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, 1874

The Susquehanna.

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRANVILLE PERKINS.

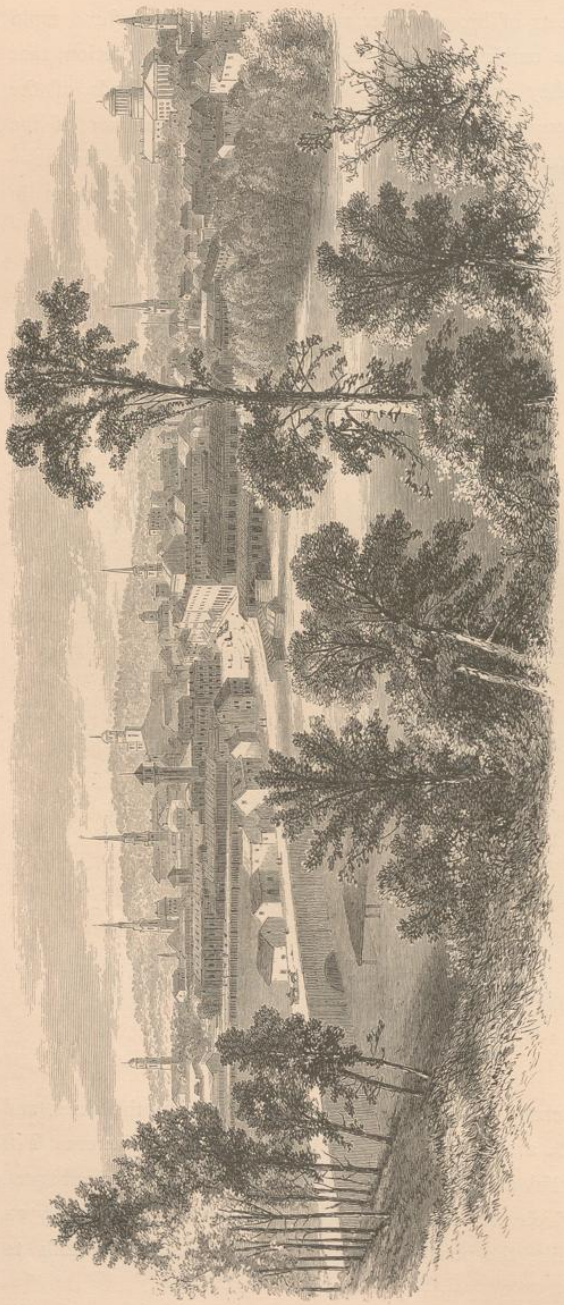
THE Susquehanna is considered with justice one of the most picturesque streams of America. It is true that the scenery along its banks seldom reaches to sublime effects; but these do not touch the artist's inmost heart so deeply as the softer beauties which are displayed from its sources almost to its entrance into the Chesapeake Bay. There are no yawning precipices, no bare, tremendous cliffs, no savage rocks, no "antres vast." But, in their stead, there is a constant succession of bold mountain-forms, wooded from the base to the summit; of deep ravines, where the pines stand in serried shadow,

like spearmen of Titanic mould in ambush; of winding banks, whose curves are of the most exquisite beauty; of broad sheets of brown water, swift and untamable, whose rapid flow has never been subjected to the curbing of navigation; of a superb vegetation, that clothes with equal splendor the valley and the hill-tops, the banks, the islands of the river, and the undulating plains here and there breaking through the leaguer of the mountain-ranges. All these attractions—these gifts of a tender, loving mother Nature—have been bestowed upon the Susquehanna; and the tourist who has drunk them in

Above Columbia.

with rapture would be loath to exchange them for mountains that invade the skies, and whose sullen peaks are covered with a snow-mantle fringed with glittering glaciers. For the Susquehanna is not only beautiful in itself, but its attractions are greatly enhanced by the soft, silvery haze through which they are presented. This gives to its scenery an indescribable charm, which defies alike the pencil and the pen, but which never fails to make itself felt by the heart.

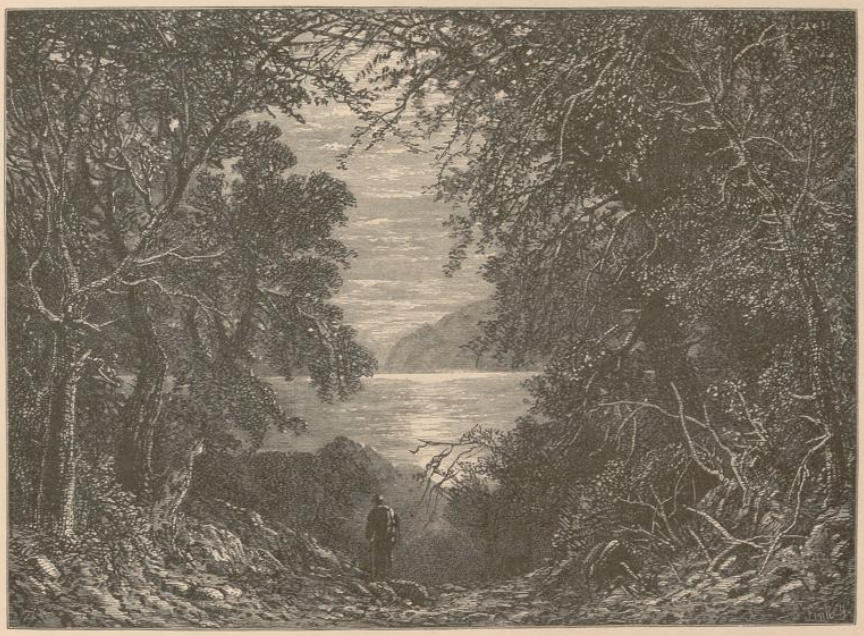
It must be admitted that all of the Susquehanna scenery is not beautiful. The end-



Harrisburg, from Brant's Hill.

ing is dull and prosaic; and the long stretch south of Columbia, in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, to Havre de Grace, in Maryland, presents nothing worthy of commemoration by the pencil or comment by the pen. All that can be seen is a broad stretch of brown waters, and bare, dull banks, with patches, here and there, of luxuriant vegetation, and intervals of cultivated ground. Above Columbia, commences the beautiful land. Here several railroads make a junction, and the trunk-line then follows the path of the river, which is due northward. Here we meet the hilly country—waves of the main ranges of the Blue Mountains, so called because, being wooded to the very summits, an unusual amount of the cerulean haze is seen by the eye at a distance, and the hills appear intensely blue. The Muse who presides over geographical baptisms has not ratified the nomenclature of the people, and has ignored the name of "Blue Mountains," preferring the Indian denomination of "Kittatinnies," a word which is easier to pronounce than it appears, and

has a soft swell about it, very pleasant to the ear, like most of the old Indian names. The railway skirts the base of these mountains, running along the eastern bank of the river, and affords, from the windows of its cars, ample opportunities for inspection and admiration. To the right, the mountains rise up in grand, rounded masses, with an inexhaustible wealth of noble trees down their sides. Nowhere can one see such superb forms of vegetation as on the side of a mountain, for here they are fully developed, whereas in the forests they grow spindling, having excessively tall, thin trunks, and a head of small branches, but nothing in the middle. They are choked for want of air; and so they aspire toward the sky, having no marked development save that



Glimpse of the Susquehanna, from Kittatinny Mountains.

