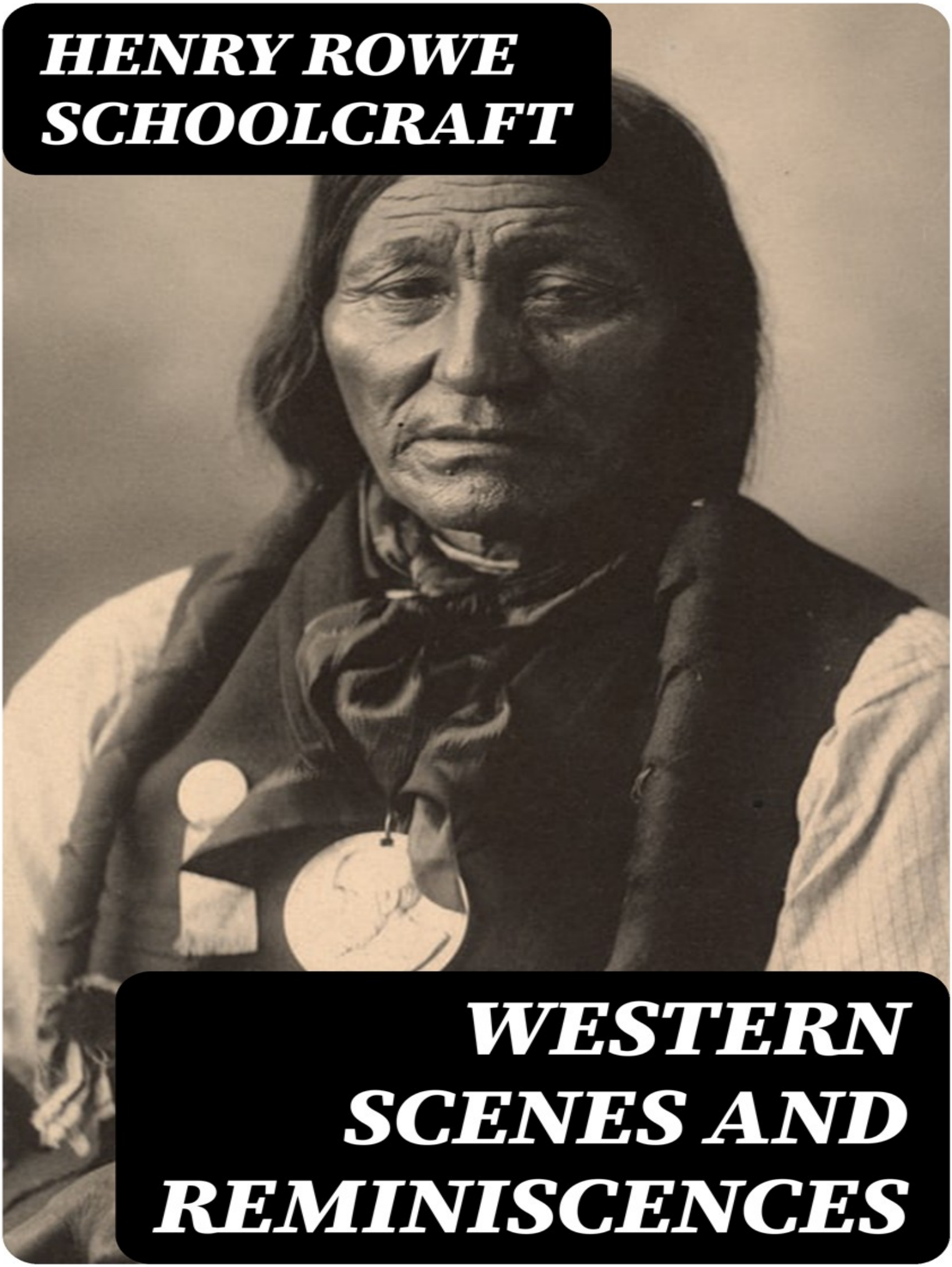
HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT



WESTERN SCENES AND REMINISCENCES

Henry Rowe Schoolcraft

Western Scenes and Reminiscences

Together with Thrilling Legends and Traditions of the Red Men of the Forest

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Contact: DigiCat@okpublishing.info

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It is now twenty-six years since I first entered the area of the Mississippi valley, with the view of exploring its then but imperfectly known features, geographical and geological. Twenty-two years of this period have elapsed since I entered on the duties of an Executive Agent for the United States Government in its higher northern latitudes among the Indian tribes in the west. Having devoted so large a portion of my life in an active sphere, in which the intervals of travel left me favourable opportunities of pursuing the languages and history of this branch of the race, it appears to be a just expectation, that, in sitting down to give some account of this people, there should be some preliminary remarks, to apprise the reader how and why it is, that his attention is recalled to a topic which he may have supposed to be well nigh exhausted. This it is proposed to do by some brief personal reminiscences, beginning at the time above alluded to.

