PHILADELPHIA TO PITTSBURGH: 
B. R. HALL'S TRIP BY STAGE IN THE EIGHTEEN-TWENTIES

The travel narrative that follows is taken from Baynard Rush Hall's The New Purchase: or, Seven and a Half Years in the Far West, first published in 1843. Under the pseudonym of Robert Carlton, Hall tells us how in the early eighteen-twenties he and his wife Mary made their trip from Philadelphia across the Alleghenies to Pittsburgh by stage, their voyage down the Ohio River by ark, and their arduous journey into the semi-wilderness of central Indiana by horse and wagon. The Halls lived about a year with relatives in a crude cabin of the New Purchase, a region but recently bought by the government from the Indians; then Hall was appointed to be the first teacher at the newly formed Indiana State Seminary at Bloomington, an institution that in the course of time was to become Indiana University. Hall remained at Bloomington for nearly seven years teaching the classics to the sons of the pioneers. During the first years he also served as minister to the town's Presbyterian Church. Hall left the Indiana institution, now become a college with a faculty of three teachers, in 1832, in the midst of a bitter quarrel with its first president, Andrew Wylie.

The New Purchase gives a spirited account of Hall's adventures as a woodsman, a minister, and a teacher, with much vivid detail of forest, school, and small-town life in the frontier Midwest. Hall's book is not, however, straight autobiography; it is fact held together by a matrix of fiction. Hall apparently wished to be more eloquent in telling of his triumphs and more indignant in detailing his wrongs than autobiography would allow him to be without violating the bounds of decorum. He therefore attributed his own experiences to three different characters, and often the strictly literal account of what happened is adjusted to suit the fact that Hall figures at one and the same time as Robert Carlton, Charles Clarence, and the Reverend Merry (though the last-named character appears for only a short space).

But the book is essentially fact rather than fiction. Hall says in his preface to the first edition that "the Truth is eight parts out of ten, the Fiction only two." This seems a fairly just approximation. So far as Hall's account of his journey from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh is con-
cerned, the proportion of truth to fiction seems that high or even higher. It is likely, however, that Hall is at times bolstering his account with events that happened on other of his trips over the Alleghenies rather than adhering strictly to what occurred during the single journey from Philadelphia to the New Purchase in Indiana. By the time he wrote The New Purchase, Hall had, as he tells us in Chapter V, "passed and repassed the mountains twenty-four times." One early trip occurred in the spring of 1820, when he brought back Mary Hall to Philadelphia from Danville, Kentucky, where she had recently become his bride. They took the trip in a Yankee wagon embellished for this special occasion "with flashy curtains and brass nails, and with cords and tassels to match." 1

Hall probably made his journey from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh and on by ark and wagon to the New Purchase in the spring of 1824, 2 when he was twenty-six years old. He had been left an orphan at the age of three, but by means of hard work and small and intermittent payments from a legacy left him by an uncle he had managed to secure degrees from Union College in 1820 and from Princeton Theological Seminary in 1823. After leaving Indiana in 1832, Hall established an academy at Bedford, Pennsylvania, where he taught the classics and served as minister for a Presbyterian congregation for seven years. Subsequently he was pastor and professor at Bordentown and Trenton, New Jersey, and at Poughkeepsie and Newburgh, New York. He died at Brooklyn in 1863.

Aside from a Latin grammar published in 1838, The New Purchase was Hall's first book. Something for Everybody, a series of homilies on a variety of subjects, including mesmerism, hydrotherapy, and church bazaars, appeared in 1846, and Teaching a Science in 1848. Four years later Hall published his last known volume, Frank Freeman's Barber Shop, a novel of some merit based on an early visit of his into

1 Hall's Something for Everybody: Gleaned in the Old Purchase from Fields Often Reaped, 89 (New York, 1846). Details of Colonel Wilmar's adventure narrated below may well owe something to Hall's own experience in bringing a bride over the mountains.

2 New evidence, too involved to present here, shows that some of the dates for Hall's life provided by James Albert Woodburn in his edition of The New Purchase (Princeton University Press, 1916) and his biography of Hall in the Dictionary of National Biography are inaccurate.
the South and intended to expose the evils of both slavery and headlong abolitionism.

The selection from The New Purchase given below is with three exceptions taken from the text of the second edition, published in 1855. For this edition Hall retouched a good many of his passages, rendering them not only more graceful, but clearer. At the same time, he omitted a good deal of material contained in the first edition. Some of this material may be considered needless padding to Hall’s book, but a large remaining portion is matter of considerable interest. In three instances in the course of the chapters covered here, material omitted from the second edition seems worth reinstating. Colonel Wilmars’s story of his adventures on a turnpike on the way between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, for example, seems to be relevant material and worth including: Mr. Smith’s and Charles Clarence’s stories of their experiences on roads in the South seem expendable and are therefore not included. The three passages from the first edition are dovetailed into the text, enclosed in brackets. Chapter numbers have been omitted below, but the quotations that introduced the chapters have been allowed to stand.

Indiana University

DONALD SMALLEY

Shortly, then, after our marriage, in the first quarter of the present century, after the honey-moon, indeed, but still within the “love and cottage” period, Mrs. Carlton was persuaded to exchange the tasteless and crowded solitude of Philadelphia, for the entrancing loneliness of the wilds, and the promenade of dead brick for the living carpet of the natural meadow.

Having no immoveables, and our moveables being easily transmuted into baggage, preparation was speedily made; and then hands were grasped and cheeks kissed, alas! for a long adieu:—for when we returned with sober views and chastened spirits, these, our first and best loved friends, were sought, but

“They were not.”

“Who goes there?—A friend.”

The stages of that day wore no boots. In place of that leathern convenience, was a cross-barred ornament projecting from the rear to
receive the baggage. This receptacle was called the "Rack." From its wonderful adaptation for the utter demolition of what it received, it was originally named "Wreck;" and this word, in passing through the ordeal of vulgar pronunciation, being called "Wrack," having lost its "W," remained, what indeed it so much resembled—the Rack. In binding Mrs. Carlton's trunk to this curious engine of torture, the porter broke the rope; and the trunk falling down, the articles within, in spite of an old lock and a rotten strap, burst from their confinement and were scattered over the street. The porter was very prompt in gathering the articles and securing the lid, and as some compensation for his blunder and its consequences, refused the usual fee of the wheel-barrow service. Of course he received thanks for his generosity instead of rebukes for negligence: but on inspecting afterwards our trunk, the absence of a purse containing seven dollars, and of a silver cup worth twice as much, awakened suspicions of less honourable cause for the porter's conduct.

Here then were, at the outset, treachery and theft; but there was present a believing spirit mingling sweetness with the wormwood. Were we not actually on our way to the land of vision! Surely no such baseness there! The sanctity of that Far West is inviolate!

