight beauty seem to belong.

Along the face of Minsi, about five hundred feet above the river, runs a grand horizontal plateau of red shale. Extending for several miles along the mountain, it



Cherry Valley.

makes one of its most remarkable features, and is known as the Table Rock. Over the slope of this ledge, at an angle of forty-five degrees, the lovely Caldano flows in a charming succession of miniature falls or rapids. The rocky strata beneath are densely covered with moss, which, kept ever verdant by the passing streamlet, is still further fostered in its growth by the thick shade of towering trees, and gives the spot its claim to the name of Moss Cataract.

Lower down, Caldano, stilling its wavelets into temporary repose, rests a while in the cool confines of a rocky basin. Shade even more dense makes a twilight at mid-day, and, dark, silent, and secure, a happy fancy has made it Diana's Bath.

At a still lower range, or ledge, the stream dashes at Caldano Falls over a rugged,

rocky precipice, in which the singular regularity of the formation is exposed in the broken surface of the falling water.

One of the loveliest aspects of the varied beauties of the Gap is under the early morning light, when—

“The mountain-mists uprolling let the waiting sunlight down—”

dense clouds of vapor break the contours of the peaks, causing uncertainty of vision, increasing or diminishing the apparent height, at times making the tops suddenly appear to bend forward as if threatening to fall, or as suddenly recede into vast distance, while softly-tinted masses of veiling vapor are wafted hither and thither by the wind at its own sweet will to catch the morning splendors, and wreath in many-colored scarfs around rock, and crag, and lofty pine.

Poetry and romance have familiarized us with the legend that, as a forerunner of storm, Pontius Pilate still appears above the mountain that bears his name, and, bending in cloudy presence, wrings his hands in remorse for his evil deed. A cloud-phenomenon somewhat similar occurs upon these heights. A narrow space between two jutting peaks foretells by clearness or cloud the fortunes of the morrow, but no legend lingers around the summits, and prosaic Americans call it the Rain-Hole.

The mysterious ravines and wooded fastnesses of Minsi ever stimulate a thirst for exploration, and many years ago some visitors in pleasant frolic organized the Honorable Company of Sappers and Miners. With a merry assumption of business, officers were appointed and rules prescribed; half in work and half in play, the company from year to year continued its explorations, opening new paths, bridging streamlets, strengthening frail foot-ways, and gaining from their exertions all the pleasurable enjoyments of a mimic frontier-life, with the additional zest of knowing that, notwithstanding all their civilizing efforts, it was still possible to be lost upon Mount Minsi. The annual festival of the Sappers and Miners was always commemorated by the ascent of Minsi to unfurl the national banner from the highest tree-top, and, as the flag caught the mountain-breeze, an answering shout rose from valley and hill-side from the less valorous or less light-footed beholders.

But, wild and wonderful as is the interior of the Gap, it is outside its limits that the grand scenery of the region must be sought. From the mountain-peaks on every hand open magnificent vistas, and from the river, both below and above the chasm, the views are of marvellous extent. Spurs jutting out from the main range give endless variety to the landscape, while hollows, gaps, and ravines, add their countless beauties.

Several miles above the Gap, the Delaware is joined by the mountain-stream called the Bushkill. This creek was long regarded as the extreme limit of civilization in this direction, all beyond being a howling wilderness too often full of howling savages. In this neighborhood were the copper-mines which at an early date attracted the Dutch settlers

from the Hudson, and induced them to open the famous Mine Road, which became the thoroughfare from Albany to Philadelphia, following the Esopus and Neversink Creeks to the Delaware, crossing that river to reach the western side of the Blue Ridge, and passing near the Gap of the Delaware to find a passage at the Lehigh Gap, and thence a southerly course to Philadelphia.



Delaware Water-Gap, from the South.

Upon the Bushkill is one of the most beautiful water-falls of the district. A chasm one hundred feet in height is surrounded upon three sides by an almost perpendicular wall of rock, over which the water falls. From a point below, the scene is grand in its sombre magnificence, as the swift torrent, striking midway upon a projecting ledge in the rock, rebounds in snowy foam-flakes, which, after the momentary interruption, continue to

fall into the dark chamber of rock below. On the walls of the chasm, at a level with the summit of the water-fall, there is still another scene of equal beauty, as the rapid stream emerges from the dark shades of the forest to make the sudden plunge from the precipice.

