

## LETTERS FROM THE WEST IN 1845

[In the summer of 1845, Stephen H. Hayes, a young minister from Frankfort (now Winterport), Maine, made a trip as far west as the Territory of Iowa, going by way of Boston, New York, Washington, Pittsburgh, and the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and returning by way of Chicago and the Great Lakes. During his journeying he noted his experiences and observations in a series of letters addressed to Mr. Archibald Jones, the postmaster of Frankfort, with whom he had boarded. The earlier letters of the series describe the cities east of the Alleghanies, but the limitations of space have made it seem desirable to omit these letters and begin with those which deal with his trip west of the mountains.

The letters were often written in haste and contain numerous abbreviations. The writer usually reduced the names of towns to their initials and even compressed some words as short as "which" to "wh.". In editing the manuscript, abbreviations of words and names, where there is no doubt of the writer's intentions, have been expanded. In other respects, however, an effort has been made to reproduce the original spelling, punctuation, and capitalization. The originals of the letters were contributed to The State Historical Society of Iowa by Professor Stephen Hayes Bush of the State University of Iowa, a grandson of Mr. Stephen H. Hayes.—THE EDITOR]

Cincinnati May 27th 1845

Dear Friends

In due time I will explain why I am at Cincinnati again. In my last letter I left you at Uniontown Pennsylvania. From there to Brownsville 11 miles we had a delightful ride, through the beautiful country we saw from the mountains. We reached Brownsville on the Monongahela about 10 h. A. M. This is an inconsiderable village. Here we embarked for Pittsburg. We had taken a ticket from Baltimore to Pittsburg, because it was \$1.00 cheaper than by Wheeling, and we saved about 50 miles staging. The passage down the Monongahela is by slackwater navigation, having to pass several locks. The country is very pleasant, the air pure, and vegetation seemed rapidly advancing. There is great

abundance of coal on this stream. We reached Pittsburg about 4 P. M. and immediately engaged our passage down to Cincinnati for \$4.00 a distance of 500 miles, all found. We then went up to see the desolated city. Between 20 and 30 steam boats lay at the wharves, but unlike those on the eastern waters, these draw seldom more than 4½ feet of water. They have the slope to the bank to the river perhaps 100 rods long and 6 or 8 wide all paved neatly which they call the wharf — perhaps inclined to an angle of 23 or 25 degrees. This is sometimes entirely inundated, but at such times little is done in transportation. You remember that the Ohio is here formed by the junction of the Monongahela and the Alleghany, the latter, a clear cold stream flowing down from the mountains and raised by steam I think to water the city. The fire made dreadful havoc. 56 acres of the business portion of the city was made a heap of ruins. The dust and rubbish was almost insupportable. The loss is estimated at \$15,000,000. Many were made houseless and homeless. We saw some of the sufferers who were permitted to live in the court house, and had their cooking utensils, parlor, dormitory in the court room itself. This is a stately building far superior to any I have seen in New England. It cost with the jail \$63,000. From the top we could see the whole country around. The desolation in the city is terrible — yet they have good courage. A very intelligent citizen, who was with us I. McDowell Esq. remarked, “we are workers here” — and so they seemed. All were busy and those who lost all are trying to do something. We pass a gentlemen to whom Mr. McDowell said. “you once had an office there”. “Yes” he replied “and I mean to have another.” He was at work overseeing, and was one of the first lawyers in the city. Rich<sup>d</sup> Biddle a eminent lawyer brother of N. Biddle, lost his house, office, &c with a library worth \$25,000. Some one asked if he was

