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RUSTICATING THROUGH PENNSYLVANIA:  
THE ROBERT BOWNE HAINES CANOE JOURNAL OF 1877-8

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**Abstract:** In the summers of 1877 and 1878, Robert Bowne Haines and John Stewardson travelled down the Susquehanna, Delaware, and Lackawaxen Rivers. Haines chronicled their adventures in his personal canoe journal. This volume includes the original writings of Haines as he documented his experiences and reflections on nature, 19<sup>th</sup> century civilization, and canoeing in general. In addition to the text of the journal, many maps and drawings depicting the rivers, settlements, and camps are included as drawn by Haines, as well as notes on the life of Haines and Stewardson, canoeing practices of the time, the language of the journal, and the historical and literary contexts into which the journal may be situated.

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**A Note on the Transcription:** In order to maintain the authenticity of the text, I have preserved the misspellings and abbreviations exactly as they appear in the journal, clarifying when necessary. Haines is often inconsistent with his spelling and use of contractions and abbreviations, but his meaning is generally clear. Some of his most used abbreviations are as follows.

Agt.= agent

frt.= freight

bag.= baggage

G.= Grayling (canoe)

Brot.= Brought

J.= John Stewardson

Ch.= Cheesmaun (canoe)

th., tho., thot.= the, though, through, thought

cs.= canoes

wh.= which, what, where

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## Introduction

In the United States, the years 1877 and 1878 saw the continuation of many tensions created or exacerbated by the Civil War. The country was still recovering from the economic effects of the war and the failure of Reconstruction, as well as dealing with the problems of a disputed presidential election and the Northwest Indian wars. It is during this period of tumult that Mr. Robert Bowne Haines and his companion, Mr. John Stewardson, decided to escape the bustling Philadelphia city life. On July 16<sup>th</sup>, 1877, they set out on a canoe journey from Germantown, PA. Over two consecutive summers they covered vast amounts of water trail, including many of the navigable rivers of the Chesapeake Bay watershed. Yet even upon departing from the urban Philadelphia area, Haines and Stewardson were still not far removed from civilization. As Haines's journal describes, they never go more than a day without meeting others, either on the river itself or in the surrounding settlements and farmsteads. He meets people from all walks of life, fishermen, farmers, and in the more settled areas, railroad engineers, postmen, and lawyers. At this time, long distance canoe travel was rare, and Haines notes that many of his encounters with local people involve having to explain what a canoe is, and what exactly he and his companion are doing on the river.

In addition to his interest in the geographic aspect of his travels, Haines goes through much effort to describe the numerous people he meets along the way. Haines's commentary is generally apolitical and detached, but at times, he

is unable to maintain his objectivity. Occasionally he subtly passes judgment with a weak verb and the use of a well-chosen adjective, such as when he describes a man "who *seemed* possessed of great importance." The editorial choice to transcribe the opinionated observations of the friends and townspeople he meets also offers a circuitous way of commenting on the scene without taking responsibility for the judgments being passed. For example, Haines and Stewardson meet a town lawyer at the train station in Tyrone, PA who questions them about the composition of their canoes. Haines describes the lawyer as well-dressed "in a white linen suit," but notes down the opinion of the baggage master, pronouncing that "he acted as if he had owned the town & sold it out in lots." For readers, these moments of social commentary can alleviate the monotony of details that Haines provides, as well as serving to remind us of the historical and geographical context of the journey.

Through such encounters, Haines is able to indirectly illustrate the social and economic concerns and conflicts which affected Pennsylvanians at this time. On their way to the river, the canoeists take the train, but are a little distressed when they first hear news of a railroad strike from "the locals" in Bushkill, PA, a strike which will go down in history as the greatest railroad strike of all time in the United States. The strike is often casually mentioned as a cause of inconvenience, such as when in Milford, PA, Haines notes that "There was no mail and none had come in from Philadelphia on account of the strike, for a week." A year later, the canoeists pass through Reading and Shamokin, PA, the sites of some of the most violent railroad uprisings and strikes of the summer

before. In one of the stations, they meet a young dapper looking fellow who is described by others as a "pettyfogging lawyer", and is perhaps one of the many recent graduates of the universities established after the war. In the search for a farm with eggs to sell, it is perhaps telling that a local farmer in central Pennsylvania advises the canoeists to pass over a house where a "Mulatto" lives. At times the river and its surrounding lands are so busy, that Haines seems often relieved to escape social concerns and enter into areas that are "extremely wild".

With his observations on local settlements, Haines offers us a glimpse of a Pennsylvania that no longer exists. The coal and railroad industry was thriving in the 1870's, spurring the creation of numerous towns and cities such as Clearfield and Karthaus, which the canoeists visit. With the demise of the railroad and coal industries however, many of the cities which the canoeists visited are now, at best, only towns, if they still exist at all. The innumerable family farms that once dotted the countryside have now almost entirely disappeared; as a result, the "countryside" is now considerably wilder than it ever was during the 1870's. Another factor affecting the "wildness" that Haines appreciates so greatly, was the rampant clear-cutting of old growth forest along rivers, after which the recently cut logs would be floated down the rivers. In fact, trips such as the canoe trips Haines and Stewardson embarked on were only recently possible in the 1870's. Before the railroads were completed in this area of Pennsylvania, rivers such as the Susquehanna, Delaware, and their tributaries would have been almost entirely clogged with timber. With newly free-flowing rivers accessible to the multitude, and plenty of farms to offer provisions, the late

1870's were auspicious time to go canoeing. Over 140 years later, Haines and Stewardson's adventure is still accessible through this volume, in the words of the canoeist himself.

Haines's journal is not unprecedented, as many others at this time were keeping journals. Perhaps one of the most famous canoe journals is Henry David Thoreau's "On the Merrimack and Concord." Nature writing in the 19<sup>th</sup> century often fell generally into two categories, that of the pioneering adventure writer, conquering the wild, and that of the naturalist, cataloguing nature as he sees it, and championing for its use and preservation. The writings of the Transcendentalists would have been published and read for at least a decade, and it is entirely possible that Haines is writing with them in mind. However, judging from the presence of "dialect", and the tinge of humor at the end of the second journal, where Haines loses a shoe and "watches it go down & down & down," it is perhaps more likely that Haines was reading Twain. Perhaps this is not nature writing at all, but rather, an exercise in storytelling. Under the literary influence of such authorial giants, Haines's journal presents us with a snapshot of the everyday man, neither philosopher nor novelist, making the tradition his own.

### **Country Talk, City Culture**

"Monday July 16<sup>th</sup>. We loaded the two canoes on the two wagons, the "Cheesmaun" in the express, and the "Grayling" on the market wagon, and started from our house to meet the 7 a.m. Bethlehem Train at Jenkintown. We got them in the baggage car without any trouble though it was pretty full of stuff. The baggage Master was very accommodating and seemed quite interested."

So begins the first entry of Robert B. Haines Jr.'s journal, with two named

canoes on wagons, and a train schedule to keep. Haines maintained this style of simple language throughout the journal, favoring narration over reflection. The language of the journal might appear somewhat formal to today's readers, in that Haines references all men he meets with their respective title and other formalisms, but it is important to note that these are the words of a young, twenty-year old man. His sentences vary between the economic and the run-on, and are full of minute details. Haines noted every penny spent during the trip, the placement of his tent, the process of cooking a day's catch, and the geographic undulations of the river and land itself. Haines was so concerned with details that at times it seems as if he could not take a single paddle stroke without accounting for it in writing. Yet, his profusion of detail and intermittent bouts of logorrhea are only occasionally burdensome, as they are often interspersed with brief moments of eloquent yet concise description, such as when he describes a section of the Delaware River above Belvidere, NJ as ". . . a beautiful stretch of water. It was just dusk and the reflection of the high hills on either side in the water, which was smooth as glass was so perfect that we almost seemed to be suspended in mid air." For Haines, a city-dweller, the wilderness seems to represent a welcome yet alien splendor, and through his interplay of the mundane and exotic, this sense of novelty is heightened.

Haines descriptions of the wilderness contrast greatly with his discussions of the people he meets along the way. I have noted earlier that Haines usually maintains an objective tone when discussing various townspeople and farmers, reserving opinions to the words of his companion or friends, but nonetheless, he

cannot entirely avoid judgment. At times, Haines cannot help himself from jotting down a bit of "local dialect", in the form of phonetically represented conversations. The intent behind these transcriptions is unclear, but one cannot help but think that Haines is being a little condescending when he writes of being hailed by local fishermen at Dingman's Ferry, where, " many questions are asked which are generally the same set only arranged differently and with occasional variations vis- "War com from?" "War goin?" "How fur de ye cum today?" "Them boats go fast?" "Wats them boats made of?" Haines might have been attempting to accurately represent a "localect," but as his spellings, when pronounced, would have sounded very much like standard American English, it is more likely that he is engaging in a bit of Twainian "eye dialect." Haines's own spelling throughout the journal is at best, inconsistent and unorthodox, so it is perhaps a little hypocritical of him to represent the language of the fishermen as such. If Haines is using these quotations to portray the locals as being quaint or uneducated, the implication is that he is perhaps not only writing for himself, but writing in a manner in which he expects his words to be read. Of course, the question is, for whom is he writing?

Interestingly, Haines's own vocabulary reinforces an image of the American language greatly in flux. He is quick to point out moments where he encounters a new or unfamiliar local term, such as when he refers to what he has previously called rapids as "rifts, as the locals here call them." Haines also occupies the unique speaking position of a young, yet learned person who would be familiar with the newest slang, as well as the language of his educated elders.

For example, he uses “Boss” in the sense of “very good”, “This is by far the prettiest camp we have had yet; we have a fine out look out over the river. As our feelings of satisfaction were mutual we called this camp ‘The Boss Camp’ (July 18<sup>th</sup>, 1877).” This usage of the word was brand new, and on the “cutting-edge” of American slang at this time, as the earliest usage appears in the Oxford English Dictionary only about 30 years earlier, in 1836. This example contrasts directly with his use of “rusticating,” as in the passage “It was more like taking tea at a private house. This was not an illusion either as we were not overcome with hunger, to such an extreme that things were magnified. There were several guests staying here rustivating; mostly ladies; about 9 in all. They were quite fashionable; some came from N.Y (August 1<sup>st</sup>, 1877).” The word “rusticating” originally came into English as a derivative from the Latin verb “rusticari”, meaning to live in the country. It maintained its usage as a verb for quite some time, but this sense was on the verge of extinction at the time the journal was written, with the OED listing no published documentation for this use past 1878. In modern English, the word has survived as an adjective in “rustic”, but its usage as a verb has not.

The Robert B. Haines Jr. journal sets up many systems of contrast beyond that of merely city and countryside. The journal is able to combine the cultured and the quaint with the antiquated and the contemporary. In doing so, the language, journey, and text itself parallel the difficult transitions faced by an American nation still recovering from the environmental and social ravages of war, yet preparing for the challenges of the next century.

### **The Canoeists and their Families**

In 1857, Robert B. Haines Jr. was born into a wealthy merchant family of the Germantown area with a Quaker and Swiss Mennonite heritage dating back to an American immigration in 1689. Haines's family already had a connection to the outdoors in the form of his father, who was an avid canoeist and surveyor of the Minnesota and Northwest region when he served as a secretary on David Dale Owen's United States Geological Survey exploration of areas of Minnesota along the Minnesota, St. Croix, and Mississippi rivers in order to locate mineral resources<sup>1</sup>. His father, Robert B. Haines Sr., was the sixth of eight children, whose father, Reuben Haines served as Corresponding Secretary of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, and corresponded with Thomas Jefferson, Rembrandt Peale, and James Audubon<sup>2</sup>. Haines Sr. graduated from Haverford College, and after completing his studies he accompanied an employee of the firm of Wood, Bacon & Co., of Philadelphia, on a collecting tour; in 1845, the two men travelled one thousand miles on horseback through the southwestern states in the interest of the firm. A few later, he joined a scientific expedition which was to go to the then relatively unknown northwest, and which was in charge of State Botanist C. C. Parry as well as Dr. B. F. Shumard, a mineralogist, and H. Pratton, an ornithologist. They journeyed through that country on horseback and in birch-bark canoes<sup>3</sup>. Records of the discoveries of the expedition were preserved by Haines Sr., and are now in possession of the Minnesota Historical Society.

In 1850 Haines Sr. purchased from the late Amos Jones his farm of one hundred acres in Cheltenham Township, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. Upon Marrying Margaret Vaux Wistar in the spring of 1852, he left his ancestral home at Germantown, Pennsylvania. Margaret was the daughter of Dr. Caspar and Lydia Jones Wistar, and a descendant of two very old Pennsylvania families of Quaker Friends. Her great-great-grandfather was Caspar Wistar, who emigrated from Baden to America, landing in Philadelphia, September 16, 1717. Her mother's family was of Welsh descent. She was also a lineal descendant of Samuel Carpenter, who came with William Penn, and a member of the provincial council and treasurer of the province. It was on part of their farm that Haines Sr. established his nurseries, in 1857, which are still in successful operation. He was for twelve years an active member of the Cheltenham Township school board, and for some years its president. For a quarter of a century he was an active member of the board of managers of Haverford College<sup>4</sup>.

It was into such an illustrious and philanthropic family that Robert Bowne Haines Jr. was born as the second of six children, with brothers Caspar, William and Jansen and sisters Jane and Mary. He was educated at Haverford College like his father, where he graduated with a B.S. degree, and later went on to invent and patent a Micrometer gauge for measuring steel in plate rolling mills. Robert Haines Jr. went on to marry Mary West Huston in 1890, and had four children with her, Robert, Isabelle, Margaret, and Charles. He died in 1932, and was survived by his wife, Mary, who died in 1940. His father's estate still exists today in Germantown, Philadelphia and is viewable by the public today as Wyck

House. It is listed on the register of historical homes, and remains a functioning farm<sup>5</sup>.

Various family and friends are mentioned throughout Haines Jr.'s journal. His father joins him for a small part of the journey, and he mentions that his brother Caspar (who helped design the Mexican railway system) provided references for him: as Haines notes, "I inquired for Mr. Reed the asst. engineer & gave him my letter of introduction from Caspar." Quite often, Haines describes the actions of his friend and companion on the trip, John Stewardson. Often, Haines has the tendency to portray Stewardson as a less experienced greenhorn, such as when they encounter one of the first rapids on the Lehigh River and "J., profiting by my experience, got through all right." It is quite possible that Stewardson is just as skilled a canoeist as Haines, and that Haines, perhaps writing for the benefit of his family and friends, wishes to portray himself in a favorable light.

Whereas Haines's family history can be traced back to the founding fathers of America, John Stewardson's genealogy and later career is equally impressive. He was born in Philadelphia in 1858. He was the son of Thomas and Margaret Haines Stewardson, a sister to Robert Bowne Haines I, and therefore, Haines Jr.'s first cousin. His early education had been in private Christian schools in the Philadelphia area. He continued his studies at Adams Academy in Quincy, Massachusetts from 1873 to 1877. After graduation, he entered Harvard College, and is even listed as a promising freshmen competitor for the crew team in a New York Times article dated February 4, 1878. However, he returned home the

summer of the second canoe trip, and never returned to Harvard. He briefly continued his studies at the University of Pennsylvania and then joined the Atelier Pascal in Paris, France. In 1882 he returned to Philadelphia, working first in architect T. P. Chandler's office and then in the office of Frank Furness (architect of the University of Pennsylvania's Library)<sup>6</sup>.

In 1884 he returned to Europe to travel through Italy and Belgium. A year later, he joined in personal practice with Walter Cope, his childhood friend who had also worked in Chandler's office. In their first five years together, Cope & Stewardson designed more than two hundred buildings, attempting to apply past, often gothic styles for modern needs. The partners became specialists in what became known as the Collegiate Gothic style, greatly influencing American collegiate architecture with their designs for buildings at Bryn Mawr College, Princeton University, Washington University in St. Louis, and the University of Pennsylvania<sup>7</sup>.

Stewardson died in 1896 after a skating accident on the Schuylkill River, where he had gone for an afternoon's outing with his friend, the architect Wilson Eyre. Following his funeral his fellow architects established a fund, now known as the prestigious Stewardson Fellowship, which is awarded annually to promising young architects from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to study architecture abroad. On the day of his funeral, all members of the Philadelphia Chapter of the American Institute of Architects closed their offices so that they could attend the service<sup>8</sup>.

## Mapping the Memories

Throughout the journal, Haines meticulously illustrates various campsites, river maps, and supply lists, perhaps in keeping with his family's surveying heritage. These drawings are reproduced wherever possible and relevant to the text. Maps of rapids, dams, and even railroads and towns following the path of the rivers are sketched by his amateur hand throughout the journal, adding to the specificity and authenticity of Haines's descriptions. There is a well-kept supply list and expense account following the last entry of each trip, detailing the entire costs of the trip, as well as running tallies of daily mileage and location.

The tallies of daily mileage most likely served as way of keeping track of distance travelled, allowing the canoeists to locate and pace themselves on the river each day, as well as aiding them in locating their previous campsites when changing directions from upstream to downstream. The sketches of rapids and dams are similar to diagrams in modern canoe guidebooks, the purpose of which is to denote the best "line" to take when approaching and running the obstacle so as to avoid running aground or capsizing. It is possible that Haines's drawings were intended to serve the same purpose, allowing him to remember and reference the safest method of passing through each obstacle, in case he should ever travel these stretches of river again. In fact, as Haines revisits the Delaware for a second time in 1878, he takes his journal with him, and remembering the location his camps of the previous year, he revisits them, finding one changed as

"time & civilization had told on it," and another just as pristine as before.

The maps detailing long stretches of river are somewhat different from the other illustrations, in that they occur on insertions which are pasted onto the pages of the journal. They use various colors and symbols to denote railroads, towns, camps, and rapids. These maps are so accurately drawn in comparison to the other illustrations, that it is highly unbelievable that Haines drew these insertions in a free-hand manner. It is more likely that Haines or one of his relatives traced these maps from larger specimens in order to reference them during the trip. A large map can be very valuable, and it is likely that Haines would have abstained from taking an original to avoid getting it wet. Since it is understood from the text that this is Haines's first time canoeing on these particular rivers, it is entirely believable that he would need some type of map in order to document his location and mileage tallies as accurately as he does.

Most of the illustrations are located in Haines's entries of the first trip, and the majority of the drawings are maps or "plans" of specific campsites where Haines and Stewardson stayed. These "plans" are reminiscent of early illustrations of colonial forts and are at times just as detailed, but on a much smaller scale. Haines's motivation for drawing these "plans" is unclear, as they seem to serve no practical purpose for use during the trip. They might have served only as memory devices, allowing for Haines to recollect the details of his trip more accurately when discussing or writing about it at a later date. Yet, it is also entirely possible that they were the result of an affliction well-known by many canoeists upon setting up camp, that of a persistent and recurring

boredom.

The reduction in illustrations from the first to the second half of the journal might imply that Haines managed to occupy himself more successfully with other endeavors. It is also worthy to note that Haines's handwriting seems to have matured greatly over the course of a year, as the entries for the second trip are written in a noticeably cleaner and regular hand. The few drawings that do occur in the second half are less map-like than the previous trip's, and include a few drawings that could be assigned mostly to the category of "doodles."

Unique to the second half of the journal are a few cross-sectional object drawings, which Haines uses to illustrate various manners of dissecting things like boats or fishing poles. They are similar to instructional manual illustrations, and are perhaps the product of Haines's engineering background.

Throughout the journal Haines seems extremely interested in preserving his memory of the trip, such as when he notes that two days of the 1878 trip went undocumented, at which point Haines then fills in the two missing days "as nearly as can be recollected." When he writes the date for one of the skipped days, Haines writes "Friday, July 19<sup>th</sup>, 1880." The incorrect date is potentially significant, in that it implies that Haines could have been filling in the missing days of his trip almost two years later. This later revision and the inclusion of so many illustrations reveal Haines's concern with accuracy, and might suggest not only a desire to remember his trip, but also, a desire to tell of it.

## The 19<sup>th</sup> Century Canoe Revival

Prior to the 1800's, canoes were used primarily by Native Americans and colonial fur traders and explorers to penetrate the wilderness. Before the construction of roads and railways, the canoe was able to offer access to otherwise impenetrable wilderness. The canoe was a work instrument, necessary for survival in Native and frontier society. With Western expansion and the creation of reliable railroads, canoe usage began to decline, as it was no longer required to access natural resources. At the time of the Civil War, canoes were so rare, that many Americans would not have been able to identify what kind of craft a canoe was. Even in 1877 and 1878, Haines and Stewardson are often the subject of enthusiastic questioning (often to their annoyance), as the locals seem to always be asking "What kind of boats are those? Dem boats go fast?" Even in places where there is a bustling fishing scene, the locals are often puzzled and suspicious of these two men in strange boats, thinking them "rogues," "bums," or even "pirates." Haines and Stewardson are some of the very first Americans to resurrect the canoe; for them it is no longer an instrument of survival, but rather, a pleasure craft. The industrial revolution was just beginning to take hold at this time, and with it came a new society of wealthy urbanites for whom it was fashionable to escape the noise and grime of the city for the "calm" of the countryside. This newfound demand for the "natural experience" was responsible for the rediscovery of the canoe, and its revival as a recreational craft. In a way, Haines and Stewardson *are* pioneers, in that they were some of the first to recognize the merits of the "civilized" canoe journey before it became popular

to do so.

The increased funding that recreational paddlers brought to the canoe industry along with their demand resulted in the first significant innovations since the use of Birch Bark construction in pre-colonial times. The 1870's marked the beginning of a period of transition. While most canoes in the United States at this time were either "dugouts" (hollowed out tree trunks) or wooden-rib and plank constructed with sealant, the canoes Haines and Stewardson used are described as having "canvass", meaning a canoe constructed out of a wooden rib and plank frame and waterproofed canvas exterior. Making a canoe entirely of wood planks was extremely time consuming and material intensive, as planks had to be of the best quality and shaped with extreme precision. The availability of quality Cedar was becoming an issue as well, as the lumber industry had clear cut many of the eastern forests without replanting, thus making good wood scarce. Canvas over the frame allowed for the planks underneath to be of a lower quality and less precise shape, as the waterproofing sealant ("gutta-percha" in Haines's case) would compensate for the shortcomings of the inner wood. This technology was fairly new at this time, and while individuals were experimenting with canvas canoe construction, the first commercial builder of wood and canvas canoes, Evan Gerrish, did not start producing them until 1875, and in 1878, is noted as producing only 18 per year<sup>9</sup>. Ironically, some of the first canvas canoes were more expensive than their wood plank counterparts, even though canvas was introduced to reduce the cost and time intensity of commercial canoe building. It is not known whether Haines and Stewardson had

Gerrish canoes, but it is highly likely. It is possible they managed to find an early copied version or commissioned them from an obscure and no doubt, inexperienced local builder. This second scenario is very unlikely, considering Haines describes his canoe as weighing only 62 lbs. when empty, a very light weight for a canoe that could handle the volume of materials he brings with him. A canoe of that lightness and toughness (as he smashes it repeatedly into rocks and canal walls) would have been of a very high quality, and extremely expensive. Modern day Royalex or fiberglass canoes are not much lighter!

Haines and Stewardson would have spent quite a lot of money to be in possession of such fine boats. Even though they would have been paddling some of the most expensive canoes available at the time, recreational canoeing was not quite popular enough (just yet) for the locals to recognize their boats as "gentlemanly craft." After the novelty of canvas technology wore off, its lower cost of production eventually reduced the retail cost of canoes, and within 10 years of Haines and Stewardson's trip, the canoe became an affordable recreational object well-recognized among Americans. With time to spare and money to spend, Haines and Stewardson were engaging in what was to be the nautical renaissance of an industrial nation.

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Account of a Canoe Trip.-  
 Summer of 1877. (1st. trip.)  
 In Company with John Stewardson.-  
Delaware River.-

Robt. B. Haines Jr.-

Summer of 1878. (2nd. trip.)  
 In Company of John Stewardson.-  
 West Branch Susquehanna & North  
 Branch to Pittston & Delaware River

Robt. B. Haines Jr.

The 1<sup>st</sup>. Day out. -

1877.-

Monday July 16<sup>th</sup>. We loaded the two canoes on the two wagons the "Cheesmaun" in the express and the "Grayling" on the market wagon and started from our house to meet the 7 a.m. Beth. Train at Jenkintown. We got them in the baggage car without any trouble tho. It was pretty full of stuff. The baggage Master was very accommodating and seemed quite interested. We reached Bethlehem about 9 and took the canoes right down to the river and put them in, while quite a crowd watched us from the station and river front. After partly loading we pushed off. (We were afloat just 20. min. after leaving the cars) The rest of our baggage was taken down to Easton by the party who came to see us off, consisting of Father and Uncle Thos. Stewardson, Nellie and Mollie, Miss Mordecai and Willie. Our first rapids were just at the start. John took them first and we both got thro. Safely, tho. Both canoes touched the stones. From here we paddled quite a long distance thro. Smooth water, under two or three bridges, and then ran two more smaller rapids. On the fourth one from B., which was about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile long and quite swift tho. Shallow, J. stuck fast but managed to push off without getting out. The next rapid was made by a kind of dam with a channel in the middle for the water to run thro. The current was very swift, and at the bottom were quite high waves. I put up my apron and a large wave washed all over the deck and up on the apron which saved me a wetting. J.

profiting by my experience got thro. all right. Below this we sailed, for some distance and saw the train go past us that had the rest of our party on board. After running two or three more rapids we came onto the slack water made by the upper dam at Easton. The wind was pretty fresh here and we made very good time sailing. Soon we saw Father and Willie on the bank and running over to them they told us to sail down the canal then carry over into the lower dam and when we reached the breast of it to carry into the Delaware. We had a fine sail down the canal, which was just full of boys swimming, for about a mile and then met Father and Willie again. They helped us with the "CS" into the river, and Father took the Grayling and he and I paddled and sailed down to the breast of the lower dam. Here we met J. and Willie who had ridden down in the horse cars. We carried the boats into the Del. River and ate part of our lunch; then paddled across the mouth of the Leh. Took on board the rest of our baggage, and bid the party good-by, except Father, who went to get us some provisions. We then moved our position up under the bridge from Phillipsburg to Easton; where we ate the remainder of our lunch and waited for Father. After seeing him we started up the river, while he walked up along the road, to see how we got along. The first rapid we came to was Easton Eddy about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile above the town. This we tried in vain to paddle up, and finally gave it up, and waded towing the boats after us up the swiftest water and taking advantage of a strong breeze we sailed up the swift water above the worst part. About a mile above this Father met us on a rock. Where he had had a severe fall, just before we got to him, which jarred and hurt him considerably. We had a fine swim here and then F. took my canoe

the "Cheesmaun" and I walked up along the road; but he soon called me back as his fall had lamed his shoulder so that it hurt him to paddle. We went on about half a mile to where the river bent round to the right, and went thro. a very pretty gap in the hills. As the head of the Gap was a rapid which we had to wade up towing our boats behind us. The name of this one was "White Cot rapids". We made our first camp at the head of this, about a mile from the Gap, and three miles from Easton. We landed on the Jersey shore and partly unloaded. J. took the kettle up to a farm house to get some milk and I took his canoe across the river for Father. We pitched our tent over the extra painter and did not get fairly settled till after dark. Soon we had a fire and then supper. A man came just before dark and talked to us a while; he said it would rain before morning. We brot the boats up and put them one each side of the tent and made all snug for the night.

