



Picturesque America; or, the land we live in

a delineation by pen and pencil of the mountains, rivers, lakes, forests, water-falls, shores, cañons, valleys, cities, and other picturesque features of our country ; with illustrations on steel and wood, by eminent American artists

Bryant, William Cullen

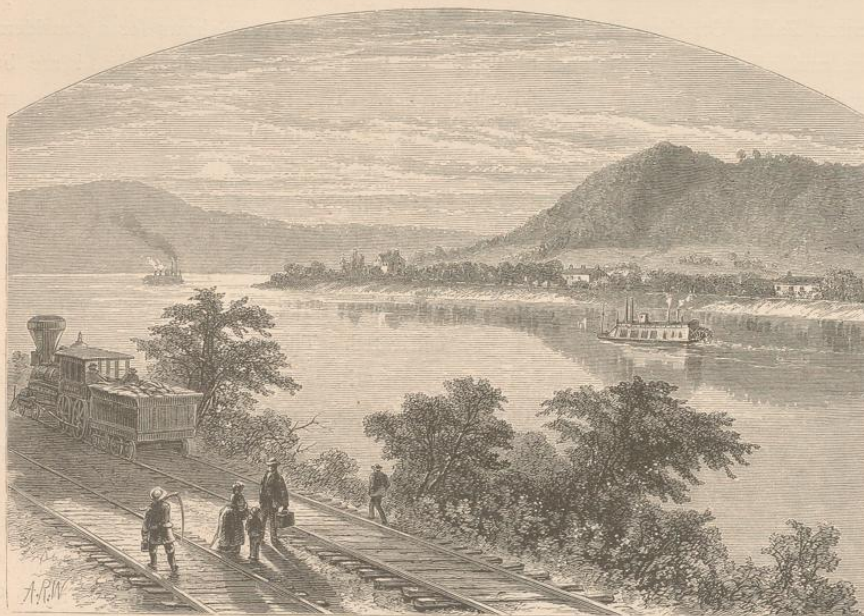
New York, 1874

On The Ohio.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-65884](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-65884)

ON THE OHIO.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED R. WAUD.



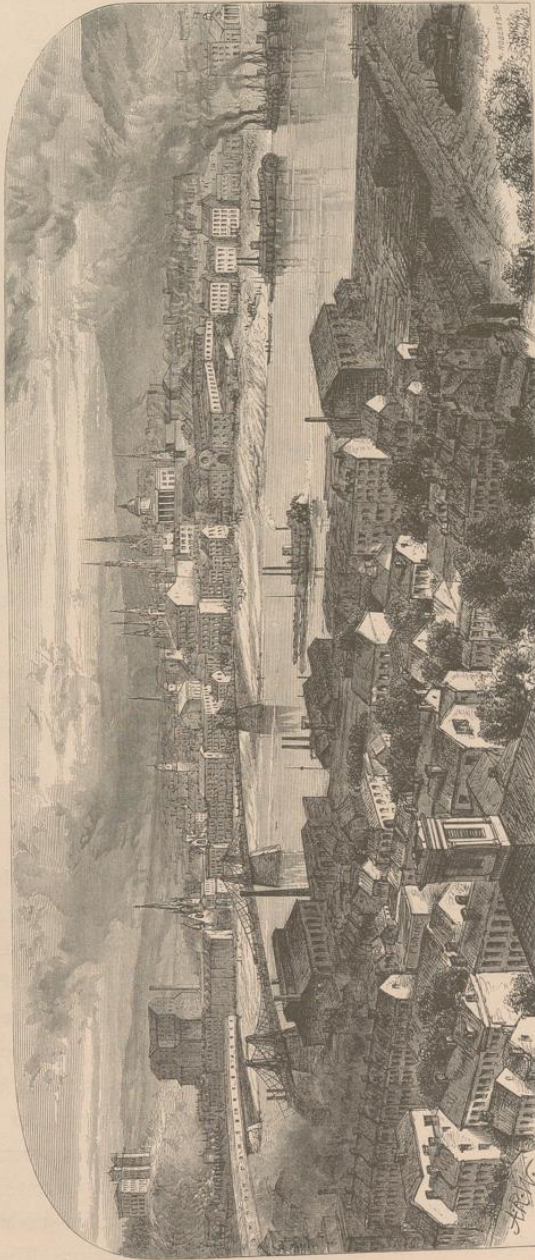
The Ohio, below Pittsburg.

O-HE-YO is a Wyandot word, signifying "Fair to look upon." The early French explorers, floating down the river's gentle tide, adopted the name, translating it into their own tongue as *la Belle Rivière*, and the English, who here as elsewhere throughout the West, stepped into the possessions of the French, took the word and its spelling, but gave it their own pronunciation, so that, instead of O-he-yo, we now have the Ohio. It is a lovely, gentle stream, flowing on between the North and South. It does not bustle and rush along over rocks and down rapids, turning mills and factories on its way, and hurrying its boats up and down, after the manner of busy, anxious Northern rivers; neither does it go to sleep all along shore and allow the forest flotsam to clog up its channel, like the Southern streams. But none the less has it a character of its own, which makes its gentle impression, day by day, like a quiet, sweet-voiced woman, who moves through life with more power at her gentle command than the more beautiful and more brilliant around her.

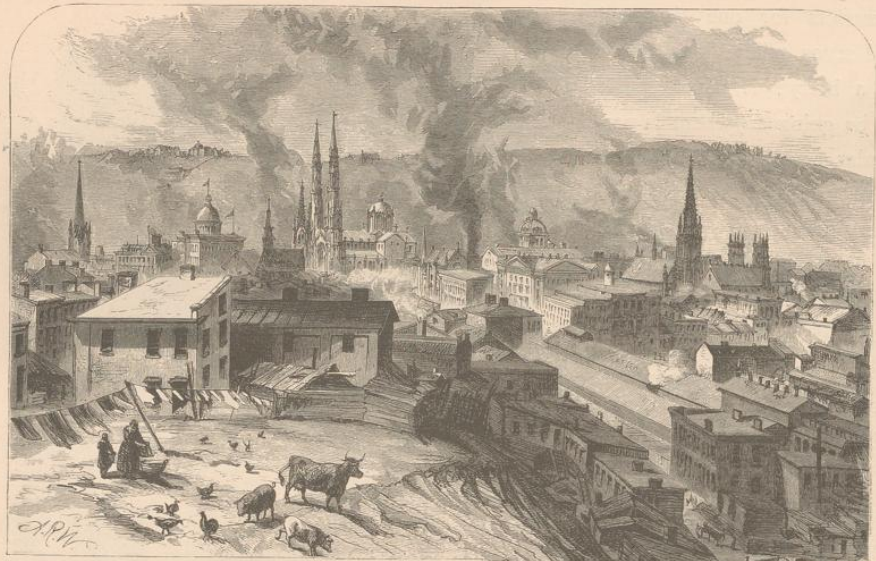
No river in the world has such a length of uniform smooth current. In and out it

meanders for one thousand and seven miles; it is never in a hurry; it never seems to be going anywhere in particular, but has time to loiter about among the coal and iron mines of Pennsylvania; to ripple around the mountains of West Virginia; to make deep bends in order to take in the Southern rivers, knowing well that thrifty Ohio, with her cornfields and villages, will fill up all the angles; then it curves up northward toward Cincinnati, as if to leave a broad landsweep for the beautiful blue-grass meadows of Kentucky; and at North Bend away it glides again on a long southwestern stretch, down, down, along the southern borders of Indiana and Illinois, and after making a last curve to receive the twin-rivers—the Cumberland and the long, mountain-born Tennessee—it mixes its waters with the Mississippi, one thousand miles above the ocean.

The Ohio is formed from the junction of two rivers as unlike as two rivers can be: the northern parent, named Alleghany, which signifies "clear water," is a quick, transparent stream, coming down directly from



Pittsburg, from Soldiers' Monument.