Another small mountain-torrent near by frets its way through a tortuous channel of dark fossiliferous limestone, until, in a sheet of foam, it leaps over a precipice in a shower of dazzling whiteness, which some unpoetic beholder compared to—buttermilk. Submissively has the uncouth misnomer been accepted, and the singularly beautiful cascade still bears the name of Buttermilk Falls. Upon the same stream the Marshall Falls deserve special note for their picturesqueness. The dark surrounding rock is crowded with fossil impressions, which fill the stone with irregular fissures; through this ledge the waters have torn and gnawed their way down a chasm fifty feet in depth, leaving a veil of overhanging rock in front, through which the spectator gazes at the gloomy cataract as through a curtained casement.

That the Minisink was a favorite abode of the red-men is proved at almost every step. The plough turns up innumerable quantities of spear-heads and arrow-points, as well as hammers, axes, and tomahawks of stone, and rude cutting instruments fashioned out of flint; stone mortars and pestles have also been found, with bowls and jars of earthenware.

Upon commanding elevations, where small plateaus permit at once a kind of seclusion as well as an extensive outlook over the mountains and the river, there are many Indian burial-grounds, always chosen for the beauty of the position. In the graves almost invariably are found articles of personal adornment, with warlike weapons, and frequently vessels of clay. Glass beads, bells, and trinkets of metal, are supposed to prove some intercourse with the white race, but beads of bone, bowls of baked earthenware composed of pounded shell and clay, and the ruder instruments made out of stone, mark Indian workmanship, and may belong to more remote generations.

As one of the wonders of the Gap, must be counted the marvellous lake upon Tammany—a lake so singular that popular superstition has been tempted to add a final touch to its surpassing strangeness, and declare that it has no bottom. As if in quaint climax to her wild work, Nature, after riving the mountain to its very base, here places beside the rude chasm, on the very apex of the lofty peak, a peaceful lake. Masses of bare gray sandstone stand about its margin, and within the stern encirclement the pure water reflects alone the swift-darting birds or the slowly-moving clouds, for naught else comes between it and the sky. In this unbroken solitude, beside the lonely lake, is a single Indian grave in a narrow cleft of rock. On a lower level, near at hand, many graves were gathered into one place of sepulture, as if to make the loneliness of this solitary tomb even more marvellous; and fanciful conjecture can but gather round the grave to ascribe to its tenant some strange history, and imagine him to be a king who



DELAWARE WATER-GAP, LOOKING SOUTH FROM SHAWNEE.

disdained companionship in death with those he had ruled when living; or a poet who sought a resting-place beneath the clouds, or a prophet entombed by his devout followers beneath the skies in which he had beheld visions.

Throughout the whole Minisink single bodies are occasionally exhumed by the plough, or washed out from the river-banks, but it has been conjectured that these have been enemies, or those whose fate was unknown or not regarded, for the numerous burial-grounds attest that even the wild wanderer of the forest craved to find his last resting-place in companionship with his kind. In these ancient cities of the dead each tenement is a low mound surrounded by a clearly-marked trench, and frequently several mounds are connected into a single group by a ditch encircling the whole, as if to exhibit some bond of clan or kindred. In the graves that have been examined in the plateau consisting of coarse gravel and clay, the bodies are found embedded in the river-sand, which must necessarily have been carried a considerable distance expressly for the purpose.

Little but their graves remains of the original people that once congregated into the valleys of the Minisink, and hunted upon its hills, and little legendary lore has been preserved. The peaceful relations between the earlier colonists and the Indians were interrupted, and a long, bitter, and bloody war for the possession of the land soon swept away every friendly recollection, and the settlers learned to blot out the very memory of their antagonists, and erase every trace of that occupation which had been so fiercely contested.