#### The 2<sup>nd</sup>. day out.-

Tuesday July 17, 1877.- Could not sleep much last night as it was so hot. We got up early, with heavy thunder muttering in the South West, with a prospect of a shower before very long. Took the boats down to the river, and I took Father across while J. began to get breakfast ready. Father was going to walk back to Easton, and go home. The storm came on while we were at breakfast, which consisted of fried ham, bread and cocoa. It rained very hard but the tent was perfectly waterproof as soon as it got thoroughly wet, but before then it came thro. in fine spray. The thunder and lightening were very severe and did considerable damage round the country. After breakfast the rain ceased tho. It

still looked heavy and threatening. We then packed up, dressed in a simple suit of underclothing, and made a start. As there were two rapids just above the camp (Which, I should have said, we named "The First Night") we paddled up to them, then had to wade and tow. When we reached the head of these a breeze sprung up and we sailed round a bend of the river to the right paddled up a small "rift" (as they call all the rapids here) and sailed till we came in sight of quite a settlement here was another rift which we had to wade and tow up. At the head of this the river made a bend to the right, and just in the bend the river ran against a very high wall of rock and made a very beautiful basin. The water was very black and it looked very deep. We ran under a ferry rope here at the ends of which quite a number of people were watching up. The wind still holding we sailed about a mile when we were compelled to wade again up a long rift. Above this we stopped for lunch and dried out the tent. W. had cleared off and was blowing very hard when we packed up again. The sailing was just splendid we went very fast and sailed halfway up a rift when the water became too swift and we had to tow again. About a mile from here we came to the foot of "Foul Rift". When we started from Easton we had heard of this rift and had been constantly asked, by fisherman what we intended to do when we came to it. We had learned that it was about  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile long and full of very sharp rocks. But every one's description of it was very ill defined except a strong feeling of fear which all agreed upon. A party had come down it this summer and store one boat and lost most of their things. We saw it would be impossible to paddle up and had to tow again, but this was real work here. The rift seemed to be a broad vein of lime

rock across which the river flowed. The water had eaten the rock away so that it was just honey combed; full of holes and jagged points. One minute in towing we would be up on a rock, and the next up to our waists in the water. However we got up safely tho. It took a long time. Half a mile above this was "Little Foul Rift" but it was not much. We then ran over to the left side and J. dressed for he was going to mail a P.C. in Belvidere which was at the head of this last rift. We left B. at about 6 ½ P.M. and pushed on to look for a camping place. We paddled under the bridge and slowly over a beautiful stretch of water. It was just dusk and the reflection of the high hills on either side in the water, which was smooth as glass was so perfect that we almost seemed to be suspended in mid air. We had been looking for a camping place for some time but wished to get above B. if possible before pitching our tent. We paddled slowly along, as we had had a hard days work, till we came to a bend in the river about a mile above B. Here the roar of a rift broke upon our ears and we determined not to try to pass tonight. We ran over to the Jersey shore, again after having made up our mind to camp at all hazards. Carried the boats up a steep bank and settled for the night on a thick bed of weeds in a grove of trees. We could not have found a prettier place, if it had been grass instead of weeds. After a decidedly frugal supper we turned in. It was a magnificent night, the moon was very bright. Across the river right in front of us rose up two very high hills with a narrow -valley between thro. wh. A stream came roaring down. Our camp was named "Camp Belvidere." {came about 9 miles today).

The third day out. -

Wednesday. July 18. 1877. – Woke up tired and sore this morning, having spent the night on a bed of sticks and weeds, which we felt thro. blanket and poncho. Just before breakfast a party of two boats passed us carrying 5 people. The boats had sails. We did not hail them. Our breakfast was as meagre as our supper last night, chocolate, dry bread and ham. We got fearfully sunburned yesterday but we had such a good breeze we did not want to stop sooner. Neither of us feeling very well we did not hurry off very fast but finally got underway just as it was beginning to get hot. I paddled all the way up the rift, which was a long one, except just at the top where it was too swift. J. waded and towed up. I ran from rock to rock and got up some pretty swift places in this manner, but could get a rest in the eddy behind rocks. We paddled along the J. shore looking for a spring; and passed a wagon and tent. We then landed on the lower end of an island at the foot of another rift J. not feeling well enough to go on in the hot sun. We spread our things out to dry and then tried fishing. I caught one bass and two or three other fish and then cooked dinner. We tried the “prepared beef drippings” which Aunt M. had made for us. It worked very well. Just as we were packing up a boat came over to us, in which were two fellows who looked from their dress as if they might be “roughing it” too. We found that they were part of the party who owned the tent and wagon. They were from Trenton and were going to the W. Gap and then back to some of the small lakes in Penna. after pickerel. Three hours more of work and sailing brot. us to “Manunka Chunk,” where the D. L. & W. RR. joins the B. & D. RR. About a mile above here we made our camp. We had been looking for a place for some time, and had gone on and on not

satisfied, till at last we came to a most beautiful place on the Jersey shore. It was a terraced bluff, about 20 ft. above the water, shaded by large trees, with short grass and a good cold spring a bout 40 ft. off. (We preferred to get under trees, as in case of rain they would break the force of the drops and would not splash thro.) J. took the kettle and went after milk while I pitched the tent. It was threatening rain and beginning to blow, so when J. came back with 2 qts. Milk and 1 doz. Eggs we put some planks over the tent pins and made all snug, then lit our candles and thanks to mother's advice about scrambled eggs we had a good supper. This was the first square meal we had had for two days, and we did ample justice to it. Our sunburn is beginning to tell on us, J. is very sore he can hardly lie down. This is by far the prettiest camp we have had yet; we have a fine out look out over the river. As our feelings of satisfaction were mutual we called this camp "The Boss Camp". (About 5 miles today).

"The 4<sup>th</sup> day out.-"

Thursday. July, 19. 1877. - A man came and talked a while as we were making our fire and then went away. While we were at breakfast a small boy came and we made him generally useful helping us pack up and driving away the pigs, for the latter are permitted to run all along the river bank in droves. They are kept shut up at night and are allowed to roam at large during the daytime and come home when called. It was blowing hard this morn. and looked showry. We passed a very poor night being so sore from sunburn that the least move hurt. We soon were packed up and were running before a stiff breeze, but had not been under very very long before a very heavy shower came on. However the

wind still holding, we put out our aprons and kept on. The aprons did good service keeping out lots of rain, tho. we of course, got thoroughly soaked. As I was some distance ahead of J. I landed at the foot of a rift and waited for him under some trees. It rained very hard indeed; but we decided to go on as we thought we could reach the Gap this eve. Just above here we passed under the RR. Bridge which crosses the river below the Gap. And about half a mile further came to the Delaware station there were 3 rifts here and some swift water above. Here we lunched and then sailing and paddling brought us to the rapids at the foot of the Gap. We had to tow here and wade for some distance. Then we dressed and put on the first dry clothes we have had on today since breakfast. It had stopped raining about noon tho. It was still cloudy and heavy. We ran up to the boat landing and leaving J. with the canoes I went up and found Mr. Broadhead and asked if we might leave the C.S. in his barn. He said that we might do so if we wished but said a better place would be in the baggage room of the station as there was plenty of room there and it was always kept locked. On returning to J. I found that the other Mr. Broadhead had told him to store them in a little shop there was right by the landing. We did so and spread the things out in the shop to dry. We then started for F. Alsop's. The people along the road looked and looked at us and laughed, and carefully avoided us; we were indeed a sorry looking pair. Poor J. so sunburned he could only just totter along, the skin peeling off his face and so painful that the least move hurt him. I dressed in red flannel shirt and patched pants. And to crown all we were carrying our waterproof clothes bags. We looked like a pretty hard pair of tramps. We reached

Alsop's about 6 ½ miles. He was very kind and showed us our rooms and Mrs. Alsop came and talked to us while we were at tea. We went to bed right off and were glad enough to get there. J. learned from a fellow at the landing that a week or two ago a fellow came down from Port Jervis in a canoe and had counted 52 rifts to the Gap ( which is disheartening to J.) The party which passed us at camp Belvidere is camped opposite the boat landing and another party of 10 or 12 young fellows are camped on an island just above while the party with the wagon from Trenton have not come in yet tho. One of the party passed us ( as we were walking up to the station) riding on the pilot of a coal engine At the place where we stored our canoes we met a young Mr. Conchin, nephew of Sen. Conchin. He has a boat on the river which he brot. from N.Y. by express. J. read. An invitation from the party on the island for us to visit them.

The 5<sup>th</sup> day out. -

Friday. July 20. 1877. - We spent all the morning in our room writing. Then went down to have a look at the cs. On our way we stopped at the P.O. where I got a letter from home, and with it a map of the river. My mast step had worked loose and the copper was loose on one of the paddle and two or three other little things required fixing which took some time. ( Manilla rope is a very poor thing for a painter; when wet, it shrinks about one in ten). We got back to a late dinner packed up, paid our bills, and walked down to the boat house. Here we donned our customary suit of boating dress and started up stream at about 5 p.m We ran and towed up the rifts at the head of the Gap, by the station and hailed the camp

on the island as we passed it. About a mile and a half from the station, we pitched our tent, after dark, on the Penn shore behind an island. The place was not a very good one but we did not like to go farther as it was dark. Tying one end of the spare painter to a tree and the other end to the fence we made a hasty camp and lighting a candle and swinging it from the ridge pole we made our supper off the lunch which we got F. Also to put up for us. We saw no one at the Hotel we knew except Mr. Joseph Price who came and sat with us at the breakfast table. I did not know him till he introduced himself tho. Had often seen him at Just. Meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Also were very kind and attentive. We left one of the cork cushions with the man in the boathouse as then are too much bother to carry, (at least J. though so) as it was always in the way when you did not want it and out of the way when you wished it. We purchased some fish hooks and cat gut and tried to get some broad brimmed hats but could not.- We called our camp "Pennsylvania Camp".

The 6<sup>th</sup> day out. -

Sat. July, 21<sup>st</sup>. 1877. - We passed a most wretched night. The tent was pitched over a path which had been worn about 6 in. below the level of the ground and we kept constantly sliding down in to it. Our sunburn was still pretty sore tho. It was beginning to wear off. We could not sleep till towards morn. but got up and wandered about. It was a splendid night, bright moon light. We heard a large hoot-owl up on the mountain and also whip-poor-wills. After breakfast we paddled on up and soon got out from behind the island. The river was pretty wide here and the country was much wilder than any we have seen yet. The

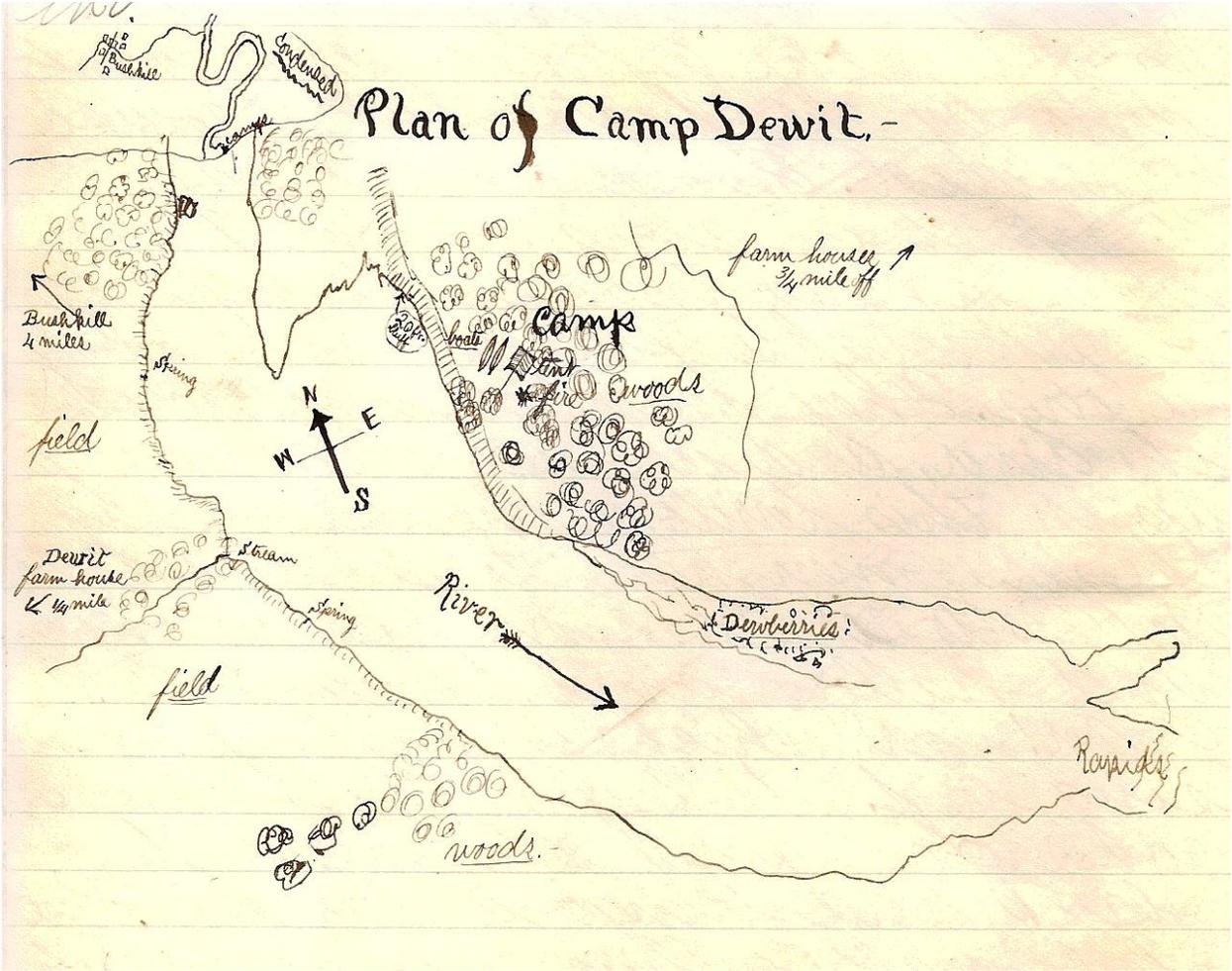
wind was downstream so we could not use our sails. There were lots of sandpipers, and we tried in vain to shoot some with the pistol tho. We could get close up to them we could not hit any. Being out of provisions, when we stopped for dinner, I went to a house and after some talk succeeded in getting some sugar and potatoes. Partridges were whistling all about but we could not hit any. If we only had a gun we could get lots of game. After a dinner of boiled and fried potatoes we pushed on for about a mile and half towing up one or two small rifts and camped early, so that we could get well settled as tomorrow will be Sunday. We had fortunately found a very pretty place to settle in. It was a bluff about 20 ft. high from the water's edge and covered with trees and carpeted with grass and tho. Poor in quantity it was better than the woods of camp Belvidere. I immediately pitched tent while J. took a boat and went to the nearest house across the river (in Penna.) , about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile away for provs. He succeeded in getting 1 doz. Eggs,  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb butter 30 potatoes, 5 lbs bacon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  loaf of bread, the whole costing. 30 cents! For supper we had bread and butter poached eggs and chocolate. While at tea a man came and talked a wile. He told us about the country and said it was 6 miles to Bushkill. He told us several rattle snake stories. While trying to tack against the wind this morn. my halliard came off the yard and the sail came down with a bang but it did not matter today as we cant sail into the wind with our canoes the way they are. So far we have preferred the Jersey shore to camp on the other side does not seem to have such nice places. There are three good springs on the opposite side of the river where we are now camped; we can most always come across springs when we are on the look out

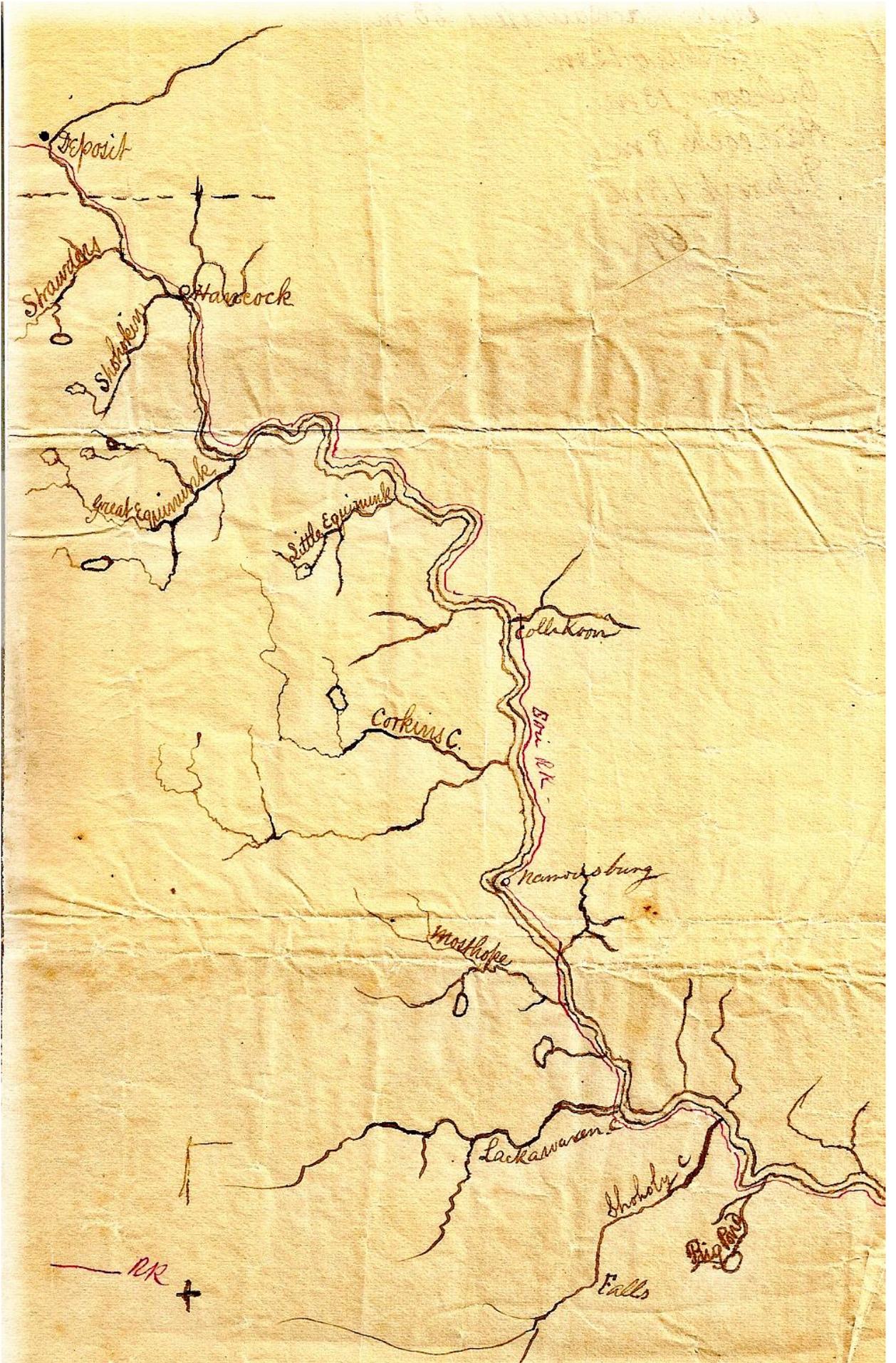
for them. Our tent is pitched over the extra painter rope tied to two trees with a forked stick at the front end of the tent to hold the rope up. We always use the sails at an end and they come very handy. Our view is oblique across the river and is very pretty.

The 7<sup>th</sup> day out. -

July 22<sup>nd</sup>. Sunday 1977. - Had a glorious night, not troubled with either mosquitoes or punkies and as we had made a bed of leaves it was much more comfortable than some nights we have been out. A party had camped here about 2 weeks ago and had left lots of firewood besides our driftwood which we can always get. While J. went to the farm house and got some milk and Indian meal I got ready for cooking two small bass and two big sunfish which I had just caught and when J. came back we had breakfast. Bill of fare. -Fried Bacon; Fried eggs; Fried fish; Bread and butter; milk. This daily item over, J. went fishing ( after quite a discussion whether he ought or not on Sunday, but finally decided that fresh meat was a necessity) I stayed at home cleaned up made new beds and spent most of the morning writing. When J. came back for dinner he brot. a fine lot of dewberries which were very good as desert. In the P.M. we determined to make some mush for supper so boiled some of the meal for about an hour and a half with water. It was very good. I fished a while in the lue. But only caught bass they are mostly small averaging not over half a pound. While driving in a stake to hang the kettle on my hatchet slipped and I cut my wrist, I am afraid it may be troublesome as it is just over the tendons and I hardly know whether they are hurt or not yet. We had quite a number of visitors today. Though there

are no houses very near. A man came while we were at breakfast, the same one that was here last we., he takes quite an interest in our mode of travelling and told us considerable about the country and his hunting exploits. Soon after he left a party of five boys came. They made a good deal of noise but we took little notice of them and they went off swimming. Two came back in the afternoon and wanted to try the boats, but of course we refused. Two or three others dropped in along in the PM and at tea time quite a party of respectable fellows came along. They wanted to get across the river, and as there are no bridges up in this territory, the usual way the Jersey men have to get across the river is to sit down on the bank and hallo and shout O-O-O-Over! Over!! (which is highly amusing to J.) till finally some one comes down from the opposite bank and brings a boat over. These fellows after calling for a good while finally put their clothes on an impromptu raft and swam across. Soon after two boys came but it was first about dark and threatened rain so they soon left. We fixed all snug in case of rain and turned in.





The 8<sup>th</sup> day out. -

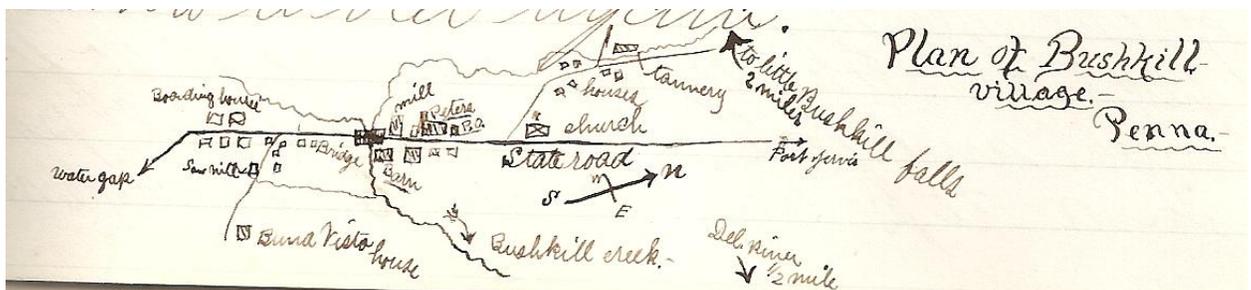
Monday, July 23<sup>rd</sup>. 1877. - It rained pretty hard half the night but we kept perfectly dry. Rain does not come through the canvass at all as soon as it gets thoroughly wet; before then it dashes thro. in fine spray. We use the sails for an end to the tent and so it makes it very snug and tight. We slept well not being troubled by mosquitoes or gnats. As extras to our bill of fare we tried fried mush, fried cucumbers and griddle cakes which were an entire success. We made the batter by mixing cornmeal milk or water, salt, two raw eggs and some butter together and then frying some of it and tossing tem. After this we made a big one (about 1/2 inch deep) and baked it for some time. It was very good and tasted like a regular corn cake. J. went out fishing and I cleaned up, he caught only one Bass. Then I went out and caught 2 Bass, 2 chub and a sunfish. We then put the potatoes on to boil and while this was in progress the farmer and his wife and little boy from across the river came to pay us a visit. They live at the house where we get provis. And are named Dewit; from whence the name of our camp. They seemed like very pleasant people. The woman seemed very much interested in our cooking and we asked them to dine with us but they had had dinner. They have been very kind to us and have given us little extra things several times. We did not make an early start as in fact any at all as it rained last night and was very close and hot. A shower came on after dinner and then it cleared off and we took a swim and got supper early to be ready for an early start tomorrow. After it 4 or 5 men came and talked to us awhile. The fog and mist that shut down over the river this eve was very beautiful and made the

country look flat as it cut off the tops of the hills.

The 9<sup>th</sup> day out. -

Tuesday July 24th. 1877. - We made a corn cake to eat for lunch, and got off about 8 0' clk. We ran one swift water and towed part way up a rift and then suddenly came into the hemlock country and got the real woods smell which we had not had before; the change was very sudden. Above here were two large and long rifts; we paddled and towed up these and then came to the bend at Bushkill. (The scenery was very wild and beautiful along the river at the rifts. ) Here the river doubles completely back on itself so that it flows North. Weasily ran a small rift and stopped for dinner in the east bend. It was a beautiful spot cool and shady with a little clear spring trickling down, "just the kind of place you read about." The sun beat down very hot indeed on the other side of the river where we spread the tents and blankets out to dry; the pebbles were so hot you could not stand on them barefooted.  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile above here we came to the mouth of Bushkill creek. There was a small rift right at the mouth of this which we could not run as the water was too low. So we towed and worked in this manner most of the way up the stream which is one continuous rapid up to the village; which lies back from the river about  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile. We ran under the bridge, of the road which runs from the W. gap to Port Jervis, and stopped in a promontory between the Big and Little Bushkill creek at their junction. They are each about as large as the Facony and Cheltenham. I put on some dry clothes and went to find out about the place, where the hotel was &c. The village is called Bushkill and is quite scattered, just where we stopped there was a gristmill and about a dozen houses,

P.O., and church and two very nice tho. small boarding houses. There are 6 or 7 of these boarding house in the village, all about the same size, accommodating about 30 to 40 guests. We got a room in one of these miniature hotels, kept by a man named "Peters"; it was close to the stream and the barn on the opposite side of the road, was built on the edge of the stream, so we just put our boats in there out of harm's way. Peters has about 25 guests mostly quite fasionable tho. Quiet people the house is very well kept and good table meal and clean. His brother keeps a similar place opposite (across the rode). Here we heard the first news of the R.R. strikes. We mailed letters, made some purchases of straw hats (with brims 7 in. wide to keep from burning so, in the sun) a sponge and went to bed, and it did feel good to get into a bed again.



The Tenth day out. -

Wednesday. July 25. 1877. - After breakfast we got some of the latest papers from the boarders\_< a lady named Mrs. Reading from Phila. Gave us the ledger. -> (Monday's from Phila.) and read and wrote for a while. Then went out to give the boats a thorough over hauling and to dry them out in the sun. (I was not very well yesterday and we decided to remain here all day) The floor boards had worked loose in J's canoe and several little things needed fixing and all needed a thorough drying out. No water leaks in but getting in and out and towing

splashes more or less in and it is necessary to keep the canvass as dry as possible or it will rot. After dinner we started out to go (walk) to "Little Bushkill falls". They are about 2 ½ miles north of the village. The road was mostly up hill and at different points along it were beautiful views of the Jersey hills. The falls are in two portions. The upper one is over 60 ft. high and falls into a beautiful pool in a deep glen about 60 ft wide with perpendicular sides of 70 or 80 ft in height. A few rods further downstream was the 2<sup>nd</sup>. Fall; the leap here is about 50 ft. and from the foot of the last fall to the village the fall <in the bed of the stream> is not very much. It is a very beautiful place. Above the upper fall the gorge thro. which the water comes down to its plunge reminds one very forcible of Watkin's glen. There are paths all about, to the different points where there are fine views of the country and the stream. There are no houses within a mile or two and only a rough shanty perhaps for picnic parties. We had a splendid bath at the foot of the falls and after reading the papers and writing we walked back to the hotel in time for tea.- It was a very hot day.

The 11<sup>th</sup> day out. -

Thursday. July 26<sup>th</sup>. - 1877. - We got our things ready for a start and got Mr. Peters to put us up a bunch, took the boats out of the barn and got under way about 9 a.m. Quite a number of people watched us start and followed us down the stream for some distance. We had to wade a few rods, as the stream was too shallow to run but a small branch coming in increased the volume of the main one enough to float us. We then got in, and it was fun. The stream is shallow and rapid all the way to the river, tho. There are no distinct falls in it. We had to get

out in places where the channel was obstructed by trees and where it was too shallow to run with us in the C;s. We got down to the river in a few minutes (where it took us two or three hours to go up) and ran across under the shade of some trees, dressed in our regular costume and started up the river. The wind was slight and we sailed slowly along. But not making very good time at this rate we took to paddling. We ran some small rifts and towed up two or three till we came to "Fiddler's Elbow". This was not much of a rift only a fish dam and a short piece of swift water. Above this we sailed quite a distance as the wind had freshened considerably. Paddling up another rift we soon came to a pretty bad one called "Nigger rift" (because a family of colored people lived near there and one of them got drowned in it). It began to thunder and threatened rain so we camped at the head of this rift in a grove of trees where it would be sheltered. It must have been about 5 o'clock. I pitched tent and J. went to a farm house and got some provs. (1 doz. Eggs, 2 qts. Milk, part of a loaf of bread and some butter for 0.30 cents) While we were finishing the farmer, his wife and two little girls came to the camp. The woman very kindly brot. us a pail of well water as she told us she knew there was no spring there (which we had already discovered to our sorrow) and that the river water was not good to drink. They stayed about half an hour; quite pleasant and kind hearted people tho. Poor and primitive as are all the rest of the farmers in these parts. The man told us the names of the rifts. We ate our lunch at noon today under some elm trees on the Jersey shore. The river bay, today, at the foot of a range, or rather one long hill, in Penna. The top of which is crowned with a perpendicular wall of rock 80 or 100 ft high. The land

on the J. side slopes up to a range of hills also but they are farther back and not so steep. Though we find plenty of springs and cold and clear ones, along the bank of the river on the Penna. Side they are scarce in J. and to find, even a small, stream coming down from the hills on either side is a rarity.

