



WYOMING, FROM THE SOUTH.

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

BY T. ADDISON RICHARDS.

THE great State of Pennsylvania is drained by the Susquehanna, the Delaware, and the Ohio rivers. More than one-half of its wide area of forty-seven thousand square miles is tributary to the first and noblest of these grand

conduits. The others of the triumvirate swallow up the rest, excepting only about two thousand miles, which swell the floods of the Potomac and Lake Erie. From its sources among the western outposts of the Catskills, the Susquehanna makes a devious journey of five hundred miles through the southern counties of New York, the entire breadth of Pennsylvania, and a portion of Maryland, when it is lost in the waters of the Chesapeake. It drinks up in its course innumerable streams, many of which—

“But for other rivers nigh,
Might well themselves be deem’d of dignity.”

Chief among these vassals are the Tioga, the Northwest Branch, and the Juniata, which come from the far-off declivities of the Alleghanies, in the western part of the State. The Susquehanna is generally broad and shallow, and is broken by bars and rapids, which, but for artificial aid, would prevent all navigation. The floods in spring and autumn time swell the waters sometimes to an extra elevation of twenty feet or more. It is at these seasons that the great rafts of lumber which the intervals have accumulated, are floated off to market.

The passage of these rafts down the angry stream, and their brave battles with the opposing shoals is a gallant and stirring sight. The lifting of the waters is a gala event with the hardy dwellers “on Susquehanna’s side ;” but the joke is sometimes—as the best of jokes may



IN THE VALLEY OF WYOMING.

be—carried too far. Now and then, not the rafts only, but the unfelled forests, the inhabitants, houses, farms, and shores, are swept away. In the spring of 1784, a terrible disaster of this kind nearly filled the adventurous settlers' cup of misfortune, already deeply mixed with the miseries of civil and foreign war. The horrors of these scenes are not unfrequently relieved by the most ludicrous incidents and positions. On one such occasion, an entire family of several generations, with the whole stock of cattle, horses, pigs, dogs, cats, and rats were found huddled together on the extreme point of a small island elevation.

From the top of yonder tall tree, a curious voyager is gazing in wonderment upon the nautical achievements of astonished chairs and tables, bedsteads and beds, whose occupants have, like the sluggard in the song, been awakened too soon, but not to "slumber again." So summary and arbitrary are the freshet's writs of ejectment, that the laziest must, perforce, obey, and that, too, right speedily.

But to return to our topography. Pennsylvania, though much inferior to many other States in landscape charms, yet offers rich re-

wards for the labors of the tourist. The rivers and the mountain-passes which they traverse, are the chief dispensers of these rewards. The Delaware and its tributaries, the Lackawaxan, the Lehigh, and the Schuylkill, unfold fresh pages of interest at every turn. The West-Branch and the Juniata are richly-laden portfolios, crowded with novel and varied pictures; but above all, the Susquehanna is the Alpha and the Omega of Nature's gifts to the Keystone State—the first and noblest in beauty, as it is in extent and position. Hither the artist, who scents the beautiful by instinct, as infallibly as the bee detects the fragrant flower, flies and settles, and is content. From its rippling mountain-springs to its vast and swelling *débouche*, every step of this noble river is amidst the picturesque, whether flowing in broad and placid expanse through the great sun-lit valleys, or gliding in ghostly shade at the base of lofty hills, or wildly disputing the way with obstructing rock and precipice.

Upon the banks of the Susquehanna may be found an epitome of the scenery of the State; and in like manner the Susquehanna may be justly studied in the region of Wyoming. At

least this famous valley is, for many reasons, a capital point at which to rendezvous for the lovers of the river; and thither, therefore, we will hasten without longer delay.

Wyoming is a classic and a household name. At our earliest intelligence, it takes its place in our hearts as the label of a treasured packet of absorbing history and winning romance. It is the key which unlocks the thrilling recollection of some of the most tragical scenes in our national history, and some of the sweetest imaginations of the poet. Every fancy makes a Mecca of Wyoming.

Thus sings Halleck:

"When life was in its bud and blooming,
And waters gushing from the fountain spring
Of pure enthusiast thought, dimm'd my young eyes,
As by the poet borne, on unseen wing,
I breathed in fancy, 'neath thy cloudless skies,
The summer's air, and heard her echoed harmonies."

The pen of Campbell and the pencil of Turner have taken their loftiest and most unbridled flights in praise of Wyoming, and though they have changed, they have not flattered its beauties.

"Nature hath made thee lovelier than the power
Even of Campbell's pen hath pictured—"

Again, Halleck says of the mythical Gertrude, the fair spirit of Wyoming, and of the real maidens of the land:

"But Gertrude, in her loveliness and bloom,
Hath many a model here; for woman's eye,
In court or cottage, wheresoe'er her home,
Hath a heart-spell too holy and too high
To be o'erpraised, even by her worshiper—Poesy."