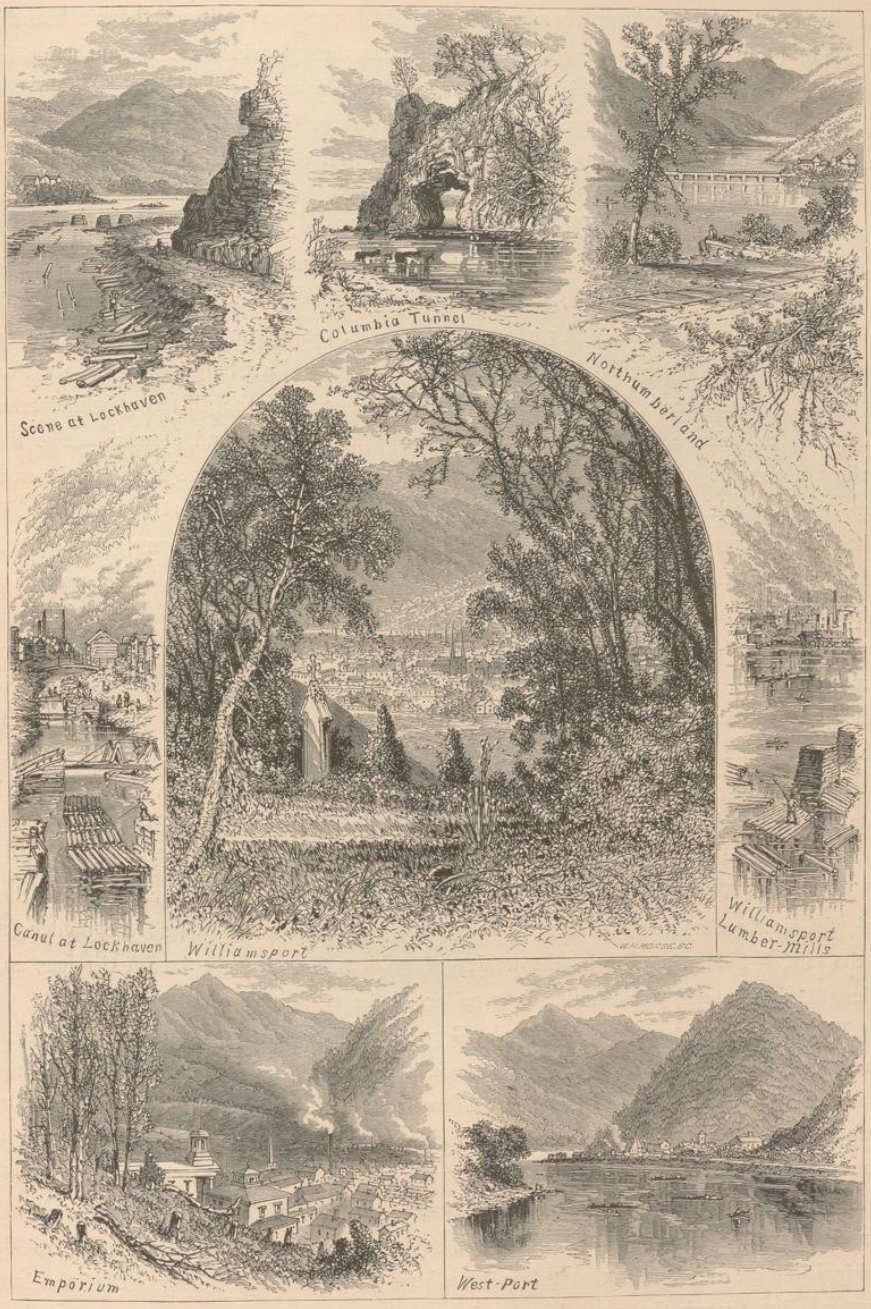
which is upward. But on the mountain-side every tree has all the airy food it needs; and so they become perfected, and put forth in every direction, having superb branches on every side, and great roots that clasp with intense embraces masses of solid rock, often split asunder by this twining. On the bowlder-covered ground is a superbly colored carpet of many kinds of undergrowth convolvuli and creepers, wild grape-vines and huckleberries, flowers of a hundred different kinds, and humble strawberries that cling to the ground as if to hide themselves and their delicate points of crimson fruit. On the left hand rushes the river, sweeping onward to the sea, bearing no traces of that lumber-trade which in the upper parts is all in all. Scattered over the surface of the gleaming

waters are islands, too small to be habitable, covered with the densest vegetation, that fairly glows with vivid hues of green. Around the edges of these islets—these gems of the stream—are often bands of broad-leaved rushes, that sigh plaintively as the wind passes over, as if there was much excellent music in them, like Hamlet's flute, if one knew how to get it out. Onward rushes the train with its freight of tourists and business people, and soon reaches Harrisburg, the political capital of the State of Pennsylvania, and a thriving manufacturing town, where there are many chimneys vomiting volumes of black smoke. It is built along the right bank of the river, the houses of the principal inhabitants being on Front Street, which faces the stream. The town occu-

Dauphin Rock.

pies the ground between the river and the hills, which here retreat considerably. The foot-hills, or low spurs, are close to the city, and are beginning to be built upon.

Brant's Hill is almost in a direct line with the crest of ground, in the centre of the town, on which the capitol is built; and the city, therefore, can be seen most excellently from this point—lying, indeed, spread out before one like a panorama. But the view from Brant's Hill is open to the serious objection that one cannot from it see the Susquehanna, its bridges, and its islands. To view these, one must be on the cupola of the capitol. From this position, still more elevated than Brant's Hill, not only can one survey all the city, with its climbing spires, its massive manufactories, and their aspiring chimneys, but the



SCENES ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

bold scenery to the northward comes into view, and one has a distant though beautiful glimpse of Hunter's Gap and the range of mountains through which the Susquehanna has to fight its way. There are no less than three ranges, tier upon tier, standing out in bold relief against the sky, each range having a different tinge of blue. Escaping from these, the river bursts, as it were, into a frenzied joy, and from the cooped-up imprisonment of its sandstone walls widens its bed prodigiously, and makes a tremendous sheer to the west before it strikes due south. Hence, opposite Harrisburg, the river is unusually wide, and therefore extremely shallow, which increases the brown appearance of its waters; for in many places the stream is not a foot deep, and the sandstone bed is plainly visible, the eye even catching all the lines of its cleavage. In the centre of the sheer which the river makes is the pretty village of Fairview, to which the Harrisburgers go as to a summer resort. In the centre of the river, straight in a line from the glittering, whitewashed cottages of the village, are three islands, covered with fine trees, and of such a size that picnics are possible on them. They are very close together, but there is a pass between them, through which shallops can glide, though overhead the trees commingle their branches. It is glorious to be in a boat here at sunset, for the sun goes down in summer-time just behind these islands, or, to be more accurate, behind the ranges of mountains in a line with the islands. Just when the sun is beginning to sink behind the farthest crests, the haze that wraps their forms is turned into a golden haze of supreme glory, and the last rays come shooting through the commingled foliage of the islands like veritable arrows, and fall upon the water in long pencils of reflected fire. These grow more and more dusky and dreamy, until they become only faint blotches of dim light, and at last the brown stream rushes through unglorified. In the mean while there has been a battle between the golden haze and the blue upon the mountains. At first, the golden carries every thing before it, save at the bases, which seem mantled in a brilliant green. This spreads and spreads until it covers all the mountain-forms, and then it slowly, slowly changes to its accustomed blue. As this takes place, so the bold crests of the ranges, hidden at first by the wealth of golden fire, struggle into existence, and, at length, show vividly against the clear pallor of the twilight sky.

