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WEDNESDAY EVEN, AUG. 18, 1875.

Down the Susquehanna.

We were born on the banks of the Susquehanna, have frequently recalled and mentioned that stream the first thirty-five years of our life, and yet—"Cooper Ferry" and the last sight of Columbia, we had never floated down, nor even sailed upon it, except in a row-boat. But last autumn we had overlooked a desire to so, for the kindness of Mr. John Barr, of Columbia, we were invited to accompany on a river excursion from Columbia to Port Deposit. The excursion was to be a short one, and the time left short as the line was, when the call was called at 5:30 on the morning of the 12th inst., and the party, which was joined by John Barr and son-in-law Ellis Fry (pilot), Elias Shyrey (engineer), and Jacob Stauffer, (fireman) the whole number just thirty-two.

Left Lancaster at 6:50 and arrived at Columbia at 7:20, and took breakfast at Bloch's Washington house. Our craft was moored at the foot of Locust street, and shortly after 8 o'clock everything was on board, the ropes cast off, and we were fairly started on our floating upon the broad bosom of the Susquehanna. Before leaving Columbia, however, we had a fine view of some of the beautiful new Town hall and there hence, and the new National bank building, all of which are ornaments as well as others in progress, are prominently to the good taste and liberality of the citizens of enterprising Columbia and go very far towards redeeming the dull, dingy and dilapidated appearance of Front street, Columbia is and not very regularly and is being built up, and altogether is a different town from old Columbia, which is gradually but surely passing away to make room for our enterprise and improvement.

As we floated down the stream, the beautiful scenery which lay on the surrounding country gained, and, except a very gentle head-wind, everything seemed to conspire to make the trip a most delightful one. All fell out craft passed majestically through the water of the Columbia dam, almost as swift as an arrow, "skipping a mere pebble" as it went, and the many little incidents which may have for people on shore, or in communication, it is very certain that they were not noticed by any of them and long before our contrary journey was ended, they regretted them. The first point of interest on the route from Columbia to Port Deposit. From this point we passed successively by and through Turkey Hill, Turkey Point, Hendry's Run, Neff's Island, Chesbelen, Washington Boro, Fry's Run, Stone's Ferry, Upper Ferry, Bull's-eye Falls, Leek-port, Peter Shaffner's, Indian Rocks, Devil's Race Ground, Robinson's Shoals, Peter's Island, Hackleton's Island, Hackleton's Falls, Tarquin mouth, the Nest or Narrows, McCall's Ferry, Peter Peter, Hoye's Rock, Cully's Rock, Cully's Falls, Neal's Falls, Silk Rock, Bald Friar, Rowe Gap, Smith's Island, Tavern, Safe Haven, Hill Island, Peach Bottom, Blaine's New mill, Rogg's Island, Hall's Island, Rock Run, Rock Run, Maryland Line, Head of Canal, Holley Rock, Bald Friar, Rowe Gap, Smith's Island, Tavern, Safe Haven, Hill Island, Stone's Run, Hackley's Falls and Port Deposit, where we arrived at seven o'clock in the evening, after being on the water about eleven hours, and passing over a distance of 45 miles, with constant and increasing head wind against us.

The head wind was perhaps the only thing that delayed the pleasure of the down-ward trip, because it involved the necessity of "tacking" for the greater or great part of the way, and finally, also, the tacking down of the canopy which had been previously erected to protect us from the sun; but still we could not be driven from the deck, and the scenes which prevailed modified the temperature and made it unnecessarily uncomfortable. We will now speak briefly of the sea both for which so many hypnotic so earnestly contend. The Susquehanna is a beautiful river, but its performance must be such to be fully appreciated, although it is not as imposing as the Ohio, Mississippi, or even the Potomac, yet it has many points along its banks. Many incidents occurred during the way, some pleasant and others not so much so, such as getting aground, being driven by the wind and rain. Owing to the determined intending contingency, the programme of the trip was somewhat changed, and the visit to Port Deposit, which was intended to be omitted to the current popular "sire, hurrygan, nods and jigs," underwent a very considerable change, and instead of going down through to Havre de Grace, the "water" on the down-town below. This, with the refreshments, for which we somehow never experienced a greater relish than we did on this trip, time and spot it pleasantly away.

It is quite possible that from our description of the trip, and the many reminiscences and reflections differing from those of other observers, and we may be considered somewhat visionary, some links that escape our attention, for everything was so new to us, and so entirely different from the trip we had previously taken, that we were almost continually noting the component parts. Our sentiment, however, was and is, that for grandeur of scenery, both of land and water, the Susquehanna, between Columbia and Port Deposit, taken as a whole, will vie with any other river on the American continent, and that many of the finest landscapes of them have been transferred to works on the illustration of "American scenery." The most striking feature of the trip as a whole, (from) from Columbia to "Port," the grading of the new railroad between these points, which at many places has marred the beautiful outline of the hills, the ravines, and the rocks, and in some instances has destroyed them, consequently ruins; and, while on the subject of that railroad, we can only say that we regret that it was built so entirely too low, for the conviction that before many years this will become exceedingly manifest. Perhaps we may have been deceived in its objects, but from the fact that it is not a "high way" by higher than it appears, but merely an engine at any point below, and that the water is so high, we indeed and ice floes as we had in the spring of 1875. But let the "road" take care of itself, we have no doubt it will have the main trail by the time we again visit the gorgeous scenery, so both sides of the river, in order that we may fully take our return.

