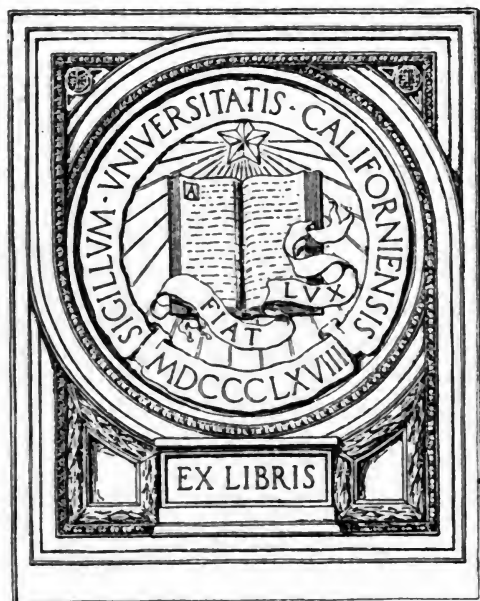




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Reprint of
"Recollections of Cincinnati"

By
GORHAM A. WORTH

CINCINNATI
THE ABINGDON PRESS

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The reproduction of "Recollections of Cincinnati," by Gorham A. Worth, is largely owing to the author's attractive and racy manner of recounting his impressions of the city and its inhabitants, received while a resident there in early days. This, taken in connection with the evidence obtained of the scarcity of existing copies of this small publication, seems to justify a reprint.

The copy in this library is No. 133 of the Catalogue of the "Thomson Collection" belonging to the Society, *8vo. pp. 88*, and the compiler, Mr. Peter G. Thomson (from whom the collection was purchased) states that it is excessively rare; unknown to the Cincinnati Public Library, Ohio State Library and the Western Reserve Historical Society Library. In response to our various inquiries, the Library of Congress, New York (City) Public Library, Wisconsin State Library, and several others report no copies in their collections. The only copy located yet is in the State Library at Albany, in which city the book was printed.

In "Beginnings of Literary Culture in the Ohio Valley", W. H. Venable, the author, states that "The first book of home-made verse printed in the west was a pamphlet of ninety-two pages, by a Cincinnati banker, Gorham A. Worth. The title is 'American Bards; a modern Poem in Three Parts'. It came out in 1819 and had the honor to be published in Philadelphia— an honor not justified by the merit of the book, the value of which consists wholly in the fact that it is the *first*, and that it is rare."

The Society has a copy of this poem and upon the front fly-leaf is written, "Mr. Lewis Whiteman from his friend the author" and directly under, "Oh! that mine adversary would write a Book? Job." The handwriting is Worth's as shown by comparison with letters written by him.

Worth was the author of two other works, "Random Recollections of Albany from 1800 to 1808" and "Recollections of Hudson" (N. Y.) Three editions of each were printed, the first

and second, 1848 and 1849, by C. Van Benthuysen, and the third by Munsell, 1866, with Notes by the publisher.

From these Notes we learn that the author's father went from Nantucket to Nine Partners, Dutchess Co., N. Y. and subsequently, with his family, removed to Hudson, where he taught school.

The son states "Though born on Quaker Hill, I have still been in the habit of considering Hudson as my native town, for the reason that my earliest recollections date from that place." When about twenty he went to Albany [1800] and soon after was appointed teller of the New York State Bank and when the Mechanics and Farmers' Bank went into operation in 1811 he was appointed its first cashier and took with him to Albany his kinsman, Mr. Thomas W. Olcott.

From 1817 to 1825 Worth resided in Cincinnati, later in New York, where according to the Publisher's Notes, "he acquired wealth and maintained a high position in society. He was president of the City Bank of New York. Mr. Worth died in 1856 aged 74."

The History of Columbia County, N. Y. states that Gorham A. Worth was cashier of the Bank of Hudson from 1809 to 1811.

In Quarterly, Vol. VI. Nos. 2 & 3, may be found twelve letters written by him to his friend, Thomas Sloo, Jr. These throw considerable light upon his life during the years 1819 to 1824, particularly regarding his financial troubles arising from the closure of the United States Branch Bank. Several of these letters were written after his removal to New York City.

L. B. Hamlin.

RECOLLECTIONS
OF
CINCINNATI,

From a Residence of Five Years,
1817 to 1821

By the Author of
"Random Recollections of Albany."



ALBANY:
Charles Van Benthuysen, Printer.
.....
1851.

TO THE READER.

The following pages are mere transcripts from memory, and as such, it is very possible that some trifling errors may have crept in among them—some mistakes perhaps as to names, and some petty inaccuracies as to dates. But for all errors, whether of dates or names, whether of facts or opinions, of men or of things, TIME rather than the TRANSCRIBER, should be held responsible. The latter is a mere mechanical agent, tied to the task, and restricted to the letter; while TIME rejoices in the largest liberty—treading now upon the hopes of Democracy, now upon the necks of Kings! If TIME, therefore, who in the plenitude of his power, has been running rough-shod over the original imprint of these reminiscences for more than thirty years!—if Time, I repeat, in the recklessness of his course, has ADDED or OBLITERATED—has altered the readings of the record, or confused its dates, the fault lies at his door, and not at the door of the TRANSCRIBER, who, it is well known, has no discretionary power, but is bound by every principle of transcription, to give the matter exactly as he finds it, regardless of discrepancies and incongruities, the meddlings of the imagination or the lapse of years.

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It is the fate of most men of lively imaginations to begin their career in life, by building castles in the air. A single one may perhaps be excused; even a second may possibly be atoned for: but woe unto him that shall build a *third!* The disease will then have passed the period of recovery, the mind will have lost all confidence in itself, and either the reins of judgment will be resigned to chance, or the order of life left to the rule of the passions. But what has all this to do with a journey across the mountains? Softly, my friend, and I will tell you. The scheme of that journey was itself *a castle in the air*, "formed of such stuff as dreams are made of;" yet to the eye of the imagination glittering in the morning sun, with columns and entablatures of gold! It was the *second* reared by the same hand— but let that pass. The *third*, if ever built;— but here comes the stage—

Now, gentlemen, take your seats and we'll move on.

We left Philadelphia on the ides of March, 1817, in the mail [p. 8] stage for Pittsburgh, from which place it was my intention to descend the river to Cincinnati, in the most feasible craft that should present itself. I had with me a large sum of money, too large indeed, to be mentioned with prudence even now, and which in those days, when human habitations and mile stones were wide apart, it was desirable to keep as much in the shade and as far from the eye of suspicion as possible. It was accordingly stowed away in an old travel-stained and beggarly-looking portmanteau: so beggarly indeed, in its appearance, that it might have been taken for one of Uncle Sam's cross-road mail bags, or for wallet of the Wandering Jew; or from its venerable age, as a part of the puritan baggage that landed from the May Flower. I mention this matter now, as we may possibly have occasion to refer to it again in the course of our journey.

The road across the mountains, was then in its primitive glory; unturnpiked, unmacadamized, and untouched, I may

safely say, by hand of science or even of civilization; in one word, it was as rough and as wretched as could well be imagined.

Travellers had then no choice of routes or of vehicles. The mail stage was the only mode of conveyance, and the parties conveyed were as necessary to the conveyors as the conveyors were to them.

It was considered to be the duty of the passengers, not only to walk up all the steeper ascents, but to walk down all the deeper descents, and whenever circumstances required it, (which was at least ten times a day,) to hold the stage up in the bargain. To enable them the better to perform this last mentioned service, ropes were attached to the top of the stage on each side, and as the vehicle rolled or slid into the deep ruts or ravines, the passengers, (who were of course all out and on foot,) held on to these braces, and by their united exertions kept the craft from being thrown upon its beam ends, or from becoming engulfed in the *muddy deep!*

Even in the better parts of the road, particularly at night, we had a routine of *inside duty* to perform. The driver perceiving or guessing at the difficulties ahead, kept us upon the constant *qui vive*, by calling out, (after the manner of the leading fiddler at a cotillion ball,) lean to the right, gentlemen! now to the left! now to the right again! and so on, till the danger was passed. These orders were of course promptly obeyed: not so much out of respect to the distinguished source from whence they emanated, as from a natural desire to preserve intact the bones and ligaments of our necks.

On several occasions, I remember, we came to a full halt, and were, one and all, compelled to turn out and amuse ourselves by removing rocks and rubbish, filling up holes, and literally bridging our way over deep, and otherwise impassable gulfs and chasms. In descending the mountains, we often, indeed, came to places so steep and precipitous, as to render it indispensably necessary to cut down some large scraggy saplin and attach it to the hinder part of the stage as a *drag*, to prevent the old vehicle from performing a somerset and pitching down headlong.

In the midst, however, of all these provoking difficulties and delays, one thing struck me as admirable, and that was, the uniform excellence of the teams; nobler horses I have never seen, nor any, indeed, to be compared to them in size, in

strength, in steadiness, or in obedience to the voice of their drivers.

When we left Philadelphia we numbered but six passengers; [p. 11] but at Harrisburgh, the adjournment of the legislature, which had just taken place, poured in upon us a flood of opaque matter, filling every seat and giving us an amusing variety of persons, characters and tongues. We left this town at 3 o'clock in the morning, which was three hours before day-break, and found ourselves so irrespectively thrown together, so crowded, so packed, that no comparison to "figs in a jar" would reach our case, or illustrate our condition. There was no telling who was who, no distinguishing our own legs from those of our neighbors: and in this doubtful state as to personal identity, we rode three mortal hours in perfect silence! At length the day dawned, and our learned legislative thebans began to talk. This was a relief—nay, to my ear it was more. Their pronunciation, language and accent were curious and amusing. The same speaker was now Scotch, now Irish, now German, and now a compound of all three; nor was the warp or woof of their discourse less variegated, and yet, strange as it may appear, with one of these gentlemen I formed a brief but interesting acquaintance. His name has escaped me; but his figure, his features and his voice are still as fresh in my memory as they were on the morning after we parted. He was a Scotchman by descent, a lawyer by profession, and a scholar by education and taste. He recited Ossian in a style and manner superior to anything I had ever heard, giving to certain parts and passages a force and beauty, as new as they were admirable.

