ON March 26, 1859, "The Warren Ledger" of Warren, Pennsylvania carried these words, "The largest board raft that ever floated down the Allegheny River passed this place on Thursday morning last ... The boards were rafted under the supervision of Captain James Martin, of Pine Grove, and he pilots the raft himself." 1 The appearance of this news item, nearly a century ago, caused but slight interest among the citizens along the Allegheny River.

While the size of this single raft was impressive, (690,000 feet of boards), there were so many rafts on the river during each spring season that one more, even though so large, aroused little excitement. Besides, rafting was old to northwestern Pennsylvania for as early as 1797 lumbermen had started to send their rafts down the Allegheny to southern markets. 2 3

* Ernest C. Miller, who edited this article and prepared the notes for it, is an oil man by vocation but a historian by avocation. He has contributed frequently over the last few years to this magazine.

1 This is the Captain Martin mentioned later in this journal as in command of the fleet of Allegheny rafts and of the big Ohio River raft.

2 Wetmore Reminiscences, Warren (Pa.) Ledger, March 29, 1853.

3 According to an article in The Commercial Journal (Pittsburgh, Pa.) November 26, 1855, Michael McKinney is reputed to have rafted down the Allegheny River as early as 1787 but this date is found in no other source and is open to some question.
The relatively small population of northwestern Pennsylvania could use only a small fraction of the pine and hemlock timber available and the people, after satisfying their needs, made lumbering the chief industry of the region, supplying great quantities of fine white pine and lowly hemlock boards to the rapidly growing towns and cities along the Ohio and beyond.

Rafts varied in size, depending on where they were floated. The basic unit of construction was the “platform,” a square varying from 25 to more than 30 alternating courses of 16 foot boards between a bottom and a top frame bound together by “grubs,” which were oak saplings with roots.

On Conewango Creek in Warren County, for example, the standard raft was ten platforms long and one platform wide, approximately 170 by 17 feet, with one oar at each end. Where the Conewango entered the Allegheny River at Warren, six of these ten platform “strings” would be coupled together to form an “Allegheny Raft” approximately 340 feet long and 51 feet wide, with three oars or sweeps at each end.

Rafts made up in the Allegheny at Warren or below, from lumber hauled to the river, were often longer and deeper than those made up of “Conewango rafts,” often 360 feet long and having 30 or more courses of one and one-half inch boards. Three of these Alleghenies coupled together at Pittsburgh made an Ohio River Raft about 540 feet long covering an acre or more of water.

The platform units were joined together by boards called “couplers” extending from one platform to the other over the adjoining grubs. The larger units, or “strings,” were similarly joined together with half logs of small size.

A century ago Pennsylvania led the nation in lumber production and in 1850, of the six northwestern counties, Warren County was the biggest producer.4

It was, therefore, something of a coincidence when a rafting diary of 1859 was found at Russell, Pennsylvania, on Conewango Creek, a year ago. The small leather-bound book was found by Mrs. Clinton M. Lewis in the attic of her home and turned out to be the description

4 Eighth Census of the United States, 1860; Manufactures, pp 493-544.
of a raft trip made by her father, Theodore L. Putnam. This diary is unusual from several standpoints; one of the three Allegheny rafts on the trip was the largest raft ever to go down the Allegheny up to that time, as previously mentioned, and the raft made up of this and its two slightly smaller companions, at Pittsburgh, held the same distinction on the Ohio River. In addition, these rafts went down the year Warren County was the largest lumber producer, and they ran into all kinds of troubles on the trip due to the difficulty of handling their huge bulk during the phenomenally freakish wind and weather in the spring of 1859.

Of necessity, the entries in the diary are often brief, but clear and intelligent. Theodore Putnam was not a professional raftsman or lumberman, but rather was first a farmer, later a master wagon-maker, school teacher, justice of the peace, and a County Commissioner. He made many trips on rafts in his younger days, but apparently this was the only trip of which he made a complete record. He was twenty-five years old in 1859.

The diary is printed here for the first time through the kindness of Mr. Harold C. Putnam of Warren, the present owner, and his aunt, Mrs. Lewis, the original discoverer. Except for the footnotes added for clarification and explanation where deemed necessary, it is printed exactly as found.