Our stage was most judiciously filled with three tiers. The lower tier was composed of saddle-bags, valises, small trunks and carpet-bags; the second, of human beings supported upright by an equal squeeze on all sides; and then, on the condensed laps of the living tier, rested the third tier, made up of extra cloaks, band-boxes and work-baskets, several spare hats in pasteboard cases, half a dozen canes and umbrellas, and one fowling-piece done up in green baize. Notwithstanding the great felicity of this arrangement, the inquietude of the upper and lower tiers when the stage started, occasioned in the sentient tier some inarticulate growling and a little half-smothered cursing; which crusty symptoms, however, presently yielded to a good-natured laugh at the perseverance with which Mr. Brown remained on a French gentleman's foot, through a misapprehension of a very polite and indirect request not to stand there—a laugh in which the parties themselves joined.

Our driver had given the signal, when away dashed the horses; and then commenced the inconsiderate restlessness of the internal bag-

3 This is, of course, Hall's own fanciful derivation of the word.
gage and the ill-concealed growling of the passengers. But at the end of a few squares the stage stopped at a hotel; when the door of the vehicle being instantly opened, the space was filled with the head and shoulders of Mr. Brown, who began as follows:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, you seem to be full in here, I suppose it is no use to be looking for my seat in the dark—"

"Sare"—responded, evidently by the accent, a Frenchman, and in a most complaisant and supplicatory tone—"Sare, do not you know my foote is under yours?"

"No, sir,"—replied Mr. Brown, standing up as well as he could in the stage, and feeling about for some space.

"Sare, do not you know my foote is under yours?"—voice higher and quicker.

"No, sir, I don't,"—surprised, but not budging.

"Sare, do you not know my foote is under yours?"—on the octave, and getting higher and more emphatic.

"O! I beg your pardon, sir,—do you mane I'm raely treading on your 'fut'?"—without, however, moving off, but considerately waiting for information.

"Yes! sare! I do!"

"Oh! I beg pardon, sir—raely I thought I was standing on a carpet-bag"—and then, satisfied he was wrong in his conjecture, and that it was "raely the fut," Mr. Brown instantly removed the aggravating pressure.

Our friends thus introduced by the "foote" and the "fut" as the gentleman from France and the gentleman from Ireland, were welcomed by no inaudible laughter; in which they also participated, while at the moment the door was violently slammed, and that instantly followed by a startling crack of the impatient whip. This was of great advantage to Mr. Brown, as it helped him to a seat somewhere; although from some peevish expressions, he must have alighted on other quarters as well as his own. All outcries and growlings, however, occasioned by hats and bonnets innocently dashed into neighbouring faces, or by small trunks unable to keep their gravity, and elastic sticks and umbrellas that rubbed angrily against tender ankles or poked smartly into defenceless backs, all were drowned in the rattling thunder of the rolling wheels; and the tiers, rather loosely packed at first, were soon, by the ferocious and deter-
mined jerking and plunging of the vehicle, shaken into one compact quiescent and democratical mass.

Unsuccessful attempts then came to sustain a general talk on the weather, the time of reaching the breakfast, the hour of the night, and the like novel and interesting topics; the questions being commonly put, and the replies hazarded by six or eight voices together, and in as many intervals of pitch, from the grumbled bass to the most tremulous and piteous treble. To these succeeded equally abortive efforts to sustain duos and trios, till the whole performance became a solo. The performer, when day peeped in upon us, proved to be a middle-aged and corpulent lady, who sang out in a very peculiar and most penetrating tone; herself both asking and answering, often categorically, but for the most part in the "guess and may be" style of recitativo. Encouraged by the silence of the company, the lady at length in the same lofty strains sang out portions of her own history, introducing the pleasing variations of "may-be-it-would" and "may-be-it-wouldn't"—"I guessed and he guessed"—and "says I and says he," etc. The burden, however, of the piece was this:—it was her first trip to the city, although from a little girl she had lived within thirty miles—but her mother could never spare her—and when she married Jacob, her and him could never leave home together, and Jacob, he would never let her go alone by herself, being "right down sarten she'd never come back alive or without some of her bones broken."

Soon, however, we began to go "slowly and sadly" over the Schuylkill bridge; when something not unlike snoring admonished the lady of our seeming inattention, and her musical narrative suddenly ceased, like the sudden holding up of a hard rain: and then all were quickly either practising sleep at random, or with troubled thoughts wandering to the absent or indulging fitful dreams of the future.

Morning revealed by degrees the incumbents, and in very imposing attitudes. For instance, there was the Frenchman—his head on the Irishman's shoulder, and keeping pretty tolerable time to the music of the jolting carriage; while the Irishman, revived now and then by a desperate lurch extra, as in atonement for his fault, made no attempt to be rid of his burden, but slowly closing his eyes, nodded away with his own head in the direction of our solo. But all noddings in this book will be indulged by the classic reader, who knows well enough:

"Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus."
"The excellent Homer takes a nap now and then."

Fronting myself was a person with hands holding to a strap pendant from the roof, his head inclined towards his breast, and his hat fallen off, but intercepted by Colonel Wilmar, his sleeping neighbour. This person, on several elevations of his head, presented a countenance that set me to recalling past scenes and associates, and I was in a fair way of making some discovery, when all were fiercely jerked into wakefulness by a most unnatural and savage plunge of the stage, followed on the instant, like severe lightning, by an explosion; the tiers becoming all vocal with "bless my soul's"—"my goodnasses!"—and vulgar "ouches!" Above all, however, sounded this pathetic remonstrance in our talking lady's inimitable style:—"La! Mister! if you aint nodded agin this here right bran new bonnit of mine, till I vow if it aint as good as spilled!" To this no reply was permitted as the horses suddenly halted, and a venerable and decent landlord having opened the door of the carriage, requested us to alight, adding that "the stage breakfasts here."

The live stock accordingly was unpacked and extricated from the dead, no important damage being visible, except in "the bran new bonnit"; and sure enough, it was curiously sloped contrary to nature, with an irregular concave in the front and suitable enlargements sideways. Sceptics like Hume would doubtless have raised a query, if the width was entirely owing to the noddings of the Irish gentleman, or the very ample rotundity of the cherry-cheeked and good-humoured face expanded within the bonnet; but Mr. Brown himself at once admitted his inconsiderate butting as the cause, and with every appearance of concern busied himself with assisting the matron to alight and looking after her baskets and boxes. This so won on her, that when at the first opportunity Mr. Brown attempted an apology and condolence, he was interrupted by her saying—"Oh! never mind it, Mister, it aint no odds no how, and I guess we can soon fix it."

During our ablutions I caught the eye of the stranger already named, fixed with an inquiring look on my face; and then we both, towel in hand, gradually advanced, yet embarrassed and hesitating as if both recollected the incident, "you thought it was me and I thought it was you, and faith it's nather of us," till, arrived at a proper distance, he extended his hand and hazarded the affirmative inquiry:

"If I mistake not this is Robert Carlton!"

My reply showed it was each of us:
"Clarence! Charles Clarence!—is it possible—is this you?"

Reader, this Charles Clarence was the identical boy of the adjacent seat, whose enthusiasm for bark cabins and forest life, like my own, had beguiled us of many a hateful lesson, and gained for us many a smart application of birch and leather in parts left defenceless by scant patterns of primitive roundabouts!