That passage in *Carthon* beginning with—"O, thou, that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light?" was, by his manner, rendered exceedingly beautiful. And again, in *Comala*, "There *Comala* sits forlorn! Two gray dogs near shake their rough ears and catch the flying breeze. Her red cheek rests upon her arm, the mountain wind is in her hair!" Nothing could be finer. The deep intonation of his voice, the roll of the *r*, even his Scotch accent added to the picturesque beauty of the passage. His style of recitation left so strong an impression upon my mind that months afterwards I occasionally found myself repeating the passages and imitating his voice and manner. We were together but a few days, and yet I parted from him as from

an acquaintance of many years. Most of our Harrisburgh friends left us before we reached Chambersburgh, so that when we arrived at that frontier town we had seats to let, although we had picked up some recruits on the way, and among them was one that attracted more of my attention, and made a deeper impression than even the Scotchman's eloquence. But the incident is entitled to a caption of its own, and to a chapter by itself. The recruit, or

[p. 13]

WAY—PASSENGER.

alluded to, was a young woman, or girl rather, of some fifteen or sixteen years of age, whom we had overtaken upon the road. She was alone and on foot, carrying a little bundle in her hand, and going, as she expressed it, on a visit to her sister at Pitts-
burgh. Her plain dress, but fine form and face caused her to be a good deal stared at by two or three of the passengers, who were evidently disposed to treat her with more familiarity than was either polite or proper. This, I was glad to perceive, was observed by a stout rosy-faced gentleman wearing the uniform of the navy, next to whom I happened to be seated at the time,—and it was immediately determined that a stop should be put to the impertinence. Without a moment's hesitation, therefor, the lieutenant, for that I afterwards learned was his rank, called to the driver to stop his team until the lady could be better accommodated. The order was promptly obeyed, the backs of the seats were lowered, and the lady passed aft, where she was safely moored by the side of my friend of the navy. The signal, "ready!" was then given, and the stage moved on. Not another word was spoken.

The thing was understood— the matter was settled. Still, to prevent any return of impertinence, we continued to pay her every proper attention, and to treat her with marked respect. One or the other of us always assisted her in and out of the stage, helped her at table, and saw that she had every accommodation that could be procured for her at the taverns in which we put up for the night. And all this was done in so quiet a manner as to attract no particular attention, and yet, at the same time, sufficiently marked to show others that the girl was not altogether an unregarded waif upon the travellers' common. Our civilities gave her no uneasiness, as they exacted nothing in return. No question was asked her, we did not even inquire

her name or the names of her friends. Still, she could not but feel that we took an interest in whatever concerned the comfort or safety of her journey. Our attentions were in fact such, and such only, as her unprotected situation seemed to require. Yet I have an indistinct recollection that there was an occasional effort, either on my part or on that of the lieutenant, (I forget which) to be agreeable— that there was something in the tone and manner of our address, that was not always nor altogether so formal as it might have been, or as we might have supposed it to be. She was, in truth, too interesting, as well as too sensible, not to exact some small tribute of admiration as well as of respect. Still, she did not mistake the feeling or the motive that governed our conduct, but behaved with great good sense and perfect propriety throughout.

It is hardly necessary to add, that long before we reached the banks of the Monongahela every boor in the stage was as civil to her as he knew how to be.

She took leave of us (and as I thought with but little ceremony) at the corner of one of the streets in Pittsburgh, and nothing more was thought of the affair. In the course of the evening, however, we were informed by the landlord, that a Lady and her husband in the parlor, wished to speak with us. On entering the room, who should we find but our young travelling friend, with her sister and her sister's husband, come to thank us for our protection and kindness, as they expressed it, to their young relative: adding that she was fortunate in meeting with gentlemen whose politeness was marked by delicacy as well as kindness.

I was never more surprised in my life,—the thing was so unexpected; they appeared too, to be persons of some standing in society; were certainly well dressed, and spoke with ease and propriety. The young lady herself, seemed to be not only changed in manner, but greatly improved in her general appearance. Her fine form now showed to advantage; even the features of her face, which at first glance on the roadside struck me as uncommonly handsome, now seemed more beautiful than ever. Her large dark eye was more thoughtful, more expressive. She looked taller too, and there was an air of mingled dignity and softness, that I had not before observed.

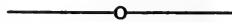
My red faced friend, with the anchor upon his buttons, partly from the fact of his being the *senior* partner in the con-

cern, and partly perhaps, from a belief that he had seen more service than myself, took upon him the office of spokesman, and in answer to their very flattering address, told them (in extremely plain English) that they had given themselves unnecessary trouble; that their notion of things might appear very plausible to the *marines*, but they would never be able to persuade *him*, that a mere common place civility could be construed into an obligation deserving of thanks; and assured them that in his judgment, *we* were the parties most fortunate, and most honored.

On their being about to take leave, the young lady reached out her hand and attempted to speak, but her feelings choked her utterance, and she burst into tears.

I was myself so strangely, not to say *foolishly affected*, that I could only bow and bid them goodnight: thus leaving to the navy the palm of self-possession, sense and eloquence. We were afterwards told by the landlord that the brother-in-law of the girl was a man of property, and that she was otherwise respectably connected.

This little incident, episode, or whatever it may be called, has brought us on to Pittsburgh somewhat in advance of the mail stage in which we set out— an irregularity that could not be avoided without breaking the thread of a story which I was determined to keep whole at all hazards, and present to the reader, unmixed with grosser matters. We will now, with the reader's permission, go back to the mountains and resume our regular line of march.



[p. 18]

AN ADVENTURE UPON LAUREL HILL.

On reaching Laurel Hill, the passengers, as usual, turned out to foot it up the mountain. The morning was dark and cloudy. There was still a good deal of snow upon the ground, and as the road was otherwise sufficiently bad, the ascent of the team was necessarily slow and laborious. Our breakfast lay on the other side of the mountain, some eight or nine miles off, towards which our appetites leaned with marked impatience.

While the stage was slowly lumbering up the hill, the passengers scattered themselves in little groups along the road—

some pushing on before, some lagging behind, and some, more prudent, keeping pace with the team. An English gentleman, who boasted of his pedestrian qualities, and myself, led the van. As the snow was sufficiently hard to bear our weight, the walking we found was better out of the road than in it. This led us to leave it occasionally, and in consequence of these digressions, and the windings of the track, we sometimes lost sight of the stage and our companions, altogether. But a short pause on our part soon brought the whole cavalcade in view again. Thus, partly through a restless and impatient temperament, and partly through a sort of pedestrian rivalry, we reached the summit of the hill, while the stage and our wiser companions were yet on its side some thirty minutes below. It was too cold to stand still, and as it seemed ridiculous to go back, we concluded to go forward, but at such a pace as would enable the stage to overtake us. After walking on for near half an hour, often looking back without hearing or seeing anything of the stage, we became somewhat alarmed, and held a short consultation as to the course we should pursue. The Englishman proposed turning back, but to that I objected. If we were on the right road, the stage was still behind us, and there was no danger, if on the wrong, it must have already passed us, and going back was not the way to overtake it. We therefore again moved on, and with a quicker step. At length we came to a place where the road branched off in different directions; but as the angle of divergence was not great, and as both held a westerly direction, we concluded that they were part and parcel of the same road, and therefore took the plainest and pushed on, though not without some misgivings. After continuing our course for fifteen or twenty minutes, we came to a sort of opening, where the snow had melted off, and where, to our inexpressible surprise *the road ended!* We had evidently been pursuing some hunter's or woodman's track, and were, in all probability, miles from the main road. The Englishman again proposed turning back, but to that I would not listen for a single moment. That old *beggarly-looking portmanteau* with its contents, was uppermost in my mind, and a backward course I knew would never reach it. Our only hope lay in the possibility of regaining the stage, and hence the necessity of pushing *forward* with all possible speed.

The descending ground, the thickening evergreens, the in-

creasing size of the timber, all tended to show that we had crossed the ridge and were approaching the foot of the mountain on the western side, and, as I judged, considerably to the south of where the road crossed: so that, by running a northerly course parallel to the line of the valley, we should probably strike the road and overtake the stage, which had certainly passed us, and was now, as I hoped, waiting for us at the breakfast house on the other side. But my friend, John Bull, still talked of going back. He talked of our bewilderment, and expressed his belief that we were travelling in a circle. He considered it certain that we should be starved to death, or devoured by wild beasts, of which he assured me the mountains were reputed to be full. We had eat nothing, he said, but bears meat for the last three days, and that we were now destined, in our turn, to become meat for the bears! This forlorn speech, to say nothing of the lugubrious tone in which it was uttered, produced an unpleasant effect upon my nerves in spite of my contempt for its cowardly philosophy. It was evident that his imagination had got the better of his judgment, and that his fears were running away with his understanding; yet I could not get rid of the disagreeable sensation his foolish speech had produced. It did not, however, alter my opinion as to the course I should pursue, nor affect in the slightest degree my physical powers; yet I confess the thought of it annoyed me. The idea of being *starved to death upon the mountains, or devoured by wild beasts*, was disagreeable in itself—disagreeable even as an abstract proposition; but in the present case it was rendered more particularly disagreeable by the fact that I was not altogether satisfied that the contingency was not within the range of probable events. In plain English, I was not sure that the thing might not actually happen. It is easy for a person, sitting in a comfortable back parlor at the Irving or the Astor House, to ridicule the idea of danger either from starvation or the ferocity of wild beasts. But change the scene; take the stout-hearted gentleman from his claret and his cushioned chair; carry him back forty years and place him on the shaggy sides, or in the then dark and untrodden vallies of the Alleghanies, without food, without arms, without even the dial of the sun to direct his course! thus placed, let him understand and feel that he had nothing to hope from human aid; that his safety and his deliverance must depend upon his own sagacity, strength

and power of endurance: then, when he shall have escaped, ask him if the idea of starvation, or the fear of wild beasts did not occasionally enter his mind or occupy for a moment some secret recess in the airy chambers of his imagination? If he answer in the negative, I can only say that his testimony goes for nothing with me.

But in all cases, and under all circumstances, the greater evil cures the less. The possibility, or rather, (as my companion would have it) the *certainty* of becoming food for bears, unpleasant as it was, was overshadowed, lost and swallowed up by an evil of much greater magnitude, namely, the loss of that old portmanteau and its contents! an event, which would, I knew, inevitably happen, if any accident happened to myself. And *that loss*, under the peculiar circumstance of the case, would necessarily involve reputation, character and conduct! to the pains and penalties of which, the being devoured by wild beasts, would have been a *mere flea bite*.

