[For the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

THROUGH MINISINK VALLEY.

BY WM. TRAFTWINE.

NO. 7—BUSHKILL AND PAHAQUARRY.

1st Soldier—"But is 'a rise, a credible sale, a baseless?"
2d Soldier—"Aye! that 'tis true, I ween; 'tis growing true".
1st Generalissimo—"Show me" one doubting Thomas—and I'll buy him to-day!—Jonas 2.
2d and 3d Soldiers (harmoniously)—"Aye! that 'tis true, I ween, 'tis true indeed!"
—*Wars in Many Lands—A play.*

Walpack Bend, mentioned in the preceding paper, perhaps the most remarkable double shuffle indulged in by the Delaware throughout its gay career, is but a reduced duplicate of the Water Gap proper, being simply the passage of the river through the Walpack hills. Looking northeastward from the extremity of Hoghack, on the Pennsylvania side, we see directly opposite, on the New Jersey shore, Dromedary Hill, of the Walpack range, continuing into the distance. To the southeastward, Hogback looks down upon a fair alluvial valley, lying at the foot of the Blue Mountains, through which the silver line of the river flashes at intervals away into the South.

Back of the Pahaquarry Country.

Sleeping in exquisite beauty under a summer sky, no vestige remains of the busy life which in the mythical twenty-two centuries past, swarmed upon its limits. Grand and silent, the Kittatinny still stands impassive and tells no tales. We wade through bulky volumes of the official colonial history of New Jersey, overturning numerous other early records, fail to catch the first clear gleam of enlightenment concerning its earliest settlers. Contemplating the vast, sedately silent, forest-covered mountains—we grow incredulous; but here and there the glimmer of fast-fading testimonies shines upon our doubting senses and convinces us.

[It may be remembered that the third paper of the series, "Notes from the Delaware Water Gap," published in February and March, 1869, contained the substance of certain letters from Samuel Preston to the Editor of *Hazzard's Pennsylvania Register*, touching upon the early condition and history of these parts.]

How many other items of collateral interest now moulder in nearly illegible manuscripts and antique tomes! Historical societies of the Middle States, to the rescue! Establish for us the story of that Golden Age which endured ere the times of the Carteretts—while even the name New Jersey was unknown.

The efficient township of Pahaquarry, a strip about twelve miles long and less than two broad, being the northwestern part of Warren county, N. J., contains a well-arranged extract of this most interesting and important portion of the ancient Minisink settlement. It is now but sparingly populated. Many Indian graves have from time to time been ruthlessly re-excavated along the hill slopes, mostly revealing pipes, crucifixes, guns and arrow-heads, with other evidences of human habitation of the two races.

The term Pohoquakin, occurring in an old survey of 1718 (supposed to signify the passage of a stream between two mountains), is charged with embodying the lake-day amours lies Pahaquarri, Pahaquarry and Paaquarry. But nothing is certain. Some one has lately attacked Kittatinny (endless) Mountain, and this, in accepted signification, asserting that the true orthography, instead of Kittany, Kittaning or Kittatinny, is Kitteney—chief town—signifying "the extensive encampment of the Minsies along the river flats. Yet another authority, equally positive, gives us Kau-ta-tin-chunk, the main or principal mountain, as the only original, &c.

Yet, in the midst of this confusion of nearly parallel with the river, through Sussex county, on the New Jersey shore above Pahaquarry, finally disgorges at the lower curve of Walpack Bend, close by the little village of Flatbrookville. It drains the valley lying between the Walpack and Kittatinny ranges.

In 1755, and for nearly ten years later, the southern border of Bushkill creek, and indeed the whole surrounding country, suffered from Indian depredations. The "great Indian walk" having been so managed as to sweep the precious Minisink lands into the grasping clutches of our forefathers, upon this pleasing perambulation falls the responsibility of the warfare which immediately resulted.

Let us resume—abruptly.

Swollen from recent rains, the tide carried us with gradually increasing rapidity around the foot of Hogback into its long stretch eastward. On the south the ridge ascended almost vertically from the water-line, its white calcareous rock crowned with a tolerably uniform cover of the encroaching thicket gloom. Midway up the ascent a great overhanging cliff shelters a niche like space which bears the fanciful title of "Indian House." In the Revolutionary time, "Enjun House." Directly below it, at the head of ominously-sounding rapids, "Fossil Rock" showed its clear edge in the river landscape.

The fossiliferous limestone which here crosses into Pennsylvania is unusually pure, analyzes giving nearly 90 per cent. of carbonate of lime. The exposed front is of considerable interest, inviting enthusiastic students to pummel with impunity.

