

## CHAPTER XII.

The Pack-horsemen employed in the Trade—The Great Chickasaw Trading-path—Hostile Incursions of the Creeks into the Territory of the Cherokees and Catawbas—Description of a Caravan of Pack-horses—Old Fort Charlotte—George Whitfield, nephew of the celebrated Rev. George Whitfield—John Lewis Gervais—The Wedding at White Hall—Andrew Williamson—The Chickasaw Path between Charleston and Savannah Town—Peter St. Julian—The Old Savannah Trail connecting the Cherokee Towns with Savannah Town and Augusta—The Founding of Augusta. 1736—Bartram visits it in 1776—His Description of the ruins of Fort Moore, &c.

Next to the trader, the most interesting characters employed in the traffic with the Indian Nation, were the pack-horsemen. These frequently consisted, in part, of boys, under the direction of an experienced *voyageur*; and their life was one of exposure, hardships, and, not unfrequently, of thrilling adventure. In peace, and in war, and every vicissitude of weather, they were found upon the path. When menaced, however, by lurking enemies, it was usual for several caravans to unite for mutual protection; yet they were not unfrequently attacked, the drivers and traders murdered or routed, and their horses and goods seized by the marauders. Many instances of this kind could be related.

The great Chickasaw trading-path was particularly infested by hostile Creeks and Choctaws. The for-

mer were accustomed, when at war with the Cherokees and Catawbas—and they were not often on friendly terms with those nations, till the time of Governor Glen—to extend their predatory incursions beyond the Savannah, and lay in ambuscades on that portion of the old Keowee trail that traversed the territory now embraced in the Districts of Edgefield and Abbeville.

An illustration, from life, of the daily movements and stages of one of these caravans, will not be uninteresting. It occurs, however, at a period somewhat later than the one whose history we are now relating. Early in the spring of 1776, Bartram having completed his tour among the Lower and Overhill Cherokees, returned to Dartmouth, at the mouth of Broad River of Georgia, and there learned that a company of adventurers for the West were quite forward with their preparations for setting out. He determined to join them.

“Our place of rendezvous,” he says, “was Fort Charlotte, on the opposite side of the Savannah, and about a mile from Fort James.” Old Fort Charlotte stood close on the east bank of the Savannah, in the present District of Abbeville. The waste of time, and still more ruinous floods from the river, have not yet completely demolished the once powerful stone-walls and bastions of this venerable relic of the past. We shall have occasion to speak of it, yet again, in a more interesting connection.

“On the 22d of June, we set out from Fort Charlotte, in company with Mr. George Whitfield, who

was chief of our caravan. We traveled about twenty miles, and lodged at the farm of Mons. St. Pierre, a French gentleman, who received and entertained us with great politeness and hospitality. Next morning, after breakfast, we set off again, continuing nine or ten miles farther down the river, where we stopped at a plantation, the property of one of our companions, where we were joined by the rest of the company. After dining here, we set off again, and proceeding six miles down the river, we crossed over into Georgia, taking a road which led us into the great trading path from Augusta to the Creek Nation. Early in the evening we arrived at the Flat Rock, where we lodged. This is a common rendezvous for the traders and Indians, and lies near the bank of one of the head branches of the Ogechee.

“ This evening, two companies of Indian traders from Augusta arrived and encamped near us ; and as they were bound for the Nation, we concluded to unite with them ; it was a favorable opportunity, in case of necessity. Next morning, we set forward together.

“ I thought worthy of note, a singular method the traders made use of to reduce the wild young horses to their hard duty. When one persisted in refusing to receive his load—if threats, the whip, and other abuse prove insufficient—after being haltered, a pack-horseman catches the tip of one of his ears between his teeth, and sharply pinches it, when instantly the furious creature trembling, stands perfectly still till he is loaded.

“Our caravan now consisted of about twenty men and sixty horses; we made a formidable appearance, having now little to apprehend from predatory bands or outlaws.

“At evening we came to camp on the banks of a beautiful creek, a branch of Great Ogechee, called Rocky Comfort, where we found excellent accommodations, there being pleasant, grassy spots to spread our beds upon, surrounded with extensive cane-meadows, affording the best of food for our horses.

