

RAFTING ON THE ALLEGHANY AND OHIO, 1844.

BY FRANCES BAXTER.

INTRODUCTION.

My great-grandfather, John Baxter, was a Revolutionary soldier—some years after the close of the Revolution—1786—he married Dorcas Whitlock, which accounts for the prevalence of the name among their descendants. He removed from North Salem, Westchester Co., N. Y., in 1804. He had in all a family of two sons and seven daughters, all of whom married. He went first to Milton, Saratoga Co., N. Y., thence in 1809, to Broadalbin, Montgomery Co., N. Y., a town on the northern verge of the Mohawk valley; and among the foot-hills of the Adirondacks. Dense forests covered the country and but few settlements had been made there, but they soon had plenty of company, there was a general movement from the congested centres of the Eastern states on to Western New York, to seek new homes in what was then the West. Our people had lived for about one hundred and thirty years in Westchester County at that time, and before that two generations of the family had lived in New York City—then New Amsterdam, early settlers among the Dutch. So they were old New York settlers.

In 1814, my grandfather—John Whitlock Baxter—married Mary McQueen of Mayfield. He was raised a farmer, but early took up the business of lumbering, and in later years built sawmills—a mill wright. In 1820, the whole family removed to Friendship, a settlement in the southern part of the state. My grandfather's occupation of millwright, occasioned frequent changes of abode, but the latter years of his life were spent in the village of Friendship. He owned considerable land in the vicinity and manufactured the lumber on it himself, with the aid of his sons—he had six sons and five daughters—Henry Baxter, my father—and the author of this Diary, was the eldest, and in the spring of 1844 was entrusted with the undertaking of running his father's lumber down the river along with other rafts, and selling it wherever he could find a market for it.

Henry Whitlock Baxter, his father's younger brother, had removed some years earlier to what was then the southwest, and now lived in Patriot, Ind., known as Major Baxter.

His eldest son, Jonathan Whitlock Baxter, was married and lived at Warsaw, Ky., he was in 1844, the Editor of the Warsaw "Herald" and was also a surgeon dentist. There were also some younger Baxters living at home, children of a second marriage of Major Baxter.

Memorandum, 1844.

Friendship, Allegheny Co. N. Y.

Tuesday, April 9, 1844. After anxiously waiting for nearly a month, the freshet has at length come that is to get me to market, and after spending the greater part of the day in going to Cuba, buying cable, sending to Olean for which I had to pay Sweetly; I am at three o'clock Post Meridian, ready to take a final start for Olean on foot with my valise under my arm, and a hot sun upon my back. At about eight in the evening, I fared into Hinsdale and found Zeb Sortore there with his hands; but his lumber as well as mine had gone out, it having been first-rate weather for running, so that the Creek is cleared.

Expenses. Cable \$8.44. Transportation 2/— Lodging 6/ Total \$8.75

Wednesday, April 10. Having taken a good night's rest at McKees', I felt more like work, and pulled on for Olean with more energy, where I arrived just as the raftsmen were ready for breakfast, and after partaking of that meal, we as a body of raftsmen assiduously set ourselves about dropping out of the Creek and coupling up, and after helping Rutter & Spencer off the bar below Martin's dam we kept at our previous business until night, when we went over to the old Forbes millhouse and stayed with J. C. Danforths' brother-in-law.

Mem. Paid Everts \$200.

Thursday, April 11. We got to work again in good time, and found the river on the fall. When a raft is all ready to start, it takes a great while to get ready. So today, when we got coupled, we had to build a shantee, get the family on board, distribute the pilots to the five fleets and assign them their hands. We have four fleets of 36 platforms each, and one of eight platforms, the small fleet is to be run by John Jamieson as

pilot and Roe Griffin as forward hand, the others are to be commanded by Marvin Thrall, Wm. B. Shepherd, Charles Beisecker and Dutch Pipher. I go with Shepherd. At about noon we were all ready and pulled out and landed at Hill Buck without accident, although we had a pretty close pull at Plum Orchard and Horse Shoe. When all together we are an army. Here are 45 men and all to lie down to sleep in a small shantee about nine by 24 feet with a woman and her children (the cook) not to speak of the cookstove and other rubbish occupying part of the room.

April 12, Friday. After being nearly suffocated, and being so crowded as to burst the base boards off the shantee, daylight at length came and found us all alive and ready for business, but to our dismay the whole stock of provisions on board was not more than enough to breakfast half the men, and as some ate to fullness, there were others who did not get enough, but we started—some, and myself among the number without anything eaten or to eat, and we ran to Rock Eddy—(now Great Bend) without anything except part of a loaf of bread that I bought at Corydon. At Rock Eddy we were little better off, for there were no people living about there except at Hooks' Mill across the river, and we bought all we could of them, and went without for the rest. Everts here settled with the Warren hands, and they left us with their best wishes for our success. Did a little towards coupling for the lower trade, and some boats went to Warren for provisions. Mem. Paid Everts \$20.19.

April 13, Saturday. Willoughby and myself went over to Hooks' mill and rested quite comfortably, although hungry, and when we came back this morning, found Mrs. Ritchie (the cook) getting breakfast, and some provision on the raft, but the men had all left to pry off a raft that old man Pipher landed about half a mile below. Had what we thought to be a good break-

fast, although the bread was not fit for the hogs to eat, yet we ate it and called it good.

We were then in good condition to finish coupling, while we were doing it we sent Everts and Flint to Warren to lay in provisions for the cruise. The fleet that I am to go on, we dropped into Shipmans' Eddy and the other is coupled at the Rock. At eleven o'clock as Col. Cutbrush passed, we hauled out also, with Dan McMullen as pilot. We were not more than half men, having been weakened by going without food, and then eating so much of unsuitable food. But however, we are started and that answers. At Warren, as Everts had put the greater part of the provisions on Thralls raft, he now came on board ours and brought us enough for one day, on which we commenced operations immediately. At about sun an hour high we passed the other raft which was landing for the night, so as to pass McGills shute on as much water as possible. Had a pretty strong pull at Tidioute, which we safely run about sundown.

April 14, Sunday. Well, we did run all night. Passed through McGills Shute at about nine o'clock. We were all too strong for it, for we threw the raft on the left island and then on the right, so that she growled pretty sharp. As soon as it was dark we saw fire in the thin woods far ahead on the hill, in a line about two or three miles long; we did not lose sight of it until nearly midnight. I do not like the idea of running nights, for one cannot see the river or country. Sometimes as we were on the forward end of the raft, it would seem as though the back end was swinging entirely into a high hill that we could see rising abruptly from the river apparently within a rod of us; But our pilot knew the river and we hit nothing until we tried to land, and then we "come it," at Oil Creek Eddy just at daybreak, and for myself I felt like lying down and dying on the spot. When we were

fairly on land we went up to a house that stood on the bank, and when inside, we found that although it was a public house kept for the accommodation of travellers, we could neither warm ourselves nor get anything to eat, their only accommodation being a bottle of whiskey, which we all took great care not to touch. After a few minutes we were admitted into another room, where there was a good fire, and immediately before it sat our *good* landlady most gloriously drunk, and she swore by G—d that she would not give up her place for a miserable lot of raftsmen. We could not stand this long: Everts knew of a house about half a mile off where he had once been well treated, and accordingly he proposed going there, when a general rush was made to that place, where the boys said they had a good breakfast, but for myself, I was too much out of tune to walk there, and after much ado, got myself on the raft and found some straw the boys had lain on the night before last, and I quickly occupied it and slept. But my sleep was not refreshing,—some monstrous dream plagued me continually.—I heard the men come on the raft to pull out and drive off some fowls that were eating the remains of our yesterdays lunch, in doing which some hard words passed between our men and those on shore; but soon again I was lost in my miserable sleep. After a while Dan McMullen came along and bellowed out “Get up here, you dead man,” so I turned out and found myself miserably oppressed, bones all sore as a boil, and had hardly strength to walk forward. But forward I went, and tried to eat something, but could not much. After a time I became aware that I was attacked by a violent indigestion. Lying down and sitting up, I spent the day but was not much help as a raftsmen. At night we tried to land half a mile above Emlenton, but could not for want of strength, we however, effected a landing a mile or so below, and about half a mile from our

landing, found a little old shantee that did not promise much, if outward appearances were to be judged; but, no; we had first rate accommodations by a motherly old lady and two not very sweet girls, as good a supper as hungry men need eat, but I could not taste it, although I thought before trying, I could eat the whole, yet the rest of the company ate to satisfaction.

William Sortore was here when we came; he thought I could make myself well by taking a lot of whiskey and eggs, but I declined. I had nearly forgotten to say that in the forepart of the night last past, we met the steamer Warren on her second trip up to Warren. At Franklin we saw another, the Forest, which passed us in a little time afterwards. Franklin is a fine looking place from the river. It has an excellent bridge across the river and appears to have first rate water privilege at the mouth of French Creek, which is a fine stream, and I should think navigable.

April 15, Monday. This morning felt so much better that I actually sat down and ate a biscuit and drank a cup of coffee, but yet I am not well, yet I helped to pull out and get on quite smartly. I have lain down so much of the day, that I am not able to tell anything about the shape of the river, anymore than to note its beautiful appearance as it meanders among the hills and woods, which are beginning to show their leaves quite a good deal. But as forward as the Spring appears to be, we saw a number of prodigious great piles of ice, and we sent the skiff and took in a supply to cool our warm river water, which is so warm that the boys swam in it, both yesterday and today. We are beginning to find coal and salt in abundance, also a good deal of flatboating with horses and otherwise. Today we have seen the Alleghany Belle and another stern wheeler boat. Landed just at dusk at a tavern opposite Kittanning. This is an old town settled by the French at the same time as Franklin, but unlike Frank-

lin retains its old appearance. Kittanning is rich and is well located, but it is not the place for me, especially at evening twilight of a cloudy day. Had a great supper again, and here some of the boys found a new thing under the sun in the shape of Waffles: of which I made out to eat a small piece together with an egg and a bit of most delicious ham. I am decidedly better but not well yet. Here there is a coal hole and a salt house, but closed for the present.