Shortly after this, in the parlour of the Warren Tavern, a general introduction took place among the Pittsburg travellers: viz., Mr. Brown, Mr. Smith, Colonel Wilmar and Miss Wilmar, Mr. Clarence and Mr. and Mrs. Carlton; who all, in due season, shall be more particularly introduced to our readers, as the Party. At present we must obey the signal for breakfast; that meal being really prepared for the passengers, although, by metonomy, it was in old times said to be for the stage.

"Hominem pagina nostra sapit."
"Our page describes some gentlemen."

When summoned to the stage by the driver's horn, it seemed we had lost some way-passengers, room being thus obtained for the lady of the bonnet; who, however, appeared wearing the old article, having, with a corrected judgment, consigned the damaged one to the band-box. So, also, greater space was found for the French gentleman's foot, who had, from apprehension of cold or from gout, so encased his pedalic appendages in socks of carpet-stuff as to lead a careless observer, even by daylight, to mistake his feet for two of the many travelling bags on the floor. Opportunity also was afforded by a more judicious disposal of various rubbing, poking and punching articles; so that, aided by a good breakfast and a morning cold but bright, we were soon engaged in a conversation, general, easy and animated.

And now we may properly proceed to introduce the gentlemen of the party. Please then, reader, notice first that pleasant-looking personage bowing so profoundly, and evidently anxious to win your favour. That is—hem!—that is Robert Carlton, Esq. He takes the opportunity of soliciting your company not only for the journey but—all the way through his two volumes in one. He would also say, it is his purpose to imitate Julius Caesar occasionally, and use the third instead of the first person singular; and to adopt now and then, too, the regal style, in em-
ploying nominative we, possessive our or ours, objective us. These imitations, it is supposed, will give a very pleasing variety to the book; enable the author to utter complimentary things about Mr. Carlton and his lady with greater freedom; and not run so hard upon capital I's, or, in technical phrase, not exhaust the printer's sorts.

This next gentleman is my friend Mr. Smith. Like so many of the name, he was in all respects a worthy man, and honoured, at the time, with a high station in the magistracy of Pittsburg. Our party shared his liberal hospitality there; and since that hour we have been quite partial to the Smiths, and their relatives the Smythes. Happy partiality this; for if all classed and sorted under that grand-common-proper-noun take a corresponding liking for our author, where will be the limit to the number of copies and editions?

Ladies and gentlemen, this is Mr. Brown. He was an Irish gentleman, had travelled extensively in Europe, and had the manners of the best society. At present he was at the commencement of a tour over the United States. Among his oddities, not the least was his odd person, entitling him to Noah Webster's word, lengthy,—he appearing alternately all body, when one looked up, and all legs, when one looked down:—a peculiarity I am led the more to notice, as I found his elongation very unfavourable to skiff navigation on the Ohio river; indeed it put us in jeopardy, if not of life, yet of immersion. In spite of all his reading—Mr. Boz, however, had not then published his American Notes—Mr. Brown was remarkably ignorant of our country, expressing unfeigned surprise that our road, only twenty miles from Philadelphia, in place of leading into dark forests filled with wild beasts and naked savages, did really run amid open farms and smiling scenery, abounding with domestic animals and civilized agriculturalists. Pittsburg was his ultima Thule, beyond which he expected to find no place. Distinguished, however, for his agreeable manners and frank disposition, cheerfully confessing and laughing at his own mistakes, he became of course a universal favourite.

Colonel Wilmar was, however, my beau ideal of a gentleman. To a manly beauty, he had added the qualities of good education and the grace of many accomplishments. He was courteous, brave and chivalrous; his attention to others resulting from benevolence and not pru-

4 Charles Dickens' American Notes had appeared in 1842, a year before The New Purchase was first published.
dence. Ladies under his care—and that, from a knowledge of his character, was often the case—were regarded by him more as sisters having claims on a brother's attentions, than as strangers committed to his trust. With pleasure we thought such a specimen of our citizens could be contemplated by Mr. Brown; and Mr. Carlton rejoiced that he knew one worthy to live in the land of poetry and dreams: for the colonel was an inhabitant of the West.

But hark!—some one hails our driver, and the stage stops—

"Law! bless my senses, if there aint Jacob in his cart come out for me at the end of our road!"—was the immediate exclamation that burst from Mrs. Bonnet. The unexpected sight of her husband and the thoughts of home—where we learned she expected to see "little Peggy"—were too powerful for the prudent resolves or secret awe that had, for the last hour, kept our dame silent; and thus out rushed nature's feelings. Nor did the torrent exhaust itself at one gushing—it paused and then continued:

"I vow I thought he'd a met one at the tavern in Dowington—but Jacob's so monstrous afeard of a body's gittin hurt, that he's staid out here—I do wonder how he left them all at home?"

In the meantime, Mr. Brown, pleased with her self-satisfaction, good nature, and forgiving temper, had got out and stood receiving first the band-box containing the pummelled bonnet, and then aiding its owner to alight; for which he received a cordial "thanker, sir," and a pressing invitation to call and see her and Jacob if ever he should be travelling that way again.

All that could be heard of the conjugal dialogue was—"Well I vow, Jacob, who'd a thought of seeing you at our road!"—to which was answered—"And so, Peggy,"—the rest being lost in the renewed thunder of our wheels. Jacob was evidently pleased to receive Peggy safe; and his calm quaker-like dress and countenance seemed to look and say, he was by no means the Mercury or chief speaker in the domestic circle.

Charles Clarence my new found friend was an orphan. His parents both had died, he being scarcely three years old, leaving him, however, heir nominally to large and valuable tracts of land. But he succeeded to nothing at last, more valuable than a very large mass of useless papers; unless we except some trinkets indicative of an ancient and wealthy family: and even these the sole mementos of departed parents were sacrificed to supply the urgent necessities of Clarence, when he
found himself a deserted boy. Some relatives did not then know of his existence—and some only found it out when he did not need either recognition or assistance. A maternal uncle, however, in the far South, prevented by sudden death from adopting my friend as a son, had left him a legacy: and from this he had been liberally educated, with many interruptions, however, and many distressing inconveniences, owing to the interception of his small dividends on some occasions by dishonest agents.

Still the apparent neglect of some relatives, the want of a guardian, and other seeming evils had been of service to Clarence in giving stamina to his character, wanting, naturally, in bone and sinew. Even the interruption of his studies had led to several voyages and journeys with peril indeed, to life and health, but with advantage to his mind and manners. His fondness, too, for adventure was indulged, and he was rendered thus a more interesting and instructive companion and friend. Sobered, it is true, by disappointment and grief, my friend was, yet I found him now sufficiently sanguine and confident to venture on enterprises considered praiseworthy, if one succeed, but not so, if he be unsuccessful. Indeed, but lately had he returned from a visit to the Falls of Niagara; in which, from want of money, he had been induced to use the vulgar mare that required only rest and no oats—in other words, with a knapsack on his back he had, in company with two associates, made a tour of three hundred miles on foot. He had also travelled many thousand miles in various directions and in various capacities, so that he abounded in anecdotes and incidents, which he could so relate as to make himself a companion for a journey by no means undesirable.