SLUE ROCK.

After passing Turkey Hill point on the Columbia side, the first object that our attention was directed to in shore was "Slue Rock," and of which we had so often heard before. There were so many persons in the party who had lived in the county of Lancaster that one of them was designated by this title. A large rock, which has been washed from the main rock, and has been broken a few inches below the mouth of Slue Rock creek, and which is the origin of the name of "Slue Rock" many years ago.

TURKEY HILL.

In rounding Turkey Hill point we had an exhilarating ride. A broad sheet of rapid water is encountered, studded with beautiful and fertile islands and rocks, and the scenery is truly magnificent. Indeed the main channel of the river seems to be on that side of the river, and the water is deep. Tradition says that this hill was so named from its having been at one time the resort of the Turkey (the aboriginal gobbler). But this must have been a very long time ago, when the Turkey was in its native wildness, for those wild, and memories of all they surveyed; for none the older Indians of the present generation, and even though an occasional bird of this species may have been seen there within the memory of some still in the land of the living.

SUGAR'S POINT.

This place is also called "Stewart's Street"; it is a bold flood rocky point, and is the first of those curiosities, then called (or more) about a dozen of which were seen on the river, and on the adjoining hills. Just above is Neff's Island. The advanced reader may remember that Neff, who was a noted horse competitor, was tried before the court of Lancaster county for shooting a man by the name of Finefrock. Upon this island a field-party's tent was pitched, and the writer hereof thought he might find something in the air. We have always considered that the table land of the Susquehanna was an inappropriate emblem to be placed on our national coat of arms; for, to point out the beauties of the river, we have on various occasions. Many years ago, when there were more fishes in the river than there are now, and when the pike were anxious and eager to feed upon them, we have seen the wily osprey (fish hawk) hovering over the surface, suddenly dart into the flood and disappear with a fish grasped in his talons, and bearing it away. But he was not permitted to enjoy the fruits of his piscatorial labors in peace, for the eagle, watching his every movement, and as soon as the former had secured his prey, would dart after the latter in pursuit, and when the agency was overtaken in the chase, he would drop the fish, and with the rapidity of lightning, the eagle would dart down and catch it before it reached the surface of the water, carry it off in his eyrie, and feed on it himself, or distribute it among his offspring.

PEY'S FALLS.

And also Peter's Falls, a dangerous and turbulent place of river navigation, in certain stages of the water, and many "yarns" are told of the "ups and downs" here; but it had no terrors for the Ferryman's, for, with the prevailing head wind, they were enabled to run down current in their pilot-of-the-water name—they did not hesitate to pit Pey Falls with any of the rapids of the Niagara or Lawrence. Here we began to sensibly realize that it is possible, under a "head wind," for the velocity of a stream to be much greater than that of a "head wind," for the velocity of a stream to become absolutely necessary to ply the side-oars—industriously called "sweeps"—in order to keep your with the current.

HOEY'S FERRY.

This point was also worthy of remark for our being exempt the traditional sweet sawmiller story, that been portion of Washington's army crossed the Susquehanna during one of the darkest periods of the war of '76. Whether true or not, at least the river never seems to have been recognized by the chronicler of the times.

HOLE'S EYE.

Just below "Sandy" or Upper Fish Island, is a small island, and on the main island of that name, is the Hole'seye falls, one of the most exciting, twisting and turning places in the river, next to the Turkey Hill stage or chute, and nearly opposite to which, on the York shore, is the residence of Mr. Hoey, and the river, Peter Murdoch's island, belonging to some men in Safe Harbor, and held on speculation.

SAM HARRIS.

Safe Harbor is also very prominently in this view a long while before the point itself is reached, but the town is not visible from the river, and only when we turn the view up the valley of the Conowingo becomes grand, and we find the "Sam Harris" mountain, a high hill, covered with the deepest verdure of mid-summer. Hardly a house is to be seen on the hill, but the view from the river is beautifully grand. Our minstrels here exercised their skill "as of old," and the "Sam Harris" was astonishing as nearly so as many lads' tales—in rendering our national airs. Here, too, we began to see the approach into a very of domestic duties and two smiles defying for "mud-catter from a spot."

INDIAN ROCK.