#### The 12<sup>th</sup>. day out

Friday. July. 17<sup>th</sup>- 1877. - J. got some more milk a chicken and some molasses for .25 cents. We then proceeded to get breakfast. I made a "Dewit cake" for lunch while J. got ready the chicken for stewing. Our bill of fare was stewed chicken and gravy, flap jacks (we can now toss them first rate, have not lost any) and molasses, bread and butter. It was fully eleven o clock by the time we were ready to start. We towed up two small rifts and after paddling some distance stopped to eat lunch and debate whether to go on or not (camp) as it was very threatening and thundering considerably. It rained some while we were undecided but finally we determined to push through to "Dingman's ferry." A small rift compelled us to tow again and then it began to rain in good earnest. This rather shook our former decision as the prospect of going on in the rain was not very cheering; However, the prospect of camping was so much less cheering that we went on. Above here the river widened out and was very shallow and rapid for a long distance. It took a long time to paddle up this rift and was hard work, for it was one continuous paddle the moment you stopped the boats would drift backwards. However at last we reach the top. And then it stopped raining and the fog, which had settled down over the river, lifted, and we saw in front of us, about ½ a mile off the stone piers standing out of the river. They are all that is left

of the bridge which was blown down in Oct. 14 years ago. It was still heavy and threatening and looked as if the rain might come on again at any moment. We made ourselves somewhat more presentable and paddled up to the ferry. I started off to the village ( which lies  $\frac{3}{4}$  or more of a mile from the ferry landing) on an inspection tour, but finding no better place to leave the c's. Than the Ferryman's barn, we put them there and set out for the village. We did not go to the large hotel but stopped at a tavern "downtown.' The prospect was not very inviting as we entered, but we got a very nice room and good supper and as we were not going to stay any length of time it was all right. J. mailed a letter and inquired for mail for us but there was none. We saw two flocks of wild ducks coming up thro. The rift below the ferry. We landed at the ferry about 6.30 and did not get to the tavern till dark. It rained pretty hard this evening. After giving out wet clothes to the man to be dried out and telling him to call us early we wrote a while and then turned in. We considered the propriety and work of going on the Port Jervis, which is 16 miles from here, and finally concluded to do so if we could go thro. tomorrow

The 13<sup>th</sup>. Day out.-

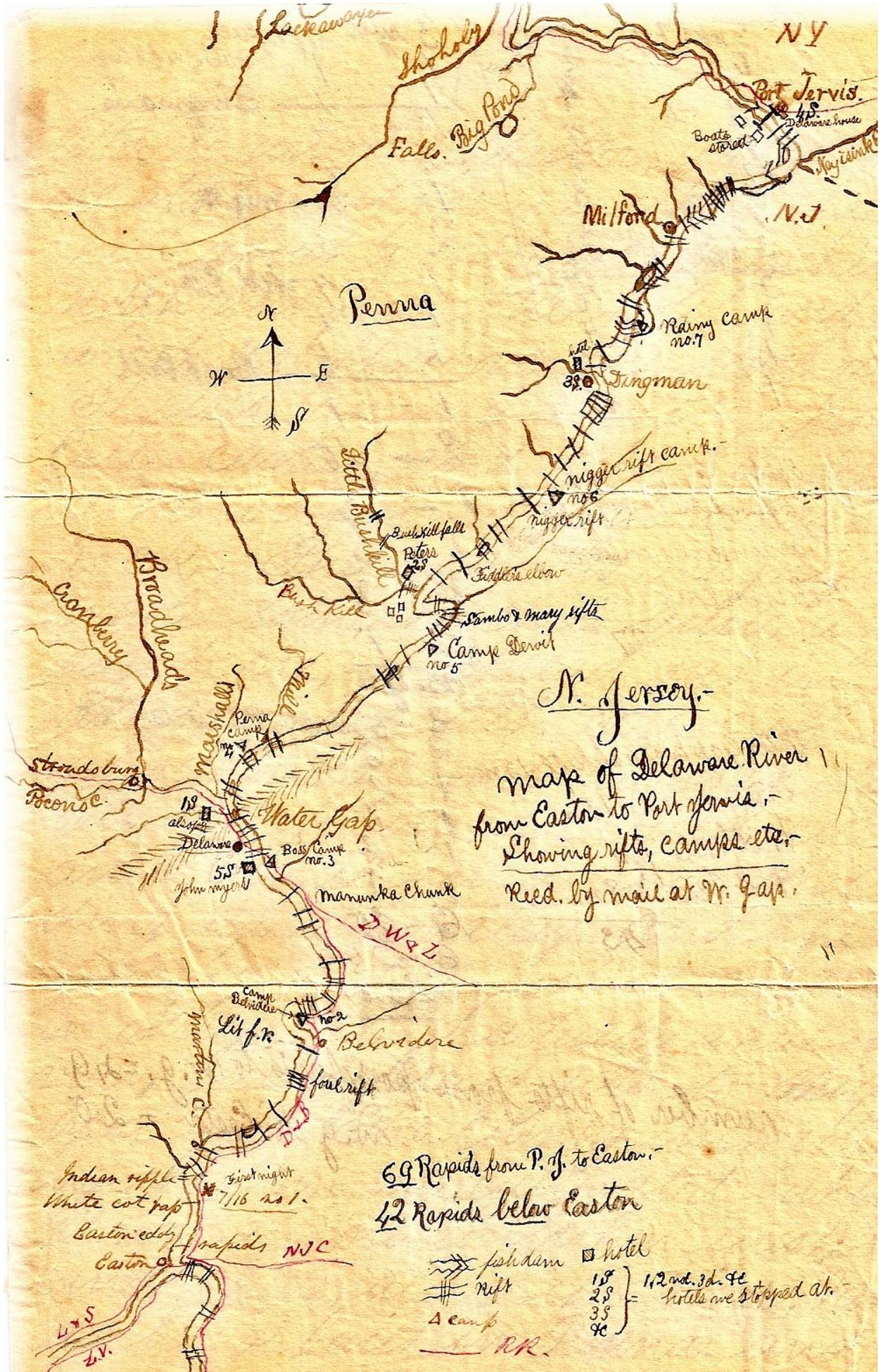
Saturday. July, 28<sup>th</sup>. 1877. - We got off from the ferry at 8 oclk. Tho. The clouds were still heavy and threatening. There was a fish dam right at the start which we had to drag over. Then paddling for two or three miles up three small rifts we came to an island; we took the Jersey side by direction of a man who was fishing. The island was about  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile long and we had to tow up several rifts. Above here the river ran just at the foot of a beautiful hill and formed a deep basin where a

lot of people were fishing and calling to each other to know what luck each was having. The people up here, are a curious set; they are almost crazy on the subject of bass fish and fishing. On rainy or damp cloudy days like today they turn out from all over the adjacent country, "en masse", "to go fishin". Altho. The farm houses are scattered sometimes more than a mile apart and are all set back from the river yet you can hardly go  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile without seeing a boat with two or more men in it fishing. Of course we are always hailed and many questions are asked which are generally the same set only arranged differently and with occasional variations vis- "War com from?" "War goin?" "How fur de ye cum today?" "Them boats go fast?" "Wats them boats made of?" &c. -

Here was another island and we took the penna. Side and after paddling, sailing and towing we ran up a rift and a fish dam and then had a quiet stretch of water which we sailed over; with the suspension bridge of milford (Penna) about a mile in front of us. We passed quite a number of boats with men fishing, and quite a large number of men were colored; this seemed to me rather peculiar, as up in the woods or away from large towns it is rather an unusual sight. In one or two boats they were rather noisy and quite talkative and I feared they would try and run us down, as J.'s answers had some what exasperated them. However they soon found we could paddle out of their way and they went off to have lunch with some other boats on a large rock. We ran under the bridge up a small rift and on the bank of the river in a sharp bend on the left lay the town of Milford (Penna). The hotel (a new and apparently nice one) was situated right on top of the bluff that rises right up from the river some 150 ft. I went up in the

town to see if there was any mail and to get some bread ( in case we should not be able to reach Port Jervis by night. The town, contrary to my expectations was very flat, and very prettily laid out with wide streets crossing each other at right angles and has some very handsome houses. The view from the hotel porch and bluff is very fine, you can see the Del. River for quite a distance and the whole valley for miles. I could not see Port Jervis but could probably see over it. The P.O. was about 5 blocks right straight back from the hotel. There was no mail and none had come in from Phila. On account of the strike, for a week. I got some bread, and we were soon running up the fish dam in the river above the town. We worked up two small rifts, then ran our boats side by side and sailed while eating lunch thus saving time. We left milford at 1 ¼ P.M. We soon came to an island, J. took the Penn. Side and I the Jersey. It was all rifts both sides for about ¾ mile. I reached the head of the island first, and washed some clothes while waiting for J. Do not let it be understood that this was the only, or first time, that we have washed our clothes, for we have frequently done it, but it has not been inserted in our log here-to-fore. As we started on again it sprinkled a little but did not amount to anything more. After paddling quite a distance we came to a long rift which we slowly worked up and then paddling over a beautiful smooth sheet of water we came to another rift and fish dam. After passing this and paddling for a minute or two at its head, the church steeples of Port Jervis came into sight. It was just sunset, and the water was perfectly smooth, reflecting the sky tints, trees and clouds perfectly. But the upper end of this quite stretch, was broken by another rift which we had to tow up, and then to paddle for half a

mile or more against the current up towards the town round a bend in the river to the left. We stopped under the suspension bridge on the Penna. Side and were getting ready to land when a young man jumped down over a wall in front of a very neat looking house. We immediately began to interrogate him as to the whereabouts of the hotel best place to stow our boats &c. He seemed quite interested and told us we might put the c's. right in their store which adjoined the house. We accepted his offer. The store was a new one and not yet furnished so we put the cs. In there and walked across to the "Delaware house" which is on the E.R.R. in the state of N. York. (We are out of N. J. at last. -) Our boats are stored in Penna. - We got a good set of rooms, a parlor into which two bedrooms open; on the 2<sup>nd</sup>. Floor. The only objection is the noise; the trains just outside of our windows keeping up a continuous racket. But we don't mind it. This is rather better than we expected, coming thro. from Dingman's to Port in one day; 16 miles, against stream. This is our biggest day's work so far. We landed at about 8 ½ and got to the hotel at 9 P.M. pretty well tired out; we worked very hard this p.m. to try to reach here. It has been a very nice day for us all that we could have wished except perhaps a little stronger breeze upstream. It was cloudy all day and sprinkled 3 or 4 times this P.M. but not enough to do harm.



N. Jersey.-  
 map of Delaware River  
 from Easton to Port Jervis.-  
 Showing rifts, camps etc.-  
 Recd. by mail at W. Gap.

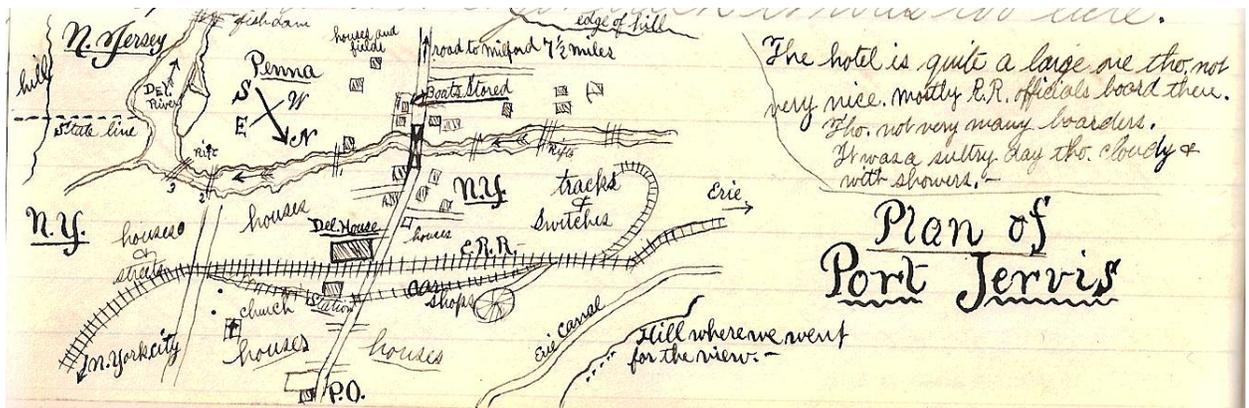
69 Rapids from P. J. to Easton.  
 42 Rapids below Easton

fish dam  
 rift  
 camp  
 RR.  
 1st  
 2d  
 3d  
 4c  
 } hotels are stopped at.

The 14<sup>th</sup>. Day out

Sunday July 19<sup>th</sup> 1877. - It rained in the night and some this morn. This was partly the reason we wished to get here because it threatened rain and also because we wanted to start home on Monday. We were pretty tired and sore this morn. And as we did not know what time it was we did not get down to breakfast till 9 A. M. Last eve. When we walked into the bar the porter began to laugh at us we must have looked rather ludicrous with our black bags and big straw hats, but the bar tender soon shut him up when we signed the register, and told how we were travelling. We walked up to the P.O. where I got a letter from home. We then went over to see about the boats; as we got in so late last night that everything was left in a hurry. Things had not been disturbed in the least. We spread the things about so that they could dry and returned to our rooms where we read and wrote till dinner time. After dinner we read and wrote some more, I wrote a letter to uncle Dr. Wistar, and about 6 oclk. P.M. we started out for a walk to the top of a hill about a mile off. This hill is about north west from the hotel, and its top is about 300 ft. above the level of the river. It rises up very abruptly from the Erie canal, and near the top it rises about 50 ft. in a perpendicular wall of rock. The view was magnificent. The whole town, which is quite a good sized one, is spread out in the valley at your very feet. The cliff that we stood on, seemed almost directly over the houses; we could see the E.R.R. and canal for a long distance winding up the valley. And the Del. River flowing at the foot of a range of hills in Jersey, was gradually shut out from our view, first before it gets to Milford (Penna.), by a hill. The country immediately

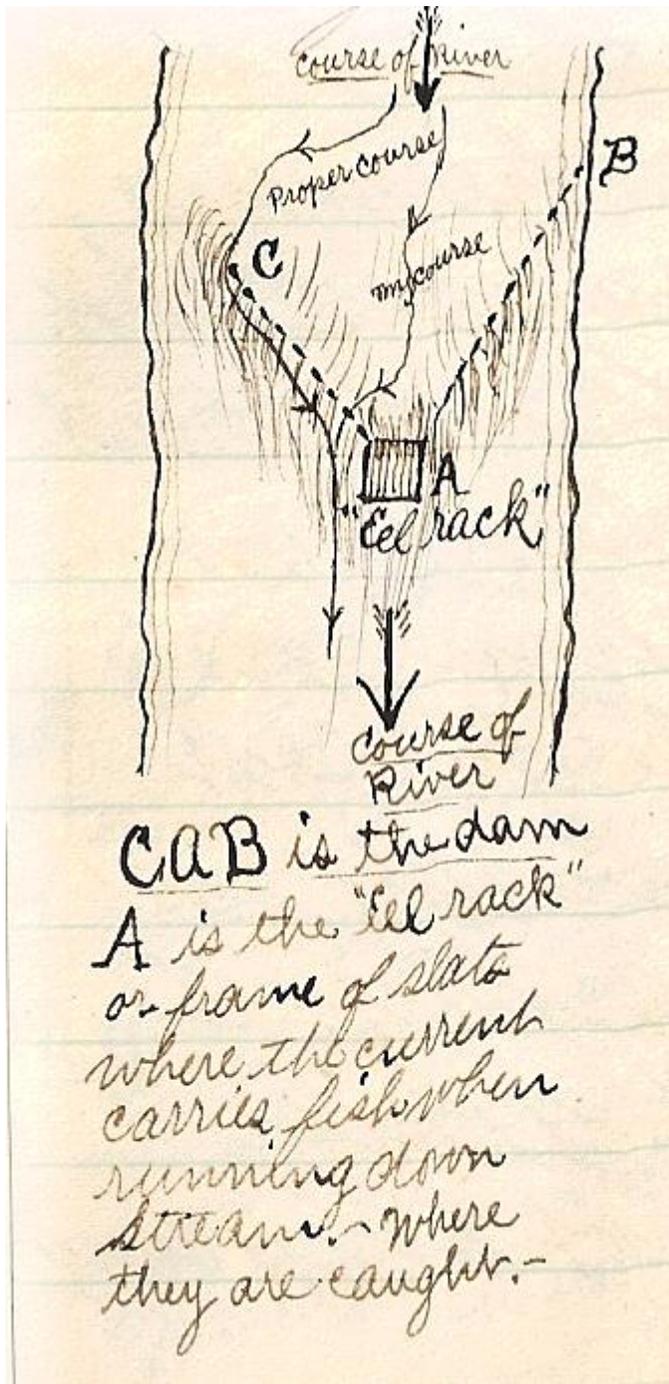
adjoining the town was cultivated but beyond that it was all one unbroken forest; except here and there, along the river. New houses are being built in Penna. and streets are already laid out, but by far the main part of the town is in N. York state. The valley down which the river flows runs N.N.E. and is quite broad, but just here the river comes in from the N.W. thro. a narrow side valley. While the main one runs off into N.Y. We were sorry to come away but it was getting late so we descended by a good path to the town and made our way back to the hotel going thro. the yards of the E.R.R. of which every available switch and spare side track was filled with locomotives. We did not count them but there must have been over a hundred. We supposed that they had been run out here to be out of the way on account of the strike. We had intended going to church, of which there are several here, but when we got back it was too late. The hotel is quite a large one tho. Not very nice. Mostly R.R. officials board there. Tho. Not very many boarders. It was a sultry day tho. Cloudy and with showers.



The 15<sup>th</sup>. Day out. -

Monday. July 30<sup>th</sup>. 1877. - Packed up before breakfast and got ready to start about 8 a.m. I went up to the P.O. but there was no mail. We got the cs. Out of

the store and after thanking the man who had been so kind to us, we turned our bows for the first time down stream and shoved off right glad that our work of towing and wading up stream was over. Tho. We would willingly have prolonged our trip. It looked like a fine day but hot. J. stuck on the 3<sup>rd</sup>. rift below the bridge but shoved off. On the next one, a fish dam, in trying to get into the channel, I got caught broadside on the wing of the dam; the keel struck and I thot. I was upset but the keep slid off and struck again so suddenly that it almost threw me out; I put out my hand to keep from going over (as if it is shallow enough to strike the boat the water is not more than 6 in. deep) but the boat righted immediately and stuck fast. I jumped out slide her off and got in all right, nothing the worse; did not ship any water and did not break anything. J. ran further down and came thro. all right. Fish dams are very hard to see, you think you are in a good wide channel and the first thing you know you are way down in the point where there is not enough water to float you over the wings, and the current too strong to paddle back against, where you have discovered the mistake. The only way is to look out, and run outside of one end of the wings and then run down along the outside of the wing. They are hard to see because you are so low on the water that you cannot see the foam and spray, as you do coming up, as the fall hides it from view. The proper course to run down is also the one that you can paddle up. For the dam is built of stones which let the water run thro. The stones break the force of the current and it is quite easy to paddle to the top.



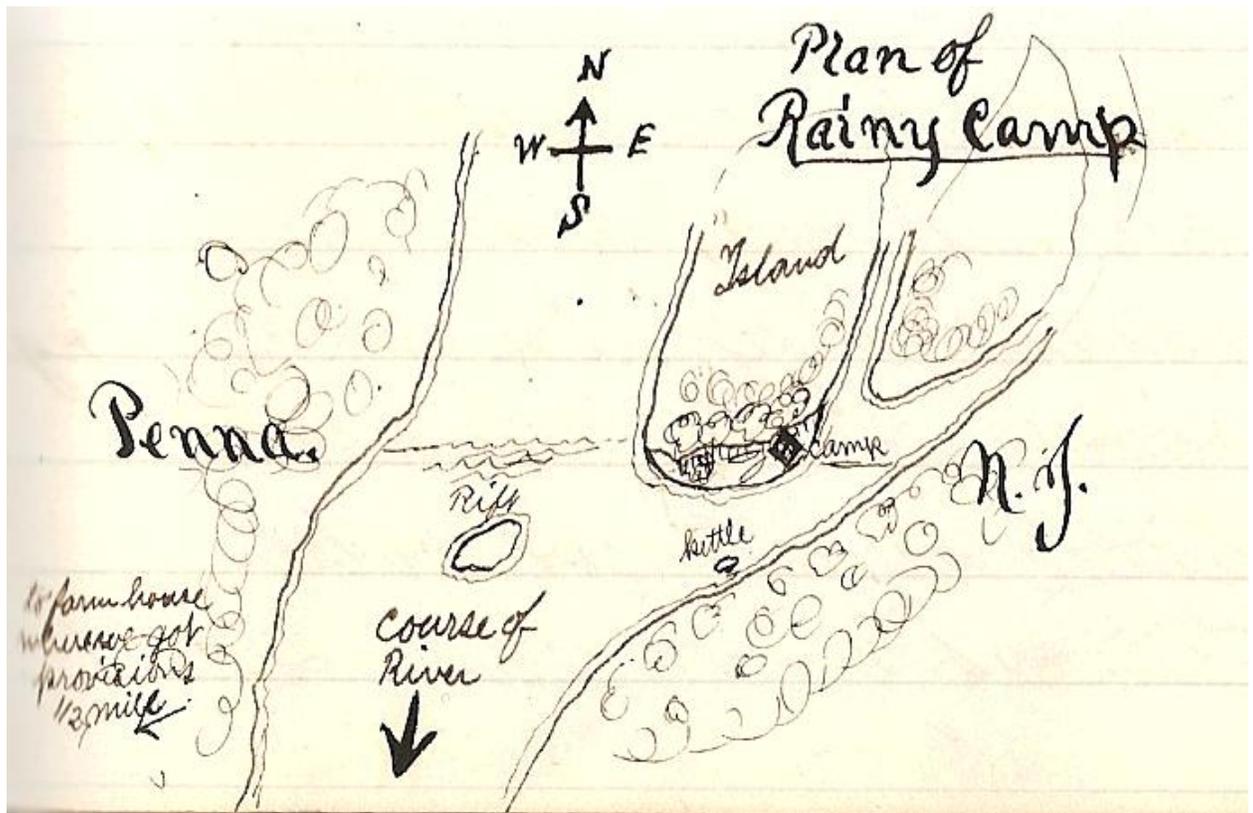
It had now clouded over and was very pleasant paddling, as you could take it easy and not be looking out all the time to see if the current was taking you backwards. We ran several more rifts touching the stones occasionally but not getting fast till we came to the rift above Milford (Penna.) This was a long one rather shallow and there were two fish-dams in it. I tried to run down between

them, but the water ran both ways and left me sticking in a shallow place. I got out and the boat floated off all right to where it was deeper, then I got in and ran down the rest without trouble. Just at the foot I looked back to see how J. was getting along (he tried another channel) and saw that he was in a shallow place and partly stuck. I turned to see if I was all right and heard a snap and looked back just in time to see J. pick one of the blades of his paddle out of the water; it had broken square off at the cup. We stopped at M. and J. went to see if he could get another paddle made but as he could not get it done he got it spliced instead. There were no letters. We then stopped just above Milford bridge for lunch and wrapped some more twine round the paddle; it was mended very poorly; only wrapped with twine. Just before reaching M. , we barely escaped a heavy shower, but it passed across the river behind us. After lunch a strong breeze came down the river and we had a glorious sail. The wind got stronger and stronger, and the sky up the river, grew very black, and it began to thunder heavily. We had just got to the top of a long and pretty rough rift with a fish dam in it when the wind suddenly got stronger and we heard it roaring in the trees behind us. We quickly let down our sails and in a minute or two a regular squall struck us. The wind blew so hard that it whistled thro. my halliard. We were now in the current of the rift. J. managed to paddle over to me and first we thot. We would land, but there being no suitable place to do so, we decided to go ahead. As J. was paddling across to a better channel his paddle struck a stone and snapped short off again in the middle of the splice, but he succeeded in reaching the channel and went thro. like a shot. It was nearer the J. shore, and

could not get as far across as he was, as the current carried me down too fast and getting into a shallow place I stuck fast and had to get our then ran the boat into a deeper place and went thro. all right. The wind still blew as hard as ever and taking in a double reef we had quite an exciting sail. We ran two more small rifts, and then, as it began to rain, we ran under some trees under the lee of an island, covered our boats and went in swimming. In the rifts where we got stuck the water is not more than ankle deep and one could wade all across the river in some rifts, where the river is wide, without getting in over the knees. It was about half past 4 P.M. and as it looked as if the rain was not yet entirely over. We after much debating decided to camp where we were ( on the lower end of an island) sheltered by a high bank and some maple trees, on a shelf of the bank about 5 ft above the water level. It had stopped raining and J. went off to forage while I pitched tent. There was no place to use the spare painter and had to cut a ridge pole instead. After a long search I found a suitable pole and two uprights for the ends, which I cut together with some stakes for tent pins and loading my canoe, was soon back at the place for camping. After cutting the poles and fixing them in position I proceeded to spread the tent over them, and began to drive in the pins when it fell down. It now began to rain again. I put up the poles again and had gotten a little more done than before, when the whole thing fell again. However J. was near after a successful trip and with his help the tent was soon all right and we crept in, out of the rain. It did not continue much longer and cleared off with a beautiful sunset and a good prospect for the morrow. We had a fine supper of soft boiled eggs, tea, toast, and butter and bread and milk. J. tried

fishing with a fly but did not get a rise. The things which he got at a farm house were 1 doz. eggs, ½ lb. butter, 1 qt. milk. Total .25 cents!

We found two very nice cold springs, just across the part of the river which separates us from J., which I had cleared out and fixed up while J. was away; and we put our butter in the kettle and put it in the spring to have it fresh in the morning.



The 16<sup>th</sup> day out. -

Tuesday, July 31<sup>st</sup>. 1877. - We had determined to make an early start this morn., and as I wanted to try fishing, I got up about sunrise. On attempting to reach the point I noticed that the place was covered with water where we had walked yesterday on dry sand. I also noticed that the river looked wider and had more current. I thot. it very strange and could not account for it at all as first, and then

it suddenly flashed upon me that the river had risen during the night, by reason of the heavy storm that we had just escaped yesterday. Quickly awakening J. we put a canoe in the river and I went off in search of the kettle. After hunting for a while I found it in about 18 in. of water, in the spring where J. had left it. He had fortunately put some stones in it. to hold it down in the spring, and this had kept it from floating off. On measuring we found that the river had risen about 3 ft. and it rose a little while we were at breakfast. The butter was quite fresh and cold tho. the kettle was full of water. We finished the choc. in J's tumbler and put our butter in that now, and so have our cups for tea. J. got the breakfast while I tried fishing out of my canoe, but without success. We soon had things washed up and were off. The current was quite swift, by reason of the high water, tho. the same reason made the small rapids and fishdams almost entirely disappear, covering them up and only showing where they were by a slight ripple. This took some what from the excitement perhaps, but it also lessened the danger of being stove and upset, as being so much deeper we could go most anywhere with out touching the stones. However the current ran faster than before, and in the quite stretches, that we had between the rifts coming up, we were borne along quite swiftly. Our camp was about 4 miles above Dingman's ferry and we passed there about 8 ½ a.m. Below the ferry was the long rift that we paddled up in the rain, The current here was tremendous: Tho. the river was not rough. It was just a long gentle slope, down which the river ran with such swiftness that our sails were blown back and stood towards us. There was quite a strong breeze and we had been sailing, but the water ran faster than the wind. This rift was about ¾ or

more of a mile long. At the foot of it we again set our sails and turning a bend in the river came suddenly upon a large flock of wild ducks. The old birds immediately flew away but the young ones huddled together and held a frightened consultation. I was expecting to see them fly off every minute, where J. called out that they were young, and proposed to try to catch one; but we were just opposite them before we discovered that they could not fly, and as we turned towards them they made off up the river creating a tremendous splashing and noise. We lolled back in our canoes and thoroughly enjoyed the sailing, It was splendid. The day was bright and the woods and hills were beautiful and as if to heighten the beauty of the scene, and add picturesqueness to it, a great bald headed eagle would occasionally sail screaming across the river, and alight in the tops of the trees, along its banks. As we came to small rifts we would just sail on and down them, while the larger one we would only let our sails down and paddle. We soon came to "Nigger Rift". This was the worst one we had com to yet, and it tossed us round pretty roughly while the current was fearful. The river ran against and along a ridge of a sloping ledge of rock so the current had no loose stones to check it. We went a good deal faster than a horse ordinarily trots. We neither of us shipped any water and then had another sail to "Fiddler's Elbow". This was pretty rough too. About noon we passed the mouth of "Bushkill" creek, and stopped in the bend just below for lunch. It was the same pretty spot we had stopped at, for a similar purpose, on our way up stream. We spread our tent and blankets out to dry in the sun, on the beach on the opposite side of the river and rested and ate our lunch by a pretty little spring. The river

here flows north by reason of its S shaped bend, and the wind, which had favored us all the morn. was dead in our teeth, till we after a hard paddle of 1 ¾ mile, got round the bend; Then hoisting our sails again we soon came to the head of a very long and rough rift, or rather two, connected by swift water. There were large rocks in these rifts and the fall, in the river bed, being considerable, it was very rough. We ran thro. all right, not shipping any water,. Tho. it scarcely seemed possible that we should not have been upset; but the canoes ride the waves splendidly, and are very easily handled being so light. After another delightful sail, and run down two rifts, we passed camp "Dewit". From here to the "Gap", there was a stretch of several miles of quiet water, broken by only one or two small rifts. The wind had freshened considerable and the sailing was unsurpassed. My arm ached, holding the paddle while steering the pressure being so great. Oh! it was glorious fun. We saw innumerable snipe, kingfishers, blue herons, &c. We ran the rift at the head of the "Water Gap" and stopped at the R.R. Station at 5.45 P.M. J. went up to Alsop's to see if there was any mail for us; but found that it had been sent home S. Alsop thinking that we had passed thro. without stopping. J. got a loaf of bread there. We had determined to try to reach "The Boss Camp" tonight if possible. It is 7 miles from here further down : So we started on again about 6.30 P.M. We met the same party that were camping on the island when we went up, only they have moved onto the mainland, near the station. Only three fellows were left, the others had gone home, and these three were going tomorrow; they said they would look out for us from the train. We heard, while stopping, that a party of three fellows from

Germantown were camped on the Jersey side at the lower end of the Gap. As we went past we hailed but got no answer; then J. landed and ran up to the tent and looked inside but no one was there. So we had to give it up. We learned one of the fellows name was Kingston. They had walked from Gmt. carrying their baggage, tent, &c. We had run considerable ahead of the rise in the river, as a man told us that, at the Gap, the water had only begun to rise about 2 P.M. and had rise about 1 ft. It rose a good deal while we were stopping. In the rift at the foot of the Gap we were going in the channel to the right of the island but two men fishing, told us we had better take the left (the Jersey) side. They seemed so much exercised about it, and saying that they would not go down there for \$50., that we thot. it best to follow their advice, as it was very rough and full of large rocks with a fis dam the other side. As we were paddling along about 1 ½ miles up, hailed us from the shore and asked where we were going to stop for the night. Not thinking it prudent to answer very definitely we replied "Below here" and he sung out "Stop at John Myers under the 2<sup>nd</sup>. wire rope; he's a good fellow; Penna. side." We thanked him and were soon under the bridge at Delaware station; from here there was a long rift, tho. not very bad then a quiet stretch of water to the R.R.Bridge. It was dark when we went under here and we had to go the next rift blind and trust to luck about hitting rocks. However we knew about where the channel was and got thro. safely. And paddling for a distance brot. us to the ferry or wire rope of which we were in search. We heard some one coming down to the ferry boat, it was too dark to see more than 7 or 8 canoe lengths, and hailing we "enquired for

the house of one" J. Myers, and were told that it was a few rods further down. We followed our directions and stopping again J. went up to reconnoitre. All had gone to bed excepting the Old man, who J. routed out. He seemed like a truly "good fellow," Got a light, and helped us stow our boats in his blacksmith shed and showed us our room. In vain we besought him for supper, in vain even for a drink of milk, or piece of bread. He said the folks had gone to bed and he did not dare to disturb things. Our last, and only resort, was to fall to, on the loaf that we had procured at Alsop's; and with dry bread alone for supper, we went to bed, glad enough to get there. This place is decidedly the worst that we have stopped at yet. No sheets on the beds. We got in here about 9 P.M. "The Boss Camp" was about ½ mile beyond on the other side, but it was too late to go there. We came about 44 miles today. It was a splendid day for us, clear over head and a good wind till sundown.