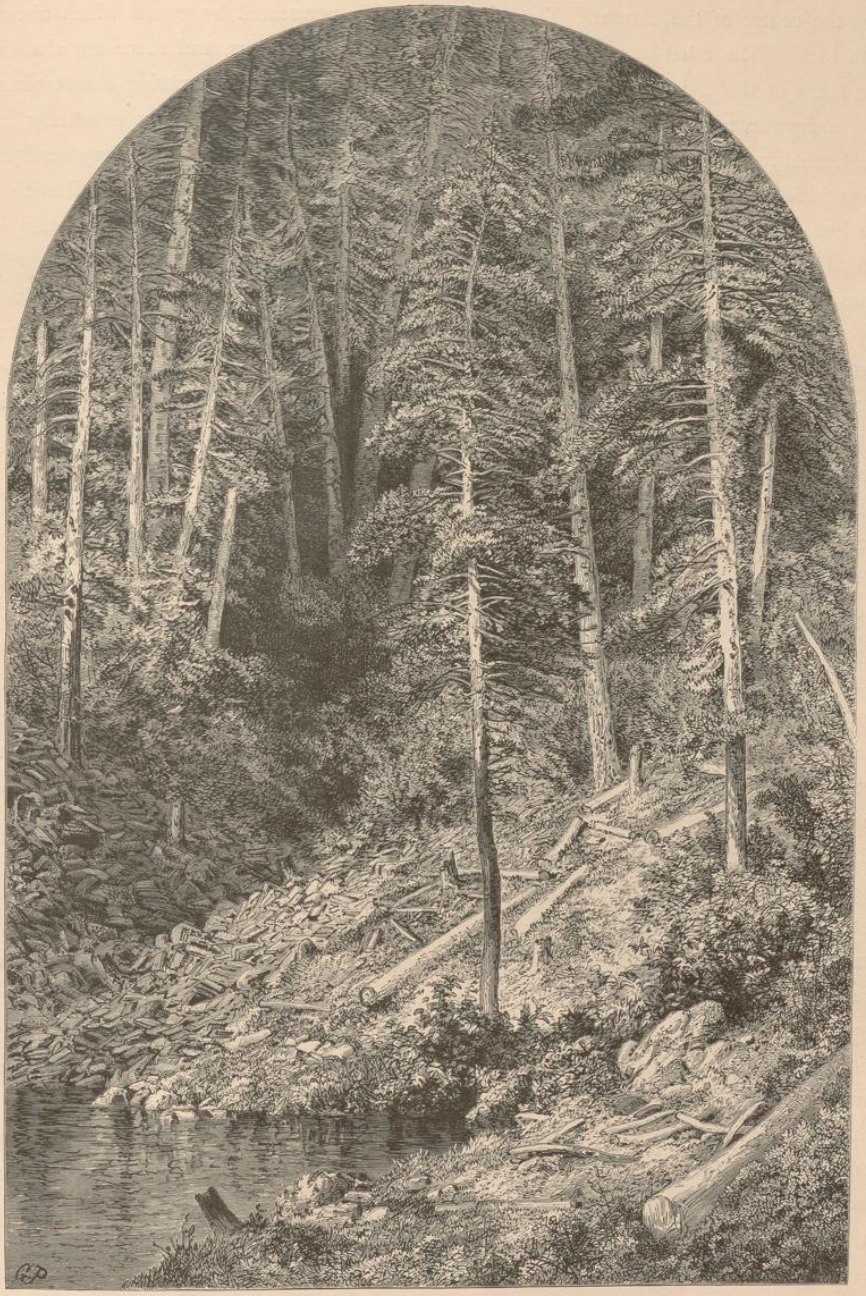
This is the appearance of Hunter's Gap at a distance. Close at hand, it has no such gorgeous transformations of color, but it presents its own distinguishing beauties. The river turns and twists, writhing like a fever-burned mortal, or some animal trying to escape from a trap. The mountains compass it about on every side; they hem it in about, around, east, west, north, and south, making what the lumbermen call a kettle, which is more poetic than it seems to be; for, if the gentle reader will imagine himself a cricket at the bottom of a copper kettle, swimming around and looking upward despairingly at the huge walls that prison him, he will appreciate the language of the lumbermen. But, though the general aspect is terrifying, there are quiet sylvan nooks, where the mountains show their gentler sides, and, instead of presenting their fronts, turn to us

North Point.

huge, undulating flanks, covered with glorious pines and noble oaks, spreading hickories and dark hemlocks. These are the places where the trout-streams come singing through the ravines, murmuring their thanks to the pines for their shelter and companionship. The water of the Susquehanna is too warm in summer-time for the speckled favorites of the hunter, and they all fly for refuge into these little mountain-streams, which are their summer resorts. Along the banks of these pleasant, meandering waters there are deer still feeding, and bears occasionally show their black muzzles, so that the name which was given to this gate of the river in old times is still merited, and there is plenty of sport for those that love it. But there is still better sport in ascending the mountains,

not for game, but for scenery; and, from the overhanging branches of the trees that crown the slopes of the Kittatinnies, gazing upon the glimpses of the Susquehanna that open out far below. All the rush and roar of the water has then passed out of hearing; all the fury, the vexation, and the struggle of the imprisoned stream has disappeared, and the waters seem to slumber peacefully beneath the kisses of the sun. Still more exquisite is it in the moonlight; and many a hunter, from the solitude of his camp-fire, has watched the white beams stealing over the ripples of the river, and transmuting them to molten silver. The gap proper is the last gate-way cut by the river through the hills; but there is, in fact, a succession of gaps, through which the Susquehanna in times past battled fiercely every spring-time; for three distinct ranges lie right across its path, which runs due south, the hills sweeping from northeast to southwest. Hence the gap-district extends for nearly thirty miles. At Dauphin Point is perhaps the most tremendous of these mute evidences of the past struggle. Here the mountains are considerably higher than at the commencement of this region, and the forms are very much bolder. There is, in parts, an appearance of castellated rock, jutting out from the trees which grow over all the mountains. Here and there are crags which are truly precipitous; and these, contrasting with the softer, milder features of the mountain do not oppress the senses with a feeling of awe, but only heighten and intensify the general effect, acting as high lights do in a picture. Here the railroad that accompanies the Juniata in her wanderings crosses over to the left side of the Susquehanna, leaving this stream altogether at Duncannon, where it unites with the bold, whelming, brown flood of the big river. The meeting of the waters is the termination of the gap-region; for, although there are huge hills, and plenty of them, along the river, it is not crossed in the same manner by any succession of main ranges.