The editor is indebted to Captain Frederick Way Jr., of Sewickley, Pa., who was of much help in assisting with locations along the rivers.

Rafting Trip by Theodore L. Putnam, from above Glade Run (Warren) Pa., to Louisville, Ky.

Wednesday—Left home to go down the river for J. M. Martin March 16/59 went to Glade Run. 17 Started down the river. Had good luck until we arrived at Jackson's Island. Overtook an Indian raft; requested him to lay in the Eddy that we might pass. He did so but not enough for us to pass until we entered the chute which drove

5 And as far as a careful check shows, the largest raft ever to traverse the Allegheny River.

6 Jackson's Island—a group of three islands about one mile south of Warren. Many rafts were wrecked here for even the channel, on the right side of the island, was dangerous.
him so far to the right that he struck the beach but got a line out in time to prevent damage. Ran on without farther trouble that day. Landed at Elliott’s. 18 Pulled out at about half past five o’clock A.M. The coast was clear until we arrived near the Franklin Bridge where we overhauled Col. Crocker. Ran past him soon after we left the Bridge. Had no more trouble until we arrived at the head of Stover’s Bend where another such a storm never blew as broke upon us there. We had it tip and tuck from then on till dark when we landed at Stump Creek. The perspiration from our bodies and the rain and hail in conjunction managed to make of us about as dubious a looking set as are often seen. 19 Last night it snowed. When we arose this morning we found the snow on our raft about two inches deep and the river two feet higher than it was at dark and still rising. It is now (Saturday evening) nearly four feet higher than it was last night with fair prospects of being still higher and of keeping us here three or four days at least. 20 When we arose this morning good luck seemed to smile on us. The river during the night ceased to rise and the golden sun rose full and fair, shedding its mild luster on all—imparting life and vigor to every one—and the faces of the Lumber Merchants wore altogether a different aspect than they did yesterday. The weather continued fair enough through the day with the exceptions of a gust of wind occasionally. The water is falling slowly. Our captain thinks we will be able to sail about Tuesday or Wednesday.

21 Last night the water fell about four inches. The weather is as fair as it was yesterday with the exceptions of a little haze in the west which looks as if we would have more rain before long. There have been several rafts passed here today but the water is too high and is falling but slowly. We have consumed nearly all of our provisions. The captain sent to Pitt for some yesterday and if it does not arrive by tomorrow we will have to fast until it does come or we get some from some other source. We had a fine game of ball today. Saw three or four drunken men come near having a fight and finally came back to the raft as hungry as men ought to be. 22 The water continued to fall until about three o’clock P.M. Last night the rain set in; it rained until about noon today then ceased and at sunset it is as

7 Stover’s Bend—a very large bend with a dangerous bar just below it, ninety-six miles south of Warren.

8 Stump Creek—this huge eddy, 107 miles below Warren, was the usual place of landing on the second night after leaving Warren. It was located near present day Foxburg.
fair as need be. I can think of nothing more today save this is the most lonesome time we have experienced for a long time. 23 This morning when we arose a dense cloud of fog enveloped us and by the time we were fairly out of the shanty there came a raft down head first through the fog and struck us fair in the side which broke guards loose and caused a snapping and cracking among our Jacks that raftmen don’t like to hear. The water commenced rising today about noon and has raised about two inches, caused, I suppose, by the rain yesterday and the snow on the headwaters of the river. Our provisions came yesterday by the steamer Echo.9 The steamer Allegheny Bell No. 410 passed here today on her way to Franklin. Saw Bob Putnam on board of her on his home trip. 24 This morning the rain set in and continued until about noon then ceased. The clouds became broken and every one says we are going to have settled weather. The water is on a stand but is three or four feet too high for rafting. Nothing of importance has occurred today except sailing by of the steamer Echo bound for Warren. Among the passengers on board of her were Wm. and Wallace Briggs on their home trip from Pittsburgh. 25 The weather has changed cold. The clouds look and the air feels like snow. The water raised six inches last night and is still rising. It now wants about eight inches of being as high as it has been since we came here. We have been here seven days and the prospects that we shall have to stay here at least three or four days longer even if the weather should prove favorable. I am tired, lonesome, and sorry I ever started from home on this trip. 7 o’clock the steamer Venango11 passed on her way to Emlenton.12 James Nesmith was on board of her. He brings news from Pitt

9 Echo—a 100 ton packet, new in March, 1858, with Captain Ezekiel Gordon as Master. Her first trip up the Allegheny was to Franklin, Pa., where she arrived on April 4, 1858. After 1859 this was one of four steamers hauling crude oil from Oil City, Pa.

