BYGONE DAYS IN THE ALLEGHENY VALLEY

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OWN to the year 1700 northwestern Pennsylvania, including the valley of the Allegheny River, was a terra incognita. History had recorded the footprints of only two men down the course of the Allegheny, then believed the main stream of the Ohio. The account of the first, La Salle, is doubted; but whether true or false it was believed by the French, and its historical sequence was the reality of the French claim to sovereignty by right of discovery. The past that influences our lives is not what actually happened but what men believe happened. It is upon our belief about an event, not its reality, that we act, and the French claims for a century were based on the belief that La Salle was the first to explore the valley.

La Salle’s report to Count Frontenac in 1677 of his trip down the river and his description of the Falls of the Ohio seem genuine to me. The other man, a Dutchman, Arnout Viele, was commissioned by the governor of New York in 1692 with a number of other “Christians” to conduct a party of Shawnee Indians to their home in the Ohio Valley. He returned in 1694, probably by the same route.

Un fortunately neither man left us a record of the land through which he passed.

When the eighteenth century opened, this land lay unpeopled. The most recent inhabitants, the Erie tribe, had vanished about 1656 when the Iroquois staged a “Lidice” upon their race. The conquerors laid claim to the territory but none exercised the right of possession which alone counted among the Indians. The first known tribes to claim possession were parties of the tribes of the Shawnee, the Delaware and the Mingo, who came here from east of the mountains about 1720 and were shortly followed by the Indian traders. The curtain rises on this valley in the following decade, when it appears as a nebulous land called “Alleghany” or “Allegheny.” Mitchell’s map of 1755 designates it as em-

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1 Read at a meeting of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania on October 26, 1943.—Ed.
bracing the Shawnee and Delaware villages on the Kiskiminetas and above and below its mouth on the Allegheny River from Kittanning to Chartiers Town. Various traders' reports to the governor of Pennsylvania gave its population as about five hundred Indians.

Two trails passed through the valley: one down the Loyalhanna to Kiskiminetas Town, thence across country to Chartiers Town and down the Allegheny; the other, from James Le Tort's place on Cripple Creek to Kittanning and west through Murdering Town to Kuskuski (near New Castle).

During the supremacy of the Shawnee tribe, until 1745, the settlement known as Chartiers Town (made about 1724 under the leadership of the French-Indian trader, Peter Chartier, at Tarentum) was the focal point of the nebulous district of Alleghany. There Indian settlements attracted a number of Indian traders who probably built cabins near the Indian camps in accordance with the custom as necessary shelters for their trading goods and furs. The chief of these traders' posts in the valley came some years later, when George Croghan, the King of the Traders, built his post at the mouth of Pine Creek, where Etna now stands, convenient, with a margin of distance for safety, to Shannopin Town across the river.

This was in the period of French exploration. First, adroit forerunners, such as Cavilier and Joncaire, made annual visits to the valley spying out the land and gaining first the confidence of the Shawnee, and then their attachment to the French cause. They commissioned Chartier while he avowed loyalty to Pennsylvania but so distrusted him that they finally directed him to move his Shawnee down the Ohio.

The French commissioners were promptly followed in 1739 by a military expedition commanded by Baron de Longueuil. This was the first known large military force to pass down the waters of the river. It consisted of 442 men, mostly Canadian Indians, but there were 24 soldiers, and 45 French-Canadians to manage the canoes. Contrecoeur was a member, as were two priests, Vernet and Queret. An engineer named De Léry surveyed roughly the course of the river and noted the Indian villages on the French maps. Unfortunately no report of the voyage has been preserved.
Ten years later, in 1749, the French sent another military-exploratory expedition down the Allegheny. It was commanded by Céloron, and consisted of 20 soldiers, 180 Canadians, and 55 Indians. His journal entry for August 6, 1749, interests us and explains the exit of Peter Chartier from the valley. He says: “I passed the same day the ancient village of Chaouanous (Shawnee) which has been abandoned since the departure of Chartier and his band, who were removed from this place by the orders of the Marquis de Beauharnais, and conducted to the River Vermillon, in the Wabash, in 1745. I encountered in this place six Englishmen, with fifty horses and nearly one hundred and fifty packs of peltry, with which they were returning to Philadelphia.” He ordered them to depart and not return to trade and sent a letter with them to Philadelphia asserting the sovereign rights of the French over the valley.

The next day the party reached Shannopin Town. Céloron continues: “On the 7th I passed a village of Loups, where there were only three white men; they had placed a white flag on their cabins; the rest of their people had gone to Chinique [Logstown], not having dared to remain at home.” Father Bonnecamps, a member of the expedition, also kept a journal, and his description of the sycamores he noted at this point is worthy of quotation. He says: “The same day we dined in a hollow cotton [sycamore] tree, in which 29 men could be ranged side by side. This tree is not rare in those regions; it grows on the river-banks and in marshy places. It attains great height and has many branches. Its bark is seamed and rough like shagreen. The wood is hard, brittle, and apt to decay, I do not believe that I have seen two of these trees that were not hollow. Its leaves are large and thickly set; its fruit is of the size of a hazelnut, enveloped in down; the whole resembling an apple, exactly spherical, and about an inch in diameter.”

Bonnecamp’s journal pictures the valley as a primitive wilderness with very few Indian inhabitants. The former populous Indian villages were deserted. This is probably explained by the Shawnee emigration of 1745. At that time Chartier was leading a band of about four hundred Indians,

2 Céloron’s journal as reproduced in Mary Carson Darlington, comp., *Fort Pitt and Letters from the Frontier*, 26 (Pittsburgh, 1892).

3 Bonnecamps’ journal as quoted in John W. Harpster, ed., *Pen Pictures of Early Western Pennsylvania*, 13 (Pittsburgh, 1938).
as shown by a petition presented by James Dunning and Peter Tostee, two Indian traders, to the Pennsylvania Assembly on July 23, 1745, in which they complained that while returning up the Allegheny River in canoes from a trading trip with a considerable quantity of furs and skins in the preceding April, "Peter Chartier, late an Indian Trader, with about 400 Shawanese Indians, armed with guns, pistols, and cutlasses, suddenly took them prisoners, having, as he said, a captain's commission from the King of France; and plundered them of all their effects, to the value of sixteen hundred pounds." This attack occurred somewhere below the present Tarentum, when Chartier was moving the Shawnee to the West. This would probably account for the disappearance of the population of Allegheny that the traders had reported to state authorities. However, it appears that many of these Shawnee returned to the valley in later years.

The spring of 1754 saw what was probably the greatest military expedition that has ever passed down the river. It was Contrecœur's expedition against the English fort at the junction of the Monongahela and the Allegheny. His force consisted of about 1,000 men, with eighteen pieces of cannon, in all a flotilla of about sixty bateaux and three hundred canoes. They arrived at the fort on April 17 and found Ensign Edward Ward in command with only forty-one men. His surrender was inevitable and he and his men were permitted to withdraw up the Monongahela.