April 16, Tuesday. As I said before I am not well yet but better. I helped to eat breakfast this morning, and the boys said that just what I could do helped a good deal, especially in pulling out and helping to keep the raft straight. The country appears to be growing better, but better country does not make tidy women nor good bread makers, for they have no other than sour miserable stuff for which they ask a great price of any one who wants it. Found Freeport just where it is put down on the maps, only it is on the right side of the river and I had supposed it to be on the left. At the aqueduct we got ducked a little, and found a man stealing boards from a raft, that was lying edgewise against a pier. Freeport really looks like business; today we saw quite a number of canal boats passing and some few steam boats also. The degree of civilization seems gradually to change for the better as we go downward, and the people appear to have better buildings, and their farms better improved. On the left we began to discover rather antiquated but grand looking buildings enshrouded in the foliage of the surrounding shrubbery, and still they appeared thicker and thicker. We landed at dusk about four miles above town, and footed it down on the tow path to Head and Stouts' "Raftsmens' Home," and amid a perfect jam of men obtained a pretty good supper, and lodging on the floor.

April 17, Wednesday. Although my lodging was on

the floor, yet I arose refreshed and felt myself better. After breakfast I began to look about and find the city. From where we landed last night, the population gradually thickens until we come to Bayardtown on the left, which has lately been included within the limits of the City Corporation, and is from appearances as closely built up any part of the City. To have counsel and experienced counsel too with me in my survey, Dan Lawrence went with me. But when arrived upon the ground, he knew nothing about it. So I took such things in my way as first came to me. We passed down through Alleghany City to the Old Bridge or next to lowermost one, and there crossed over, for doing which we had to pay the penalty of two cents each. Fine covered wooden bridge, do not remember the number of arches. Double roadway within and sidewalks without the inclosures. We strolled up the Alleghany after crossing the bridge to the ironworks.

Here lies the great business of Pittsburgh, and this is what has gained it the name of "The Iron City;" here the iron is brought from the mines in pigs, and worked into every species of wrought, rolled, and cast or molton work. In the larger rolling works, the first process is to break the pigs into pieces of about six inches in length, and weigh off what they call a "heat." This is put into a brick furnace and melted down. It is drawn off into a sort of pit, two feet wide, and eight or ten feet long, and divided at intervals of about two feet by a partition of sand. When the interval next the furnace is about two or three inches deep with the fluid iron, a small breach is made in the sand partition and the next interval filled to a like depth, and so on until the whole are filled, or the batch is out. They then fill the furnace again and proceed to throw water upon that they have drawn off, until it is cool enough to be solid when it is taken out and thrown into a pool of running water, which makes it very hard.

When cool, it is taken out and broken up into pieces of about eight or ten pounds each and piled away, which ends the first process. I suppose the object of this to be, to refine it, or rid it of the dross which pervades the crude pig iron. But while you are looking at the men, who work the furnace, you will occasionally see a man begin to pile the broken metal on a pair of scales, which you may not have observed before, and after piling on about three hundred pounds, you will see him load it into a wheelbarrow. To learn the rest we must follow him and be very sure to observe no one but him. He leads us on through the clattering of Iron wheels and rollers, the hissing of steam, and the general confusion of such a great work shop. He dumps his cart before another furnace different from the others, by being an air furnace instead of a blast, and being elevated above the ground; after getting a few barrow loads and a quantity of coal together here, a man opens the furnace, throws in the iron in order and closes the door, beside this is another door which he now opens, and fills a large space with coal, closes the door and raise the draft which is a cap over the top of his chimney. The fire after a time rolls over the iron prodigiously. So much so that the white flame ascends far above the top of the chimney, which is about sixty feet high. There is a hole in the furnace door where the iron is, about two inches in diameter, and one may now see that the iron begins to melt. Meanwhile the fire is kept up well and seems rather to increase than otherwise, and through the hole in the furnace door a man now inserts an iron poker and begins to stir up the fluid. It is soon melted down (the iron, not the poker), but still the fire is roused and still the man stirs the metal. This is kept up for a long time, until finally the man with the poker appears to be encountering pieces of metal that are not melted, and he turns and rolls them over and over, you can now see that amid the boiling metal there actu-

ally does lie large, glowing, rough, globular substances of a spongy appearance, a foot in diameter, and pretty soon he rolls one out, another man advances with a huge pair of tongs, lays hold of it, and draws it to the great forge hammer, and here a giant lays hold of it, and hammers it with this big tilt hammer, until it becomes an immense bar of wrought iron about three feet long and four inches or more in diameter. Near the hammer is a large pair of shears. A man at each end of the bar places it under the shears and it is severed in two, these are piled away and called blooms, and this ends the second process. But it is a great sight to observe the massive iron hammers rise and fall so briskly, to see the fire fly in every direction against iron posts, and among men, boys, machinery and everything else, but no one even winks. Of these bloom furnaces there are about half a dozen in a foundry.

These blooms are now, after being cooled, placed in another air furnace and heated to a great intensity, when it is taken out and passed through a pair of first class rollers, or if hot enough through a second class also, but generally the first class alone, in which process it is reduced to a bar about four inches wide and one inch thick. These rollers revolve about twice in a second and are grooved to the pattern of the required bar finally from near the pattern of the bloom. Drawn off again and cooled. After this the bars are cut with shears to the proper lengths for rolling into the different kinds of iron required. Some for sheet iron for instance, the length is the width of a sheet of iron, and transferred to still another air furnace, where it is heated and passed through a pair of smooth rollers, which are screwed nearer and nearer together every time it is passed through, until thin enough. And just so of boiler iron. In making the smaller bars of iron they use three rollers one above the other in order, and

in such a case the bars are passed back and forth until of the proper size.

For pretty much every kind of iron that is made, there is a separate air furnace for heating the iron to be rolled. Thus there is a long string of rollers of perhaps two hundred feet, and on each side of these is a tier of air furnace in full fire, these are all together with the tilt hammers carried by a steam engine. The men who work in these foundries are two hours on and two off, so that it takes two sets of hands to run the works half the time. In another room are ranged in a row about forty nail machines. These are ranged in two rows along a line shaft or drum from which they receive their motive power. All nails are cut hot except shingle nails, for which they have a number of deep air furnaces.

This is a noisy shop. To some of the foundries is appended a boiler factory, and to this one is appended an iron shipyard in which they have in progress a U.S.N. iron war steamer, and here is business done, and machinery for every thing imaginable. Such as drilling, heading, rivets or in fact, almost anything that requires labor. This iron ship is up to the deck, the boilers are down and placed, and the bars are up on which to rivet the deck. They are now at work on the bulwarks, and in a shop near by they are making the engines.

There are in and about Pittsburgh, about six of these Iron Foundries, in which they do a great business and from which the City has well earned its name of the "Iron City."

From these scenes of industry we went over the city to the canal, where is another business place in loading and unloading canal boats, and the rattling of drays over the pavement. We next went to another place of confusion, the steamboat landing on the Monongahela river. Every boat that comes here discharges its

freight, for this is the upper end of trade. There are a great many steamboats here today, loading and unloading, arriving and departing. From the landing we passed through Wood street and Market street alternately until we came to the market where was another jam so dense it was almost impossible to crowd along. In the course of the day I found the office of the "Pittsburgh American" and bought one. I still wandered about Kays' Book Store and bought "Tom Burke of Ours." Next I found the "Pittsburgh Aurora" office and bought one. Next found the Post Office on Third Street between Wood and Market. Mailed papers and got shaved. This is a great place for people to mind their own business, and it seems as though every one was intent upon it. After tiring myself out I returned to Heads' for supper. After supper, Bill was for going to the theatre, although the performance must have begun when we sat down to the table. Yet we went and found the theatre by the help of a guide, and also the ticket office and in the fuss of finding the gallery stairs the boys coaxed Willoughbys and Chapmans' tickets from them and they had to buy more, before they could get in. The youngsters here are too hard upon the raftsmen. But we all finally got into the gallery and seated. Some play was going on, but we did not know what, which was soon over. They have a pretty good theatre here and quite a good band of music, but they appear to be hard up for performers. After the performance we without difficulty found our way home. Pittsburgh, although a dreary looking place in the daytime from the dense smoke that pervades every part of it and blackens its edifices, yet in the night the smoke is suffered to blow off and as the blackened appearance is not discernable by lamplight, it makes a genteel appearance. Immediately as you enter the Main Street of Bayardstown, you are greeted by a most beautiful street with some shade trees at

short intervals, illuminated by two rows of the most brilliant of gas lamps, and extending until they are lost in themselves as it were. When we arrive at other streets, we find that every one of consequence is lighted in the same manner; making it altogether more agreeable to travel about in the night than in the day-time.—A man by the name of Wood died at Stouts' this night by dropping down without a struggle.

April 18, Thursday. Well and hearty as a buck. Helped about transferring shingles from one raft to another, and about coupling the proper pieces together. My lumber and Deedrick's has been dropped below Mairs' Island, and the other fleet is landed where we landed ours on our first arrival in town, at the four mile ferry. Finally as Deedrick and Flint were going over to the City I concluded to go also and we crossed over.—Went over pretty much the same ground as yesterday, except that we now called at several lumber yards on our way down. I could readily get six and twelve here and I am almost of the opinion that I had better take it. Went to the theatre again to-night, and paid Everts \$119, other expenses \$1.25.