The last lingerer of the primitive people was Tatamy, veritably the last of the Mohicans. He had long served as interpreter to the travelling Moravian ministers, and his sympathies bound him so closely to the region of the Minisink that he voluntarily remained behind when his tribe moved to the West. An iconoclastic generation has degraded the name of his lonely home into the wretched diminutive of Tat's Gap. In this wild spot he remained, and a touching picture is drawn of the solitary man sitting alone at the door of his wigwam, hunting alone upon the mountain, singing in the forest wilds the songs of his departed nation, and striving feebly to preserve the habits of his old life amid the encroachments of civilization. At the commencement of the Revolutionary War bands of hostile Indians frequently made inroads into the frontier settlements, and poor Tatamy became a special object of their hatred. Fears for his safety were felt by the white friends to whom he had adhered with such singular faithfulness, and he was induced to abandon his dangerous solitude. Land was provided for him in a safer region near Depuy's, and there he continued until his death.

The story of the relations between the aboriginal races of America and their European conquerors has always been a sad one, and it is especially so in the land of the Minisink. Here a singularly mild and cultivated tribe, the Lenni-Lenape, welcomed the early settlers with unusual kindness, a feeling which seems to have been quite heartily

reciprocated by the French and Dutch. This friendly intercourse was preserved unbroken for a long period, and promised to remain so, when it was utterly destroyed by the incidents of the disastrous "Walk" of the year 1737.

The Indians had apparently been perfectly satisfied with the terms of the purchases made by William Penn. According to the native custom, the territory sold was always measured by distances to be walked within specified times. In the first walk, William Penn had taken part in person, and the affair had been conducted in true Indian fashion, the walkers loitering, resting, or smoking, by the way. But the successors of Penn had determined upon a different policy, and prepared a scheme for driving a sharp bargain.

The boundaries of the territory were to be determined by the point reached by walking for a day and a half from a certain chestnut-tree at Wrightstown Meeting-house, and the proprietors were undoubtedly determined to make, what in modern phrase is termed, a "good thing of it."

Of the incidents of the famous "Walk" many accounts have been given, differing slightly in details, but agreeing in the important facts. Offers were published in the public papers, promising five hundred acres of land anywhere within the territory to be measured, with five pounds in money, to the person who would walk the farthest in the specified time.

By the terms of the agreement, the governor was to select three persons for the task, and the Indians to furnish a like number from their own nation. The men engaged, as particularly fitted for the purpose on the part of the province, were Edward Marshall, James Yates, and Solomon Jennings.

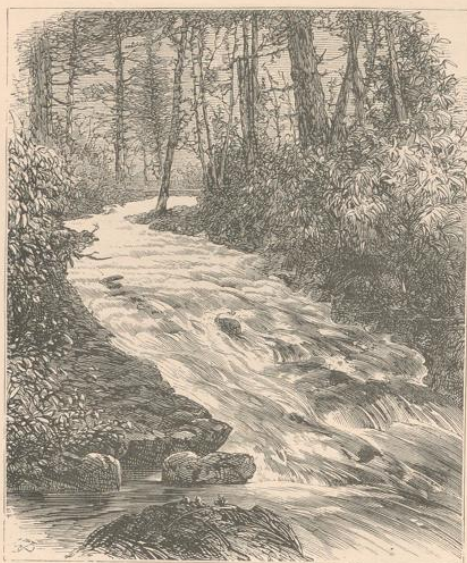
Also, according to Indian usage, the measurement was to be decided when the days and nights were equal, marking precisely twelve hours between sunrise and sunset. Therefore, attended by a large number of curious spectators, belonging to both of the interested parties, the six walkers met before sunrise on the 20th of September.

They stood together, each resting one hand upon the tree awaiting the signal, and then, just as the sun appeared upon the horizon, started upon the unfortunate trial of speed.

By established custom, a day's walk was, with the Indians, a well-ascertained distance, and the day and a half from Wrightstown was expected by them to end at the Blue Ridge, the savages never intending, or even supposing, that the boundaries of the purchase could by any possibility intrude into, much less include, their favorite hunting-grounds of the Minisink.

The previous arrangements had, however, been made with care; the direction of the route had been distinctly marked, and a line run to the greatest advantage of the purchasers. That no time should be lost, relays of horsemen attended the walkers with liquors, and refreshments awaited them at suitable places along the route.