The year 1814 constituted a crisis, not only in our political history, but also in our commercial, manufacturing, and industrial interests. The treaty of Ghent, which put a period to the war with England, was a blessing to many individuals and classes in America: but, in its consequences, it had no small share of the effects of a curse upon that class of citizens who were engaged in certain branches of manufactures. It was a peculiarity of the crisis, that these persons had been stimulated by double motives, to invest their capital and skill in the perfecting and establishment of the manufactories referred to, by the actual wants of the country and the high prices of the foreign articles. No pains and no cost had been spared, by many of them, to supply

this demand; and it was another result of the times, that no sooner had they got well established, and were in the high road of prosperity than the peace came and plunged them headlong from the pinnacle of success. This blow fell heavier upon some branches than others. It was most fatal to those manufacturers who had undertaken to produce fabrics of the highest order, or which belong to an advanced state of the manufacturing prosperity of a nation. Be this as it may, however, it fell with crushing force upon that branch in which I was engaged. As soon as the American ports were opened to these fabrics, the foreign makers who could undersell us, poured in cargo on cargo; and when the first demands had been met, these cargoes were ordered to be sold at auction; the prices immediately fell to the lowest point, and the men who had staked in one enterprise their zeal, skill and money, were ruined at a blow.

Every man in such a crisis, must mentally recoil upon himself. Habits of application, reading, and an early desire to be useful, had sustained me at a prior period of life, through the dangers and fascinations of jovial company. There was in this habit or temper of room-seclusion, a pleasing resource of a conservative character, which had filled up the intervals of my busiest hours; and when business itself came to a stand, it had the effect to aid me in balancing and poising my mind, while I prepared to enter a wider field, and indeed, to change my whole plan of life. If it did not foster a spirit of right thought and self-dependence, it, at least, gave a degree of tranquillity to the intervals of a marked pause, and, perhaps, flattered the ability to act.

Luckily I was still young, and with good animal spirits, and a sound constitution I resolved I would not go down so. The result of seven years of strenuous exertions, applied with persevering diligence and success, was cast to the winds, but it was seven years of a young man’s life, and I thought it could be repaired by time and industry. What the east withheld, I hoped might be supplied by another quarter. I turned my thoughts to the west, and diligently read all I could find on the subject. The result of the war of 1812, (if this contest had brought no golden showers on American manufacturers, as I could honestly testify in my own case,) had opened to emigration and enterprise the great area west of the Alleghanies. The armies sent out to battle with Indian, and other foes, on the banks of the Wabash, the Illinois, the Detroit, the Raisin and the Miami of the Lakes, had opened to observation attractive scenes for settlement; and the sword was no sooner cast aside, than emigrants seized hold of the axe and the plough. This result was worth the cost of the whole contest, honour and glory included. The total prostration of the moneyed system of the country, the effects of city-lot and other land speculations, while the system was at its full flow, and the very backward seasons of 1816 and 1817, attended with late and early frosts, which extensively destroyed the corn crop in the Atlantic states, all lent their aid in turning attention towards the west and south-west, where seven new states have been peopled and organized, within the brief period to which these reminiscences apply: namely, Indiana, Illinois, Mississippi, Missouri, Alabama, Arkansas and Michigan, besides the flourishing territories of Wisconsin and Iowa, and the more

slowly advancing territory of Florida. It appeared to me, that information, geographical and other, of such a wide and varied region, whose boundaries were but ill defined, must be interesting at such a period; and I was not without the hope that the means of my future advancement would be found in connexion with the share I might take in the exploration of it. With such views I resolved to go west. This feeling I find to be expressed on the back of an old slip of an account of the period:

> “I will go by western fountain, I will wander far and wide; Till some sunny spot invite me, Till some guardian bid me bide.
>
> “Snow or tempest—plain the drearest Shall oppose a feeble bar, Since I go from friends the dearest, ’Tis no matter then how far.
>
> “On!—’tis useless here to dally; On!—I can but make or mar; Since my fortune leads to sally, ’Tis no matter then how far.”

Of the “seven years” to which allusion has been made I had spent four in New England, a land which is endeared to me at this distance of time, by recollections of hospitality, virtue, and manly intelligence.