The very thought of it, as it flashed across my mind, put me in an agony that made the perspiration roll from my brow. But the thought and reflection were now alike idle. I put an end to the parley, by telling my companion that if he attempted to retrace his steps he was a lost man: and turning from him with an almost savage indifference to his fate, pursued my way at a rapid pace, fearing that even the few minutes I had wasted upon him might prove fatal to the hopes I entertained of regaining the stage. My spirits were in such a ferment, that notwithstanding I had been on my feet for more than three hours, I felt not the least fatigue. Rocks, gullies, holes and trunks of trees, were as mere feathers in my path. After a long and rapid run, the thought of my English friend, whom I supposed to be some miles distant, came suddenly to my mind, when, turning my head, *there he was*, within a hundred yards of me! Ah, hah! said I, the bears in his head have added spurs to his heels. I spoke a word of encouragement to him, and without waiting his reply, pushed on. In less than ten minutes from that time, to my unspeakable delight, I came triumphantly out into the long looked for road. I telegraphed the Englishman by a shout of joy, and looking down the avenue, saw the stage at the door of the little inn on the opposite side of the valley. The passengers had already taken their seats, the driver was on his box, and his tin horn was echoing among the hills.

My voice reached him,— there was a general shout, and in a few minutes I was along side of the stage,— my baggage was safe! I had partly finished my breakfast before the Englishman hove in sight. The poor fellow was nearly exhausted, there was not a dry thread in his jacket, and as for his face, it looked like the disk of the setting sun in autumn; or like the red dog-star, when it fires the autumnal skies! The driver, whose time and patience had been severely taxed, wanted to know “where we had been, and what the d——l we’d been about?” I pointed to the Englishman, who very promptly gave the following brief and pithy version of the whole affair: We left, said he, the *right road*, and soon found ourselves in the *wrong box*, we walked six miles and run four, but fortunately *here we are*, a little late to be sure, but fresh and ready for a new start!

With that the driver cracked his whip, and on we went, at a rapid pace.

— Not a word was said about the bears!

With the exception of one or two over sets, and three or four involuntary moorings in the mud, which required the exertions of all hands, with rails and levers, to get the vehicle upon terra-firma again, nothing occurred on our land rout worthy of record.



[p. 26]

PITTSBURGH.

We reached Pittsburgh on the afternoon of the 25th of March, ten days after leaving Philadelphia; which, considering the season of the year, was a short passage. I was particularly struck with the natural advantages, and singularly beautiful position of the town. Situated at the junction of two noble rivers, and at the head of an inland navigation of more than two thousand miles— rich in the richest mineral in the world— picturesque in its localities— washed on the one side by the deep but perturbed Monongahela, and on the other side by the pure and impetuous Alleghany— healthful in its region, interesting in its history, unrivaled in its manufacturing facilities, and offering the highest reward for industry and enterprise.

During my short stay in this city I became acquainted with judge Baldwin, then the ablest representative of Pennsylvania, in the national legislature; with Mr. Ormsby, a highly respectable and wealthy merchant; with Mr. Poe, cashier of the Branch

of the United States Bank, then just established, and with Mr. Johnson, cashier of one of the local banks, by each and all of whom I was treated with much courtesy. From Mr. Poe I received many attentions which it has always given me pleasure to acknowledge. He was an educated, liberal minded, gentlemanly man; able and capable as an officer, though somewhat jealous of his rank and somewhat stately in his bearing. His habits, tastes, and feelings, were, I should say, rather those of the south than of the west.

The only kind of craft upon the western rivers, in those days, were *barges* propelled principally by oars and poles, and huge flat-bottomed boats called *arks*. These latter were in fact, mere shanties, of an oblong form, carried down the river by the force of the current, and generally sold or abandoned on arriving at their place of destination. The light of steam had just dawned in the east. Fulton was trying his wheels and slowly feeling his way upon the smooth bosom of the Hudson; but as yet not a paddle had dipped its foot in the waters of the west.

The spring had opened early, and the river was in fine order for all descending craft: its waters were high, and its current rapidly reaching its greatest force. To me, and to one other similarly circumstanced, safety was of more importance than speed: we had, therefore, determined to take an ark rather than a barge, as by so doing we should avoid the necessity of employing boatmen— at that day a class of men of rather reckless rowdies, that were not to be trusted. The ark was moved by the current alone, and to guide it, required but little labor and less skill. Some knowledge of the river was, however, very desirable, and that knowledge we were in hopes to find in some western gentleman who would be willing to exchange it for a passage down. The necessary preparations for the voyage were soon made. We purchased a boat, fitted it up, laid in our stores, and were only waiting for a pilot, when we learned that General [p. 29] Harrison had just arrived from Washington and was, like ourselves, bound for Cincinnati. We immediately waited upon him (as he was just the sort of pilot we wanted), and offered him a choice of berths, a free passage and the command of the boat. My letters to himself, and other gentlemen of distinction in Ohio, satisfied him as to who we were, and he readily accepted the offer. I then took him on board and showed him our accommodations and stores. On casting his eye over the

list, he turned to me and said—"What a pity it is sir, I had not had you for my Quarter-master at the River Raisin: Why sir, you have provisions enough on board to take you to New Orleans." He then inquired how many hands we had; I answered, not one. No cook? No sir. How many persons in all? Five, including yourself, general; two of whom are merchants of Louisville, the other two, Mr. ——— and myself. We four have agreed, said I, to divide the night watch between us, each in turn, four hours; and I have, in addition to this, taken upon myself the offices of *cook* and *steward*. Your dispositions are judicious, said the General, and yet I suspect the office of cook will have to be divided. You may make the coffee if you please, but I shall claim the privilege of making the soup! It was then agreed that we should sail the next morning at 8 o'clock, or immediately after breakfast. At the appointed time the signal for sailing was given, when, taking leave of our friends, we cast off our fasts, and moving gracefully down the Monongahela, rounded the point of old Fort Du Quesne, (afterwards Fort Pitt,) and joining the pure and rapid waters of the Alleghany, found ourselves (and some of us for the first time in our lives), [p. 30] upon the broad bosom of the beautiful Ohio!

The scene, to those who now looked upon it for the first time, was indeed truly beautiful. The weather was clear, the wind light, the air soft and warm. The foliage on the banks of the river was beginning to exhibit the livery of spring. While the steady, strong, onward flow of the united waters, now nearly level with their banks, presented a majestic spectacle, reminding me of Denham's celebrated couplet descriptive of the Thames.

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'er flowing full.

I must beg the reader, however, to leave out the first half of the first line; and I think Mr. Denham might have made to *his* readers the same request, as the words *deep* and *clear*, are as little applicable to the Thames as to the Ohio.

It would seem to be a little singular, that civilization and the march of improvement should destroy all that belongs to the picturesque, and much that constitutes the rich and the beautiful in the natural scenery of a country. But so it is. The banks of the Ohio at the present day, possess but little that can attract the attention of the traveller: and yet but a few years

have elapsed since the majestic river flowed in silence and in solitude, amid embowering forests, now dark with the rich luxuriance of their summer foliage, and now, bright in their autumnal livery of purple, gold and green; thus, presenting to the eye a still but striking picture of primeval beauty.

But much of this beauty has passed away, the axe has been at work; nature has been outraged rather than improved; silence and solitude, scorning the society of the squatter, have fled; the river has lost its poetic aspect, and with it, its attractive power. The naked, and in many places, unsightly appearance of its banks; the partial clearing, the half abortive towns, the frequency of the hut and the cabin, the noise and the smoke of the steamboats, all tell you that things have changed, that the river is now a mere *business* concern, and that its value depends not upon the beauty of its *scenery*, but upon the *depth of its waters!*

These changes had seemingly but just commenced in 1817 when I first floated down its current; they were then visible in particular places only; I noticed them at Marietta and round the mouth of the Muskingum. Blannerhasset's island (that poetic paradise of Mr. Wirt,) had been converted into a slovenly corn field, and its marginal banks, in many places denuded, and exposed to the attrition of the waters, had worn away, or slid into the river, giving to the beautiful island the appearance of dilapidation, neglect and ruin. But these evidences of the progress of *improvement* were few and far between. The valley of the Ohio was yet, comparatively speaking, an untrodden wilderness, and as beautiful as it was wild.

Our voyage down the river, was, to me at least, one of continued novelty and unabated delight. I had taken care in purchasing the boat, to purchase at the same time a skiff as a sort of gig or tender. In this tiny craft, and with its petty paddles, I rowed myself about for hours together, sometimes in pursuit of ducks, but oftener to the shore in quest of milk. This voluntary exercise was as useful as it was agreeable; never before had I enjoyed such an appetite, never since have I experienced anything like it.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the picture which the river at times presented— broad, beautiful in its range, and majestic in its strength, moving in silence its accumulated waters, and bearing upon its bosom whole fleets of petty Caesars

and their fortunes. We could frequently count from forty to fifty of the several kinds of river craft in sight at the same time. Boats, barges, arks, rafts, and flats; all abound like the Israelites of old, for the land of promise, "the far west," which then meant the State of Ohio; though in a few years after, it also included Indiana and Illinois. Of these various floating contrivances, the raft was to me the most attractive. It generally carried two, sometimes three families: and each family had its separate shanty or sheltering tabernacle, exhibiting its cloud by day and its torch by night; round which were grouped men, women and children, dogs, horses, oxen, wagons, bags, rags, boxes and bundles! It was a sight worth looking at. Whenever, therefore, we came along side of one of these floating villages, we threw out our grappling hook, made fast, and held a confab. In these greetings upon the waters the emigrants evidently selected their best orator, and put their best foot foremost; we followed their example. The General did all the talking on our side. As we moved on harmoniously together, the colloquy frequently lasted for an hour. In the mean time I amused myself by counting the noses of our new acquaintances; taking a sort of birds-eye inventory of their chattels; looking at the girls, and throwing crackers to the children. This (or at least the cracker part of it) the General encouraged, and the thing was repeated, until at length it became a matter of course: so that as soon as a raft hove in sight, the word was passed aft, and the small stores made ready, baker's bread, crackers, cheese, tea, coffee, ham, tongue, and occasionally a bottle or two of porter, were tossed aboard.

All this, as far as I am concerned, was a mere matter of fun—without any other thought or motive. But with the General, it was humanity. That tea and coffee, said he, are luxuries that many of them may not taste again for years. Several of the parties we met with, were bound they knew not exactly where, and stood in need of advice, which no one was more capable of giving than the General: nor was his kindness to the emigrants who were then pouring into Ohio limited to advice alone. His hospitality was proverbial.