The scenery now takes on a much more composed aspect, for, from this point up to Northumberland, where, according to the language of the country, the river *forks* into North and West Branches, the hills retire, and the banks of the stream are for the most part bordered by foot-hills, which are cultivated with a careful, intelligent husbandry, that makes this part of the country of a most smiling appearance. Cornfields wave their tall stems in the lowlands; wheat whitens in broad patches along the slopes of the hills, up to the summits; and the vicinity of the stream, where the richest soil is, will generally be found occupied by tobacco, which flourishes here surprisingly. As one approaches Northumberland, however, these foot-hills become larger, higher, and less pastoral in character, until, at the actual point of junction of the two rivers, those on the east bank are actually precipitous; and, moreover, they are ruder in appearance than elsewhere, being almost entirely denuded of timber. The scene here is a very interesting one. The West Branch at this point runs due north and south, and receives the North Branch, running nearly due east. The latter is very nearly as large a stream as the former; but the majesty of its union is somewhat marred by a large, heavily-timbered island, which occu-



PINE FOREST ON WEST BRANCH OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

pies the centre of the current. The whole region is permeated by canals which abound with locks. The canal-boats here have to make several crossings, and there are always a few idlers at the ends of the long wooden bridges to watch them crossing the streams.

Everywhere around Northumberland are strong hints that the tourist is getting into the lumber-region; and the next point of importance, Williamsport, is the very headquarters of the lumber-trade in the eastern part of the United States. The West Branch of the Susquehanna at this place has taken a bold, sweeping curve due west, and has left behind it a spur of the Alleghanies. Here comes in the Lycoming River, down which thousands of logs float. But down the Susquehanna come hundreds of thousands of oak and hemlock, and, above all, of pine. One cannot see much live pine at Williamsport; but down by the river-side, and at the boom, one can see nothing but logs of every size and length. The children of the street play upon them, fearlessly jumping from one to the other, as if there were no cold, black water underneath. But, though there undoubtedly is, it cannot be discerned. Wide as the space is, the eye catches nothing but a low, wide plain covered with timber. Of water not a speck is visible. Close by the opposite bank of the river the hills rise up very grandly, but on the other side of the town they are far away, for the valley of the Susquehanna at this point is quite broad. It begins to narrow a little as we approach Lock Haven, which is also a lumber-place—a minor sort of Williamsport. It is a very charming little place, very bustling, very thriving, and more picturesque than the larger town of Williamsport. The canal at Lock Haven is fed with water from the Bald-Eagle-Valley Creek, which falls here into the big river, after traversing the whole valley from Tyrone, not far from the head-waters of the Juniata, the principal tributary of the Susquehanna. Lock Haven is on the left or south bank of the river; and the railroad here crosses over to the north side, and continues there for a very considerable distance. Very shortly after this crossing, the mountains come down upon the river, and hem it in. These are several thousand feet in height, and present a singular variety of forms—all, however, pleasing by grandeur more than sublimity. At North Point, especially, the mountain-forms fairly arrest the eye of the most phlegmatic. In one direction, one mountain proudly raises itself like a sugar-loaf; in another, the side is presented, and it is not unlike a crouching lion; in a third, the front is shown, and the mountain then turns in so peculiar a fashion as to uncover its great flanks, giving it the appearance of an animal lying down, but turning its head in the direction of the spectator. Close by is another pyramidal-shaped mass, whose body meets the flank of the former, forming a ravine of the most picturesque character, where the tops of the pines, when agitated by the breeze, resemble the tossing waves of an angry lake.

The trees along the Susquehanna are now of various kinds—oaks, pines, maples, hickories, hemlocks, tulip-trees, birches, wild-cherry, etc.—but the lumberers say that the pines were the indigenous children of the soil, and that the others have sprung up since

FERRY AT RENOVO.

they were felled. This, perhaps, is so; for, in places where there is no access to the river, the woods are all of pine. The lumberers only cut the timber where it can be rolled down or hauled to the river, to be floated with the whelming spring-floods to the timber-yards of Williamsport and Lock Haven, so that those places which offer no favorable opportunities of this kind are altogether spared. Those persons who have never wandered up a mountain covered with pine-trees have no conception of the sublimity of such a place. There is a silence, a solemnity, about a pine-wood, which at once impresses the senses with a sentiment of awe. In other forests the ear and eye are greeted with many sounds of life and glancing forms. But through the dim aisles of the tall pines there is neither sound nor motion. It has its own atmosphere, also, for the air around is loaded with the strong fragrance which these trees breathe forth. To speak with candor, it is overpowering to delicate nostrils; but for strong, robust natures it has a wonderful attraction. The lumberers have a passionate love for the "piny woods," as they call them, which artists fully share with them.

But, superb as is the sight of a pine-wood in all its pristine splendor, the spectacle of one, after the lumberers have been felling right and left, is by no means admirable. The ground that was once carpeted with the delicate white stars of the one-berry flower and the low glories of the wood-azaleas, is now covered with chips and bark and twigs, and trees felled but abandoned, because discovered to be unsound and useless. The place is a slaughter-house, and the few trees that have escaped serve but to intensify the unpleasant aspects of the scene.

Accommodations in the lumber-region are not of the best; and the adventurous trout-fisher, though he will have plenty of sport, will also have plenty of annoyances. It is emphatically a land where you can have every thing that you bring along with you. Of late years the railway company have become alive to the natural advantages of their route and the influence that beautiful scenery has upon traffic. They have recently erected a fine hotel at Renovo, which is the only stopping-place of importance between Lock Haven and Emporium. This almost immediately became a favorite summer resort, being located at a most picturesque point on the river, in the immediate vicinity of many beautiful mountain-streams, in which the trout shelter during the hot weather. The valley of the Susquehanna at Renovo is nearly circular in shape, and not very broad. The mountains rise up almost perpendicularly from the south bank, which is most picturesque, the other bank being low and shelving. The hotel, surrounded by beautifully-kept lawns adorned with parterres of brilliant flowers, becomes a marked point in the landscape, although in the early summer its blossoms are put to shame by the wild-flowers of the surrounding mountains; for at this time the slopes of the giant hills are everywhere covered with the pale-purple rhododendrons, which, when aggregated into large masses, fairly dazzle the eye with the excess of splendid color. Later, when all the flowerets of the wild-woods are small and insignificant, the buds

The Susquehanna

(AT HUNTERS GAP)

New York D. Appleton & Co.