At this very time Clarence was going to Kentucky on a very grand adventure:—he was on his way to be married. When only sixteen years of age he became affianced to a maiden, whose family shortly after emigrating to the West, had separated the lovers. But now at the end of seven years, during which the parties had never met, Clarence was going, as he pretended, to see the family; but in reality, reader, to marry his sweetheart. Ladies! will you please note this as an offset to instances of faithlessness in our sex? And were not these specimens of long cherished love and unbroken faith worthy the poetical land?

———But what lights in the distance? Oh! that is Lancaster, and there we eat supper and change stages: excuse me, then, reader, we have no time to introduce our ladies.
[Supper ended, we found a new stage, if by new is understood another, for old enough it was and a size (?) less than our old stage;—which after all was nearly a new one. True, excepting monsieur, we had before stopping let out all our way passengers; but fortunately on attempting to get in ourselves now, we discovered enough new way passengers not only to take the seats of the former ones, but our seats also—so remarkably accommodating were the old-fashioned accommodation stages and stage owners!] Alas! for us that night! it was before the era of caoutchouc or gum elastic!—stage-bodies of that could have so easily become a size larger and a size less as passengers got in or out! Oh! the cramming—the jamming—the bumping about of that night! How we practised the indirect style of discontent and cowardice in giving it to the intruders over the shoulders of stage owners, and agents, and drivers, and horses! And how that crazy, rattling, rickety, old machine rolled and pitched and flapped its curtains, and walloped us for the abuse, till we were all quashed, bruised, and mellowed into a quaking lump of passive, untalking, sullen victims!

"Pshaw!"

Dashed away from the hotel the stage with such vengeance and mischief in the speed that the shops ran backward in alarm and lights streamed mere ribbons of fire, as when urchins whirl an ignited stick! Discontent, therefore, found a present alleviation in the belief that such driving, by landing us in Harrisburg speedily, would soon terminate our discomforts. But the winged horses, once beyond Lancaster, turned again into hoofy quadrupeds moving nearly three miles per hour! And then the watering places!—the warming places!—the letting out places!—the letting in places!—the grog stations!—and above all! the post-offices!—and oh! the marvellous multiplication of extra drivers!—and extra drivers’ friends!—and hostlers!—it was like the sudden increase of bugs that wait for the darkness before they take wing! And then the flavour of the stable considerately tempered with the smell of ginsling and apple whiskey!—both odours occasionally overpowered by the fragrance of cigars bought six for a penny!

At first, so decided a growl arose from the imprisoned travellers whenever a cigar was lighted, that the smoking tobacco was at once cast
away; but the rising of the numberless other gases soon taught us "of two evils to bear the least," and the cigars were finally tolerated to the last puff.

And then the talk on the driver's seat!—how interesting and refreshing!—For instance, the colloquies about Jake! and Ike! and Nance! and Poll! The talk, too, first about the horses, and then the talk with the horses; on which latter occasions the four legged people were kindly addressed by their Christian names and complimented with an encomiastic flourish and cut of the lash. To these favours the answer was commonly an audible and impatient swing of horse tails; sometimes, however, it came in form of a sudden and malicious, dislocating jerk of the stage; and sometimes, I am sorry to add, the answer was altogether disrespectful.

Within the den, the ominous pop, at irregular intervals—but not like angels' visits in number and length—and the smell of fresh brandy, intimated dealings with evil spirits, and that some carried bacchanalian pocket pistols—more fatal than the powder and bullet machines used in other murders and suicides. Olfactories were regaled also with essence of peppermint, spicy gingerbread, and unctuous cold sausage; such and other delicacies being used by different inmates to beguile hunger and tedium.

At length a jew pedlar, with a design of selling the article as well as gratifying a musical penchant, exhibited—not to our eyes—it being Egyptian night within—but to our ears, a musical snuff box, if not enchanting yet certainly enchanted, as it possessed the art of self-winding to judge from the endless and merciless repetitions and alterations of the Copenhagen Waltz and Yankee Doodle. Its tinkling, however, was ultimately drowned by a more powerful musician on the driver's seat. This was an extra driver, so wrought up by the pedlar's box, that his feelings could be no longer controlled, but suddenly exploded with the most startling effect in the following exquisite lyric or ballad. Perhaps the words were not extempore; yet from the variations of the wondrous hum-drum fitted to them, and the prolongation and shortening of notes, and a peculiar slurry way to bring in several syllables to one note, it may be supposed our songster chose not to halt or stump from any defect of memory.

The Extra-Driver's Song

"Come all ye young people, I'm going for to sing,
Consarin Molly Edwards, and her lovyer Peter King
How this young woman did break her lovyer's heart,
And when he went and hung hisself how hern did in her smart.

"This Molly Edwards she did keep the turnpike gate,
And travilyers allowed her the most puttiest in our state,
But Peter for a livin he did foller the drovyer's life,
And Molly she did promise him she'd go and be his wife.

"So Peter he to Molly goes as he cums through the gate,
And says, says he, oh! Molly, why do you make me wait,
I'm done a drovin hossis and come a courtin you,
Why do you sarve me so, as I'm your lovyer true?

"Then Molly she toss'd up her nose and tuk the drovyer's toll,
But Pete he goes and hangs hisself that night unto a pole,
And Molly said, says she, I wish I'd been his wife,
And Pete he comes and hanted her the rest of all her life."

The performance, rapturously encored ex animo by the drivers and some cognate spirits within, but mischievously, it is to be feared, by Mr. Carlton, Colonel Wilmar and the gentlemen of the party, was handsomely repeated, and then succeeded by other poems and tunes equally affecting, but which we shall not record.

So passed that memorable night, till at long, very long last we reached the suburbs of Harrisburg. Here, whether the horses smelled oats, or the road was better, or the driver would eradicate doubts about his team, expressed by us every half mile lately, here we commenced going not like thunder but certainly in thunder and earthquake, till in a few moments the carriage stopped at the hotel. And this was where the stage was to sleep—but, alas! it lacked only one hour of the time when we must proceed on our journey anew! The vehicle, however, disgorged its cramming over the pavement; and then, how all the people, with countless bags, boxes, cloaks, sticks, umbrellas, baskets, bandboxes, hatboxes, valises, etc., etc., had been or could be again stowed in that humming-bird's nest of a stage, seemed to require nice geometrical calculation. Pack the inhabitants of our globe stage-fashion by means of dishonest agents and greedy owners, and be assured, a less number of acres would serve for our accommodation than is generally supposed.

It was arranged now that our two ladies should share one bed at twenty-five cents, and take each twelve and a half cents' worth of sleep
in an hour, the gentlemen to snooze gratuitously on the settees in the bar-room; and it is wonderful how much sleep can be accomplished in a short time if it be done by the job! Oh! it seemed cruelty to summon us from that deep repose to renew the journey; yet, as all our innumerable way passengers but one had swarmed off, we had more room, and so were able to nurse the ladies during the day into some uneasy slumbers and to sleep off hand ourselves, or in other words, without a rest.