April 19, Friday. Took breakfast and did ample justice to it too, after which all but Willoughby and Everts started up the river for the raft, and without farther ceremony pulled out and across the river so far as to escape the dam at the head of Mairs' Island, and as we passed the lower landing, Everts and Willoughby were ready to couple my fleet to the other and we were fast before we came to the upper bridge. On the bridge was Dan McMullen, our upper Pilot who waved us a good-bye as we went under the aqueduct, and the other bridges without further accident. The Ohio, after getting fairly into it, appears no larger than the Allegheny before its junction with the Monongahela. Yet it is a noble river as it meanders among the green hills and islands, with its smooth and placid

current. They tell me that it is very low, and that we shall have to avoid many of the higher bars, and that it will necessarily take us a great while to get to Cincinnati; yet we shall go on as sure as we have a good low water pilot and plenty of hands. The trees are now fully leaved out, although it is but the nineteenth of April; yet I suppose the season to be as forward at home, as here for the buds had already started when I left. The first town we passed was called Middleton, a little old keelboat town on the left bank, at the foot of Brunots' Island. In the days of keelboating it was quite a noted place, but since steam boating has superseded keel Middleton has lost ground, and is now of not much importance. In passing Dead Mans' Island found Zeb Sortore lying in at the left and aground. The main channel is at the right, although when we first came in sight of it there is apparently no outlet at the right, and there appears a fair channel at the left.

Economy is the next town we come to which is on the right. The town is on a high bluff, altogether above high water. It is the seat of an association of religionists who call themselves Harmonites. The town appears to be well built of brick and has various manufactures, and attached to it is an extensive domain of first rate bottom land and some upland.

At White riffle the water was so low that a steamboat had grounded although almost in the channel, and in trying to rescue her, two other boats were grounded while we were in sight.

The next town is Freedom, another colony of Harmonites or dissenters from them. This is beautifully situated on a side hill of gentle descent and although a new place, and destitute of the shrubbery with which Economy is adorned; from the river presents a more beautiful and business like appearance. Just before sundown we passed Beaver;—Beaver Creek and the

Pennsylvania & Ohio Canal come to a junction with the river here, and here—since the building of the Canal a new village has sprung up which has a fine business appearance but the former Beaver Town is about a mile further down and back from the river on a high gravel plain, not in view from the river. This was a town of note at an earlier day in keel boating, but of no prominence now.

Soon after sundown we landed on the left bank about a half mile below Little Coon Creek, on a fine gravel beach in almost dead water. The pilot was averse to landing, but the hands think they must rest nights.

April 20, Saturday. At four o'clock this morning we were again floating down stream. At Mill Creek Island the State line crosses the river. Passed Georgetown, it consists of a few houses of small size scattered about over five or six acres of land, yet it has a fine situation on the Virginia side. A little below on a bluff point on the right is Fawcettstown, which shows some business. After noon passed Wellsville: this is a beautiful brick built town on the Ohio side situated close on the brink of a high bluff. Here is where the Cincinnati raftmen land and take stage for Cleveland. This is fifty miles below Pittsburgh. Just as night had closed in we passed Steubenville; as it was pretty dark and we were well over the river, I could not say much about the appearance of the place, but from the distance the lights occupied along the river in close proximity, and the apparent stir and noise, I judge it to be a great business place. This night a week ago we ran all night on the Alleghany, and now we are to run again, but not as then, now we are half in bed and the rest on duty. It is best running nights, for the reason that throughout the day we almost always have wind and the nights are calm.

April 21, Sunday. I arose at midnight without having slept, and took my station on duty. Although it

is less work to navigate a raft in the night than in the daytime, yet it is not as agreeable, although at the same time it is cooler. There was nothing to be seen. We passed Wellsburg in Virginia in the night and could not see a house or even a light and yet it is quite a large place and has a bank. Also we passed Warren, the celebrated egg depot when it was all hushed in the arms of sleep. Just at daybreak we came in sight of Wheeling. In the middle of what the pilot thought to be the channel lay a steamboat aground but when we came alongside of her he found her on the right, but near where she should be. We had a pretty hard pull to keep from running against her, but we finally cleared her handsomely. Wheeling is quite a fine city, and does a great amount of business in steamboating and manufacturing, and here the National Road crosses the Ohio river, which when finished leads from Washington to St. Louis. Wheeling is almost as much blackened with smoke as Pittsburgh. Before noon we came to Elizabethtown (now Moundsville), the county seat of Marshal Co. Va. This is a pleasant town between Little and Big Grave Creeks. Neatly built of brick with good County buildings.

Everts and myself took a skiff and went on shore for the purpose of examining the mound. This is situated almost in the midst of the town, and is about sixty feet high, and for the convenience of visitors is surmounted by a round tower. It is composed altogether of earth which must have been carted a distance of half a mile, where there is a pit of like capacity in the level plain. Within the mound they have excavated a shaft from top to bottom as also from the center at bottom to the outside, but these are locked up, and we had not time to hunt up the woman who has the key, but they tell us that there are abundance of human bones and skeletons of prodigious size, besides implements of war in the shaft, where they were found, and are now exhibited

to visitors. Upon the mound is an oak of at least five hundred years growth, which has been upturned since the surrounding country was cleared up. We could do no more than take a view of the country from the top of the tower, rudely inscribe our names upon it, with ten hundred others, and then run after the raft as fast as we could, at the same time promising ourselves that upon our return we would examine more thoroughly into the hidden secrets of a race of men now extinct. After our race at overtaking the raft we reposed ourselves a little out of the hot sun, which seemed to pour down upon us without mercy; but soon had to stand to our posts again on account of the wind blowing across the river.

Captina is another little old town of keelboat fame, eight miles down the river below Elizabethtown, that is of not much importance now; Clarington is a new village on the Ohio side below. We are to run again tonight and I must take my rest preparatory to rising at midnight.

April 22, Monday. In the night passed through what is called the "Long Reach;" a distance of sixteen miles that is perfectly straight, but as it was very dark we could not make much at viewing it, although we could distinguish the long ranges of hills in straight lines on each side, which next to us would appear less and less in height until in the distance they would be wholly lost to view. About ten o'clock in the forenoon we came to a very handsome village on the Ohio side by the name of New Port. Here Willoughby and I went on shore, and called at a fine brick store, which appeared well filled with goods. Eggs sold at four cents per dozen; about half a mile below town we found corn eight inches high. Just about sundown we passed Marietta; this place looks the best from the river of any I have seen since leaving Pittsburgh. Here the Big Muskingum

pours its waters into the Ohio. Marietta has a very good market house.

April 23, Tuesday. Passed Parkersburgh in the forepart of the night while I was asleep. Sun an hour high passed Hockhocking; at the head of Long Bottoms had to lay by for wind. Here, to while away the time we went down the bottoms of Old Man Buffingtons' to get a taste of his apples and cider of which he raises an Abundance. Some of his cider would make ones' head snap provided he drank much of it, but it tastes really good. The old man is as rich as need be in land and cash, but he has not a barn on his thousand acres, or a house that is fit for the cattle to stable in.

April 24, Wednesday. At one o'clock this morning we started from the head of Long Bottoms, and kept on our way until noon, when we were obliged to lay by on account of the wind. Here we nearly all went to a school house on the bank of the river and had a fine time at sleeping, although so warm as to make it very uncomfortable notwithstanding the wind. This place is called Lebanon; and in the school house we found a Temperance Pledge with about a hundred names attached to which we put ours, one and all.

April 25, Thursday. We had a fine resting spell from yesterday noon until daybreak this morning, although we might have pulled out at evening for the wind went down, yet the pilot was averse to starting on account of the difficulty of running Letarts' Islands, but at daybreak we made a start, and by daylight ran the intricate channel of Letarts' without difficult. Before we got to the falls we had a prodigious wind again, yet we made up our minds to stand it as long as we could, and after passing the falls made a turn in the river that left us behind a hill which broke the wind, and we were in a comparative calm. Letarts' Falls are nothing more than a slight rift where the water falls perhaps a foot.

At Grahams' Station, Chapman and I went on shore and found another pretty village, although somewhat out of repairs. Here we got a Philadelphia Dollar newspaper and an Ohio Statesman. This gave us a fine recreation in reading the news. Passed Pomeroy, the County seat of Meigs Co. Ohio, just before night. One would hardly suppose that there was room for a Court House between the Mountain and the river, and in fact they have none. What there is of town about it lies along a narrow defile of about six rods width, with a street through the middle; in the rear are high, precipitous ledges of rocks and in front, the river.

April 26, Friday. About ten o'clock all hands were called on deck to help land. It had been very warm through the latter part of the day, and now the lightning flashed in one continued blaze: and it was the fear of a storm that determined the pilot to land. We, however, started again at daybreak without having but a very slight shower, although it had looked so very threatening. This morning about sunrise, we passed Point Pleasant at the mouth of the Great Kanawha River; and the place deserves its name for it has a most beautiful situation on a point high enough to be above high water, and the land in its rear is as high or higher than that next the Ohio. The Kanawha is a noble river larger than the Alleghany at Pittsburgh. Gallipolis is an old French town on the Ohio side of pretty fine appearance, and has quite a good number of buildings; and good buildings they are too. Here they are hauling out lumber. There are thunder storms in abundance all around but they do not touch us; we have such a cross wind that we have to row about as hard as we can continually. At the mouth of the Little Guyandotte is a steam saw mill, and here we saw a very pretty schoolmarm leading her brood home from school, the first we have seen since we left home.