Pittsburg, from Reservoir

the north; while the southern parent, named Monongahela, which signifies "Falling-in banks," comes even more directly from the south—its slow, yellow tide augmented by the waters of the Youghiogheny—a name whose pronunciation is mysterious to all but the initiated, a shibboleth of Western Pennsylvania. These two rivers, so unlike in their sources, their natures, and the people along their banks, unite at Pittsburg, forming the Ohio, which from that point to its mouth receives into itself seventy-five tributaries, crosses seven States, and holds in its embrace one hundred islands. The hills along the Ohio are high, round-topped, and covered with verdure; in some places they rise abruptly from the water five hundred feet in height, and, in others, they lie back from the river, leaving a strip of bottom-land between, whose even, green expanse is a picture of plenty—the ideal fat fields which a New-England farmer can see only in his dreams. On the southern side, when the hills are abrupt and there is no bottom-land, the original forest remains in all its denseness, and we see the river and its shore as the first explorers saw them, when, gliding down in canoes almost two centuries ago, they gave, in their enthusiasm, the name of *Belle Rivière*, which the Indians had given long before. The verdure is vivid and luxuriant; the round tops of the swelling hills are like green velvet, so full and even is the foliage;



and when, here and there, a rocky ledge shows itself on the steep river-side, it is veiled with vines and tufts of bright flowers, the red-bud and blue blossoms growing in patches so close to the rock that it looks as if it were *lapis-lazuli*. The river constantly curves and bends, knotted like a tangled silver thread over the green country. Every turn shows a new view: now a vista of interval on the north; now a wooded gorge on the south; now a wall of hills in front, with scarcely a rift between; and now, as the stream doubles upon its track, the same hills astern, with sloping valley-meadows separating their wooded sides. There is no long look ahead, as on the Hudson—no clear understanding of the points of the compass, as on the broad St. Lawrence; the flag-staff at the bow veers constantly; the boat's course is north, south, east, or west, as it happens, and the perplexity is increased by a way they have of heading up-stream when stopping, so that, although you may begin the day with a clear idea which side is Virginia and which Ohio, by the time the boat has finished the *chassés*, and turns necessarily to its first stop and reached the bank, you have lost your bearings entirely, and must either join the bewildered but persistent inquirers who besiege the captain all the way from Pittsburg to Louisville with the question, "Which side *is* Ohio, captain, and which side Kentucky?" or else, abandoning knowledge altogether, and, admiring the scenery as it changes, float on without a geographical care, knowing that you will reach Louisville some time, *et praterea nihil*. For exercise there is always the carrying of chairs from one side of the boat to the other, as the frequent turns bring the afternoon sunbeams under the awning; you may walk several miles in this way each day. It is a charming way of travelling in the early spring, when the shores are bright with blossoms and fresh with verdure. The river-steamers, with their wheels astern and their slight, open hulls, like summer-houses afloat, go slowly up and down, and whistle to each other for the channel, according to their load. The crews are motley, black and white, and, as the boats pass each other, you can see them lying on the lower deck, idle and contented, while the jolly laugh of the negro echoes out almost constantly, for he laughs, as the birds sing, by instinct. On the northern shore of the Upper Ohio, the railroad to Pittsburg is seen; the long trains of yellow cars rush by, their shrill whistles coming from the steep hill-side over the water, as if remonstrating with the boats for their lazy progress. In truth, the boats do their work in a leisurely way. A man appears on the bank and signals, but even he is not in a hurry, finding a comfortable seat before he begins his waving; then the captain confers with the mate, the deck-hands gather on the side to inspect the man, and all so slowly that you feel sure the boat will not stop, and look forward toward the next bend. But the engine pauses, the steamer veers slowly round, runs its head into the bank; out comes the plank, and out come the motley crew, who proceed to bring on board earthenware, lumber, or whatever the waving man has ready for them, while he, still seated, watches the work, and fans himself with his straw hat. To eyes accustomed to the ocean, or the deep lakes and rivers of the North, with their long piers,

solid docks, and steamers drawing many feet of water, this landing with the ease of a row-boat is new and strange. The large towns have what they call a levee—pronounced *levy*—which is nothing more than a rough stone pavement over the sloping bank; but the villages off the railroads, where the steamers generally stop for freight, have nothing but an old flat-boat moored on the shore; and many of them have not even this. The large, handsome, well-filled steamboats run right up into the bank, so that even a plank is hardly necessary for landing, and all you have to do is to take your bag and step ashore. The steamers, large as they are, draw but a few feet of water; their bulk is above, not below, the tide; they float along like a plank; and there are no waves to dash over their low, open decks. If they run aground, as they often do in the varying channel, down comes a great beam, fastened with tackle like a derrick, on the bow, and, this having been pushed into the river-bottom, the engine is started, and the boat pried off. If there is a fog at night—as there often is—the captain ties up his boat to the bank, and all hands go to sleep, which is a safe if not brilliant course to pursue. In this way the voyage from Pittsburg to Cincinnati becomes uncertain in duration; but wherefore hurry when the Ohio farms, the Virginia mountains, and the Kentucky meadows, are radiant with the beauty of spring?

The mouth of the Ohio River was first discovered in 1680, but its course was not explored until seventy years afterward, its long valley having remained an unknown land when the Mississippi and the Red River of the South, as well as Lake Superior and the Red River of the North, had been explored and delineated in maps. In 1750 the French penetrated into the Ohio wilderness, the first white navigators of the Beautiful River. They claimed the basins of the lakes and the Mississippi and its tributaries as New France, and began a line of forts stretching from their settlements in Canada to their settlements in Louisiana. The head-waters of the Ohio, at the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela, was a commanding point in this great chain of internal navigation, and, at an early date, became a bone of contention, for the British were jealously watching every advance of their rivals as they pushed their dominion on toward the south. In 1750 Captain Celeron, a French officer, was sent from Canada to take possession of the Ohio-River Valley; this ceremony he performed by depositing leaden plates along the shore, and then returned, satisfied that all was well. Three of these talismans have been discovered in modern times. The following is a translation of one of the inscriptions: "In the year 1750, we, Celeron, commandant of a detachment by Monsieur the Marquis of Gallisonière, commander-in-chief of New France, to establish tranquillity in certain Indian villages of these cantons, have buried this plate on the Beautiful River as a monument of renewal of possession which we have taken of said river and its tributaries, and of all the land on both sides; inasmuch as the preceding kings of France have engaged it and maintained it by their arms and by treaties, especially by those of Ryswick, Utrecht, and Aix-la-Chapelle."



SOUTH PITTSBURGH.

ALLEGANY CITY.

SOUTH PITTSBURGH AND ALLEGANY CITY.

These plates, buried with so much ceremony by the officers of Louis XV., could not have exercised much moral influence through the ground, for, from that time on, there was fighting along the Beautiful River and its tributaries for more than sixty years, and no "tranquillity" in those "cantons," from Braddock's defeat to Aaron Burr's conspiracy, from George Washington's first military expedition to the brilliant campaigns of young Harrison, whose tomb can be seen from the steamer a few miles below Cincinnati.

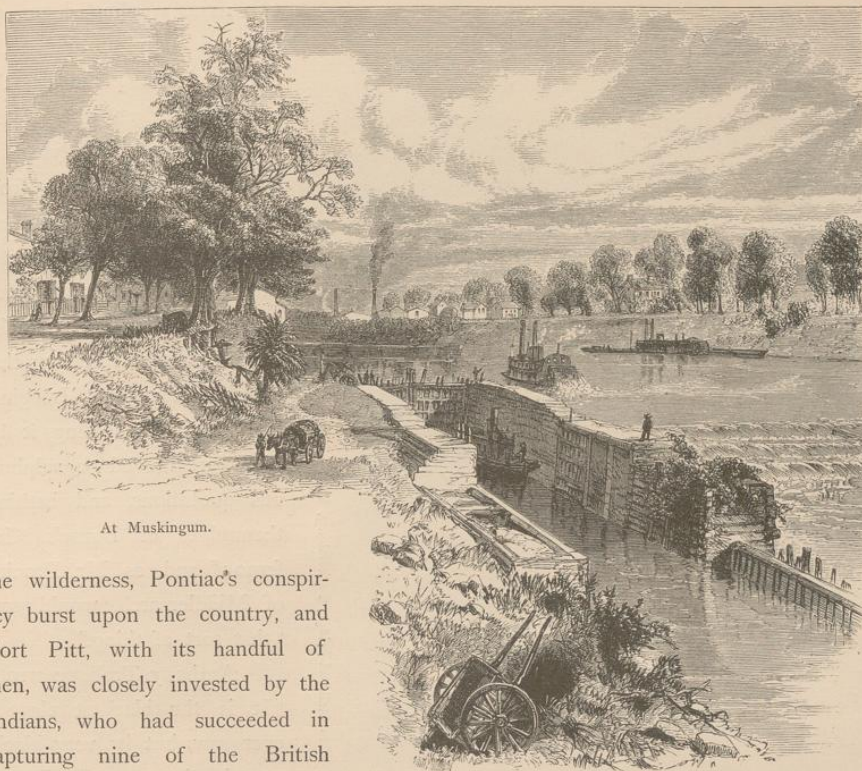
In pursuance of their plan, the French, in 1755, built a fort near the present site of Pittsburg, naming it Duquesne, after the Governor of Canada, having taken possession of the unfinished work which the Virginians, on the recommendation of the young surveyor, George Washington, had commenced there. The war at that time going on between England and France had been so unfortunate for the former nation that Horace Walpole had said, "It is time for England to slip her cable and float away into some unknown ocean."