While engaged in the direction of the business above named, I had prepared the notes and materials for my first publication, in which I aimed to demonstrate the importance of an acquaintance with Chemistry and Mineralogy in the preparation and fusion of numerous substances in the mineral kingdom, which result in the different conditions of

the various glasses, enamels, &c. I had, from early youth, cultivated a taste for mineralogy, long indeed it may be said, before I knew that mineralogy was a science; and, as opportunities increased, had been led by my inquiries, (which I followed with ardour but with very slight helps,) to add to this some knowledge of elementary chemistry and experimental philosophy, and to supply myself, from Boston and New York, with books, apparatus, and tests. I do not know that there were any public lectures on mineralogy, &c. at this time, say from 1810 to ’16; certainly, there were none within my reach. I gleaned from the best sources I could, and believe that the late Professor Frederick Hall was the only person to whom I was indebted even for occasional instructions in these departments. He was a man strongly devoted to some of the natural sciences, particularly mineralogy; and was erudite in the old authors on the subject, whom he liked to quote; and I may say that I continued to enjoy his confidence and friendship to the time of his death, which happened in 1843. From such sources, from the diligent reading of books, and from experiments, conducted with the advantage of having under my charge extensive works, at various times, in the states of New York, Vermont and New Hampshire, I drew the principles which formed the basis of my treatise on Vitreology. With this work in hand, I left Keene, in New Hampshire, early in the winter of 1817; and, crossing the Connecticut river at Brattleboro, proceeded over the Green Mountains, by the route of Bennington,to Albany, and thence returned to my father’s house in western New York. No time was lost in issuing proposals for the work; and I had the satisfaction to find that

the portions published, and the entire plan and merits of it were warmly approved by the pen of the late Mr. Maynard of Utica, and by several liberal minded and intelligent persons. Before quitting New England, I had determined to go to the Mississippi valley, and had begun to study its geography; and I now resolved to proceed, without unnecessary delay.

Means constitute the first object of solicitude in all such undertakings. The ebbing tide of manufacturing prosperity to which I have referred, had left me very poor. From the fragments of former acquisitions, for which, however, I was exclusively indebted to my own industry, I raised a small sum of money—much smaller I think than most men would be willing to start with, who had resolved to go so far. I had, in truth, but sixty dollars in the world; but I possessed a very good wardrobe, and some other personal means, such as it may be supposed will adhere to a man who has lived in abundance for many years. I put up a miniature collection of mineralogical specimens, to serve as a standard of comparison in the west, a few implements for analysis, some books which I thought it would be difficult to meet with in that region, and some drawing materials. I had connected these things in some way with my future success. In other respects, I had the means, as above hinted, of making a respectable appearance. Thus prepared, I bade adieu to my father and mother, and also to three sisters and a brother, all younger than myself, and set forward. The winter of 1818 had opened before I reached my brother’s house at Geneva, in western New York. From this point I determined to leave the main track, through the Genessee county west, and to strike the head waters of the

Alleghany river, so as to descend that stream with the spring flood.

My brother drove me in his own sleigh, as far as Angelica. By the time we reached that place, being no traveller and much fatigued with the intricacies and roughness of the road, he was fain to give over his undertaking, and I parted from him, sending back the sleigh from Olean, to take him home.

The Alleghany river was locked with ice when I reached it. I had an opportunity to cross it on foot, and to examine in the vicinity those evidences of the coal formation which are found in masses of bituminous shale, slaty coal and petroleum. The river began to open about the middle of March. I left Olean in the first ark for the season, borne onwards down the sweeping Alleghany at the top of the flood, often through winding channels, and once in danger of being precipitated over a mill dam, by taking the wrong channel.

On another occasion, just as we were coming to the division of the channel, at the head of a group of islands, a tall Seneca Indian, standing in the bow of a very long pine canoe, cried out, in a tone of peculiar emphasis, “Keep to the right—I speak it.” This direction we followed, and were saved from another mishap. We tied the ark to the shore at night, built a fire on the bank and cooked a supper. On passing the Conowonga, it was at the height of its flood, and appeared to bring in as much water as the Allegheny. We stopped at the noted chief Cornplanter’s village, and also to gratify a reminiscent curiosity, at the mouth of French Creek, connected with Washington’s perilous adventure in

visiting Fort de Boef, now Erie. At Kittaning, a great scow ferry boat was rowed and managed by two women or girls with a degree of muscular exertion, or rather ease, which would put to the blush many a man east or west of the Alleghanies. The tone, air, and masculine strength of these girl-boatmen, reminded me of nothing this side of Rollin's description of the Amazons—save that the same provision was not apparent for drawing the bow. Bold hills line both banks of the river along its upper parts, and continue, indeed, at farther intervals apart, to very near the junction of the Monongahela; but long before this point, the stream is one of noble dimensions, clear, broad, and strong. After a voyage of exciting and vivid interest, I reached and landed at Pittsburgh.