April 27, Saturday. Ran all night last night. Passed

Big Guyandotte just as we relieved, but in the profound darkness could not see the town. The men were so wearied from pulling last night that they could not keep awake ten minutes after being relieved, but went back to the shantee and slept again. Even the pilot wrapped his cloak about him and snored like a steam-boat; but as we were in the nine mile reach and laying fair without wind, I could well keep watch alone, and keep her laying right too. About three o'clock it began to rain and from the way it rained, one might have supposed the windows of Heaven opened as in the days of Noah, and notwithstanding the hands and the pilot were exposed to the rain yet they slept on amid the tempest which howled and drove the rain into every nook and cranny of the shantee. Just at daylight we passed the mouth of Big Sandy river, which is the dividing line between Virginia and Kentucky. We have quite easy times of it today as the river is not bad to run and the wind seems to have blown its strength away and is now lulled to rest. We have however, occasional showers to cool the raft and air.

Pinegrove (now Ironton) is a coal town with a large iron foundry in it, which appears to do a great business. This town is cramped between the base of the mountain and the river, not wider than Pomeroy and is indeed situated very much in the same manner; its name of Pinegrove is derived from a small cluster of pitch pine trees that are but a short distance from town: and is known to raftsmen by the name of Hanging Rock from the high precipitous ledges immediately above the coal beds. Here Everts and I provisioned but not as we wanted to, and to supply the deficiency we stopped at Greenupsburg on the Kentucky shore and a few miles below Pinegrove, where we completed our store. This is quite a smart place and is the County Seat of Greenup Co, Ky. Sciota is a small town at the mouth of the Sciota river.

April 28, Sunday. The fore part of last night was rainy and wet the boys thoroughly, while I was snugly stowed away in the cabin. About nine o'clock we passed Portsmouth at the southern termination of the Ohio Canal; and again as at Steubenville I am cheated out of seeing one of the finest towns on the Ohio river between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. Although we ran all night last night, we had easy times of it and did not come to another town until the middle of the afternoon today, when we passed Manchester. We however, passed a place on which a town once stood by the name of Charleston, but in the flood of 1825, it was wholly carried away and now there is nothing to show the spot but the clearing; it stood on the Ohio side and Manchester is also on the same side of the river.

Just at dark to Maysville on the Kentucky side, and here Everts and I must needs provision again. In this city I was miserably deceived, for I did not expect to see anything but a small village of a store or two and a tavern, instead of which we found a splendid place with an extensive paved landing larger than the Wheeling landing, at which steamboats were lying, and also quite a quantity of lumber which has been sold here and is being hauled away. This is or was to be the termination of the Maysville Road, about which so much has been done in Congress by South Western politicians.

April 29, Monday. Last night was a most beautiful moonlight night. It was so pleasant and cool withal that it seemed really a shame to lie down and sleep it through; but as it was a dead calm and the river good, we had nothing to do but sleep, which we did with a rush.—At daylight we passed Augusta, another fine little town on the Kentucky side. This morning at sun an hour high, with a perfectly clear sky, we had so much fog that we could not see shore or even half the length of the raft: Mechanicsburgh is a little old vil-

lage on the Ohio side which we passed before noon, and Richmond is a beautiful new village on the same side, which we passed a little after noon. At dusk we landed and Everts and McMullen went on down to town to look out a landing place.

April 30, Tuesday Fine morning, nothing to do and nothing to read; Stood it however, until eleven o'clock when Everts and McMullen came back and we were all heartily rejoiced to have the privilege of starting for the City, which we did as soon as we could take apart and couple up Scotts' lumber, on which we went down, and Willoughby and I after fastening up our raft, posted on a foot until we overhauled the raft and got ferried over to it.

We were now all wide awake to get the first sight of the City (Cincinnati) especially, those of us who had never been down (the river) before. In a short time after starting we came in sight of the long ranges of white houses, and could see the thick coal smoke blowing from the steam saw mill, but they told us that this was not the City but only the village of Fulton. After a time we came in sight of a tall brick column, which Jerry Chapman at once called a monument, which they told us was on a hill in the City: still we could not see any of the City buildings, and we landed two miles distance from the city line, although we could have almost sworn we were already there. After travelling about a mile we came to a turnpike gate with a boarding house beside it, at which we found and a host of Friendship folks who had taken board there while taking care of their lumber. We of course called and had a general greeting over a few bottles of spruce beer. From the turnpike gate to Hams' hotel at the foot of Walnut Street is about two miles, all the way filled up with buildings. When we had reached our port of destination we were so tired and hungry that we did not stir about much but watched anxiously for the ringing of

the supper bell, and when it rang we all made a rush for the table, but lo: when we came in sight of it there was no more room than was already occupied. At the second sitting, however we were more successful, and got a place but not much provision. Mackready is to personate his favorite character of Virginius, in the tragedy of that name tonight and as I was particularly anxious to see this greatest of English tragedians perform, all hands came out to the National Theatre. We were not in season to witness the opening scene, yet we could judge of the greatness of the acting and declamation of the great star of Europe.

It is expected that Forrest will be here shortly, and then will be offered the opportunity of witnessing the grand display of his talents.

The theatre is well arranged and conveniently fitted up to accommodate an immense audience, and well lighted up with gas. All things give great credit to the managers; but as regards lights Cincinnati is as gloomy as a dungeon to what Pittsburgh is. Instead of long rows of lamps giving strong and brilliant lights, we have only here and there a lamp on the corner of some of the important streets.

May 1, Wednesday. Today instead of going up the river after the other raft as we had before arranged, we every man took his own way, and was soon lost from each other amid the ranges of streets and houses. Spent the greater part of the day in visiting lumber yards, public edificies, canals, railroads, iron foundrys, Steamboat wharves, etc. but more particularly in gapping at a lot of volunteers Dutch military companies that came up from Louisville last night, as they paraded the streets and gave their commands in Dutch: but their musicians were what put the finishing touch to their parade.

At evening we went to Shires Garden Theatre; as we entered the garden we were cheered by a well

played air by the brass band connected or rather in the employ of Shires. This garden and appurtenances are well got up and forms a superior place for lounging by night or day. Restaurants, bowling alleys, all kinds of gaming tables together with the theatres for the evening entertainment. Ices, lemonades and everything of that kind are served for the money.

The theatricals are of altogether an inferior order, but if one has nothing else to do, he can enjoy ten cents worth easy enough, which is the price of admission to the gallery of the theater. At the other theater they employed the very best talent that can be obtained, and in consequence there will be found the greatest stars of the age: although from the house that was there last night I should think it would be altogether a losing business even with tickets to the dress circles at a dollar. Not so here, their performances are all second or third rate plays of no account; and they calculate to pick a man at every turn, and although the box tickets are only thirty cents, they consequently make money.

The Catholics are putting up the most splendid church in the city, and notwithstanding their having been at it for four years, they have not yet got to the eaves. It is built of the limestone of the country, but I believe the walls are to be faced with polished free-stones.

May 2, Thursday. Now it is that all hands are in a stew to get away, and not a man had been settled with. Everts called on me for fifty dollars: C. M. Bradley kindly furnished the cash, and we satisfied the fellows in a hurry, although Ory Rew was quite inclined to stick for the gold instead of Indiana money. After all these were adjusted, Everts, Willoughby, Bill Daniels and myself went up above the Miami to the raft with the intention of dropping it down, but when we arrived the wind was blowing such a gale, that we

thought to find some place to eat dinner before starting, and we found the place and had a pretty good dinner, but when Everts asked what was to pay, the woman readily answered "Two bits apiece." which I called paying a good deal for a little; as the sun inclined to the west the wind seemed to rise, and we were obliged to wait till night and then the wind did not go down, we were compelled to take quarters for the night where we ate dinner, making our evenings meal of bread and milk.

May 3, Friday. As we had a tremendous thunder shower last night the air was more calm this morning, and we pulled out as soon as we could see. As it turned out we started in the very nick of time, for we were scarcely landed at Fulton before the wind rose again and blew a severe gale on the river. Breakfasted this morning at Mr. Hooks' at the Fulton turnpike gate; after breakfast Willoughby and myself visited about a dozen lumber yards to see how they measured as to fairness, but today I have found out that such a thing is not known among nearly all the whole fraternity, their first object being to buy as low as possible, and take out as much as they possibly can in measurement. Our more experienced lumbermen think that as we can get no offers above seven and fourteen, that we had better not be in too much of a hurry about bargaining, inasmuch as they think that in two or three weeks we can get eight and sixteen: consequently, I have not yet made any definite propositions.

May 4, Saturday. This morning as the river was rising pretty fast, we had to look out a place of greater security for our rafts, as their previous landing was rather insecure, and after dinner dropped Willoughbys' and mine down to a secure place. There is this about me today that although I have nothing in the world to do, yet I cannot read or write, and in the case of today I have slept or lounged until supper time.

After supper one or two of us had sufficient resolution to make up our minds that as Edwin Forrest is the greatest tragedian in the world, and as he was to personate Shakespeares' Richard the Third we would walk down and see the performance, which resolution was no sooner passed, than put in operation.

The house was pretty full and the stillness was over the place, as soon as the curtain rose; but when Forrest showed himself, he was greeted with a round of hearty cheers. His tremendous voice which is as varied as any musical instrument, soon sounded throughout the theatre in accents of the deepest disgust as he commenced "Now is the Winter of our discontent," and it seemed as if his whole soul was worked up into revolt at the proceedings which had taken place. The full display of the deepest villainy and hypocrisy could not have been more complete had it been the real Richard in his own character; but some of the other important characters were not well sustained.