Marshall fulfilled his part of the contract, walking with great rapidity and without



Moss Cataract.

not even the first day's walk was yet accomplished, the manifestation of anger became general; the Indians loudly proclaiming the whole affair a cheat, by which all the good land would be taken from them, indignantly refusing their assent to the purchase, and



Diana's Bath.

even proposing that, if necessary, every Indian would come in the spring-time with a buckskin in his hand and buy the land back again.

pause. This infringement, at least of the spirit of the bargain, provoked incessant complaints and protests from all the Indians, not only those who belonged to the party, but those who were assembled as spectators, the savages exclaiming again and again, in angry expostulation: "No sit down to smoke—no shoot squirrel; but *lun, lun, lun*, all day!"

Before the first day ended, one of the white men and two of the Indians had given out; and when, before sunset, Marshall and Yates reached the Blue Ridge, they met there assembled a great number of the savages gathered to witness the expected ratification of the boundary. When it was discovered that

By sunset Marshall and Yates had passed the mountains, and started afresh at sunrise the next day; but Yates soon turned faint and fell from exhaustion, while Marshall pursued his course, and at noon reached the Pocono Mountain, having walked about eighty-six miles, according to the estimation made at the time.

The indignant Indians immediately inaugurated a systematic retaliation, and the purchasers, who began to move upon the land in considerable numbers, found the savages arrayed in armed hostility.



Moss Grotto.

the supplies for the men sent to him; and in an officer's report, in 1758, the garrison is described as consisting of twenty-two men, with eight months' provisions.

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The warfare in this case did not consist of the usual occasional skirmishing and depredations from small bands of drunken savages accidentally aroused to open enmity, but was much more formidable, as being a part of a determined attempt of the Indians to regain the lost territory, which they believed had been taken by fraud, and which they never relinquished until the year 1764.

The condition of the district may be inferred from the fact that, in 1740, the settlers near the Gap demanded armed assistance from the provincial government, and again in 1763 presented a petition, signed by the prominent residents, praying for help, as "we lie entirely open to the mercy of those barbarous, savage Indians." The effect of the continuous conflict upon the agriculture of the region may be gathered from the order given in 1740, by Nicholas Depuy, upon the treasurer of Bucks County, for the payment of the bounty upon sixteen wolves, all killed by the same man.

The struggle was at the fiercest from 1752 to 1759, the war-front being considered as extending from Bethlehem to Bushkill, and the danger being so imminent that in many cases the farmers abandoned their homes and their unharvested crops, to be burnt by the Indians; while those residing below the Blue Ridge demanded with importunity that the mountains should be made the frontier, and all the region beyond abandoned without any attempt either at defence or occupation.

Depuy's house, which had always been regarded as a stronghold, seems to have been strengthened into a sort of fortress, surrounded by a stockade, with a swivel-gun mounted at each corner. When times of special danger required a call for government assistance, Depuy furnished

In the year 1756 the condition of affairs had become so terrible that a large number of farmers were thoroughly panic-stricken, and threatened to abandon the district entirely to the Indians. In this emergency, Benjamin Franklin was sent by Governor Morgan to Bethlehem, and succeeded in forming a line of defence from the Lehigh to Bushkill. At his instance, Governor Morgan soon afterward visited the distressed district in person, and established a line of block-houses from Shamokin, on the Susquehanna, to the ever-uttermost Bushkill.

These primitive fortifications consisted merely of a wall of defence, made of stakes driven into the ground and banked up with earth; while within the enclosure a log-hut was usually erected in each corner, to serve as barracks, and also as shelter for neighboring families, when driven to seek protection from the savage enemy.

The condition of society produced by these years of warfare was, of course, peculiar. While many of the men, who daily lived in fear of attack, were educated into all the virtue, strength, and independence, that spring from such experience, others became, under the same influences, mere outlaws; and it is not extraordinary that, when a bounty upon scalps was raised, there were men who sought the scalps of the savages in precisely the same spirit that they had sought those of the wolves, and who, with the trained eye of the sportsman, detected the thread of smoke rising from the wigwam by day, or the firelight by night, in order to crush the inmates as if they were but obnoxious reptiles.