During the few years of my residence in Cincinnati, I scarcely ever visited North Bend, without finding his house filled with strangers—emigrants, tourists, travelers, and gentlemen from the east, many of whom came regularly consigned to him. No

man in those days thought of visiting the west without letters to General Harrison. He once told me that he consumed at his own table three hundred and sixty-five hams a year. Other things were doubtless in proportion. He had a large estate, and might have been one of the richest men west of the Alleghanies. But money making was not his forte, his whole revenues were barely sufficient to meet his expenses.

* * * * *

He was at that time, better and more generally known than any other man in the western country. His civil and military services as governor of the North-western Territory, his victories on the River Raisin, and his great battle of Tippecanoe, had spread his name far and wide. And yet I am inclined to believe that he owed his subsequent elevation to the presidency, more to his personal reputation and social qualities, than to his civil and military abilities, great as they were.

The General was undoubtedly a brave and successful soldier, and experience had rendered him familiar with legislative and executive duties. Had he lived, we should hereafter have been enabled to point in our annals (amid surrounding degeneracy) to at least *one* honest and patriotic administration of the general government. He had virtues of the highest class, and many capital qualities. He had integrity, he had humanity— an instinctive love of justice and high sense of honor. He had firmness, and courage, and capacity; and as there was nothing selfish or sordid in his nature, corruption could not have reached him. That he had a slight touch of human vanity in his composition, no one will take the trouble to deny, for what clever man was ever without it? If he occasionally dwelt with some emphasis, and at some length, upon the history and the horrors of his Indian wars, it was much more from a desire to do justice to the merits and gallantry of others, than to attract attention to himself. Besides, no true soldier ever forgot the fields of his fame. Like the war horse in Job, "he snuffeth the battle afar off: he paweth in the valley, and mocketh at fear!"

But we shall never get to Cincinnati at this rate. Let us, cast off our fasts, and move on.

THE SAWYER.

The principle dangers we had to guard against, were running on upon the points of the islands; getting out of the channel, and consequently getting carried by the eddies into an insufficient depth of water; getting snagged; and, worse than all, getting upset by a sawyer. To avoid these evils a bright lookout was kept, particularly at night, when a regular watch was set. And yet, in spite of all our vigilance and seaman like precautions, we came within an ace of being capsized in the middle of the night by one of those terrors of the river, against which we had been so long upon our guard,—namely, a full-grown and firmly-planted *sawyer*. We ran directly upon his back, and for a moment pressed him beneath our feet. But, with that recoiling spring and recuperative energy, peculiar to his habits and his race, he rose again; and with him rose the boat, or at least one side of it, quite out of water, throwing all the star-board passengers out of their berths, and raking our bottom longitudinally from stem to stern. Fortunately, however, the force of the current carried us over before the boat had entirely lost her balance. As she came down into the water and regained her bearings, we recovered our feet, and were relieved from our terror. The next thing was, was to see what had become of our vigilant watchman. We found him (in nautical parlance) stowed away in the *lee scuppers*. In the sudden encounter with the sawyer, he had been thrown out of his watch box into a worse box on the opposite side, and partly stunned by hitting his head against the combings of the caboose on the larboard bow. We roused him up, however, and after rubbing his head with brandy, got him once more upon his *pegs*—rating him roundly at the same time, for quitting his post without leave; for failing to give notice of the sawyer, and for other *unwatchman-like* conduct.

The truth was, that poor Cochran got tired of looking at the dull monotonous surface of the river, and being fond of astronomy turned his attention to the stars. He afterwards confessed to me, that at the very moment of the rencounter with the sawyer, he was endeavoring to count the twinkling lights in the Pleiades, with a view to ascertain whether the lost star had been recovered or not. But for the interruption he met with, he would probably have been wandering during the rest of the watch

among the constellations in search of Arcturus, or in numbering the stars in the belt of Orion! Or, perhaps, amusing himself by watching the movements of Leo along the ecliptic, or by counting the lights in the tail of the great polar bear! This shows pretty conclusively that a knowledge of astronomy however amusing to the Arabian shepherd, or essential to the traveller in the desert of Zahara, is yet of no practical use in navigating the Ohio river.

The following morning, the weather being fine, we took an observation and found ourselves off the mouth of the Scioto—wind south-west, current three and a half knots. Wanting milk for our coffee, and seeing a cabin a short distance ahead, I jumped into the skiff and pulled ashore: but not finding what I wanted, I continued down the river in hopes of better luck at the next cabin, some mile or two ahead. But there, as above, they had plenty of whiskey but no milk.

—o—

THE WHITE CAT.

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As I was pulling off from the shore, disappointed and somewhat vexed, I observed a large white cat quietly sunning herself on a little projecting ledge in the steep bank of the river, about half way from the top to the water's edge. I had my gun with me, and the mark was so fair, so tempting, that I could not resist the inclination to level my piece, though without having come to any positive decision as to whether I should fire or not. But, as the devil would have it, the gun went off (like a certain editor's mahogany-stocked pistol) at *half-cock*, and killed the cat as dead as Julius Caesar! The report of the gun brought out the inmates of the cabin just in time to see their poor puss roll of the ledge and drop lifeless into the water. The cry that was then set up, startled even the echoes themselves; and the threatening gesticulations that followed exceeded anything of the kind I had ever before witnessed. No teacher of rhetoric ever conceived anything finer. They were doubtless what Demosthenes meant by *action! action!* The extended and threatening fore-finger, the shaking of the clenched fist, and the stamping of the foot upon the earth, accompanied as they severally were by the loudest and the fiercest bursts of eloquence, produced a state of astonishment, that for a moment suspended all

my faculties, and I sat in my skiff as motionless, as lay the unlucky cat upon the surface of the waters. This was, however, of short duration. One of the children (a long-legged unpetticoated girl) was sent back into a piece of thick wood that lay at a short distance behind the cabin. I guessed at the nature of the errand, and at once became sensible of the danger I had so foolishly incurred. It is unnecessary to say that I recovered my senses, and plied my paddles with all the strength and dexterity I possessed. In another moment, as I had expected, the *he* squatter with his rifle in his hand came running to the bank. I was, however, well out in the stream, and, measuring the distance with my eye, said to myself— Now, if the fellow has no boat to enable him to pursue, his cat will go down with the current unrevenged. He gave a yell and brought his long tom to bear upon me. But he burnt his powder in vain— the distance was too great. The ball struck the water at least a hundred yards short of the mark. I saw him reload, but— I heard no more from him. The ark had already passed by, and was some distance ahead. I soon overhauled her, — and *that morning* was the first on which we took our coffee without milk.

On giving the General an account of my morning's adventures, he remarked, "It was fortunate for you, sir, that the *he* squatter as you call him, was not in the cabin at the time you committed the aggression; had he been there at the moment, it is more than probable that you would have kept company with the cat in her voyage down the river!"



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CINCINNATI.

A little before daylight on the morning of the 10th of April, 1817, (if my memory is correct,) we arrived at Cincinnati. Here the General and myself landed, taking leave of the other gentlemen of our party, who were bound further down the river. On our way to the hotel, which was near the landing, we were met by several distinguished citizens, friends of the General, to whom I was introduced. Among them was General Findlay, then receiver of monies, at Cincinnati. This gentleman, admitting no excuse on my part, took us directly to his own house, (which I found was Harrison's head-quarters when

in the city,) and gave us an excellent breakfast. A few minutes, however, before we set down to table, I heard the discharge of a cannon on the bank of the river, directly in front of the house. On its being repeated, I very innocently asked General Findlay what the firing was for. To which he replied, it is in honor of your arrival, sir. Come, come, said I, that won't do, General, young as I am, I am too old to be flattered by so loud a compliment. *Here*, said I, placing my foot upon a part of my baggage, this is the respected object; it is in honor of the arrival of this old, travel-stained trunk, which I know has been looked for with some anxiety, that these cannon are fired. In faith, said the General, I believe you are *half* right, and that is as much as can be said for most eastern people, now-a-days. But what sort of a voyage had you down the river? One of the pleasantest that can be imagined— good company, an excellent pilot, provisions and stores in abundance, a fine stage of water and fine weather. Add to that, said General Harrison, the good luck of having escaped being drowned, and once shot. To quash the story of the cat, which I saw was coming, I proposed to take a look at the town. Cincinnati was then, and still is, the largest town west of the Alleghanies, and yet, its resident population at the period referred to, (1817,) did not exceed eight or nine thousand. It was, I believe, something short of ten thousand in 1820. Its appearance, I must confess, struck [p. 45] me at first rather unfavorably. Its size and its population were less than I had supposed; nor did it in other respects equal the picture my imagination had drawn of it. There was an air of life, a bustle and activity about it, and yet, taken together, it had a raw, unfinished, and slovenly aspect. The bank of the river in front of the town, was not only unsightly, but calculated to make an unfavorable impression upon the mind of a stranger. Parts of it had been worn away by the strong current of the waters, and parts had slidden down into the river. It was, in short, ragged, broken, and verdureless,— without tree or shrub, without wall or railing, protection or ornament. Nor was there anything in the shape of a dock or landing place at the water's edge. The operation of landing was indeed perfectly aboriginal. It was effected by three moves, as explained in the following order:— "Run your boat ashore, Josey, tie her to a stake, and jump out into the mud!" But this was owing, not

so much to a want of taste, as to a want of means— to the high price of labor, and the ever varying line of the water,— the *range* at Cincinnati being nearly sixty feet perpendicular.

The business of the city was then principally confined to two streets, Main and Front, the one running parallel to, and the other at right angles with the river. These streets were tolerably well built, and exhibited a lively business-like appearance. The residue of the town was scattered about in all directions, right and left, hither and thither— some on the *hill* and some on the *bottom*. The buildings in the suburbs, though without any apparent gregarious inclination, were generally in sight of each other, sometimes within call, or even shaking hands distance, but more frequently isolated and unconnected, having nothing to do with close files or regular lines. They were moreover, of all heights, sizes, shapes and colors.

The public buildings, though neither numerous or costly, were respectable, both in character and appearance, with the exception perhaps of two, and those, I am sorry to say, were dedicated one to the law and the other to the Gospel. I allude to the Presbyterian church and the Court House, both situated on the *hill*. The church was on the brow of the hill, and in sight of the congregation, but sufficiently aloof from the then business parts of the city. It stood in the midst of an old burial ground, uninclosed— itself in bad taste, disproportioned, unfinished, and open to desecration. The Court House was further on, by the side of the road, in an open field, protected (if protected at all,) by a post and rail fence. It was a huge quadrangular building, ill-conceived and ill-contrived, tasteless and inconvenient, looking more like a penitentiary or house of correction than any thing else. But the hand of innovation must have reached it long since, and has, I doubt not, levelled it with the dust.