May 5, Sunday. Found myself rather unwell, so that instead of going to church as an honest Christian should, I lay about the house and sawmill all day, but in the evening a few of us went to the Fulton Methodist Episcopal Church. They have quite a spacious, old-fashioned church with but one aisle through the midst and long seats from the aisle to the sides of the church, so that when filled it holds an immense congregation. In this case it was filled to overflowing, and the entire mass of them appeared to be members of the church with very few exceptions. It seemed to be the winding up of a quarterly meeting, and from the numbers that were present who could not gain admittance to the table (altar) they are to administer again to morrow night. Their services are conducted on the oldest plan in the knowledge of their church, the priest

lining their hymns, and the whole congregation singing to some old tune.

May 6, Monday. This forenoon took a short turn in the city, but as there is not much doing in my line and as I have not felt very well, I have lounged away another day, without doing anything. In the evening however, I went to the Methodist Church again and witnessed the administration of the Sacrament;—the house was as well filled as last night. They have a great many young ladies belonging to their society and some of them are very handsome, still my ideas are altogether in favor of our Friendship girls. Notwithstanding these appear glorious when they are at their devotions.

May 7, Tuesday. Spent the forenoon about the City and especially the lumber yards, but to one who wants to spend his time in the City, it is a great task to have to go up to Hooks' for dinner; but I did it today and after dinner went back to the City. After looking about at all the yards I could find I came across the great Millerite tent and as I had not much else to do heard a young fellow spout about the immediate dissolution of all things.

The man appeared to have more spite against unbelievers than knowledge of anything taught in the Bible as religion for us.

In the evening went to hear father Jacob Young preach at the Methodist Chapel. He is quite an aged man and the members with great apparent justice seem to think very highly of him.

May 8, Wednesday. Ranged the City again this forenoon, but it does not amount to anything like selling out and going home about my business. The merchants do not feel disposed to buy unless they can see the lumber opened at the wharf and then they take the opportunity to bite pretty hard. After dinner went up the river to Lewis' board yard where John Carter has

sold, and find that he has been bitten as hard as those who have sold in town; for it appears to be a shaving operation from beginning to end. Judge Torrance wants to buy a small lot more, but he is too far up the river and even if he were not, I should be loath to sell to him on his own conditions. Thomas Vreeland sold his common stuff to a company of men from near Lawrenceburgh on the Kentucky side of the river for seven and fourteen barrin the latter in the water, and measures it himself.

Saw Forrest in his favorite character of Othello at the National theatre; as usual of the first order.

May 9, Thursday. The river is falling again, and we have spent pretty much all day at putting the lumber in a condition to keep afloat. The prospect I think begins to brighten for selling at an advantage. We must either sell now and be miserably shaved or wait and abide the issue between not selling at all, and a fair price of which the old lumbermen think there will be but little doubt.

May 10, Friday. Staying about the rafts to keep them from grounding as the water is now going down pretty fast, and in the meantime trying to read Bulwers "Last of the Barons," but its no go,—I cannot read a newspaper, much less a book.

May 11, Saturday. After prying off the rafts, and bracing them out, went to town again. They have green peas and Strawberries in abundance in market. Very warm day.

May 12, Sunday. Fair but cool after the heavy thunder shower which we had last night,—attended the McKendree Chapel in the forenoon and at four in the afternoon, also the Fulton Presbyterian in the evening. Verily this a religious community.

May 13, Monday. Helped Rufus Scott drop down a raft that he wants to peddle at the wharf. I hardly know what to think of him and Bradley, for I believe

they are uneasy about selling out, and yet are not willing that others should think so, and now they are going to try the efficiency of peddling on the beach. This morning I heard that Dunlap and Mitchell would buy about the quantity I had for sale and I went up to their office north of the Canal to see them. They want to see the boards hauled up before they are willing to say whether they will take them, and then if it suits, they will pay seven and fourteen, one half down and the remainder in six or eight months. This does not suit me at all, but I made him partly agree that he would go and see them, and I agreed to call again. Today Zeke Hyde left for home and I sent a double letter by him to father.

As I was going home to Hooks', I saw bills up stating that the Cincinnati Literary Society would celebrate the settlement of Jamestown, at the High Street Church near the corporation line, and I at once determined to go, although I had previously agreed to go to the National Theatre with Daniels and Halstead. At early candle lighting Parsons and myself made our appearance at the door and paid our dime apiece for admittance. On entering the church, which was entirely empty, we were at once struck with the beauty and simplicity of the arrangements. The desk was encircled and overspread with beautiful wreaths of roses, and arranged for the orators of the evening to occupy. Directly in front of the desk was an orchestra for the singers sufficiently capacious to accommodate one hundred. These seats began directly to fill with quite small girls, and continued to do so until there were about two of the long seats filled with them. The remaining ones were filled with the adult choir. The house was finally nearly filled, although the people were very tardy in coming out, and after my patience was almost wearied out with waiting, they seemed ready to commence, which they soon put in operation

by singing of the choir. A long anthem and Perez. Then followed the opening address from a young buck who had studied his speech pretty well but he speaks too fast and blubbering. Singing by adult choir, "The Pilgrim Fathers." Address, Subject First Settlement of Ohio after its Discovery by Lascelles. (Lasalle.)

This was a good piece but not committed to memory, so he read it. Song by Juvenile choir, accompanied on the Bass Viol. They show good training although they drag time a little, yet they keep together, and if the bass viol were placed in their midst it would keep with them and make a better performance. By adult choir, "Assign to Jehovah," well performed. Address, "The City of Cincinnati," pretty well spoken. By juvenile choir, "Buy my Roses Red," Song by the lady Chorister accompanied by the double bass viol. An address on the subject of the drama. Song by the lady Chorister. Then followed the concluding address on the subject of, "The Importance of Present Literary Improvement." Concluding Anthem by adult choir "The Lord Descended from Above."

May 14, Tuesday. After I had got into bed, Willoughby came blundering along up stairs, and upon investigating his case it appeared that he had taken a trip down the river to find a place to peddle lumber and had concluded upon North Bend as a place to do a good business. Went to Dunlap & Mitchells' yard but Dunlap had gone to the country, but when I got home found that he had been up to look at the lumber.

May 15, Wednesday. Ranged about the City some but it was very hot and uncomfortable; and just before night had a prodigious hail storm.

May 16, Thursday. Willoughby and myself coupled one of his rafts and one of mine together; put on eleven thousand of Scotts' shingles and made a pull for still farther West. It was not long after we pulled out before the wind began to blow up stream and when Wil-

loughby thought we had got to North Bend about one o'clock, we let the raft blow on shore; we found that we had gone but half way. So we took a dinner of bread and milk, which made the lady of the house wonder a good deal.—Here we found wheat fully headed out and rye nearly ready for the sickle. We, being now recruited again addressed ourselves to our journey and as the wind had partly gone down we made rather better progress, and after passing through two or three showers and being caught in a prolonged rain, we landed at North Bend just before dark, and soon made ourselves very comfortable before a good fire in the bar room of M. S. Bussell.

This same Bussell is a miserable looking man in the eye, and to judge from his visage I should call him a severe fighter, having had his nose bitten off in some set-to.

May 17, Friday. A rainy morning and the river rising pretty fast. It rained until ten o'clock; and we sat by the fire in company with a man who lives about ten miles back of Vevay, and has been up to Cincinnati to buy lumber and has run down this far and put up for the rain.

After the rain had held up Willoughby and myself stepped out to take a survey of the premises of the late General Harrison. The cellar of the house where the General was married was the first shrine we came to. It seems that the land between the Big and Little Miamis was first taken up by John Cleves Symmes, who, at an early day commenced a settlement at North Bend, said to be the first opening in the woods between the Miamis. After a time Gen'l Harrison was put in command of a fort situated where Cincinnati now stands, and as this is but fifteen miles from there, he soon made the acquaintance of the North Bend family, at this time Symmes had two daughters grown to womanhood and to one of these the General took a fancy, which he was

not long in making known to the party most concerned, and to his joy found that his passion was returned, after a time he asked Symmes for his daughter in marriage, but met with a flat refusal, with the command to keep away from the company of his daughter. The General however, contrived to meet her often in the vicinity and finally they concluded upon a clandestine marriage, which was duly accomplished at the house of a tenant of Symmes, which stood on the banks of the Ohio river, and although the house has long since disappeared, the cellar remains.—This was related to me by Capt. Ellison Symmes who at that time lived back from the river on Coon Creek in a store house which was after wards thrown down by an earthquake, as was also a gristmill that stood near.

We next went to look at the tunnel of the White Water Canal through the hill between the Ohio and Miami. This is a vast work done in a miserable manner; as it is one hundred rods long and cost two hundred thousand dollars, so I was told. The arch is made wholly of brick except the extreme ends which are of polished freestone,—no towing path left for the horses to go through so that they have to take the road around, while the boats crew have to tow the boat through by means of a rope that is stretched along the top of the arch and fastened at intervals.

We next went to the Generals' grave or tomb; this is situated on the top of a mound or knoll, which has been surrounded with a fence of common stuff, pine and hemlock boards, whitewashed over so that at a distance it looks as though it had been painted with some dirty kind of paint; and here and there is a gate, locked up to be sure, but which at the same time might be used for the ingress and egress of visitors at the shrine of the departed hero. The vault is built of brick, laid up about three feet from the ground, and covered with earth. The passage to the interior is

built in the same manner as the gangway to the cellar of a storehouse, with a huge iron bar across with a padlock attached. On the doors are cut in uncouth letters of all sizes the names of such visitors as have honored the ashes of the dead with a visit, that other men at other times may know who has been there. Names are not only cut but written upon the doors, and as the outside of the vault has been whitewashed, names are written with pencil and reed all over it, in every place where there is room for a name to be written, but among all of the lettering that has been done, there is not a mark to show who lies within; I have been told that there is also a son and a daughter in the vault. As it is the custom for visitors to write their names about the place, I found a spot on the left post of the Eastern gate as you go out, upon which is written my name and residence, in order that my neighbors may know when they visit the place that "I, too have been there."