Then followed the era of French domination from Fort Duquesne, during which most of the tribes aided the French until the influential figure of the German-Moravian missionary, Christian Frederick Post, appeared in the valley and succeeded in alienating the Indian tribes from the French. He gives us a picture of the valley in 1758, when en route under commission by the state to Kuskuski, with a party including Piquetomen, his guide, and Captain Bull, the son of an Indian chief in eastern Pennsylvania. He came by way of Ligonier where he conferred with General Forbes who was on campaign against Fort Duquesne. Post took


5 The Kiskiminetas River; I use the local name or contraction because it is the only name we provincials, living in the vicinity, ever used for the river.
the trail down the "Kiski" to Kiskiminetas Town; and thence over the hills to the Allegheny River where he arrived on November 12.

At one o'Clock we came to the Allegheny, to an old Shawano Town, situated under a high Hill on the East, opposite an Island of about one hundred Acres, very rich Land, well timbered. We looked for a Place to cross the River, but in vain; we then went smartly to Work, and made a Raft; we cut the Wood and carried it to the Water Side. The Wolves and Owls made a great Noise in the Night.

13th. We got up early, and boiled some Chocolate for Breakfast, and then began to finish our Rafts; we cloathed ourselves as well as we could in Indian Dress; it was about two o'Clock in the Afternoon, before we all got over to the other Side . . . We went up a steep Hill, good Land, to the Creek Cowewanik, where we made our Fire. They wanted to hunt for Meat, and looked for a Road. Captain Bull shot a Squirrel, and broke his Gun. I cut Fire-Wood, and boiled some Chocolate for Supper. The others came Home and brought nothing. Pesquetomen wanted to hear the Writing from the General, which we read to them to their great Satisfaction. This was the first Night we slept in the open Air . . .

14th. We rose early, and thought to make good Progress on our Way. At o'Clock, Thomas Hickman shot a large Buck, and as our People were hungry for Meat, we made our Camp there, and called the Water Buck-Run. In the Evening we heard the great Guns Fire from Fort Duquesne.6

Shawano Town is one of the names applied to Chartiers Town. Post's statement that it was situated under a high hill on the east opposite an island of about one hundred acres indicates that the old town was located west of the mouth of Bull Creek opposite the island. At that point the hill rises to its greatest height, and the island was below the mouth of the creek. The creek Cowewanik was undoubtedly Bull Creek because there was no other creek within a day's journey from the point at which they crossed the river. His repeated mention of Captain Bull in this connection causes me to believe that the name Bull Creek probably was given it at this time or subsequently in memory of Captain Bull. The course of their march led them across Deer Creek and this, I believe, is the creek that he called "the water Buck-Run." None of the maps prior to this time shows any name for this creek, but subsequent maps show the name

6 Post's second journal, Harpster, Pen Pictures, 71.
Deer Creek, and to the pioneer Buck and Deer were practically synonymous.

Of how Cowewanik Creek degenerated to Bull Creek there is no record. By a strange coincidence the first syllable of the Indian name is the feminine of Bull. Could it have been some crude pioneer humor that originated this appellation? As a boy I heard many a youth refer to it as Cow Creek in simulated modesty in the presence of young ladies because it was then deemed immodest to mention a bull in their presence. The loss to our homeland of the euphonic name of Cowewanik is to be regretted. However, the names of these creeks, the Buffalo, Bull, Deer and Pine, appear to have been established before 1784, when the state surveyed for the depreciation and donation lands. Today the well-timbered island of about one hundred acres has almost wholly disappeared. Submerged shoals marked by tufts of rushes alone mark its location.

A new era opened after the exodus of the Shawnee. Other parties from eastern Indian tribes settled in the valley, if any Indian ever settled. They were generally from the Iroquois tribe and after the Post treaty, were friendly with the English but secretly or openly hostile to the settlers. One personality stood out among the Indians. He was Guyasuta, a Seneca chief, who first appeared as one of the party which guided George Washington on his historical trip to the Venango Forts of the French. For half a century he trod the trails of the valley and floated on the current of the river; at times a sinister, at other times, a benevolent figure. Another figure was George Croghan, an Irishman, partly trader, partly settler, who took title to large tracts of land and left his mark on the valley history in the period prior to the American Revolution. The state covenanted repeatedly that its citizens would be excluded from settling or hunting within the Indian lands west and north of the Ohio and Allegheny, but found itself largely helpless to restrain them.

Pontiac’s War in 1763 and 1764 erased all vestiges of settlements from the valley and the curtain drops again until 1777, during the American Revolution. By January, 1778, the old Seneca chief, Guyasuta, who for a generation had been the friend of the colonial authori-
ties, had become a leader among the enemies of the Americans and the Senecas joined the English. Terror struck the inhabitants of the unprotected Westmoreland frontiers and their importunities brought about the erection of three forts in the valley, Crawford, at the mouth of Puckety Creek, Fort Hand, near Apollo, and Fort Kittanning.

Tragedy was shaping up for the Westmoreland pioneer families. George Rogers Clark was designated to lead an expedition against the western Indians. Pennsylvania was asked to contribute a force of militia-men. Many were opposed to weakening their defense against the Indians but Colonel Archibald Lochry, commander of the Westmoreland Militia, seconded Clark's cause with great energy and on July 21, 1781, succeeded in collecting eighty-three men, the cream of the pioneer families, at Carnahan's Block House, near the "Kiski" between Apollo and Salina. From there they started their memorable expedition down the "Kiski," Allegheny, and Ohio to join General Clark, whom they unfortunately were unable to overtake before the Indians fell upon them in ambush and killed or took prisoners the entire party. For a generation this catastrophe was to influence the life of the valley. It fired the prisoners who escaped, such as Samuel Murphy, the Craig brothers, and the families of the victims who were later to settle the Depreciation Land, with a hatred of the Indians that died out only with their extermination or disappearance from the valley. Its aftermath was Guyasuta's campaign against, and the burning of, Hannastown in 1782.

The Revolution ended and the British forsook the cause of the Indians. For eight years they remained inactive along the river, stunned by the surrender of all northwestern Pennsylvania to the state, and by the activities forecasting the advance of the settler into these their ancestral hunting grounds. By 1785 all these lands had been surveyed by the state and large tracts of Depreciation and Donation Lands had been sold, or allotted to soldiers. This survey included one of the river from Franklin to the "Kiski" made by Samuel Maclay in 1790. He left Franklin on August 2 and completed his survey of the river to the mouth of the "Kiski," eighty-five and one-quarter miles, on August 12. He kept a journal but, unfortunately, it is of little value because, aside from notes
on the day's survey, he was wholly occupied with his personal aches and pains and the frequent necessity of baking raised bread. But the lands sold and granted were largely unoccupied, and the residents found within this vast area in 1790, when the first census was taken, were largely squatters on sold or unsold lands. This census shows that the families within the Depreciation Lands in Allegheny County, which still extended to Lake Erie, were only thirty-seven in number, comprising fifty males over sixteen years, fifty-seven under sixteen, and ninety-nine females of all ages. Their names, so far as I can trace them, indicate that they were practically all squatters.