Braddock had been defeated on the Monongahela, owing to his ignorance of Indian warfare; he died during the retreat, and was buried under the road in the line of march. But when Pitt, the great statesman, took the English helm, he changed the current of events, and, toward the close of 1758, General Forbes took Fort Duquesne from the French, rebuilt the burned walls, and named it after the Earl of Chatham, a name the present city has retained.

After several years, during which the little post maintained a precarious existence in



The Ohio, from Marietta.

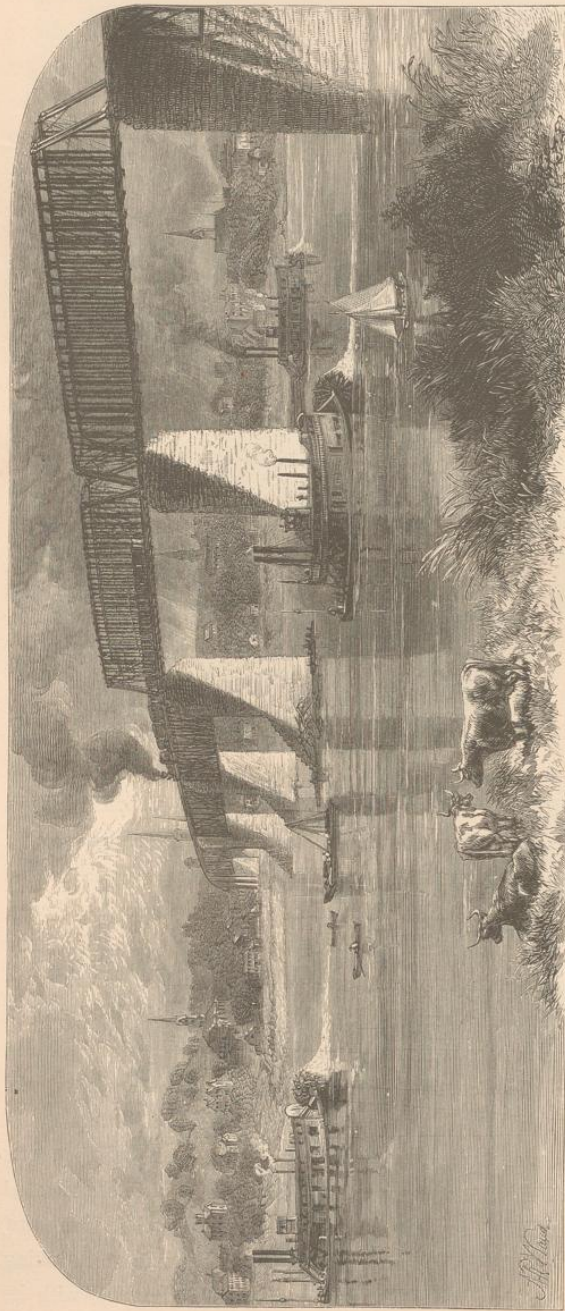


At Muskingum.

the wilderness, Pontiac's conspiracy burst upon the country, and Fort Pitt, with its handful of men, was closely invested by the Indians, who had succeeded in capturing nine of the British forts in the west, Detroit and

Niagara alone escaping. Colonel Bouquet, a Swiss officer, whose flowery name brightens the sombre pages of Ohio-River history, as his deeds brightened the sombre reality, came to the rescue of Fort Pitt, supplied the garrison with provisions, and dispersed the Indians. Soon after this the French gave up their claim to the territory, and then began the contest between the Americans and the British. But the river-country was far away in a wilderness beyond the mountains; and in 1772 General Gage, the commander-in-chief of the British forces, sent orders to abandon Fort Pitt, and accordingly the post, which had cost the English Government sixty thousand pounds, and which was designed to secure forever British empire on the Beautiful River, passed into the hands of the Americans.

The present city of Pittsburg has the picturesque aspect of a volcano, owing to its numerous manufactories; a cloud of smoke rests over it, and at night it is illuminated by the glow and flash of the iron-mills filling its valley and stretching up its hill-sides, resting not day or night, but ever ceaselessly gleaming, smoking, and roaring. Looking down on Pittsburg at night from the summit of its surrounding hills, the city, with its red fires and smoke, seems satanic. Quiet streets there are, and pleasant residences; the



Baltimore and Ohio Railroad-Bridge, Parkersburg, Va.

two rivers winding down on either side, and uniting at the point of the peninsula, the graceful bridges, the watercraft of all kinds lying at the levee, some coming from far New Orleans, and others bound up the slack-water into the interior, are all picturesque. But it is the smoke and the fires of Pittsburg that give it its character. Imaginative people, beholding it by night, are moved to sulphurous quotations, and bethink themselves of Dante's "Inferno;" and, as Mr. Brooke, of Middlemarch, would say, "that sort of thing."

Anthony Trollope wrote, "It is the blackest place I ever saw, but its very blackness is picturesque." Parton said, "It is all hell with the lid taken off." In the face of the facts to the contrary, you fancy that Pittsburg must be a wicked city; and, as the boat glides away, verses come to your memory about "the smoke of her torment ascending forever and ever." What a grand, lurid picture Turner, Ruskin's art-god, would have made of Pittsburg by night!

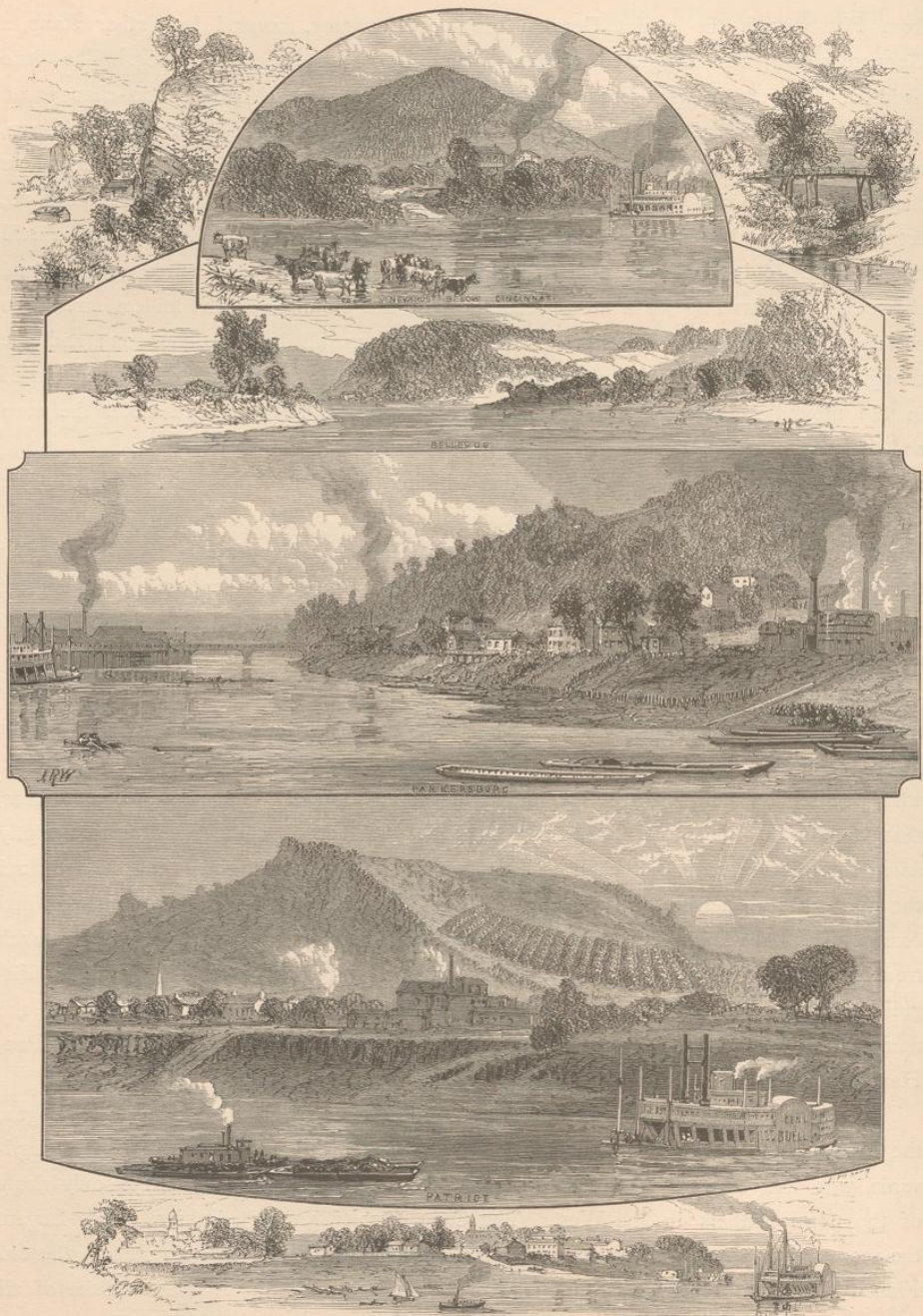
The river starts away in a northwestern direction. On its banks, nineteen miles