"Pshaw!"
Pshaw?!
"Yes—sir—Pshaw."

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

We left Chambersburg, ourselves sole occupants of the stage; and by a rare chance we remained sole occupants during the remainder of our journey. And "though we say it that hadn't oughter," never was a more agreeable party in all respects than ours—the present company, viz., the reader and the author, excepted. Among other excellencies, none of the party chewed tobacco, smoked tobacco, spit tobacco, drank alcoholic liquors, or used profane language—evils that may be separated, but which are often united. Of course no one took snuff, all being then greatly too young for powdered tobacco: that very appropriately belongs to "the sere and yellow leaf" time.

Not long after sun-rise we were at the ascent of the grand mountain—a frowning rampart, by its rocky wall shutting from the east that world beyond! From the base to the apex the road here ascends about four miles; which ascent the gentlemen resolved to walk up:—a feat usually achieved at the first mountain, especially if the first one has ever seen. To be sure people afterwards will walk when politely requested by a good natured driver, out of pity to the poor brute horses: but—shame on his poetry and romance—Mr. Carlton having in subsequent years passed and repassed the mountains twenty-four times, used to remain in the stage and sleep up the ascents! Yet not unfrequently would he be musing on the past, and recalling with smiles and tears, that delightful party and that delightful walk on that sweet morning, and all the glorious visions and castle buildings of that entrancing day!—gone, gone, "like the baseless fabric of a dream!"

[We soon left the stage behind us, and sometimes out of

5 Hall had taken his twenty-four trips over the mountains before 1843, for the passage reads the same in the first edition.]
sight and hearing. Then, under pretext of concern for the ladies, but really I fear to have a pretext for resting, we called a halt, where we could sit on a rock and blow, till the noise of wheels and the sight of a bonnet peeping from the stage gave us liberty to proceed; or rather took away the excuse for sitting still. At the same time the bonnet would disappear, lest it should be construed as a token of fear—robbery in those times not only of solitary travellers but of whole stage companies often happening. However we had a host in Col. Wilmar, and even thought with a peculiar thrill of the poetry of an attack from bandits;—although when in after years we encountered the danger it was not so poetical as romance writers make it, but simply a very disagreeable affair better to read about than transact.]

The time of the present journey was late in April, the nights being often very cold, but the days only moderately cool, and sometimes even warm. Snow lay in spots near the summit of the mountains; although in places lying towards the south and east vegetation was in rapid progress: so that nothing could be more in unison with our feelings than the renovated world amid the Alleghanies. Hope was springing so fresh and green from the decaying hope of boyhood! and nature so budding forth from the deadness of winter! But sad! sad! if buds and flowers burst forth, they die again and soon! And renovated hope is renewed only for blighting.

We stood now on the pinnacle of the great Cove mountain and were gazing on the mingled grandeur and beauty of the scene. Few are unmoved by the view from that top; as for myself I was——! Was I not on the dividing ridge between two worlds—the worn and faded East, the new and magic West? And yet I felt, and painfully felt, that we were bidding adieu to home and entering on the untried: still, hope was superior to fear, and I was eager to pass those other peaks—some near as if they might be touched, and glorious with the new sunbeams, and some sinking down away off till the dim outline of the farthest visible tops melted into hazy distance! Years after I stood on that pinnacle alone and the two worlds were seen again—but no hopes swelled then into visions of glory, at sight of the dim peaks; no consolations awaited me in my native valleys of the East! Death had made East and West alike—a wilderness! Poor Clarence! did he ever stand again, where I noticed him standing that morning? How buoyant his heart! and so melting with tender thoughts, so raptured with imaginings! Could it
be?—after years of separation—is he now hastening to one dearer to him than the whole world beside! Will they know one another? Both have changed from childhood to maturity—but why so speak? Our lovers ever thought each the other unchanged in size, in look, in voice; and when they did meet at last, they shed tears; for while both were in all respects improved, both were altered, and they were no more to love as boy and girl, but as man and woman! Clarence saw no dark spectres in the bright visions of that morning!

Upon Smith, long ago the scenes of that other life opened; and doubtless they were of an undying glory, for——

But here comes the stage to hurry us onward; and so the bustle of life interrupts serious meditations with the whirl of cares and enterprises.

We were all once more seated in the vehicle, which instantly darted upon the descent with a velocity alarming, and yet exhilarating to persons unused to the style of a mountain driver. The danger is with due care less, indeed, than the appearance; although the sight of places where wagons and stages are said to have tumbled gigantic somersets over miniature precipices, will force one involuntarily to say in a supplicatory tone to Jehu,—“Take care, driver, here’s where that stage went over, and poor Mr. Bounce was killed!” To which caution Jehu replies—“Oh! no danger—besides he wan’t killed—he only smashed his ribs ‘gin that rock there, and got his arm broke:” and then to quiet our fears, he sends forth his endless lash to play a curve or two around the ears of the prancing leaders, and with a pistol-like crack that kindles the fire of the team to fury; and away they all bound making the log crowning the rampart of wall tremble and start from its place as the wheels spin around within eight inches of the dreaded brink!

Thundering down thus, our stage dashed up the small stones as if they leaped from a volcano, and awaked the echoes of the grim rocks and the woody caverns: while ill-stifled “Oh! my’s!” and a tendency of the ladies to counteract, by opposite motions, the natural bias of the stage body for the sideway declivity, were consoled with the usual as-severations—“O don’t be afraid—no danger!” But when the horses, on approaching a sudden turn of the road, seemed, in order to secure a good offing, to shy off towards the deep valley, and nothing could be seen over the tips of their erect and quivering ears, save blue sky, and points of tall trees, then the ladies, spite of rebukes and consolations—and one at least of the gentlemen—would stand tip-toeish, labouring,
indeed, to keep a kind of smile on the lips, but with an irrepressible "good gracious—me!" look out of the eyes. And—

—But oh! what a beautiful village below us! How neat and regular the houses! See! there's one spun and woven—like a Dutch woman's petticoat! "Petticoat!! Mr. Carlton?" Yes, petticoat is the word—only the stripes of the petticoat do not run horizontally, and those of the house do. I declare if there are not brick houses! and stone ones!—and how the smoke curls up to us—we can smell breakfast! What noiseless streets! what green meadows! Did you ever see anything so picture-like—so like patchwork? It would be so pleasant to live in that nice, quiet, snug, picturesque village! "Mr. Smith, what place is it?" Mr. Smith smiling, replied—"McConnel'stown." McConnel's town! oh! what a beauty—there it is hid—no—there—look through there—where?—there—no, 'tis gone!

We soon had reached the valley three miles below the point of descent; and, as Jehu said it was done at the rate of twelve miles to the hour, the reader being skilled in the modern knowledges, can calculate our time for himself. "There is the town," said Mr. Smith. Yes! there it was sure enough, as it had never budged since we had first spied it; but—

"Quantum mutatus ab illo!"

"What a fall was there, my countrymen!"