NO. II.

It is Dr. Johnson, I think, who says, that we take slight occasions to be pleased. At least, I found it so, on the present occasion; the day of my arrival was my birth day, and it required but little stretch of imagination to convert the scene upon which I had now entered, into a new world. It was new to me.—I was now fairly in the great geological valley of the west, the object of so many anticipations.

The ark, in which I had descended the Alleghany, put ashore near the point of land, which is formed by the junction of the Monongahela with this fine clear stream. The dark and slowly moving waters of the one, contrasted strongly with the sparkling velocity of the other. I felt a buoyancy of spirits as I leapt ashore, and picked up some of its clean pebbles to see what kind of geological testimony

they bore to the actual character of their parent beds in the Appalachian range.

“What shall I pay you, for my passage, from Olean,” said I, to the gentleman with whom I had descended, and at whose ark-table I had found a ready seat with his family. “Nothing, my dear sir,” he replied with a prompt and friendly air,—“Your cheerful aid in the way, taking the oars whenever the case required it, has more than compensated for any claims on that score, and I only regret that you are not going further with us.”

Committing my baggage to a carman, I ascended the bank of diluvial earth and pebbles with all eagerness, and walked to the point of land where Fort Pitt (old Fort Du Quesne) had stood. It is near this point that the Alleghany and Monongahela unite, and give birth to the noble Ohio. It is something to stand at the head of such a stream. The charm of novelty is beyond all others. I could realize, in thought, as I stood here, gazing on the magnificent prospect of mingling waters, and their prominent and varied shores, the idea, which is said to be embodied in the old Mingo substantive-exclamation of O-he-o! a term, be it remembered, which the early French interpreters at once rendered, and truly, it is believed, by the name of *La Belle Rivière*.

So far, I said to myself, all is well,—I am now west of the great spinal chain. All that I know of America is now fairly *east* of me—bright streams, warm hearts and all. I have fairly cast myself loose on the wide waters of the west. I have already come as many hundred miles, as there are days in the week, but I begin my travels here. I have, as it

were, taken my life in my hand. Father and mother, I may never see more. God wot the result. I go to seek and fulfil an unknown destiny. Come weal or woe, I shall abide the result. All the streams run south, and I have laid in, with “time and chance” for a journey with them. I am but as a chip on their surface—nothing more! Whether my bones are to rest in this great valley, or west of the Cordilleras, or the Rocky Mountains, I know not. I shall often think of the silver Iosco, the farther I go from it. To use a native metaphor, My foot is on the path, and the word, is onward! “The spider taketh hold with her hands,” Solomon says, “and is in king’s palaces.” Truly, a man should accomplish, by diligence, as much as a spider.

Pittsburgh was, even then, a busy manufacturing town, filled with working machinery, steam engines, hammers, furnaces, and coal smoke. I visited Mr. O’Hara, and several other leading manufacturers. They made glass, bar iron, nails, coarse pottery, castings, and many other articles, which filled its shops and warehouses, and gave it a city-like appearance. Every chimney and pipe, perpendicular or lateral, puffed out sooty coal smoke, and it required some dexterity to keep a clean collar half a day. I met ladies who bore this *impress* of the city, on their morning toilet. I took lodgings at Mrs. McCullough’s, a respectable hotel on Wood street, and visited the various manufactories, for which the place was then, and is now celebrated. In these visits, I collected accurate data of the cost of raw material, the place where obtained, the expense of manufacture, and the price of the finished fabric. I had thus a body of facts, which enabled me, at least to converse understandingly on these

topics, to give my friends in the east, suitable data, and to compare the advantages of manufacturing here with those possessed by the eastern and middle states. Every thing was, in the business prospects of the west, however, at a comparatively low ebb. The prostrating effects of the war, and of the *peace*, were alike felt. We had conquered England, in a second contest, but were well exhausted with the effort. The country had not recovered from the sacrifices and losses of a series of military operations, which fell most heavily on its western population. Its agricultural industry had been crippled. Its financial affairs were deranged. Its local banks were broken: its manufactories were absolutely ruined. There was little confidence in business, and never was credit, public and private, at a lower ebb. There was however, one thing, in which the west held out a shining prospect. It had abundance of the finest lands in the world, and in fact, it promised a happy home to the agricultural industry of half the world. It was literally the land of promise, to the rest of the union, if not to Europe.