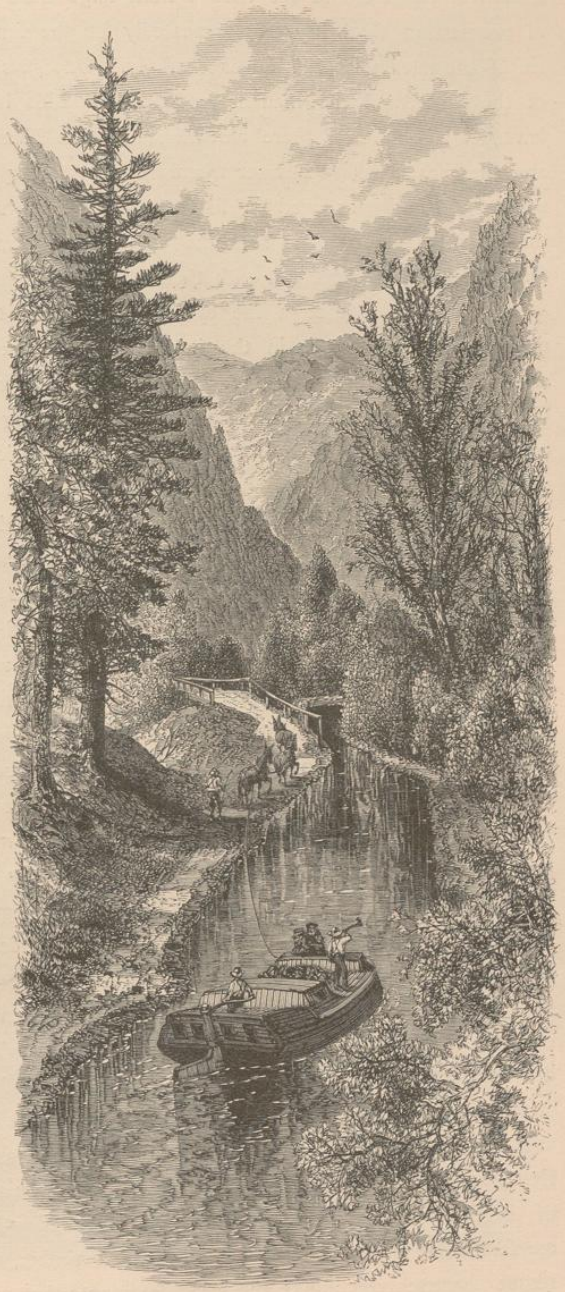
SCENES OF THE MOUNTAINS IN THE SUBTERRANEAN.

SCENES ON THE NORTH BRANCH OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

North Branch of the Susquehanna, at Hunlocks.

of the cultivated lawns come forth and renew the rivalry with the wild scenes around them more successfully. Just opposite the hotel a mountain rises to a height of twenty-three hundred feet in one vast slope of living green, ascending without a break in a grand incline right up from the water's edge, whose brown flood is not here broad enough to reflect the entire outlines of the stupendous mass. For here the river narrows considerably, and is very deep under the mountain-side, becoming shallower as the bed

approaches the northern bank. The little town of Renovo is stretched along the Susquehanna side, its breadth being inconsiderable, although the valley here must be nearly half a mile wide. The hills on the other side are not so high as the one that bids defiance to the city folks in the hotel, daring, as it were, their utmost efforts to climb up it. As there is no road, and plenty of rattlesnakes, few people are bold enough to accept the mute challenge. But on the other side of the valley the mountains are easily accessible, and, in fact, are the daily resort of tourists who love to shoot, or to pick blackberries or huckleberries, which last grow in immense quantities around Renovo. There is a mountain-road here which penetrates through the country to the southward, and the teams cross the river in a dreadfully rickety ferry. This is a species of flat-boat, which is propelled across by a man hauling on a rope suspended from the high south bank to a huge pole on the other shore. In the wintry days, when the river is turbulent and the winds are high, the crossing here is not very pleasant; but in the jolly summer-tide it becomes

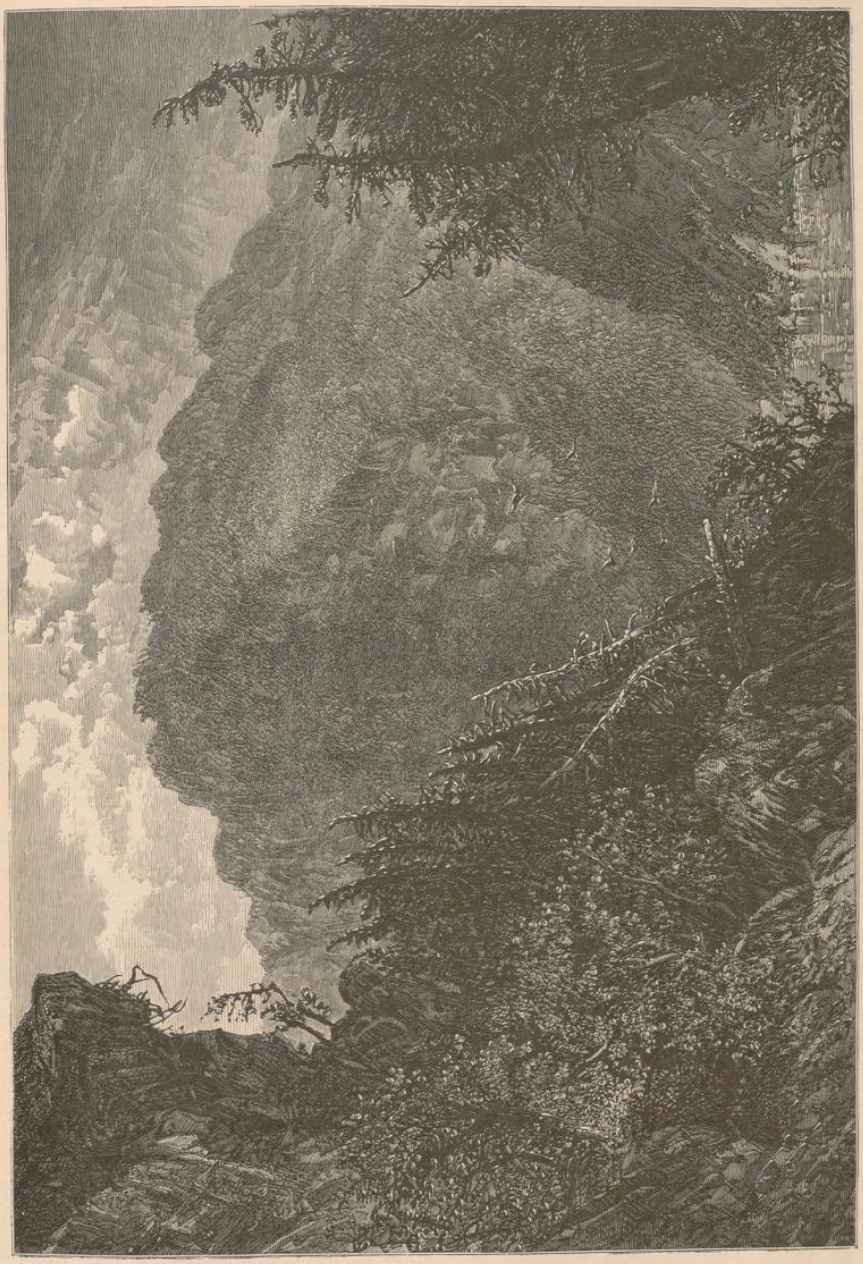


Canal at Hunlocks.

a kind of pastime, and the visitors from large cities are so amused at this rude method of progression that they cross repeatedly for the fun of it. The view from the centre of the stream is beautiful exceedingly. One gets a better idea of the circular shape of the valley, and the manner in which the hills have retired to let the little town have a foothold. And there are islands in the channel covered with beautiful mosses, and stretches of shallow water where rocks peep up, on which gray cranes perch with solemn air, busily engaged in fishing. The shadows of the mountain's bank, too, are thrown into relief by the sunshine on the water, and the mountains to the westward form a brilliant background, with their tree-laden slopes brightened with golden tints.