Such a "heart-spell" unreachable, has the smile and gladness of Nature; the sunny sky,

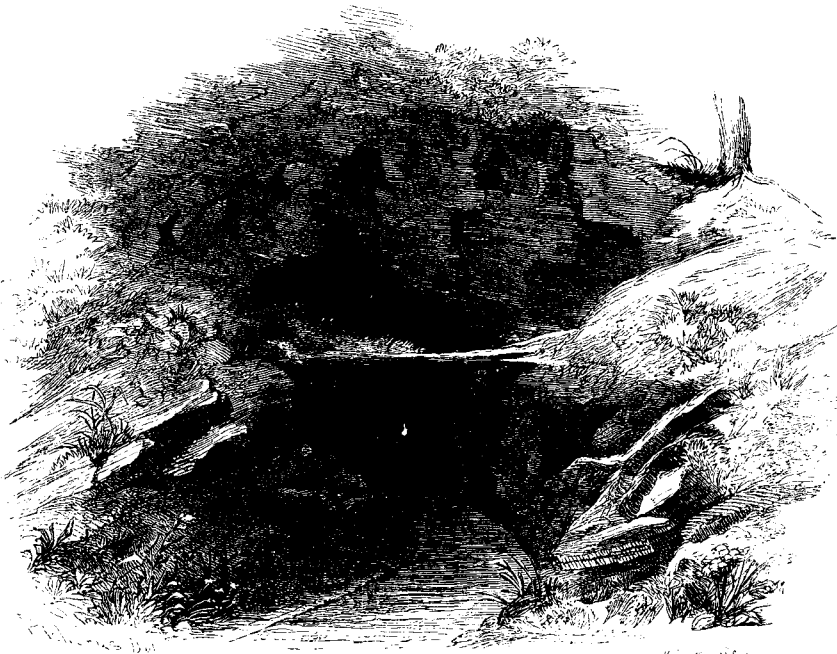
the rustling trees, the dancing waters, and the frowning hills—a heart-spell which the feebleness of Art is powerless to approach, and for which its most boasted tricks of form and light, shade, effect, and color, are but wretched substitutes. Who indeed can paint like Nature!

The Valley of Wyoming (Large Plains) covers a magnificent stretch of twenty miles, and spreads out on either side of the river, in flats and bottoms of unsurpassed richness and fertility. Mr. Minor, a resident, and the author of a valuable history of Wyoming, says of the *physique* of the valley: "Though now generally cleared and cultivated, to protect the soil from floods a fringe of trees is left along each bank of the river—the sycamore, the elm, and more especially the black walnut; while here and there scattered through the fields, a huge shell-bark yields its summer shade to the weary laborers, and its autumn fruit to the black and gray squirrel, or the rival plow-boys. Pure streams of water come leaping from the mountains, imparting health and pleasure in their course, all of them abounding with the delicious trout. Along these brooks, and in the swales scattered through the uplands, grow the wild plum and the butternut; while, wherever the hand of the white man has spared it, the native grape may be gathered in unlimited profusion."

The valley of Wyoming, with its accumulated attractions of luxuriant soil, delicious climate, and picturesque scenery, is of course thickly and happily settled. Homestead and cot send up their curling smoke from every bosquet and dell; and numerous thriving villages within



RIVER WALK ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.



ENTRANCE TO A COAL MINE, SUSQUEHANNA.

its borders afford all the material comforts of life, and all desired social advantages to the people.

Wilkesbarre, the principal town, is a populous and busy place, near the centre of the valley, and in the immediate vicinage of the sites of the most memorable scenes in the early history of Wyoming. Wilkesbarre is the portal through which all tourists enter upon the delights of this region. It is speedily, cheaply, and agreeably reached from all points: whether from below, *via* Philadelphia, Harrisburg, and the canal, which follows the whole course of the Susquehanna; from the eastward, through New Jersey; or from the north, by the Erie Railway. Three miles east of Wilkesbarre, Prospect Rock commands a fine panorama of the entire area of Wyoming, with its cottages, towns, and its grand western amphitheatre of hills. Near the little village of Troy in the distance is detected the tall granite shafts erected by the ladies of the valley, to the memory of the victims of the terrible conflict fitly known in history as the Massacre of Wyoming.

We are reminded here that it is time we made some brief reference to the deeply interesting historic associations of our theme. From the first settlement of the valley, in 1762, through a long period of twenty years, the afflicted people were everlastingly in hot water. Wars, or rumors of wars, clung to them inexorably. Internal or external trouble and quarrel, was the never ending fear of one day, and the realization of the next. Their daily bread was concocted of forts and barricades and redoubts, negotiations, truces, stratagems, besiegings, and capit-

ulations. First came a long-protracted civil contest, famous in the ancient chronicle as the Pennymite and Yankee war. This struggle, which endured twice the length of the siege of Troy, was made up of the alternate successes and defeats of the original Yankee settlers, under the claims and auspices of Connecticut, and the opposing Pennsylvanians, who sought to dislodge and oust them. Battles, negotiations, and commissions, failed to restore peace, until the greater struggle of the Revolution smoothed the way for the burial of lesser animosities. The Pennymite war, distressing enough as it doubtless was at the time, and to the unhappy parties concerned, comes to us now, in all its ups and downs, in rather a droll light.