from Pittsburg, is the quaint German town of Economy, founded by Father Rapp, a German pietist, who emigrated with a colony from Württemberg in 1804. The little band of believers, in what seems to us a dreary creed, made one or two changes of location; but, after selling their possessions in Indiana to the well-known Robert Owen, a man of kindred enthusiasm but opposite belief, they came to the Ohio River, where their village, with its Old-World houses, tiled roofs, grass-grown streets, and quiet air, seems hardly to belong to this practical, busy, American world. Economy is a still abode of the old; there are no homes, no children there, only gray-haired brothers and sisters, who are waiting for a literal realization of the promises of the millennium. The society is rich in land, oil-wells, and other possessions, all held in common; and the thought arises, Who is to inherit this wealth when the last aged brother has been buried in the moundless, stoneless cemetery, where the pilgrims lie unmarked under the even sod?

The course of the river here is dotted with old derricks—tombstones of high hopes; in the little ravines, where the creeks come down to the Ohio, these gaunt frameworks stand thick, like masts in a harbor, as far as you can see. They are pathetic spectres in their way, for they tell a story of disappointment. One would suppose that the great beams were worth taking down; but, generally, the buildings and engine-house are all complete, abandoned just as they stood.

The State of Ohio reaches the river at Columbiana County. This was a fancy name, formed from Columbus and Anna. One asks, "Why Anna, more than Maria or Jane?" and this, no doubt, was the feeling of that member of the Ohio Legislature, who, pending its adoption, rose and proposed the addition of Maria as more euphonious, thus making a grand total of Columbianamaria! Opposite, as the river turns abruptly down toward the south, is the queer little strip of land which Virginia thrusts up toward the north, the ownership of which is probably due to some of the fierce quarrels and compromises over land-titles which came after the Revolution, and made almost as much trouble as the great struggle itself. This northern arm is called the Pan-Handle, Virginia, undivided, being the pan. A railroad going west from Pittsburg has taken the name, much to the bewilderment of uninitiated travellers, who frequently called it Pen-Handle, with a vague idea that it has something to do with stocks and accounts.

Three miles below Steubenville was an old Mingo town, the residence of Logan, the Mingo chief. This celebrated Indian was the son of a Cayuga chieftain of Pennsylvania, who was converted to Christianity by the Moravian missionaries, the only rivals of the Jesuit fathers in the West. The Cayuga chief, greatly admiring James Logan, the secretary of the province, named his son after him. Logan took no part in the old French War, and remained a firm friend of the whites until the causeless murder of all his family on the Ohio River, above Steubenville. From that time his hand was against the white man, although, from the curt records of the day, we learn that he was sin-



SCENES ON THE OHIO, ABOVE AND BELOW CINCINNATI.

gularly magnanimous to all white prisoners. The last years of Logan were lonely. He wandered from tribe to tribe, and was finally murdered by one of his own race on the banks of the Detroit River, as he sat before a camp-fire, with his blanket over his head, buried in thought. But his words live after him. Logan's speech still holds its place in the school reading-books by the side of the best efforts of English orators.

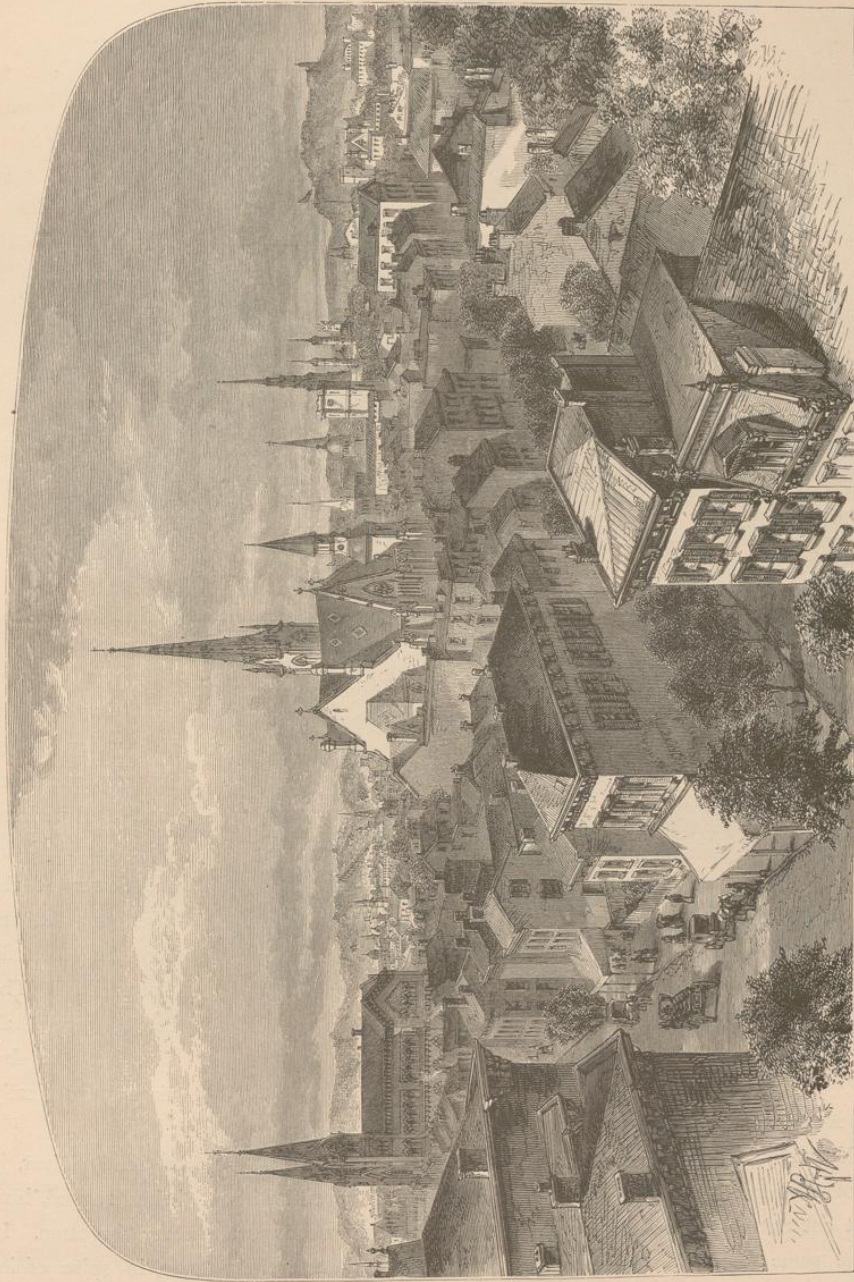
The river, as it stretches southward, is here fair enough to justify its name. The Virginia shore is wild and romantic, full of associations of the late war, when its mountain-roads were a raiding-ground, and its campaigns a series of cavalry-chases, without those bloody combats that darkened the States farther south. There was not much glory for either side in Western Virginia, if glory means death; but there were many bold rides and many long dashes over the border and back again, as the dwellers in the rambling old river farm-houses, with their odd little enclosed upper piazzas, know. At Wheeling the national road, a relic of stage-coach days, crosses the river on its westward way. This turnpike was constructed by the national government, beginning at Cumberland, in Maryland, crossing the mountains, and intended to run indefinitely on westward as the country became settled. But railroads took away its glory, and the occasional traveller now finds it difficult to get an explanation of this neglected work, its laborious construction and solid stone bridges striking him as he passes through Central Ohio, although the careless inhabitants neither know nor care about its origin. In the Old World it would pass as a Roman road.