To show the love that many of the people have borne this Hero of Tippecanoe, it is only necessary to say that many of the bricks have been detached and carried off from the vault, which leaves the corners raw.

This is about as consistent as the zeal of the Crusaders, who were willing to pay every cent of money they could get for a small piece of the true cross, or a piece of rock from the Holy Sepulchre, although at the same time the Jews would sell them any bits of old wood they could find that had the appearance of antiquity.

The present North Bend farm includes fifteen hundred acres—about—of land extending from the Ohio to the Miami, and embracing some of the best land in the State or the Miami bottoms. But the greater portion of the family estate is at Vincennes in Indiana. The old family residence of the General is neither a "Log Cabin," nor a marble palace, but a comfortable though

rather antiquated looking frame building of two stories in height, with genteel lawns in front and rear,—of about one hundred and fifty feet frontage, by forty feet deep.

May 18, Saturday. The river has risen three feet since we landed here, but is now on the stand. The weather is fair and cold; we now begin to think about selling lumber, but purchasers want it for a very low price, and the lower we offer, the lower they offer. Bussell thought it likely that Dr. Short would want some more lumber as he is building a new house, so I paddled off up the river about two miles to his place, and when I found him he did not want any, so I had my labor for my pains, and came as I went.

I then took dinner with Bussell and set out on another expedition. First to Cleves, a smart little town on the Miami, one mile from North Bend. At this place they have a very good wooden bridge across the Miami, for crossing which, a foot-passenger pays three cents. Here the Whitewater Canal crosses in a wooden trunk supported by stone piers and large wooden arches of about forty feet span. This work is very good in comparison to what the other wood work of the Canal is. After crossing the Miami, took the road to Harrison across the immense bottoms, which here extend to a great width, until the road comes to the canal;—where I took the tow path for a few miles. The Canal passes over a branch of the Whitewater river in another aqueduct similar to that by which it crosses the Miami at Cleves. After travelling up the Whitewater river a few miles the country loses the rugged appearance which it bears along the Ohio, grows more level, and I should think more fertile, and the inhabitants appear to be rich;—have good houses of brick and stone, and have their farms well stocked, and under good improvement. In passing through a space of timbered land, I was struck with its peculiar appear-

ance; there was not a whit of underwood, and the larger timber was of some kind that I knew nothing of and was completely covered with grapevines. After passing through this woodland, came to the turnpike that leads from Cincinnati to Harrison, and here I saw a Macadamized road perfectly straight for miles and level, running in a Northwest direction. Glorious farms for corn on each side. In this way it keeps on until we come to the Whitewater valley, when it winds around the hill until it gets to the bottom land and there enters the town of Harrison. This is a place of considerable business; apparently, having four public houses and quite a number of stores, and here the Whitewater Canal forms a junction with the Indiana Canal. The main street of the town is the boundary line between the states of Indiana and Ohio, and at this place I made my first entry into another state. Stopped at the Indiana hotel and wrote a letter to Jacob Fox,—who as Bussell told me, wanted to buy a lot of boards,—and left it in care of the Landlord, Mr Gibbs. After I had finished my letter a man told me that Fox had just gone up the canal with his quota, having been at Cincinnati and bought his complement. I now started for the Shaker settlement, but after winding around among cornfields and Locust groves for some time, found night upon me at New Haven. This is a small village in the middle of a plain, with no stream of water near it, but which has felt the effect of inflation in the money market and the subsequent depression. Here is a large two story wooden building put up and inclosed for merchandising purposes, amply sufficient to accommodate four shops, but when we came to look into it there was nothing there, no floors or even joists; it was evidently calculated for a large business.

Here I began to look around for a place to get something to eat, and a place to sleep, but there is no tavern

in the place. After inquiring, however, I found a private house where they accommodate travellers with the necessaries of life and I soon sat down to a cup of coffee, a plate of fried pork and a loaf of bread, to which I did ample justice in a short time.

May 19, Sunday. After taking a good nights' rest, which, among its other accommodations my inn afforded a "smart chance," and taking a breakfast of about the same degree of profusion as last nights' furnishing, and then giving my landlord an idea of Native Ameracanism, I again addressed myself to my journey to the Shaker Village. As it was Sunday I was well aware that I could not do business with the foreman, therefore I wrote some advertisements and put one in their sawmill. They have a genteel farm or domain of four thousand acres with a stream running through it, affording sufficient water for sawing what lumber they need themselves and some to spare, and running a grain mill in which they do their own and their neighbors' grinding. Their mills are not of as mechanical build as many in New York state, yet they look about the best in the country in which they are situated. They are putting up a large building for their worship house, and they already have a goodly number of first rate two story frame and brick buildings. Farm well stocked with good cattle and horses. In passing back through the village towards New Haven, at the last house in the village I heard a prodigious outcry, and discovered that they were at worship, which consists in a short address by the leader succeeded by singing and dancing accompanied with shouts from the congregation. Their meeting house is about sixty rods back from the road, along which are thick clusters of locust trees, so high as to almost exclude the view, except from the gate.

I now set my face towards New Haven again and as I passed along it began to rain slowly and bid fair to

increase, but I kept on and travelled as fast as I well could, until I came to the turnpike and kept on towards town; there arose the highest hill I have ever seen in this country, and upon the very top of it was a tavern, and as it was already near noon, I stepped in and called for dinner. Upon the hearth was blazing a good fire which soon began to impart a great degree of comfort to me as it was very cold for the season. Mr Arnold set a good dinner before me and in a short time I had dined very well. After dinner as it had not yet stopped raining I again ensconced myself by the fire in order that I might dry out some of the superfluous moisture from my clothes, and in course of conversation soon found a man or two who began to prick up their ears when I mentioned that I lived in York state.

And, after a little, found they were from Cuba (village), and formerly lived on the place that Van Ness now occupies, and that their names were Cone. As it had now stopped raining the elder of the Cones invited me to go home with him and stay over night, and as it was getting late I thought that it might be as well. He showed me his farm, which is very poor for this country, but better than any in Friendship or Cuba, and contains about forty acres. He got it with his wife, it being a part of the estate of her father. He gave me an introduction to his wife and showed me his children, of whom he had two of very promising appearance. We had a great deal of chitchat about the old settlers of Cuba, and more particularly about Tommy Gilliland and Martin Smith, and when I told him that Tommy was in town, he jumped up and acted very much like a fool, and vowed he would go and see him immediately. We talked till very late and then went to bed, and if ever I slept well it was that night.

May 20, Monday. It rained pretty much all night, and was raining this morning when I got up, so I

waited until after breakfast, and then after repeated protestations of friendship, left my host with his best wishes. Went down the hill to the Miami bottoms across the woods, and down the river on the West side until I came to the Whitewater Canal and crossed on the aqueduct. Arrived at North Bend at about ten o'clock, and found Willoughby selling boards to W. B. Chidlaw, and taking them out himself, but the rain drove them off just as I got there; I laid hold to help him, however, and we got out enough for two thousand feet before noon, after which we went up to Bussells' for dinner. After dinner we again went to taking out boards for Colonel Cilley, but it rained so much that we gave it up before we had got out enough for him, and it kept on raining until night.

May 21, Tuesday. This morning the sun rose clear and appeared to promise better weather,—drew out the rest of Benjamin Cilleys' boards and gave a receipted bill of them at dinner, and after dinner took out the rest of Willoughby's raft. This drawing boards out of the water is not to my taste exactly, but I can stand it when I am obliged to,—and now Willoughby vows that he will not help out with another, and he don't believe it best for me to.

After supper the old William Penn came along and I got on board and went to town—Went up to Hooks' on foot after the Penn had landed and found the boys all on hand, and glad to see me.

May 22, Wednesday. The lumber all right, went over town—got shaved—bought new hat, and newspapers at Archer office, also "Wyandotte" of hawker on the Penn, and took passage back to North Bend on the same. Where I found Willoughby trading with Dr Dayton. Dined with Mrs Wood. This is the first time I ever took passage on an Ohio boat, and this is one of rather inferior order. It, however does an accommodation business from Cincinnati to Aurora; and

between those places will stop to take on a passenger and carry them to any place they wish to go for a quarter, and let them stay on the boat all night if they wish it.

May 23, Thursday. As it was agreed between Willoughby and myself that we should not take out any more boards ourselves, so today we got a fellow by the name of Johnson to take out the raft that was left of mine. He took out all but three of the bottom courses; in the course of the day we did quite a business at trading with Dr Dayton and Mr Simmons of Miami town. After supper Willoughby went up to town on the Penn after more lumber.

May 24, Friday. Of the three courses deep left of my raft, one platform has gone out entirely, by which lost about six hundred feet of lumber, after a time Johnson came and took out the rest of it; and at about four o'clock in the afternoon Willoughby came along with two more of his rafts. Sold old man Garrison five hundred feet of boards—paid Johnson two and a half dollars for hauling out raft.—River about on the stand and pretty high at that; under quite a trouble about the lumber going off, but as the river is now on the stand think it will go down.