At this point, though the eye cannot discern them because they are hid by the mountains, the tourist is in the immediate vicinity of numberless trout-streams. These runs have queer names, such as Kettle Creek, Hammersley's Fork, Young Woman's Creek, Fish-dam Run, Wyckoff's Run, Sinnemahoning Run, etc. The last is a stream of considerable size, and is one of the principal tributaries of the West Branch of the Susquehanna. It runs up beyond Emporium, and much lumber is sent down its current in the spring. The Susquehanna, after receiving the cold waters of Kettle Creek, begins to incline southward, and, from its junction with the Sinnemahoning, makes an abrupt turn due southward toward the town of Clearfield. From this point it ceases to be a river, branching off into numerous creeks that rise from the mountains of this region, where it is all either hill or valley, and where a plain is a rarity. The land here is cultivated with care and success, but the prevailing industry is mining, all the mountains here containing iron-ore. There is some considerable difficulty in floating down logs to the main stream of the Susquehanna below Clearfield, and most of the timber cut is used for the purpose of smelting or for forges, where the charcoal hammered iron is made. The scenery is not so wild as might be imagined, the forms of the mountains seldom varying from somewhat monotonous grandeur, relieved by the beauty of the forest-trees upon their sides. But for the geologist the region is singularly interesting, since everywhere are presented vestiges of the grand battles of old days between the imprisoned waters and their jailers, the huge hills.

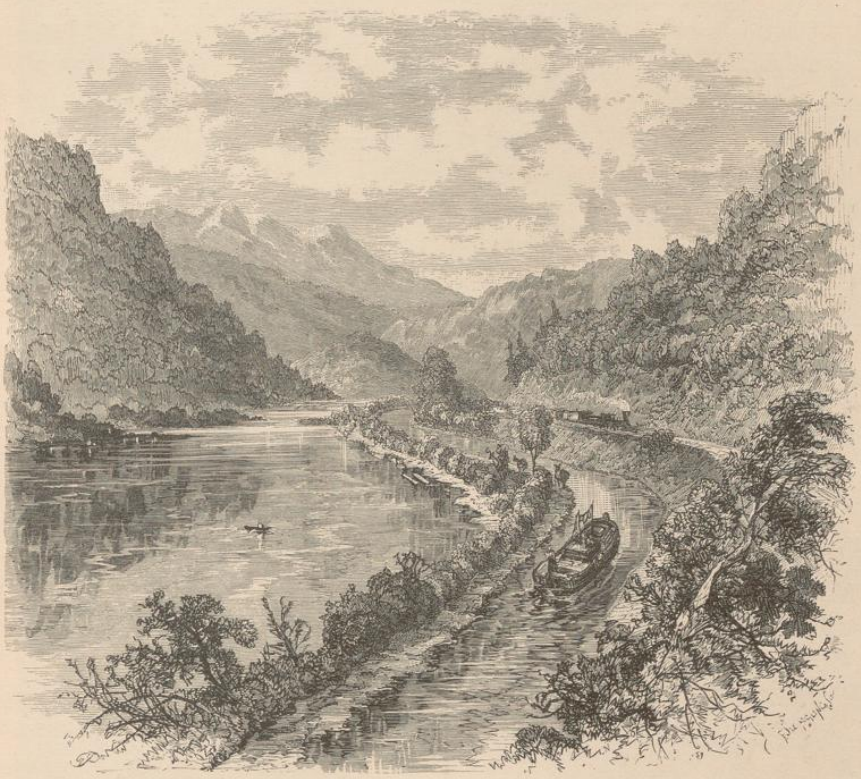
To describe the north branch of the Susquehanna, it will be necessary to retrace our steps to Northumberland, the point of junction. The North Branch runs here almost due east, rushing right through a majestic range of mountains, which pass under the generic title of "Alleghanies." The railway is on the northern side, and, for a considerable distance, is built on a sort of shelf at the base of the mountains, close to the river's edge, but separated from it by the Pennsylvania Canal, which fringes this branch of the Susquehanna almost from its sources in New-York State. The mountains here are far bolder, more rocky, and with far less timber, exhibiting huge crags of a picturesque character, very unlike the small fragments that cover the hills of the Western Fork. The many chimneys vomiting black smoke at Danville, the first place of importance



PILLSBURY KNOB.

the tourist reaches, remind him forcibly that he is not out of the iron-region; and the coal-cars, which pass him on the road, tell him that he is approaching the very centre of the famous Pennsylvania coal-mines. Beyond Danville the river makes a bend away from the overhanging mountains of the northern side, and approaches more closely to the southern, which are far more densely wooded, and have consequently many more runs brawling and bubbling down their sides. The scenery here has a peculiar charm of its own, which is hard to describe or to localize. The hills on the northern bank are distant, but there are foot-hills that come down to the river. These are often cultivated, the fields of corn being broken by dark patches of waving pines and hemlocks. At the foot of these hills runs the railroad. In immediate proximity comes the canal—a quiet, peaceable, serviceable servant of commerce, vexed with few locks. Between the canal and the river is only an artificial dike of little breadth; but this has either been planted with trees and bushes, or Nature has sent her winged seeds there to take root, to fructify, and to render beautiful that which of itself was but plain and insignificant. This dike is quite a feature, impressing every eye with an idea of *leafiness*, which seems to be the prevailing charm of the district. Beyond it the river, some feet lower in level, rushes vigorously onward to join its waters with those of the West Branch. Its stream is more rapid, and its waves are of a clearer hue, than that which glides past Renovo, Williamsport, and Lock Haven. Rising up from the southern bank are wood-covered mountains, boasting fewer oaks and hickories than we have seen in our progress hitherto, but having a sombre grandeur of tone from the more numerous evergreens. The extreme background is veiled by a soft haze, through which the river looks silvery and the mountains an ethereal blue. At times the sweet sylvan character of the landscape is broken by a numerous gang of workmen drilling away huge blocks of limestone; for the foot-hills are of that structure, though the mountain-ranges are of sandstone. Again we come to a rough, irregular stone structure, black as ink, and surrounded by rudely-arranged scaffolding of a peculiar form. This is a coal-mine, or rather all that can be seen externally of it. Of iron-furnaces there are many, and of rolling-mills more than a few. These seem at first like blots upon the landscape, but they serve to diversify the monotonous beauty of the scenery. But the finest points to the artist are the places where the rushing, tumbling, foaming creeks from the mountains come raging down to join the river, and to frighten the canal from its staid propriety, necessitating great enlargements of the dike and beautiful bridges. These swellings of the dike gladden an artistic eye; for they are often covered with fine, large trees, and produce all the effects of islands hanging, as it were, over the brink of the river. There are several places where these bits of scenery exist—at Mifflin, Shickshinny, but, above all, at Hunlocks. Hunlocks Creek is not very long, but it has a commendable breadth, and so precipitous a course that it is more like a cataract than a creek; and its turbulent, shallow stream carries down bowlders of a most respectable size. There is a coal-mine at Hunlocks,