“First of July, we encamped on the banks of the Oconee; it is here about two hundred and fifty yards over, and we crossed it next day by fording, and traveled twenty miles. The following day’s journey, of twenty miles, carried us across the Ocmulge by a ford of three or four hundred yards over. At this point the Ocmulge is just forty miles distant from the Oconee. In the evening we encamped on the banks of Stony Creek—six miles beyond the river. The travel of the next day carried us over the Great and Little Tobosochte Creeks, to an encampment on Sweet Water, a beautiful brook. Afternoon of the following day, we crossed Flint River, through a ford of about two hundred and fifty yards.

“We had not gone far beyond the Flint, before the heat and burning flies began to torment our horses to such a degree, as to excite compassion even in the hearts of pack-horsemen. We traveled almost from sunrise to his setting, amidst a flying host of these persecuting spirits, that formed a vast cloud around

our caravan, so thick as to obscure every distant object. The head, neck, and shoulders of the leading horses were continually in a gore of blood.

“The next day, being still oppressed and harassed by the stinging flies and heats, we halted at noon, being unable longer to support ourselves under such grievances. Two days after, we arrived at the Chatahooche,\* opposite the Uchee Town, where, after unloading our horses, the Indians came across to us in large canoes, in which, with their assistance, we ferried over the merchandize, and afterwards swam over the horses.”

We have thus conducted a caravan from Old Fort Charlotte, along the great trading path of the Creeks and Chichasaws, leading to Augusta and Charleston, from the towns of the former. The minute topography of the botanist will enable the reader, by reference to any good map of the country, to trace the entire route. Previous to 1736—the year in which Augusta was founded—Savannah Town, or Fort Moore, as we have already seen, was the great terminus on our western border, of this famous trail. From that point it ran to Charleston, first by the head of the Salkehatchie, through or near the present site of Barnwell Village, thence to the Ponds, in the north-west corner of Colleton District, from which it passed towards Conwayborough, and to the Ashley.

George Whitfield, who is mentioned as chief of the caravan, which Bartram accompanied to the

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\* Bartram writes it Chata-Uche.

Creek Nation, was a nephew of the celebrated Rev. George Whitfield, and father of the late Tyler Whitfield, of Anderson. He was also the grandfather of Drs. Charles and Thomas Wilson, of the Rev. John Wilson and Mrs. Amelia Simmons—all formerly of Abbeville District, but the first two now of Georgia, and the latter of Mississippi—and of Susan Winter Wilson, first wife of Dr. John Logan, of Greenwood.

Five years previous to this adventure he was married at White Hall, the then residence of Gen. Andrew Williamson, of Revolutionary memory, to Miss Frances Tyler of Virginia, sister to Mrs. Williamson, and Mrs. Leroy Hammond, of Snow Hill. John Lewis Gervais, a well-known German land speculator, and Justice of the Peace, who lived on the plantation at present owned by John Foster, near White Hall, officiated on the occasion—a minister not often being convenient at that early day for such a purpose.

A few days after the wedding, Gervais wrote as follows to his friend, Colonel Henry Laurens, of Charleston: "I had the honor, last week, at Mr. Williamson's, to marry Mr. George Whitfield, nephew of the late Rev. Mr. Whitfield, to Miss Frances Tyler, sister of Mrs. Williamson—a charming bride, who would have made a figure in Charleston, as well for her appearance as elegance of dress. A Justice less grave than myself might have been tempted to give, now and then, a sly look."\*

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\* Charleston Courier of recent date.

This letter was dated from Herrenhausen—the name of the correspondent's residence—2d of October, 1771. The Rev. George Whitfield had died the month previous to the wedding at White Hall. At the time of Bartram's visit to Fort Charlotte, George Whitfield owned the old Fort Charlotte plantation, now the property of Col. Wm. Tatom, and was probably the commandant of that post. The year before it had been visited by the Rev. Wm. Tennent, as a Commissioner with Wm. Henry Drayton from the Provincial Congress, who, after examining its works and means of defence, wrote as follows in his journal: "I called for Captain Whitfield and consulted with him on the propriety of cutting down his corn around the fort."\* The Tories and Loyalists were then gathering all their strength in Upper-Carolina preparatory for the great struggle, and an attack from them was expected every day upon the fort.