Having seen whatever I wished in Pittsburgh, I hired a horse and crossing the Monongahela, went up its southern banks, as high as Williamsport. I found the country people were in the habit of calling the city “Pitt” or “Fort Pitt,” a term dating back doubtless to the time of the surrender, or rather taking possession of Fort Du Quesne, by Gen. Forbes. Mineral coal (bituminous) characterizes the entire region, as far as my excursion reached. By a happy coincidence in its geological structure, iron ores are contained in the series of the coal deposits. On returning from this trip, night set in, very dark: on the evening I approached the summit of the

valley of the Monongahela, called Coal Hill. The long and winding road down this steep was one mass of moving mud, only varied in its consistence, by sloughs, sufficient to mire both man and horse. I was compelled to let the animal choose his own path, and could only give him aid, when the flashes of lightning lit up the scene with a momentary brilliance, which, however, had often no other effect but to remind me of my danger. He brought me, at length, safely to the brink of the river, and across the ferry.

To be at the head of the Ohio river, and in the great manufacturing city of the West, was an exciting thought, in itself. I had regarded Pittsburgh as the alpha, in my route, and after I had made myself familiar with its characteristics, and finding nothing to invite my further attention, I prepared to go onward. For this purpose, I went down to the banks of the Monongahela, one day, where the arks of that stream usually touch, to look for a passage. I met on the beach, a young man from Massachusetts, a Mr. Brigham,—who had come on the same errand, and being pleased with each other, we engaged a passage together, and getting our baggage aboard immediately, set off the same evening. To float in an ark, down one of the loveliest rivers in the world, was, at least, a novelty, and as all novelty gives pleasure, we went on charmingly. There were some ten or a dozen passengers, including two married couples. We promenaded the decks, and scanned the ever changing scenery, at every bend, with unalloyed delight. At night we lay down across the boat, with our feet towards the fire-place, in a line, with very little diminution of the wardrobe we carried by day,—the married folks, like light infantry in an army, occupying

the flanks of our nocturnal array. The only objection I found to the night's rest, arose from the obligation, each one was tacitly under, to repair on deck, at the hollow night-cry of "oars!" from the steersman. This was a cry which was seldom uttered, however, except when we were in danger of being shoved, by the current, on the head of some island, or against some frowning "snag," so that we had a mutual interest in being punctual at this cry. By it, sleep was to be enjoyed only in sections, sometimes provokingly short, and our dreams of golden vallies, studded with pearls and gems, were oddly jumbled with the actual presence of plain matter of fact things, such as running across a tier of "old monongahela" or getting one's fingers trod on, in scrambling on deck. We took our meals on our laps, sitting around on boxes and barrels, and made amends for the want of style or elegance, by cordial good feeling and a practical exhibition of the best principles of "association." There was another pleasing peculiarity in this mode of floating. Two or more arks were frequently lashed together, by order of their commanders, whereby our conversational circle was increased, and it was not a rare circumstance to find both singers and musicians, in the moving communities for "the west," so that those who were inclined to, might literally dance as they went. This was certainly a social mode of conquering the wilderness, and gives some idea of the buoyancy of American character. How different from the sensations felt, in floating down the same stream, by the same means, in the era of Boon,—the gloomy era of 1777, when instead of violin, or flageolet, the crack of the Indian

rifle was the only sound to be anticipated at every new bend of the channel.

Off Wheeling the commander of our ark made fast to a larger one from the Monongahela, which, among other acquaintances it brought, introduced me to the late Dr. Sellman of Cincinnati, who had been a surgeon in Wayne's army. This opened a vista of reminiscences, which were wholly new to me, and served to impart historical interest to the scene. Some dozen miles below this town, we landed at the Grave Creek Flats for the purpose of looking at the large mound, at that place. I did not then know that it was the largest artificial structure of this kind in the western country. It was covered with forest trees of the native growth, some of which were several feet in diameter, and it had indeed, essentially the same look and character, which I found it to present, twenty-five years afterwards, when I made a special visit to this remarkable mausoleum to verify the character of some of its antiquarian contents. On ascending the flat summit of the mound, I found a charming prospect around. The summit was just 50 feet across. There was a cup-shaped concavity, in its centre, exciting the idea that there had been some internal sub-structure which had given way, and caused the earth to cave in. This idea, after having been entertained for more than half a century, was finally verified in 1838, when Mr. Abelard Tomlinson, a grandson of the first proprietor, caused it to be opened. They discovered two remarkable vaults, built partly of stone, and partly of logs, as was judged from the impressions in the earth. They were situated about seventeen feet apart, one above the other. Both contained bones, the remains of human