The Indian hold was slipping fast when they recovered from this stunning loss to make one last attack against the valley, beginning in 1791, and ending with General Wayne's annihilating victory over them in 1794. This period covers numerous Indian raids along the east bank of the river and into the Westmoreland district. In 1791 Captain Guthrie led a band of twenty-three scouts by canoe down the river to join St. Clair's army at Pittsburgh, where St. Clair says they arrived on May 19. Few of these were fated to return from the bitter defeat of St. Clair's army in the Wabash country on November 4 that year.

In May, 1792, as William Findley reported to Secretary Dallas, on June 1: "The Indians broke into the settlement by Reed's Station. It was garrisoned by Rangers under Cooper. They had never scouted any. They had been frolicking and were Surprised, in want of Ammunition, and the officer was absent from the station. However, the Indians fired only a few rounds upon the Block-house, with which they killed one man and wounded Another, and went away without any exertions being made by the Rangers. They then killed and took Harbison's family, in sight of the station. Harbison was one of the spies . . . ."7 This report was made before Findley learned of Massey Harbison's escape, as recorded in her published narrative.8 Again all settlers' cabins were burned and the pioneers driven back to various stations—Girty's at Plum

7 Pennsylvania Archives, second series, 4:724. Reed's Station was one mile below and across the river from Freeport. The Rangers referred to were enlisted men from eastern Pennsylvania who were untrained in Indian fighting.

8 Narrative of the Sufferings of Massy Harbison from Indian Barbarity, 72 (2nd ed., Pittsburgh, 1828).
Creek, Coe's at Puckety, and Craig's at Freeport, built in 1792 to replace Reed's Station, burned that year.

This Indian war closed with one of the tragedies of the valley's history. During 1794, on their last raid into the valley, the Indians waylaid the party of one Captain Andrew Sharp, on the "Kiski" about fifteen miles above its mouth, in the vicinity of Apollo. The expedition was on its way to Kentucky and apparently included pioneers from Westmoreland. We speculate now as to why these pioneers should be looking afield for homes further west, but to one who has tilled the hilly, and often rocky, lands of the valley, it appears logical that these soldiers who had been on Lochry's or St. Clair's expeditions, and seen the incomparably fertile level lands of the Kentucky country, as all was known down the Ohio, should aspire to settle upon them. They were a land-hungry people and to them these western lands must have had an irresistible appeal. The Sharp party was attacked in its boat. The "Kiski" at this point is narrow. The Indians killed four of Sharp's men and mortally wounded the captain, who lived for several weeks but died in Pittsburgh. The boat, with its killed and wounded, floated down the stream and entered the Allegheny, whereby the survivors escaped death or captivity. It passed two stations, probably Craig's and Coe's blockhouses, during the night without discovery and without the assistance of anyone on board to steer or to row it and came opposite Thomas Girty's, a little below the mouth of Deer Creek. Another man died, and the women who were in the boat, fearing Captain Sharp was about to die and that they would be left alone, called to people on the shore for assistance. They put out in a boat and brought the Sharp boat ashore. Four of the men in the boat had their wives with them. One, the wife of Captain Guthrie, or Guthrey, was delivered of her ninth child shortly after their arrival in Pittsburgh.9 From the records it seems likely that this was the Captain Guthrie who led the Allegheny men in St. Clair's army under Major Clark. He was granted lands in Kentucky but did not live to take up his grant.

The only eyewitness account of the Sharp tragedy is that of Captain Sharp's daughter Hannah, then a child of ten years, written when she

9 Harbison Narrative, 74.
was eighty-four years old in the form of a letter to her nieces. It reads in part:

Scrubgrass, Butler Co., June 6, 1868.

Dear Nieces:

I sit down to write some particulars about my father's death. He was a militia captain and served under George Washington in the Revolutionary War. My father, Andrew Sharp, was married to my mother, Ann Woods, in the year 1783 in their native place in Cumberland County, Pa. With a family of one child they moved to Crooked Creek, Indiana County. . . . After living there ten years he traded his farm for one in Kentucky. We moved to Black Lick River and got into our boat and started in the evening, but the water was so low we had to land over a night and day. We started the next day and when two miles below the falls on the Kiskiminitas River we landed. My father had a canoe tied to the side of the boat; it got loose going over the falls and father went after it. While he was away a man came and told us the Indians were coming. . . . By the time father got back all of the women and children were in the boat. The men went to tie up the horses when seven Indians fired on them from behind a large tree that had fallen not more than fifteen steps off.

At first fire they shot father's right eyebrows off. When he was cutting one end of the boat loose, he was shot in the left side; when he was cutting the other end loose, they shot him through the other side. He got the boat away before they could get into it. Mother was smoking when the Indians fired and her pipe was shot out of her mouth. Father saw an Indian among the trees, he called for his gun, Mother gave it to him and he shot the Indian dead. The boat got into a whirlpool and went round and round for a while. When the open side went toward the shore the Indians shot at us. They followed us twelve miles down the river. They called for us to come to land or they would fire again . . . .

There were now two dead men in the boat. One man ran off and got away safe. One man died the next morning. None of the women or children were hurt. There were twenty in all. The Indians took father's horses, but the others got theirs. My mother worked the boat the whole night. We got within nine miles of Pittsburgh before daylight (by daylight). There were some men on shore. . . . The men came in a canoe to our boat to help us along. One man went to Pittsburgh before us to have the doctors ready. When we got to Pittsburgh there were many kind neighbors came to see us. Father lived forty

10 From a copy of a letter in the possession of M. I. McCreight, a descendant of Captain Sharp.
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days after he was wounded. . . . Many a time I went and covered myself up and wept when I heard him moaning when the doctors were dressing his wounds. The doctors drew a silk handkerchief through his wounded sides. He got better and could sit up and talk to people when they came to see him, but on the fourth of July they shot cannons. The doctors did not want them to, as they said it would start his wounds to running. The wound in his back began to run, and he died on the 8th of July, in the year 1794, in the 42nd year of his age. He was buried in Pittsburgh with honors of war. There were no friends to follow his remains to the grave, but a younger sister and myself. My mother was not able to go and the youngest child was eleven days old. . . .

Hannah Leason.

The decade following the close of the Indian war was one of confusion among the settlers. Thousands rushed into the valley to take up new lands, only to find them largely preempted; the Depreciation Lands sold to easterners, later known as “land grabbers” and contracted to “langobers”; the laws uncertain as to settlement rights; and all titles in a confusion which required a quarter of a century to untangle. Judge Addison, whose recommendation was that the northwestern counties be erected, described these newcomers as “the flood of mad people who have gone over the Allegheny and Ohio to make settlement; their number is inconceivable, and they will perhaps be dangerous unless law is brought in among them.”

Thus a century of conquest ended and a century and a half of development commenced. The enterprise was undertaken to satisfy a hunger for land, but before a decade ended, the promise of things to come was to be seen, though its portents remained unrecognized for nearly fifty years longer.

