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ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

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II.

It is at Harrisburg, a hundred miles from Philadelphia, that we reach the Susquehanna River. There it lies, this storied stream, glancing, gleaming, shimmering in the sunlight. Born far up among the mountains, it wanders on—unhasting, unresting—to its destiny in the distant sea. The broad lands through which it flows were once the homes of powerful tribes, whose very names—the Conestogas, the Tuscaroras, the Conewegas—are now almost forgotten. Of all those forest nations, scarce a solitary individual now remains. Perchance some lonely wanderer, a stranger in the land of his fathers, an alien where they were lords of the soil, may gaze from some hill-top upon the far-winding river, and behold the crowded cities and fair villages and happy farmsteads, and then turn away with a bitter sigh as he feels that all the multitudinous hosts who inhabit these valleys are the conquerors—the destroyers of his people—that of his blood there runs no kindred drop in any human veins. Such an incident Longfellow has described in his beautiful poem, “The Indian Hunter:”

When the summer harvest was gathered in,
And the sheaf of the gleaner grew white and thin,
And the ploughshare was in its furrow left,
Where the stubble land had been lately cleft,
An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,
Looked down where the valley lay stretched below.