The 17<sup>th</sup> day out. -

Wednesday, August 1<sup>st</sup>. 1877. - Got under weigh about 7 a. m. and ran past "The Boss Camp" and Manunka Chunk ( where the D.B. and D. S. and W. R. R. 's join) down two small swift rifts, then had a glorious sail till we came to the 2<sup>nd</sup> rift above Belvidere. The water here was very rough, and in running it, a wave broke over my deck, and poured into the well about a bucket full of water. J. ran thro. all right and went on down the next one, while I stopped to bail out. The water did not come above the floor boards. At the foot of the next one was "Camp Belvidere." It looked very much as tho. it might rain at any minute, and we were anxious to get on, hoping we could avoid it; so J. decided to wait, till we got to

Easton, to see about getting another paddle. We stopped below the Bridge at Belvidere took down our masts, and tied loosed articles fast preparatory to running "Foul rift." The ridge wire for my apron must have dropped out of my canoe at "Rainy Camp" when we turned it over, at night. I missed it yesterday, but got a piece of wire at the shop where the Boats were stored last night, and bent it into shape. "Little Foul Rift" was not much. Below it I landed to see how things looked in "Big Foul Rift" and was rather surprised it was not worse. I landed again, at its head, to have another look at it, then tied my apron fast and we started in keeping within a boat's length of each other to aid in case of need. We kept close along the Penna. shore, as we had heard at the gap, that a fellow, about 3 weeks before had gone thro. all right on that side, in a canoe. There is a small rocky island in the middle, and at the lower end of it, the waves were very high and choppy, caused by the coming together of the two currents round it. We got tossed about considerably and it seemed almost impossible to run thro. without , an upset. Our aprons kept out lots of water, and we ran thro. safely without shipping even a cupful. However the water in the river is two feet higher than usual. A short time before some fellows, in a skiff, went thro. and they upset and lost most of their things. Below this was a stretch of quiet water, then a long rift, then we had another glorious sail. My fingers were sore from holding the sheet. Soon we passed our 1<sup>st</sup>. camp of all "The 1<sup>st</sup>. night" and ran "White Pot Rapids". They were pretty swift and rough. We sailed down "Indian Ripple", thro. the beautiful gap, the river makes above Easton; ran down "Easton Eddy" and stopped above the covered bridge. There was a carriage makers just

on top of the bank in Easton and J. went up to see about getting his paddle fixed. All the men had gone to dinner, and we had to wait some time. I stayed in the canoes. Soon the rain which had been threatening all the morn. began to come down. It was a hard, cold, cheerless drizzle. I got out J's gun cape and covering myself and the cs, managed to keep pretty dry. In about half an hour it stopped tho. it looked as if it might come on again at any minute. By this time J. had got the black-smith sufficiently interested to go to work and "plate" the break in the paddle. (As the wood worker had not yet come and we were anxious to be off) This way of splicing was good enough to last, till we got home, and took only a short time to do. He bevelled the ends of the break off put two pieces of iron along the sides and made all tight with 4 rivets. It is not very neat, but very strong. J. had, in the mean time, made a man at a hotel put us up a good big lunch and about 1 oclk. we set out again; this time "The Great Unknown" lay before us as we struck the Del. at Easton, coming out of the Lehigh and went up; but now we were going over new ground. We didnot have even maps. It seemed very strange, to see armed soldiers, guarding the R.R. depot and covered bridge to Phillipsburg on account of the strike. For a long distance below the R.R. bridge there was swift water, so we ran side by side and ate our lunch while floating down, thus saving time. Just here a train passed us, and we saw some fellows waving handkerchiefs to us and a second glance showed them to be the fellows we had met at the W. Gap. -

The 9<sup>TH</sup> rift from E. was full of big rocks and here we kept up, for some distance, with a horse and carriage driving along the river road. The country and scenery

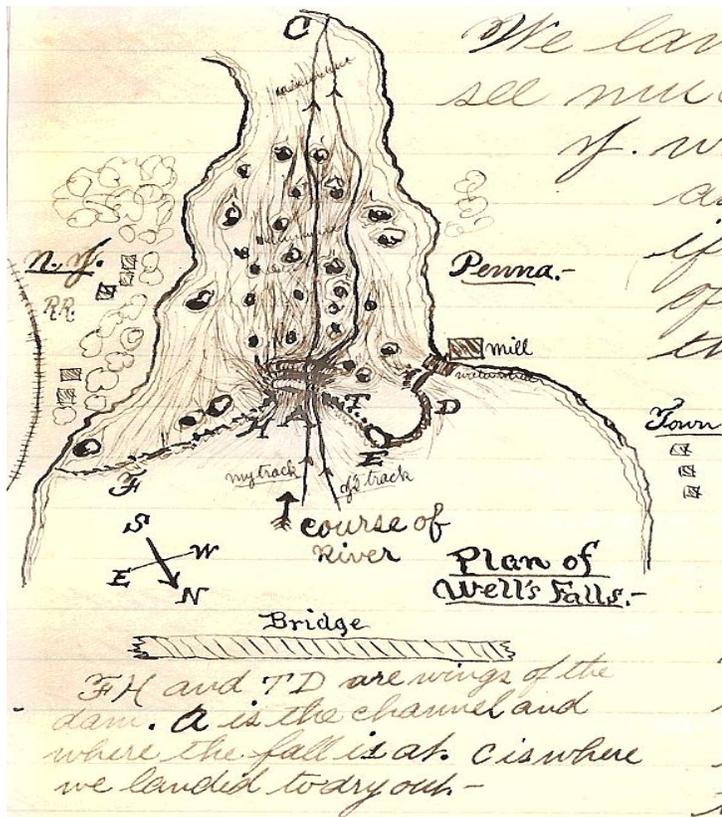
is still wild and rough and very beautiful. The river is very winding still more so than above E. We had asked J. Myers for how far we ought to get by this we. and he said down to "Black's Eddy" and about 6 p.m. we reached there, after a hard fatiguing paddle against a hard head wind for the last two miles. We saw a nice looking hotel, on the penna. side and a raft of logs, lying in the river, in front. Just the place to get the boats out. The wind was very strong and the river rough to work against and we were pretty tired so we decided to stop. Some people were watching us from the bank, and as we came up to the raft a man came down to see what we were going to do. He informed us that he was "The Attender". We asked for lodging and room to put out cs. away; then he, another man and we carried them up and put them in the bar-room. We were shown our rooms; they were rather after the country fashion but very nice and clean. There were neither pitchers or basins in our room, so we had to go to the pump. This was the first time I had ever done such a thing. There was a low bench just outside of one door of the bar-room, and on it sat the genuine country was basin. A tin basin, with a tin handle like a big dipper. Supper was waiting so we "set to" and what was not extra nice in our rooms was amply made up on the table. Every thing was tiptop. It was by far the best table we have sat down to since we have been away. I don't think I ever anywhere sat down to a more dainty, delicate, and at the same time luxurious, supper. Everything was the very best, and clean dishes and tumblers and not the heavy country ware of ordinary hotels or boarding houses. It was more like taking tea at a private house. This was not an illusion either as we were not over come with hunger, to such an

extreme that things were magnified. There were several guests staying here rustivating; mostly ladies; about 9 in all. They were quite fashionable some came from N.Y. Altogether it was a nice quiet, sleepy little country inn. The bar-room was large and clean with a small and unoffensive bar and not a great display of bottles etc. The boats reposed in peace on the floor on one side of the room with the things scattered about drying. The canal ran just at the back of the house, and the river road in front. After tea, J. walked down about a mile, and mailed some letters at the P.O. in Milford, N.J. across the river. I, in the meantime, inspected the cs. and talked to a couple of raftsmen, who "dropped in", about the river. They said that 21 miles down, at a place called Newhope, there was a very bad place. It was called "Well's falls" Below this was "scudders" which was pretty bad too tho. not quite so much as the former; at which place they said that rafts had frequently been known to have a row of 16 ft. logs, torn right out of the middle of them, by the current. J. narrated a curious little incident, to me, on his return, which had happened on the bridge. It shows how a person often acts unconsciously, when he has been following out a long continued course of action; He said that as he crossed the bridge, which was a covered one, he came near a window and wished to look out and he suddenly found himself "slowing up" some little distance from it, the way we do in our canoes when approaching a landing etc.

The 18<sup>th</sup> day out. -

Thursday. Aug. 2<sup>nd</sup>. 1877. - We got off about 7 am having had a good breakfast and a lunch put up for us. We had to paddle most all day as the wind was

upstream about 9 oclk. we met a train of cars with several flats on which were cannon, artillery wagons and two or three soldiers, but more soldiers were in the passenger cars. Today we passed the first man that we have seen fishing for cobble stones this trip. They get them out of the bottom of the rive with a two pronged fork; the small ones slip thro. and the right size stick and are thrown into a boat. Later in the season there is a good deal of this done. We ran several rifts safely; they are long ones here and some distance apart but not very rough. At last after passing Frenchtown, Point Pleasant, Tumble, (where there was a dam about 3 ft. high, with a channel in the middle, for the water to run thro. Not being any rocks in the channel the water flowed out smoothly and we ran it safely) and a few other towns the roar of "Well's falls": suddenly broke upon our ears and soon we were down at the breast of the dam. We landed at E but could not see much there, so I went to D and J. went to F. It looked to me as if we might run thor., if we kept close to the edge of the dam at T. J. said that there was no place at F or H. I stopped to put up my apron, but J. not doing so he got the start of me. Sitting so low in the cs. we could not see the exact channel, where we wished to go, and so kept nearer the middle than was best; but we wanted to be sure of not hitting the logs or edge of the dam. The channel was about 100 ft. wide, and the water poured out in a deep strong current. Rocks at the bottom made two large breakers which curled over towards us and thro. which we had to go.



They were about 20 ft. apart. The difference of level of the water on the inside and outside of the dam was about 5 ft. The water made a sudden slope, to the foot of the first breaker, then a gentle one for 15 ft. then a very sudden one to the foot of the 2<sup>nd</sup> breaker; below this the river was swift and full of rocks for  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile. J. kept his boat perfectly straight, gave two or three strong strokes with his paddle, to have way on, and then rested his paddle across the well. His canoe shot down the slope and buried itself in the 1<sup>st</sup>. wave; it dashed out on the other side in an instant with out seeming any the worse, tho. the water came almost to J's shoulders. He lifted up his paddle and stretched up as tho. gasping for breath; then rushed down the 2<sup>nd</sup>. slope and disappeared entirely from my view in the 2<sup>nd</sup>. wave. The water and spray dashed over his head. I fully expected to see the boat appear upside-down, and J. swimming, but he came out on the right hand

side in a moment or two and seemed all right. What came next, that made him run so far to the right I do not know, for now it was my turn. The first wave dashed all over me, and wet me thro. On emerging from it, I found the water had torn the apron loose and dashed it back against me. I saw there was not time to fixit, so grasping the two front corners, I caught hold of the two front corners of the well and holding my paddle across I put down my head and went down, down, into the 2<sup>nd</sup>. wave. The boat and myself were completely buried in spray and foam. The wave struck my face and shoulders. It seemed as if I was entirely under water and the boat full and sinking. My only thought was , “ Is it time to swim yet?” But I thot. I would wait till the c. turned over. Then I felt it rising and in a second I was at the top of the water. But the boat felt very heavy and hard to manage, and putting the apron to one side and looking into the well, I found the water about 2 in. above the floor boards. I immediately began to bail out tincup in one hand and sponge in the other, steering clear of rocks between times. On looking round at J., he was hard at work doing the same. I ran down the channel in the middle. J. was further to the right but we both got thro. safely and landed on a large rock at the foot of the rapids to eat out lunch and dry off. On comparing notes, I found that J. had shipped about as much water as I had. The pockets of both canoes had about 1 in of water in them, tho. mine were buttoned up tight and the water in the c. did not reach to them. Out “black bags” were all dry enough inside. My gun blanket had kept the cloth blanket dry but J’s got a pretty good wetting. The tent, lying on the cork cushion just back of where I sit was wet only in one or two places, and a suit of pants, shirt, and shoes on top of

the tent was quite dry except one or two corners that hung down. "The kit" packed in the flat basket was all right, tho. the frying pan was full of water. J's suit was wet pretty thoroughly and also a corner of the lunch. However nothing was lost and nothing was spoiled. We expected a wetting and got it, and got thro. much better, then we had dared to hope we would. We spread the things out to dry changed our wet clothes and ate our lunch and longed for another such place to run. We had scarcely landed, before a man rowed up to where we were and began to ask us how we got thro. and if anything was spoiled etc. He evidently wanted us to give him something, but he soon left finding nothing was lost. A young fellow had come down here before, this summer in a canoe, and he got smashed all to pieces and lost nearly all his baggage; so I suppose this man thought we were a second edition of the same. The things dried out quickly and we were soon on our way once more. We ran a few more and now insignificant rifts, and came in sight of the new R.R. bridge, of the N.Y. and P. New Line at Yardly, at about 6 p.m. At this place was "Scudders". A dam had been thrown across the river to supply Trenton with waterpower, and a canal ran down the left bank of the river to that town which was about 3 miles further down. Two piers had been built about the middle of the river and near one of these, there was a channel for the water, boats, and rafts to run down. This one was partly fallen down and made the current turn sharply to the left. I ran thro. the middle of the channel, and paddled hard to the left, and so got out of a small tho. ugly breaker, which the current, in turning, made. J. wanted to run over the dam (to one side of the channel) where the fall was about 2 ft. and not being able to clear

the breaker he shipped about 3 in. of water. However we did not stop. Trenton-falls were nothing more than a long rift not swift or rough at all. It was just about dark and as we could not see any good hotel, or suitable place to stop at we had to stop at the 1<sup>st</sup>. place which resembled a tavern, on the outside, that we came to. It was the only place there was of the kind to put up at. J. went up to have a look and reported at first "all right" but as soon as I landed he whispered to me "It's a fearful rough place." However he wanted to risk it, and I was too tired to go to the bother of making camp; besides being so late, about 8 p.m., we probably could not get provs, if we went on. We carried the boats right up and put them in the bar-room, and soon the place was full of rough fellows, who came to have a look at them. I was very much afraid something would be stolen but was assured that they were safe enough. The place is a regular rafts-men's hotel, or "Ranche". I was rather put out at J. for bringing us into such a place, and I don't think he fully realized how bad it was till we were at supper, then it was too late to back out. J. had a notion that because we were not dressed swell, we should not go to first class hotels, but I did not see it in that light at all. This is why we did not go to the big hotel at Dingman's, tho. I would not go anywhere else than the Del. House at Port Jervis which is a first class hotel tho. a R. R. one. While at supper a fellow came in, (we had it by ourselves in a room adjoining the bar) who was rather too much muddled for his own good, and began to talk to J., trying to persuade him to go to the Centennial. He persistently assured us that he "fired the hogtrain from N.Y. the 6.30 (a.m.) train, you know. We called it the 'hog train'." However all his eloquence had no effect on J. for he resolutely

declined. And finally assuring him with sundry winks, and nods that "all rare country here and understood each other" he went out much to my relief; for J. would ask all manner of outlandish questions. The noise in the bar-room had increased considerably, but we were informed that one of the neighbors was just married and that "the bies was a goin to serenade em." When shown to our room, before going up, we were asked if we wanted a room by ourselves. We looked rather blank and replied "Of course we do". We found the sleeping accommodations consisted of large dormitorys, with several beds in them. However we got a room to ourselves and taking a good look out of the window, we barricaded the door and remarked simultaneously, "Well this is a hard place". It was nothing more than a logger's, and rafts-men's hotel, fitted up to accommodate a large number, who might come in at any time, according to the state of the river and number of rafts. Our host seemed to think that we were young rafts'-men, and inquired whether we ever came down on a raft or not; we replied in the negative, but did not care to remove the opinion already formed concerning us.

The 19<sup>th</sup>. day out. -

Friday. Aug. 3d. 1877. - We were awakened last night by a fearful racket, of pounding, dogs barking, tin horns, etc. which we supposed was the serenade. Our breakfast was as poor and wretched as our supper had been, but such things do not last, and we felt much more at our ease and free, when once in our cs. again. We got off about 6.30 a.m., about the middle of the rising tide, having taken a long last look at the Trenton Falls, and, bidding adieu to the quick, and

lively stream the Delaware was above tide water, we prepared ourselves for a long, hard, day's work. A slight wind favoring us at first, we took advantage of it, in order to save up our strength. As we were passing Bordentown, the wind still favoring us, we each were lolling back in the wells of our respective cs. J. had his feet on deck and his big straw hat on (the sun was very bright) and had it pulled down over his face and was looking thro. some holes in the brim. Two men were in a boat fishing and did not see him till getting right close to them he called out to know what place we were passing. One of them was baiting a hook and suddenly looked up. He dropped his knife from one hand, and hook from the other; his lower jaw fell and taking a long stare, with out answering J, he turned round to the other man and said "Golly he looks like a wild man, he does". Poor fellow he was a Jersey man no doubt. The wind soon failed us and we were compelled to paddle. We ran past Burlington and Bristol and just above Beverly, we passed a most beautiful schooner yacht, at anchor, her name was the "Eva" and is the next fastest yacht on the river. Second only to Uncle I. J. Wistar's "Undine" , which is a sloop yacht. We passed a great many very beautiful private residences, situated right on the bank of the river, surrounded by very handsomely, and elegantly laid out, lawns and flower gardens. Passing Berly, Riverton and Tacony, we landed, about 4 p.m. at the mouth of Frankford creek, preparatory to ascending it, and also to rest from our long tiresome paddle, which had been specially irksome for the last two miles, as the tide had turned, and also a fresh breeze up the river had sprung up. While here we passed a row boat, shaped very much like a foreshortened birch-bark canoe. It was made of

pieces of canvass sowed together. It was not decked and was made to row. Two men were in it fishing. It had been a hot, close, half hazy day, and no wind. We had worked hard to get down as far as possible with the tide. There was not any fun paddling on this dead water. It was true work. We had had no dinner, save only dry bread and the remnant, (all that was left, a very small piece) of a chunk of dried beef, that we took along when we set out from home. We ran up the creek with the tide to Frankford bridge. Paddling up here was totally different from what we have been accustomed to; it was unpleasant in the extreme.

Instead of bright sparkling water this was dirty and discoloured from the dye works and drainage of Frankford. We had to lift over three dam breasts, over a field into a mill race, over a "low bridge" and over a flood gate, making 6 lifts in all besides the one part way up to S. Marris's house. As we approached the dam at Cedar Grove the stream was very low and we had to lift and tow for some rods before we got to the dam. It was quite dark when we reached here, in fact it had been dark for the last mile. We heard about a dozen small boys playing on the bridge. Suddenly they became quite, and then commenced a tremendous yelling and noise, which they kept up at intervals till we got close to the breast of the dam. Then one hollered out "Them's boats" and the noise gradually subsided and impelled by curiosity they approached us. It was too dark to see them till they got up close to where we were working. At first they stood off, and talked among themselves in an excited undertone, about "Them's boats" but soon they wanted to help. We did not say a word and went on working quietly till the boys began to come round and examine the cs.; then we began suddenly to talk to

them; got them excited and interested, and when we reached the breast, we sung out "Now boys, take hold and run her into the dam" commenting at the same time, on the strength of one fellow, and telling another, if he let go the c. would be smashed up &c. They worked, and tugged, and pulled, and talked and soon we were in the water again, and after sundry directions from them, to be careful of the stumps at the upper end of the dam stumps at the upper end of the dam we found ourselves in a few minutes in front of S. Marisses place. One of the boys remarked to me "We thought you was ghosts." I do not wonder, as we were dressed in white. We carried our cs. up in a corn field and turned them over in case of rain, and took our paddles with us. As there were no lights about the house and not wishing to disturb the folks we laid our paddles on the lawn and walked home reaching here about 10.30 p.m. having had a very long tiresome day's work. We found father expecting us and had a good supper and a good night's rest.

The following day we took the tree wagon over, packed both boats on it and brot. them home.

### Summary

So ended our canoe trip of 1877, costing in all from Bethlehem to home \$15.55 apiece averaging \$0.81 16/19 per day, having been gone just 19 days from home, travelling in all slightly over 250 miles entirely by water, averaging 13 3/19+ miles per. day. But the last 4 days we averaged 35 + miles per. day. + + We had made 7 camps and slept out 9 nights. We had stopped at 7 hotels and

slept in them 9 nights. We had started from Bethlehem and run down the Lehigh to Easton making two lifts. Into the dam from the canal and from the dam into the Delaware. We had ascended the Del. to port Jervis. We had run down the Del. over everything with out a lift or "carry" to Frankford from Port Jervis and finally had made 6 "carrys" coming up the Tacony creek to S. Morisses from Frankford. - Expense of R. R. travel and distance ( 60 miles) from Phila. to Bethlehem is left out of account. -

Articles Lost. - my apron ridge wire, at "Rainy Camp." My sponge left in the bar-room at Blacks Eddy (we cut J;s in half after this. -) J's cork cushion left purposely at W. Gap.

Articles Broken &c. - My hatchet handle at "The Boss camp." J's hatchet case cut thro. at camp "First Night" J's paddle above Milford Penna. - My halliard came off the yard just above "Penna. Camp." J's floor boards and both mast steps and copper on paddles loose. -

Our complete outfit was as follow. - 1<sup>st</sup>. what I carried in [my canoe. 2<sup>nd</sup> J's load.]

1<sup>st</sup>. my load. -

1<sup>st</sup>. A light tent 8 ft. by 12 ft.

basket)

2<sup>nd</sup>. 1 gun blanket 4 ft. by 6 ft.

3d. "The Kit" consisting of. -

(packed in a flat chip

1 frying pan, 1 tin pail 7

in.

1 U.S. blanket. -

2 tin plates, 2 spoons, 2

forks,

1 Colts revolver ( 5 chambers)

1 pot beef tea, 4 tin cans, (1

sugar

1 trout rod and line

1 tea, 1 chocolate, 1 salt) 1

pot

1 hatchet 000(3.0)

prepared choc. 1 sm. piece

dried

1 cork cushion (for life preserver)

beef, dish soap and rags, 1

tin

1 butcher knife.

can of Beef drippings. - All

1 tin cup      30 ft. ½ in Manilla rope

these packed in the flat

basket

1 large sponge

and all except in the kettle

1 fly book and hooks, etc.      shawl straps

except the frying pan and

one

1 pr. slippers to wear wading and in canoe. -

tin can of beef

drippings.

4<sup>th</sup>. 1 water proof bag in which were clothes etc. viz-

1 flannel shirt, 1 undershirt. 1 pr. pants 1 pr. drawers. 2 prs. stockings 3 hdkfs.

1 hair brush, 1 tooth brush. 1 towel, soap, 1 vest, necktie, matches, map, diary, colored spectacles, testament

5<sup>th</sup>. Tacks, piece of spare canvass, needles and thread, shelac varnish (to mend boats in case of need)

Total weight about 28 lbs. -

2<sup>nd</sup>. J. carried in his boat about the same as I did with the exception of the tent and kit these could not be conveniently in his c. because his stretcher was not moveable as mine was.

The weight of the boats alone, emptied of everything, floorboards, paddles, sails, etc. was 62 lbs apiece.

The total weight of all our baggage combined including everything, ( except what we had on. (clothes)) floorboards, sails, paddles etc was only 58 lbs.

The total weight of both boats and outfit including everything save only ourselves was 182 lbs. -

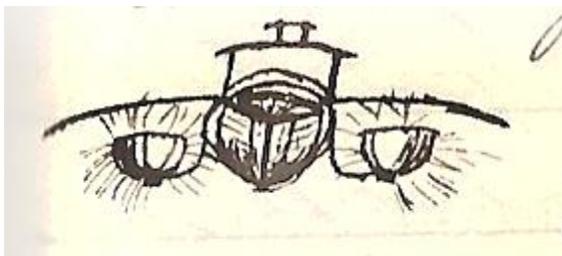
1878.

Canoe trip on the Susquehanna River from Clearfield to Williamsport. From Elmira to Pittston. From Honesdale to Philada. on the Delaware.

The Start.

Monday, July 8<sup>th</sup>, 1878. Packed the two Canoes on the tree wagon and drove down to G. to meet the 4.48 p.m. train from Newtown. Put both the cs. in the baggage car and bidding adieu to the quite of a country home we were soon speeding towards the noisy bustling town of Phila. At the Gmt. Junction we were

met by E. Stewardson who came to see us finally off. We put the Cs. down, one side of the depot and I went to see the bag. agt. Rannels; he was doubtful about putting them in the car, and thot. at first of tying them on top. But when he saw them he said he was afraid to do it, then said he would see about tying them up to the roof inside. We had over an hour to wait and in the meantime J. got his hair sandpapered. The bg. car was half one that is the car was half bag. and half smoking. The men got some rope and swung the "G" in the smoker & the "C" in the bag. room. It was soon 6.30 & our train the Pbg. exp. started. We bid E. Stewardson goodbye and felt that we were off at last. We had scarcely gotten out of the depot when I saw that the "G" was not going to carry the way she was tied as she rocked so that there was danger of coming down. J's canoe was steadied between the gas lamps, but I soon tied my "G." all tight & we made, ourselves, comfortable in the bag. car. I mailed a p.c. at Hav. Coll, then we ate our lunch & watched a thunder shower coming up wh. we ran thro. in Chester valley. The bag. master Thos. Mc.Adams who was rather cross at the depot no began to get in a good humor & kept us awake with recitals of his various exploits in the war and yachting expeditions, his numerous shooting dogs & many other very plausible stories till about 11. p.m. then we turned into the smoker & tried to get to sleep. I could not sleep much. We got to Tyrone about 2.50 a.m. Our train the Pbg. exp. stop at all the stations. The bag. car was so full that they had to cut the train loose & ram the "G" out the door by turning it on its side. We put them in a small bag. room & went over to the hotel the "Ward" house & went right to bed.