10 Allegheny Belle No. 4—this packet came out in March, 1859, with Captain William Hanna as Master so it was brand new when Putnam saw it. During the Civil War the government took the boat, used it around Cincinnati, found it too small, and returned it to the Allegheny River.

11 Venango—new in January, 1858, this boat brought out the first shipment of crude oil from Oil City following Drake’s discovery well, August 27, 1859. The initial shipment was seventy-five barrels. Captain Thomas H. Reynolds was part owner and Master.

12 Emlenton—this town was named in honor of Mrs. Joseph M. Fox who had been Miss Hanna Emlen. In 1859 it was a river trading point of some importance and was 103 miles below Warren. From here sandstone was shipped to the Pittsburgh glass factories.
that yesterday evening the water was eleven feet and four inches in the channel at that place. The water continues to raise with us. 26 I had the pleasure last night (as in fact I had every night since I left home) of lying on the soft side of a plank which is not as agreeable as it might be especially on cold nights when we have to keep big fires as my bench is directly in front of the fire which makes it rather warm.

When that long and dreary night had passed and after getting up and drowning a fire (that some shivering rat who slept in the back part of the shanty had built) to keep from roasting, I drew on my boots, went out and beheld the raft was covered with a sheet of snow about one inch in depth and after consulting our mark found that the water had fallen about three inches during the night and still continued to fall. 2 o'clock immediately after dinner all hands were called to drop raft and after two hours hard work succeeded in getting the rafts below the rocks where there is no danger of getting aground. The water continues to fall slowly if nothing happens and if the water continues to fall we shall be able to leave here about Monday or Tuesday. 27 The first thing seen this morning after leaving the shanty was the steamer Echo on her way back from Warren. We consulted our mark; found that the water had fallen five inches. The aspect of the weather indicated rain. 11 o'clock, the steamer Bell No. 4 just passed on her upward trip. 2 o'clock P.M. it commenced raining about noon and still continues. It has not checked the falling of the water. The captain says he thinks if the water is like to raise he will put all hands on two of the rafts and run them through and then come back after the other. 8 o'clock P.M. The rain has ceased (after continuing all the afternoon) and a thick heavy fog has settled over us. The water has fallen four inches since morning and continues to fall slowly. 28 finds us still in old Stump Creek Eddy.

The Pilots decided to lay over another day which makes ten days that we have lain here. Quite long enough sure. The water is still falling slowly. All the rafts in the Eddy but ours, with the exception of one, left this morning. 9 o'clock the steamer Bell No. 4 has just passed down. 3 o'clock P.M. the steamer Venango just passed down.

She rounded to at the head of the Eddy to leave some freight and had quite a time in turning back again but finally succeeded after making two or three trials. 9 o'clock P.M., the water has fallen three inches since morning which leaves it nearly as low as it was when we
landed here. All hands were called at sunset to rig oars and prepare for an early start in the morning. There have been quite a number of rafts passed here today. Only three landed. 29 Tuesday evening finds us still in Stump Creek Eddy. All hands were called up at four o'clock this morning with the intention of starting but by daylight the wind raised so as to prevent us. The wind blew all day. About six o'clock A.M. it commenced raining and continued until noon. The water is still falling. It now lacks six inches of being as low as it was when we landed. The steamer Echo passed here at sunset on her way to Warren. There were a large concourse of raftsmen on board. Our captain hailed her and obtained a barrel of Pork from her. I had quite a tramp this evening. I with some of the other boys went out in the county about two miles for bread. Brought four loaves each which caused our arms to ache some. Intend to start in the morning if the wind doesn't blow. 30 Left Stump Creek Eddy this morning at 5 o'clock. Met the steamer Bell No. 4 at the head of Truby's Riffle. Had a heavy wind through the day which made pretty hard work. Passed on without serious difficulty. At five o'clock we made a very easy landing at Carn's twenty-eight miles above Pitt having run sixty-five miles in twelve hours. If nothing happens we will see Pittsburgh tomorrow. 31 Left Carn's this morning at half past three o'clock the weather is pretty cold. The Bell passed us at daylight on her way to Pitt. Had very hard work on account of the wind but we fought her through, landed at the stone house about noon. The wind blew so hard that we could not couple. April 1st. Today has been the pleasantest day we have had since we left home. We commenced as soon as daylight this morning to get our raft together; got done coupling about noon. After dinner all hands were called to move shingles and boards in order to lighten the stern of the raft and to make room for the lines. Got all things ready, oars hung and cable arranged for an early start tomorrow morning. We have all worked hard today and are about as tired as men generally like to be. The weather looks as if there was a storm brewing. I expect we shall take it again in a few days. 2 Today the weather has been very agreeable. The heavens have been