May 25, Saturday. Rose very early and to my satisfaction found the water going slowly down. About ten O'clock the fancy struck me to go to Warsaw, and see Jonathan (his cousin, Jonathan Whitlock Baxter, then Editor of the Warsaw Herald. 1844. afterwards Dr J. W. Baxter) which fancy was no sooner taken than determined upon, and as soon as dinner was over and the "Fashion" came along, I hailed her and got on board. In a short time and after repeated stoppages, we were at Lawrenceburg which is the first town in Indiana, just below the mouth of the Big Miami, twenty-two miles below Cincinnati and seven below North Bend. Large, fine place with a branch of the

State Bank; its situation however, is too low, the highest water must sometimes overflow a great part of the town. Here we were overtaken by a prodigious squall of wind and rain. Two miles below Lawrenceburg is Petersburg on the Kentucky shore; this is a fine situation on a high gravelly bluff twenty feet above high water mark, but the town is small and rather mean looking. Two miles below this is Aurora on the Indiana side, which is quite a business looking place, at the foot and on the side of a hill. Below Aurora five or six miles is Laughery Island, being the first island below Portsmouth. Twelve miles from Aurora is Rising Sun on the Indiana side; this is the seat of a small, new county by the name of Ohio. This is another fine town on a high situation about high water mark, and on a level plain extending about two miles back from the river; ten miles farther and we come to Patriot, where Uncle lives (Major Henry Whitlock Baxter) but we did not stop long here; this town is above high water mark, and from the river has as fine an appearance as any town of its size; along the river.

being situated on a fine bottom of sufficient dimensions for the accommodation of the town and enbosomed around with hills.

Ten miles farther on is Warsaw, Ky., where we arrived just at dusk, and I began to try to hunt up J—, but could not find him for a good while, but did at last, or rather he found me at the tavern. It was the first time I had seen him since he was at Hinsdale with Sands' circus (press agent) then he wore quite a healthy appearance, but now he looks very unwell. I went home with him and he introduced me to his wife and mother-in-law, also his sister-in-law and father-in-law, Mr Huston.

May 26, Sunday. Walked about and visited until ten o'clock. Warsaw is the County seat of Gallatin County, and as a county seat has quite a respectable

Court House, and Clerks' office, quite a number of good brick houses and very good frame ones. Took the Fashion and started for North Bend again, but at Patriot got the Captain to lay by half an hour, so that I made uncles' folks a short call, and delivered the letters with which I was intrusted. Found them all well, with the exception of aunt, did not have time to talk a great deal, but had to board the Fashion again for the Bend where I arrived about sundown.

May 27, Monday. Did quite a business at selling boards today. After supper took passage on the Penn and went to town.

May 28, Tuesday. Stayed at Hams' hotel, took breakfast at Keowns'; paid C. H. Bradley one hundred dollars, took dinner at Hooks', coupled up and pulled out four Creek rafts for North Bend and arrived about dusk without accident.

May 29, Wednesday. Did something at selling boards, but it turned out to be a prodigious rainy day.

May 30, Thursday. Rained almost all night, and this morning found the river coming up fast, and as we had a raft pulled out yesterday, we had to handle it all over today or have it all float off, and we were not long about it, at sundown the river was about at a stand, and at half past nine appeared about the same.

May 31, Friday. River just beginning to fall. Loaded on what clear stuff I had and after breakfast pulled it out for Warsaw in a prodigious wind which was straight ahead, and it was as much as I could do to keep the raft from blowing on shore, until I got below Aurora, when the turn in the river made it pretty much calm, and without further trouble got to Patriot just at dark.

June 1, Saturday. After breakfast with Pettit to help me, again pulled out and arrived at Warsaw about noon.

The people here have all taken a great interest in a

discussion that has terminated today between a Universalist and a Baptist at the meeting house of the latter, so that when we arrived in town the dwellings were all deserted.

June 2, Sunday. Looking about town and visiting with J—— and talking over old matters, Tommy Gilliland passed with his lumber for a better market, and Stevens came on shore for me. So Jont and I went on board and visited with him for two miles down. He intends to run the falls and go on until he can sell at any rate, and wishes that I could go with him, and if my timber was together again I certainly should have gone. When the mailboat came down we heard of the Nomination of James K. Polk of Tennessee to the Presidency and Silas Wright Jr. of New York to the Vice-Presidency unanimously by the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore. The Whigs here pronounce it a humbug; time will show.

June 3, Monday. Appears like fair weather,—dropped the raft down to the wharf—Mr Huston the lumber merchant, came on board and talked about buying, but would not unless I would take six and a-half, whereupon I began to talk of hauling out,—but I do hate to do it—as yet however, I can see no better way, and tomorrow morning shall go into it and establish a yard. Rained a little just at night.

June 4, Tuesday. Fair morning,—hired a man with a team to haul and a boy to help me pull out boards, and jointly commenced systematic operations on Oberts' raft, and before dark had it all hauled up to the yard well washed. In so doing I have to work too hard myself and get into the water too much for my health, but I see no other way and I am now able.

June 5, Wednesday. Another fair day. This morning I could get no one to help me pull out boards, and my hands were so badly bruised that it seemed impossible to touch anything, but as I could see no alterna-

tive, at it I went alone and carried off about four thousand from the top, unbound the raft and at five o'clock had pulled out the whole raft alone, with the exception of the light courses of the bottom. As I could not get the whole out tonight left it in good condition to rest as it is.

June 6, Thursday. Finished pulling out the raft and had Richards finish hauling up the boards and shingles before dinner. After dinner bought some cloth of Baldwin and had Huston cut some pants for me, also bought a pair of brogans for my woolen pants and boots are worn out.

June 7, Friday. A very warm day with a slight shower in the middle of it.—Did not feel over ambitious and therefore spent my time in looking about the city and reading.

June 8, Saturday.—Cool in the morning but no fog, —did something at sticking up boards although it may be a foolish thing to begin a heavy job at the end of the week. Sold some to E. M. Rice.

June 9, Sunday. Quite a pleasant day but rather windy. Took the Fashion again for North Bend. Found all safe but nothing sold.

June 10, Monday. Took the tow path of the canal and went on foot to the Buckeye House, and as I felt rather poorly took the pleasant packet the rest of the way, five miles to the City. Ranged about the City and bought myself a suit of clothes, for which I paid five dollars and seventy-five cents, tried to get the rafts together but could not, and accordingly put up at Hooks'.

June 11, Tuesday. With the help of Scott and Parsons at length got the rafts together a short time after breakfast, and then helped Parsons about getting his or Bradleys' raft from between the Victress and the shore, and drop it down to the City. Went to Hooks' and took supper and pulled the remaining rafts out six

in number for North Bend. Parsons helped me along as far as the Fifth Street landing and then left me.

June 12, Wednesday. At North Bend. After Parsons left me had very good and easy time until about the end of twilight, and then although my work was nothing my anxiety was great when I found myself alone and without the means of making a light. Soon along came the William Penn and nearly ran on to me, but happening to see me before she did so,—within her length—turned out and passed me. The Fashion run nearer shore to avoid the current. But they kept on coming and finally the Queen City did run against, and uncoupled, the left hand string. but not a word was said on either side. She backed, turned her head to the starboard, and ran her larboard wheel over my left corner, which made her reel handsomely, but when I had fairly got past her, she found herself able to proceed. Before landing I met six steamboats, from all of which except the Fashion and Pike I was near being run down. Willoughby heard me call and came out and helped me land; so I got to bed at two o'clock, and was out again at sunrise but waited for one of Willoughbys' until afternoon, when he and I pulled out together and run to Petersburgh, where he waited while I went and saw Mr Chapin about buying what we had with us. They however, had sent to the City for lumber and did not wish to buy ours, and so W— went back on the Fashion, and I put up at the Tavern for the night.

June 13, Thursday. Started from Petersburgh as soon as it was day, on a calm river, but before I got to Aurora the wind began to blow, and it took me until five o'clock to get to Patriot. Soon after passing landing the rain began to come, and we had quite a smart shower, after it had been cloudy and windy all day.

June 14, Friday. Did not get up very early, and when I did it was raining hard with a fair prospect of

continuing, but it held up about ten o'clock and I pulled out. Agreed to stop next time at a white house on the right, just where the river begins to bend to the right. —Found Deans' lumber opposite Sugar Creek. Got to Warsaw about four o'clock and stuck on a snag, but got off again at evening; found all right at Warsaw.

June 15, Saturday. The river falls very slowly so that now it is not much trouble to keep a raft afloat. Took a great part of the day in copying off accounts and in getting ready to settle with Willoughby. The river is pretty low now, and as the rain has been falling profusely, I almost expect that we shall have a rise.

June 16, Sunday. Had a good deal of rain through the night, and the river rose about two feet and a half. This makes it rather perilous leaving the lumber and it is equally as necessary that I should go to North Bend as Willoughby wants to leave on the Monday packet for St Louis. Went on board the *Fashion* and came up at all hazards.—Took a *wolf* dinner on board with the "Fashionables." Arrived at North Bend, Tom Wood said that Willoughby had gone up on the *Penn* and I went up on the *Fashion*. Got to town at nine o'clock. Waited for the *Penn* to come up, and Rufus Scott came off, and I went with him to Keown's and took lodging.

June 17, Monday.—Found Willoughby early, took breakfast with him on the *Penn* and proceeded to arrange matters, which being accomplished bid him and Bradley goodbye, and Scott and I on the last one of his rafts and pulled out for North Bend. Had much headwind, so that we landed at eight mile ferry and took dinner. Had green corn and beans for the first time. The people are now engaged in their wheat harvest and haying; yesterday as I came up I found the *Miami* very high, throwin out immense quantities of driftwood, and driving its current entirely across the *Ohio*. This morning the *Licking* was cutting up worse

than that, throwing out great numbers of rails, and being completely covered with drift. When we pulled out after dinner we ran plumb on the shorebar, and had to get out and lift some time before we could get off. Got to the Bend before night, and handled over a lot of boards so that they should not float off. Put up at Mammy Woods.