Several stages of a caravan, which was sent up to Savannah Town by the Board, in 1717, we found thus specified in the journals: They were to proceed from Charleston, first to one Peter St. Julien's, thence to Washmasaw, after which they were to pass to the Ponds, and at Edisto Garrison, where they would arrive after leaving the Ponds, they were to await Lieut. James Howe, who would conduct them to Fort Moore.

Peter St. Julien, it appears from other passages of the journals, lived at a point where the trails met

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\* Drayton's Memoirs.

coming respectively from the Congarees and Savannah Town to Charleston. It was a great camping place, and the Board frequently deposited corn there for the use of the public caravans. Lieut. Howe held the post of Lieutenant in the fort, and had been ordered, doubtless, on this occasion, to march with a guard to meet the approaching caravan and protect it over part of the path that was peculiarly exposed.

This much of the old Creek and Chickasaws trail formed the larger part of the first path of commercial communication that was ever opened up between Charleston and the Cherokees. Soon after the erection of a factory at Savannah Town, under the protection of Fort Moore, the Indians themselves cut a trail from their towns down the east bank of the Savannah to that place, of sufficient width and straightness for the conveyance of peltries and goods on the backs of "burdeners." As the traffic increased it gradually enlarged, and by the time the trading houses and fortress were erected at Augusta, in 1736, under the auspices of Oglethorpe, it had become a thoroughfare for caravans of pack-horses.

Savannah Town was now deserted, and Augusta became a great centre of trade. Caravans by the trail, and pettiangers by the water route, were constantly in motion, bearing their loads of merchandize from Charleston to Augusta. She was soon a busy mart, and a large town full of houses and people—the first example on the continent of the astonishing growth of a western village into a populous town. The valuable trade of the three great Indian nations



united its streams in her streets; and perhaps at no time since have they exhibited more stirring or business-like scenes.

An old writer thus describes Augusta at this period: "The trustees ordered the town of Augusta to be laid off in 1735, and garrisoned in 1736. Several ware-houses were built, and furnished with goods suitable to the Indian trade—boats were built by the inhabitants calculated to carry about ten thousand weight of peltry; making four or five voyages annually to Charleston. Augusta became a general resort for the Indian traders in the spring, where they purchased annually about two thousand pack-horse loads of peltry; and including townsmen, pack-horsemen and slaves, it was calculated that six hundred white persons were engaged in this trade. A path was opened to Savannah, which was passable on horseback."\*

Bartram visited Augusta in the spring of 1776; but was too intent on his favorite study of flowers and animals, to make a single observation of its social, commercial or architectural advancement at that period. He did better for the site of Savannah Town, and old Fort Moore; and his notes, though brief in relation to it, show that a rapid decay had fallen upon everything there, after the founding of Augusta.

"In early times, the Carolinians had a fort, and kept a good garrison here, as a frontier and Indian

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\* McCall's History of Georgia, p. 50.

trading post, but Augusta superseding it, this place was dismantled; and since that time, which probably cannot exceed thirty years,\* the river hath so much encroached upon the Carolina shore, that its bed now lies where the site of the fort then was; indeed, some told me that the opposite Georgia shore, where there is now a fine house and corn field, occupies the place."†

At length, after many fair promises to the Indians, the Commissioners, in 1718, erected at the Congarees, a fort and store-house. It was then that pack-horse trains from Charleston, first began to pass by that route towards the interior, and the Cherokees and Catawbas to the sea-board. The spot had been chosen for the new garrison and factory, some distance eastward of a direct route to the Cherokees, for the equal accommodation of the lower towns and Catawbas, as Savannah Town had been as far to the westward of it, for the convenience of the Over-hill Cherokees, and the more distant Creeks and Chickasaws.

It is quite probable that the Congaree and Chickasaw trails united, before reaching Charleston, at the present site of Dorchester; and that there was the residence of Peter St. Julien. From that point the former ran directly up the east bank of the Four Hole Creek, towards the nearest point of the Santee, thence across Amelia Township to the Congaree River, and up it to the fort at the falls. Beyond

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\* Forty years, rather.

† Bartram, p. 314.

these it followed the southern bank of the Saluda to the spot, where, in after-years, Ninety-six was built, and where it fell into a path that was, no doubt, even then known as the great Keowee trail leading from the lower towns to Charleston.