Is that jumble of curious frame, brick, log, and stone habitations our picture town? Ay! truly, there is the petticoat-house, with a petticoat as a curtain before the door, and an old hat or so in the glassless sash, and fire light gleaming between the logs. There! the door opens to see us pass—just see the children!!—one, two, three—nine at least, and one in very deed at the breast!—but how dirty and uncombed! Did you ever see such a set as the scamps lounging about that tavern?—and one reeling off drunk, the morning so fresh! See! that duck puddle and swine wallow full of vile looking mud and water—certainly it must be sickly here. "Driver, what noise is that?" "Dogs fighting," "Dreadful!—Mr. Smith what are you laughing at?" "Oh, nothing—only I should not like to live here as well as some ladies and gentlemen." And yet, reader, while a near view had dispelled the illusion of a distant prospect, good and excellent, and even very learned and talented people lived there, and yet live in McConnel'stown.

At all events we shall have a good breakfast at this fine looking stage house. But whether we had arrived too soon, or the folks usually
began preparation after counting the number of mouths, or the wood was green, or we most vulgarly hungry and sharp set, very long was it, very long indeed, before we were summoned. And then the breakfast! Perhaps it was all accidental, but the coffee (?) was a libel on diluted soot, made by nurses to cure a baby's colic: the tea (?)—for we had representatives of both beverages—the tea was a perfect imitation of a decoction of clover hay, with which in boyhood we nursed the tender little calves, prematurely abstracted from the dams, the silly innocents believing all the while that the finger in the mouth was a teat! Eggs, too!—it may have been unlike Chesterfield—but it certainly was not without hazard to put them in the mouth before putting them to the nose:—the oval delicacies mostly remained this morning to feast such as prefer eggs ripe. Ay! but look, here comes a monster of a sausage coiled up like a great greasy eel! Such often in spite of being over-grown or over-stuffed are palatable: this rascal, however, had rebelled against the cook, and salamander-like, had passed the fiery ordeal unscorched. Hot rolls came, a novelty then, but much like biscuits in parts of the Far West, viz., a composition of oak bark on the outside, and hot putty within— the true article for invalids and dyspeptics. We had also bread and butter, and cold cabbage, and potatoes, like oysters, some fried and some in the shell; and green pickles so bountifully supplied with salt as to have refused vinegar—and beets—and saltsellers in the shape of glass hats—and a mustard pot like a salve-box, with a bone spoon glued in by a potent cement of a red-brown-yellow colour—and a light green bottle of vinegar dammed up by a strong twisted wadding of brown paper.

Reader, what more could we wish?
"Nothing."
Let us go then to a new chapter.

"Fee! faw! fum! I smell the blood of an Englishman!"
"Is that a dagger that I see before me?"

[In imitation of the ingenious Greek, with his specimen brick, we have given bits of our roads, drivers and so forth, to stand for the whole of such matters: but as the reader, unless he skips, must have something to cheat him of the tedium during the remaining journey, we shall here give parts of conversations, after we had abandoned walks up moun-
tains and dreams on their summits.

*I* * * *

"I shall never forget that spot," said Col. Wilmar, one day.
"Why, Colonel?"
"I was so near shooting a fellow we mistook for a highwayman."
"Indeed! why how was that?"

"My wife," proceeded the Colonel, in answer, "is a native of the South. Directly after our marriage, we sailed for Philadelphia, there spending some weeks prior to our going home to Lexington. When the visit was over, having purchased a carriage, we prevailed on our cousin, the sister of Miss Wilmar here, to go with us to the West: and then set out, the two ladies and myself, with a hired coachman. I need hardly say I then travelled with weapons, and as we entered the mountainous country, a brace of pistols was kept loaded usually in a pocket of the carriage. Perhaps I may with propriety add, that we were worth robbing and that our travelling 'fixins' excited some interest along the road—the fact is, I was just married, and you all know what young fellows do in the way of extra then. Hence I do confess I felt more anxiety than I chose to exhibit, and looked upon it as more than possible that we might light on disagreeable company.

"The road was most execrable, except an occasional section of the turnpike then making and partially completed. We naturally, therefore, entered on any chance section of this new road not only in good spirits from the exchange, but with a kind of confidence as to our safety:—for I believe one looks out for bad fellows in bad roads and places more than in the good ones. Well, just off there—you see where that old road ran—that deep narrow gulley—there we emerged into a piece of superb turnpike; or, in fact, we were compelled to take it, an impediment being manifestly placed in the old road to turn travellers into the new:—and as I knew the turnpike would give out in a mile or two, I ordered the coachman to go ahead as fast as possible. This he did for about half a mile, when suddenly a loud and gruff voice called out—'Stop!'—which order was obeyed by our coachman in an instant.

"With a hand instinctively on a pistol, I looked out of the carriage-window,—and there, fronting the horses stood a stout fellow with a formidable sledge hammer, raised, as in the very act of knocking down a horse;—while several other rough chaps advanced towards us with bludgeons and axes from the side of the road!
"Drawing the pistol from the pocket, as I spoke, I demanded—'
What do you mean?'

"'A dollar for trav'lin the new road—and buggur your eyes if you'll
git on till you pay—and blast my soul if your man tries it, if I don't let
drive at a horse's head.'

"To lean out—cock the pistol, and level straight at the fellow's
head, was the work of a moment—and I then said—'Out of the road,
you rascal!—only shake that sledge again, and I'll shoot you dead on
the spot.'

"The instant I spoke my wife threw an arm around my neck, and
my cousin hung on my other arm, and both screamed out—'Oh, colonel,
don't kill him—oh! don't!'—and then to the fellow—'Oh, do! do!
do! go away!—he'll kill you!—oh! go!' How far the gang had designed
to proceed, I was then doubtful—nor do I know, if the ladies would not
have destroyed the accuracy of my aim—yet, when that fellow caught
sight of the muzzle directed at his head, and heard the frantic cries of
the ladies, he dropped the sledge hammer as if his arms were paralyzed;
and the whole company suddenly, but quickly, retreating, our driver
went ahead. The ladies had interfered involuntarily from instinctive
horror at seeing a sudden and violent death, and partly for fear the
leader's fall would be the signal for our massacre—but then I had you
know, the other pistol; and beside I depended on a stout dirk, worn un-
der my vest, and some little on the alarm of the gang and the assistance
of the driver. That, however, is the adventure."

"Had you made no resistance," observed Mr. Smith, "you would at
least have paid a dollar and perhaps have been insulted with foul lan-
guage: but the fellows were not robbers in the worst sense. A number
of workmen, it was said, had been defrauded of their wages, and to
make up the losses, they decoyed passengers into the turnpike and then
exacted toll. Your affair, by the way, colonel, reminds me of a narrow
escape I once made in returning from New Orleans—"

"Look there! Look!—there!—there!"