In 1763, one year after the first settlement, the Pennymite contest, and the colony itself, were stunned, and for a season prostrated, by an incursion of the Indian neighbors, who killed or scattered all the inhabitants.

The vicissitudes of the Pennymite war may well be forgotten in the fearful memory of that one great event which will make Wyoming ever memorable in history—the fated battle of 1778, “in which,” to use the words of the inscription upon the monument which commemorates the misfortunes of the day, “a small band of patriot Americans, chiefly the undisciplined, the youthful, and the aged, spared by inefficiency from distant ranks of the Republic, led by Colonel Zebulon Butler and Colonel Nathan Denison, with a courage that deserved success, boldly met and bravely fought a combined British, Tory, and Indian force, of thrice their number.” This

memorable battle was fearfully disastrous to the colony. The patriots were slain without mercy, and with revolting cruelty. Friends and brothers, in the bestial temper of the hour, fiendishly betrayed and slew each other. Large circles of prisoners were gathered around isolated stones, pinioned and held fast, while some murderous hand deliberately dispatched them one by one, in rotation. One of these stones, called Queen Esther's Rock, on the old battle-field, and within sight of the monument, is still an object of interest to the curious visitor. Sixteen captives were circled around it, while Queen Esther, the famous Catharine Montour, brandishing her tomahawk, and chanting the death-song, murderously destroyed them one after the other, in the order in which they were placed. Neither youth, age, nor sex was protection against the horrid fury of the Indians on this awful day. All were slain but the few who escaped to the mountains, and of these many died a scarcely less fearful death from fatigue, or cold, or famine.

Before continuing our voyage down the river, let us take a hasty peep at the Coal Mines, which form a prominent feature in the *physique* of the valley. All the world is familiar with the vast mineral resources of Pennsylvania, and particularly the abundance and richness of its coal beds. "Lehigh" and "Schuylkill" are grateful names to us as we gather round our winter fires. The black Cyclopean mouths of the coal pits, in the mountain sides of Wyoming, continually arrest the eye, and the ear is ever and anon assailed, on the hill-tops, by the stifled thunders of the blasts in the bowels of the earth

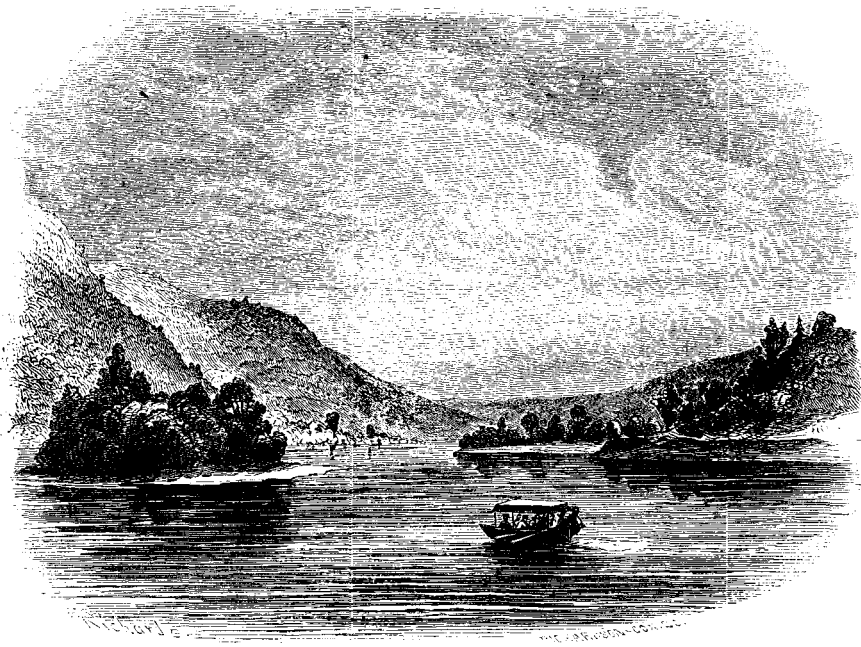
beneath. The even and moderate temperature of the mines makes them an agreeable resort on a sweltering summer's day. The mines here, for the most part, ascend into the flanks of the hills, instead of being reached by shafts, deep down, as in other parts of the State. The coal is excavated by blasting, and is drawn out by mules or horses on narrow wooden railways. They are lighted only by small lamps attached to the caps of the miners. On the occasion of our first visit, our guide left us for a moment, lightless, in the narrow ghostly passage. We quickly detected the rumbling sound of an approaching car, and vainly cast about us for a side nook in which to shelter us. To deepen our alarm, there came at this critical moment the many echoes of a mighty blast, the thunders of which were heightened by the quickly following flash of sulphurous light, revealing the whole sweep of the mystic cave in dreadful distinctness. Altogether, we experienced a singularly unpleasant sensation, which made us feel that we were a long way from home, and without a friend in the world. Happily we escaped the accumulated dangers, and subsequently learned to look upon the mines as very comfortable nooks, and upon the miners, despite their terrible visages, as very clever and Christian people.