But notwithstanding these instances of bad taste, or evidences of public indifference to architectural forms and figures, there were many private buildings in and near the town, that exhibited a better style; and some few (the residences of the wealthier class of citizens), that united simplicity with elegance, and convenience with taste. Among these, the mansion house of General Lytle, and that of Judge Burnet were conspicuous. The latter was situated on an eminence, some half a mile south and west of the city, commanding a fine view of the town, the

river, and the scenery of the opposite bank. Its healthful position, its fine shade trees, and its beautiful gardens, rich with the choicest fruits and flowers, rendered it one of the most charming residences in the State.

BISHOP CHASE.¹

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It was at the table of Mr. Burnet, that I first saw Bishop Chase. The impression he left upon my mind was highly favorable to his understanding. He was then comparatively young, with an agreeable countenance, and a stout portly person. He had nothing of the supercilious air of a bishop about him; nothing of the arrogance, nothing of the awkwardness of the church. He had (it was easy to perceive) no objection to a good dinner, or a glass of wine. His address was dignified, but easy; his manners, though somewhat stately, were yet pleasing. He had evidently been accustomed to good society. He was even fond of a joke, and would have been witty if he'd dared. He came nearer to my idea of a *well-bred* and *well-fed* English bishop, than any dignitary of the church I had yet seen.

Bishop Hobart,² of New York, always reminded me of an active, bustling, methodical *man of business*. He had no mark of the church about him, unless it might be a touch of its assumption, or what might be called its levitical consequence. He looked like a man of business— he walked and talked like a man of business; and what is more, he *eat* and *drank*, like a man of business. He seemed to treat the affairs of the church as business matters, and to look upon his own official duties with a sort of professional eye, as matters by which he earned his bread. I do not speak this disparagingly. He was a man of excellent sense and genuine piety— he stood high in the church, and high out of it; which, taken together, are evidences of no ordinary merit.

But of all the bishops in the world, past or present, I know of no one who has earned, or left behind him a character in all

¹ Bishop Philander Chase, 1775-1852. See "*Philander Chase, First Bishop of Ohio and Illinois, Founder of Kenyon and Jubilee Colleges*" by his grand-daughter, Laura Chase Smith.

² Bishop John Henry Hobart, 1775-1830. See "*Memoir*" by Rev. Dr. Schroeder.

respects so admirable and so enviable as Bishop Heber.³ I would have gone almost as far to have seen him, as I would to have seen Saint Paul himself; and had I met him on the plains of Hindostan, I had revered him. What a reputation was his! What a combination of excellencies! A *Christian*, a *gentleman*, a *scholar*, and a *poet*! And in each and every walk of life, simple, faithful, unpretending, unaffected; full of talent and full of humanity.

From the central position of Cincinnati, as it regarded the trade of an extended region of country (then rapidly filling up,) it was easy to perceive that it was destined to become one of the great cities of the west. Nature seemed indeed to have formed its site with reference to its future greatness. The hills or elevated ridges that approached it on the north and east were here discontinued, or rather *pushed back*, as if to afford the necessary space, leaving a broad and elevated table land, forming the segment of a circle, with its chord or base line running parallel with the river, and whose area was equal to about four square miles.

The narrow strip between the second table and the bank of the river, was that on which, in 1817, the principal part of the town lay. The town was then (following the line of Main street,) but just beginning to show itself on the brow of the hill. It was while looking down from the top of one of those elevated ridges upon the table land below, that an eastern gentleman, one of the party present, made the following prophecy: "before fifty years shall have expired, said he, the broad and beautiful plain at our feet will be covered by a population of two hundred thousand souls!" He was, to be sure, somewhat wide of the mark, but not so much so as I then thought him. The population of the city is now (1851) 117,000. The sixteen years yet to come, will doubtless bring to the relief of the prophecy a strong reinforcement,—perhaps fulfil it!

But those who wish to obtain correct or curious information respecting the early history, condition, growth and prospects of this "Queen of the West," would do well to turn from these jejune and random recollections to the higher and better authority of Dr. Drake's "Picture of Cincinnati." A work which De Witt Clinton pronounced to be the best exemplification of the phrase "*multum in parvo*" that had ever been given. It

³ Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta and an English author.

contained, he said, more varied and valued information than he had ever before found within so small a compass.

Cincinnati became at an early period the head-quarters or place of general rendezvous for land agents, land purchasers, emigrants and travellers of all descriptions. The hotel, fronting the river, was a spacious building for those days. It was well kept, and for two-thirds of the year full to overflowing. At the time of my arrival in the city, there were from fifty to a hundred at the table daily; and among other things that attracted my attention, was the great quantity of liquors placed upon the dinner table, and the small quantity that was actually drunk—not one in twenty touching or meddling with the matter at all. One of the principal topics of conversation in all places was the public lands—the price, and the quality—the choice of location, tracts, quarter sections, entries, &c., &c.

THE BARBER.

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I was greatly amused with the peculiar notions which the barber of the town entertained in relation to this great subject of the public lands, as well as with the familiar and somewhat confidential tone he assumed in communicating the many sage opinions he had formed, and the various information he had acquired during his residence in the city.

On my first entering his shop, he looked and nodded as if he was about to claim me for an old acquaintance. But as the dialogue, or monologue, rather, that ensued, was not only curious in itself, but characteristic of the tonsor tribe, I shall give it as nearly as I can recollect it, in his own words.

“From the east, sir, I presume?” Yes, sir, I am from the east. “New-York, sir, I should guess.” Yes, from New-York. “I thought”, said he, I could not be mistaken. The people of New-York, sir, have a peculiar air about them, which distinguishes them from all other people, sir, and particularly from the people of these back woods. I am myself, sir, from New-York. I was brought up in the family of Chancellor Livingston— went with him to France, as his valet, in 1801, when he was sent to administer to the French court. I have seen something of the world, sir, but have never seen in any part of it so much land as there is here. New-York is a great state, and has a great deal

of land, particularly in the Genessee country, but nothing to be compared to this state of Ohio. Why, sir, there is more land, I believe, around this Ohio river, and in the backwoods, than there is in all Europe! They have been selling and selling ever since I have been here, which is now two years come next October, and yet the lands are as thick as they ever were. I am told, sir, that with the exception of a few little towns, of which this is the biggest, the whole country is nothing but land— 'tis all land, land! from the river to the lakes, and from morning till night, 'tis nothing but land! land!

This is a great country, sir, but the people are a strange people, and I have sometimes thought not very larned. They have, at least, a strange way of talking. They say *heaps* of land, and *heaps* of trees; while the land, save some few hills along the river, is as level as the back of your hand— and the trees stand every one upon his own bottom, independent of his neighbor. And now I think of it, the trees in this country are the biggest in the world, and I am told that those that grow on the Big Miami bottom, and round Todd's Forks, are still bigger. Another thing you'll observe, sir, the people here never say *great* or *small*,—everything is big or little. It is the language of the country, and though not very larned, I have got to using it myself out of compliment to my customers.

But what I think will surprise you most of all is the great and unaccountable number of hogs that at times make their appearance in this city. I don't mean the strangers, sir, nor the people of the country, but the *real hogs*. Where they come from nobody knows. It is kept, I believe, as a sort of state secret. When you go into the country you see nothing but trees, no houses, no hogs, nothing but *heaps* of trees, but all standing up as I mentioned before. And yet here, in the *hog season*, the first thing you'll know, will be that *they are coming*; and *on* they will come, and *in* they will come, till all the five and ten acre lots on the hill (particularly those round and about the Court House,) are filled with them. Why they should put them within the jerrydiction and under the very nose of the court I never could guess. I have always considered them as an irresponsible animal, and though not very easily *led by the nose*, yet totally unfit to be used either as witnesses or jurors. Their close connection with the court, therefore, has a queer, not to say an ugly look; but the lawyers don't mind that, they

are not a very scrupulous people. Now sir, in dull times, when money is scarce, these hogs are sold in the strangest manner imaginable. They are not weighed— they are not counted— they are *measured*, sir,— not individually, but aggregately; measured by the lot, and sold by the acre! Yes, sir, sold by the acre! So much for a lot of five acres and so much for a lot of ten acres. The western people, sir, love to do business upon a great scale, and this selling hogs by the acre suits their mind. This is no joke, sir, I have seen the thing with my own eyes.”

At this moment the door opened, and a customer came to my relief. For his *professional* services, the barber took from the change I offered him, twenty-five cents, with this remark, that the *information* he had given me was a *gratuity*.



THE. BANKS.

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There were already (1817) three⁴ Banks in the city; of which the Miami Exporting Company was the eldest, and perhaps the best. In its younger days it had done the State some service, but being now somewhat advanced in years, it was no longer what it had been. The other two, were in a like crippled condition; their means were locked up— not in their vaults, but in real estate, in accommodation notes, and loans that were intangible, dead, or unproductive.

But somewhere about this period, a branch of the Bank of the United States⁵ was established in the city; and very sanguine expectations, I found, were entertained as to its favorable influence upon the trade and commerce of the place. It was indeed considered by men of all parties, as an event of the utmost importance, not only to the trade of the town, but to its future growth and general interests.

It is hardly necessary to say, that these expectations were never realized. A large monied capital, thrown suddenly into

⁴ The two other banks in Cincinnati at this time, were the Farmers and Mechanics Bank and Bank of Cincinnati.

⁵ The United States Branch Bank commenced operations in 1817. Jacob Burnet was president, Gorham A. Worth, cashier. Directors: J. Burnet, Martin Baum, James Findlay, John H. Piatt, Hugh Glenn, James Keyes, Thomas Sloo, Jr., William M. Worthington, Andrew Mack, William Piatt, Joseph Perry, Daniel Drake and William Henry Harrison. See *Greve's "Centennial History of Cincinnati,"* pp. 569-573, for an extended account of the bank and its disastrous effects upon the city and its residents.

the lap of a commercial community, but still subject to the management and control of men residing at a distance and having no interest in the section of the country where it is employed, is seldom productive of beneficial results to the borrowers. It is with fortune as with freedom, it must not depend upon the breath of others.

The policy of the parent bank, in the instance of this branch, was from the beginning at variance with the judgment and opinions of the local board. It was experimental and erroneous at the commencement, unwise in its progress, and violent, not to say vindictive in its end.