left poor. "No" was the reply, "not as long as he has his tounge left." They seemed in pretty good spirits. Some one hinted to another that his beard was long. "Ah", said he, "My razor was burned." Alleghany is a pretty town just opposite Pittsburg containing a population of 11,000. It has a Theological Seminary, and some beautiful dwellings. In the Northwest part of the city of Pittsburg is a neighbourhood of Negroes, which appeared highly flourishing. Opposite Pittsburg is a small manufacturing village called Fligo[?]. Lower down another called (Manchester?) both on the Monongahela. These towns and villages are generally built of brick and from the iron manufactories and great abundance of coal they are black with soot. Going from our clean white New England towns and villages, here one *feels* constantly the imperious necessity of frequent ablutions, yet the people are uncommonly healthy. The population of Pittsburg is [space left blank] The tract of country W. bounded by the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers and the mountains is very fertile and in a high state of cultivation. Pittsburg will long feel its misfortune but will eventually arise. It has great natural resources in the soil of the surrounding country, and its coal and iron which are inexhaustible. If I can get time I will write more particularly of these productions. I do not now remember the population — from 30 to 40,000. Pittsburg has been called the Birmingham of the Ohio Valley. When we went on board our boat we expected to start that night but did not. We were heavily laden and the Captain had engaged his passengers, and they were obliged to pay, so that he felt little anxiety, but we were much troubled for fear we should not get through before the Sabbath. One thing however, is pleasant. You have your state room containing two berths and having two doors one opening into the cabin and one on deck the latter having blinds with which you can pro-

tect yourself and still have fresh air. Our boat was very orderly, and well furnished, so that aside from the jar one can read and write with ease. Ours was not a regular packet, and hence was not crowded with pickpockets gamblers &c. This class are commonly found on the larger boats, having for their object to win money or to plunder. In point of time however we missed it, for the regular boat which was to go at 10 h. A. M. the next day reached Cincinnati ten hours earlier than we did. There is all this difference.

We soon passed some villages, fine orchards, decent dwellings, though you seldom see a window blind. Brick houses are numerous, but not elegant, and the bricks look as if they were half burnt. In this region even in this city, a brick house looks miserably unless painted. We passed Economy 18 miles from Pittsburg a pleasant village, where the silk business is carried on quite extensively. You may remember that this place is one built up, and conducted on the plan of Owenism or Fourrierism, but I learned little of its true character. I have seen a very flattering account of it, written some years since.

I must again close my letter. The drought is very severe and I fear will impede our progress as we wish to go down the river. I feel no little anxiety about the preaching. I wish the committee to see Prof. Shepherd or Prof. Pond or both and get them to come down a Sabbath or two. I hope this arrangement will be made. I am here at a great distance from home and to turn about and go back without getting some adequate idea of our great country, I do not think it my duty. If the people complain tell them just to get a new minister and I will stay out here. Room enough as Dr. Beecher said. The west is all place. My health is pretty good. I have had no ill turns — good appetite. May not have gained much flesh, but think I shall when I have an

*opportunity.* Have received more profit from my journey than I anticipated, but my letters all seem so meager that you will not believe me. I should be very happy did I only suppose the desk in the chapel was well supplied. Though I have passed through many towns and much country and seen a numerous people, I have not yet forgotten our beloved New England and our own dear village of people of Frankfort. My love to all tell the people all about me that will interest them.

Affectionately,

S. H. H.

Cincinnati Ohio. On board the Cutter for St.  
Louis Thursday Morning, May 29 1845.

Dear Friends.

You see what a flourish of trumpets I have in my date. This is western style. But I must tell you what I saw on my way down the beautiful river. I left you yesterday some miles on our way. We next passed Beaver the capital of Beaver County, a pretty village, containing a court house, jail, Academy, several manufactories &c. Here the Big Beaver empties into the Ohio. This place has about 1000 population. This was on the 15th, when we had heavy showers and a dull day. The day before was very warm and uncomfortable. This day a fire or great coat was necessary so you see sudden changes are not peculiar to Maine. We passed through pleasant and highly cultivated districts, though there is on both sides of the river much unoccupied territory. In compareing the Ohio side with the Kentucky side you must not suppose the former a paradise nor the latter a desert, though with free labour, you see every where the signs of enterprise, and the converse under servitude. There is much forest on both sides. The land is frequently uneven but never rises into the bold hills of New