Entering our inn one evening after a hard day's work, we sat us down for a moment, with our sketch-box over our shoulder. Our travel-stained and generally forlorn aspect attracted the inquisitive notice of a gaunt native.

"What are yer peddling?" he at length ventured, after most wistful scrutiny.



INTERIOR OF A COAL MINE, SUSQUEHANNA.



THE SUSQUEHANNA AT NANTICOKE.

"Peddling!" we echoed, half-awakened from our reverie.

"Yes; what have yer got to sell?"

"O! ah! yes! we are peddling—coal mines!"

"Coal mines! where is they?"

"In the Rocky Mountains," we answered; and thereupon displayed the pages of our sketch-book, showing him the two views, which we have included in the illustrations of this paper.

"This," said we, "is the outside, and that is the inside of the beds; that is the way they are to look—when we find them!"

"O, ye-es! I see!" said our friend, with a chuckle of dawning comprehension. "He, he, he! I guess you're one of them chaps what's going 'round making picters! I've seen three or four on 'em 'bout here lately. Didn't mean no offense—"

"Oh, no, not at—"

"Only I seed yer have a box, and I thought yer might have something to sell: and I guess yer *did* sell *me*—didn't yer?"

We acquiesced; and by way of making the amende to our wounded dignity, were requested to "step up and take something." As we were at length departing, our new friend called out:

"I say you there, mister! Guess if you don't sell all them coal mines afore you get back, I'd like to take a few on 'em! he, he, he!"

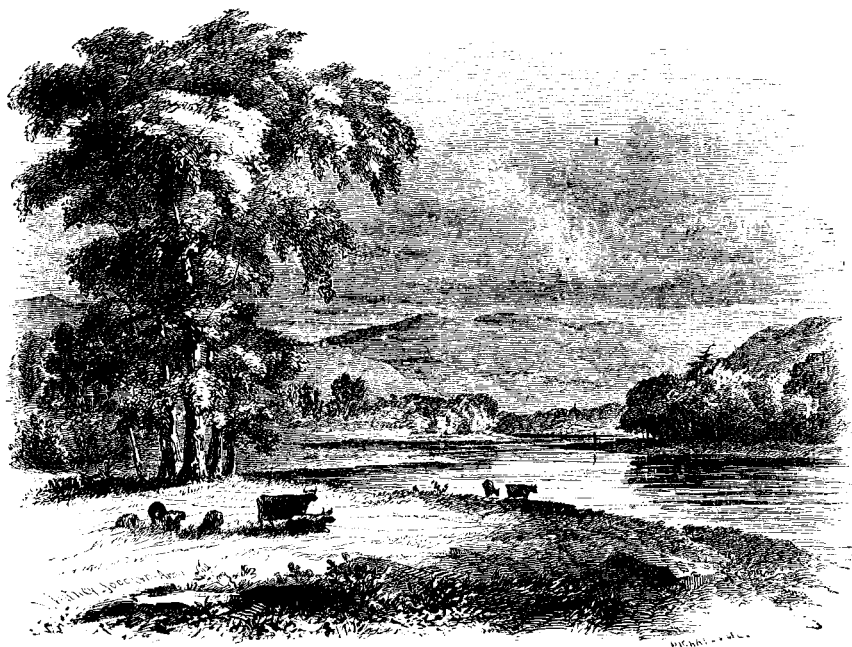
The humbler and less educated dwellers on the Susquehanna, as in the ruder portions of all our new and matter-of-fact land, look upon the earnest labors of the artist with wondering curiosity; and when made fully aware of their

nature, they still think some ulterior purpose must be involved—being quite incompetent to understand how sturdy young men, and grave old men can so devotedly pursue a toil, which to them seems so idle. Of the vast moral effect, and of the great intellectual blessings of art, they have never dreamed; and scarcely less could they be made to comprehend their indebtedness to its lesser results, in the world of comforts and conveniences, which make up the sunshine of their simple lives. They pay all proper reverence to the ingenious implements by which their daily labors are so simplified and accelerated; to the grace of design and charm of color displayed in the fabrics with which they deck their persons; to the elegance and convenience of the furniture and ornaments which endear their homes to their hearts; even to the rude pictures of "Martha Jane," the "Belle of the Village," the "Soldier's Farewell," and other affecting or inspiring subjects which cover their simple walls; but of the connection between all this and art—the great source of all the comforts, and refinements, and delights of life—of the progression and perfection of life, they have no conception whatever. It is related of the immortal Audubon, that in his devoted forest wanderings, he was sagely regarded with suspicion or pity. An eminent painter once amused us with a narrative of the summary manner in which the burly lord of a little brook-side ordered him away, as a lazy, good-for-nothing vagabond! Another artist, after explaining to a curious observer that he was