The withdrawal of the branch, under the existing circumstances, was probably for the interest of both parties—debtor as well as the creditor. But the manner in which it was withdrawn, was as unjust as it was unnecessary, and as oppressive as the absence of judgment and policy could make it. It was, indeed, marked and characterized by the grossest ignorance and the grossest folly. But the evil has passed away,—why revive the memory? And yet it is but just to say, that the Bank of the United States was in itself a noble institution; and for about one-half of its existence, was conducted with prudence, wisdom and ability. The first three years were experimental; there was a want of light, a want of knowledge. Then came conceit, vanity, and a withering sort of tyranny, at war with common sense, that dried up all its resources; leaving it like the strong man in the lap of the harlot. In this condition (to which it had been reduced by the genius of Error,) it came into the hands of Mr. Biddle, by whom it was reorganized, regenerated and disenthralled. The first eight or ten years of Mr. Biddle's administration of its affairs, were sound and judicious; useful to the country and honorable to the institution. But, becoming entangled with ambitious views and party politics, its latter years were dark and dismal—full of calamity, and full of disgrace. But even *then*, (or rather at the beginning of the contest,) it was as much sinned against as sinning. Had it lent itself to the administration of General Jackson,—had it sacrificed a few grains of incense upon the proper altar; had it made the *right sign*, and echoed the word *glory!* it would have been considered and fostered as a fountain of patriotism— it would have been held up to us by the Democracy as a burning and a shining light; and the same tongues that were then so loud in its execra-

tion, would now have been heard singing paeons in its praise! Still it travelled out of the record. It suffered itself to be brought with all its fiscal artillery, into the political field. It endeavored, by the use and abuse of its moneyed power, to extort from Congress a renewal of its charter; and for that and other high crimes and misdemeanors, it was virtually d——d! — and in my opinion justly.



PROMINENT MEN OF CINCINNATI IN 1817. [p. 60]

The following were among the many distinguished citizens of Cincinnati, at the period referred to: Jacob Burnet, General Findlay,⁶ Doct. Drake,⁶ Martin Baum, Jesse Hunt, David Kilgour, John H. Piatt, Gen. Gano,⁶ Gen. Lytle,⁶ Judge Brown,⁶ Judge Burke,⁶ James Keys, Hugh Glenn, Judge Torrence,⁶ Nicholas Longworth, Mr. Irving,⁶ Messrs. Samuel and Joseph Perry, Arthur St. Clair, jr., Oliver M. Spencer, Mr. Riddle,⁶ William Barr, Col. Davis, Mr. Stone,⁶ Mr. Vance, Col. Wm. Piatt, Mr. Oliver,⁶ and Thomas Sloo, jr.

Mr. Burnet was among the earliest settlers of the town, and I may add, was one of the ablest men in the State—distinguished from his first entrance into life by the soundness of his principles and the practical character of his abilities. In his early professional walk as a lawyer, he had but few equals,— as a legislator and a judge certainly no superior. His speech in the Harrisburgh convention, it is conceded on all hands, settled the question in favor of the nomination of Gen. Harrison, and may, therefore, be said to have placed that gentleman in the presidential chair. Mr. Burnet is one of the very few who have never changed their political creed. He was a federalist of the school and of the administration of Washington, and has had the independence and the manliness of mind to adhere to the principles he then possessed, down to the present time, regardless of whether they were *in* or *out* of fashion.

As a writer he is as remarkable for his habit of condensation and succinctness of expression, as he is for the correctness and

⁶ General James Findlay, Dr. Daniel Drake, General John A. Gano, General William Lytle, Judge William Burke, Judge Ethan Allen Brown, Judge George P. Torrence, William Irving, James Riddle, Ethan Stone, William Oliver, and Joseph Vance probably, he was Representative of Congress from 1821 to 1835.

purity of his style. His *Notes on the North Western Territory*, are invaluable. The greater part of the information they contain was confined to his own papers, or lodged in his own *memory*, and could not have been furnished from any other source, or given to the public by any other pen. In an historical point of view, as well as in general and abiding interest, they may justly be placed by the side of the celebrated *Notes on Virginia*. They constitute in fact the early history, civil and military, of an extensive region of country, and are interspersed with anecdotes and biographical notices of great interest.

But this is not the place, nor is mine the pen to do justice to the talents and character of Mr. Burnet. I must, however, be permitted to avail myself of the present occasion to express my sense of the many acts of friendship and kindness received at his hands during my brief residence in the west.

Gen. Findlay was the last of a race of men now utterly extinct. A race that formed the connecting link between the old school and the new, between the cocked hats and powdered pig-tails of the revolution, and the plain, straight-haired democracy of Mr. Jefferson's day. Still, in honesty and patriotism, as well as in air and manner, he leaned, I think, more to the former than to the latter. An honest man indeed never lived. He was frank, open, warm-hearted and hospitable. But hospitality, I am in honor bound to say, was the common and characteristic virtue of the west. I met with it in every part of the country, in every dwelling, from the highest to the humblest; and the cordiality, the apparent pleasure with which it was accorded, rendered it more acceptable, and to a stranger, more striking as well as more grateful. I never think of it without a feeling of indebtedness, which I know not how to express. But to return to the General, there was no subject upon which he did not entertain certain notions, and notions too, that were exclusively his own. He had been a general of militia— nay, he had, like other patriotic gentlemen of the west, volunteered his services and entered the army in the campaign of 1812, under the *heroic* Hull. He had, of course, seen some service, though (thanks to his commander-in-chief,) not much fighting. The campaign, however, gave him the right to dispute with Gen. Harrison upon military etiquette, military history and military law. Nothing could be more unique or more amusing than

these military, and yet *civil* disputations. Even if there should have been some little spark of vanity at the bottom of this love of disputation, who so unreasonable as not to admit that the disputation was all the better for it? But for the light with which that little spark animated the dialogue the argument perhaps would not have been worth listening to for a moment.

Doctor Drake. I had the pleasure of meeting with my old friend Doctor Drake but a few months since in the city of New-York, and though 34 years had elapsed since my introduction to him in Cincinnati, he appeared so little changed as almost to warrant the belief that *time* had lost sight of him altogether. The Doctor came forward in the career of science, and entered the republic of letters at an early period of life. At the age of 25 he was already a theorist, (that is to say a thinker,) a writer, a physician and a philosopher. I found him, in 1817, the ablest man in his profession west of the mountains, and yet he was even *then* more distinguished and more widely known as a writer and a man of science than as a physician. His picture of Cincinnati and the Miami country had already rendered his name familiar in the east. I knew Doctor Drake by reputation long before I had the pleasure of knowing him personally, and as a matter of course, I had drawn his picture in accordance with my notion of his character. I had given him a fine person, an easy dignified address, classic features and a capital head. When I came to see him, father Abraham! said I to myself, what a mistake is here! With the exception of that small, thinking grey eye of his, there was nothing under heaven of an intellectual appearance about him, nor did the sound of his voice so flatter the ear as to make amends for the disappointment of the eye. The same mistake might be made in drawing a picture of Mr. Clay, from a knowledge of his character. There is not a feature in the great statesman's face, there is nothing in his appearance, air or manner, (unless when speaking) that would lead one to connect with him any idea of talent or eloquence. On the contrary, put a tow-cloth frock on him, and seat him in an ox-cart, with a gad in his hand, and every body would swear that he was at home, and in the performance of the very duty for which nature had designed him. So little does the outward indicate the inner man.

§
Martin Baum. This gentleman, I believe, was among the earliest settlers of the town. He was a man of great probity of character, of plain manners and sound sense, and ranked for many years, among the first and wealthiest merchants of the place. He was one of the first directors of the Branch Bank, and was, I believe, designated by the parent board as its president— but that post he declined in favor of Mr. Burnet. The sudden withdrawal of the Branch, and the unexampled oppression practiced upon its debtors, closed the doors of at least two-thirds of the business houses of the city, and among others those of Mr. Baum. Many of the commercial houses thus unnecessarily and wantonly prostrated, never recovered the blow. The city at large groaned under the infliction for many years. Mr. Baum, however, I have understood, still left at his death a very considerable estate.

David Kilgour. There were few men in Cincinnati that united so many conservative and wearing qualities as Mr. Kilgour. He was a cool, calculating man of business— alike prudent and persevering; a thorough merchant, a good citizen, and a courteous, gentlemanly man. He knew how to make money, and what is far more difficult to learn, he knew how to keep it.

Talk of the *back woods!* said I to myself, after dining with Mr. Kilgour— by the beard of Jupiter, I have never seen anything east of the mountains to be compared to the luxuries of that table! The costly dinner service,— the splendid cut glass,— the rich wines,— the sumptuous dinner itself! Talk to me no more of the *back woods*, said I— these people live in the style of princes. I did not, however, like my friend St. Clair, after a great dinner at Findlay's mistake my longitude in the dark, and walk off the bank into the river! But I marched off most heroically, over the stones, and through the puddles, repeating to myself at every step— “talk to me no more about the *back woods!*” — “talk to me no more about the *back woods!*” always emphasizing the two last words— and before I reached home, setting the line to music, and repeating it, like the chorus of an old ballad.

I never after looked at the keen eye, the tall form, or hard hickory features of my friend Kilgour, without thinking of *that dinner!*

John H. Piatt. This gentleman was not, in my judgment, justly appreciated by the citizens of Cincinnati. There was, indeed, at one time, a strong prejudice in the city against him; on what account, or from what cause, I never knew. He was, to be sure, a bold and skilful operator,— a shrewd, keen, enterprising and persevering man. But he was liberal withal, and public spirited. He did more to promote the *interests of the city* than any other man in it; this was admitted on all hands. But he had made money, and his unpopularity, probably, arose from the fact of his having made it faster than some of his neighbors. I had opportunities of knowing him well. I had numerous business transactions with him, and I owe it to his memory to say, that his conduct was, on all occasions, correct and honorable. Gen. Harrison, who knew him better than any other man living, bore the like testimony to his character. His end, however, was unfortunate, not to say miserable. The Government owed him a large sum of money, (an adjusted and acknowledged balance,) upon the early receipt of which depended his ability to sustain his credit. It was withheld. He went on to Washington to urge its payment. It was put off, deferred, delayed, till ruin stared him in the face. His heart then sunk within him,— his proud spirit gave way,— and he died a victim to the shufflings of the treasury and the injustice of the government.