Marietta, in Washington County, Ohio, is the oldest town in the State. It is situated in the domains of the New-England "Ohio Company," which was originally organized to check the advance of the French down the river. Marietta has a picturesque position, lying in a deep bend where the Muskingum flows into the Ohio, with a slender, curved island opposite, like a green crescent, and, beyond, the high, rolling hills of Virginia on the southern shore. The Ohio Company owned one million five hundred thousand acres along the river; and, in November, 1787, they sent out their first colony, forty-seven men, who, taking Braddock's road, originally an Indian trail over the mountains, and trudging on patiently all winter, arrived at the Youghiogheny, or "Yoh," as they called it, in April, and, launching a flat-boat, sailed down to the mouth of the Muskingum, where they made a settlement, naming it Marietta, in honor of Marie Antoinette. These pioneers were New-Englanders; their flat-boat was called the Mayflower; and their first act on landing was, to write a set of laws and nail them to a tree. Washington said of them, "No colony in America was settled under such favorable auspices as that on the Muskingum." A little stockade-post, called Fort Hamar, had been built here two years before. It was occupied by a detachment of United States troops, who did good service in protecting the infant colony from the Indians, and then moved on toward Cincinnati. Emigrants, soldiers, and Indians, are always, like poor Jo, "moving on." The little village on the bank of the Muskingum bears the

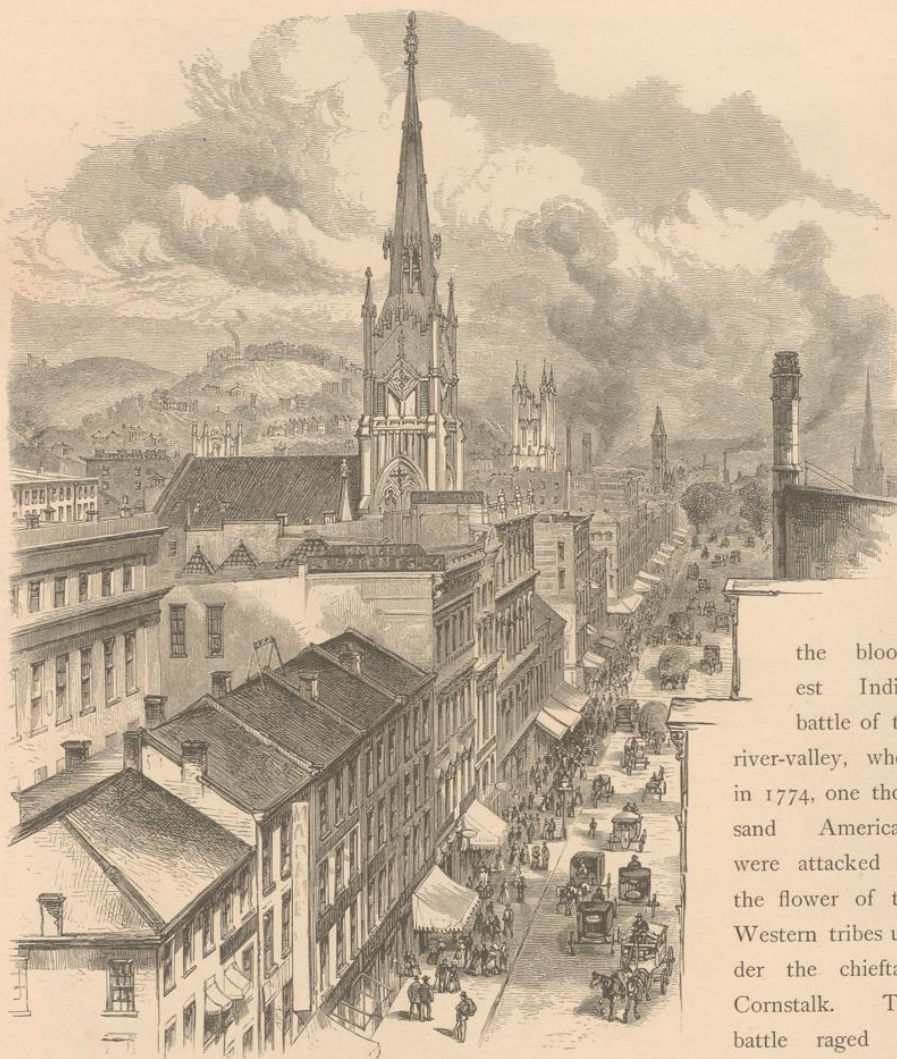
name of the old post, Harmar. At Marietta were found the remains of an ancient fortification—a square, enclosed by a wall of earth ten feet high, with twelve entrances, containing a covert way, bulwarks to defend the gate-ways, and various works of elaborate construction, including a moat fifteen feet wide, defended by a parapet. These are supposed to belong to the era of the mound-builders. At this little inland settlement ship-building was at one period the principal occupation, and the town was made a port of clearance. There is a curious incident connected with this. In 1806 a ship, built at Marietta, sailed to New Orleans with a cargo of pork; and, as at that time the American vessels were the carriers for the world, it went on to England with cotton, and thence to St. Petersburg, where the officer of the port seized the little ship, declaring that its papers were fraudulent, since there was no such seaport as Marietta. But the captain, with some difficulty procuring a map, pointed out the mouth of the Mississippi, and traced its course up to the Ohio, and thence on to Marietta. The astonished officer, when this seaport in the heart of a continent was shown to him, allowed the adventurous little vessel to go free. Thirteen miles below Marietta is Parkersburg, in West Virginia; the old Belpré, or Beautiful Meadow, in Ohio, opposite; and near by, in the river, Blennerhassett's Island, which has gone into history with Aaron Burr.

At Parkersburg the Little Kanawha flows into the Ohio, which is here crossed by the massive iron bridge of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Farther on is Gallipolis, where, in 1790, a French colony laid out a village of eighty cabins, protected by a stockade, and, even in the face of starvation, took time to build a ballroom, and danced there twice a week. Anxious to get away from the horrors of the Revolution, ignorant of the country, deceived by land-speculators, these poor Frenchmen—carvers, gilders, coach- and peruke-makers, five hundred persons in all, with only ten laborers among them—sold all they had, and embarked for the New World, believing that a paradise was ready for them on the banks of the beautiful river. They named their village the City of the French; and, unfitted as they were for frontier-life, they worked with a will, if not with skill. Early accounts give a ludicrous picture of their attempts to clear the land. A number of them would assemble around some giant sycamore; part would pull at the branches with ropes; and part would hack at the trunk all around until the ground was covered with chips, and the tree gashed from top to bottom; a whole day would be spent in the task, and, when at last the tree fell, it generally carried with it some of its awkward executioners. To get rid of a fallen tree they would make a deep trench alongside, and, with many a shout, push it in and bury it out of sight—certainly a novel method of clearing land. Little is now left to show the French origin of Gallipolis save a few French names.

At the mouth of the Great Kanawha, on the Virginia side, is Point Pleasant. This stream is the principal river of West Virginia, rising in the mountains and winding through a picturesque country northward to the Ohio. Point Pleasant was the site of



CINCINNATI, VIEW FROM THE CARLISLE HOTEL.



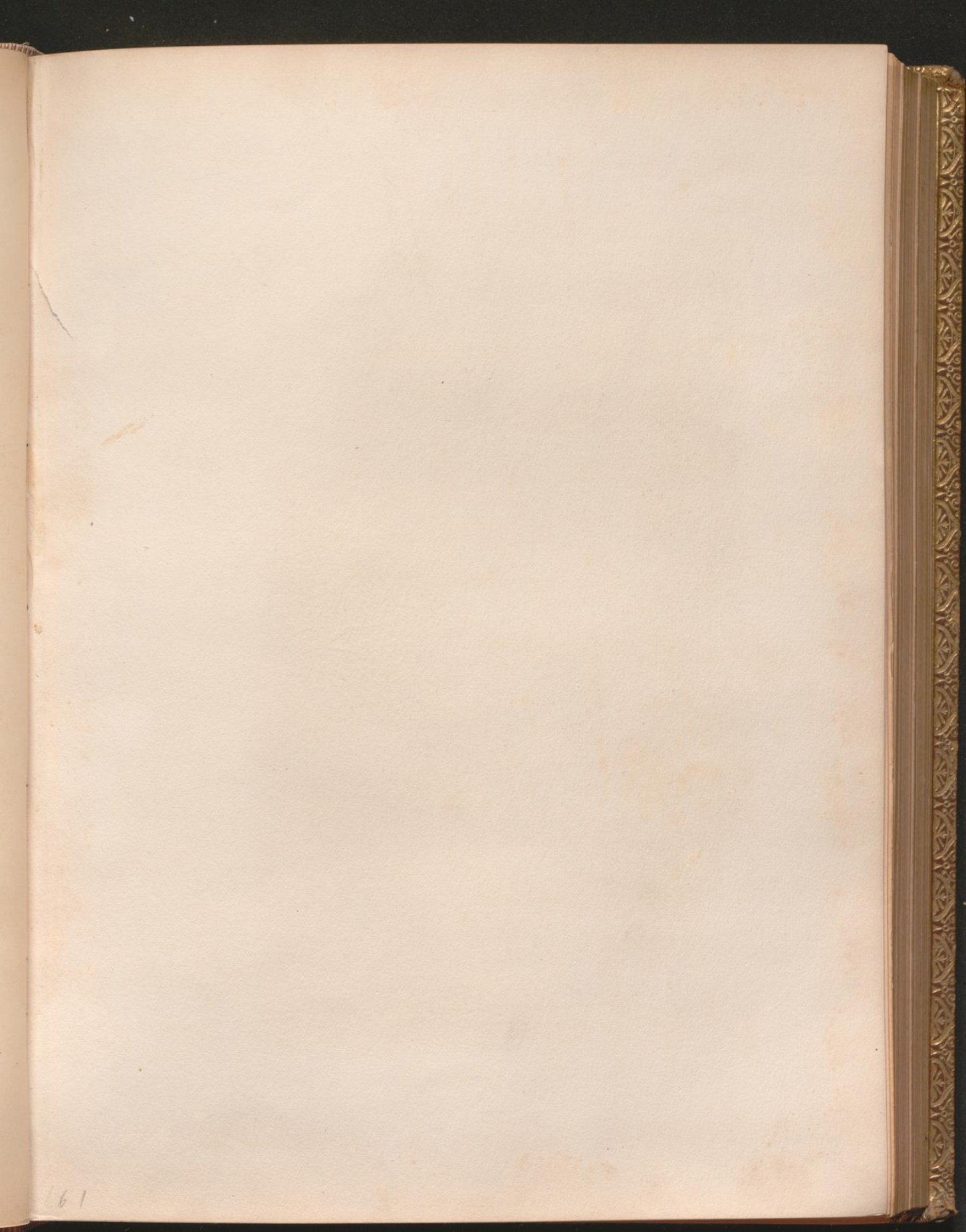
Fourth Street, Cincinnati.