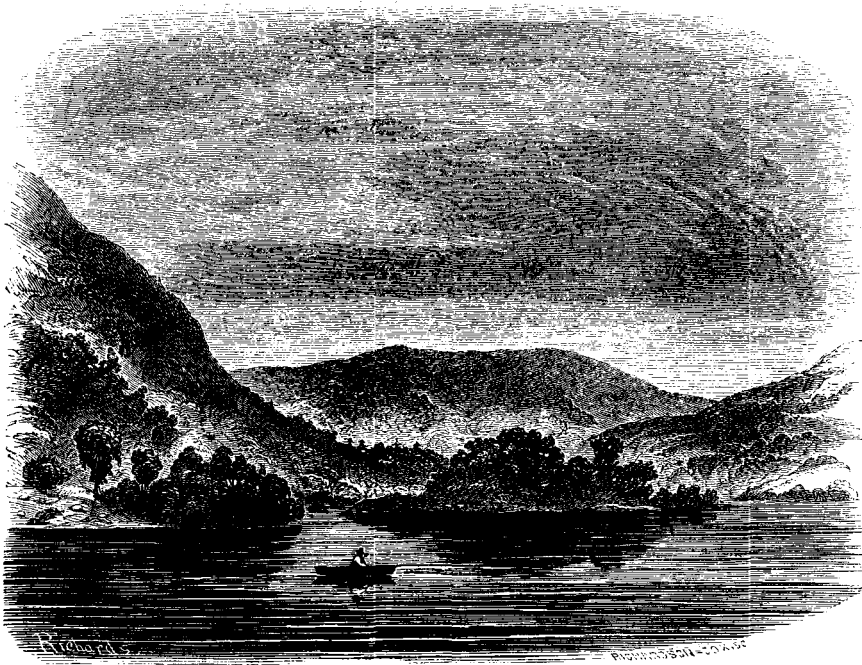
sketching his homestead, that yonder was his house and his barn, and the fence and the poplar-tree, and the old white horse down there in the meadow, thought he had let a little ray of the divine light of art into the benighted mind of his audience—when the audience turned abruptly away, with only a contemptuous “pshaw!” They will scarcely believe that man can have no loftier end than merely to “make pictures.” They raise you, *nolens volens*, at least, to the eminence of a peddler; and express their respect for, and interest in ounces, pins, combs, needles, and kindred solemnities. In a region where gold veins have been newly found, a strolling sketcher was eagerly besought to reveal some little knowledge of the valuable secrets of old Mother Earth: and failed utterly to convince the good people that his mysterious note-book was *bonâ fide* nothing more than a budget of sketches of trees and rocks, and water-falls. On the Susquehanna, the inhabitants were greatly interested during the visit of our party in the various surveys then going on for new railroad routes: consequently, we were universally mistaken for engineers; and much were we amused at the efforts, adroit or awkward, made to “pump” us respecting the direction of “the road” at this and that point. Of course we humored the determined error, by occasionally alarming a worthy farmer with the intimation of an incursion into his garden, or of a whistle and dash through his parlor-windows. An amusing chapter might be made of the various characters assigned to artists, while professionally engaged in the country; but per-

haps we have exceeded the scope of our theme in venturing even thus far upon the ground.

Our particular business in this paper is to explore that portion of the Susquehanna, or “Crooked River,” according to the Indian signification of the name, extending from the Valley of Wyoming, one hundred miles south to the mouth of the Juniata. Within these limits lie the main points of attraction, and a just example of the general character of the whole river. North of Wyoming, the mountainous feature is preserved for some considerable distance; then comes a fine pastoral country of great fertility of soil and luxuriance of vegetation. Below the Juniata, the broken and rugged character of the shores, continues at intervals and in degrees almost to the Chesapeake. Leaving the valley at the south end, we now come again into the mountain-passes, and for several miles traverse the most beautiful portion of the river: a succession of noble scenes, which bear the same relation to the Susquehanna that the famous Highlands do to the great Hudson. The general voyager may not tarry long here for want of sufficient hotel privileges; but the artist, with whom material comforts are the smallest consideration, will pitch his tent intuitively, and in matter of bed and board, thankfully accept the smallest favors. This southern exit of the great valley is known as Nanticoke. One of the finest series of the rapids of the Susquehanna, is found here at the Nanticoke Dam. Hard by is Nanticoke Mountain and the hamlet of West Nanticoke; and across the river on the eastern side is East Nanticoke, or “Nanticoke,”



SUSQUEHANNA BELOW NANTICOKE.