Cramer’s Navigator, published in Pittsburgh in 1808, contained this interesting passage:

Among the natural advantages of the Allegheny is Oil Creek, which empties into the river about one hundred miles from Pittsburgh. The creek issues from a spring, on top of which floats an oil, similar to that called Barbadoes Tar, and is found in such quantities that a person may gather several gallons a day. The oil is said to be very efficacious in rheumatic pains when rubbed on the parts affected. The troops sent to guard the Western posts halted at this spring,
collected some of the oil and bathed their joints with it. This gave them great relief from rheumatic complaints with which they were affected. They also drank freely of the water which operated on them as a gentle cathartic. The oil is called Seneca Oil in Pittsburgh, probably from it having been discovered and used by the nation of Indians by that name.

The year 1818 contributed richly to the recorded history of the valley. Two strikingly dissimilar tourists, with a common aim, looked upon it and preserved their observations. The first was Henry R. Schoolcraft, in the youth of a lifetime devoted to travel in, and exploration and observation of, the then mysterious West. He investigated its mineral wealth and natural resources and the Indian life in the upper Mississippi valley, and discovered the lake which is the Mississippi's source. He preserved his life's story in *Thirty-Years with the Indian Tribes*, and the opening chapter of his book was devoted to his trip down the Allegheny on an emigrant's flat boat. He says:

I reached Olean, on the source of the Alleghany River, early in 1818, while the snow was yet upon the ground, and had to wait several weeks for the opening of that stream. I was surprised to see the crowd of persons, from various quarters, who had pressed to this point, waiting for the opening of the navigation.

It was a period of general migration from the East to the West. Commerce had been checked for several years by the war with Great Britain. Agriculture had been hindered by the raising of armies, and a harassing warfare both on the seaboard and the frontiers; and manufactures had been stimulated to an unnatural growth, only to be crushed by the peace. Speculation had also been rife in some places, and hurried many gentlemen of property into ruin. Banks exploded, and paper money flooded the country.

The fiscal crisis was indeed very striking. The very elements seemed leagued against the interests of agriculture in the Atlantic States, where a series of early and late frosts, in 1816 and 1817, had created quite a panic, which helped to settle the West.

I mingled with this crowd, and, while listening to the anticipations indulged in, it seemed to me that the war had not, in reality, been fought for "free trade and sailor's rights" where it commenced, but to gain a knowledge of the world beyond the Alleghanies.

Many came with their household stuff, which was to be embarked in arks
and flatboats. The children of Israel could scarcely have presented a more motley array of men and women, with their "kneading troughs" on their backs, and their "little ones," than there assembled, on their way to the new land of promise.

To judge by the tone of the general conversation, they meant, in their generation, to plough the Mississippi Valley from its head to its foot. There was not an idea short of it. What a world of golden dreams was there!

I took passage on the first ark that attempted the descent for the season. This ark was built of stout planks, with the lower seams caulked, forming a perfectly flat basis in the water. It was about thirty feet wide and sixty long, with gunwales of some eighteen inches. Upon this was raised a structure of posts and boards, about eight feet high, divided into rooms for cooking and sleeping, leaving a few feet of space in front and rear, to row and steer. The whole was covered by a flat roof, which formed a promenade, and near the front part of this deck were two long "sweeps," a species of gigantic oars which were occasionally resorted to, in order to keep the unwieldy vessel from running against islands or dangerous shores.

We went on swimmingly, passing through the Seneca Reservation, where the picturesque costume of the Indians seen on shore seemed to give additional interest to scenes of the deepest and wildest character. Every night we tied our ark to a tree, and built a fire on shore. Sometimes we narrowly escaped going over falls, and once encountered a world of labor and trouble by getting into a wrong channel. I made myself as useful and agreeable as possible to all. I had learned to row a skiff with dexterity during my residence on Lake Dunmore, and turned this art to account by taking the ladies ashore as we floated on with the ark, and picked up specimens, while they culled shrubs and flowers. In this way and by lending a ready hand at the "sweeps," and at the oars whenever there was a pinch, I made myself agreeable. The worst thing we encountered was rain, against which our rude carpentry was but a poor defense. We landed at everything like a town and bought milk, eggs and butter. Sometimes the Seneca Indians were passed, coming up stream in their long pine canoes. There was perpetual novelty and freshness in this mode of wayfaring. The scenery was most enchanting. The river ran high, with a strong current, and the hills frequently rose in most picturesque cliffs.

1818. I do not recollect the time consumed in this descent. We had gone about three hundred miles, when we reached Pittsburgh. It was the 28th of March when we landed at this place, which I remember, because it was my birthday. And here I bid adieu to the kind and excellent proprietor of the ark,
L. Pettibone, Esq., who refused to receive any compensation for my passage, saying prettily, that he did not know how they could have got along without me.\footnote{Henry R. Schoolcraft, \textit{Personal Memoirs of a Residence of Thirty-Years with the Indian Tribes on the American Frontiers}, 18-20 (Philadelphia, 1851).}

The other tourist of that year is pictured in the frontispiece of his book, \textit{A Pedestrious Tour of Four Thousand Miles}, as a squat, phlegmatic-faced figure in shabby clothes. He, like Marco Polo, traveled for the love of seeing; to see what he could see and tell others about it. His name was Estwick Evans and what he saw here was recounted as follows:

From Erie I proceeded to Waterford, a distance of fourteen miles. At this place the snow upon the ground was eighteen inches deep\footnote{Then proceeding down French Creek} the principal boats upon these creeks and upon the Alleghany river are called keels. They are constructed like a whale boat, sharp at both ends; their length is about seventy feet, breadth ten feet, and they are rowed by two oars at both ends. These boats will carry about twenty tons and are worth two hundred dollars. At the stern of the boat is a steering oar, which moves upon a pivot, and extends about twelve feet from the stern. These boats move down the river with great velocity.

The land near the creeks LeBoeuf and French Creek, particularly the former, is low and cold. Wild fowls are here very numerous. The lands on each side of the Alleghany river, for one hundred fifty miles above Pittsburgh, are generally mountainous. The growth of timber here is principally white oak and chestnut, and in some places, pitch pine. There are on the river some good lands, and some of a very inferior quality. But some of the best of the Pennsylvania tracts lie in the north west of the state.

The banks of the Alleghany river are, in many places, exceedingly high, steep and rocky. Whilst moving along the current they appear stupendous. The bed of this river and French Creek is stony and the water of them very clear. On these rivers are many rapids, over some of which boats move at the rate of twelve miles an hour. In passing down the Alleghany the scenery is delightful. The boats move with much velocity; the country scarcely seemed inhabited; the mountains, almost lost to vision, rise in rude majesty on both sides of the river; the pellucid aspect of the water; the darting fish; the anxious loon; the profound solitude, rendered more impressive by the clash of the oars; all these, and many other circumstances, carry the mind back to the days, when the original occupants of the neighboring wilds lived under the simple
government of nature, and did not dream of the storm which civilization was preparing for them.