The Indian hero of this war was the celebrated Delaware chieftain, variously called Tadeuskund or Teedyuscung. He had long been favorably known among the whites as Honest John, and had even been baptized by the Moravians as Gideon; but his apologists were fain to urge that a certain Christian "walk" and conversation was enough to make him forget his baptism, and render him a ready listener to the French, or any other enemies of the settlements.

It was this chief who, in 1756, at Easton, as the representative of four Indian nations, boldly declared, as he stamped his foot upon the earth: "My people have not far to go for the reasons for war. The very ground upon which I stamp was my land and my inheritance, and has been taken from me by fraud—yes, for it is fraud when one man buys lands of us, and takes a deed of it, and dies—and then his children make a false deed like the true one, and put our Indian names to it, and take from us what we never sold. This is fraud! It is fraud, too, when one king has land beyond the river, and another king has land on this side, both bounded by rivers, mountains, and springs, that cannot be moved, and those greedy for lands buy of one king what belongs to the other. This, too, is fraud!"

Teedyuscung, at another time, announcing himself as the king of ten nations, presented to Governor Morris four strings of wampum, each delivered with a separate speech: "One, to brush the thorns from the Governor's Legs; another, to Rub the Dust



Caldono Falls.

in that island. He escaped to Philadelphia, where he renewed his old acquaintance with Stephen Girard, and by his advice visited the upper portion of the Delaware River. The beauty of the scenery of the Gap excited him to the utmost enthusiasm,



Bushkill Falls.

out of the Governor's Eyes, to help him to see clearly; another, to Open the Governor's Ears, that he might listen Patiently; and the fourth, to clear the Governor's Throat, that he might speak plainly."

The Delaware Water-Gap itself was long a forbidding chasm, dreaded and avoided by travellers, unless chance or necessity compelled them to thread the defile by the Indian trail, which found a devious and dangerous way among huge rocks piled up in Nature's masonry; but the pass at last found an admiring explorer.

Antoine Dutot, a wealthy planter of Santo Domingo, had been compelled to flee for his life during the insurrection and he became the eager purchaser of lands hitherto despised as barren and valueless, upon part of which the Kit-tatinny House now stands. He firmly believed that the Gap was destined to become the seat of a great city, as a principal depot of the immense future commerce of the river. To meet this coming want, he built a village, called Dutotsville, from which even his name has now departed, and which contains, as the only vestige of his hope-inspired labors, the market-square devoted by him to public use. The wagon-road through the Gap, which was constructed in the year 1800, passed by his property, and he soon after obtained a charter for a toll-road upon the track now occupied

by the railway. This road was never remunerative, and the toll-gate was a mere vexation, where he would stand with courteous smile and polite bow, saying, in very broken speech, "Von leettle toll," which the mischievous youth of the neighborhood delighted in pretending to understand as a mere polite salutation, to which they responded with a deep bow and polite "Good-day;" as they continued on their way.

Despite all misfortunes, the hopeful Frenchman maintained his faith in the future of the home of his adoption. A gentleman of education and refinement, animated, romantic, and polite, he, in his gay old age, seemed oddly at variance with his rugged surroundings, as, in broadcloth, silk stockings, ruffles, and silver knee-buckles, he preserved the courteous deportment of the days when he presided over his wealthy West-Indian plantation. Some years before his death, he purchased a cannon and a great bell, which were ordered in his will to be used to mark the fulfilment of his long-reiterated prophecies. The bell, hung in a belfry upon his house, was to ring a triumphant peal, and the cannon, from his prescribed grave upon Sunset Hill, was to answer in response of glorification at the moment that the first steamboat should touch the landing, or the first locomotive pass through the Gap. But the Frenchman had been lying in his solitary grave for fifteen years before the locomotive steamed through the chasm beneath him, his cannon had exploded long before in commemorating a Fourth of July, and his bell had been put to service over a school-house in Stroudsburg, where it summoned the youth who were to reap the benefits of the future that had beamed so brightly upon his imagination.