13 Truby's Riffle—120 miles below Warren. Also called Armstrong's. Dangerous rocks here.

14 Carn's—Putnam meant Karn's Island, twenty-eight miles north of Pittsburgh and between Jacks Island and Freeport. Sand diggers took this island cut years ago and it is unknown today.
darkened by clouds today, but it has not rained and the wind has not blown. It has been as dark and smoky as any day I ever saw. We left the stone house at daybreak this morning, had good luck all day, passed the several towns of Freedom, Economy, Wells- ville, and at dark we landed on the point below the mouth of Yellow Creek, the weather being such as not to admit of running. One of the hands just came in and reports that it was raining and that it is so dark that he cannot see his hand before him. I think that we were wise in landing when we did.

At 3 11 o'clock A.M. It rained and the wind blew nearly all night. Thought that we would pull out this morning, got ready, found the water had fallen so as to leave our raft on the ground, which detained us about an hour. By this time the wind commenced blowing again. Captain Martin concluded to hold on a short time to see whether it would blow so as to keep us from running. The longer we waited the harder it blew and now it blows a perfect gale. We will not leave here until evening. The Steamer Stephen Decatur just passed on her way to Pitt, it being the first side wheel boat we have seen this season. She was loaded to the guards. Her loading was principally cotton. Evening. The wind continues to blow. We will not leave here tonight. Some of

15 Freedom, Pa.—twenty three miles northwest of Pittsburgh on the Ohio River. The town started when boat yards were moved to the location from Philipsburg, now Monaca, Pa., in 1832. Before 1856, more than seventy boats had been built at the Freedom yards. Today the yards are covered by part of the refinery of the Valvoline Oil Company, a division of Ashland Oil & Refining Company.

16 Economy, Pa.—sixteen miles northwest of Pittsburgh, now Ambridge, Pa. Economy was the final home of the followers of George Rapp, called The Harmony Society. First settling in Butler County in 1804, eleven years later the group moved to New Harmony, Indiana, but in 1827 returned to Pennsylvania. They had a five mile frontage along the Ohio River with a depth of one mile. When in Indiana they built their own steamboat and christened it the "William Penn."

17 Wellsville, Ohio—fifty two miles below Pittsburgh. This was a busy shipping center during the steamboat era and today potteries and tile plants are located here. Wellsville is the nearest point on the Ohio to Lake Erie and the home of the famous River Museum, housing a collection of river memorabilia. The town was founded in 1795 and was for years known as "The Gateway to the Western Reserve."

18 Mouth of Yellow Creek—fifty five miles below Pittsburgh. On the south bank of this stream was the home of the famous Mingo, Chief Logan.