It is hardly necessary to say anything about these trysting places of the aborigines of our country. For their history has been written, and their pictorial and historical sketches have been portrayed and may now be found in the Journal of the American philosophical society, and in the archives of the "Historical society, and in the archives and members of the Linnean society. In addition to these, we have the traditions and recollections of "a score days, when the Tuscarora mountain was in its infancy," and when the "Big Indian" pioneered name. Four at least of the old settlers were present, who years ago had "tacked" down the river in the "bark," and had toiled through rain and wind, and rain, in collecting the sinews of war, and the scalps of the "Big Indian" no more. Between the locks and the Lancaster shore "and since 'defiance' before, we passed over what is classically called the Devil's race ground, and as we passed over the "Devil's Stream," and imitated the famous Tempete Symphony in which the "Devil" is so prominent again. The first insect that "turned up" (Between parallels) was captured.

ROBLEAN'S RAPIDS.

From our very boyhood the mighty "Rapids" of Niagara, and the "Falls" near by in our own, and now, when we found our craft with its living and jolly freight passing so safely and pleasantly down a river of which we had heard, but did not find it longer, water and rough, swift and foaming and gurgling as it is.

SENK'S FERRY.

Is just below "Frank Eddy," one of the ranking grounds of the Tuscarora mountain, and is the point at which the Devil's Island in the river opposite, and which is covered at its lower end with the most beautiful timber.

SHAWANA FALLS.

This is another old and well known point on the river, and is the property of the Susquehanna, and has its rocky bottom; in times past, it has been pro-fit to "drive," and we found a very, not as we passed "sliding" high and low speed, but we passed safely.

PEY'S FALLS.

This was found the roughest and precipitous of the Susquehanna, and we had announced. Though a heavy head wind, and a light-ish-I swell, we got through safely, although we got slightly out of the proper water course, and "slipped not" near the "Devil's Race Ground" mentioned in the weekly minutes, who was buried in the most profound contemplation of the beauties of nature, and of the "Big Indian" he must correct him. In the York shore, at least it led us there, and remaining Bar's Island we passed through several short unnamed islands, and at 12 o'clock we were joined by some of our worthy townsmen Capt. Jos. Barr.

DINNER AT PEQUEHANTE.

We arrived at this point fifty two hours behind time, and a change of programme was necessary, and necessary in order to reach Port Deposit on all the same day. Therefore we were compelled to "lay over" at this point, and had been prepared for us at McCall's Ferry, and finally replenish our larder, and teach as we floated along. It is unnecessary to say that the lunch was relished, for the appetites were keen, and, after all, is about the best kind of store. We absolutely ate three "jolly" meals on board the craft, and, as a rule, we have not performed for many years. Just such having too—why, don't you know, that we have not had to "go to prefaces to be fed—fat and richness as butter. It was perfectly astonishing how many of the party found themselves outside "of that box of tobacco"; and but for the "good experience" which we arrived at Port, not one would have remained to tell the tale of their "gastric" woes.

DUNBOLDEN'S ISLAND.

Passing the ruins of the old York furnace, which was one of the first of its objects, we entered the rough waters of this island, and passed the mouth of the Conowingo creek, which is the outlet of a large region to days agone, from which it received its obstructing, but which is now the property of the Columbia & Port Deposit railroad.

MCCALL'S FERRY.

And at this point commences the most picturesque scenery. The river is hemmed in by lofty and rocky hills, and through which all the waters and other accumulations on the Susquehanna must pass. The river, it is true, is very wide, but it is also very deep. Immediately above the ferry, on each side, parts of the abutments of the old bridge are visible, and the bridge that crossed the river with a single span, and was destroyed by an ice flood in the winter of 1846, and which was the narrowest part of the Susquehanna between Williamsport and its mouth. Just along the banks of the hills on the Lancaster county side have been the sites of many "settlements." Although there are some irregular patches of green underbrush, the trees are destitute of foliage, and look as if they had been scorched by the "fire in the mountains" some months—perhaps years—ago, appear to have been the cause.

HOLE'S EYE.

Although this is a formidable of a fall in this water course and the descent is rapid, yet there is nothing in the appearance of the water, as far as we could see, that would suggest danger. The channel is wide, and must have reference to the peculiar formation of the rocks on each side. Immediately above the falls are some projecting ledges of stone, forming a series of steps. These "steps" altogether are about twenty feet in height, and above and after passing through these we approach Duncan's Island, a dark, rocky looking place, with a few naked and gnarly trees upon it.

THE RUB.

At this place, through a gap in the mountain on the Lancaster county side, there is to outside, some of the mountain a most perfect echo, but it was low windy when we passed and, therefore, we did not test the echo, which is said to have reference to the peculiar formation of the rocks on each side. Immediately above the falls are some projecting ledges of stone, forming a series of steps. These "steps" altogether are about twenty feet in height, and above and after passing through these we approach Duncan's Island, a dark, rocky looking place, with a few naked and gnarly trees upon it.

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