SUSQUEHANNA AT SHICKSHINNEY.

briefly, and *par excellence*—as we say, “Napoleon,” and “Napoleon III.”

From all the high grounds around Nanticoke, delicious vistas of the plains of Wyoming feast the eye. Hereabouts we selected our frontispiece. Mining and boating make up the sum of human avocation at Nanticoke—as indeed they do to a greater or less extent through all the course of the river. Beautifully-formed and densely-wooded islands contribute greatly to the charms of this part of the Susquehanna. Harvey’s Creek and other little mountain-streams, full of picturesque falls and fine rocks, drop into the river here.

A beautiful mountain-picture, near the mouth of Harvey’s Creek, has the unusual foreground, in American views, of a ruined bridge, whose venerable stone arches would grace the landscape of the olden time of any country. When the afternoon shades cool the river-walks on the eastern shore at Nanticoke, it is delightful to ramble on the richly-wooded and rock-dotted lawns; and to gaze far out upon the quiet river indolent in the sunshine. Our “view at Nanticoke” is from the beach, looking down the river, which here spreads out into noble lake-like expanse. The canal winds along under the hills on the right. The next picture is found some mile or two below, looking back upon the broad face of the Nanticoke Mountain. The tow-path lying between the canal and the river affords a noble walk for many miles; and is of especial interest in the neighborhood of Nanticoke. It affords exquisite glimpses both of river

and canal scenery. The post-road on the other side of the canal reveals in its progress yet another set of charming views.

The frequent recurrence of shoals here affords abundant facilities for the vigorous prosecution of trade in that great Susquehanna staple—eels.

By the compelling aid of slight stone inclosures, the descending current and its funny freight are drawn into an apex, where the slippery gentry are easily secured.

The angular architecture of these weirs, or traps, adds nothing to the beauty of the waters, though we never introduced them into our sketches without exciting the highest admiration of the rural populations bending over our casel. Submitting our portfolio, “by particular request,” to the inspection of a native amateur in Nanticoke, he expressed his gratification at the opportunity of seeing pictures “in the rough.” We said something about the “stuff that dreams are made of;” but our classicism was not appreciated.

Living over again our hours at Nanticoke, we are reminded mournfully of the fate of one* of the merriest of our merry party there, in the summer of 1852, whom we left ardently pursuing his happy studies by the mountain and brook side—only to hear of him again when we returned soon after to our city home, as having gone to that brighter land, where art is perfected. He was a true, humble, and devoted worshiper of nature—never wearied in watching

* John Irvine Glasgow—a young landscape painter of bright promise and earnest effort.

the changeful expression of her lovely face ; in scaling the mountain-paths, or in exploring the tortuous brooks ; he was always the hopeful and eager pioneer ; his pleasant companionship lighted up for us the dark chambers of the coal-beds, or guided our skiff gayly over the threatening rapids. In our hours of rest, or in our evening strolls, he scented out the most luscious peach-tree, as by instinct, and he alighted upon melon-patches with the celerity and certainty of genius. Alas ! that his facile hand will never more express the imaginings and emotions of his bright fancy and his truthful heart !

Four miles below the Nanticoke rapids is a way-side station, known to boatmen as "Jessup's." Mr. Jessup is a kind and courteous host, well becoming the best inn of all the region round. A noble glimpse up the river is commanded by the site of Mr. Jessup's house ; and from the hills near by, you follow its graceful windings for miles below, through a landscape of gratefully alternating hill and vale.

At the terminus of the next four miles' travel, in the whole extent of which the highland beauties of the Susquehanna continue in the finest and most varied development, we reach the village of Shickshinney—a small hamlet of no very winsome features, apart from the natural beauties around it. Here, as above, the eye will delightedly follow the river both up and down in its windings amidst the green isles, and reflecting the wooded or rocky banks and walls.