June 18, Tuesday. As soon as it was light Scott left me for Aurora. After breakfast sold two thousand feet of boards, fixed my account book, and coupled my raft for running at evening, and hired a man to come and help me take out a raft for me to peddle on my trip down.

June 19, Wednesday. The river fell about a foot last night. Began to unbind and take out my raft and my man came to help me. Hired an Irishman to work in my place and sat down to do the bossing. Did not get my raft out until night and paid them six shillings apiece, York.

June 20, Thursday. Had another man with the Irishman this morning to help pry off and get the lumber on board. Did not get ready to start until two o'clock when we pulled off for Patriot expecting not to land until we got there, got along pretty well until dark, when it began to cloud over and threaten rain; we were then about half a mile below Laughery Island and near the left shore, so that I thought it would be no trick to land on that side. We accordingly began to pull for that shore and it seemed as though the more we pulled the farther away we were, until we got down opposite Rising Sun or a little below, when we came fast to a snag in the river, but as it appeared to be in an easy condition to get off, we thought it best to let it lie until morning.

June 21, Friday.—As we all slept on the raft and had a very cold night of it at that, it was no great trick to rise at daybreak, and to my dissatisfaction found

the stream side of the raft, crumpled on the root of the snag which we had supposed to be the cause of our stopping. After examining it, found that by cutting the grub plank in two we might get it off, and borrowed an old axe; went into the water about four feet and worked three hours to cut through it, and finally had to borrow another axe before I could get it in two. I then hired a team that was hauling wood near by and after uncoupling, drew the raft off. We then got the pieces together again, coupled them up, and after taking dinner at a private house, got under weigh again for Patriot, where we arrived about five o'clock.

June 22, Saturday. Fine morning; after breakfast sent the men down to Warsaw with Sam (his cousin) to stick up lumber. I stay here for the present as Pettit (another cousin) says that Foster is coming up this morning and he thinks, some others.

Sam brings pretty good news from Warsaw. Bargained with Foster for 1528 feet of boards, also made engagements with Butler to buy some.

June 23, Sunday. Did not feel very well, but went to the Universalist church, and singing school. Mr. Gasley read a sermon and Mr Hesrick taught singing, rather poorly, needs improvement very much.

June 24, Monday. Did not feel as well as yesterday, but had uncle to help me, and we carried out and sold quite a lot of lumber, Have taken medicine, and think I shall feel better tomorrow.

June 25, Tuesday. Feel much better today, but not sound; carried out and sold quite a lot of boards, and after dinner footed it to Warsaw. Found all right there, looked over J——'s accounts and transferred them to my book.

June 26, Wednesday. Finished straightening up my books, and as the day was pretty warm lay by until about night, after a slight shower, and then footed it back to Patriot, where I found all sick.

June 27, Thursday. All I have done today is to sell about a dollars' worth of lumber, and that I did not carry on shore. Windy and rainy all day. This town has a set of idlers hanging about that do not do much else than talk politics, and especially one, although he may be industrious enough, yet makes a point of tackling every stranger who comes to town, and giving him a regular blowing up if he is not of the same politics as himself. His name is Reuben Coffin;—whether related to the "Long Tom Coffin" of Coopers' "Pilot," I am not able to say, but of this there is almost a certainty that both were of—Nantucket,—or this one at least; and both have been in the whaling business: When I landed here on Saturday last I had certain newspapers with me, and among others the New York Herald containing Mr Webster's famous speech delivered at the ratification meeting of the Whigs at Trenton N. J. In the hearing of some one of this Coons' friends, I had expressed some dissenting sentiment from Mr Webster where he speaks of manufactured goods being cheaper where the manufacturers are protected from foreign competition, and as I was busily engaged in carrying off boards from the raft, along comes this same old Coon and attacks me about it, as though it were an offence against the laws for a man to express an opinion contrary to the Whig creed, let that creed be never so absurd, and when I brought forward reasons to sustain my position, he the same as called me a liar, and attempted to ridicule me into the concession of my own absurdity. I have found that to be the whole game of these Coons, ridicule, blackguard, and sneering at what they term Locofoco doctrines.

June 28, Friday. Very warm, doing nothing; sitting about the house and shop indulging my own idleness. Mustered up resolution enough however, to go over to old man Stiles after apples but did not get many. To-

day we had ripe blackberries for dinner for the first time.

June 29, Saturday. Rose early and sold a few boards to Mr Hearick, but after the sun was fairly up it was so warm and I felt so miserable that I could do nothing. The steamer Patriot, which is owned in this place, came up today from New Orleans, and a man by the name of Shellito came off in time to attend the funeral of his child, which I also attended at the Universalist Church,—and today also has died in this village a young man by name David Mead, late of Westchester Co N. Y. who had been taken sick while going down the river to Orleans or some other place. He felt unwell but kept up and did not try to purge off the bile on his stomach, and kept growing worse and worse, and was finally sent ashore and still did nothing for himself, but sent for his brother at this place, and he went after him and brought him here, and for the first time employed medical assistance, but as the result has shown, without success, and he has died in his youth merely from his own ignorance or carelessness.

June 30, Sunday. Today attended the funeral of the young man who died here yesterday, at which Mr Kelso preached. It was truly a solemn sight to see two brothers alone in the far West, with no other relatives near them, the one following the other to his grave without another mourner to mingle tears with the surviving brother. The parents, brothers and sisters of these young men reside in Westchester Co. N. Y. and are yet to learn of the death of their son and brother and mourn his early departure from the roof of his father to visit new scenes in the West, and to lay his ashes in a distant soil.

July 1, Monday—has come and here I am yet and likely to be here for some while yet. In a few days my Banknote becomes due in Bath——. I must do the best I can. Commenced unloading raft preparatory to

making a general deposit of what lumber I have at this place. With some resolution I went to work and did a pretty fair days work.

July 2, Tuesday. Still unloading raft, but before I could get the whole unloaded it began to rain so severely that I gave over for the time. Went to temperance meeting this evening and heard quite an able lecture from Dr Brooks, upon the Physiological evils of intemperance. He informed his audience that it was his first off hand speech, and as such was very well.

July 3, Wednesday.—A slight rain in the morning which soon cleared off and made beautiful weather again. I am still troubled with a sick, dull headache which almost or quite unfits me for business. Read Bulwers' "Last of the Barons."

July 4, Thursday. Independence Day. How have I honored the day? Simply by attending to my own business and that solely, for today I have not discussed the affairs of the Nation or those of my neighbors, but spent the day in keeping the boards that were on the beach from swimming off, and hauling up a few loads that were afloat; and by finishing that masterpiece of Bulwers' "The Last of the Barons." All that the citizens of Patriot did was to have a bit of a squirrel hunt, and hold a drunken barbecue over the game shot that day. Visited Uncle Joshua Hicks' young folks in the evening. We walked about awhile and then went to the house and heard a young widow play upon the accordion which she did very well. Have I honored the day as becomes an American? Is it not as well to spend the day in the way that I have, as to spend it in a drunken brawl or any other mode of recreation of the same character?

July 5, Friday. River on the stand. Had the last one of Oberts' rafts taken out, and hauled up a few loads of boards to the yard to make room for one of mine.

July 6, Saturday. This morning found the river on the rise rapidly, and I set to work with a lot of hands and teams to get the boards up to the yard that were taken out yesterday, and although we had to work at a prodigious disadvantage, we had them all up before five o'clock, when I took supper, and boarded the Fashion for Warsaw. J—— had got all the boards stuck up, and his yard looks very well.

July 7, Sunday. After breakfast again took passage on the Fashion for Patriot, and found all right there, although I feared from the continued rise that the raft had gone off. Read the news and wrote until night, and then went to look at the Ohio, as it silently and smoothly glided by.

July 8, Monday. As the river was rapidly going down, I had a raft thrown out today, and if it continues to go down at this rate, I shall have the other thrown out tomorrow.

July 9, Tuesday. The river appeared on the stand this morning, and the men began to throw out the other raft, but before noon it began to rise and at night it had risen nearly a foot. This afternoon the Whigs got their heads together and formed themselves into a Clay Club, Dr Humphreys in the chair and William Mead as secretary. They met in Dan Smiths' empty store, organized and appointed committees of vigilance and a central committee, sang a song in honor of the God they worship (Henry Clay) and passed a resolution that he be elected president of these United States. There were all of a dozen Whigs present, and such Democrats as had curiosity to know what kind of a Coon a Clay Club was, were present as a matter of choice, as was said by the Whigs that they might be made aware of the mighty revolution that is going forward in the land, and which will carry almost every state in the Union for Harry Clay next fall.

After passing sundry resolutions that were enough

to strike terror into the hearts of the Locofocoes, and having a song from Mr Swain, they dispersed, and I verily believe they thought they had done a smart thing.

July 10, Wednesday. River still rising; Pierce threw out the remainder of the raft, and there I let it rest, except moving a few piles to keep them from floating off.

July 11, Thursday. This morning the river was at a stand, and in the course of the day fell a little. I have concluded as the river is falling to let the lumber lie where it is until I can drive my teams below the piles. The Coons of the town seem to have taken a fresh start since their organization into a Clay Club and are grown as impudent, insulting and malignant as it is possible for men to be. There is not a man in the whole club large as it is that can lay the slightest claim to the title of 'gentleman.'

They are a club no doubt, and one of their greatest objects in organizing must have been to produce unity in blackguarding, and if this is so their object is gained, for they make an admirable Blackguard Club. Today a committee of the club went "up in the bot-tom" to get an ash pole which they intend to raise next Saturday as an everlasting monument to their folly.

Went to Kentucky after blackberries and had very good luck as we filled our vessels.

(To be continued.)