

Anderson creek, from mouth to forks.  
 Poison creek, from mouth to Cummin's mills.  
 Oil creek, from mouth to Aaron Cunningham's mills.  
 Raccoon creek, from the Wabash to the mills of Brooks, Robbins and Rose.  
 Big creek, from mouth to Black's mill.  
 Patoka river, from mouth to Moseley's mill.  
 Indian creek, from mouth to Dickerson's mill.  
 Indian Kentucky creek, from mouth to Brooks's mill.  
 Little Pigeon creek to Barker's mill.  
 Big Pigeon creek to Fairchild's mill.  
 Big Sand Creek, from the Driftwood to forks.  
 Sugar creek, from Blue river to Hough's mill.  
 Busseron creek to Eaton's mills.  
 Lick creek to Lost river, and Lost river to Sherley's mill.  
 Mississinewa river to Lewallen's mill, in Randolph county.  
 All of Blue river in Shelby county. Sugar Creek, in Shelby county. Brushy Fork, of the Muscatatuck. Eel river to Gray's mill in Putnam county. Fourteen Mile creek, Black, Beanblossom, Twin, Clifty, Salt, Log Lick, Plum and Big Indian creeks.  
 Anyone erecting dams or otherwise impeding navigation on these streams was subject to a fine from \$10 to \$500.  
 The locations of the mills named being in large part lost to memory, the actual mileage declared navigable is now past determining.

G. S. C.

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## THE FIRST STEAMBOAT ON WHITE RIVER.

### FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN OLD PILOT.

**A**N old pilot's journal written in the seventies by John Scott Elder, an Ohio river pilot who was born in Lexington, Ky., in 1802, gives the following interesting account of the first steamboat trip made on the waters of White river:

"In 1829, I continued on the steamboat 'Victory,' running up and down the Ohio river until near the last of August; then the 'Victory' laid up to repair. I then went aboard of the steamboat 'Traveler,' William Sanders, master, bound for New Orleans.

Yellow fever was raging in New Orleans at this time. After our safe return from New Orleans, I asked Captain Sanders for my discharge: he would not hear of it, and went up to Louisville—our boat was lying at Shippingsport. When he returned he said: 'I have got a full load to go up White river to Spencer.' White river empties into the Wabash river near Mt. Carmel, through on the opposite side of the river; Spencer is in Indiana. So we loaded the boat with salt, and went on our way. Henry Christopher was still my pardner, and neither of us was ever up White river, but we went on our way up the Wabash to Mt. Carmel, then up the White river. White river is a small stream and very crooked; we went over mill-dams, though the water was high, and we finally arrived at Spencer. The steamboat 'Traveler' was the first steamboat that ever turned a wheel on White river; William Sanders, master.

"The water commenced falling so we had to hurry out our load of salt, and go out of the river as soon as possible. Captain Sanders said we would run down the river about thirty miles, land some passengers, and stay there all night, as we had told him we could not run in the night. It was Christopher's first watch. We went on down White river and landed the passengers, some time in the fore part of the night. The Captain then said, 'We will go on to-night. Christopher said nothing,' and away we went. I told Christopher if he could stand it, I could. So my pardner stood watch until twelve o'clock and then called me up. When I took hold of the wheel I do not think I was ever in such a bad fix in my life, for a man that is a pilot can generally see the river all the way ahead of him. However, I told my pardner that I would go it blind, if there was ever any one time in my life when I longed for the light of day that was the time. So we continued on down and I heard the chickens crow, then I knew it was not long until daylight. The first thing I knew we went into the Wabash river, then I was all right. The Wabash, after White river, appeared to be as wide as the Mississippi and we went on our way rejoicing to Louisville, without accident."

EMMA CARLETON.