England The soil is mellow and so far as I observed entirely free from stone. Coal is very abundant. These hills seem to be masses of coal, and you would frequently see rail roads running down to the river. Occasionally a hill would seem entirely composed of a coarse grey rock, through which were entrances to the coal mines. There were occasionally fine farms, and probably we passed some during the night, but on the whole, I did not observe that state of improvement I anticipated. The river however was low, and we could not well observe from the boat. I think from what I learn the cultivation and improvements on the river does not compare with the interior. At 10½ h. A. M. Thursday morning we reached Wellsville, 50 miles from Pittsburg, and here we entered the Ohio. This is situated on an elevation above high water and is increasing in business and population. It contains a Presbyterian, Methodist, and Episcopal church — one of each — several commission merchants, a foundry, a steam saw mill and a steam flour mill, (there are about 35 flour mills in the neighbourhood) a stone ware manufactory &c. From 40 to 50,000 barrels of flour are exported from this town annually, besides a large quantity of other produce. I have been specific in this description as it is the first town we have seen in Ohio. Steubenville is another flourishing town 20 miles farther on, and contains among other things a flourishing Female Seminary under the care of the Reverend Charles C. Beattie D. D. This is a permanent institution and the most extensive in the western country. It was here that Miss Mitchell to whom Mr. N. A. Prince was engaged to be married, taught and died. Towards night we passed Wheeling. This is a black smoky town. Those who have not seen these manufacturing places where so much coal is burned cannot easily imagine the unpleasant appearance they present. Wheeling is surrounded with hills covered with groves and

large trees and produces on the whole a pleasing effect. We passed a small village where a mound was pointed out. We could only see it as we passed. I was told that it had been entered and contained several apartments where bones were originally found. It is perhaps from 50 to 60 feet high, has a cupola on its top and shrubbery on its sides. I think it is made a sort of museum. I have gained no new light as to its origin. On Friday morning we passed Blennerhassets Island. This is several miles in length, level, covered with fields, trees, orchards &c. Yet I saw but one house and out buildings. It was quiet green and beautiful, still it awakened melancholy associations. Here our boat frequently touched bottom, or rather the many small stones rolling along in the bottom of the river and worn round by attrition. As our boat made slow progress and fearing that we might be caught on the Sabbath we were in readiness to go ashore at Marietta but the Captain got wind of it and did not touch. So we quietly submitted. Our Captain was a singular man, born and bred on the river, attending well to his business but seldom talking save in monosyllables and these a surly yes and no. He was generally by himself, never eating with his passengers but with his crew. Many a worse man than he, has lived. Marietta is the oldest town in Ohio and appears more like a New England village than any I have yet seen. It contains a college, many pleasant dwellings, &c. Its site is level, but it is surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills which give it a beautifully picturesque appearance. Here the Muskingum river empties into the Ohio which has 60 miles slackwater navigation to Zanesville, and there connects with the Ohio. My statements may not always be correct as I gather them from conversation with individuals. Marietta has not grown rapidly. There is here a bend in the river, which caused it to wash the shore so much that a break water is

necessary so that boats do not approach the shore; in lieu thereof there are wharf boats, fastened to the breakwater, and passengers, freight &c. are embarked from these. On the Virginia side there are only some dozen poor houses. We learned from some one here, that the man who sowed the first bushel of wheat in Ohio, is still living. His name is John White. At the mouth of the little Kanawha River is Parkersburg. Here I took a run for ten minutes while the boat stopped. I could not forget that I was on slave ground. This is quite a village. I was told that the sons of rich planters would come here with the portion that fell to them, waste it in a little while by gambling and dissipation, and then turn loafers and desperados. This is common in other places. A gentleman told me that a young man without money going into such a place to gain a livelihood by his own industry would be trampled upon. Such is the spirit of "Slaveocracy". We touched at Point Pleasant. Here brother Thurston had some acquaintances. He wished to stop a few minutes — fortunately found one of them on the wharf. Several individuals formerly of his parish reside here (Gilmores). We met a gentleman who came on board somewhere here by the name of Cushing, a lawyer of Gallipolis whose father was born at Plymouth Massachusetts. We find everywhere people from New England. Point Pleasant is at the mouth of the Great Kanawha, which has 60 miles of navigation, and a rich and flourishing valley. At Gallipolis a high rock is shown, from which, in olden time a white man pursued by an Indian leaped, and *lit* in the top of a tree, thence descending he swam across the river and escaped. Friday night cold — some frost — it is said grain will be essentially injured. On these cold nights the river is often so foggy as to stop the boats. An intelligent buckeye told me the last winter was mild, that such winters in Ohio are unhealthy. Among other cases he stated, that