skeletons, along with copper bracelets, plates of mica, sea shells, heads of wrought conch, called “ivory” by the multitude, and some other relics, most of which were analogous to articles of the same kind occurring in other ancient mounds in the west. The occasion would not indeed have justified the high expectations which had been formed, had it not been for the discovery, in one of the vaults, of a small flat stone of an oval form, containing an inscription in ancient characters. This inscription, which promises to throw new light on the early history of America, has not been decyphered. Copies of it have been sent abroad. It is thought by the learned at Copenhagen, to be Celtiberic. It is not, in their view Runic. It has, apparently, but one hieroglyphic, or symbolic figure.

A good deal of historical interest clusters about this discovery of the inscribed stone. Tomlinson, the grandfather, settled on these flats in 1772, two years before the murder of Logan’s family. Large trees, as large as any in the forest, then covered the flats and the mound. There stood in the depression I have mentioned, in the top of the mound, a large beech tree, which had been visited earlier, as was shewn by several names and dates cut on the bark. Among these, there was one of the date of A. D. 1734. This I have seen stated under Mr. Tomlinson’s own hand. The place continued to be much visited from 1770 to 1790, as was shewn by newer names and dates, and indeed, continues to be so still. There was standing at the time of my first visit in 1818, on the very summit of the mound, a large dead or decayed white oak, which was cut down, it appears, about ten years afterwards. On counting its cortical layers, it was

ascertained to be about 500 years old. This would denote the desertion of the mound to have happened about the commencement of the 13th century. Granting to this, what appears quite clear, that the inscription is of European origin, have we not evidence, in this fact, of the continent's having been visited prior to the era of Columbus? Visited by whom? By a people, or individuals, it may be said, who had the use of an antique alphabet, which was much employed, (although corrupted, varied and complicated by its spread) among the native priesthood of the western shores and islands of the European continent, prior to the introduction of the Roman alphabet.

The next object of antiquarian interest, in my descent, was at Gallipolis—the site of an original French settlement on the west bank, which is connected with a story of much interest, in the history of western migrations. It is an elevated and eligible plain, which had before been the site of an Indian, or aboriginal settlement. Some of the articles found in a mound, such as plates of mica and sea shells, and beads of the wrought conch, indicated the same remote period for this ancient settlement, as the one at Grave Creek Flats; but I never heard of any inscribed articles, or monuments bearing alphabetic characters.

All other interest, then known, on this subject, yielded to that which was felt in witnessing the antique works at Marietta. Like many others who had preceded me and many who have followed me, in my visit, I felt while walking over these semi-military ruins, a strong wish to know, who had erected works so different from those of the present race of Indians, and during what phasis of the early history of the

continent? A covered way had, evidently, been constructed, from the margin of the Muskingum to the elevated square, evincing more than the ordinary degree of military skill exercised by the Western Indians. Yet these works revealed one trait, which assimilates them, in character, with others, of kindred stamp, in the west. I allude to the defence of the open gate-way, by a minor mound; clearly denoting that the passage was to be disputed by men, fighting hand to hand, who merely sought an advantage in exercising manual strength, by elevation of position. The Marietta tumuli also, agree in style with others in the Ohio valley.

A leaden plate was found near this place, a few years after this visit, of which an account was given by Gov. Clinton, in a letter to the American Antiquarian Society, in 1827, but the inscription upon it, which was in Latin, but mutilated, proved that it related to the period of the French supremacy in the Canadas. It appeared to have been originally deposited at the mouth of the river Venango, A. D. 1749, during the reign of Louis XV.

While at Marietta, our flotilla was increased by another ark from the Muskingum, which brought to my acquaintance the Hon. Jesse B. Thomas, of Illinois, to whose civilities I was afterwards indebted, on several occasions. Thus reinforced, we proceeded on, delighted with the scenery of every new turn in the river, and augmenting our circle of fellow travellers, and table acquaintance, if that can be called a table acquaintance which assembles around a rustic board. One night an accident befel us, which threatened the entire loss of one of our flotilla. It so happened, at the spot of our landing, that the smaller ark, being outside, was pressed by