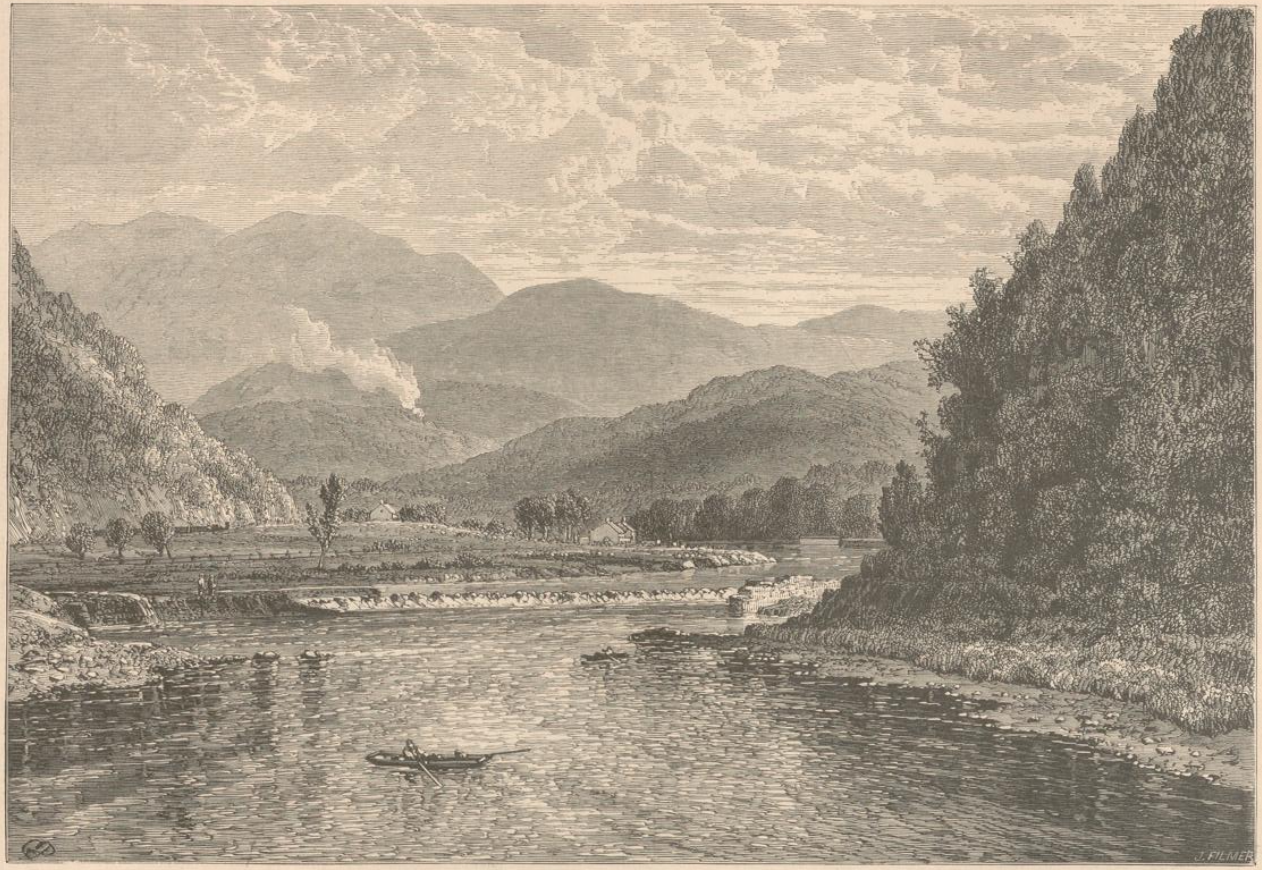
close upon the brink of the creek, and the miners down the shaft can hear the growling of the water-course in the spring, like distant thunder. For then its waters are swollen from the mountain snows; and it carries away, encumbered with its ice-masses, tons upon tons of rocks, which go hurtling down the stream, dashing against each other, and crashing with as much noise and fury as if an avalanche had been precipitated by the melting of a glacier. In our illustration on page 217 is a group of illustrations of this



Below Dam at Nanticoke.

region—the furnace on Hunlocks Creek, Nanticoke ferry, Danville, the hemlock-gatherers, the stone-quarry, etc.

After passing Pillsbury Knob, a remarkably bold promontory on the northern bank, the tourist arrives at Nanticoke, where the river expands considerably, becoming very shallow. Here there is a dam erected for the lumberers, though the business is yearly decreasing in this part. There are on the southern side broad stretches of fertile land below the bank, and these are cultivated with profit—principally for the raising of tobacco. The hills here rise in three several ranges upon the northern side and two upon the



NANTICOKE DAM.