Fort Moore and the Congarees were the only garrisoned posts erected on the border by the government, at this early period, for the protection of the Indian trade. It must be reasonably supposed, therefore, that the first horse-paths from Charleston to the upper-country, touched at those points in their course. But, doubtless, before 1693, the year in which the Cherokees made their first formal visit to the English—perhaps in the earliest primitive times, an Indian foot trail ran by the most direct route from their towns to the main, at or near the mouth of the Ashley. This became gradually much frequented, as intercourse between the two people increased. In process of time the peltry traffic was inaugurated, and soon the Cherokees had grown so dependent upon the English for all the necessaries of life, that their greatly enlarged commerce required, if not a wider, a more direct thoroughfare than either the Chickasaw or Congaree path.

It was then that pack-horse trains began to frequent the Keowee Trail throughout its whole extent; and it became a great central high-way of communication between Charleston and the interior, and the mountain valleys of the Cherokee Nation. It formed a common track with the path last described, as far northward from Charleston as the present site of

Dorchester or its vicinity; thence after crossing Four Holes Creek, at the point, where, before the Revolution, the old Four Holes Bridge stood, it passed to the site of Orangeburg Court-house, and there crossing North Edisto, it pursued its course along the ridge between the main branches of that stream, to the head waters of the Little Saluda, the country on each hand abounding in rich pastures of cane. From Little Saluda, it ran to Gowdy's Fort and trading house at Old Ninety-six, where, having formed a juncture with the trail from the Congarees, it pursued its way, almost in a bee line, to the towns of the Lower Cherokees.

In the vicinity of Greenwood, it crossed Little Wilson's Creek at a ford long afterwards known, and used in the plantation formerly owned by the Rev. Joel Townsend, and ran thence through the lands of the late Capt. T. B. Byrd, and Capt. J. Johnson, having traversed, from Old Ninety-six, grounds now owned by Maj. R. A. Griffin and Nathaniel McCants. It passed a few paces eastward of the large granite rock, already described as standing immediately on the Barksdale Ferry Road, near the Rock Church.

A few miles north of the Pointing Rock, it crossed Rocky Creek, just above the site of Venning's Mill, and ran thence to the Coronaka, which it crossed at a spot famous as a camping ground with all the traders and Indians, who once frequented this celebrated trail. It lies on a plantation recently occupied by H. W. Leadbetter.

At that period, the creek, here, was shaded by a

notable grove of large white oaks, on which account it received from the Indians the name of *Quoo-ran-he-qua*—the place of very big white oaks. It was estimated, by the measurement of that time, to be fourteen miles from Ninety-six, and eighty-two from Keowee.

Adair mentions it as being a well-known campground, and presents its name, to illustrate the manner in which the Cherokees frequently combined with their words a syllable or an initial letter of their sacred name for God, when they wished to express an idea in the superlative sense.\*

From the Coronaka, it pursued its course towards the head branches of Mulberry Creek, passing a little to the west of the present site of Cokesbury. In the fork of the Mulberry, it turned suddenly, for a short distance, to the left, to take in its way the old trading post at Dewitt's Corner. Thence it ran across the head waters of Rocky River, and passed, in a similar manner, through the head streams of all the eastern tributaries of the Savannah, that flowed south of its point of destination, the town of Keowee on the ancient Isundiga.

Bartram, in his travels, thus speaks of the old Keowee Trail: "I chose to take this route up the Savannah River, in preference to the straight and shorter road from Charleston to the Cherokee country, by Fort Ninety-six, because, by keeping near this great river, I had frequent opportunities

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\* Adair's North American Indians, p. 70.

of visiting its steep banks, vast swamps, and low grounds. Had I pursued the *great trading path*, by Ninety-six, I should have been led over a high, dry, sandy ridge, and, a great part of the distance, an old settled or resorted part of the country, and, consequently, void of the varieties of original or novel productions of nature.”\*

The fort referred to here by the botanist, was not the star redoubt, whose remains are still conspicuous on the site of old Ninety-six; nor was it the temporary defence of palisades, thrown up on the opposite hill, a little south of the Child’s House, by General Williamson and the Whigs of the Ninety-six District, in November of 1775. It will be seen, as our narrative progresses, that an older fort than either of those once stood at that famous spot.

There is scarcely a plantation, through which the Keowee Trail passed in the upper-country, that does not still bear the marks of its once well-worn track; and wherever the primitive forest, that shaded it in old times, has been left untouched, its deep, narrow bed is as plainly traceable as if English armies and pack-trains had gone over it—as of yore—but yesterday. Such traces of it are particularly noticeable in the vicinity of Cokesbury, and near its termination, as it goes down into the Valley of the Keowee.