James Keys. What a quiet, comfortable world this would be to live in, were all its unfeathered bipeds as honest, as unambitious, and as free-hearted as was my worthy friend James Keys! He was my nearest neighbor. We dwelt together upon the hills that overlooked the city from the north. What a beautiful spot was that on which his house stood! Is it standing yet? or is it, like most of its former inmates and visitors, to be numbered among the things that were!

Thomas Sloo, Jr. I took a liking to Mr. Sloo from the first moment I saw him. I admired his cool temperament and quiet philosophy— I admired the gentle and gentlemanly tones of his voice. And then there was something peculiarly attractive (as well as indicative of good-fellowship) in the ruddy glow of the prominent feature of his face. There was, indeed, something classical in it; something that exercised both the imagination

and the memory. The following lines of a fine old Bacchanalian song, seemed written in letters of rosy light all over his face:

“My temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
And barter all joys for a goblet of wine.”

He moreover reminded me of Peter Pindar's landlord—though I well knew that he did not, like Boniface, encourage the cultivation of the tobacco plant. Still, in *one* particular the resemblance was just as striking.

“This landlord was a boozier stout,
A snuff-taker and smoker,
And 'twixt his eyes a nose did shine
Bright as a red hot poker!”

I soon learned, however, that the sign was deceptive. That the blaze was inherent,—a sort of constitutional burning,—wholly unconnected with classical libations or bacchanalian rites. He was, in truth, the most temperate man west of the Alleghany mountains.

Mr. Sloo, though quite a young man, was a merchant extensively engaged in business—just married, and of course in the full tide of successful experiment, when the storm of 1821 and '2 overtook him, and drove him in exile to the prairies of Illinois. I had warned him of its approach, but he had not learned to read the signs of the times, and the warning was lost upon him. He was, however, better prepared than any man I ever knew, to change his position from the middle round and take up his abode at the lower end of fortune's ladder. He possessed that equanimity of mind, that steady fortitude, and that abiding hope of better days, that no adversity could shake, no time destroy. It was this happy temperament of mind that enabled him to pass, without a moment's hesitation or even a cloud upon his brow, from the ease and luxury of a city life, to the toils and short commons of a cabin in the wilderness. It was in that cabin that I last saw him. Some years after, he removed to New Orleans. He is, I am told, even in these golden days, possessed of but little of this world's goods, and I am sorry for it—would he were richer! for a man of gentler manners, kinder feelings, or more strict integrity, I have seldom met with.

Nicholas Longworth. Neither the *dress* nor the *address* of Mr. Longworth, was calculated to make a favorable impression

upon the mind of a stranger. His slovenly appearance and stentorian elocution, were certainly anything but attractive. And yet, even as far back as the period to which these reminiscences refer, he was a prominent personage in the business circles, and a lawyer of some standing in the city. He did not, however, claim to be a scholar, either in his profession or in the walks of science or of literature. His books were nothing, for he never read them; the same may be said of his office, for he was never in it. He carried his law in his head, and his papers in his hat. 'Tis useless to add that he was successful at the bar. But independently of his professional abilities, he possessed two different and distinct kinds of talent. The one was for *getting*, and the other for *holding on*; (good, separately considered, *together*, excellent!) Nor were they subject to any draw-back or debenture of any kind. He lost nothing from timidity, nothing from backwardness or indecision; nothing from neglect in setting forth his pretensions or his claims. On the contrary, he was blest with untiring industry, and the happiest assurance.

Such were the professional and business qualities and qualifications of Mr. Longworth, thirty years ago. But he had another set; some of them it is true of a later growth, but all of them of a higher and better order. He was in his nature humane rather than otherwise; and in his dealings with the laboring classes, just, if not liberal. He had some good tastes too— that are seldom possessed by the vicious or the vulgar. He was a horticulturist, a florist, a cultivator of fruits, and *the first great improver and patron of the vine in the west*. In these occupations and pursuits he set an admirable example, and by his experiments and enterprize "has done the State some service;" which, while it adds to his fortune, will be recorded to his honor.

When I first knew Mr. Longworth, (1817,) I doubt whether he was worth five thousand dollars. He is now said to be worth five millions! I shall only add, that if he is worth *half the money*, or has *half the good sense* that I have conceded to him, he will feel no disposition to quarrel with any part of this sketch; for it is evidently written by no unfriendly hand, nor is it wanting in truth or liberality.

Hugh Glenn. Mr. Glenn possessed in an eminent degree, the qualities that in those days characterized a great majority

of the landholders and gentlemen traders of the west— qualities that might be stereotyped, as applicable to nearly all, and as forming a part of the character of each. These qualities, if I may venture to name them, were, *a confidence in the increasing value of their lands*, growing out of the tide of emigration which was then setting strongly in; *a self-appreciation*, arising from the consciousness of the fact that they had made themselves what they were; *a frankness and an unceremonious cordiality of manner*, the natural offspring of ease and independence; *a hospitality*, unequalled in any other part of the Union; springing in the first place from the necessity, and continued from a sense of its liberality and dignity, until it became in time the law of the land; *a spirit of enterprize*, or disposition to go ahead and make a fortune; *a readiness to embark in large and hazardous operations*, with borrowed means, or even with no means at all. To these may be added *a disregard for trifles*,—by which they meant anything short of positive ruin; and *a sovereign contempt for prudence and small change!* By the latter was understood any sum less than five thousand dollars! It is hardly necessary to add to these, the then invariable characteristic of a western gentleman, *a high sense of honor*, which was in many cases, better than his bond.

Mr. Glenn was a gentleman both in his appearance and manner. He had seen something of the world, or at least the western half of it. He had been engaged in the fur trade, and had visited the regions beyond the Rocky mountains; and yet, he had more the appearance of a professional man than of a trader. The manner in which he wore his hair gave him indeed something of a clerical look; while his slender form and the delicate features of a face, entirely colorless, might have led one to infer that he was a hard student, a man of letters, or a *professor of Greek* in a western university. But he was neither a deacon, nor a doctor, nor a lawyer, nor a hard student, nor a man of letters, nor yet a professor of Greek in a western university. And any one who had taken him for any of these, would himself have been egregiously mistaken. Mr. Glenn was a merchant of high standing, but of a social and gentlemanly turn of mind. He was, moreover, one of the most agreeable traveling companions I ever met with. I still remember a journey through the country of two or three hundred miles, which we took together in a light one horse wagon. It was in the summer of 1821, at

the period of the troubles growing out of the withdrawal of the branch bank and the oppressive and indiscriminate prosecution of its debtors. Passing one morning just after sunrise through an extensive forest, we came across a countless multitude of squirrels, mostly of the large grey species, in the act of emigrating further west, in search, I presume, of richer lands, or more abundant food. The ground as far as we could see, was literally alive with them. We stopped our buggy to take a look at their order of march. They appeared to be in great glee; running up and down the smaller trees, hopping and skipping over logs and branches, barking, chattering and whisking about, here and there, on all sides! but still moving collectively in a western direction.

After looking at them for a few moments, Glen turned to me and said— "Do you see how happy these fellows are? how free from all care and trouble! and do you know the reason? It is this: *they owe nothing at bank!* They are not in the power of Mr. Cheeves, nor of Mr. Cheeves' man Friday, Wilson. If they were, they would not, I suspect, be in quite so gay and frolicsome a mood." This was said in a half serious, half jocular tone; still, there was more of feeling than of fancy in it. But for the idea of *losing caste*, I should myself have preferred belonging to the squirrel tribe, rather than to the tribe of debtors to the bank.

William M. Worthington. This young gentleman was from the east— a son of Doctor Worthington, of Georgetown, District of Columbia. I met him for the first time at the table of the hotel in Cincinnati, shortly after my arrival in that city. I was struck with his fine appearance and gentlemanly manners. Being nearly of the same age, and alike, strangers in the city, we soon became personally acquainted, and subsequently, intimate friends. He possessed a highly cultivated and well balanced mind, rather than great or shining talents. He had been liberally educated, and bred to the profession of the law. But he was too fastidious for the unstudied freedom of the region he was in. His notions were too precise and nice, for the *rough and tumble* practice of the profession of the law in the west. Still, he united in himself a greater sum of good sense, and a greater number of good qualities, than I had ever before found centered in a person of his age.

Over a temperament by no means frigid or insensitive, he held at all times an absolute control. The fiercest passions of youth— the thirst of distinction— the desire of fortune— the love of fame, were equally and alike held in subjection to his judgment and his will. It is in human nature, I believe, rather to disparage than to praise in others those qualities or accomplishments in which we feel ourselves deficient. But be that as it may. It was this regulating power, this mastery of the passions, this self-control, that I most admired and most envied in the character of Mr. Worthington. His higher education, his more polished manners, his better taste, together with his advantages of person and address, passed by me without awakening a feeling of inferiority, or levying the tribute of a thought. These I knew could be counterbalanced by exertion, or thrown into the shade by the rude vigor of common sense alone; but to find judgment and reason, passion and prudence, all yoked in the same team, and drawing harmoniously together, was well calculated to excite a feeling of envy not unmixed with self-reproach.

I don't like your friend Worthington, said Col. ———, to me one day. Why not? said I. Because, he replied, the fellow has no vices, no faults even; and I can have no sympathy or feeling in common with such a character.

Mr. Worthington succeeded well in his profession, but not equal to his expectations. He was neither satisfied with the progress he had made, nor with the prospect before him; yet no man of his age in the city stood higher, personally or professionally. He had not only been chosen a director of the branch bank, but without solicitation, had been appointed its solicitor and legal adviser; an office which in other hands would have been worth retaining. But though successful he was still dissatisfied. The truth was, he could not identify himself with the habits, tastes, and feelings of the west. His affections still lingered in the east; he was not at home; and he felt it. Shortly after my leaving the country, he resigned his office and removed to New Orleans; where, indeed, he found himself further from home than ever. Like myself, Mr. Worthington had built a castle in the air; and found it a painted cloud— a vision of the imagination!

I must not omit to mention the name of another young friend of mine, who though a mere lad in those days, was nevertheless distinguished for his good sense, good principles, and

gentlemanly deportment. Mr. Whiteman, although literally born in the woods and brought up in the office of a receiver of public moneys; although he had never seen the eastern side of the Alleghanies, nor, as a sailor would say, had ever been wet with salt water, had yet the air, manner and address of a well bred gentleman.

BIRDS.

[p. 81]

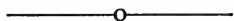
Judging from what fell under my own personal observation, (which, by the way, was very limited,) I should say there was but little game in Ohio, and but few native birds in her forests.