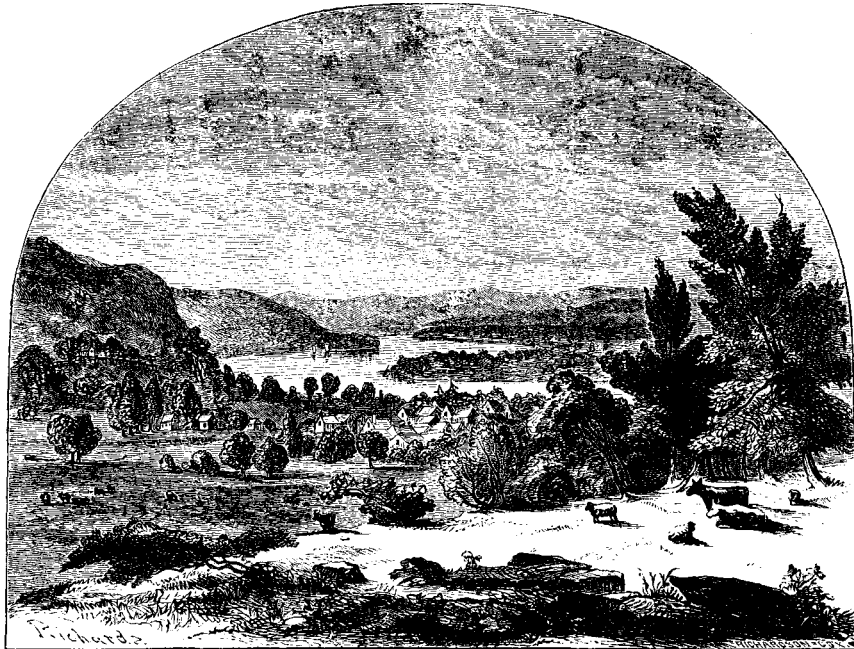
The imposing mountain-ridge which continually terminates this view in our passage down the river after leaving Shickshinney, is the great

Wapwallopen hill, protecting the village which bears its name, and which lies hidden at its base. This noble peak is best seen on the southern approach, where its summit presents a vigorous and grand rocky front.

The Wapwallopen Creek comes in here, contributing a new chapter of rugged charms to the riches of the Susquehanna. A double bend in the "Crooked" river places the Wapwallopen ferry in the centre of a charmingly framed and quiet little lakelet.

For some miles hence, old Susquehanna may be said (in contrast with his late wakeful mood) to nod a little : doubtless, however, only in wise preparation for the watch and vigil he always keeps down among the mountains and cliffs of Cattawissa.

Cattawissa unfolds well at all points. The white spires of the little town, buried in the hills, seem to give you a hospitable beckon onward, as on your departure they suggest moistened cambrics, waving a last, distant, and loving adieu. The evening occupation which we found in the society of the few dainty books, which female taste had collected in the parlor of our inn at Cattawissa, no doubt heightened the pleasure of our strolls on the river banks ; and of our long days in the woods and on the hill tops. A genial book, with your evening cigar, is a piquant sauce to a rough day's adventures. We usually endeavor to insure ourself this *sine quâ non* of comfort, by carrying plentiful stores with us ; but though our trunks are ponderous enough to be had in everlasting remembrance by all porters, we often, on extended tours, find



CATTAWISSA.



THE SUSQUEHANNA ABOVE THE JUNIATA.

our supply inadequate. In such dilemmas it is pleasant to be greeted in strange lands by the welcoming pages either of old favorites, or to meet the proffered friendship of new volumes. You get wearied, in time, of antique almanacs, Domestic Medicines, or even the Life of Washington, and the History of the Mexican War. Why do not our country hotels provide their guests with the luxury of a moderate library of books suitable for after dinner and evening hours—books of travel, poetry, and romance? A pleasant book would often detain the traveler as long as will a good table.

Some admirable rocky bluffs and well-wooded hill-sides, and much good material for the study of the artist in the nature of loose, moss-grown stone and tree-trunks, is to be found about Cattawissa. On the road and on the tow-path, above and below the village, many nicely composed pictures may be got, as also from all the panoramic sites. In our sketch down the river, overlooking the village, the waters sweep away in exceedingly graceful outlines.

From Cattawissa down to Northumberland, we meet with no points claiming extraordinary attention. The road here drops off from the water; occasionally, however, touching or nearly approaching it, and every where traversing an agreeably diversified country of intermingled forest and meadow land—well besprinkled throughout with villages and farms. The canal still accompanies the river; and the tow-path—as also the shores—often present graceful scenes, with an occasional vista of marked beauty. Fine groups of trees abound every where.

Northumberland, if it had fulfilled its ancient

promise, and made good use of its eligible business position, and whilome prestige of success, would now be one of the most thriving towns in the State. But when called to account for its “time misspent and its fair occasions gone forever by,” like the idle steward, it brings back only its one buried talent. Here the great west branch of the Susquehanna joins the parent river; and here, too, the western division of the canal unites with the main route. Eighty miles up the west branch, the scenery is scarcely less attractive than that which we have passed in the vicinage of Nanticoke; yet being more out of the way of general travel, is much less visited by the hunter of the picturesque.

Northumberland is as much favored pictorially as geographically. Its position, in the apex formed by the two great arms of the Susquehanna, is admirably seen in the noble view up the river from the bold hills on the opposite side. Upon the summit of these bluffs a grotesque fancy has perched certain ungainly looking wooden summer-houses, which lean over the precipice, *à la* Pisa and Saragossa.