Tuesday July 9. 1878. - We got up about 6 a.m. and wrote a little then got breakfast and walked up in the town; J. got a straw hat & I mailed our letters. When we got back we found that the cs. had been take out of the bag. room & were lying on the platform with men standing round. I sat down on one side of the platform to watch & J. wandered about. Presently I saw a train come in from Clearfield & saw that the bag. car was entirely too small to put the cs. in, it being a small part of a passenger car about 10 ft. long. Then I went to see the baag. agt. he took me upstairs to the general agt. who set my mind at rest by telling me that the car that went out on our train for Clearfield that left at 9 a.m. was always a full length one. I inquired for Mr. Reed the asst. engineer & gave him my letter of introduction from Caspar. He seemed like a very pleasant young man and scarcely talked about anything but his garden. He staid with us till we left. While waiting for the train there were a good many people loafing about & it was very funny to hear the remarks about the cs. One man who seemed possessed of great importance & dressed in a white linen suit, came up & put his foot on them. I was not there at the time but J. hollored at him & he turned round & asked J. if they were not made of guttapercha<sup>1</sup>. J. said "Yes". Then some one called out that they would make good gum shoes for him whereas he seemed much disgusted

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<sup>1</sup> The sap of a Caribbean tree which was used as a marine sealant.

and walked off. Reed said that he was a "pettyfoging<sup>2</sup>" lawyer of the town. His name was Riddle; Reed said it was a conundrum! The bag. master on the C. train told us he acted as if he had owned the town & sold it out in lots. Reed did not think much of Tyrone, he said everyone tried to find out everybody's else business. Putting out cs. on the floor of the bag. car we bid good bye to Reed & Tyrone & began at once to climb up towards Clearfield. The country is very wild & rough (all forest) with deep valleys thro. which run down beautiful little trout streams. The grade of the R.R. is very heavy on both sides of the summit (148 ft. to the mile) but specially on the Susquehanna side where it takes 4 locomotives to draw up a train of loaded coal cars. Once curve is exactly similar to the horse shoe curve, near Altoona, but much sharper. The bag. master, Conductor & Adams exp. agt. were all pleasant and interested but didnot know much about the rout we take. But the mail agt. gave us considerable useful information. The R.R. lay part of the way along the Moshannon cr. wh. looked very pretty & nice to run but they said that there were saw mills on it & we saw one or two had jams of logs & so kept on. We reached C. about 11.50 a.m. & J. went to get some bread while I staid by the cs. We unchecked our baggage and got some loafers round the station to help us down to the river, which flows about 200 yds. from the station. One of the men was colored who was called "Banks"; he was cook for a party who went down the river from here about a month ago. We just put our things into the cs. the way they were and ran down about ¼ mile below the town & landed at a little spring to pack in good shape & eat lunch. Clearfield is quite a

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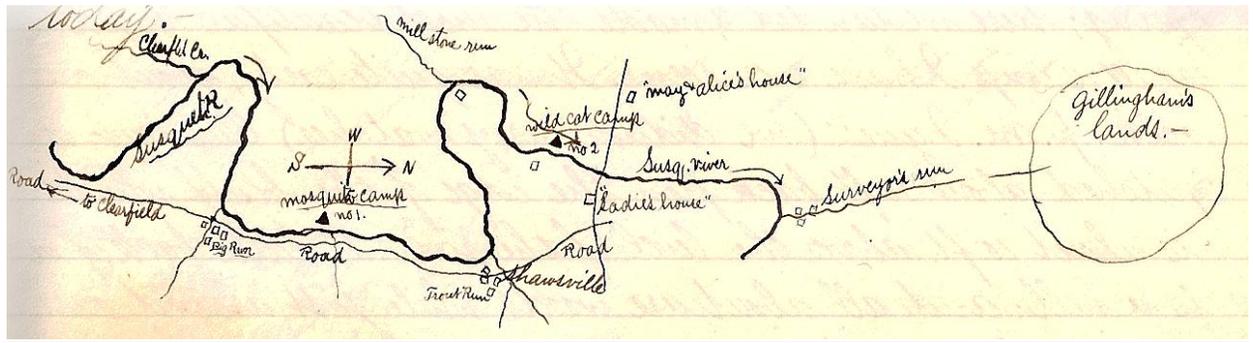
<sup>2</sup> Prone to quibbling or emphasizing trivial matters.

small town in the river bottom, which is here about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile broad each side of the river; It is the countyseat of \_\_\_\_\_<sup>3</sup> county and the disputings & lawyering of timber tracts are carried on here. The river is shallow, about 3 ft. deep and about 200 yds. wide. It is not rapid but runs in small shallow riffles just at the town. We lunched at a little spring under some trees & divided the load between the boats. After packing as we were slowly padding along a little shower came on in which our aprons did good service. The fit so tight over the combing that there is no need of the buttons. The day was hot, with heavy fog clouds hanging about. About a mile below the town was a dam & saw mill. The dam was about 3 ft. high, but there was not enough water to run it, so we got out & let the cs.run over holding on to the painters. Below this the river ran with a pretty good current but not rapids. The hills shut in closer & the count became wilder being all woods. About 4 miles further down we passed the mouth of Clearfield creek, quite a large stream that came in from the right side. Just here was a long shallow rift on which we both got stuck but shoved off without getting out. The river is very winding doubling completely back on itself round sharp hill which come down to the water's edge & are carved with woods. Very few houses are to be seen & sometimes we go a mile or 2 without seeing a clearing. We began to look early for a camp, but went on & on ill we began to fear we would get caught in a shower, which was thundering over a hill, so we determined to land & make the best of a doubtful place. We had landed at several very beautiful places but could find no spring. We pitched the tent, & took a raw supper, (no fire) of bread &

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<sup>3</sup> Haines does not enter a county name, presumably because he does not know it at the time.

cheese, dried beef & currant jam, I got to bed before dark. We must have travelled about 8 or 9 miles today. -

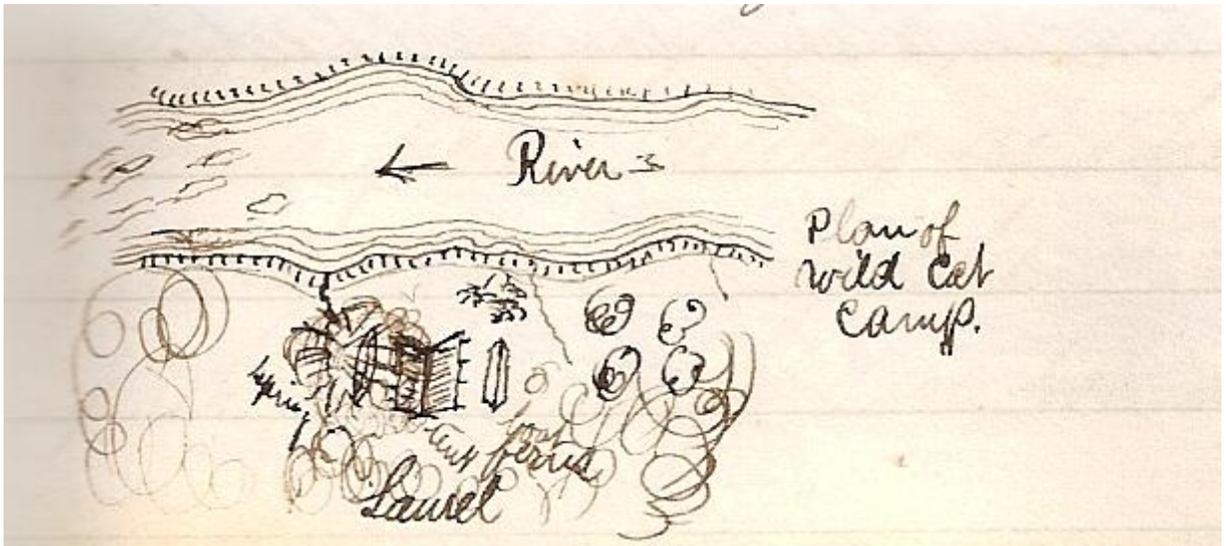


Wednesday July 10. 1878. I was very sleepy and slept soundly waking only two or three times, notwithstanding the mosquitoes which kept J. awake. We had made up a good bed and did not feel stiff this morn. Our camp we christened "Mosquito Camp". We had a scanty breakfast and soon got off. It was a day very similar to yesterday, hot & cloudy; tho. not excessively hot. Shawsville was the first place we passed; about 6 houses & a large grist mill. then paddling about 1 ½ miles we came to a beautiful little stream where we hoped for trout, but alas about 50 yds from the river was a saw mill so that place was spoiled for a camp. Its name was "Millstone run". There was the swiftest riff here, round the bend in the river that we have come thro. yet, but it is nothing compared to "White Col" riff on the Del. near Easton. The people here call them riffles. This was named Susquehanna riffle. The river is very beautiful and wild. We were looking for a good camping ground and soon came to a beautiful bluff with a little spring; here we landed & made the most beautiful & picturesque camp I have ever seen. It was quite early; about one o'clk. p.m. I guess (we did not carry watches) Our tent is pitched about 30 ft. back from the edge of the bluff which is about 10ft.

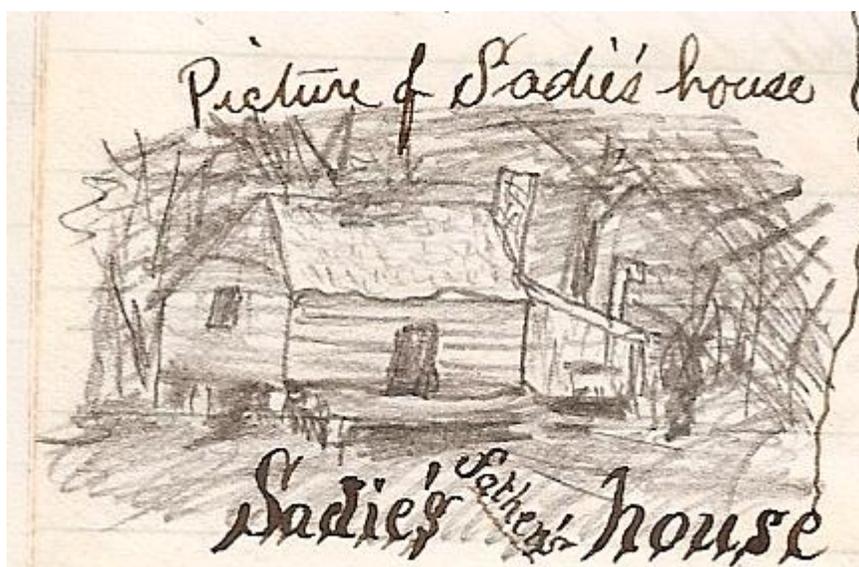
above the level of the river. A little back of us is a hill; and all about are woods while just around our camp on three sides is a growth of laurel in flower, the finest flowers. Like Rhodendrons <sup>4</sup>, so large & beautifully tinged with pink. Inside the Laurel around us are ferns, while a large hemlock overshadows us. One branch comes down over the tent. The boats recline each side and a beautiful cold spring is about 40 ft. off. Our camp fire is 20 ft. off to the right in front & near it is a bench made out of a slab supported on forked sticks. We made a bed of hemlock boughs & got nicely fixed when it came on to rain. It was only a shower & after it J. went off to forage. He went down the river some distance on foot, (but did not cross) to a house but could get nothing there & went back from the river on a road to a house where he met two damsels name respectively May & Alice from whom after much parley he obtained some milk & butter. After a makeshift dinner he set off again this time across the river to get some eggs, but not being obtainable he got a chicken instead which we roasted for supper. I had been cutting fire wood & making the bench in the meantime & fixing up generally, and we turned in by candle light.

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<sup>4</sup> Haines's misspelling of Rhododendron.



Thursday July 11<sup>th</sup> 1878. To day we determined not to break camp but rest & write. J. got another chicken & got it ready to cook while I made up a fresh bed of hemlock. While at work we heard voices & soon two men & 4 little boys came to see us. One man knew the river thoroughly & being a great talker he told us a good deal about it. We saw the same boys in a boat yesterday coming towards the camp but they suddenly turned about & made off in evident haste; one of the men said that they (the boys) thot. we were Gipsies, and as I had started off towards them carrying my hatchet they thot. I was after them with a pistol. Then we tried making potato soup with chicken but putting in some beef tea it spoiled it as we neither of us relish it, only taking it from a sense of duty. In the Afternoon I went (waded) across the river & got some eggs & milk as a primitive log house where Sadie dwells. It is a primitive house; one door, one window, one room & one loft. We took a swim; made an omelett (?) for supper, fished without a bit & the day was gone & the writing untouched.



Friday July 12. 1878.- Got up early hoping to be off to where we could have fishing. We packed up having had a good breakfast & were debating about starting as a heavy thunder shower was muttring close by, down the river. J. ws anxious to be off, but it seemed a pity to be caught in a rain & have to camp in the wet. We finally got ready to start when it began to rain. We soon had the tent up again & things all right when it came on, a hard thunder shower & kept on as if it might rain all day. While sitting in the tent out of the rain we heard voices and 3 men & some little boys came into Camp. After talking a while, we asked what time it was supposing it to be near 12. One said he gussed about 8 and the other "no about 9 you know we's been laying up in the barn a good while," speaking to the first one. It seems to me that the women & little boys have a hard time of it, the women have to work all the time while rainy days the men loaf. This p.m. when I went to Sadie's house (I waded across the river to my knees), after provs. I saw 4 small boys about 10 yrs. old, with 4 double bladed axes at work in a field cutting at the stumps. It was a dismal rainy day during the morn.

but about the middle of the pm. it cleared off & we took a swim & got supper early. The man who was talking to us was Sadie's Father. There are 4 or 5 brothers and they all live near each other on adjoining farms. This man told me he would not leave his spring shaded by maples just at the back of his house for any good farm. It was a fine spring.- all the children look alike, large blue eyes, and very light hair and very intelligent & good looking. The man said that to strike right back towards the "Canada Line", to the N.W., one would pass thro. the wildest part of Penna. and that there were some deer and now & then a bear. But he said that wolves were pretty bad even here & its hard to keep sheep on that acct. specially in the spring & fall. We didnot do much today but wrote some.

Sat. July. 13<sup>th</sup> 1878. Got up early and had breakfast & determined to leave rain or no rain. It was cloudy and somewhat foggy on the hills but after we got off and had run down a rift the sun came out hot & I feared a murky hot day; but a breeze sprang up & it cleared off beautifully. We were told that about a mile & ½ below our camp ("Wild Cat Camp"because we heard a cat crying in the night) there was a P.O. so when we got to a little run we landed and spread the tent & sails (the later have mildewed pretty badly, specially J's) out to dry while J. went up to see about the mail and to get some meal. The P. O. was shut up. (Surveyor's Run, Gillingham tract) and the store not open so J. gave the letters to a small boy digging potatoes. We passed two "dugouts"<sup>5</sup>, they were about 25ft. long 18in. beam and 12in. deep- about 1 ft. sheer. We then paddled slowly along about 2

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<sup>5</sup> Unlike the wood plank and canvas canoes of Haines and Stewardson, the Dugout is made from the trunk of an entire tree which is hollowed out on one side in order to allow the canoeist a place to sit.

miles till we came to a little brook with fortunately no sawmill on it and no houses near. We landed and spreading out the things again, we went fishing. At a beautiful pool just at the mouth a very large trout rose but missed the fly; and tho. I tried several ties he would not appear again. The stream was very small so there were not many trout we each caught one & then using my flynet for a fish net we tried to drive our trout out of his little pool but "no go". Then we ran down the largest rift we have come to yet round a most beautiful bend in the river. The hills covered with helmock trees & only here and there at long distances a house & clearing. There is no road along the river, they do not follow the bends but cut across & strike it here and there. We stopped under some trees and lunched in our boats, then on again down stream. I got out my rod and tried fishing while floating along but without a bite. Suddenly some animal appeared swimming in the water just ahead. I thot. it was a mink & paddled hard, but when pretty close it dove. I looked to see it come out on the shore but only caught a glimpse as it ran behind a rock. I think it was a mink. Along the shore here on the right bank were a great many little, cold springs. Then came a fish dam. There a rift in which while paddling towards a rock my fishing rod slipped overboard & sank. I thot. it was gone but jumped out into the water about 2 ½ ft. deep & after searching a while for it felt it with my feet (as rain had muddied the water so much I could not see it). (The modus operand of searching was to wade back & forth across the stream knowing that the current would point the lightest portion viz. the tip down stream). We landed near a little brook on the left bank and debated whether to camp or not but the stream was too small for trout so we

kept on down a beautiful beach in the river. We went slowly along fishing just outside the spatter docks that grew in patches along one shore. But all I caught was one small bass. Hearing ahead of us the roaring of a stream we gave up fishing and were soon there. It was a beautiful large cold stream & no sawmill, road, or settlement near. Only one house ½ mile off, all the rest forest; just the place we have been looking for. It was about 3 and we began to set about making camp. At first we could not find a good place but finally cleared away a thicket of Laurel and pitched our tent on a bluff just at the junction of the river & stream. We are shaded all day except about 2 hrs. in the PM. by tall hemlock trees. About 50 ft. back of us is a ditch made by the stream in spring & so we are on very dry ground. I think this camp rivals "W. Cal. Camp" for beauty. About 150 yds down the river is a beautiful spring. It makes ones hand ache to hold it in it; & that is where we keep our butter, milk, etc. We made up a good bed of hemlock boughs & after a good supper turned in.

Sunday July 14.- 1878 When J. went up to the house for provs. last eve he got a "rawsbry" pie & it was real good. After fixing up round camp making a slab bench or two (I fished a while before breakfast but didnot get anything, it was too late) Then we wrote & took naps, a swim & sat under the hemlock trees facing the river till towards evening. Then J. went up to Mathew Napp's house for milk &c. He also got a custard pie which was very acceptable. The first time he went up the people had not come home & only one man was about who was rather queer, probably drunk. He said to J. "As I war goin across the lot back yan

(up on the hill) a dog come at me. I'de put my knife thro. him quicker 'n lightnin but he went back." J. could get nothing from him & had to go back later. Caught some grasshoppers for fishing monda morn & after sup. went to bed. The name of our camp is "Moravian Run Camp" being just at the mouth of the stream of that name. (Later we could not determine whether that was the name or not, some said it was and others not) Along the river it is called "Gallas harbor".

Where we posted our letters was "Surveyors Run" & the steam comes down from Gillingham's lands. J. went out after breakfast fishing & caught one 6 oz. trout & had a large one rise but he got away. -

Monday July 15<sup>th</sup>. 1878.- I got up early and started out for a morning's fishing.

There is a good road runs near the stream but it is not travelled much; nothing had been along it for a week (since the rain). The road runs south, at first, & then bends round a hill till it runs E.N.E. then crossed a stream & turns south again. I walked about a mile or two upstream along the road then struck it at A. & fished down to B (see image). While walking along the road I came upon 3 pheasants.

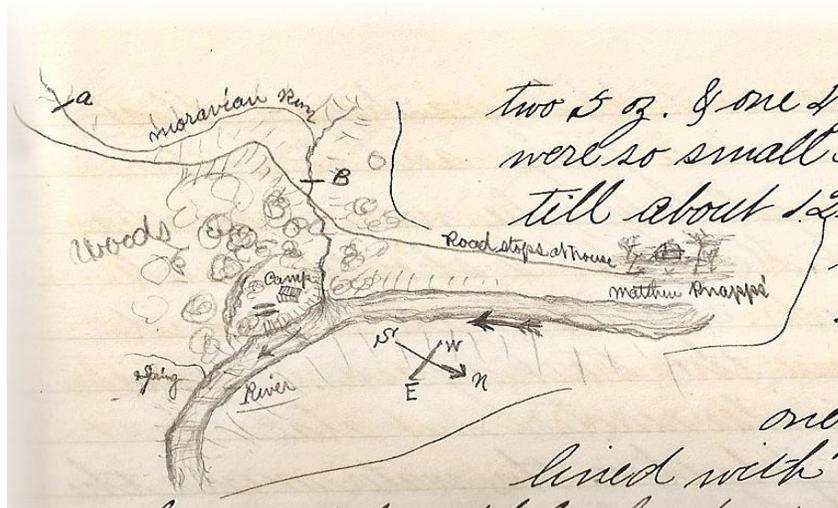
One was so close that I could have hit him with my fishing rod. The first trout I caught was a small one but they got larger as I fished till I had two 5 Oz. & one 4 oz., 9 in all, two of which were so small I let them go. I fished till about 12 R. The

stream is about as large as the Hammond branch of the Tacony & a most beautiful one for trout. It is just lined with springs & filled with the most

beautiful shady pools, deep & dark. But the stream is I should think pretty well fished out. But there must be fine fishing here in the early spring, & large trout.

After dinner at which we finished the custard pie, J. went out to try his luck,

while I washed up dishes, some clothes, cut firewood, & caught about 5 moderate sized ones. We had thought of leaving tomorrow but it's such a nice place we could not bear to do it.



Tuesday July 16<sup>th</sup>. 1878.- J. got up early & went way up the stream and fished down leaving me in camp to wash up & fix up. I made new beds & then wrote. J came in at noon with 8 trout, two pretty good sized ones. We then had dinner & a swim in the river & stream. The former feels uncomfortably hot after the latter. Towards eve I went out fishing. I went up to where J's big one was and let a grasshopper float down to his place, he made a jump and took the bait. I could see him plainly & he was larger than any we have caught. He would I should think weigh almost a pound. I baited with a second grasshopper & out came the trout again. I gave a pull expecting a similar reaction but alas the line came slipping swiftly thro. the water minus the hook & snood. The line was old & rotten & it had broken just at a critical moment. I put on another hook and tried again but he evidently didnot relish false teeth and would not appear. I was very much disgusted and fished down towards camp. I started in about the bridge.

There were some most tremendous log & tree jams and some splendid pools but I only caught 10, & two or three were little which I let go. I had several nice ones out of the water but would get caught in sticks or in some way get off before I could get hold of them. My largest weighed a good 6 1/2oz. The largest trout I ever caught excepting lake trout. We didnot have supper till late & turned in tired.

Wednesday July 17<sup>th</sup> 1878. - The day was pretty well advanced before we got off and was very hot. We ran down a rift past a small house on the right & them went two or three miles without seeing a settlement or clearing. All day the river was very wild and beautiful, and so crooked and winding that we cannot see a mile of straight river at any one time. The hills are pretty high and come right down to the river & it is so winding that there is no place for a rail-road. The river has been very winding all the way from Clearfield & there have been only two or three places where we could see a mile in a direct water line, but S. shaped bends all the way, first would come a sharp rift, then a most beautiful pool, dark & deep, then shallows, another rift &c. About two miles below our camp we came to a pretty bad rift decidedly the worst y. I tried to run it but the canoe got caught sideways on a rock & fearing an upset I jumped out. The water was shallow but I lost hold of my paddle & it drifted away down stream towards a large rock. I tried to wade after it but the water was too deep. J. then went after it but could not find it & I feared it had been sucked under the rock & lost. I got in my canoe & paddled with my hands but could see nothing of it. Then I got J's

paddle & after searching a while I found it in an eddy under a mass of foam. Oh I was glad.

Just there are two days left out of my diary which were never written up<sup>6</sup>

The evening of this day found us looking for a place to camp. We could not find one to suit & fearing night would come down we tried to make the best of a bad bargain. Spying a deserted house I landed & made an investigation, but it was rather dilapidated & far from the river to carry the boats to, & fearing fleas, we kept on & a few minutes later landed at the foot of a hill covered with sumack bushes. After a toilsome lift up a steep bank we placed the canoes side by side, made camp, but it was not a nice place, stones being as prominent part of the bed. We saw several dugouts today & came over some pretty stony rifts.

Thursday July, 18. 1878. – We were not sorry to get away from our camp of last night. The river is falling somewhat & being broad & shallow we have to wade a good deal. This p.m. we passed under a covered bridge & thro. quite a settlement (about 4 houses), On the left bank quite a large stream came into the river (Sandy Run I believe) There was a long shallow riffle here that we had to wade thro. At the lower end the river deepened & the hills shut in more; paddling over this we came to the head of a long glorious rough & rock rift. The water smooth at first grew more & more rapid & foamed & dashed against large rocks. It took quick strong work but we both got thro. in safety & rested in the pool at the foot. It looked like such a good place to fish for bass that we thot. as it was also getting

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<sup>6</sup> Author's note: "2 Days were left out in the original just here but they are supplied below as nearly as each can be recollected." -RBH

late, we would camp so landing on a sandy beach we looked about for a place to pitch the tent. It is easy enough to find a suitable location for a camp but when you come to put up the tent it is not so easy to fix upon the exact spot. We thot. of two or three places & as there was a pile of slabs & boards thot. of laying floor but finally gave that up & cleared off some bushes & made a bed of sassafras leaves. J's canoe came very near drifting off as while we were locating the tent spot, his canoe got loose & was some distance down stream before he saw it, however he took mine & soon brot. it safely back. We made all snug as thunder was muttering & turned in.

Friday July 19. 1880<sup>7</sup>.- Broke camp at sunrise & decided to let Bass in that pool stay unmolested. We had a most wretched night. Just before turning in I heard something run across the front of the tent but thot. it was only a mouse, tho. it sounded suspiciously like a snake; however I thot. nothing of it and rolled up in my blanket. I had hardly got to sleep when I heard something rustling in the leaves close to the tent. It was too dark to see anything, but thinking it was a mouse or tortoise I tried to go to sleep but the animal kept on making a noise of coming nearer; then it seemed to move o J's side & woke him up. We pushed some sticks out to drive it off & all was quite. Then just as we were asleep the thing began operation again in the same style. This finally became decidedly monotonous. It was dark & we could see nothing, finally we took a paddle & whenever it came near we would push it out in the direction of the sound, then

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<sup>7</sup> Author makes a mistake here with the date, it is possible that he filled in these two missing days 2 full years later when reading his own journal.

all would be quiet for a time. It was most wretched we could not sleep & could not drive the thing away. However at last we got to sleep, I know not how long we slept but was awakened by hearing the thing coming closer to the tent. The moon had now risen & was shining brightly. I lay still a moment, then hearing the thing coming closer I put my face down to the edge of the tent & looked under. At first nothing was visible, but presently something stuck a head up among the leaves. Then it came still closer & I was pretty sure it was a snake. Getting up quietly I took a paddle & thrust it down in the leaves where the snake was, & jumped about but he was gone & returned no more. We had pitched one corner of the tent near an old rotten stump & supposed that that was the den of the creature & wishing to retire for the night had found the place occupied. We had not slept much all night. Once underweigh we felt better & soon came to the mouth of the "Moshannon Creek". Just below here the hill on the right bank was curiously shaped like a square for. For our noon rest we stopped on a large rock about 2 miles below Karthaus (pronounced Carthouse). There is another covered bridge at this place crossing the river. A little further on J. went to mail some letters & I sat in my canoe & waited in the shade for it was very hot. The river was so shallow that J. had to wade clear across it to get to the P. O. on the left bank. We soon went to camp just below a sawmill at a place called 3 Runs.

Friday.- About 2 miles below Carthouse. We are laying off for our noon rest. We are well & all is sound. . . The river is pretty low & shallow & we have to wade a good deal the last day or two. We are now about 5 miles below the mouth of the Moshannon, and we have come through some pretty rough rifts & are soon

going to camp. Our expenses average about 15 cents apiece a day, we have solid good meals too.

Sat. July 20. 1878.- We were awakened pretty early this morn. by whistling, I thot. at first it was J. & he thot. it was me but I saw him in the tent and looking out to the bench in front of the tent, who should I see but one of the small boys who visited us last eve. I was mad for I was very tired not having much sleep on acct. of the snake and told him to shut up, where upon he shut and soon left and we slept till towards 10 oclk. Then we got up & J. went up to "Upper 3 Runs" (where live the little boys whose father has a sawmill on the creek. His name is Miles. "Upper" & "Lower 3 Runs" come in on the left bank while middle or "pine run" come in opposite "lower 3 runs") fishing & I washed up dishes & cleaned out my canoe & boiled some beans (string without the strings) or rather put them on to boil. About 1 oclk. J. came home with 4 trout 3 small & one about 4 oz. After dinner we cleared up & I caught some bait & went off to fish leaving the kettle & butter tumbler at "Miles"s & also a bag for eggs. I went up the stream about two miles & fished down stream. There were a good many raspberries both red & black & they were very good. They grew along a sort of road which runs from the mill back into the main road from Clearfield. The stream was very pretty deep dark pools & just the place for trout; but the sawmill has spoiled it. I only caught 4 one pretty nice one about 5 oz; but several little chub bit quite well, but they are no good. It soon got too dark to fish and I started for camp. I stopped at the house & got the end of an

old ham, kettle of milk, 9 eggs & about ½ lb. of butter for 20 cents. My hands were pretty full & I dropped the eggs on a rock. One spilled out of the bag & was irretrievable lost. I did not examine the rest till I got to Camp. 3 were smashed in the bottom of the bag one was only a little broken 4 were whole & one was gone. We picked out the shells & whole eggs & poured the remainders into the frying pan & made scrambled eggs, and went to bed by candle light.