19 Steamer Stephen Decatur—built on the Monongahela River at Belle Vernon, Pa., in 1857. This 308 ton side-wheeler often made direct trips from Pittsburgh to New Orleans. Dismantled in 1866.
the boys took the pains to measure the dimensions of our raft this afternoon, found the surface to contain one acre eighty-five rods and fifteen feet. It contains sixteen hundred thousand feet of boards, two hundred thousand of shingles and five hundred thousand lath, which makes as large an amount of lumber as ever floated down the Ohio River in one fleet. 4 At about nine o'clock last night the wind ceased to blow. All hands were called to pull out, untie our lines, but the raft did not move. What the trouble was we could not imagine, but on examination found a large snag under the shore string about the middle. We worked until midnight to get it off, but did not succeed, concluded to let it rest until morning. This morning at sunrise all hands were called and after two hours' hard work succeeded in getting clear of the snag. The wind blows harder today than it did yesterday. We will not leave here before evening and not then unless the wind stops blowing. 5 The wind blew all last night. It commenced snowing about two o'clock and this morning the snow was about one inch deep on the raft. The wind calmed about nine o'clock. We thought we could keep her off the banks, so we untied the lines, fought her for twenty-five miles, and at five o'clock blew ashore just below the village of Wellsburg, put out our lines and stopped her. It has blown more or less all day, has snowed some and it is still blowing. 6th We are yet at Wellsburg and the wind is still blowing. This is a money making trip. This makes five days since we left Pitt and we have run about eighty miles, and twenty days from Warren and we are not half way to our destination. This beats all trips down the river that I have ever experienced. We shall leave this port as soon as the wind will admit. 7th The wind ceased blowing about one o'clock this morning. We pulled out at two; at four the wind commenced blowing again and continued to blow pretty strong, but not strong enough to oblige us to land until nearly two o'clock P.M., when it drove us ashore at the foot of Crave Creek bend. 21 The weather

20 Wellsburg, Va.—seventy eight miles below Pittsburgh and now West Virginia. Settled as early as 1772 when the three Cox brothers built a rude shelter along the river bank. Because of the fine river landing here, during the steamboat days Wellsburg flourished with boatyards and huge warehouses for freight handling. The first attempt at flood control on the Ohio was made here when two flood walls were built in 1829; they have prevented much damage ever since.

21 Crave Creek Bend—107 miles below Pittsburgh and Big Crave and Little Crave Creeks enter the river at this bend. A short distance up Big Crave Creek is the largest Indian mound to be found in the United States being 40 rods in circumference.
had moderated very much since morning. It is now quite warm and smoky. If it was not for the wind it would be a very nice day. We have run about thirty miles today. 8th At half past six o'clock last night the wind having calmed, we pulled out, ran all night. Daylight dawned on us at the head of the reach. Today has been a calm one. We are now 2 o'clock 20 minutes at the head of Brothers Island.22 The prospects are very fair. Grain looks well, especially wheat, peach trees are in blossom, the apple, maples and several other kinds of trees are beginning to leave out. Things look quite green and pleasant. 7 o'clock P.M. At 3 o'clock my watch came off, lay down. The first thing we heard was the pilot calling all hands out to help land. The wind had raised so as to drive us ashore about three miles above the head of Duval's Island.23 We landed at six o'clock. All hands are turned in improving their time in sleeping for we expect to leave this port before many hours. 9th Left Duval's last night at 9 o'clock, ran all night. It was very cold. There was the heaviest frost this morning I think that I ever saw. Daylight dawned on us at the foot of Blennerhassett Island.24 The day has been very fine. We are now five o'clock opposite Ravenswood, Va.25 Clouds are gath-

22 Brothers Island—really a group of three islands eighteen miles above Marietta, Ohio, and called Upper, Middle, and Lower Brothers. The islands are just below Newport, Ohio, and since the 1850's one of them has become part of the land along the West Virginia shore. At this time the largest island is farmed by William Greenwood.

23 Duval's Island—just above Marietta, Ohio, which town was established at the mouth of the Muskingum River in 1788, making it the oldest community in Ohio. The crescent-shaped island, over a mile long, was originally Kerr's Island, named for Matthew Kerr, an early settler at this location before the arrival of the Ohio Company of Associates; he was murdered by the Indians. For many years it was called Duval's Island but is now known as Marietta Island and is under cultivation.

24 Blennerhassett Island—194 miles below Pittsburgh, just below the entrance of the Little Kanawha River into the Ohio. In 1798, wealthy and erratic Harman Blennerhassett, purchased the upper end of Backus Island, moved his library, scientific equipment, and wife, into an impressive mansion, and withdrew from the world for philosophical concentration. Aaron Burr was entertained here and wrote General James Wilkinson that his private expedition would rendezvous at Blennerhassett's. While his actions have never been understood, Blennerhassett was a well-educated man having both B.A. and LL.B. degrees from Trinity College in Dublin.