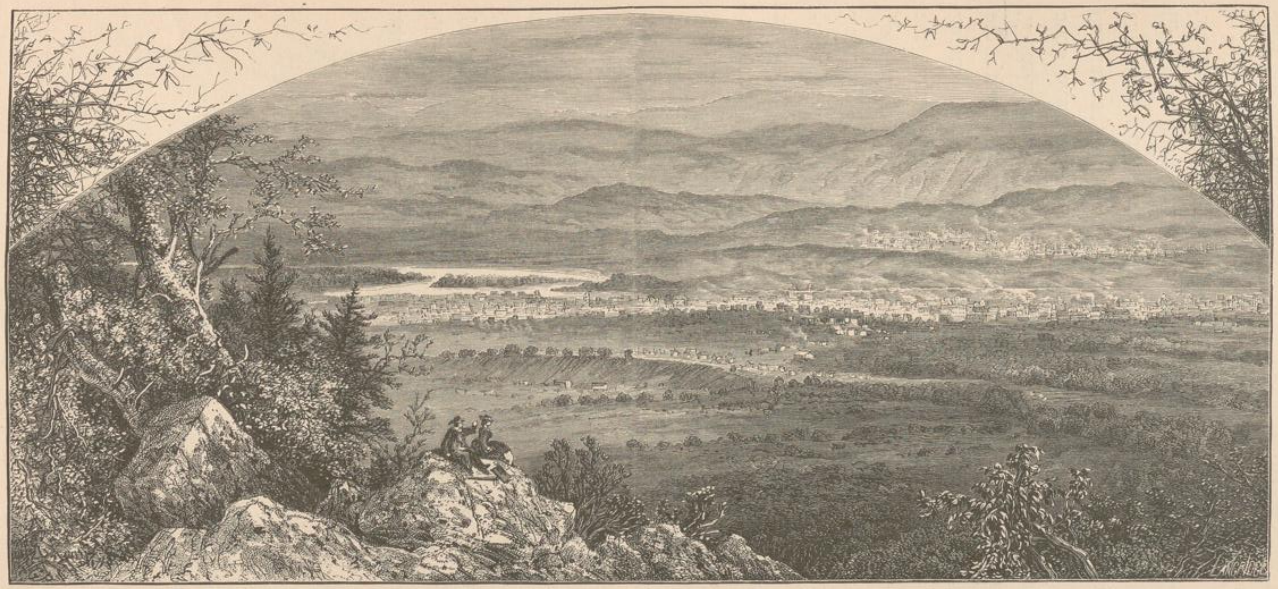
southern, and the effect from the lowlands on a level with the river is very grand. The majority of the hills to the northward are not well wooded, and their prevailing hue is a dull, purplish brown. To the south the mountains are better wooded, but the slope is very considerable and the height not very great. Between these the river winds in a serpentine form, creating a thousand *coups d'œil* of transcendent loveliness. For here we

Wyoming Valley.

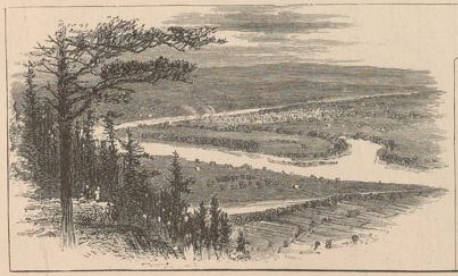
are actually entering the famous Wyoming Valley, so renowned for its beauties. The hills are not high, never exceeding two thousand feet, but the banks of the river and the river itself form such combinations of form and color as kindle the admiration of the most apathetic. The railway is on the northern bank, which is the more elevated; and, as the hills on this side are more picturesque than the other, it is impossible to get

the best view until the river is crossed. This the railway does not do; and it will be best for the tourist to stop at Kingston and cross over to Wilkesbarre, at once the centre of the anthracite-coal region, the centre of the Wyoming Valley, and one of the most charming and prosperous towns in the country.

There is an island in the river just opposite the town, of which the bridge takes advantage. From the centre of this there is a lovely view. One sees to the left the Wyoming-Valley Hotel, built in Tudor style of gray-stone, and forming quite a picturesque feature; beyond it are all the houses of the local aristocracy stretched along the bank for half a mile. At this point the river makes a superb curve, like the flashing of a silver-sided fish, and disappears, showing, however, through the trees, broad patches of gleaming white. But this is only a slight glimpse. The real place for a striking view is from Prospect Rock, about two miles behind the town, nearly at the top of the first range of hills on the southern side of the river. This post of observation is on the summit of a jutting crag, and from its picturesquely-massed bowlders one can survey the whole of the Wyoming Valley, which, from Nanticoke westward to Pittston eastward, lies stretched before the eye of the visitor like a lovely picture. It is not broad; for, from Prospect Rock to the topmost crest of the first range of opposing hills, the distance, as the crow flies, is not more than four miles, and the farthest peak visible not six. But this is a gain rather than a loss; for the views that are so wide as to be bounded by the horizon are always saddening. Step by step the landscape leads you beyond the winding river, and beyond the swelling plain, to vast distances, which melt by imperceptible gradations into the gracious sky, and impress the heart with a conviction that just beyond your powers of sight is a better, nobler clime—a lovely land, where all is beautiful. Such prospects seem indeed the ladder by which the patriarch saw angels ascending and descending. They fill the soul with longing and despairing expectation. They stir the depths within us, and send tears of a divine anguish unbidden to the eyes. It is not so with Wyoming Valley. Its narrow boundaries of northern hills, tossing their crests irregularly like a billowy sea, steeped in clear, distinct hues of a purplish brown, and having every line and curvature plainly in sight, compel the eyes to rest within the green and smiling valley, dotted with countless houses, ever scattered sparsely or gathered thickly into smiling towns. Through the points of brilliant light with which the sun lights up the white houses, the Susquehanna glides like a gracious lady-mother, making soft sweeps here and noble curves there, but ever bordered by fringes of deep, emerald green. The whole valley is green, save where the towns toss up to heaven their towers and spires from numberless churches, and where behind, as if in hiding, black mounds and grimy structures mark the collieries. The contracted view gives no sadness of spirit, stirs no unquiet heart, like the expanded prospect. Far otherwise: the soul itself expands with love and pride at the sight of so much peaceful beauty, so much prosperity and happiness, so much progress. The beyond is out of sight, out of thought,



WYOMING VALLEY, FROM PROSPECT ROCK, WILKESBARRE.



WYOMING VALLEY, FROM CAMP HILL.

MONUMENT.

VIEW FROM KINGSTON.

out of ken, and the soul enjoys, without any drop of bitterness, the full cup of pure earthly happiness. He must be a sordid wretch, indeed, whose pulses are not stirred at the sight before him. Too far to be vexed with details, too near not to see distinctly, the gazer on Prospect Rock views the landscape under just such circumstances as will delight him. Therefore, all who have stood upon these masses of sandstone, and have watched the cloud-shadows sweeping over the broad plain, and have seen the sun go down in beauty, and the stillness of twilight overstretching the happy valley, have gone away with hearts satisfied and rendered at ease. But this was not always a happy valley, and the time has been when this fair stretch of smiling green was smoking with the fires of burning homes, and the green turf was gory with the blood of men defending their families from the invader and his savages; when the Susquehanna shuddered at the corpses polluting her stream, and the mountains echoed back in horror the shrieks of wretches dying in torture at the Indian's stake. For, where the little village of Wyoming rises beside the softly-flowing river, the telescope discerns a plain stone monument commemorating the awful massacre of the 3d and 4th of July, 1778. The valley was defended by Colonel Zebulon Butler, with such militia as could be gathered, against the attack of a very superior force of British, assisted by a numerous band of Iroquois. After the inevitable defeat, which happened on the 3d, the conquered retreated into the fort with their women and children. They surrendered on the 4th, with promises of fair terms, and the British commander, to his eternal disgrace, gave them up to the fiendish savages, who were his auxiliaries. Then followed that massacre which sent a thrill of horror through the civilized world, and which has formed the subject of the noblest poems and the finest pictures. Out of misery came bliss; out of defeat, bloodshed, burning homes, and captured wives and daughters, came tranquil happiness and a material prosperity almost unequalled. The whole valley is one vast deposit of anthracite coal; and is now only in the dawning of its prosperity. What it will be in the full sunlight of fortune it passeth here to tell.