Not many days since the Doctor referred me to the following fragments:

Peter Collinson, of England, writes to John Bartram, in 1742:—"I and my wife were agreeably entertained by reviewing the journey and thy map to Minisink. Pray, how far from the sea is that mountain where thou found the figured stones?"

Bartram replies, 1743: "The fossil shells are found at the distance of a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles from the sea—most of the way by places from Hudson's river to Susquehanna."

Collinson again writes, 1756: "He (Governor Colden, of Colonial fame, near Newburgh) has sent me the curious stone thou mentions, that is impressed with a species of bivalve shells."

Finally, Bartram communicates this early geological conceit:

"My dear worthy friend, thee can't hang me out of the notions that limestone and marble were originally much impregnated by a spirine salt, which I take to be the original of all our terrestrial soils."

We floated down far in the rear of our companions—gallering trembling hirebels by the way.

Sudden shouts—commotion in the other boats—and, in a moment, we saw her whirl and plunge among the rapids—at length, drawn high and dry on shore—there to remain until subsidence of the swollen river should render her removal feasible. We rescued the shipwrecked crew from a point near Fossil Rock, to which they had wearily climbed, foot by foot, and kindly permitted them to work their passage home.

A refreshing swim under the fantastically-piled cloud-mountains as an appetizer in advance of most acceptable supper—the sweetness of forest-clad heights under a pure golden sunset, seen from the summit of Roundtop hill, near the Judge's—contrasted and renewed by an hour's solemn repose beneath a crowded, on the way home, listening to the patter of a seemingly endless shower—and the sense of rest which Saturday night always brings, wound up this week's cruise.

As river-skirted mountains succeeding to level stretches of country usually bestow their and showers in lavish profusion upon their nestling valleys, the bright sun of our dawning Sabbath contended long and heavily with wind, enshrouding mists, and crowded upon the landscape, until the luminary stood at length a conqueror on the meridian. Heedless of this phantom warfare, the villagers dressed in absolute peace throughout the morning hours. Early in the afternoon the resident population, a few sojourners from the outside world, and many strangers from the back country—on foot, in buggies, others mounted or on foot—flocked toward the little white church which, from a high point on the opposite side of the river, shone through the afternoon sunshine at the Judge's home, keeping it in countenance.

With that rare ability to concentrate rather than diffuse ideas, and an unusual appreciation of the maxim, "brevity is a virtue," our preacher held his hearers attentive for a short time, and then dismissed them, wiser, more thoughtful, and better in heart, to the Judge's, coming ever the working power of that divine philosophy which has turned the world upside down.

Now and then, through passages of the discourse, we could catch glimpses of the speaker's experience and remember allusions to numerous thought-of labors in out-of-the-way places. For our own part we felt the fearful self-sacrifice of an intellectual man who, voluntarily absenting himself from all naturally congenial surroundings, and abandoning everything which makes life dear to the multitude, dies, not a monumentary, but an enduring death to the world for the sake of his fellows and the cause of Christ.

"Great is the hope and beautiful the prize!"

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The following works are issued by Fields, Osgood & Co., and for sale by Turner Bros. & Co.:

Ballads of New England, by John Greenleaf Whittier. With illustrations.—Mr. Whittier's publishers have selected a half-score of his best ballads, those which have most thoroughly entered into the popular heart, and entrusted the illustration of them to the most careful artists. Mr. Harry Fenn, especially, having visited the scenes of the poems, has produced a series of illustrations which for truthfulness and delicacy the embellishments to "Hyperion" similarly sketched by Birket Foster. The other artists, such as Hoppin, Homer, Perkins, Hennessy and Hennessy, have worked with their utmost care, and have been fortunate in their engraver, Mr. Anthony, who has supervised the publication. The ballads, which are all admirable, from the grand, rough "Skipper Ireson's Ride" to the simple and lovely "Playmate" and "Mary Garvin," have never been so attractively presented to the public.

The poems forming the "Uncle Sam Series," in which it is intended to offer to little children national ballads of a really high literary character, must all be called sweet. Bayard Taylor tells the story of Abraham Lincoln as simply as the telling of "Peter Bell," yet without triviality; his friend Stoddard is graceful and effective with the never-dreamed-of story of Rip and Putnam; the life of Columbus is managed in a succession of glittering episodes by Trowbridge; and Stedman, author of that wonderful "Ballad of the Blameless Prince," contributes a tender