the bloodiest Indian battle of the river-valley, when, in 1774, one thousand Americans were attacked by the flower of the Western tribes under the chieftain Cornstalk. The battle raged all day, but the Indians were finally

overpowered, and retreated to their towns on the Chillicothe plains.

Kentucky, which comes up to the Ohio at the mouth of the big Sandy River, is one of the most beautiful States in the country. It is wild without being rugged, luxuriant but not closely cultivated; once seen, its rolling meadows are never forgotten. It is like some beautiful wild creature which you cannot entirely tame, in spite of its gentleness.

Stretching back from the river are vast parks; there is no underbrush, few fences,



161



City of Cincinnati

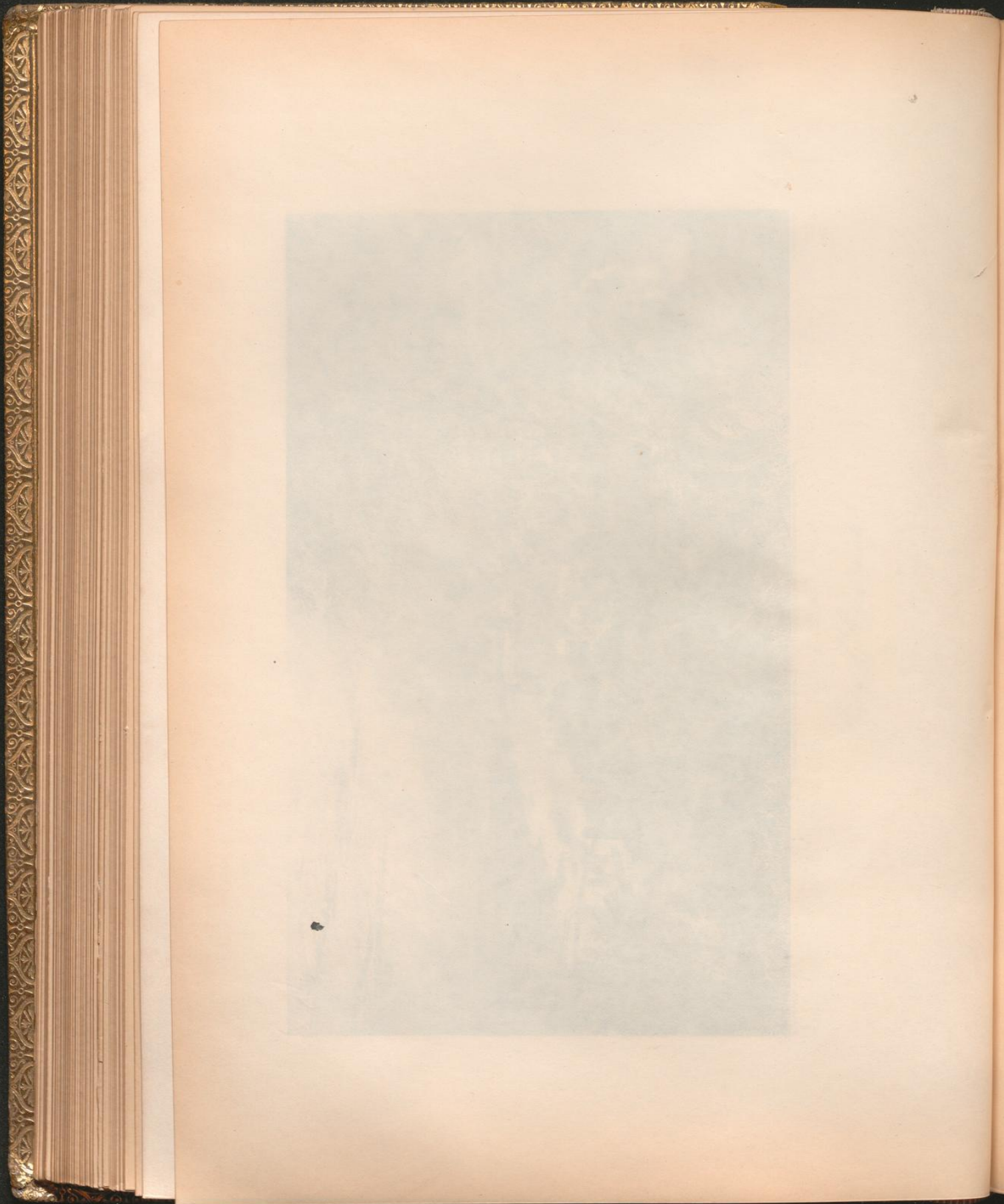
New York: D. Appleton & Co.

and the grass lands, the trees are majestic, each one by itself, and here and there stands
 a tall oak, as a star comes sweeping over a forested hill. It is the grazing country
 of America; the wealth of its people is in their flocks and herds, and there is a tradi-
 tion that they value their flocks better than all the wealth that has
 ever been accumulated. Some miles back from the river, the fertile Illi-
 nois County is called from the blue tinge of the grass when in blossom. The vil-
 lage embraces two counties, and is a point of interest when you lay out to ride
 through a park dotted with fields, single trees, and man and horse, a grave shadowing
 the rolling green turf. Until 1747 the Englishmen had not opened Kentucky, which

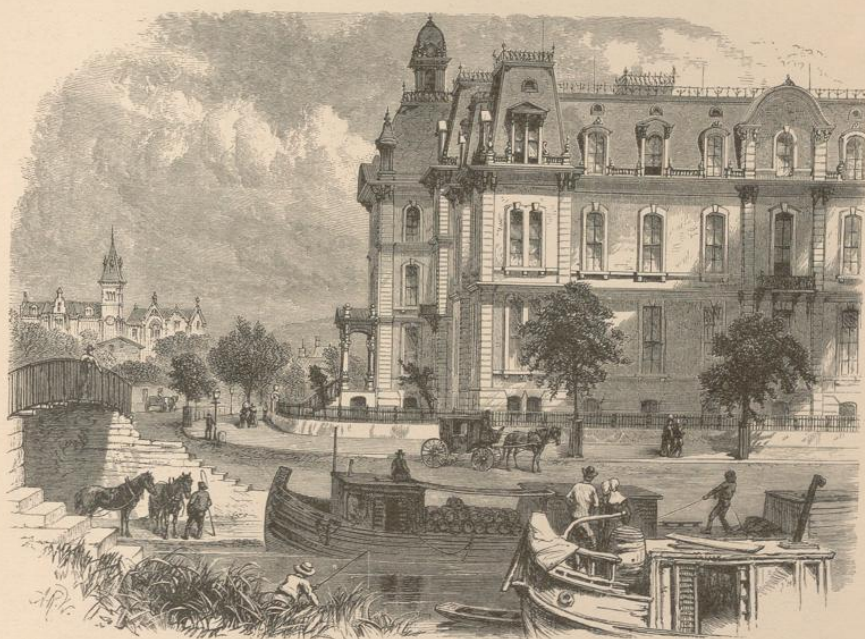


"THE BUNK"

was then the Indians' favorite hunting-ground; the immigration when it did com-
 mence came from Virginia and Maryland. Daniel Boone is the type of the Kentucky
 hunter. Leaving North Carolina in 1759, he came westward to examine the new hunt-
 ing-grounds; and, after three years of wandering, he returned to bring his family to the
 first home he had chosen. The country is full of legends of Boone and his name
 lives on rocks and mountains. The old man became restless under the growing civilization,
 and went to Missouri where he could hunt undisturbed. He died almost with gun
 in hand in 1820, at the age of eighty-nine. A prophet is not always without honor in
 his own country; the people of Kentucky brought back the body of the old hunter.