All eyes were instantly turned; and below in the meadows of the
Juniata, was a hunted deer bounding away for life! The timid creature
erelong leaped into the water, swam one hundred feet down the stream,
and emerging speeded away to the mountain. No pursuers were in sight,
and from appearances the poor creature escaped for that time: it certain-
ly had our wishes in its favour. This incident naturally introduced stories
about hunting and Indians, with numberless episodical remarks on dogs, rifles, shot guns, tomahawks and the like; so that when the shadows of the mountain began, at the decline of day, to darken the valleys, and silence and thoughtfulness pervaded the party, fancy easily brought back the red-man to his ancient haunts and made robbers crouch in ambush in every thicket and behind every tree. Yet we reached our lodging place in safety, where, late at night, we severally retired to bed; and then, if the day had brought Mr. Carlton and his amiable wife no danger, they were destined to find a somewhat curious adventure at night. And this we shall contribute to the chapter as our share of its accidents.

Our sleeping room was on the first floor, and opened by three windows into a piazza; which circumstances, together with the stories just narrated to the reader and other matters of the sort, inclined us to examine the fastenings before going to bed. The bolts were faultless, but the shutters or slappers were so warped and swollen that no efforts could induce them to come together and be bolted; hence, our only course was to jump into bed, and if any thing happened, to do like children—put our heads under the covers. In about an hour I was cautiously awakened by Mrs. Carlton, who whispered in a low and agitated voice:

“Oh! my dear!—what’s that?—listen!”

Instead of pulling up the bed-clothes, I sat up to listen; and strange—a solemn and peculiar and thrilling note was filling the room, swelling and dying away, and changing now to one spot and then to another! What could it be? The sound resembled nothing I had ever heard except once, and that was in a theatrical scene, in which a huge iron wheel turned at the touch of a magician and slowly raised the heavy trap door of an enchanted cavern. I sprang out of bed and began a search—yet all in vain—I felt along the walls, crawled under the bed, poked my head up the chimney, and even ventured into the closets—and all the while that mysterious noise playing as wild and frightful as ever! At last I pushed open the shutters and looked into the piazza; still nothing was visible either there or within the room, while the strange tones swelled louder than ever!

Puzzled, but less alarmed, we at last retreated to bed—I say we, for Mrs. C. had been trotting after me during the whole search, being too cowardly to stay in bed alone even with the covers over her head,—
we retreated to bed, and after a while I, at least, fell asleep; but soon I was suddenly and violently awakened by my good lady, who in attempting to leap away from something on her side, had in extra activity accomplished too much, and landed clear over me and out of bed entirely on the floor!

"Why, Eliza! Eliza!—what?—what is the matter?"

"Oh! Robert!—listen!" said my wife; in bed again, however, and be assured, on the safe side.

A basin of water we knew stood near Mrs. Carlton's side of the bed, and on a small table:—and now into that basin, drop by drop, something was trickling! Could it be blood from some crack in the floor over us! With Mrs. C. clinging to me, I went to the table, and seizing the basin, carried it hastily to a window, and pushing open its shutter, we plainly perceived by the dim light that blood it really was—not.

"Well, what was it, then?"

Reader, it was a little mouse dead enough now, but which, having by accident tumbled into the water, had, by its struggles for life, caused what to us then seemed like the trickling down of some liquid or fluid substance.

Day by now dawning, and Mrs. C. being willing to stay alone, I went into the yard to discover the cause of the mysterious music, satisfied that it lay there somewhere; and no sooner did I reach the corner of the house than I was fortunate enough to catch the very ghost in the act of performing on the extraordinary instrument that had puzzled us with its strange noise. Against the house had been nailed part of an iron hoop to support a wooden spout; but the spout had rotted away and fallen down, and the projecting hoop was alone. This iron had on it some saline substance pleasant to the taste of a quiet old cow; and there stood the matron-like quadruped licking away with very correct time at the hoop, and whenever her tongue finished a stroke, and according to its intensity, the instrument vibrated, and thus discoursed the wondrous music of the enchanter's wheel and trap! Indeed, I even tried the performance myself—not with my tongue—and succeeded, my wife says, and she is a judge of music, succeeded as well as the cow herself. And so, dear reader, if this is not a "cock and bull story"—it most certainly is—a mouse and a cow one.

Adventures, like misfortunes, are sometimes in clusters. The next morning after the descent from some mountain, as our stage was enter-
ing a small village, we were met by a noble-looking young man, mounted on a spirited horse, scarcely broken, and certainly not "bridle-wise"—and met exactly on the middle of a bridge. This bridge crossed a stream not ordinarily wide or deep, but swollen by melting snows it was now foaming and thundering along almost a river: it was truly formidable.

The horse, as we met, stopped, and with ears erect and pointed, with nostrils dilated, and eyes fierce and staring, he answered every effort to urge him forward with trembling only and fitful starting; while the horseman himself sat indifferent to consequences, and with ease and grace. The man and horse were one. At length the rider, unable to compel the creature to pass us, attempted to wheel—when, instead of obeying the bridle, the spirited animal reared, and at one superb bound cleared the barrier of the bridge, and both rider and horse in an instant disappeared under the foaming waters. But scarcely had fright among us uttered its exclamations, when up rose that horse, and up rose, too, seated on his back, that rider!—ay—seated as though he had never moved and the whole performance had been done expressly for exhibition! In a few moments the horseman landed below the bridge, then galloping across the meadow he passed the fence at a flying leap, and advancing to the stage now beyond the bridge, this matchless rider, taking off his hat and bowing to the party, asked, as if the affair had not been purely accidental:

"Gentlemen! which of you can do that?"

We most heartily congratulated him on his miraculous preservation, and, as he rode gallantly off, gave him three loud cheers for his unsurpassed coolness and intrepidity.

Reader! it is yet a long way to Pittsburg, and I cannot get you properly there without telling my own robber story—a pet adventure;—or without we skip—but I should like to tell the story—

"Well, Mr. Carlton, we should very much like to hear the story—but, perhaps, just now we had better—skip."

Skip it is, then, and all the way to—Pittsburg.

* * *

alii ventosis follibus auras.

"Accipiunt redduntque: alii stridentio tingunt
Aera lacu: gemit impositis incudibus antrum.
Illi inter sese multa vi brachia tollunt
In numerum, versantque tenaci forcipe massam."6

And be assured, reader, it is not "all smoke" you now see—there is some fire here too. This black place reminds us of the iron age—of Jupiter too, and Vulcan and Mount Aetna. Virgil would here have found Cyclops and pounders of red-hot thunderbolts sonorous enough to set at work in his musical hexameters. And some here make tubes of iron, with alternate and spiral "lands and furrows," better by far to shoot than Milton's grand and unpatent blunderbusses; into which his heroic devils put unscientifically more powder than probably all burned. But that was before the Lyceum age.

Whenever that soot-cloud is driven before a wind, long streets are revealed lined with well-built and commodious dwellings, with here and there a stately mansion, or dusky palace belonging to some lord of coal-pits and ore-beds.

Hark! how enterprise and industry are raging away!—while steam and water-power shake the hills to their very foundation!—and every spot is in a ferment with innumerable workmen as busy, and as dingy too, as the pragmatically insects in Virgil's poetic ant-hill! Every breeze is redolent with nameless odours of factories and work-shops; and the ear is stunned by the ceaseless uproar from clatter and clang of cog and wheel—the harsh grating of countless rasps and files—the ringing of a thousand anvils—the spiteful clickings of enormous shears biting rods of iron into nails—the sissing of hot tongs in water—and the deep earth-quaking bass of forge-hammers teaching rude masses how to assume the first forms of organic and civilized metal!