In some places on the Alleghany hills there are fine farms. On the river is situated the little village of Armstrong; and behind the hills stands Lawrence-town. I found marching over these mountains very laborious; but the prospects from them richly repaid me for my pains.12

Neville Craig’s account in the *Pittsburgh Gazette* of the first steamboat trip up the river reads:

In our paper today (May 28, 1830) will be found an interesting account of the first passage of a steamboat from Pittsburgh to Olean Point. The village situated near this point is commonly called Olean, but is designated on the maps as Hamilton, and is in Cattaraugus County, in the state of New York. . . . The new steamboat Allegheny, built on an improved plan by Mr. Blanchard, of Connecticut, 90 feet long and 18 wide, cabin on deck separated lengthwise, giving each thirty feet, worked by a distinct double engine principally made of wrought iron; two stern wheels extending twelve feet behind the boat; drawing with wood and water about twelve inches; left Pittsburgh on the 14th of May, 1830, with 64 passengers and 25 to 30 tons of freight, stemming the current of this noble and most valuable river, affording lumber in the greatest quantities, at the rate of three miles per hour.

The great Pennsylvania Canal passes up on the bank of this river thirty miles, crossing by an Aqueduct at the outlet of the Kiskiminetas River, at Freeport, Armstrong County, a handsome, thriving village, pleasantly situated, containing four or five hundred inhabitants, forty miles up. Lawrenceville, near the mouth of Bear Creek, is eighteen miles above Freeport, Foxburg two miles above Lawrenceville. Patterson Falls, one hundred and fifteen miles up, is one of the worst rapids on this river. Here a very useful improvement aided the engine, a polling machine, worked by the capstan or windlass in the bow of the boat, which drew her over with ease. Montgomery’s Falls, five miles farther, is near as bad. Franklin is situated at the outlet of French Creek, which is navigable for keelboats to LeBoeuf, above Meadville, forty-six miles. This is an old village, and surrounded by iron furnaces, where also is now made good quality bar iron. . . . Oil Creek is seven miles above. On this stream there are quantities of Seneca oil gathered. Its smell is very perceptible

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12 Estwick Evans, *A Pedestrious Tour of Four Thousand Miles through the Western States and Territories during the Winter and Spring of 1818*, 141-143 (Concord, N. H., 1819).
at its outlet. Here there is a valuable furnace. We arrived at Warren, a beautiful village situate at the outlet of Conewango Creek, at 9 o'clock, on the 19th of May, near two hundred miles above Pittsburgh in three and one-half days running time. Conewango Creek is navigable in the rafting season until within seven miles of Chautauqua Lake, where it is expected ere long a canal will be cut through. It requires from eighteen to twenty-five days for canoes and keelboats, manned in the best manner, to perform this trip. This is the highest point on the river that has ever been made by a steamboat, and to this point only by this boat. However, the usual enterprise of its owners prompted them to explore further this valuable river, and on the evening of the 19th of May, she departed from Warren, for Olean in the state of New York, seventy-five miles above by water, with freight and passengers from Pittsburgh.

At 9 o'clock next day (May 20th), she arrived opposite the Indian village of Cornplanter, seventeen miles up. Here a deputation of gentlemen waited on this ancient and well known Indian king or chief, and invited him on board this new and to him wonderful visitor, a steamboat. We found him, in all his native simplicity of dress and manner of living, lying on his couch, made of rough pine boards and covered with deerskins and blankets. His habitation, a two-story house, is in a state of decay, without furniture except a few benches and wooden bowls and spoons to eat out of. This convinced us of his determination to return to old habits and customs. This venerable chief was a lad in the first French War in 1754, and is now nearly one hundred years of age. He is a smart, active man seemingly possessed of all his strength of mind and in perfect health, and retains among his nation all that uncontrolled influence that he has ever had. He, with his son, Charles, sixty years of age, and his son-in-law, came on board and remained until she passed six miles up, and then they returned home in their canoe, after expressing great pleasure. His domain is a delightful bottom of rich land two miles square, nearly adjoining the line between Pennsylvania and New York. On this, his own family, about fifty in number, in eight or ten houses, reside. Cornplanter's wife and her mother, one hundred and fifteen years of age, are in good health. The lands of the tribe, being forty miles long and half a mile wide, on each side of the river, lie just above, but all in the state of New York. They have a number of villages and are about seven hundred in number, scattered all along this reserve. Many of them have good dwellings, and like the whites, some are intelligent, industrious, and useful, while others of them are the reverse. On the whole, they are becoming civilized and Christianized as fast as can be expected. The natives appeared in great numbers, we counted four hundred,
attracted to view this unexpected sight on their waters. Their lands terminate eight miles below Olean.

We found rapids and generally very strong water until within twenty miles of our destination, at the Great Valley. Here the mountains began to decrease fast, and the current became easy, until gradually we seemed to have reached the top of the mountain which we had been so long ascending. At 11 o'clock, A. M., on Friday, the 21st of May, we landed safely at Olean Point, nearly 300 miles from Pittsburgh, amidst the loud and constant rejoicing of the hospitable citizens of the village. The first person landed was Mr. (David) Dick, of Meadville, the principal and enterprising owner of this boat; and the first passenger, William, son of Mr. Nelson, of Pittsburgh, a child of seven years old, who may live to tell some thirty or forty years hence, the great interest created on this occasion. Here we found ourselves on the highest ground ever occupied by a steamboat, 600 feet above Pittsburgh, nearly 1,400 feet above the level of, and 2,500 miles by the course of the river from, the ocean. Olean village is half a mile from the river. Olean Creek is navigable thirty miles up, and the Allegheny but four miles, on account of a mill dam. One hundred and thirty of the inhabitants assembled and took a pleasant excursion seven miles down the river and back, which was performed in thirty minutes, and fifty-five minutes returning.

The trip up from Warren was performed in about twenty hours, and she returned the next day safely to Warren in six hours running time, thus performing in this day of wonders what the most sanguine mind, a few years ago, never anticipated. No doubt but in this same channel, ere long, a valuable trade and free intercourse will be opened for the mutual advantage of the enterprising citizens of the state of New York and our own prosperous and flourishing city of Pittsburgh. The scenery along the Allegheny affords the greatest variety and is in some places truly sublime. It would generally be very much like the celebrated North River scenery, if equally improved and cultivated, more particularly up to the Great Valley. Here the hills rise higher and the river narrows. Its courses are in all directions and its mountains in all shapes, dressed at this season of the year, in its richest robes. The wild flowers along the shores, the beautiful evergreens and towering pines and hemlocks, interspersed with the lighter maple green, give the whole scenery an indescribable beauty. One particular spot surpassed all others. In the evening, after a heavy shower, above Kenjua Island all at once the sun beamed forth in all its glory, and a brilliant rainbow presented itself. The mountains are unusually high and the river narrow, so that we could only view these extraordinary works of
sand acres of land fronting on the river from Six Mile Island to where Blawnox now stands. His wife, Ann Woods, was a member of a prominent Bedford family, and a sister of General John Woods, who owned the land where Tarentum, Brackenridge and Natrona are situated, which he gave to Caroline Marie, a French innkeeper’s daughter. Here on this land Ross founded a country estate in or about 1832, building a beautiful red brick mansion house with extensive landscaped grounds around it which he named “The Meadows.” He and Ann Woods had three children, a daughter, Mary Jane, and two sons, James, Jr., and George Woods Ross. Both sons died unmarried. The death of George Ross was tragic and romantic. Lucy Ann Higbee was a relative and kept a dairy, now in possession of the Delafield family. She wrote:

June 4 [1837]. James Ross came in to see us this morning and is desirous we should fix a time for going to “The Meadows.”