Sunday July. 21. 78.- Slept soundly till the moon rose & then was awakened by hearing thunder muttering, back of us in the mountains. - It came nearer pretty fast but got lighter & more scattered, still it rained pretty smartly when it reached us. However we kept dry & the thunder ceasing I went to sleep & did not wake till the sun shone in the tent. Then J. got up & went up pine run fishing & I slept longer. Then got up and breakfasted on a piece of bread an inch square, out stock running out unexpectedly the night before. While scarcely yet finished Miles came into camp. We talked a while & then J. came & we sat talking till about 12 oclk. Then we set about getting dinner. Pretty soon one of Miles's little boys came down & said "the pie is ready" so I went up to the house & got a bowl of milk, some biscuits, & turnovers & a first rate apple pie. We had a good dinner & then J. went off to post a letter & I read & wrote keeping a fire in the meantime under the kettle in wh. was the ham bone. Towards eve. J. came back and we had a good supper. Our mile turned sour last eve. so we made smearcase. Our soup was quite a success. We put in a piece of onion two turnovers some potatoes & some peas. Quite a smart little shower came on in the morning & then it cleared

off beautifully with a brisk cold N.W. wind. J. didnot catch anything but a lot of small chub, 2 parties have been down the river before us one about a month & the other about two weeks ago. 1<sup>ST</sup> party there were 10 lawyers from Clearfield, & the second, 1 men one the editor & a grocery man from C.

Monday July 22. 78. - We got up leisurely and determined to go down to "spruce river" which comes in on the right bank of the river about 3 miles below here, but being out of milk & eggs J. went up to the house to get some but they had none & the cows were away. So we packed up. When just ready to start the boys came to tell us the cows had come but we thot. we would not go back then. About a mile we came to a house on the left bank. This was where Miles told us a "Mullato" lived. We didnot know where we would come to another house so we got milk & butter then we ran a rift long & rough & rocky & came out in a beautiful pool. There we spied on the right bank a small log house (all the houses are log) & about 2 acres of cleared land & stopping we got a loaf of bread & e eggs for 13 cents & two fish hooks; our first barter. The man & woman were both pleasant & wanted us to come again. Another mile of forest round a bend & we heard the roaring of a brook. This we thought must be Spruce Run, so we landed & set about making camp. It was about 2 in the P.M. We lunched, put up the tent & then J. went off to try his luck with his rod while I got firewood & fixed up things generally. ( Miles told us that when we camped on his place we were then in the worst place for rattle snakes & copperheads. He said that about 4 sq. miles of this part right here had never been burned & that snakes were very plenty, that he

had killed 5 copperheads this summer at his house & on the porch & two rattlers. When J. was away Sunday P.M. he stopped to pick rasp. b. along the road & first as he was picking or reaching for some he heard one rattle at his feet. He said he got out of that. I have not seen one yet. Miles was raised in Potter Co. & is well acquainted with "Uncle Ezra". Towards eve. J. came back with two small trout but he reports the brook full of them tho. small. His hook was too large. - The stream is an old logging stream & all the solid timber being cut away, the trout have come back to it. It is about as large as our backwoods creek, rather smaller, & perfectly clear. The clearest we have come to yet & is so cold that we use it for drinking water & to keep our butter & milk in. We came near having an end of our small kettle today. While J. was off I was boiling some peas. I put the kettle on & was fixing something not very near the fire & when I came back the kettle was on its side down in the ashes. I thot. the whole thing was spoiled but picked out the burned pease & the kettle proving sound tho. burned I put more water in & let them boil & they were all right. A hard wind has been blowing all day from the N.W. & it is really cold tonight & smokey. It blew hard all day yesterday too. The country is very much the same. All wood with only here and there an acre or 4 or 5 of cleared & cultivated land. It is much wilder than up near Clearfield. We have learned by going hungry one or two days that when ever we see a house we must stop & get provs.

Tuesday July. 23. 1878. - It was cold last night & was cold this morn. till we got a

fire. We got up early after & after breakfast I started out to fish. I walked up an old road on the left bank of Spruce Run till the stream forks, then down the fork which is very small & finally goes into the ground & comes out again about 100 yds. below till I struck the main stream, then up a road on its right bank about a mile & struck the stream & fished down. It was very small, but very wild & beautiful running down thro. a narrow glen. All the timber had been cut off and the place just left & the logs & trees so rotten that if you stepped on them they would sink way in, and the moss was most luxuriant. The stones were so covered that if the moss was an inch above the water you would get wet if you stepped upon it. The trout were quite plenty tho. very small and were taken some with a fly and others with a grasshopper. There were quantities of "skipper" butterflies all along the stream. I fished down the stream to where they join & then walked down the road. Stopping on the way to investigate an old logging camp where I saw a dead porcupine. Reaching camp & counting any trout I found that I had caught 27 weighing just 1  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. Then we had a glorious cold bath & after lunch J. went out to try his luck, leaving me in camp. - After cleaning up, I took my canoe & went about 1 mile down the river after provs. It was hard work as the water is very low tho. not at its lowest. It seems as tho. the further we go the less water there is in the river. It has fallen over a foot since we have left Clearfield. After much bargaining with a woman I got a pie some butter & 3 qts. of milk for .50 cents. She declaired the kettle held 3 qts. After a long and labourious paddle against rifts & thro. shallow water I reached camp & found J. at work on his 13 trout. Then making up a log fire we turned in.

Wednesday, July 24. - 1878. We determined to go about 4 miles downstream to "Birch Island" today where we heard there was a good trout stream. It was cold again last night but we put the poncho over our feet & did not feel it so much it was about 10 o'clock & we ran slowly along down a rocky rift in the river wh. bends around to the right while on the left bank towers a precipitous cliff of rocks. We stopped at a beautiful little stream about like Spruce Run & got a drink then on again down shallow rifts wading & dodging behind rocks then finally to a long stretch of quiet water with "Birch Island" at the end of it. The river was so shallow where the creek comes into it that we had to wade all across the river & could scarcely get the boats along even then. We had our lunch & then made a camp in a grove of trees on the left bank of the river just below the mouth of B.I. creek. Pitching the tent I took my rod & went fishing according to the directions of a small boy who talked to us while at lunch. He said he was working for a man named Gaines who lives on the opposite side of the creek. Two women live there who have Goitures on their necks. I walked up the creek part way & then struck a road. Followed that up a mile ( In some places it is just cut out of the side of a precipice & almost overhangs the creek) then went down to an old road that runs along the left branch of the stream thro. a piece of low ground that was grown full of the most delicious blackberries. Lots & lots large, sweet & ripe. Fire had been all thro. here about a year ago or last spring & had cleared all before it and split up the rocks. In two places land slides had carried away the old road but I finally came to the dam, all was burned up except the shoot wh. was still

good. Just below it was a most beautiful pool almost circular about 100ft. diam. & about 30 ft. in the middle. I could not bear to fish in there right off & so kept on further up, about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile. I sat on an old log slide & put my rod together & was already & began to pull out the required length of line when snap. The tip broke short off on the ferrule. I cut the end off & wedged it in & began to fish. At first I could not get a rise. But as I got towards the dam (which is now only a widening of the stream over a small mud flat) I began to catch them. Just at the mouth of the stream I caught my big one he weighed 5 oz. very light in color being in a sunny pool. Then I cautiously approached the pool at the foot of the dam at first I tried grasshoppers but they didnot bite very well. Then I put on my leader, brown hackle & red ibis. Then I caught 4 moderate sized ones & started for home. I came down the cr. wh. is (the bed) broad & stony with few pools. On my way when near camp I passed an old log house. The front of it about 12 ft. high made out of 5-logs. I had caught in all 8 trout & got lots of blackberries. I did want to take a swim in the pool but it was too late. J. had been to the house & got eggs & milk & we soon had supper.

Thursday July 25<sup>th</sup>. 1878.- We were very cold again last night. Got up early & had breakfast of fried trout & eggs as we ran out of bread & could get none yesterday. We have at last learned how to cook fish. They would stick to the bottom of the frying pan, but these were dry when we put them in & they didnot stick atall. J. went off fishing & left me in camp. I partly fixed up & back to bed & didnot get up till near noon when he came back with 13 trout, one 6 oz & one 4

½. He went up a little above where I did & fished down to the dam. Then getting bread & milk we had a good dinner. Then I wrote for a while & taking a kettle for blackberries went out fishing. I walked up to where the stream leaves the road & fished up stream. At the 1<sup>st</sup>. pool I caught 4 moderate sized ones. When I got up near the dam I had quite a good string. On the way I passed a dead hedgehog, this is the 3<sup>rd</sup>. one I have seen. Trout didnot bite in the pool so I picked blackberries & soon had the kettle full. It was about sunset & when I tried fishing they bit lively. I caught 10 & that finished my bait; then I put on a leader with 3 flies & they jumped very lively, but would not take hold. Soon one took off my brown hackle. It was getting dark so I stopped fishing and putting the fish on two strings started for camp & after a rough walk down stream got in after dark. On weighing the trout & counting them they weighed 4 lbs. & numbered 24; The largest weighed 5 oz. Rattlesnakes are very bad here. A boy told us that he had killed 3 the day before we got here & there is a little dog at the house now just getting over the bites of two, Tho. I looked for them on any this p.m. it was in vain. It was a capital afternoon for fishing; thick clouds & sort of hazy.

Friday July. 26. 1878. - We were awakened very early by hearing a rifle shot & by a man excitedly calling his dogs. Then it was still again & we went to sleep, to be awakened by a great splashing in the river & hearing excited voices. I jumped up & rushed out to see what it was & found that a large buck had run up the river close (about 10 rods past our camp) And after standing a while on the end of the island had gone across. They put a dog on his trail & he ran back over the

mountain but soon came back. By this time the other two dogs had come to the river on his trail so they took the three across and they were soon out of hearing back on the mountains. The dogs had been put out early in the morn. & had driven this deer into the river below our camp. A man was watching & shot at it but missed it & it had run up the river by us & then gone across just about 10 min. before I awoke. The man talked to us a while & then started down the river. We met him later, with the dogs. The deer had come in & then gone off again. They went out gigging last eve. There were 4 fellows two with spears or gigs & one with a torch & one with a bag to carry plunder in. The torch was pitch pine split into long thin strips & tied together. One man carried it over his shoulder wading in the river & the spear men each side. The torch gave a very bright light and it was very wild looking being very dark. They started below our camp and waded up stream & caught quite a lot. It looked like rain but we packed up & got under weigh about 11 oclk. We were about 6 miles from Keating. We waded across the river from our camp "Birch Island Camp" & wading & paddling slowly along we passed a hill crowned with a high wall of rock. Then quite a tract of cultivated land on the left bank. Then we passed a blacksmith shop (the first we have seen) & then got stuck on a rift. The rain wh. was threatening all the morn. now came down in good earnest & our caps & hatches did good services. The shower passed off & we stopped for lunch at a little spring & finished our blackberries. About a mile below here we stopped as it was drizzling & looked like rain. We camped near Burn's run. It was a poor place & dismal anyhow. We had to pitch the tent & fix up in the rain. Then it stopped long enough to let J. get

to a house for provs. & met him coming back. Pigs & cows were numerous but not troublesome. As we landed a man came & talked to us, he was a queer looking specimen, short & stout & bare footed coal black hair long & curly. Tho. pretty bad looking he was good hearted & offered to lend us a spade to dig a trench round the tent for rain. He said there were lots of trout in Burns run, but they were very scarey. We made up a good fire & turned in on hard uncomfortable beds.

Sat. July 27. 1878. - It rained a good deal last night but we kept pretty dry. I got pretty wet yesterday afternoon but dried out in the eve. It looked like a nice day tho. heavy clouds were drifting from the north. J tried fishing up the run but he could not catch anything & said there was a beaten path to all the pools. We packed up & got off pretty soon. About a mile & a half we ran two rifts & fish dams & came round a bend in the river in sight of the R.R. bridge across the Cinnamahoning Creek where was the town Keating. It seemed rather odd to see cars again. Early this morn. we heard a whistle & J. looked at one in amazement & said "Wat's that?". J. went up to mail letters & make some purchases. He soon came back & said that the town consisted of quite a respectable hotel a station & a store & had 3 inhabitants a baggage man & telegraph operator & postman all in one, a storekeeper & a man hauling sand. Bill "the storekeeper" was out in a field cutting hay & the store was locked up. So J. went after him & after sundry callings Bill came & unlocked the store & J. got what he wanted excepting ham or fresh meat. He debated whether to go up the Cin. Cr. to the east branch & try

fishing up there. It is said to be very good there. But it looked like too hard work so we bid adieu to Keating & started down stream. The Cin. cr. is not quite so large as the Susq. but it looked like a nice river. Below here the river is deeper & broader & not so rapid tho. the country is much the same, tho. not so wild. More settlements & houses. The R.R. follows the left bank. About 4 miles below K. we stopped for lunch & to have a rest & tho. it was early yet the place looked so nice that we thot. we would camp. It is a little bluff about 12ft. above the river in a most beautiful open woods, large birch trees; about 100ft. from the edge of the river rises a hill & not 200 ft. off are 4 little, cold springs. While pitching camp we saw a man across the river walking along the road & said to J. there was a hand organ. J. laughed but in 3 or 4 min. we heard the sweetest imaginable strains floating around among the hills, pieces from the latest opera &c. We got all but eggs & those we could not get. A young man & a boy came past who had been fishing in the run by Nelson's place below our camp on the right bank. He said the trout were pretty wild. He quite a while & gave us two bottles of "grasshoppers", quite an acceptable gift. An old man went past, who lives below us, who stopped a while & a party of little boys came & talked & looked & remarked on the various articles. It was quite amusing. We have seen a good many (4 or 5) tramps already & fear they are pretty bad.

Sunday July 28. 1878.- Pretty cold last night. We didnot get up till late & slowly set about getting breakfast. While cooking a man & 3 little boys named Hood Smith who lives just a little up the river came & talked a while. Then I went up to

his house & got some bread, milk, sweet corn &c. While J. went across the river & got eggs.- We had a late breakfast about 11 oclk. It is a most glorious day for running down river, good wind, & the river rose about 3 in. last night. A man named Nelson who lives below us & who is the son of the old man who went past last eve. stopped & talked a while, on his way past. There is no road on this side but a sort of path along which the neighbours travel. In the P.M. we read & wrote & cooked some rice talking in the meantime to a young man from across the river, a nephew of Hood Smith above us. Hood seems like quite a nice man & has a very neat place tho. the house is a log cabin, he is an ex-county tax collector. His children have the best attempt at neatness that we have seen. In the evening he came down to bring us some milk & sat & talked some time about the R.R. etc. We are camped on the right bank of the river about 1 ½ miles above West Port wh. is on the mouth of Kettle Cr. We had intended going up it & fishing wh. we hear is very good, but we have learned this year the law changed from the 15<sup>th</sup> of Aug. to the 1<sup>st</sup> so we cannot fix it. We named our camp "Eclipse," tho. it didnot amount to anything here. Hood S. killed quite a large rattlesnake with 10 rattles this p.m. while walking on the mountain. And not long ago one in his house under the bed. Copperheads are also very numerous, 7 were killed in one day's mowing in a hayfield opposite us. Yesterday when J. gave my letter to the postmaster "Bill" he asked if it was overweight. The man said "I've got no balances. It looks pretty heavy but I guess its all right." Fish dam run is a pretty good trout stream, it comes in by "Nelson's" house. The young man who gave us the Grasshoppers had been fishing there & had some pretty nice ones but he said

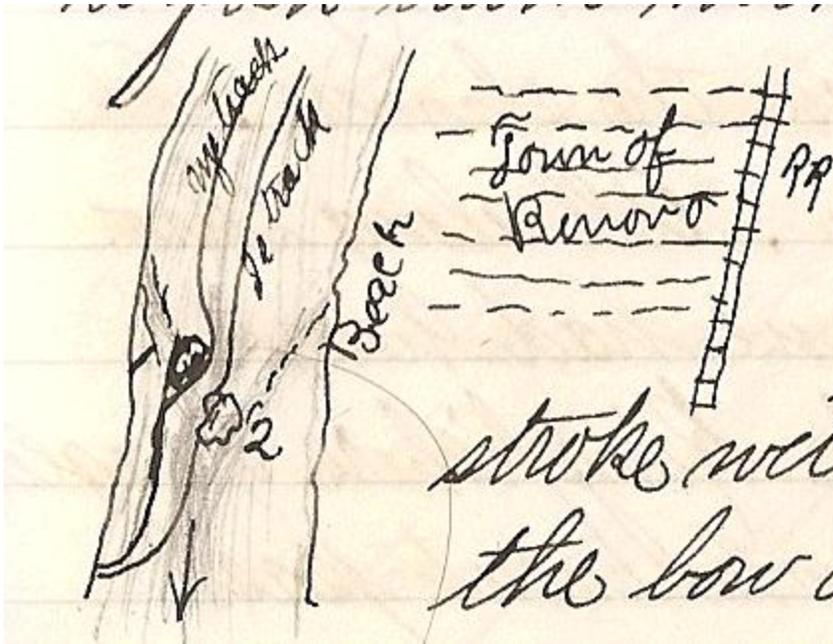
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stream was pretty well fished & that they were wild. His name is Stewart & is a brother in law of Col. Noyce's<sup>8</sup>, state treas. who lives at West Port.

Monday July 29. 78.- We got up early & determined to go a good distance as we wish to get past Elmira as soon as possible. It seemed a little like rain but we thot. it would turn out a nice day. We stopped at West Port, looked at Col. Noyce's house wh. stands on the river bank just above the mouth of Kettle Cr. A nice little place, fences all white washed &c. I mailed some letters & p.c. & made some purchases. Then paddling against a head wind, light, we came to Renovo. Boys innumerable thronged the beach & we heard again our organ grinder who passed us up the river. Renovo is quite a place; two or 4 churches, several iron works, saw mills, etc. & several hotels. We didnt stop but paddled right along. The beach extends almost a mile. Just at the end of the town we came to a fish dam with two large rocks in it. J. was just a little ahead of me & in trying to run thro. between the rocks he got too far out & instead of making a back stroke with the paddle to right let the current swing the bow around, he ran ahead & got caught

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<sup>8</sup> Haines misspells again, it is Col. Amos Noyes who is State Treasurer at this time.

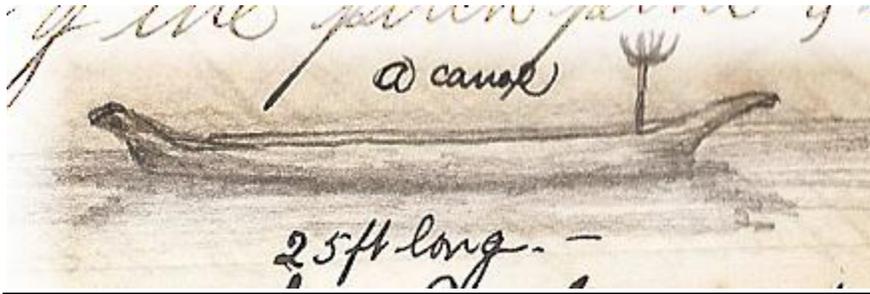


sideways on one of the rocks (2). The current was deep & strong & he could not get off for a minute or two & in the meantime he tipped & lost flag & a handkerchief & got a good deal of water in, about 3 in. above the floorboards. It did not wet anything excepting a little of the lunch & J's litter paper & a few things of not much importance. I was close behind J. but by a back stroke (wh. J. greatly despises) I got into the current between the rocks & got thro. all right & picked up the handkerchief & flag. He landed just below & bailed out & went ahead, soon we came to a long reach of quiet water and as the wind was pretty fresh up stream we ran in to the shore & ate lunch. Then it came on to drizzle and as that was no fun we decided to camp. The place was shallow & we had to wade to shore. It had now stopped drizzling & we soon had the tent up & when pretty well fixed the rain came on and it did rain hard; towards eve. (we stopped about 2K.) it slacked up & we cooked supper between the showers. Then built up a good fire & turned in. All along thro. the mts. above Keating every night we

had heard whip-poor-wills, & seen innumerable Kingfishers & eagles. We learned from a man & a boy who went past along the beach past us that we are camped opposite Hyner's Station.

Tuesday July 30. 1878.- Cloudy & strong breeze up the river & as it looked as if it might come on to rain at any minute we thought it best to stay here all day. It rained pretty hard in the night and blew pretty strongly but we kept dry. A man from across the river & one who lives up the river about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile came while we were at breakfast. The man up the river is named Mayor & is one of a family of hunters. They do scarcely anything but hunt & fish & send their game to Renovo & other towns. J. went across to the station for provs. & I wrote & cleaned up. When J. came back I went up to Mayor's house for eggs & green corn. There is quite a large house & barn but the place is most shabbily kept. On the beach were two dugout canoes. One had an Iron crate in near the bow. It stood about 4 ft. high from the bottom of the canoe & was just cross-bars of iron in wh. they place pitch pine for spearing fish at night. We have passed lots of these dugouts. They are easily handled, draw only about 3 in. of water loaded, are about 30ft. long and two ft. beam. In deep water they are paddled & in shallow poled from the bow. I could not get any corn but got eggs. We didnot do much about camp, wrote some, took a swim & did some washing. Towards eve. J. tried to make a set line & went up to the house & got some milk & eggs & on the way back filled his pockets with apples to make apple sauce. We cut up the apples, put them in the big kettle filled with water & fixed it over the fire to boil all night. We

watched a boat of men spearing fish (by the light of the pitch pine & then turned in.)



Wednesday July 31<sup>st</sup>. 1878.- The weather looked more settled today tho. the wind was light & variable. The applesauce was first rate & we kept it for lunch. The water had risen a good deal & all things were propitious for a good day's work (we got the lunch ready the night before) & were soon underweigh. It was early & deliciously cool in the shadows of the mts. The high water made a good current & we could run anywhere without danger of a rock. The country is here, much more settled & oil trains on the Rail Road are constantly passing. There are a great many nice young orchards all thro. this part. Agents come thro. from Rochester & the trees are shipped by R.R. We ran side by side & ate lunch & then coming to the dam at Queen's run, we tried to sail but the wind was too light. Queen's run dam or the upper dam at Lockhaven is about 4 miles above the town of L. The fall is about 4 feet. There was not quite enough water in the shoot to run it but on the left side of the dam the logs were lower & made a sort of shoot. We both ran thro. safely, didnot touch. It was splendid, we went very fast. We were afraid to put up our aprons & tho. the waves were pretty high we didnot ship a drop. Paddling along in the dead water of the L. dam, we came to the boom & took the wrong side but, discovering our error in time we got out

between two of the logs without getting out. L. is some what larger than Renovo. It has several churches & hotels, J. mailed some letters & also got some, & purchased a hat for me as mine was so used up that I left it at Birch Island. While J. was gone some boys made numerous inquiries about the boats &c. all of wh. I answered with as near possible truth as I saw fit. I am afraid people have very rogue notions of where we come from. We generally come from the largest towns we have passed & are going to the next one. (These answers are to those who are the inquisitive) We examined the L. shoot but there was a splash on it so we could not run it, & there was scarcely enough water going over the dam, tho. while we were looking at it some logs went over, but they rolled down the apron.- We carried down the breast near the shoot, and were off again. The dam or fall is about 14 ft., a very high dam. We paddled around an island, on the longest side & worked on till sunset & tho. against our principle we thot. of stopping at the hotel of Jersey-Shore, on the left bank. We passed Pine Creek, a dark & colored stream wh. comes in from the left & there when getting pretty dark we came to the island at J-Shore. But not seeing the town we asked a man he said it was 5-miles & that we would come to Pine Cr. if we kept on. We knew that was a stretcher and coming round a bend we saw the lights & the bridge. J. had been here before & recognized the hotel. He went to investigate & all things proving satisfactory we carried the cs. up on to the side porch & had supper. The first time we have been inside of a house for so long a time or taken a meal in a house for over 3 weeks. Examining the register we found the names of the Stokes' s party &c. Met a man here who showed me a map he had. It is a state

map & has all the towns with a register of inhab. & lines crossing at right angles so that you can find any place

however small in a moment. We took a short walk thro. the village after tea.- 40 miles even today.

Aug. 1<sup>st</sup>. Thursday. 1878.- Maclellan, the hotel keeper, called us early & packing up we were soon on our way. The hotel is called the Globe Hotel and is about 3 squares below the bridge & right on top of the bluff. We did yesterday the biggest day's work we have ever done and estimate it a little over 40 miles. The river was still high and we made good time paddling. We soon came to a good cold spring & an elegant place for a swim & could not resist the temptation. By the time we came out a breeze had sprung up and we hoisted our sails. This was the upper part of the W. Port dam. As we went further the breeze freshened and when we got to the R.R. bridge & boom we sailed very fast. The boats keep very well together, now (since the sails were altered from last year) sailing. Numbers of men & boys were at work on the raft & logs and shouted to us a good deal. We inquired for Col Huey's house and hearing that it was right on the canal we carried into it at Lycoming Cr. aqueduct. There was a lock just here wh. we also carried round & then learned that Col. Huey's house was 2 miles down the canal (more like  $\frac{3}{4}$ ). It was about 3 oclk. & a heavy thunderstorm was approaching. We paddled along running under the low drawbridges over the canal at the street crossings & after stopping under one or two while it rained the hardest we finally came to the house. It was still raining but I ran up to the house & rang & knocked but could get no answer as the house looked shut up feared they were

all away. I went across the street & inquired & learned that all had been away & that Col. H. & his son J. Wistar had just come home. I went back and tried again and this time succeeded in getting in. I introduced myself & J. & he told us to come right in & helped us unpack our boats. We lifted them over the fence onto the porch. Col. ordered a hasty dinner & then took us out driving, we had already been to the P.O & J. got a lot of letters but none for me. However on our drive we stopped & Col. H. went to the P.O. Master Gen. and got him to look over the letters to be returned & then I got two. We drove out to the Cemetery thro. the principal street of the town, back on a hill wh. commands a fine view of the town and then home, down thro. the timber piles & sawmills. There are some very fine and handsome places along thro. the town. The Catawissa depot is further down the canal while the Elmira & Williamspt. depot is about a mile up town. Mrs. H. & the youngest children are at the sea shore. The town is quite a pretty one and mostly built from lumber, but that business is not so paying as it was and the fine houses are changing hands. One house was entirely covered with trailing vines. We sat in the parlor till late & then went to bed.

Friday Aug. 2<sup>nd</sup>. 1878.- Col. called us early and after breakfast packed the boats crossways on a wagon & I rode up to the depot with them (J. with Col. H.) The depot is over a mile from the house & just at the back of the Herdick House, quite a fine hotel. The train was 30 min. late. At first the bag. master would not ship the cs. but Col H. telegraphed to the gen. agt. and taffied<sup>9</sup> the man & he was

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<sup>9</sup> Taffy: Flattery

then very obliging. We put them in the bag. car and bid adieu to Col. H. & started for Elmira. While waiting at the depot a gentleman caught sight of the cs. & talked quite to J. I was busy with the bag. man & could not leave but J. said afterwards that he was quite a canoeist. Used a Rice Lake boat & travelled alone. R.L. boats not troublesome to pole up rapids as you can stand up in them. He said that he was upset on Queen's Run dam. He had a fellow in with him who got scared & jumped out upsetting the boat. A friend of his started to go alone to Baltimore down the Susq. He got down to the last falls all right and then nothing more was heard of him till his canoe & body were found floating in the bay. No one knows what happened or how.- He had been over our route so far & all the way on down to the bay. I wanted very much to get a chance to speak to him but the arrival of the train ended further talk. The R.R. Elm. & Lopl. runs up along the Lycoming cr. then across to a cr. flowing into the Chemung below Elm. We ran the cs. onto the platform among a crowd of men. A man rushed up to me in an authoritative sort of way and fumbling some papers, that I for the instant took to be telegraph dispatches, said "where do you come from?" The first place that came into my head was Clearfield so I said C.- Then I saw thro. it at pace, he was a reporter. At first I thot. he was an express agt. or bag. agt. & that something was wrong about the cs. as nothing was paid on Transportation. I was trying to find men to help us carry our cs. down to the river and he would get in the way, but when I thot. of a reporter I didnot say a word & he went to J.- Then up came a depot express man and we again put the cs. on crossways, taking up almost a whole street, and were at the river in a few moments. It's about ½ mile or more

from the depot to the place to launch the cs. into the river, below the R.R. bridge. We put them in & I went off after letters & a gridiron & stuff to make a set line of etc.- The river was about 3 ft. above its usual level and a hard tho. squally wind was blowing down stream. We hoisted our sails and soon left Elmira in the distance. It was about 3 o'clock in the p.m. About 3 miles down we passed quite a large camp, 2 or 4 wall tents &c. They were from Elmira, we did not stop. The river is entirely different from any that we have been on. The trees maple & elm hang out over the water and some are covered with vines wh. droop to the water so that you can run between them & the shore, and are hid from the river. In some places the vines (5 finger & grape) cover the trees so that you can't see them at all. The river is full of islands all along & as the water is so high (muddy) you can run all thro. among them and pick out narrow, deep, and almost dark channels of all sizes between the trees. The country is a fine dairy country & has quite exclusive flats along the bottoms, but back are low cultivated hills with here & there a patch of woods. This country along the Chemung is a rich farming country. As we came to an island J. took one side & I the other. He said that on his side there was a large camp, 2 or 3 wall tents. A little below here we stopped for dinner. It was not a nice place but we were hungry. While there, two boys came up the river walking. They said that they were camping just below here & asked us to come & see them, as we started on we passed the camp & talked a while but did not get out. They were from Elmira, about 10 young men & had one wall tent. They were moving higher up the bank as the water was rising so fast that it had already covered some of the tent pins. Wind dying, we paddled along

looking for a camping place. We stopped on the upper end of an island but mosqs. were too bad & it was not a very nice place & so kept on. Around a bend in the river on a bank we came to a large herd of cows, & men milking. So we got out the Kettle & J. went up & they gave us a kettle full. J. went further back to a house & got some butter & eggs, while I talked to the men who came to see the boats. A little further on we came to a nice pasture field with good short grass and a grove of butter-nut trees. Here we carried up the boats & cooked supper. Then I went up to the house & talked to the farmer & had another kettle of milk given us. We spread the tent on the ground & rolled up in our blankets with the starts for a roof. This is the first time we have not put up the tent to sleep under when out. The Chemung is full of old dams that have been torn out in the middle, so we can get thro. without any trouble. The air over the river this eve. was just full of the Ephemerae; they made quite a cloud. ~ Camp Bull~

Sat. Aug. 3, 1878.- Got up at sunrise after a wakeful night on account of the cows wh.were unfortunately turned in here for the night after we stopped. They kept prowling round and we were afraid they might step on the canoes. I got up several times in the night & drove them away but they didnot harm us. The river had fallen a few ins. during the night but it was still high water. We paddled along in the cool shade of a high hill then over an old dam & under a R.R. bridge about 200 yds. below wh. we crossed the state line & then ran under quite a pretty small suspension bridge. We have run under two or three.- Paddling against a head wind brot. us to Athens. J. mailed some letters & got some provs.