and few grain-fields; the trees are majestic, each one by itself, and here and there stands a bold hill, or a river comes sweeping over a limestone-bed. It is the grazing-country of America; the wealth of its people is in their flocks and herds; and there is a tradition that they love their horses better than their sweethearts (let us rescue that last sweet old word from misuse). Some miles back from the river lies the famous Blue-Grass Country, so called from the blue tinge of the grass when in blossom. This district embraces five counties, the loveliest in Kentucky, where you may ride for miles through a park dotted with herds, single trees, and here and there a grove shadowing the rolling, green turf. Until 1747 no Anglo-Saxon foot had touched Kentucky, whose



"The Rhine."

forests were the Indians' favorite hunting-ground; the immigration, when it did commence, came from Virginia and Maryland. Daniel Boone is the type of the Kentucky hunter. Leaving North Carolina in 1769, he came westward to examine the new hunting-fields, and, after three years of wandering, he returned to bring his family to the wild home he had chosen. The country is full of legends of Boone, and his name lingers on rocks and streams. The old man became restless under the growing civilization, and went to Missouri, where he could hunt undisturbed. He died, almost with gun in hand, in 1820, at the age of eighty-nine. A prophet is not always without honor in his own country: the people of Kentucky brought back the body of the old hunter,

and interred it on the banks of the river he loved in life—in Kain-tuck-ee, the "Land of the Cane."

Cincinnati, the Queen of the West, was first settled in 1778. It lies in Symmes's Purchase—land stretching between the Great and Little Miami, called in early descriptions the Miami Country. Judge Symmes's nephew and namesake was the author of the theory of "Concentric Spheres," a theory popularly rendered as "Symmes's Hole." He was buried on the Purchase, and his monument is surmounted by a globe, open, according to his theory, at the poles. Cincinnati—too generally pronounced *Cincinnati*—received its high-sounding name from General St. Clair, in honor of a military society to



View on the Rhine.

which he belonged. The general rescued the infant town from a worse fate, since it was then laboring under the title of Losantiville—*L*, the first letter of the river Licking, which flows into the Ohio, on the Kentucky side; *os*, the mouth; *anti*, opposite to; and *ville*, a city. The author of this conglomerate did not long survive.

Cincinnati was founded in romance. There were two other rival settlements on the river, and all three were striving for the possession of the United States fort. North Bend was selected, the work begun, when one of the settlers, observing that the bright eyes of his wife had attracted the attention of the commanding officer, moved to Cincinnati. But immediately Cincinnati was discovered to be the better site, and materials

and men were moved up the river without delay. North Bend was left to its fate, and Cincinnati, owing to the bright eyes, obtained an advantage over her rivals from that time, steadily progressing toward her present population, which, including her suburbs, is nearly four hundred thousand. The city proper is closely built in solid blocks, rising in several plateaus back from the river; it is surrounded by a circle of hills, through which



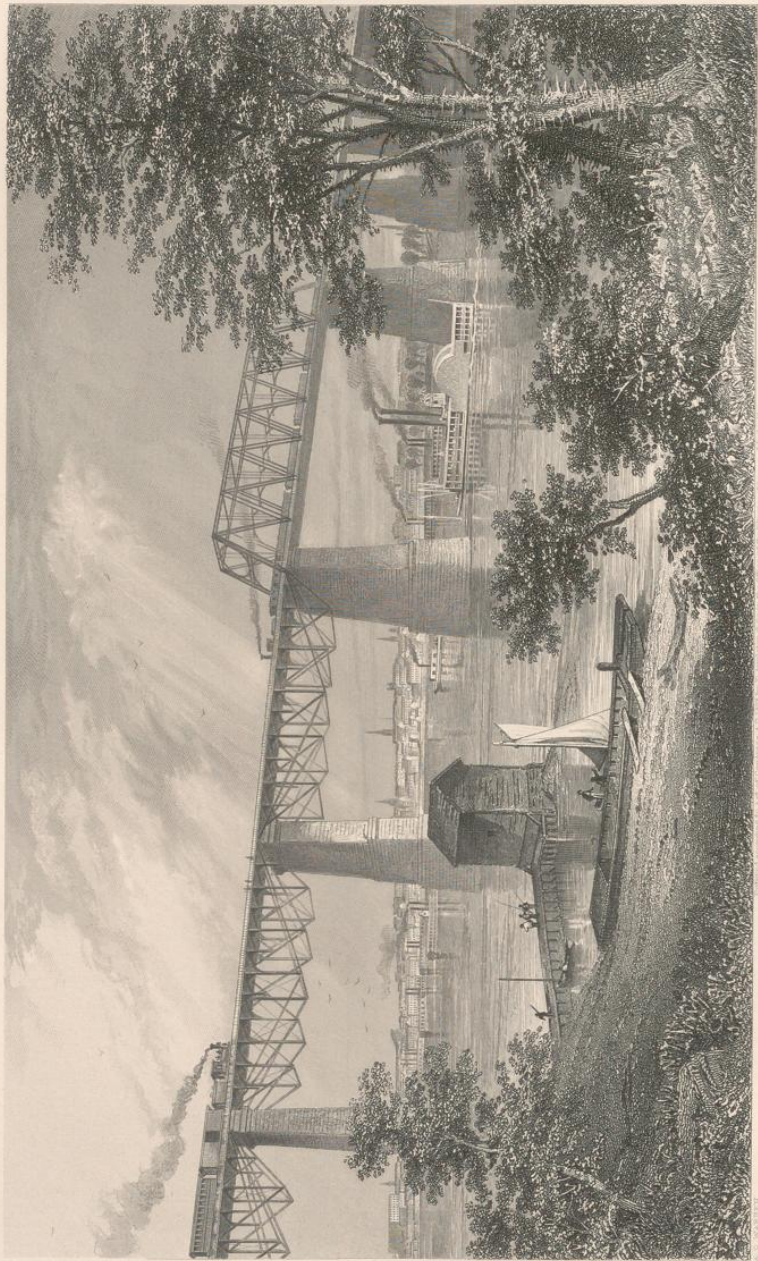
The Tyler-Davidson Fountain.

flow the Little Miami and Mill Creek. There are many fine buildings in Cincinnati; but the beauty of the city is in its suburbs, where, upon the Clifton Hills, are the most picturesque residences of the entire West—beautiful, castle-like mansions, with sweeping parks and a wide outlook over the valley. The people of Cincinnati do not live in their city; they attend to their business affairs there and retire out to the hills when work is over. They have an air of calm contentment and indifference to the rest of the