June 6. At nine this morning, Mary Woods, Virginia and myself seated ourselves in the carriage for “The Meadows”; stopped to see Mrs. Mowry, Nature far above us, tinging the tops of these lofty hills, convincing as that nothing but an Almighty power could furnish the imagination with such a feast. Upon the whole, as a trip of pleasure or health, we would recommend this route before any other now known. The boat left Warren on the morning of the 23d (of May) and landed at Pittsburgh at 4 o’clock, P. M., on the 24th, with a number of passengers, 18 tons of pig metal and nine tons of bar iron, in perfect safety. The time employed in running during the trip was seven days, running by daylight, exclusive of delays at Franklin, Warren and Olean, but including stoppages for wood, etc.13

Life in some parts of the valley was taking on more gracious aspects. We are fortunate to have an insight of it in what is now Pittsburgh and its environs along the river.

James Ross was the leader of the Allegheny County Bar for nearly half a century; he served for nine years as a United States Senator, and was three times Federalist candidate for governor. He became a resident of the valley in 1818. He owned between two thousand and three thousand four miles from town—inspected every part of her very complete establishment. Took Mrs. Johnston with us four miles further to James Ross’ place.

13 Pittsburgh Gazette, May 28, 1830, as quoted in Mrs. S. Kussart, The Allegheny River, 143-146 (Pittsburgh, 1938).
The ride is a most beautiful one, on both sides of the river are handsome improvements. The banks are elevated and beautifully covered with grass and forest trees. At length we arrived at the splendid mansion of the bachelor. [She apparently refers here to James Ross, Jr.] The house is a much larger one than that at Richmond Hill, completely furnished by handsome carpets, mirrors, lamps, chairs and so forth. Mrs. Addison and McDowell joined us at dinner. I could not help being greatly overcome at seeing Miss Woods, so many sad changes had occurred since we last saw each other. Toward sunset, James Ross took us into the park to see three pet deer. Here also he intends to encage some peacocks. Walked over the meadows and through the garden, all in very fine order. His domain includes six or eight tenants and about twelve hundred acres, lying on both sides of the Allegheny River.

June 7. The storm today prevented old Mr. Ross and Mary Anderson from joining us at “The Meadows.” This afternoon we put on our bonnets and warm shawls for a walk to the canal, but the wet grass obliged us to keep in the gravel walk—then Neptune, the Newfoundland pet, would be more sociable than was agreeable, and so obliged us to take shelter in the house. After tea James Ross entertained us with a set of porcelain plates arranged on an astral lamp, representing moonlight landscapes, snow scenes, etc. Went for an hour to Aunt Polly’s room before bedtime.

June 8. The rain of this morning has again interfered with our plans for strolling over the meadows and visiting the farmer’s dwellings, springhouse, canal bank and so forth. At ten o’clock old Mr. Ross arrived from town alone in the carriage, and at four this afternoon Mary Woods and ourselves accompanied him four miles lower down the river to Mrs. Mowry’s, where we remained until the morning, the old gentleman [apparently referring to James Ross, Sr.] going into town solus. Before tea this evening crossed the stile to Mrs. Collins’, one of the most cultivated residences on the river. Took us over her grounds and into the greenhouse. Picked for me a large bouquet of flowers, among which were some taken from Wood Lawn by Mrs. Gen. Butler. Showed us a bee palace in which the whole plan of making honey is shown by means of glass doors. Found here Mrs. William Wilkins, Mrs. Murray and her sister spending the evening. It is a most sweet spot. Mrs. M.’s little son came to say tea was ready. Soon after, Mr. Guthrie, her opposite neighbor, came in and finished the evening. Mrs. Johnston seems in her usual health and very lively.

June 9. An early breakfast was provided for us that we might get into town early. Passed the Arsenal at seven o’clock, too unreasonable an hour to call
upon Mrs. Gen. Wilkins. Rode over into Allegheny Town and greatly astonished to see the increase of the town.

What were these handsome improvements mentioned on both sides of the river? We know that William Croghan, Mary Schenley's father, had opened his country home "Picnic" before this time. The mention of the residents of the valley reads like a blue book of the Pittsburgh of that day. Mrs. Collins was the daughter of Stephen Lowry, who as his heir owned the residue of the Morris lands in Butler and Allegheny Counties. Mrs. Butler was doubtless the wife of one of that military family; Mrs. William Wilkins, the wife of Judge Wilkins, former United States Senator and Minister to Russia, destined to become Secretary of War, who was one of the large land owners. Aunt Polly was doubtless one of the Woods sisters. Mrs. Addison was the widow of Judge Alexander Addison of land-trials fame, whose concern for the welfare of the country, because of "the flood of mad people" who rushed in to take up lands in northwestern Pennsylvania inspired the creation of the new counties there. Mrs. Mowry was a daughter of Judge Addison and the wife of Dr. Peter Mowry, whose estate lay within the boundaries of the present Allegheny Cemetery. Mrs. "Johnston" was probably Mrs. Samuel R. Johnson, whose husband was a well-known publisher of that day; and Mary Anderson was the daughter of William Anderson, the North Side pioneer.

George Woods Ross's romantic end is described in the following poem by Mrs. Elvert M. Davis, also found in the Delasfield library:

The tavern keeper's daughter came down the slope of the hill,  
She knew whose smile would greet her as she reached the little rill;  
But her heart was sorely troubled as it never before had been,  
'Twas by talk at the public meeting last night at her father's inn.

They had vowed to bring to his knees at last the Federalist nominee,  
And he was her lover's father; could their friendship lasting be?  
She loved the son of the Senator, and the father had never forbid  
Their daily walks and daily talks the rustic lanes amid.

On the way to school they had lingered to look at the flowers and birds,  
And the magic of youthful romance had thrilled through commonplace words.  
She had noted the air of hauteur his mother's kin possessed,  
And knew that at their hearthstones she would be no welcome guest.
She feared when his father heard the boasts that had rung through the old inn hall,
He would separate her from her lover, whatever might befall.
It was so—but a few days longer and he met her along the path,
To tell her the plans his father had made, and she knew they were made in wrath.

The lad was to go with his sister to take her East to find
A better school, he to travel a year to improve his mind.
"The year will quickly pass," he said, "and you will then be grown,
And when I return I can tell you what now I dare not own."

She bowed her head to the edict, for she was a gentle girl;
She gave him her hand at parting, as he bent and cut a curl,
A curl from her nutbrown ringlets, and she with never a tear
Bade him godspeed and a happy time, but she knew 'twas for more than a year.

Hope died in her breast as they parted, and she drooped like a wilted flower,
Although her tears fell only in the dark of the midnight hour.
The party feuds raged fiercely in the little town in the west,
And no news came through to sweet Evelyn from the one she loved the best.

His haughty cousins passed along by the tavern on the hill,
With never a glance toward the window where she lay so white and still.
The year went on and his father, when he heard his son was to come,
And his close-lipped uncle who loved him went to welcome the traveller home.