Mr. Brown said he was not yet fully awake, but that he was in a dream amid scenes at Birmingham and Sheffield; and that instead of astonishing the natives, the natives had surprised and astonished him!

Why do some speak disparagingly of Pittsburg complexion! Is it

6 "Meanwhile, in windy bellows' womb some in the breezes take, And give them forth, some dip the brass all hissing in the lake, And all the cavern is agroan with strokes on anvil laid, There turn and turn about betwixt, with plenteous might to aid, They rear their arms; with grips of tongs they turn the iron o'er."

—William Morris, The Aeneids of Virgil, Done into English Verse, 8:449-453 (Boston, 1876).
ordinarily seen? The citizens move enveloped in cloud—like Aeneas entering Carthage—and hence are known rather by the voice than the face. Their voice is immutable, but their face changes hourly: hence if people here are loud talkers, it arises from the fact just alluded to, and because loud talking is necessary to cry down the din of a myriad mingled noises.

In very civilized districts, ladies owe their sweet looks to what is *put on* their faces; in this Cyclopean city, sweet looks are owing to what is *taken off* their faces. Instead, therefore, of advising bachelors before popping the question, to catch the inamorata "in the suds," we advise to catch her in the soot. If beautiful, then let Coelebs bless himself; for he has a gem which water, unlike its baleful effect on some faces, will only wash brighter and brighter.

As to hearts and manners, if our Mr. Smith be a correct specimen, go reader, live in Pittsburg. He was a Christian gentleman: and in those two words is condensed all praise. When, as was necessary, our party proceeded on the voyage without this friend, so great was the vacancy, we seemed alone—

—Alas! he is no more!

——“facilis descensus Averni, sed revocare gradum—”

"Easy is it to float down the Ohio—*try* to float up once!"

At the time of the voyage, a steamboat was a very *rara avis* on the Ohio river. The usual mode then of *going down*—*getting up* again was quite another affair—was in arks, broad-horns, keel-boats, batteaux, canoes and rafts. Colonel Wilmar, who knew the way of doing business in these great waters, decided in favour of the ark; and into the ark, therefore, we went: viz., Colonel Wilmar and his cousin, Mr. Clarence and Mr. Brown, and Mr. and Mrs. Carlton, and also the two owners—eight souls. Noah's stock of live animals went in to be *fed*, ours went in to be *eaten*; while we had also *smoked* hams; so that the likeness between us and that remarkable navigator failed after the number of the sailors was compared.

Our captain and mate being gone after their own stores, let us meanwhile examine the mechanique of our ark. And first, its *foundation*—for the structure is rather a house than a boat,—its foundation. This is rectangular and formed of timbers each fifteen cubits long, tied by others each eight cubits long; the timbers being from three to four hands-breadths thick. The side beams are united by sleepers, on which
is a floor pinned down, and as tight as possible, so that when swollen by
the water, water itself could not get in—except at the cracks, and then
it could not be got out without the aid of science. Above the first floor-
ing, at an interval of a foot, was laid on other joist—(jice)—a second
floor. Hence by virtue of a primitive pump peculiar to the raft and ark
era, our “hold”—and it held water to admiration—could, when neces-
sary, be freed.

Scantling of uncertain and unequal lengths rose almost perpendic-
ular around the rectangle, being morticed into the foundation; and so
when, from without, planks were pinned as high as necessary against
these uprights, the ark had nearly all its shape, and all its room.

This room or space was portioned into cabin and kitchen; the latter
intended by the architect to take the lead in the actual navigation, but
which in a struggle for preeminence would often technically slue round,
and yield that honour to the cabin.

Next the kitchen. In one part was a hearth of brick and sand, and
furnished with three iron bars that straddled lowerwise to the edges of
the hearth, but united upperwise over its centre or—thereabouts. And
this contrivance was to sustain in their turn our—hem!—“culinary uten-
sils?—ay—yes—culinary utensils. Forwards were the fin-holes, and be-
hind these and projecting towards the cabin, were boxes and berths for
the captain and mate. The fins—improperly by some called horns—
were rude oars, which passing out of the opposite fin-holes just named,
used, when moved, to flap and splash each side of the kitchen; and by
these the ark was steered, kept kitchen end foremost, brought to land,
and kept out of harm’s way—the last requiring pretty desperate pulling,
unless we began half an hour before encountering an impediment, or
escaping a raft. The fins would, indeed, sometimes play in a heavy sort
of frolic to get us along faster; but usually they were idle, and we were
left to float with the stream from three to four miles in an hour.

The cabin, like other aristocrats, had the large space, was planked
two cubits higher than the other places, and covered with an arched
roof of thin boards to ward off direct sun, and perpendicular rain. Ag-
against sun and rain oblique, it was no barrier. The cabin was also sub-
divided into parlour and state room. The latter was for the ladies’ sole
use, being sumptuously furnished with a double box or berth, a toilette
made of an upturned flour barrel, and similar elegancies and conveni-
ences, and a window looking up-stream; which window was a cubit
square, and had a flapper or slapper hung with leathern hinges and fastened with a pin or wooden bolt. The parlour contained the male boxes or sleeperies; and was the place where we all boarded—but here comes the captain and his mate, and we shall be off in what they call a jiffey. Among other articles, these persons had brought a coffee-mill, a saw, about half a bushel of sausages, and above all, a five gallon keg, which the captain himself hugged up under his arm next the heart. What was in it I do not exactly know—it could not have been water, not having a watery smell, and besides we all drank river water.

Reader! all is ready! Oh! how soft the blossom-scented balmy air is breathing! See! the sun light dancing from one sparkling ripple to another! A most delicious April morning is inviting us with the blandest smiles to come and float on the beauteous river far, far away to the boundless prairies and the endless forests of the New World! Yes! yes! here is a vision!—and in the midst of fragrance, and flowers, and sunshine, and with those we love for comrades, and those we love awaiting us, we are entering the land, the glorious land of sunsets! Ah! Clarence—I wonder not at that tear—

"Bill! slue round your 'are side there and we're off," interrupted the captain, addressing his mate. Bill, of course, performed that curious manoeuvre with great nautical skill, and off we were: first one end struggling for the precedence and then the other, with alternate fins dipping and splashing, till the ark reached the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela; and then one grand circular movement accomplished, that forced the lordly cabin to the rear, away, away we floated, kitchen in the van! down on the current of the noble, beauteous, glorious Ohio!

Farewell! Pittsburg, last city of the east! Long may the din and the smoke of thy honest enterprise be heard and seen by the voyager away down the flood! Farewell!—the earthborn clouds are veiling thee even now! There! I see thee again!—Oh! the flash of that tall spire sending back the sunbeam, like gleams of lightning from a thunder cloud;—it gleams again—we change our course—and all is dark!—Pittsburg! Farewell!