This ancient highway is often confounded, at present, in Abbeville District, with the old Reed’s

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\* Page 315.

and Pratt's Mill Road—a public work that had little, at any time, in common with it, and, in comparison, was but an affair of recent date. The Reed's Road was the result of an enactment by a Federal State Legislature; the Keowee Trail had its origin long previous, doubtless, to the period when any monarchy of the old world had obtained a foothold on American soil.

In the index to Dr. Cooper's Statutes of South Carolina, we find the following record: "An Act to make, and keep in repair, a road from Ninety-six Court-house, to the mill of George Reed, on Long-Cane Creek, and from thence to Pratt's Mill, on the north-west fork of Long-Cane.—Passed, March 5th, 1778."

It was not, however, until seven years after, that this enactment was carried into effect. Two years subsequent to the Revolution, a court—sitting at the Old Block House, or in the house of General Pickens, one of the presiding judges, (both of which stood under the south-eastern side of the hill on which the village of Abbeville has since been built,)—appointed, in accordance with the provisions of the Act, Captain John Irwin, Captain Hugh Wardlaw, and Colonel John Logan, to survey the designated route. This they soon accomplished, and the same year, (1785,) the Reed's Road was cut from Pratt's Mill, by Reed's, to Ninety-six.

The tradition goes, that one of the surveyors fixed the sights of his compass at Pratt's, and wagered the company a bottle of brandy that, at the end of

his course, he would strike Ninety-six. The bet was taken, two to one, on the spot. The line ran out over the top of the hill, on which they were at that time preparing to build the old Cambridge College. The result was of considerable interest to the party; for they were men of no ordinary physical powers, and old Ninety-six never knew what it was to suffer from a dearth of brandy, of the best and purest bead.

Soon after leaving Pratt's, the Reed's Road fell into a part of the Keowee Trail, near Dewitt's Corner, on the plantation now owned by Captain J. R. Wilson; which, with its general direction, and lower terminus, well accounts for its being confounded with the Keowee path. Thence it ran by Reed's, (now Cochran's Mill,) through the parade-ground, at Lomax's, to the Deadfall, and the present site of Greenwood, where its track still deeply marks the lots occupied by R. M. White, and J. R. Tarrant. At a point between the latter and the Barksdale Ferry road, it ran into the old Ninety-six and Abbeville Road. Much of this old highway has been long out of use, and its former site well nigh forgotten.

The enterprise and progress of the present age have developed a fact in relation to the ancient Indian trading paths of Carolina, that is too remarkable to be omitted here; though we have never seen it noticed by any one. Nearly the entire railway system of the State has been constructed almost precisely on the routes of the old peltry trails of her



infant commerce. The South Carolina Road passes between Charleston and Augusta, over the line of the great Chickasaw and Creek path; the Greenville and Columbia along that of the Cherokees; and the Carolina and Charlotte pursues, on the ridge between the Broad and Catawba Rivers, with no less fidelity, the old path that led from the Catawbas to the Congarees. But the correspondence does not cease here; one of the first railway enterprises in the State of Georgia was to construct, from Augusta, a continuation of the line completed in Carolina, over the Chickasaw and Creek trail; and but recently, Charleston has been rejoicing at her betrothal, by a tie of the iron rail, to the same prolific region, and in the main, over the same route, in the completion of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, from which, a hundred and thirty years ago, she was accustomed to receive, on the backs of pack-horses, the bulk of her exports.

The great enterprise of the Blue Ridge Railroad, is only a continuation, by rail, of the ancient extension of the Keowee path from the site of Fort Prince George, across the mountains to the Over-hill settlements, and the teeming valleys of the Tennessee; and, when it shall have been accomplished, for which we have the obligations of a State that has never asked for more, as an incentive to noble action, than to know the path of her true interest and glory—and the long projected Savannah Valley Road, constructed over the route of the old Savannah, or Isandiga trail, which connected Augusta with the

Lower Cherokee towns—the correspondence will be general and complete, and the shrill echoes of the steam-car will be heard amid the same hills and valleys, in every part of the State, where, in the olden time, resounded the gentler notes of the pack-horseman's bells. "There is nothing new under the sun;" and, while we are wondering at these new combinations of science and art, an amazement no less great possesses us, on the discovery that, after all, they are only the more complete development of the ideas and practice of our less cultivated immigrant fathers.