the larger ones, so far ashore, as to tilt the opposite side into the stream below the caulked seam. It would have sunk, in a few minutes, but was held up, partly by its fastening to the other boats. To add to the interest felt, it was filled with valuable machinery. A congress of the whole travelling community assembled on shore, some pitching pebble-stones, and some taking a deeper interest in the fate of the boat. One or two unsuccessful efforts had been made to bail it out, but the water flowed in faster than it could be removed. To cut loose the rope and abandon it, seemed all that remained. “I feel satisfied,” said I, to my Massachusetts friend, “that two men, bailing with might and main, *can* throw out more water, in a given time, than is let in by those seams; and if you will step in with me, we will test it, by trying again.” With a full assent and ready good will be met this proposition. We pulled off our coats, and each taking a pail, stepped in the water, then half-leg deep in the ark, and began to bail away, with all force. By dint of determination we soon had the satisfaction to see the water line lower, and catching new spirit at this, we finally succeeded in sinking its level below the caulked seam. The point was won. Others now stepped in to our relief. The ark and its machinery were saved. This little incident was one of those which served to produce pleasurable sensations, all round, and led perhaps, to some civilities at a subsequent date, which were valuable to me. At any rate, Mr. Thomas, who owned the ark, was so well pleased, that he ordered a warm breakfast of toast, chickens, and coffee on shore for the whole party. This was a welcome substitute for our ordinary breakfast of bacon and tea on board. Such little incidents

serve as new points of encouragement to travellers: the very shores of the river looked more delightful, after we put out, and went on our way that morning. So much has a satisfied appetite to do with the aspect of things, both without, as well as within doors.

The month of April had now fairly opened. The season was delightful. Every rural sound was joyful—every sight novel, and a thousand circumstances united to make the voyage one of deep and unmixed interest. At this early season nothing in the vegetable kingdom gives a more striking and pleasing character to the forest, than the frequent occurrence of the celtis ohioensis, or Red Bud. It presents a perfect bouquet of red, or rose-coloured petals, while there is not a leaf exfoliated upon its branches, or in the entire forest.

No incident, further threatening the well being of our party, occurred on the descent to Cincinnati, where we landed in safety. But long before we reached this city, its *outliers*, to use a geological phrase, were encountered, in long lines and rafts of boards and pine timber, from the sources of the Alleghany, and arks and flat-boats, from all imaginable places, with all imaginable names, north of its latitude. Next, steamboats lying along the gravel or clay banks, then a steam-mill or two, puffing up its expended strength to the clouds, and finally, the dense mass of brick and wooden buildings, jutting down in rectangular streets—from high and exceedingly beautiful and commanding hills in the rear. All was suited to realize high expectations. Here was a city indeed, on the very spot from which St. Clair set out, on his ill-fated expedition in 1791, against the hostile

Indians. Twenty-five years had served to transform the wilderness into scenes of cultivation and elegance, realizing, with no faint outlines, the gay creations of eastern fable.

NO. III.

Cincinnati had, at this time, (1818,) the appearance of a rapidly growing city, which appeared to have, from some general causes, been suddenly checked in its growth. Whole rows of unfinished brick buildings had been left by the workmen. Banks, and the offices of corporate and manufacturing companies, were not unfrequently found shut. Nor did it require long looking or much inquiry to learn that it had seen more prosperous times. A branch bank of the U. S. then recently established there, was much and bitterly, but I know not how justly, spoken against. But if there was not the same life and air in all departments, that formerly existed, there was abundant evidence of the existence of resources in the city and country, which must revive and push it onward in its career and growth, to rank second to no city west of the Alleghanies. This city owes its origin, I believe, to John Cleves Symes, father-in-law of the late President Harrison, a Jerseyman by birth, who, in planning it, took Philadelphia as his model. This has imparted a regularity to its streets, and squares, that visitors will at once recognize, as characteristic of its parentage. It stands on a heavy diluvial formation of various layers of clay, loam, sand, and gravel, disposed in two great plateaux, or first and second banks, the lowest of which is some thirty or forty feet above the common summer level of the Ohio. Yet this river has sometimes, but rarely, been known to surmount this barrier and invade the lowermost

streets of the city. These diluvial beds have yielded some curious antiquarian relics, which lead the mind farther back, for their origin, than the Indian race. The most curious of these, if the facts are correctly reported to me, was the discovery of a small antique-shaped iron horse-shoe, found twenty-five feet below the surface in grading one of the streets, and the blunt end, or stump of a tree, at another locality, at the depth of ninety-four feet, together with marks of the cut of an axe, and an iron wedge. I have had no means to verify these facts, but state them as credible, from the corroborative testimony afforded them by other discoveries in the great geological basin of the west, examined by me, which denote human occupancy in America prior to the deposition of the last of the unconsolidated and eocene series.