25 Ravenswood, Va.—now West Virginia. 221 miles below Pittsburgh. A frame hotel, still in business, was erected in the 1840's. An early road came from Parkersburg to Ravenswood, crossed the ferry, and continued down the Ohio shore to Pomeroy, Ohio. There is still a ferry at Ravenswood. The construction of an aluminum plant nearby is expected to make this a boom area.
ering; it looks as if it might rain. 10th Last evening the heavens were darkened with clouds and at 9 o'clock the rain commenced falling. We had several showers during the night. Daylight dawned on us at Point Pleasant.26 Had one heavy shower this afternoon. The weather is warm with some fog. We are now 4 o'clock P.M. at the Magnolia Farm 290 miles from Pitt.27 11th The forepart of last night was as fine an evening as I ever saw. It was quite warm and very still. There was not a breath of air stirring until after midnight. My watch was off at twelve o'clock, turned in and slept sound until four o'clock when we were aroused by the pilot calling all hands to their oars saying that the wind had raised and was driving us into Hanging Rock bend28 and that we were like to have trouble. All hands rushed out, some without coats, hats, or boots. I managed to get my boots but not my hat or coat. Every man did his best while the captain urged us on by saying "hold her out hard boys or she will strike," but pulling could not save her. She struck the rock; a crash was heard and four strings passed on riddling the couplings from one end of the raft to the other, leaving two strings on the rock. We landed the four strings that did not stick just below the rock, went and swung the other off, dropped it half a mile below, went back and got the part first landed, dropped it alongside, ate our breakfast then swung the forward piece of the string that struck the rock, coupled it on, straightened the raft and now 10 o'clock A.M. we are ready to start as soon as the wind stops blowing. The raft was under the command of Eben Dean29 when she struck. 12th Left Hanging Rock at

26 Point Pleasant, Va.—now West Virginia. 261 miles below Pittsburgh. Standing on a promontory shaped like a spear, with the Ohio River bordering one side and the Great Kanawha the other, this place became famous after the building of shipyards about 1840. It was named by George Washington who camped nearby in 1770.

27 Magnolia Farm—in the vicinity of Crown City, Ohio, but otherwise no specific point in the region is today recognized as Magnolia Farm as referred to by Putnam.

28 Hanging Rock Bend—323 miles below Pittsburgh. In the 1830's this general location was temporarily, because of ore deposits, the center of the iron industry. The boom continued until the close of the Civil War but as the deposits gave out, the Pittsburgh—Youngstown area came to the fore. Ironton, Ohio, was the center of the Hanging Rock area which takes its name from a towering 400 foot cliff of sandstone overlooking the bend in the river.

29 Eben Dean—originally from Chautauqua County, New York. He moved to Russellburg, now Russell, Warren County, Pennsylvania, where he was a farmer, raftsman, and later owned and operated the hotel there.
half past two this morning. Had two pretty hard thunder storms this afternoon. We are now 5 o'clock just below Brush Creek Island. This has been the first very warm day we have had. Everything looks green and beautiful. 13th Ran all night last night, had good luck, daylight dawned on us at Point Pleasant, passed Cincinnati at twelve o'clock. The day is warm and sultry with occasional showers. The river is rising. At Cincinnati it has raised about twelve feet. 14th About dark last evening clouds began to gather and occasional flashes of lightning denoted that we were to have rain. The wind commenced blowing and shortly after midnight the storm broke on us in all its fury, the wind howling as if it was determined to move the waters of the river to its very bottom. The vivid lightning's flashing and the reverberating peals of thunder combined to make it rather a dismal night. At daylight we landed opposite the mouth of the Kentucky River. The water having risen so much we could not land the whole raft at once, uncoupled it, landed one half, dropped the other below and landed it. At five o'clock all things being arranged so as to be safe, we sought our berths to obtain some rest and sleep, it having been thirty hours since we had any, and we were obliged to stand to our oars all the time. I must confess that I was about as tired as I like to be. The water has arisen about two feet since morning. The wind is still blowing. 15th At dark last evening the wind calmed; at eleven o'clock we pulled out. Commenced blowing again quite early. At eight o'clock A.M. it blew so hard as to oblige us to land at the head of Eighteen Mile Island. The weather has changed cool, the rain is over for the present, the water has arisen about fifteen feet. We expect to leave here this evening if the wind stops blowing. 16th Left Eighteen Mile Island at two o'clock this morning with one half of our raft, landed at Louisville at nine o'clock, went to the Union Hotel and took breakfast, then went