They met at an inn on Laurel Ridge, and he asked for news of the town,
But they said no word of Evelyn, and fearing his father's frown
He asked them naught, but found a groom who had worked at her father's inn,
And ventured to question the man, though he scarce knew how to begin.

The groom had heard how the old landlord was losing his heart's delight,
"I ken you knew her, she's dying, sir; she'll hardly last the night."
A word to his elders, a hasty word, "I will ride on, sirs," he said,
And he put spurs to his weary horse and down the mountain sped.

Swelling and rolling was Turtle Creek, "Don't try it!" the hostler cried,
But he gave no heed to the warning words as he plunged in the turbid tide.
It seized him in its treacherous grasp, it carried him afar,
From the crumbling shore the groom beholds a riderless horse on the bar!

Evelyn listened the whole day through for the sound she hoped to hear;
Her life slipped out at the eventide but they say there lingered near
A poor drenched ghost of a gallant lad, and they met with a ghostly kiss,—
A legend says that they haunt the glades on moonlight nights like this."
Who was the innkeeper’s daughter? The poetess fails to tell.

In contrast with this picture of the daily lives of these, the leading citizens of the valley, we have an account that portrays the world of another class of its citizens. Only five miles above the Ross estate, Twelve Mile Island (first known as Brewster Island, and later as Barton’s Island), lies in the river below the mouth of Deer Creek. It lies above all but the highest floods. Its first settler was a squatter, Daniel Sweeney, who sold his right to B. F. Brewster, who subsequently, in the early 1820’s, obtained a patent for it from the state. Brewster established his residence on it about 1802. He was an educated man and his title of esquire would indicate he served as a justice of the peace. Sometime during the first quarter of the century a charge of witchcraft was brought against a woman and came before Brewster for trial. Brewster did not believe in witchcraft but pretended to try the woman to appease the clamor of his ignorant neighbors, believing that no evidence to support the charge could be produced. To his surprise many witnesses came forward and testified that she was a witch and related circumstances which convinced Brewster that they, in their ignorance, believed what they charged. The crowd clamored for her death. Brewster played for time and postponed the trial on the excuse that he wanted time to inform himself on the law. During the postponement the woman was “spirited” out of the neighborhood and when the trial was resumed she could not be produced. The crowd was furiously indignant, realizing they had been outwitted and threatened Brewster with violence, but the escape ended the case. Brewster sold the island in 1835 and went to Texas. It is reputed he wrote an account of the trial, the first and perhaps only case of witchcraft which came to trial in Western Pennsylvania.

Bread and salt became synonymous with sustenance of life early in the history of mankind and salt as well as bread was provided by this valley. The need for salt was an ever present one among the pioneers. Expeditions were first sent across the mountains to obtain it. Then General O’Hara devised the plan of importing it from New York state, from the Onondaga region, now Syracuse, by shipping it to Lake Ontario, thence by wagon to Lake Erie, thence to French Creek and by keelboat down the creek and the Allegheny to Pittsburgh. He cut the cost in half and
prospered in the trade until the War of 1812, when the supply was cut off and necessity stimulated the production in the "Kiski" valley. Here, in 1813, one, William Johnson, drilled a well and obtained a strong salt water. Others were drilled and the industry grew by leaps and bounds until by 1826 it extended down along the Allegheny, and the directory of Pittsburgh reported twenty-six salt manufactories in operation along the "Kiski" and the Allegheny. The Pennsylvania Canal was opened shortly thereafter with the result that the valley extended its market along the canal as far east as Harrisburg and down the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. The industry reached its crest about 1842. A few monuments alone remain in the names of Saltsburg, Salina, and the large Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company plant at Natrona, which graduated from salt to chemical manufacturing.

While the salt industry was waning, a new and greater one arose; that of furnishing lumber for the treeless regions down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to appease an insatiable demand for material to build structures for housing men and industries for a new civilization. Timber of the finest quality was found at the headwaters of the Allegheny and its transportation was provided by the river. It was floated down, the cheapest transportation possible, and life in the transportation stage is admirably pictured and preserved in "Rafting Sketches" by a newspaper contributor who signed only his initials, "G. M. C." He wrote in part:

Our raft was nearly 350 feet long, and 40 feet wide, having two oars at each end; manned by ten as sturdy fellows as ever dipped a blade, three to each forward and two to each stern oar. Our crew were good-hearted, jovial fellows, gathered from an area of forty miles, but as free of all restraints pertaining to the refinements of life as the wild winds that sweep where they list. Two or three were avowed infidels, and a majority of the rest, although admitting the abstract truths of religion, yet scoffed at its institutions and ridiculed its professors, the more openly perhaps, that we had none aboard. Some of them were farmers who improved this opportunity for making a few dollars, while the ground was yet frozen and unfit for cultivation. Some were young men, going to the Far West, with high hopes of wealth and prosperity; but the majority were regular muskrats, men who cut and haul logs in the winter, and in the time of running, burrow as regularly in a raft as the rats gather in its cabin, dissipated and idle except periodically, and always in debt
to the lumber owners. This description only applies to those who follow the river as a business; for there are a few men who engage in taking lumber to market, of un tarnished moral character. This class, moreover, is increasing, while the former is diminishing; and although a raft is even now a scene of gross and brutal obscenity and profanity, it is far different from those former years, when every eddy presented such scenes of drunkenness and fighting, man's lowest degradation, as made the heart sick.

Fairly afloat, the men evinced their gratification by singing songs peculiar to their profession, and the echoes, ringing out from the wooded shores as we swept along, had a most exhilarating effect. The river would occasionally seem to bury itself in the bosom of an opposing mountain, while we were borne rapidly on towards the frowning rampart with a force resistless as the impetus of such a moving mass would make to the efforts of puny man to arrest it; when just as we were within a few rods of the shore and destruction seemed inevitable, the pilot, from an elevation of shingles amidships, seeing the favorable moment when the current, beating off shore, would catch the raft's head, would cry out, "Right, forward!" and the men, who stood with their oars ready to dip, and only waiting for the word, as soon as it caught their ears, would spring to the contest, throwing their whole strength into the effort, give eight or ten heavy pulls, and as the raft began to curve gently from her head to the middle, "Right, behind!" would break with a startling emphasis on the dead silence, and the men at the stern oars, jumping at the word, with a "long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together," she would gallantly sweep around the point; and as the stern grazed within a foot of the shore, and the water boiled and surged between them, a long, vista-like reach of the river would open suddenly on the view, and the contest and excitement were ended...
came to our ears, and every man stood at his oar, ready for any emergency. In high water, there is only a fall of some three feet, and if the raft is kept trim, there is not much danger; otherwise, it will be likely to run under the breakers below, and in that case, shingles, shanty, and loose boards are swept off, and the raft not infrequently sinks.