Several immense bridges connect the cape of Northumberland with the opposite shores. The Susquehanna bridges are, from the usual great width of the river, always of such leviathan length, as to compel especial notice. It is a journey for a lazy man to traverse one of them: *par exemple*, the Columbia bridge, which is a mile and a half from one extremity to the other. These bridges, being made of wood, and generally roofed, are more useful than ornamental. They not unfrequently hide charming stretches of hill and river with their uncouth bulk.

In the present culinary condition of the land, we can not conscientiously advise our dainty readers to tarry long any where in the next forty miles, between Northumberland and the meeting of the river with the Juniata. The artist, however, and all others who look up to the bright sky and abroad upon the smiling face of Nature, before they poke their noses into the kitchens, may halt here and there with advantage.

The lake form of the river, seen below from Liverpool, with its far-off distance of interlacing hills, broken by nearer headlands and varied islands and groups, makes, if not a very striking, at least a most pleasing picture. The canal, from this point onward, winds through a particularly interesting region. At one moment it is buried in the dense shadow of over-arching leafage; and anon, huge rocky cliffs tower up in the foreground—a narrow ravine lets in a dash of sunshine across the balustrade of the little bridge at the bend of the water in the middle-distance; while far off, on the opposite side, sweep the gallant floods and the smiling islands of the great river.

The last picture of this series is a peep up the Susquehanna, from the tow-path near the mouth of the Juniata. The great width of the waters here and onwards, produces that high delight in the contemplation of Nature—the grateful sensation of distance and space—the secret of the universal pleasure afforded in the wide-reaching views commanded by mountain-tops. To many hearts the thousand variations in the picturesque, yet more confined, defiles and passes presented in the upper waters of the river, offer no compensation for the absence of this quality of expanse and freedom. The waters here are so shallow as to expose long capes of sand bar, often covered with cattle; and indeed the cows, in their search for relief from the summer heat, wander far out into the river, where they seem like little groups of islands; a singular appearance, which would be odd enough in a picture, which is never received with that unquestioning faith given to Nature herself, however surprising her eccentricities.

We ought not, perhaps, to omit cautioning the tourist against certain dregs which may lie at the bottom of the cup of pleasure he may dip from the waters of the Susquehanna. While inhaling the soft airs of brightening morn, or the zephyrs of gloaming eve, he must have a care of the miasmas with which they are mingled—the dews and fogs, so productive of the much-feared agues and fevers. This ill is one to which all the river shores of Pennsylvania are more or less exposed. Few of the inhabitants but have experiences to relate thereof, and the stranger must maintain a proper vigilance, or he will certainly come away a wiser if not a better man.

At the junction of the Juniata with the Susquehanna, we touch the grand lines of railway and canal from the Atlantic to the far West. One hour's journey will transport us, if we please, to the State capital, from whence we may readily plunge again into the stream of busy life.

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

WAGRAM.

NAPOLÉON had now, in Vienna, nearly 90,000 men. The Archduke Charles having recruited his forces in Bohemia, had marched down the left bank of the Danube, and was entrenched opposite the metropolis, with an army 100,000 strong. From all parts of the widely-extended dominions of Austria, powerful divisions were rapidly marching to join him. The Danube, opposite Vienna, is a majestic stream, one thousand yards in width. The river was swollen by the melting of the snow among the mountains. How could it be possible to transport an army across such a flood, with such formidable hosts on the opposite banks, prepared with all the tremendous engineering of war to dispute the passage! This was the great problem for Napoleon to solve.

A short distance below Vienna, the Danube expanded into a bay, interspersed with many islands, where the water was more shallow and the current less rapid. One of these islands, that of Lobau, divided the river into two branches. It was situated six miles below Vienna, and was about four and a half miles long, and three miles wide. The two channels, which separated Lobau from the banks of the river were of very unequal width. One or two small creeks, which in times of inundation were swollen into torrents, ran through the island. To reach the island from the right bank of the river, where Napoleon's troops were encamped, it was necessary to cross an arm of water about twelve hundred yards wide. Having arrived upon the island, and traversed it, there was another narrow channel to be crossed, but about one hundred and eighty feet in width, which separated it from the main land. Though the swollen torrent poured impetuously through these channels, it was not very difficult to throw a bridge from the right bank to the island, since the island, wide and overgrown with forest, afforded protection, not only from the balls, but also from the view of the enemy. The bridge, however, from the island to the left bank of the river, was to be constructed while the works were exposed to the batteries of the Austrians. For these important operations a large number of boats was needed, and many thousand planks, and powerful cables. But the Austrians had destroyed most of the boats, and, though there was an abundance of wood, ropes were very scarce. It was impossible to drive piles for fastening the boats, since it would occupy too much time, and would attract the attention of the enemy. No heavy anchors, to moor the boats, could be obtained in Vienna, as they were not used in that part of the Danube. By great efforts Napoleon succeeded in obtaining about ninety boats, some of which he raised from the river, where the Austrians had sunk them, and others were brought from a distance. A substitute for anchors was found by sinking