30 Brush Creek Island—388 miles below Pittsburgh and eleven miles below Vanceburg, Kentucky. In earlier days steamboats were built near the mouth of Brush Creek which comes into the river from the Ohio side at the foot of the island and is not navigable.

31 Kentucky River—enters the Ohio eighty miles below Cincinnati; it rises in the Cumberland Mountains and flows 200 rapid miles between high banks.

32 Eighteen Mile Island—so named because it is eighteen miles above Louisville.

33 Union Hotel, Louisville, Ky.—it was located between Preston and Jackson Streets, probably at 403-405 East Fulton. A favorite hotel for raftsmen.
on board the steamer Jacob Strader. She left the wharf at two o'clock. Arrived at Wesport at half past two, expect to leave here with the other half of the raft this evening. The wind has blown some today but not very hard. 17th Our pilot concluded not to leave in the evening, but wait until the after part of the night so as make our landing after daylight. At one o'clock we pulled out and at half past six landed alongside the other part of our raft. Went to the Union for breakfast, saw several of our friends from Pine Grove. Among the number were G. W. Taber, D. M. Martin, and some others. At eleven we went on board the steamer Telegraph No. 3. At twelve o'clock left the wharf and we are now on our way home after being absent thirty-two days. The weather is uncommonly cold for the season, especially in this climate. It snowed quite hard in Louisville today. We are now two o'clock at the foot of Eighteen Mile Island. 18th Arrived in Cincinnati at one o'clock this morning. At five o'clock left the boat, took breakfast at an eating saloon at the corner of Water St. and Broadway, bought our tickets and at eight took passage on the Cincinnati and Dayton Road for Clyde; thence by the Cleveland & Toledo to Cleveland and then on the Lake Shore to Westfield. 19th Arrived at Westfield about three o'clock this

34 Steamer Jacob Strader—this huge 347 foot steamer was built especially for the Louisville-Cincinnati trade in 1853 and was owned by the U. S. Mail Line Carrier. In 1859 Charles Dittman was Master.

35 Westport, Ky.—114 miles below Cincinnati and immediately above Eighteen Mile Island. It is an old town where much trade was carried on in the adjoining Kentucky farming region.

36 Putnam is referring to Pine Grove Township north of Warren, Pa., in which the main village was Russellburg, now Russell. Many lumbermen came from Pine Grove as Conewango Creek flowed through the township and it was a natural point for making up rafts.

37 Steamer Telegraph No. 3—built at Cincinnati in 1853 for the U. S. Mail Line Company and operated between Cincinnati and Louisville along with the "Jacob Strader". For years she held the upstream speed record between Louisville and Cincinnati, nine hours and fifty-one minutes.

38 Cincinnati (eating saloon at corner of Water & Broadway)—the restaurant mentioned was in the general area of the Levee, heavily patronized by the rivermen.

39 Westfield, N. Y.—situated on ground sloping back from Lake Erie, this area is famous as "the grape belt" of Chautauqua County. Relics of prehistoric culture have been found in the region.
morning, took breakfast at the Westfield House, walked to Mayville, a distance of seven miles, took passage on board the steamer C. C. Dennis, arrived at Jamestown about two o'clock, hired a team to take us home, arrived home six o'clock P.M. 20th At home. Nothing of importance happened during the day.

40 Mayville, N. Y.—county seat of Chautauqua County and located at the head of famous Chautauqua Lake. Main headquarters point for the Holland Land Company under William Peacock commencing in 1810. In past years, lake steamers plied between Mayville and Jamestown, N. Y. regularly.

41 Steamer C. C. Dennis—built at Mayville and launched April 24, 1856. It was 125 feet long, 26 feet wide, and was estimated to carry 200 tons. Named in honor of the superintendent of the Buffalo and State Line Railroad. Dismantled in 1863.