& lunch & we paddled down below the town, tied fast to some overhanging trees in the shade & ate lunch & took a nap in the boats till the flies got too hungry. There was a low dam here wh. we easily ran over, not more than a foot. About ½ mile brot. us to the mouth of the Chemung (where it empties into the Susquehanna; the latter is rather larger than the C.- ) The view down the Susq. was magnif., a broad sheet of water with islands & here & there a riffle. On the left bank just at the junction of the two rivers was a high perpendicular wall of rock. We could only see a short distance up the N. Branch Susq. It looked very pretty & quiet. I paddled on down the Susq. & stopped & waited for J. who went up the N.B. to a farm house & got some milk. Then we made a nice camp in a fence corner by a very cold spring.

Sunday Aug. 4. 1878.- We got up pretty late. I went up to a house & got some eggs & milk & then we had breakfast. Last eve. we heard something outside of the tent moving about & feared another snake, but we heard it jump & this morn. found it was red squirrels. They woke us up chattering. Toads & frogs frequently jump against the tent. An Irishman named Brown owns the land and came down about sunrise & talked a while & gave us a lot of apples, we in the meantime made up our set-line. Then an old man (pretty deaf) who owns the next farm came & talked & I thot. he never would go away, but he finally did. J. swam across to Cherry Island, a little island opposite the camp to see if the cherries are any good. He found lots & lots but they are rather bitter. They look just like black cherries & grow on little bushes about 2

to 3 ft. high with a willow leaf. I in the meantime read & wrote & after supper we put out the setline. The farmers own land here that is cleared along the river frontage but runs back in long strips of a mile or two up on the hills wh. are timbered lightly. Bottom land is worth about \$100 per acre. It used to be bot. for a shilling. About 9 oclk. this morn. there passed our camp going down the river a flat bottomed scow with a small skiff fastened in the front. A man was rowing the skiff & in the "flat" were two men with blankets & camp equipage. They had an awning over the scow & looked very comfortable, two little U.S. flags floated from the top of the awning. We had heard yesterday that a party was expected from Binghamton & we supposed this is it. We didnot hail & they didnot see us.

Monday Aug. 5. 1878.- We caught two large eels on our set line, they weighed 1 ½ lbs. apiece. We made some corn fritters last eve. & they were very nice. We took a good drink at our cold spring (it is one of the coldest we have come to yet) but the water is slightly hard as are most of the springs along here, and were soon on our way again. It was very hot on shore but a nice tho. opposing breeze was blowing up stream & it was very pleasant working. We soon passed Ulster on the right bank & running several old dams we came to Tonawanda<sup>10</sup>. There was a most exciting and curious current (whirlpool) here under the R.R. bridge but we ran it safely and stopped at a landing. I went up to mail letters & see if we could get any, but there were none. Got some ham & bread & were off. Quite a

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<sup>10</sup> Haines misspells again, he means Towanda.

crowd of people came down & talked to J. & one man said "there are 100 people in this town who have seen boats like that, yes, 200, I am going to tell them" & away he went but we got off before he came back. The river makes a large bend to the north here & we ran round it first thro. a herd of cows wh. were much astonished & then chasing a flock of wild ducks, Red Heads. Below Wysauking<sup>11</sup> we came to a beautiful eddy where we saw the Bing. party anchored & fishing. I stopped a minute or two & talked to them. There were three, an old man & two younger fellows, they had blankets, an "A" tent, & a portable stove. They use the tent as an awning during the day and at night camp on the shore. They said they were going to camp near Frenchtown & as we were too, I said "We'll try it together" & they said all right & we parted. About a mile below was "Standing Stone" & in the river on the right bank is a large white stone standing uprights. It is a very conspicuous mark & is said to have been placed there by the Indians. It was thundering all around us and a heavy squall was blowing down river so we hoisted our sails and with ticklish steering ran down about a mile, past the stone. (I think this was the fastest sailing we ever have done. In getting out my sail some part of it fouled & before I could right it, wh. took but a few minutes, J. was a mile ahead.) & then paddled owing to a bend till we came by directions to a very cold spring of hard water. Here we made a camp; about 1 mile above Frenchtown. I put up the tent & J. went up to a house & had some milk given him & we soon had a good supper; after wh. a man & boy came down & talked quite a while very intelligently about horses.

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<sup>11</sup> Misspelled, Wyalusing.

After dark there came on a gentle shower & we turned in amid a cloud of buzzing mosquitoes. Below Towanda wh. is quite a little town, coal to some extent, we came to a high perpendicular cliff called the "Red Rocks" & below here there were high cliffs all along. Just above here we came to a place where we had the most perfect double echo I ever heard. "Susquehanna Camp"

Tuesday Aug. 6<sup>th</sup> 1878.- It didnot rain any amount last eve. We didnot see anything of the party last eve. but the passed us again just as we were starting off. We stopped at the head of a rift to see if we could get any crabs, clippers, or helgramites for bass bait, but some men there for the same purpose said that the water was too high. As we came near Frenchtown, two little boys in swimming became alarmed and fled at our approach. I landed & went up to the town consisting of a store, two houses, & two or three barns. No mail, & could get no pies but at a farm house a fellow told me to go & get some apples wh. I did. They were very large & nice. Frenchtown on the right bank (the station is on the left) lies about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile from the river. On my way back, a fellow came to see the boats with me & as we went thro. a cornfield he said "whenever you want corn just go & get it, people wont mind it." We stopped just below at the ferry but could get no pies. J. tried fishing & had on a large bass wh. he played for a while but just as he was about to get him out, he jumped off. I was writing. We passed the Binghampton party's boat tied up to the shore. They stopped at Frenchtown. The river is too high & too muddy for fishing. It is 5 ft. above the usual level. We stopped alongside of a high rock in an eddy for lunch

& then, hearing thunder muttering round us, we went on. Below Rocky Forest the wind struck us. It was a regular squall & we soon had our sails up & fairly flew along. Then the storm catching us, we ran along shore under the shelter of some trees & vines, put up our aprons & kept pretty dry. It was a very heavy thunderstorm but didnot last very long. We thot. it would not pay to make up a wet camp & determined to stop at some nice looking house. Running some rifts & passing a magnificent waterfall on a stream, we came to "Laceyville." Below the town was a nice looking ferry house on the right bank, with some people playing croquet. We thot. that was the place, so J. made inquiries & we carried the cs. up & laid them on the grass. It was about dark. Being invited to join the croquet party we took a hand & it was quite amusing to hear the men who were playing (4 of them) talk. The man's name is Rosencrantz. He has quite a smart son about 15, who has rigged up a string telephone; he said it worked very well' he is also quite a musician.

Wednesday Aug. 7<sup>th</sup>. 1878.- We were awakened about 6 oclk. by the playing of the organ & were called down to a sumptuous breakfast. It had cleared off beautifully in the night & a good North wind was blowing down stream, so setting our sails we left Skinner's Eddy. The rocks along the river are mostly slate, and there are many caves or places washed out by the river. Yesterday after the first shower a second one came on, & we paddled under a ledge of rock projecting out over the river & kept perfectly dry. After passing Meshoppen & Mehoopany we came to a ledge a little above the water level under wh. we could

have carried both boats & made a fire & spent the night easily. We had a most delightful sail. The country is much wilder & comes much more abruptly down to the river than above. There are flats only on one side of the river & on the other side where the current runs against, are exposed high perpendicular cliffs showing the strata & dip of the rocks. As we came near Tunkhannock, we heard the puffing & saw the funnel of a little steam-boat. We had heard up the river that one had come down and was expected up. It had also come down from Binghamton to the Wyoming Centennial<sup>12</sup>. We lay behind the piers of the bridge to dress up & then went up to where the S. boat was. J. went up to the P.O. & I talked to the man in charge of the boat. He seemed like a very nice fellow. He had built the boat himself. It was about 25ft long & 9 wide. Was a side paddle boat, scow, & drew 6 in. water. He had been at Tunkhannock almost a week taking out excursion parties on the river. He said he was going on down & across to the Ohio & up the Mississippi & going to lay up somewhere for the winter & hunt & fish. There were two or three fellows with him. He said he had a Rob Roy canoe at home wh. he had built. (His name was I believe Frank Harding.) Bidding him good luck we hoisted our sails & without spreading the tent made supper & were ready to turn in. We made over 40 miles today & didnot work hard eaither, we hardly paddled any, only sailed.

Thursday Aug. 8. 1878.- Left nameless camp about 9 oclk. hoping to get thro. to Hawley tonight. (on the Lackawaxen Cr.) We hadnot gone far when J. became

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<sup>12</sup> 100 yr. Anniversary of the Battle of Wyoming.

sick. We ran ashore & J. lay down while I wrote. In about an hour J. felt well enough to go on so we paddled slowly along against a stiff breeze up stream. Then fastening the cs. together, I towed J. quite a distance. Coming round a bend made very rough by the wind against the current, we passed a beautiful waterfall on the left, & then came in sight of Pittston. We landed at the mouth of the Lackawanna Cr. & I went up in the town. At the depot I learned that the only way to get across was to take the D. & L. Road to Carbondale<sup>13</sup> & from there take the Gravity<sup>14</sup> road to Honesdale & then the Erie Road to Hawley. (The shortest & best way would have been to take the Gravity railroad direct from Pittston to Hawley, but they were not running.) The tic. agt. didnot seem very obliging. So after satisfying myself that there was only one other depot in town, & that was not the L.D.R.R., about 1 ¼ mile downtown, I went back to J. - At the other depot they were very obliging & said the best way would be to take the Penna. Coal Co. road right across to H. (gravity road). I went to the office & learned there that they had stopped running for the week. They said the best way would be to go by the 1<sup>st</sup> route. I found the train went out at 6.24 p.m. & then getting some lunch went back to J. It was about 3 p.m. We ran part way up the Lackawanna Cr.; the nearest point to the depot. Carried the cs. up onto the platform & went to see the tic. aft. he was much more agreeable this time & after a talking while, he asked me if I drank, but I declined, then he asked me if I smoked. He asked me also into his office & let me sit there out of the crowd. When the train came we tried to run

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<sup>13</sup> Coal town in Northeast, PA.

<sup>14</sup> Gravity refers to the type of railroad in this town, for which gravity was the only force utilized to move train cars.

the cs. into the bag. car but the man shut the door & would not take them in. The car was too short anyhow. The bag. agt. at station, frt. agt, & tic. agt. condoled with us & said there was another train at 9.24 p.m. but that only went as far as Scranton where we would have to lay all night. While talking it over with J. the express aft. for one of the hotels said if we would stay all night we could go down a mine. That settled the matter considering also that the morning train went right thro. & we were acquainted here now. So the frt. agt. let us put the boats in the frt. house where they were locked up safely. We then mounted the express wagon & road down town. And finding a man we went down one of the Penna. Coal Co's mines. It was not a very extensive one, but gave a good idea of how they are worked. We went to a rather poor hotel tho. nice called the Pittston Valley House, opposite the station. J. feels all right again this eve.

Friday Aug. 9 1878.- We finally decided the best & surest way & the least trouble would be to express our cs. across to Honesdale & take the Lackawaxen Cr. there & not go to Hawley. This route would save the Erie R.R. & give us the Cr. to run down. At Scranton the cs. were changed into a very small bag. car & it was well we got them expressed. All the men on this train were very much interested & the conductor pointed out various points of interest along the route. The road is laid with 3 gauges, E.R.R., P.R.R., & Gravity R.R. single track. The road runs up along the Lackawanna Cr. & is lined with miner's houses. Here & there are large coal breakers. The coal at Pittston is mostly owned by the Penna Coal Co., but the gravity road to Honesdale & the Canal at that place is the Hudson Canal Co. The conductor, when we reached Carbondale, told us where the hotel was & pointed

out the shops & plane & told us we might go anywhere. We walked thro. the shops & watched the coal cars go up the plane, then went to the Marcy House, where we got dinner & did some writing; the cs. in the meantime having been stored by themselves in a frt. car. After dinner we got in the cars & went up 8 planes all joining eachother; and when we reached the summit were let down 4. The view was beautiful, you could see miles & miles. In one place we caught a glimpse of the Catskills. There were little towers scattered all about in the valleys & the country is full of lakes.- Quite a fine one called Crystal Lake is about 4 miles from Carbondale, where there is good bass & pickerel fishing. The gravity road is about 15 or 20 miles long & the foot of the last plane is more than 10 miles from Honesdale. J. & I got good seats in the front car by ourselves & the breakman & conductor entertained us with the scenery (At Scranton a breakman showed J. in a Pittston paper the Following "Two Young men with their canoes, from Elmira, landed here last evening after journeying 5 days"). The road comes into Honesdale down the Lackawaxen Cr. & runs high above the canal so that the coal is shot down into the boats.- We left the boats in the car all night & went to the Allen house about 3 squares from the depot. After tea I inquired for the Supt. of the canal & went up to inquire about the Cr. & Canal. He was not at home (Mr. A.M. Atkinson), but I saw a young man who said that the cr. was pretty low & that there were about 6 or seven dams, that the dams had brackets on (for the canal) so that we could not run them. J. had started to call on an old schoolmate named Dimmick, but met him just as he was driving off with another fellow for a day's fishing (tomorrow). Honesdale is quite a pretty little town with

some very nice houses. It is rather larger than Carbondale & a good deal smaller than Pittston wh. is quite a young city & runs one horse car.

Sat. Aug. 10. 1878.- Went down to the depot & found the boats out of the car & quite a small crowd round looking at them. The express agt. said that the wagon would be back in a few minutes & he would then take them down to the river for us. When it came we put the cs. on crossways. J. got up in the front & I stood up behind with quite a crowd of the Nabobs of the town. The Supt. of the canal, the prop. of the hotel, & several other leading & probably influential citizens while the less influential (tho. not poor crowd & general rabble) walked on foot. We had never gone in such state before. We ran down the cr. about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile to a dam & guard lock of the canal. No way to get over the dam except lifting so we ran into the canal. Soon we came to a lock & carried round & paddled along, then we came to another, lifted round that & came to another. After this operation had been repeated several times it became decidedly monotonous & we determined to try the river (as they call the Lac. Cr.) We carried into it & soon came to a boom to keep sticks &c. out of the canal. We got around that & then came to a dam. We lifted over this & I scratched my foot pretty badly on some sticks. Then we came to another dam over wh. we lifted again & it also came on to drizzle. The cr. was a little larger than the Tacony at Cheltenham. Working slowly in this manner we got to Hawley. The rain came down pretty smartly here; we lifted over the dam here but alas, all the water was gone. We towed a little way & then lifted into the canal. Soon we came to a lock. Lifted again & came to another.

Here I went to the lockman & he locked us thro.; that was true luxury. We did that 3 or 4 times & the river looking so much larger & nicer we carried again into it. Just above Millville we came to a glorious rift. The rocks shut in & made a narrow gorge about 100 ft. wide. The stream was full of rocks & the fall got greater & greater till just at the last there was a regular little fall & at the bottom was a quiet, dark pool. On the left bank the wall of the canal rose almost perpendicularly 50 or 60 ft. It was very exciting work, you could not see a rock till you were almost on it. We both ran it safely & rested in the pool before taking the next one, wh. was pretty good also but very shallow. A shallow rift takes all the fun away, as if you get stuck, you are generally stuck for good, & you are all the time scraping over shallows, wh. is worrying without any actual danger excepting there is always a possibility of a sharp stone or slate wh. would be apt to cut a hole. In a deep rift & narrow tho. very swift & full of rocks; if the rocks stick out of the water, you can tell just where to go & if you run on a rock it's your own fault clearly & not the fault of the shallow water; moreover, if you do hit & stick fast, you are generally on the keel & not the canvass & can generally push off unless the canoe swings round sideways & hangs broadside on two rocks' then all the shoving is of no avail. To get out is the only way to get off. Below this we came to a dam & tho. the breast of a mile. All the water went into the canal so we lifted round a flood gate & ran down towards the canal in the race. When we got to the canal about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile below all the water went back into the river over an overflow, so we went back lifting again into the river. It was getting towards eve. & we had about 8 miles yet to go before reaching the Del.

where we wished to get before stopping. A good-deal of water came back into the river now from the canal & we got along better. But night overtook us & we were forced to camp. It looked a little like rain, but we were too tired to put up the tent so after cutting pines & stretching the "spare painter" over us to be all ready in case of rain, we spread the tent & drew it over us & were soon asleep. We were damped on the bank about 3 ft. above the water under some trees. I went after provs. but not being able to get any near walked down the river about ½ mile & crossed a suspension bridge & passing a store went to a nice looking farmhouse where they gave me all I wanted & laughed when I offered to pay, so I took a mental note of that house & the two pretty demoiselles therein; & came back rejoicing as our funds are running short. Some drunken fellows along the canal opposite, across the river, saw our fire & took us for "bums" & pronounced sundry blessings on us, but we let them growl. Our list of casualties today was as follows, 1<sup>st</sup>. General madness at the locks, rain, shallowness of river. 2<sup>nd</sup>. One of my shoes lost overboard just below a lock. 3<sup>rd</sup>. One of J. 's just at the head of the next lock. 4<sup>th</sup>. My other shoe in a rift. 5<sup>th</sup> A bad cut on my foot with sticks. 6<sup>th</sup>. A hole in J's canoe; cut by running it into the canal, off the bank, into the bow of mine; small hole & fortunately above the water line. There are 28 locks in the Del. & Hudson Canal between Honesdale & Hawley & about 8 dams between Honesdale & Lackawaxen (on the Del.) at the mouth of the cr. My shoes usually stay on deck (when wet) drying out in the sun just forward of the well; but they don't always stay. At the lock I had just taken them out of the well (after our "carry") & put them in their accustomed place & was getting in, off the bank, wh.

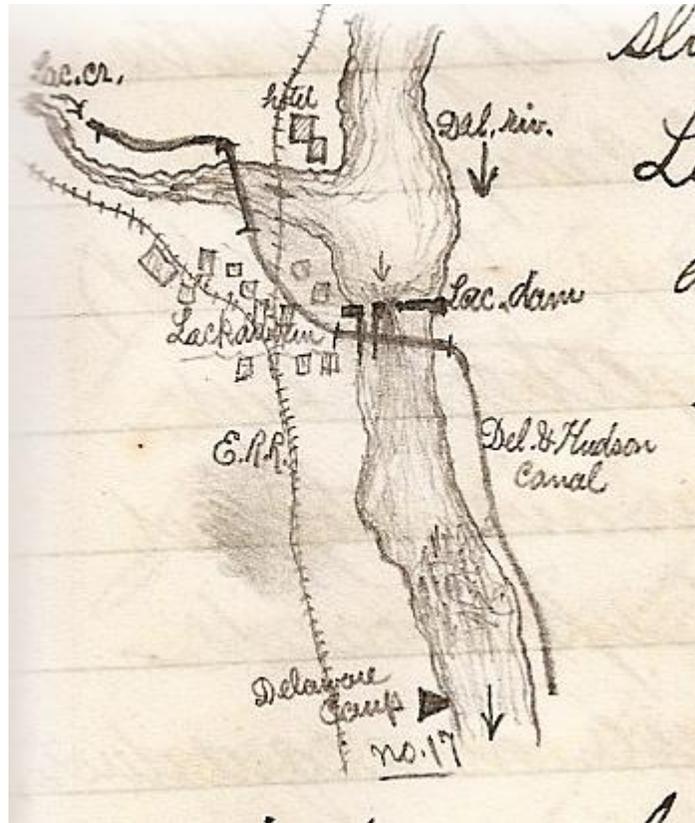
was pretty high. I sort of lost balance & I came near going out the other side thereby tipping the canoe so that one shoe quietly slid off & sank slowly out of sight. I watched him go & heard the delighted shout of the lockman, but could not let go my hold on the bank to grab at it till too late. It went down, down, no possible way to get it up. I made a momentary vow never to put shoes on deck again & turned as unconcernedly as possible away. When in the river I just put my one shoe out for a minute, but struck a rock & swung around & landed broadside & tipped. I could not let go of my paddle to grab the shoe & had to jump out to save the boat. Slowly, that shoe slid across the deck & gave a plunge. I was out & watching it but the boat lightened of my weight was lifted clear off the rocks & pressed so heavily against me that I could not take a step till it was gone. Well I stood then & looked & looked hard & thot. very hard indeed of such shoes as those, but all to no purpose & thankful that my boat was so much lighter. I got stuck on all the rocks in that rift & would have stuck on a sand bar at the foot if there had been any there. "Lackawaxen Camp."

Sunday Aug. 11. 1878.- We didnt like our camp here as the canal is just the other side of the stream & the E.R.R. at our backs so we determined to go down to the Delaware & camp at the first good place. We got off about 10 oclk. having several spectators. It was a very hot day. The river was very rapid & full of rocks. In places shallow & others deep. I was in & out of the c. all the time, getting stuck on rocks & shallows. If the water was 6 in. higher it would be exciting in the extreme. It was about 4 miles to Lackawaxen<sup>15</sup> from our camp, but it seemed the

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<sup>15</sup> Lackawaxen the town, not the river on which they are finishing canoeing.

longest 4 miles I ever went on a river. The volume of water is so small that the force of it is broken against the rocks & stones & tho. it makes a great dashing & roaring it does not flow half as fast as a river. Working is also slow as it requires care to get thro. a shallow & swift rift without touching. The stream is all one long rapid, no still water atall excepting little pools 50 or 75 yds. long, few, & far between. The first view we got of the Del. was most beautiful. We came round a bend in the cr. & saw a high R.R. bridge & aqueduct crossing the cr. & beyond a beautiful basin of dark blue water as if a pond was formed by the cr. without any outlet. Beyond in the background of the pond rose up a steep wooded hill & each side of the cr. was wooded except where the canal was. When we got to the mouth of the cr. we were on slack water & knew that it must be "the dam at Lackawax". We passed a very nice looking hotel on the left bank at the junction of the cr. & river, near the water & heard the dinner bell ring, but our small stock of funds bade us not stop so we went to investigate the dam. There were brackets up all across except just on the outside of the shoot for about 60 ft. & all the water in the river ran out in this one place (there was a "splash" on the shoot).



It did look splendid, the water went out in one long green slope perfectly unbroken except at the bottom where it shot up & was broken into a mass of foam, there were two or three long waves in the slope & it was splendid when the boats struck the foam at the bottom, it shot them right up & seemed as if they would go out of water. We neither of us shipped any and paddling down a rift we stopped on the Penna. side on a sandy beach. It was about 1 ½ or 2 p.m. J. went up to a house & got some lunch from a French family & we read & wrote & fixed up in the P.M. It looked like a dear night so we didnot pitch the tent but built a pen of 3 slabs making a 3 sided square with the fire at our feet & drawing the tent over us we had a sound sleep. I never saw such a place as this is for drift wood. There are cords & cords of it just the right size & length. We named our camp "Del. Camp." 3 slabs, one for a head board (we always have that) & two

side boards staked up hold things together & keep sand from getting scattered all over. When we stopped there was a nice little spring but it dried up towards eve. The canal crosses both the cr. & river on aqueducts. They are very high, 40 or 50 ft. & quite long. The E.R.R. only crosses the cr.

Monday Aug. 12. 1878.- We found this morn that the spring had awakened & had flooded our kettle containing milk, but we imagined it was town milk & used it up. Shoving out camp we paddled down a rift & looked up for crabs or clippers to fish with. We caught several & then fished & drifted along. The river is very beautiful & the rifts are good deep ones and pretty large. I think the Delaware is the nicest river we have been on. The water is very clear & blue. In the p.m. we kept up quite a distance with a man in a wagon driving along the tow path of the canal. We camped tonight in a place similar to that of last night minus the spring. We stopped above at a house & gotten supplies. We cooked our fish, about 7 or 8 little ones, & put out the set-line. "Sandy Camp"

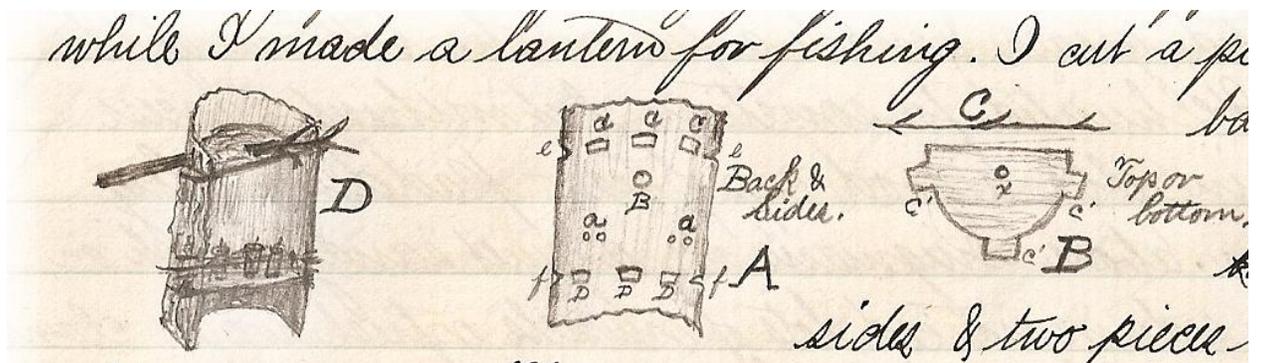
Tuesday Aug. 13. 1878.- Caught two eels & a chub on the line last night. It was very hot today & we slowly paddled along intending to camp below Port Jervis tonight. We passed several nice little hotels & about 3 miles above Port. came to a magnificent wall of rock on the Penna. side. It rose up perpendicularly from the water 1 or 2 hundred feet high. It extends about  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile along the river down from the R.R. bridge. Just at the bridge is Sawmill rift & above it in a bend in the river is Butter rift, a most splendid one very deep & high waves. To Port. from

the bridge there are no rifts of any account, it is only shallow swift water. At Butter rift J. shipped a good deal of water (The Grayling runs under much more than the Cheesmaun owing to build). He lost his sponge out just above, a bad loss in some places, as near Clearfield, as there is no place to get another. We stopped at Port Jervis & J. went up after letters & got a sponge. Our funds are at present reduced to \$3.xx. We ran two rifts & stopped where the river bends to the right & stopped on the rocks wh. line the left bank of the river, J. not feeling well enough to go on. Soon two everlasting small boys came along. J. groaned & looked as savage as possible. When they came up I didnot say a word or take any notice of them till they began to ask "Where cum from"? I looked at them fiercely & picking up my knife & feeling the edge said "Parlez vous francais? Me non parle Anglais."

"Are you going downriver?"

"Non"- very savagely. They evidently thot. we were dangerous & didnot venture anything further & went off about a "Stone's throw" & sat down to consult but the didnot disturb us again. It was thundering & soon began to rain. I had eaten lunch & making J. get up, we got in the cs. & put on capes & aprons to keep dry. It was quite a long & hard shower. We went down past Milford, safely over the rift where J. broke his paddle last year & got to "Rainy Camp," where we thot. of spending the night, about 4 p.m. It was still raining so we stayed in our cs. till it had mostly stopped. J. went off to a farm house & I got a fire started & cut tent poles. All was wet & disagreeable. There was no place to put the cs. so we tied them fast in the river & went to bed.