We were soon in the suck, and the head of the raft immediately broke the glassy surface where it began to bend, like a mirror, over the dam, seeming to shatter it into a thousand bright pieces. The men squatted, holding their oars down to the raft, thus keeping the blades clear of the water. Her head sunk over the fall, and then bent up gracefully on the first breaker and with greatly accelerated velocity shot along over the boiling eddies, while the rest of the raft successfully broke over and settled down, and then floated up in a beautiful swell over the breakers, creaking and cracking, while the cabin rocked to and fro and the waves washed her entire deck. There is a most exhilarating sensation about the heart as the raft suddenly drops from under one into the bottom of the little gulf, and then dances along on the white tops of the miniature waves. When nearly two-thirds of her whole length had passed the dam, the men forward were obliged to pull, and one of them, dipping his oar into an eddy whirling in a contrary direction, was instantly thrown ten feet from the raft, backward into the river, but with an admirable presence of mind, clung to the stem and soon got aboard again, amid shouts of laughter from his comrades.

Here the hills on the right begin to sweep in towards the river, while on the left, rich bottom lands spread out to a great width, covered with giant sycamore, butternut, and sugar-maple trees, in which there are a few openings and Indian cabins. . . . Warren, the county town of Warren County, Pa., is pleasantly situated just below the mouth of Conewango (Creek), but has a rather decayed appearance. . . . Having effected a landing, about 4 o'clock in the evening, we left our raft and went up town. Main Street, which runs along the verge of the precipitous bank before mentioned, was swarming with raftsmen, in every variety of costume. Some had the old drab, or rather dirty yellow, greatcoat of their grandfather's times, surmounted with its pyramids of capes, and narrow, turned-over, threadbare velvet collar, thrown loosely over their shoulders and fastened at the throat with a clasp, while the shriveled arms, cuffless and torn, swung back and forth or were borne about in the wind. Those wearing this antiquated garment were generally tall, gaunt fellows, with a napless and unrimmed hat, whose crown, hanging to one side like a valve, fell in and afforded a ventilation, or swung gracefully on the out-
side, like the guerdon of ancient knights; while their long, cane-like legs were enveloped in trousers patched and bagging, and their pedals in boots which would scarcely shrink beside Frances' lifeboats. Others wore sealscaps with the front piece torn off, or turned up, a loose coat with the skirt torn off, or with both thrown over their shoulders. Here and there, thinly scattered through the crowd, might be seen, soiled and faded, the fashions of last year hurrying along, or surrounded with a group of tatterdemalions, pretty surely indicating the lumber owner; while about one in four had a joint of bacon under one arm and half a cheese under the other, or handkerchiefs full of bread in each hand, while the sun flashed brightly from the scores of tin pails, coffee pots and cups scattered profusely through the crowd.

Such was the motley mass we found thronging the streets of Warren. The public houses were in no better condition, for every accessible room was filled to overflowing, while the strangling tobacco smoke and stenching breath of the inebriate rendered them absolutely intolerable. Independently, however, of such considerations, there was reason enough for being abroad. The busy hustle of thronging hundreds; the beautiful and darkly pure Allegheny, flowing far below your feet; the ringing echoes of the axe on the rafts that covered the river above and below to a quarter of its width; the rafts floating by with the smoke curling over the cabin and the women and children of the emigrant to the Far West sitting around on the shingles or gathered in groups, regarding the scene with wonder; all formed a scene of interest not to be compared with the suffocation and grossness of the bar-room, and when twilight gradually came on, and these things lost their distinctness by degrees and with the shades of evening stillness settling down on the bosom of the river and hundreds of lights were glancing through the cracks and knot-holes of the shanties, it assumed a touching beauty not to be described.

This river is probably the most remarkable one known, for the depth of its bed below the general surface. The banks are generally precipitous, as far down as Freeport, where the Pennsylvania Canal crosses the river, when they begin to melt down on the right and recede into a fine valley on the left, but above there rising several hundred feet and then spreading out into a level tract of country. I in no place observed basaltic or primitive, nor ever mural rock to form the shore; but the whole rose with a steep acclivity, and was covered with a heavy forest. Below Scrub-grass, however, where the river bends to the right rather abruptly, a huge pilaster stands out in bold relief, naked of vegetation, and covered with loose and broken stones that have tumbled down from its bold and blackened head, which rises much higher than
the mainland and which bears a striking resemblance to a huge fort, frowning on the river below. A very remarkable feature of this river is the vast number of salt works that line both shores. The saline water is obtained by boring, which is always done in the immediate vicinity of the stream, and often within a rod of it. The steam works for pumping the water, the furnaces and forges sending out their bellowings, the rattling, thundering coal rushing down the steep ways from the top of the mountain shore, all give a stirring interest to what was so recently an unbroken solitude, and carry the mind to the silence and darkness of the ages of its wilderness period. It is even now emerging into the future when the voice of a busy and active commerce shall go up from its bosom, and wealth and refinement scatter their improvements and blessings throughout its whole length. Where will you find another such a river? Beneath its very bed is an inexhaustible saline deposit; in the mountain shore, unlimited iron is imbedded, and coal may be sent from the mines into the very mouths of the furnaces; unbounded quarries of the best sandstone for making glass, from which it is loaded into boats and conveyed to Pittsburgh; born itself in the vast pine forests of Pennsylvania and New York and its tributaries also coming from the darkness of the evergreen wilderness, and bearing annually more than a million dollars worth of lumber to market, can you point to a river of the same length with equal resources?

About ten o'clock on Sunday morning, the fourth day from Warren, spires of Pittsburgh rose in view and the United States Arsenal and straggling iron works and country seats announced its vicinity. The right shore was lined with lumber, but as we were to land below Smoky Island in the Ohio, we floated on and Pittsburgh loomed up from the left, black and ragged like a rent and broken mountain of rock, and Allegheny Town skirted the right, looking very much as if it had tumbled from the heights above into a confused and scattered mass; and the two a la Chang and Eng, were bound together by their ligament-like bridges, which stood out from the sky like the summer clouds that float a few degrees above the horizon at sunset and span the valley between the two hills; and below rises the high ridge which, sweeping in from the Monongahela and extending several miles below its mouth, forms the cradle in which the young Ohio is rocked, on first awaking into being.14

An epochal century has elapsed since this nameless visitor viewed the river valley and exclaimed: “Where will you find another such a river?”

14 Pittsburgh Gazette, October 6 and 19, 1841, as reprinted in Kussart, The Allegheny Valley, 104-112.
The valley’s citizens have yet to pause and ask themselves this question. When once they do, then this halo of the past will be irradiated with a rainbow of future beauty. When the blindness of familiarity is swept away, our people will envision its enduring natural beauty framing modern industrial activities. The tree-clad precipitous hillsides still frame its lower reaches from the “Kiski” to Pittsburgh and tower in pristine grandeur as earth’s undecaying monuments before its teeming people and their towns. The sons and daughters of the valley need but lift their eyes to these hills to view their ancient beauty and when they sense the inestimable value of that beauty and arise to preserve it for future generations, then there will be established a chain of palisade-like parks in a setting of earthly charm. One visions that day when these great natural rock gardens, cleaned and spot-lighted, studded with evergreens, their moon-touched crests laced with parkways, and all mirrored in the waters of the river, will be a mecca for the nation and those viewing it will re-echo the words of its early visitor: “Where will you find another such a valley?”