The wild turkey and the pigeon were the only game to be found in the markets at Cincinnati; and a solitary bird, resembling the blue jay, but of a slenderer form and wilder note, was almost the only one I ever met with in the woods. Quail, in 1817, were just beginning to appear in the settled parts of the country; though in a few years after I found them in great numbers in the vicinity of Cincinnati. Ducks were occasionally to be seen on the river, but they were worthless as game, and as such were never pursued. The wild goose was rarely seen, except high on the wing, leading his disciplined caravans through the trackless air to their accustomed haunts.

During my residence in the country, I heard *but once* the note of the whip-poor-will, and I could not but fancy to myself that he had *just arrived*, and in conformity with the customs of the country, had announced his name to the Genii of the Valley in which he had taken up his abode. But he must have ventured *alone*, and died of solitude, for I never after heard his voice. The robin, too, was a rare bird, seen only at intervals, and always alone. He seemed, indeed, unsettled, undomesticated, and like other emigrants perplexed and undetermined as to where he should *locate*. I remember of meeting with a large flock of robins at Bedford, on the mountains, evidently moving with the tide of emigration, west. Many of my old acquaintances, however, were still lingering in the east. I missed the bob-o-link and red-winged black bird, the swallow, the martin, the humming bird, and above all, the summer evening "night-hawk." But the wild turkey and the pigeon were as plenty as

blackberries— the latter, in their season, were brought to market by the wagon load. Still, we had little or no venison, no woodcock, no pheasants.

It must be remembered, however, that these are *recollections* only— and of things as they existed more than 30 years ago.



[p. 83]

QUAIL SHOOTING.

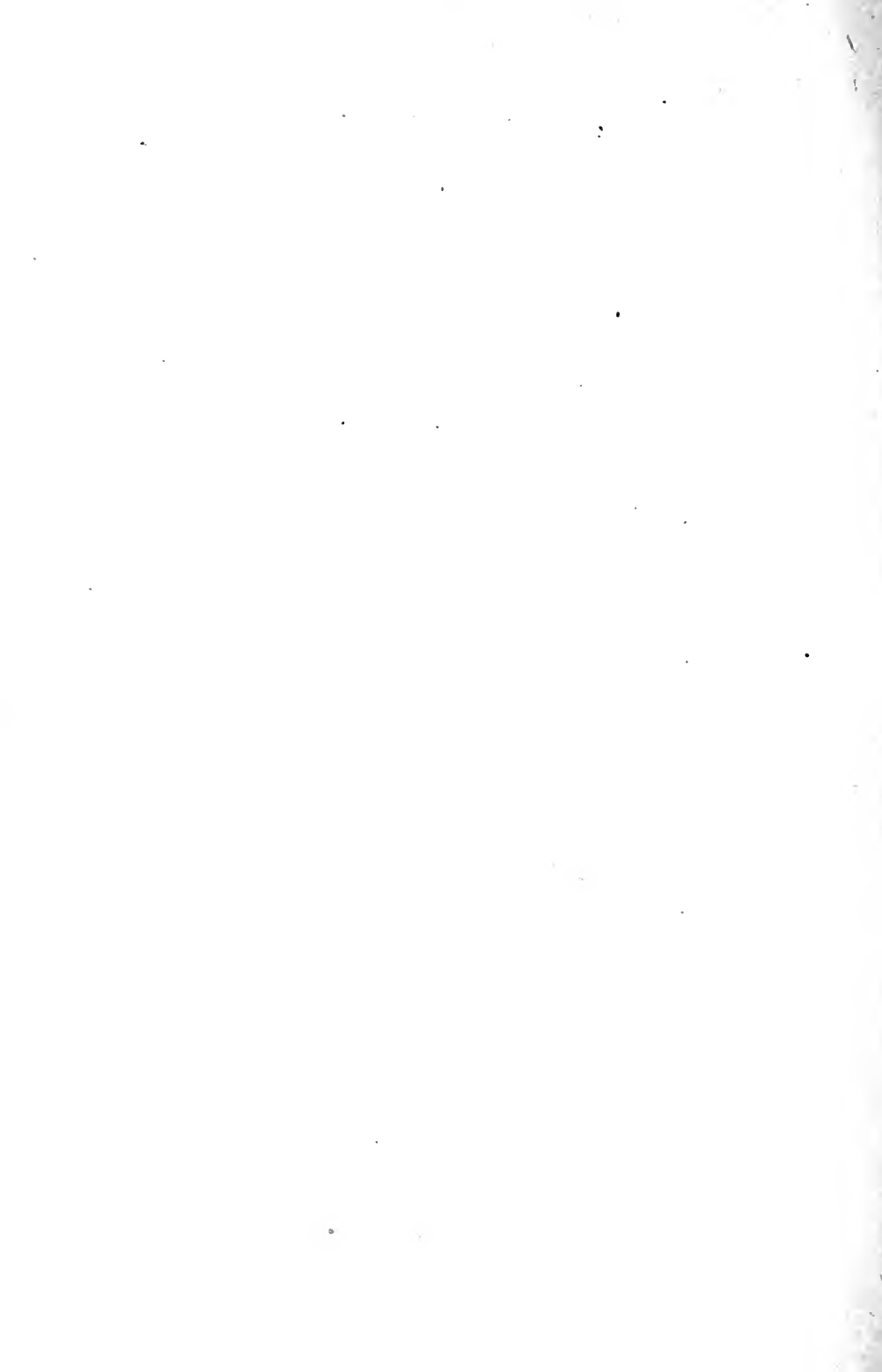
The rights of hospitality were generally extended to the quail family throughout the west. It was a beautiful bird, harmless in its walks and social in its habits; and hence was rather sheltered and protected, than wantonly destroyed, as it is too often in the eastern states. As *game*, it was too small to be worth the powder it cost. Nothing, indeed, below the turkey, could attract the attention of a western sportsman. But in the eyes of those who had been accustomed to consider snipe and plover as worthy of pursuit, the quail necessarily ranked as high game. The prevailing practice of those in the west, who indulged in the destruction of these birds, was to pursue them on horseback, put them up, and take them on the wing without dismounting.

A young gentleman of my acquaintance, from the east, who was passing a few days at my house, and who had noted the frequency of the bird at our rides, proposed to try his luck in bagging *a few* of them. Though I had no taste for the *sport*, as he called it, and no skill as a sportsman, yet I consented, and we accordingly mounted our horses and scoured the roads and hills for some miles around, wasting a good deal of powder without doing much mischief. The quail we disturbed, were, I believe, in every instance, more scared than hurt. We were on our return home, empty handed, when we came upon a fine flock of them so unexpectedly that before we could get ready to fire they rose, flew across a deep but narrow valley, and settled upon an open-wooded knoll on the other side. My young friend, somewhat mortified at his bad luck on horseback, now determined to try his fortunes on foot. Dismounting, therefore, and tying his horse to a tree, he jumped over the fence, crossed the valley, and proceeded slowly up the hill, upon the crest of which the birds had lighted. The ascent was not only steep, but rendered somewhat difficult by the slippery dried grass with which it was covered. As soon, however, as his head

appeared above the brow of the knoll, the birds were off. This he did not, however, perceive; and as he was carefully reconnoitering the ground upon which he had seen them light, he came suddenly upon a huge heap of leaves, that seemed to have been raked together from a circle 50 yards in circumference, and so piled up as to excite his curiosity. After looking at it for awhile, and wondering what could have been the object of collecting together such a mass of dried leaves, he thrust his foot into the heap and was in the act of kicking it open, when to his surprise a hoarse, rumbling noise seemed to issue from the centre of it. In another instant the whole mass began to rise and shake, and before he could collect his senses or cock his gun, a huge slab-sided hog burst out from under the mass, with a tremendous whooh! whooh! and rushed upon him with such fury that he had no time to defend himself; and it was well for him that he did not attempt it, for his gun would have been as useless as a ratan in his hand, and in less than one minute he would have been hurled to the ground and ripped to pieces. The first I saw of him, after his entering the wood upon the knoll, he was on his return, rushing down the hill at full speed, without his hat or gun,— the enraged animal at his heels, snorting and barking, as it were, in the most terrific manner imaginable. He seemed to be not more than ten yards in advance, and was scarcely half way down the hill, when he either slipped, or struck his foot against a stone, and pitched head foremost (performing a complete somerset in his descent,) down into the mud and water at the very bottom of the run— the animal still in close and furious pursuit. At that moment I considered his life as not worth two pence. There was not, I knew, an insurance company in Wall street that would (under the circumstances), have issued a policy upon it, at any premium short of the full amount at which it was valued. But in that critical state of things, I had just presence of mind enough to fire my gun— not indeed with any expectation of reaching the animal, but in the hope of checking the pursuit by drawing its attention to a new enemy. It would not, however, have succeeded, had not the *interesting young family* upon the knoll, finding themselves unroofed and unprotected, crawled out of their beds and sounded a fresh alarm. The first note from *that quarter*— aye, the first *squeal* that reached the ear of the parent brute, brought her to a stand, and enabled my friend in the gutter to recover his

legs. The whole scene was changed in an instant. The chase was given up— the danger was over— the war was at an end. The hostile parties were now seen drawing off in different directions. The bristled animal was shuffling back with all speed to the family mansion on the knoll, and my sporting friend making the best of his way up the hill to the place from whence he started. When he reached his horse, he was so bruised, be-mudded, be-deviled, and out of breath, that for some minutes he was unable to speak. The first words he uttered were — “This shall be my last quail hunt in this country!”

I endeavored to console him by reminding him that accidents and personal perils were inseparable from the life of a sportsman, and that every path that led to distinction was necessarily more or less beset with danger— that on the present occasion he had acted wisely, and even showed some generalship, in not coming to close quarters with his antagonist; and that in an unequal race of 2 legs against 4 he had come out three lengths ahead! that the loss of his hat was a loss that could be covered by a five dollar bill, and that his coat and pantaloons could be put to rights for about five more— that I should be enabled to recover his gun as soon as the family, whose castle he had stormed, were disposed to change their quarters— in short, that he had great reason to be thankful that his bones were unbroken, and that he had come out of the fight with so little injury. He pointed to his forehead and knees. ‘Tis true, said I, in answer to this appeal, that a little skin has been rubbed off here and there, but that is of little consequence— ten days will cover all these little breaks and bruises, and put you in a condition next to new. Besides, these accidents and chance-rubs are at the worst mere nominal evils, and not to be weighed against the conception and execution of a *sommerset*, which led to the defeat of the enemy, and covered you, as McCauly would say, with so much glory and so much mud.



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