Wednesday Aug. 14. 1878.- A pleasant morn. tho. hot. We went down to Dingman's ferry & stopped for provs. After laying in a good supply and passing a very nice hotel, where I hear the Vanderbilt family are staying. I met J. up in an apple orchard & we then proceeded down river about a mile below the old piers of the bridge. There are some very pretty places to camp here. We stopped about the middle of the rift & landed on a shelving rock. Above this, on the bank was a very nice place to camp. We cooked dinner & put up the tent. J. put the fish gig together & went off to forage while I made a lantern for fishing. I cut a piece of hemlock bark like A for the back & the sides & two pieces like B for the top & bottom. The projections C'C'C' on B fitted into the holes CCC on A, for the top & the same for the bottom. Then 2 sticks like C went into the notches ff& ee, across & were tied round the back to hold all together. At "a" are seen holes where two parallel sticks went thro. between wh. were set the candles resting on the bottom. At B on A a stick went thro. & also thro. x on B for a hand wh. rested on the top cross stick as seen in D.



After supper, J. having made a successful forage, we put out the set-line & waded across the river. J. substituting an old rag for the lost shoe. Then we lit up

, J. carrying the gig & I the lantern. We saw some little eels about 18 in. long, but the prongs of the gig were too far apart & they got away. We waded in shallow strong riffles, about 6 or 8 in. deep. The eels seemed dazzled & would lie perfectly still coiled round the stones. The lantern gave a good light, but not bright enough nor did it cover enough ground. You want a light so that you can see the bottom for 20 or 30 ft. all round, but the lantern only lit about 10 ft. in front of us. The candles melted down pretty fast & we put strings in the melted grease & made a fire on the bottom of the lantern. We hunted for sometime, but without success & turned in after a good cup of tea.- Paddling along this morn. above Dingman's over a quiet sandy beach on the Jersey side, we noticed lots of mussels or fresh water clams in the sand. They lay in about 3 ft. of water with one end sticking out of the sand. We soon gathered the two kettles & one or two tins full & when we stopped at Camp we tried stewing them. They were cooked all right but were not very good, having a muddy taste & being partly tough. They might be good if soaked a day or two in salt water.

Thursday Aug. 15. 1878.- We did not catch anything on our set-line last night. J. went off after provs. but especially after two tomato cans to make a lamp of & also a little oil. In the meantime I made another lantern & when J. came back made a lamp. We cut the tops off the cans about half way down & fitted one to slip inside of the other upside down; then punched 3 holes in one & made rolls of tin from the tops of wick tubes. I wrote some & after dinner a man came from across the river & paid us quite a visit & told us about boys who had taken his

watermellons at different times before; he little knew that the corn he was piled up for cooking had just come across the river the day previous from his patch! On going away I said (we had talked fishing & gigging) "Trade bread for fish in the morn." He said, "Yes, all you want" & so departed. It showered a very little but not enough to wet anything. We got all ready before tea & started out at dark. I stuck one large eel but the bottom was so rocky that in trying to force the gig down between the stones he got away. The lamp worked better at first but it soon smoked the lantern & didnot light so well. Then we waded across the river & tried it on that side. Our lantern caught fire & in trying to put it out the lamp was quenched also.

After landing on a rock & fixing up we lit up & tried it again. However, we hadnot gone far when Pop! & the lantern was all ablaze. J. was holding it at arm's length regarding it with a look of mute astonishment. I yelled "throw it in the river" , he obeyed, and all was dark. We got the pieces & started homeward. The top had blown out of the bottom, but was all there. So ended our attempts at gigging.

Friday Aug. 16<sup>th</sup> 1878.- Starting at dawn, we paddled thro. the rift & tried fishing after passing Nigger rift. All along the river here the rock is limestone extending parallel to the river and dipping down about 10 deg. from East to West. I caught one or two fish & then we came to Fiddler's Elbow. This was made worse by two fish dams, but we ran safely thro. the apex of the W. Just here we passed a man in a boat & as I went past him he gave me a lot of worms for bait. About ¼ mile

below we passed several cold springs of hard water on the Penna. side. They smell slightly like sulphurous water. We lunched here in the boats & fished on slowly down towards Bushkill. At the mouth of the cr. were several boats fishing. But getting no bites I went on round the bend to the pretty little spring of last year. But alas, time & civilization had told on it. All the ferns were tramped down & lunch papers & egg shells were scattered about. Paddling, with my line out, thro. a small rift here I thot. my hook had caught on a rock, as it was trailing out behind, but pulling up, I found I had caught a small bass. At the foot of this rift I caught another one wh. was so lively that he took part of my line out several times & jumped out of water more than twice before I landed him. Rounding the 2<sup>nd</sup> bend, we came to the head of Sambo & Mary rifts. Several boats were fishing here as there are in fact all along the river; my line was trailing out behind & when I got into the current the line began to run out. I thot. I had on a big fish but saw in an instant that I had a rock instead of a fish. I could not turn & tried to paddle backward, but could not reach the hook, & not wishing to lose the line had to jump over board. The water was pretty deep, but I got it loosened & ran the rift safely. We thot. of stopping over night between S. & M. rifts, but as it looked like rain we kept on in order to reach Camp Dewitt. We ran down round the bend & came in sight of the camp ground. It looked like it used to, very natural. We put up the tent & I went after provs. I found Mrs. Dewitt looking very much the same as last year. As soon as I told her who I was she welcomed me heartily & lent me a pail to carry the things over to camp. It had come on a cold, cheerless drizzle & was very wet & disagreeable; however we were

comfortably settled.-

Sat. Aug 17. 1878.- My foot wh. was hurt on the Lackawaxen cr. has been uncomfortable for a day or two, swelling up & inflamed, so we thot. we would rest quiet for a few days. J. paid Mrs. Dewitt a visit & Mr. Dewitt came into camp for a while. It was a bright day. I made a bench & cut a forked stick to rest my foot on, & did some tailoring & cobbling. Our milk had soured so we made a bag & made smear case, this time scalding the milk. J. took a walk over to an apple tree & came back bringing several. He tried fishing but without success, & the rest of the time cooked & washed up. In the p.m. we saw a boy row hurriedly across the river, tie his boat & disappear in the bushes, soon after two girls came down on the opposite side & began to call "Charlie" very excitedly, but no Charlie appearing, J. offered his services wh. being accepted, he chopped down the small tree to wh. the boat was padlocked & rowed across. They only wanted to go rowing & fishing & so after some parley they got in & J. rowed them about. After awhile they went home & J. took a swim. I wanted to go in awfully, but was afraid on account of my foot wh. is badly swelled. As J. was coming back from Dewitt's this eve, he met Charlie on the river & told him about taking the boat. He said it was all right. He had come on ahead to get bait & didnt know they had come; but they had a good time afterwards with the addition of Mrs. D., "the baby", & "Dan" in the boat. It showered a little this eve.

Sunday Aug. 18. 1878.- J. made a raid on a watermelon patch this a.m. but got

only one cantelope & that was too green to eat, then he went over to Dewitt's & got a lot of apples. Then we wrote & ate apples & ate apples & wrote & read & J. took a swim & I sat with my foot up. It is a good deal better than yesterday, but I had to cut my shoe in order to get it on. Last year we had (in this camp on Sunday) lots of visitors, but today we have not had any. We got in a fresh stock of bread tonight & paid our bills. We got some very good sweet corn here. We didnot do much today but had a general loaf.

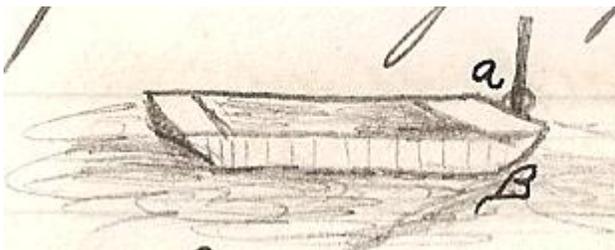
Monday Auf. 19. 1878.- My foot was all right so we packed up & got off about 9 oclk. The river is not rough between here & the Gap. We got there about 12 oclk. to the landing. I shipped some water running the rift at the head of the Gap. J. went up to the P.O. & made some purchases & I boarded the steamboat & talked to the pilot concerning the river. Our funds had reduced to 50 cts. , but we got a remittance of \$5.00 wh. we hope will see us thro. A good breeze had sprung up & setting our sails we made off for a quiet place to lunch & read letters. In the Gap we met a boy in a canoe. I tried to talk to him, but he seemed to think I was Capt. Kidd or some pirate for he said scarcely a word & seemed much frightened. The canoe he was in had no sheer & cutwaters were straight, vertical lines from keel to deck. - It was a much lighter canoe than ours. He had a beautiful Spoon shaped paddle, very pretty shape but not adapted to our work. The wind blew hard thro. the Gap & sailing was fun. After running the rift at the foot of the Gap we had a good sail to Portland. There is a bad rift here, shallow & long but we ran it safely. Then lunched & read our letters; but of course it began to rain,

however we decided to let it rain & ran under some bushes. It was not much & we kept on. We passed "Boss Camp" (of last year) nearly opposite Delaware station, tho. on same side of river, & after much parley decided to camp further on. Opposite Manunka Chunk we ran thro. a "cut off" behind an island & came suddenly upon a shelldrake duck. He swam into shore & hid under some roots in the water. We tried to get up close enough to hit him with our paddles, but when almost at him, he gave a great quack & splashed off unscathed. Paddling down several rifts (& stopping at one place to try to unhook a fair damsel's fish hook wh. was caught on the bottom & wh. I had to leave there by an unfortunate separation of the line) we finally came to the rift above Belvidere. Here we passed a row boat mostly decked over with 3 little fellows in it about 14 yrs. old. They were dressed in boating suits & said they came from Lambertville, but the boat looked very much like one we had seen last year at Belvidere. We also passed a man digging for lamprey eels for bait. They choose a muddy spot where the water is about 1 to 2 ft. deep & dig up the mud with a shovel & pick the eels out like worms, they are only about 3 in. long.- Running the rift & passing the site of "Camp Belvidere" (last year) we came in sight of the new waterworks & standpipe, wh. is just above the bridge & wh. was put up last year, & soon were at the head of little Foul Rift. It looked, & was much worse than last year at high water; J. ran it safely, but I got stuck hard on a fish dam, but didnot get out. Big Foul Rift was very good till we got to the foot of the island, then it was full of rocks & strong currents, but we got thro. safely without taking in any water. We took the Penna. side of the island wh. is the channel & at the lower end of the

Island ran out sharp & close to it to the middle of the River. As we came out at the foot we passed three men in a boat fishing. One, an old man, who had been watching us, stood up in the boat & waved his hat & cheered us. We met several boats here & saw a tent on the Jersey shore. It was getting late & looked like a shower, so we stopped in a grove of trees on the Penna. side & put up the tent & after supper turned in. "Foul Rift Camp"

Tuesday Aug. 20. 1878.- While packing up a man came & talked a while about fishing. He said bass were selling at . 25cents per lb. in Easton. He told us that yellow fever was very bad in Phila. We came to a flock of geese in the river & tried to run them down, but when the bows got about 4 ft. from them, they would dive & swim off under water. We passed our "1<sup>st</sup> Night Camp" of last year, & running "white col rapids" & "Indian Riffle" soon came to Easton. The blacksmith shop where we got the paddle mended last year had been burned down. We didnot stop. The boys laughed considerably at J's hat; he got it at Tyrone & now after hard usage it looks more like a bunch of straws tied together with strings than a hat. J. worried those boys badly. They were a lot of little fellows in swimming & he asked what the name of the place was; they said "Easton"; J said 'no, that aint Easton." they said "Yes it is." J. said "Oh! your trying to fool one I know that's not Easton, tell me what the name is really, I am a stranger & want to know." Still they persisted that it was Easton. Nevertheless, J. as firmly declaired that it was not, till finally they got mad & one said Phillipsburgh & another Delaware River. Below Easton we sailed some &

enjoyed the scenery; at Rieglesvile (?) we passed some large iron works that had small locomotives for hauling slag & pig iron about. In the next rift a man was fishing up cobble stones. He was pretty far out from shore & had his boat fastened by a pole (as all the natives here fasten them; a ring at A & another at B & a stake run thro both) & was standing facing down stream. I ran up quietly & got so close I could have touched him before he knew I was there. As the current shot me past I said "Wat's the rocks for". He looked sort of startled but laughed & said, "They aint rocks; there's pavers." Passing the nice little hotel at upper Blacks Eddy (where we stopped last year kept by a Mr. Holingshand). We came to Milford (N.J.). I went up for letters & talked to the Postman about the yellow fever. He & one or two others rather eased our minds about it by telling us that it was not very bad in Phila., but worse in the South. An inquiry along the river we learned that below Frenchtown (about 1 ½ miles) were two very nice little hotels or boarding houses (Penna. side) kept by a man named Grover. As we came opposite to this place we met a boy in an unfinished canvass canoe. He paddled right for us & we stopped & talked to him. A young man living there had made the canoe & this fellow was just trying it.



It was not quite finished, but looked very light. It was much shorter than ours. We thot. we would go on further as it was not very late, & it would be a long

day's work from here to Trenton. So on we went, looking for some nice little hotel to stop at, but we kept on & on & could not find either hotel or camping ground & it began to grow dark as we passed point pleasant. After passing the town, wh. stands back a little from the river, we were completely at a loss what to do, when suddenly 3 fellows ran down the bank out of some trees & called us to come in & take supper. I asked if they didnot want company to stay all night. They gave a sort of reluctant "yes" & we paddled in to where they were. We found that they were three fellows camping out; 2 were from Germantown, & one from Lambertville. Two were name Smith & one Gamble. Gamble & one Smith lived at Tioga Station. They gave us a very good supper of fried potatoes &c. Then we laid in their large tent & talked & smoked till about 9 1/2, then got up & ate 3 large watermelons, after wh. we turned in, all 5 sleeping in their tent lying across. It was large enough to walk round in. They had a boat with them (a common row boat) wh. they had taken from Lambertville to the Gap on the R.R. & had come down the river to here. They had run Foul rift safely, only getting their boat half full of water.

Wednesday. Aug 21<sup>st</sup>. 1878.- We didnot get up till pretty late and got off about 10 oclk, having had a very good breakfast of Veal cutlet &c. The fellows came to the breast of the dam (wh. is a feeder for the Trenton W. Works) to see us thro. the long rift, for the dam amounts to nothing. We got down to Well's Falls just at noon. The place looked much easier to run than last year as the water was lower. We walked out on the wings & guides to the channel & stood 10ft. from the place

where we went thro. The channel is not more than 40 ft. wide. The water seems to run down over a large rock & below this fall, the river is all full of rocks. The boats ran thro. & under water, the same as last year, each getting about 4 in. above the floor boards. We landed at the foot of the rift & bailed out & dried out while J. went foraging for lunch. There seems to be no way to run this place without getting water in. If you run it you must get wet, but you can stand on the wing & lift the boats out of the dam & place them in the water at your feet without taking a step. We then sailed & paddled thro. a shower past Washington's crossing, where some men were shooting at Eng. snipe. Passing Scudder's where another race runs to Trenton, I, being some distance ahead of J., stopped to take a bath & dress up. In the meantime & before heavy clouds had begun to gather towards Trenton & very heavy thunder & bright lightening became incessant all along the eastern sky. Just above the Yardley bridge N.P.R.R. some men were hauling in a sein. They had quite a lot of fish, but it was getting late in the afternoon & we feared rain. Below the bridge, a hard squall blew up the river quickly, raising white caps & blowing spray in our faces. It was very hard paddling against this as the wind blew the paddle blades so much. We had to run in under the cover of the whore till the worst was over. It didnot last long. We stopped at the upper bridge & inquired for the boathouse of the Trenton Canoe Club, & were told it was below the lower bridge; we ran the "Falls"! & on inquiry were shown a large old stone store house standing back from the river just at the steamboat wharf. But there were no fellows about & as I was determined not to stop in Trenton or

down town along the river, we kept on hoping to find a hotel between Trenton & Bordentown. It soon became too dark to see each other even a few boats' lengths off, & we determined to stop at the first farm house we came to, & spying the lights of one on the Penna. side, we soon made our way there. I went up & made inquiry, but saw only a girl washing dishes who said they had no room & directed us to a farmhouse a little further down the river. We went on a little further but not seeing any lights near, came back & getting new directions started again, this time we found the house but saw no lights on, & came back again determined to stay. I met a boy who had come from the house & talked to him & he said it would be all right, that they were afraid of us at first &c. We carried the canoes up & put them in the yard, & talking to the family while they got supper for us, fixed up our boats for the night, & after a good supper turned in to a very nice room This is a truck farmer's farm, owns 600 acres, some across the river. He does some shad & sturgeon fishing in the spring. He showed us his harpoon & lances.- It is about 1 ½ miles below Trenton on the right bank.

Thursday, Aug. 22. 1878.- Woke up about 6. 30 & got down to a civilized breakfast & a very good one too. We had determined to wait here for a good N. or E. wind; but the morning being favorable with a N.E. wind blowing, we bid our host good bye & got off about 7 a.m. We had to paddle against the wind round the bend in the river towards Bordentown for about 1 mile. Then we sailed to Bordentown, passing a large steam dredge at work. They say the channel is slowly filling up. At B., J. went up to get some lunch; he got 2 loaves of

bread & some butter, cut dried beef, & a water melon. I stayed with the canoes & talked to a man who had seen Bishop (who travelled from Quebec to Florida in a canoe. He rowed it.) There, setting our sails, we settled down to work & sailed steadily with a good wind astern. A sudden squall carried away J's hat & flag; the latter was lost. I sailed close past the river front of Landreth's see place, it is very pretty with a good river road all along. Below Burlington & Bristol & just above Beverly, we saw a nice gravelly beach on the Jersey side & tho. the wind was freshening we thot. best to stop & take a good lunch & swim & rest. When just about ready to start, a steamboat passed us & we saw some people waving & heard a whistle. I thot. it sounded like Willie; but they were soon out of sight. We packed up & started on & hadnot gone fare when I spied Uncle Thos. Stewardson, Willie, & Molly, in a boat. They said they had come down on the boat, & seeing us, had stopped off at Beverly & had come up to meet us. Willie, Aunt Meta, Emlen, & Ned were at the wharf where we soon were & after a warm greeting they got a sailboat & came with us down to Tacony. We had a glorious sail. THE wind was very fresh & the tide was with us & there was not much of a sea on. The day was perfect, partly cloudy & not hot. We had decided to leave the cs. at Tacony & walk home & get the wagon. Uncle T. & party went below the R.R. wharf to land, but J. & I not knowing anyone there, & seeing a nice place, (a gentleman's private place, Mr. Gatzmer's) and boat house with two gentlemen standing in the doorway just above the wharf, made a bee line for it. When pretty near, we were hailed & one of them asked what kind of boats we called them. We told him & then asked if we could store

them there for the eve. or rest them on the lawn till we got the wagon to take them home. He was very kind, & offered the use of his boat house. The next day we went over & brot. them home. So ended our Canoe Trip of the summer of 1878.

Notes on distances, expense &c. -

Total distance travelled by water	xx	Greatest no. of Miles
" " " by rail road	xx	on any one day was
<u>Grand total.</u>	xx	on the
Total no. of days out	15	
" " " " Camped, &c.	39	
" " " " hotels &c.	6 nights	
<sup>one person</sup> <sup>each have</sup> <sup>equal</sup> <sup>expense</sup> Total expense of trip (not in- cluding passes from Phila. to Clearfield.)	\$27.00	Average per day between Clearfield & Keating \$ .15
Average of miles per day:-		
" expense " " :-	.60	
" " " Mile :-	xx	

180.

A list of most of the Expenses; Accts. were shared equally. -  
Items, - R. B. H.'s Share. -

Boats to town from Cheltenham	.25
tickets	2.25
Boats to Tyron from Phila.	2.50
1 night & meals at Wood House Tyron	1.00
Mosquito Camp Bread & Cheese	.16
1 qt. milk & butter	.06
Wild Cat	.10
Camp. - " milk & Potatoes	.15
" milk & eggs	.12 1/2
1 qt. " 6 lb & butter	.10
Moravian	.12 1/2
Camp. - Butter milk & 1/2 pie	.12 1/2
" " " "	.12 1/2
Run " " Bread	.12 1/2
Camp. - " " eggs, minis	.12 1/2
Sandy Run	.07 1/2
" " " "	.07 1/2
3 Run	.10
" Sunday & Monday	2.7 1/2
Bot. from Muller 1 qt. milk & bread	.12 1/2
loaf of bread 1 1/2 eggs for a fish hook	.06 1/2
1 1/2 qt milk butter & pie	.25
5 1/2 eggs, 3/4 qt. Milk	.10
Birch Island Camp	.52 1/2
Eggs butter milk, sugar	.13
Heating Klb, via, 1 lb. Indian meal & candles & soap	.17 1/2
Eclipse Camp	.20
13 eggs 12 1/2 c. "	.30
butter, corn, milk	.15
West part -	.17 1/2
Lockhaven. - hat .20 &c	2.5
Repair station	.48
Jersey Shore hotel	1.05
Tickets to Clinira from Williamsph.	2.75
Express men	.50
Clinira hooks, quidsun, line &c	.22 1/2
Athena	.41 1/2
Cherry Island	.10 1/2
Eggs & milk	.12 1/2
Sarg. Camp. - gave us milk	.06
Frenchtown	.02 1/2
Skinner's Caddy; Rosencrantz	.50

Tunhannock	.11
Nameless Camp	.04 1/2
Lunch at Kittston	.16
2 tickets Pittston to Carbondale	1.30
1 night & breakfast at Kittston valley house	1.80
horse car fare. "	.10
Express box & miner	.75
Express both both from ps. to Housdale	5.00
din. at Marly house, Carbondale	1.00
2 tic. Carbondale to Housdale grav. RR.	1.60
fish gig	.50
Allin house Housd. 1 night	1.50
Candles & sugar. -	.12 1/2
Lackawanna Camp	.07
Delaware Camp, Fruchman's house (long knits)	.09
Sandy Camp (butter)	.12 1/2
Rainy Camp	.07 1/2
Gigging Camp. 8 eggs, bread, milk, oil	2.1 1/2
Camp Dewitt	.50
Farmer's house below Trenton	.75

Some small items are not down

but enough is given to show

general expenses. -

Articles wh. would be useful to have on a canoe trip, some of them we had. -

account book

common pocket knife

Canvas bag for potatoes 1 ft x 18"

2 linen bags for bread 18" x 18"

Slippen drawer pants side & back pockets (have no lining at bottom as it don't dry quickly)

Brush for canoe

No. vest

dish rags

lantern

laced & for wading buckle shoes

bell for knife &c. -

181

thermom. & insect bottle  
 long warsted stockings  
 strong pantaloons  
 extra sponge  
 small change  
 Crill  
 kettle graduated for gts &c.  
 Canton flannel sleeping bag  
 instead of blanket  
 Shellac brush  
 fish gig & set line  
 pocket rifle, globe sight. -  
 Campers hatchet

We carried very much the same as last year leaving  
 out pistol & including small kettle wh. we usually carried  
 the lunch in. The sails were larger than last  
 year & worked better ~~than last year~~ but might be  
 larger yet. A very good cape was made of light canvass  
 oiled. Sleeves were large & reached to elbows so in a rain you  
 could roll up your shirt sleeves inside of other sleeves & work  
 on without water running down to elbows. Cape was short &  
 reached just over apron wh. was drawn up & tied round  
 the body under arm-pits. This would keep rain off  
 very well but for a heavy sea it was not <sup>much</sup> good & water would  
 wash in under it round the combing of well. -

### **Found History: A Note on the Artifact**

The journal itself was discovered in a small antique shop near the banks of the Delaware River among a stack of old magazine and books. It is an originally blank, ruled book with a cardboard stock binding decorated in the paint-dipping style. It is in remarkably good condition for its age, with the binding still held intact with the original cloth and staples. All pages are legible, and even inserted receipts and drawings remain unblemished. The ink varies in color from pale brown to black, with minimal fading, occurring most often where the writing is closest to the binding. The pages are numbered in Haines's own hand from 1 to 181, with many blank pages at the end, perhaps left blank in anticipation of a future journey. It is interesting to note an insertion of stationary with an embossed figure, possibly of the Harrisburg, PA capitol building. This insertion details a brief summary of a "Canoe Trip of 1882" with the names William J. Haines and E.J. Stewardson, which might refer to William Haines (1865 -1923), Robert Bowne Haines Jr.'s younger brother, and Emlyn Stewardson (1863-1936), John Stewardson's younger brother who later joined the Cope & Stewardson firm upon his brother's death. This insertion is included after this note. The implication is that Haines's journal might have been read to or by his family members, perhaps leaving space for them to enter their own adventures into the chronicle, encouraging the exploratory spirit of their father to be passed down from generation to generation.

William J. Haines & E. A. Stewardson

Canoe Trip of 1882.

Miles August 1st 1882

- 0 Left home @ 5.30 Tied boats on tree wagon
- 3 Jenkintown 6.37 Got boats in 1/2 car all OK
- 48 Bethlehem 8.45 just above little dam - quite shallow  
got out once - Lunched about noon  
Followed up a mill race about 200 yds +  
crossed into river - left bank  
into canal at upper dam & got a tow to  
Easton
- 60 <sup>B</sup> Easton 9.30 lifted & slid boats over apron of dam  
& lifted into Delaware
- 65 Randsville 10.45 Randsville Hotel - poor place -

Aug 2nd \$1.25 apiece - Rain came on as we  
reached the hotel - so we waited

- 65 Left Randsville 12.15 till about noon next day  
Rocky Falls - The Narrows -
- 69 <sup>B</sup> Riegelsville — Bridge - did not stop -
- 77 <sup>B</sup> Milford 3.40 Saw 3 canoes - Hemlock -
- 81 <sup>B</sup> Funchtown 4.30 Sailed a little -  
Jumble Rift - Ledges across  
the river - about a mile long
- 88 <sup>B</sup> Rt Pleasant 6.30 Rt Pleasant hotel - "Shompk"  
just back from the canal -  
Aug 3rd 7.55 very clean & nice

Total distance Travelled	140 Miles
" " by land	48 "
" " " Water	<u>92 Miles</u>
Total Time	4 days-

1st day (by water)	8 hours	17 Miles-
2nd "	6 "	23 "
3rd "	11 "	33 "
4th "	7 "	19 "
<u>4 days</u>	<u>32 "</u>	<u>92 "</u>
		3-

Average Rate 3 miles per hour-

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#### EDUCATION

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The Pennsylvania State University State College, PA 2007-Present  
*The College of Liberal Arts: Comparative Literature in Ancient Greek/  
 English, German Minor*  
*B.A./M.A. Expected: May 2010*

University of British Columbia Vancouver, BC, Canada 2005-2007  
*Faculty of Arts: Music/English/Ancient Greek*

#### Standardized Test Scores:

*GRE: Verbal 700, Math 580, Analytical Writing 5 out of 6*  
*SAT I: Verbal 800, Math 660*

#### PUBLICATIONS

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Exchanges: The Fencing Exchange Newsletter. April 2007

*Sports Writing*

“Sex Pistols: A Story of Seduction, Addiction, and Bladework”

Visual Arts Journal, VASS UBC: “Red Goes for a Sunday Walk” 2006

*Watercolour on Paper*

*News Articles*

The Blue Review, Abington Heights High School 2004-5

#### ACADEMIC AWARDS RECEIVED

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Big-Ten All-Academic Honors 2007- Present

Dean’s List, PSU 2007-Present

Schreyer’s Honors College 2007-Present

Golden Key International Honor Society 2006-Present

Trek Continuing Excellence Scholarship, UBC 2006-2007

Dean’s List, UBC 2005-2007

Stephen Guy-Bray Humor Award, UBC 2007

Glouberman Arts One Lecture Prize, UBC 2006

#### LANGUAGES

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*German*, University of British Columbia, PSU (Conversational, academic, translation proficiency)[2006-present]

*Ancient Greek*, University of British Columbia, PSU (Reading and translation proficiency) [2006-present]

*Old English*, Independent Study advised by Dr. Scott Thompson at PSU [2009-present]

*Spanish*, Lakeland Jr-Sr High School, Abington Heights High School (Reading Proficiency)[2000-2005]

#### PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE

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Hindi Course Technology Assistant, PSU -Simulcast and Web Course Manager	2008-9
Graduate Research Assistantship, PSU -Course responsibilities	2010

#### VOLUNTEER EXPERIENCE

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American Cancer Society, Relay for Life, <i>Team Participant</i>	2002- Present
Salvation Army , <i>Holiday Bell Ringer</i>	2000- Present

#### EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITIES AND AWARDS

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<b>Fencing Awards:</b> Silver Medal, Keystone State Games	2007
Bronze Medal, Stephen Lazar Memorial Tournament	2007
Gold Medal, Keystone State Games; Women's U20 Foil	2006
Silver Medal, Keystone State Games; Women's Open Foil	2006
<b>Viola:</b> Pennsylvania State University Sinfonietta, <i>Principal</i>	2008- Present
MENC All-Eastern Orchestra	2005
PMEA All- State Orchestra	2004
<b>Clubs:</b> PSU Cycling Road Racer	2008-Present
PSU Fencing Club	2007-Present
UBC Fencing Club, Social Coordinator	2005-2007

Everyone must believe in something. I believe I'll go canoeing.

- Henry David Thoreau

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