Our flotilla here broke up, and the persons who had formed its floating community separated, each to pursue his several way, and separate views. I made several acquaintances, whose names are recollected with pleasure. Dr. S. invited me to dine with him, introduced me to his young partner, Dr. Moorhead, and put me in the way of obtaining eligible private lodgings. The three weeks I spent in this city were agreeably passed, varied as they were, by short excursions in the vicinity, including the Licking valley —a stream which comes in on the Kentucky side, directly opposite the city. I went, one day, to see an experimental structure, built at the foot of the Walnut hills, with a very long pipe, or wooden chamber leading up their sides, and rising above their tops. This was constructed by an ingenious person, at the expense of the late Gen. Lyttle,

under the confident hope of his realizing a practical mechanical power from the *rarifaction of atmospheric air*. There was confessedly *a power*, but the difficulty was in multiplying this power, so as to render it practically applicable to the turning of machinery. The ratio of its increase, contended for, namely, the length of the pipe, appeared to me to be wholly fallacious, and the result proved it so. The thing was afterwards abandoned. There was an ancient mound here, which had not then been opened, but which has since yielded a curious ornamented stone, bearing a kind of arabesque figures, not dissimilar, in the style of drawing, to some of the rude sculptured figures of Yucatan, as recently brought to light by Mr. Stephens and Mr. Catherwood.

I received, one day, a note from one of the directors of the White Lead Works, above the city, requesting me to visit it, and inspect in detail the processes of the manufacture. The latter I found to be defective in the mode of corroding the lead by the acetic acid; there was also an unnecessary complication and amount of machinery in bringing the oxide into the condition of a good pigment, and putting it into kegs, which had been very onerous in its cost, and was perpetually liable to get out of order.

It was during my stay here that I first felt the effects of the western limestone waters in deranging the stomach and bowels, and paid for my initiation into the habit, as all strangers must, by some days confinement. Dr. M. brought me about, and checked the disease, without any permanently injurious effects on my general health.

When I was ready to proceed down the river, I went to seek a passage along the landing, but found no boat (steamboats were few and far between in those days). While pacing the beach, I met a man of gentlemanly appearance, who had experienced the same disappointment, and was desirous to go forward in his journey. He told me, that he had found a small row boat, well built, and fitted with seats, which could be purchased for a reasonable sum; that it would hold our baggage very well, and he thought we could make a pleasant trip in it as far as Louisville at the Falls, where the means of communication by steamboats were ample. On examining the boat, and a little inquiry, I acceded to this proposition, and I had no cause to regret it. This gentleman, whose name I have forgotten, but which is somewhere among my papers, was a native of the city of Nancy, but a resident of Baltimore. He was, like the city itself I believe, Franco-German, speaking the two languages very well, and the English with peculiarities. He had a benevolent and honest countenance and social, agreeable manners, not too free, nor stiffly reserved; and we performed the trip without accident, although we had a narrow escape one day from a sawyer, one of that insidious cast of these river pests, called in western parlance, a sleeping sawyer. It was now the month of May; the atmosphere was mild and balmy, loaded with the perfumes of opening vegetation; we took the oars and the helm alternately; we had a constant succession of pretty views; we put ashore to eat and to sleep, and the whole trip, which occupied some three or four days at the farthest, was perfectly delightful.

We put ashore at Vevay, where the Swiss had then newly introduced the cultivation of the vine, to see the vineyards and the mode of cultivation. I have since witnessed this culture on the banks of the Rhine, and found it to be very similar. The vines are closely pruned and kept from becoming woody, and are trained to slender sticks, which, are arranged with the order of a garden bean-bed, which at the proper season, they much resemble. We also tasted the wine, and found it poor.

On the last day of the voyage, we took into our boat a young physician— a Hollander, recently arrived in the country, telling him, that by way of equivalent, we should expect him to take his turn at the oars. He was a man of small stature—well formed, rather slovenly, yet pretty well dressed, with blue eyes, a florid face, and very voluble. Of all that he said, however, by far the most striking part, was his account of his skill in curing cancer. It was clear that he was an itinerating cancer-doctor. He said, amid other things, that he had received an invitation to go and cure the Governor of Indiana. We now had Indiana on our right hand, and Kentucky on our left.

These are the principal incidents of the trip. We reached our destination in safety, and landed on the superb natural sylvan wall, or park, which is formed by the entrance of Beargrass Creek with the Ohio, just in front of, or a little above, Louisville. Here we sold our boat, took separate lodgings, and parted. I found in a day or two, that my friend from Nancy had a flourishing school for military tactics and the sword exercise, where, at his invitation, I went to visit him. From this man, I learned, as we descended the Ohio,