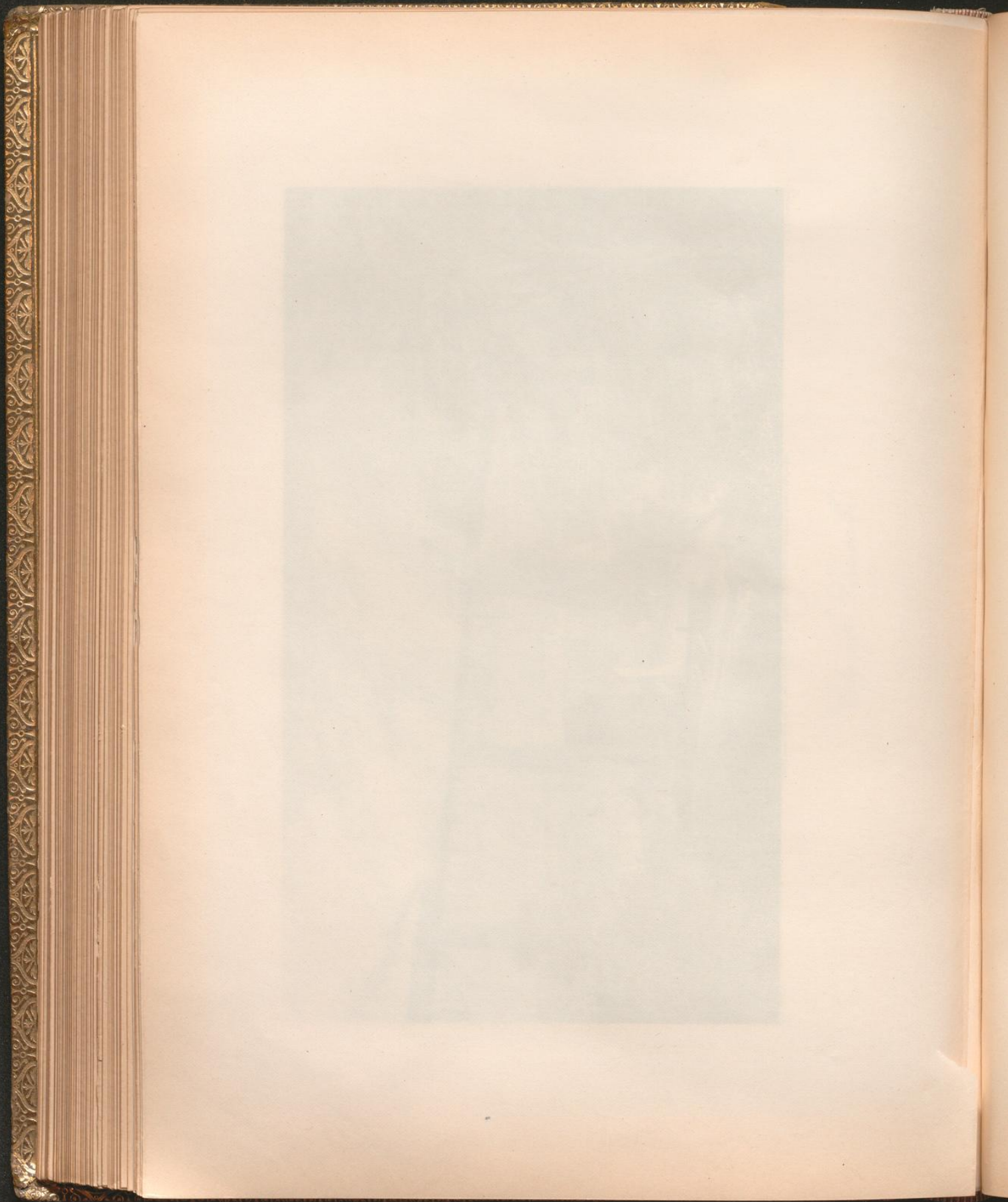
LOUISVILLE, FROM THE BLIND ASYLUM.

165



City of Louisville.

New York, D. Appleton & Co.



world; they know they are masters of the river. Pittsburg is lurid and busy; Louisville is fair and indolent; but Cincinnati is the queen. She has no specialty like Buffalo with her elevators, Louisville with her bourbon-warehouses, Cleveland with her oil-refineries, and Pittsburg with her iron-mills; or, rather, she has them all, and therefore any one is not noticeable. Within the city is one picturesque locality—the German quarter—known as “Over the Rhine,” the Miami Canal representing the Rhine. Here the German signs, the flaxen-haired children, the old women in kerchiefs knitting at the doors, the lager-beer, the window-gardens and climbing vines, the dense population, and, at evening, the street-music of all kinds, are at once foreign and southern. In the centre of the city is the Tyler-Davidson Fountain—one of the most beautiful fountains in the world. The figures are bronze, cast at Munich, Bavaria, at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars. The fountain is a memorial, presented to the city by one of its millionnaires, in memory of a relative. It bears the inscription, “To the People of Cincinnati;” and the people are constantly drinking from the four drinking-fountains at the corners, or looking up to the grand goddess above, who, from her beneficent, outstretched hands, seems to be sending rain down upon a thirsty land.

Below Cincinnati are the vineyards, stretching up the hills along the northern shore. Floating down the river in the spring and seeing the green ranks of the vines, one is moved to exclaim, “*This* is the most beautiful of all,” forgetting that the mountains of Virginia and the parks of Kentucky have already called forth the same words. The native Catawba wine of the West was first made in Cincinnati, and the juices of the vineyards of the Beautiful River have gained an honorable name among wines.

Bellevue, in Kentucky, and Patriot, in Indiana, are charming specimens of river-scenery, the latter showing the hill-side vineyards.

The navigation of the Ohio is obstructed by tow-heads and sand-bars, and by the remarkable changes in its depth, there being a variation of fifty feet between high and low water-mark. In the early days a broad river was the safest highway, as the forests on shore concealed a treacherous foe who coveted the goods of the immigrant; hence once over the mountains, families purchased a flat-boat and floated down-stream, hugging the Kentucky shore. These Kentucky flats were made of green oak-plank, fastened by wooden pins to a frame of timber, and calked with tow, and, upon reaching their destination, the immigrants used the material in building their cabins. As villages grew up larger craft were introduced, keel-boats and barges, the former employing ten hands, the latter fifty; both had a mast, a square-sail, and coils of cordage, known as *cordilles*, and when the wind was adverse they were propelled by long poles, the crew walking to and fro, bending over their toilsome track.

The boatmen of the Ohio were a hardy, merry race, poling their unwieldy craft slowly along, or gliding on under sail, sounding a bugle as they approached a village, and shouting out their compliments to the girls, who, attracted by the music, came down

to the shore to see them pass. They wore red handkerchiefs on their heads, turban-fashion, and talked in a jargon of their own, half French, half Indian; a violin formed part of their equipment; and at night, drawn up at some village, they danced on the



Jeffersonville, Indiana.

flat tops of their boats—the original minstrels. In this way, as the old song has it, "They glided down the river, the O-hi-o." At the present day these flats, or arks, are still seen, propelled with great sweeps instead of poles. They keep out of the steamboat channel, and lead a vagabond life, trading at the settlements where the steamers do not stop. They are seen drawn up in the shallows, all hands smoking or lying half asleep, as if there was no such thing as work in the world. A canal-boat is a high-toned, industrious boat compared with one of these arks; for a canal-boat is bound somewhere, and goes on time, although it may be slow time, while the ark is bound nowhere in



New Albany, Indiana.

particular, and is as likely as not to take a whole summer for one trip down the river. The majority of the Ohio-River craft are tow-boats, black, puffing monsters, mere grimy shells to cover a powerful engine. If tow means to pull, then the name of tow-boat is

a misnomer; for these boats never pull, but always push. Their tows go in front, two or three abreast, heavy, open flat-boats, filled with coal or rafts of timber, and behind comes the steamer pushing them slowly along, her great stern-wheel churning up the water behind, and her smoke-stacks belching forth black streams. Negroes do most of the work on the river, and enliven toil with their antics. A night-landing is picturesque; an iron basket, filled with flaming pine-knots, is hung out on the end of a pole, and then, down over the plank stream the negro hands, jerking themselves along with song and joke, carrying heavy freight with a kind of uncouth, dancing step, and stopping to laugh with a freedom that would astonish the crew of a lake-propeller accustomed to do the same work in half the time under the sharp eye of a laconic mate.

Jeffersonville, Indiana, is a thriving town nearly opposite Louisville. Here is the only fall in the Ohio River—a descent of twenty-three feet in two miles, a very mild cataract, hardly more than a rapid. Such as it is, however, it obstructs navigation at low stages of water, and a canal has been cut around it through the solid rock. New Albany, Indiana, a few miles below, is an important and handsomely-situated town.

Louisville—pronounced *Louyville* at the North, but *Louisville*, with the *s* carefully sounded, by the citizens themselves—is a large, bright city, the pride of Kentucky. It was first settled by Virginians in 1773, and remained for some time under the protection of the mother-State; even now, to have been born in Virginia is a Louisville patent of nobility. The city is built on a sloping plane seventy feet above low-water mark, with broad streets lined with stately stone warehouses on and near the river, and beautiful residences farther back. Louisville has a more Southern aspect than Pittsburg and Cincinnati. Here you meet great wains piled with cotton-bales; the windows are shaded with awnings; and the residences swarm with servants—turbaned negro cooks, who are artists in their line; waiting-maids with the stately manners of their old mistresses; and innumerable children—eight or ten pairs of hands to do the work for one family.

In the Court-House is a life-like statue of Henry Clay, a man whose memory Kentucky delights to honor. His grave is at Lexington—the most stately tomb in the West, if not in all America. At Louisville, also, begin the double graves of the late war. The beautiful cemetery contains two plats where the dead armies lie—Confederate soldiers on one side, Union soldiers on the other. The little wooden head-boards tell sad stories: “Aged twenty-two;” “aged twenty-three.” Often there are whole rows who died on the same day, the wounded of some Southwestern battle, who came as far as Louisville in the crowded freight-cars, and died there in the hospital. While the fathers and mothers, while the widows of the dead soldiers live, there will continue to be two Decoration Days. But the next generation will lay its wreaths upon all the graves alike, and gradually the day will grow into a holy memory of all the dead, citizen and soldier, as Time sends the story of the war back into the annals of the past.