The philosophy of this does not lie deeper than two simple facts: the one of history, and the other of political economy. The aborigines of America invariably displayed in their choice of lands, on which to form their settlements, a judgment as shrewd and business-like as that of the whites. Hence the same regions of country that were the productive hunting-grounds and maize fields of the Indians, are still the prolific sources of the valuable staples of modern traffic and exchange—and political economy teaches the fundamental principle that commerce is like the natural processes of crystalization—it best performs its work when left free and untrammelled. Here, therefore, we have, from her history, a powerful, but unobtrusive argument, for all that has been done or undertaken, in the development of the physical resources of our beloved commonwealth.

If the recent substitution of the railway for the old fashioned market thoroughfare has done away, in

great part, with the suffering and exposure incident to the men and animals employed on the latter, the relief afforded the same objects, in an earlier age, by the widening of the narrow pack-horse trails into commodious wagon-roads, was no small approximation to the facilities and comforts of the present system. The abuse of horses, and the hardships of the drivers, on the trading paths, were sometimes dreadful, and never inconsiderable.

It may be truly said, that the bleaching bones of the former made white many a weary mile of the great trails leading from Charleston to the Cherokees, and towards the Mississippi; and not unfrequently mingled with them, were seen the ghastly skeletons of men and women. It is a curious fact, that the Cherokee Indians would leave their dead unburied on the path, rather than contract ceremonial uncleanness in the act of preparing them for interment, according to their custom, when at home, and in possession of their usual means of purification. In some instances, the bodies thus deserted, were covered up, out of reach of the wolves, by the traders belonging to the passing caravans. An instance of this kind occurred on the Keowee trail, just below Ninety-six, not long after the settlement of that place.

An Indian having died at that spot, in a party with which were Adair and several other traders, his body as usual, was about to be left by his savage comrades to the wild beasts, where it lay, when the white men, moved by feelings of humanity, buried it them-

selves. A more notable instance took place, about the same time, at or near the Congarees.

We described, in a previous chapter, the curious marriage of a young Indian woman, surnamed the Dark Lantern, to an Englishman of Charleston, and her initiation into the Establishment. Not long after that event, and her dismissal from the church, on account of her licentiousness, she fell sick, and died on the path near the Congarees, the scene of her marriage, and notwithstanding a twin-brother was one of the party, her body was left exposed in the woods.

In February, 1755, Gov. Glen invited a large number of the head-men of the Cherokee Nation to meet him in a talk, in Charleston, when he received in reply the following message from Old Hop, of Chote, the great head-chief of the Nation: "I have ordered my head-men to proceed no farther to meet you than the Congarees. From time to time, according to your Excellency's desire, I have sent down my best warriors to Charleston, who, by reason of fatal sickness contracted either there or on the trail, returned no more. *Their bones yet lie on the path, and are in many places to be seen.*"\*

The abuse suffered, however, by the animals used in these pack-horse trains, was, in great part, owing to the savage treatment they received from the merciless drivers. They seldom decamped in the morning before the sun was already so high as to be hot

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\* Indian books in Columbia.

and disagreeable. Every driver carried a heavy whip, made of the toughest cow-skin. They started all at once, the horses ranging themselves in regular Indian file—the most experienced in the front, and the younger in the rear; then the chief driver, with the crack of his whip, and a whoop or a shriek, which rang through the forest and plains, spoke, often in the Indian tongue, commanding them to proceed, which order was repeated by all the company, and they set off at once in a brisk trot, which was incessantly urged, and continued as long as the miserable brutes were able to move forward. When they could go no farther, a camp was formed, frequently before the afternoon—the most favorable part of the day for travel—was more than half gone.

Bells were suspended from the necks of the horses, and these, though frequently stuffed with grass at starting in the morning, were soon loosened, by its jolting out, and they were not stopped again during the day; and, altogether, the incessant ring and clatter of the bells, the whoops, shouts and loud curses of the pack-horsemen, produced a noise and din on these primitive highways, scarcely less disagreeable and annoying, though not so loud and shrill, as the modern steam-whistle.\*

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\* Bartram's Carolina.