three I think died out of the family of his wife's father. He related some interesting facts one of which was that he had heard the Hon Thos. Ewing say in a public speech that when he was a poor boy he had many a time eaten his mush and milk out of a *gourd*. I learned from him that the railroad from Cincinnati to Lake Erie would soon be completed. The company had loaned \$500,000 in Boston, and portions of the road are completed at both ends. So that soon there will be a railroad from Boston via Albany, along the shores of Lake Erie to Cincinnati. The people here are expecting great results from this enterprise and they cannot be disappointed.

Portsmouth is a manufacturing town 112 miles from Cincinnati, iron works &c. signs of enterprise. I noticed a little steamer towing six enormous coal boats up the river. They fill them and let them float down. I saw trading boats containing a great variety of articles that float down and stop at the villages and trade. They are sold or abandoned but never carried back. Maysville is a very pleasant town on Kentucky side, and like many others surrounded by high hills. Covered with trees green pastures &c. Really romantic. There are very few interesting villages on the Kentucky side. At ten on Saturday evening we reached this queen city of the West, and after trying three public houses found a place to pillow our heads. Surely goodness and mercy have followed us.

Affect yours

S. H. H.

Ohio River May 29th 1845.

Dear Friends.

We left Cincinnati an hour since, and I am now on the river again. The boat jars, and I can with difficulty write. I told you we tried at three hotels before we could get

lodgings. In the morning we went to the Temperance House to breakfast. We had heard it spoken of as a good house but in all my life, I never saw such a place. We could not find who were at the head of it and could find no place suitable to sit down in. I felt ashamed that a house professing to be a temperance house should be unfit for a stable. I felt ashamed of the friends of the cause. Its enemies certainly will triumph in such a caricature. After breakfast we walked in pursuit of Sunday Schools. We had in our company the Presiding Elder from Maryland a slaveholder, but whose conscience was troubled, and who would never call his negroes slaves but servants. We went to the first Presbyterian Church and there met another Presiding Elder also a slaveholder. You may wish to know how we ascertain this. The subject was to come up in the General Assembly, and in speaking of *that*, it came in as a matter of course. This latter gentleman resided near Lexington and gave us an interesting account of H. C. Indeed I was disposed to think I had been severe in my opinion for he corroborated his statements by the authority of the Reverend Mr. H. whose letter was published &c, but I had abundant cause to return to my former opinion for reasons, which I will not here state. This Presiding Elder was a gentleman and I hope a Christian, but the southern standard of morals and religion is low. The Sunday Schools were small — of the three we visited no one contained over 120 scholars — though a good degree of interest was manifested by those who were present. We were introduced to the Committee of Arrangements, who directed us to the Reverend Dr. Cleaveland's, who wished for New England men. Dr. Cleaveland is a half brother of the professor at Bowdoin College. I had seen him in New England. He is a native of Byfield, Massachusetts. Has been some years in the west, and recently settled in Cincinnati. We found a

welcome at his house. He had recently married an accomplished lady (his second wife) in Exeter, New Hampshire for whom he exhibited the fondness peculiar to *widowers* in their second marriage. But we had a happy home at his house and had the pleasure of meeting there several distinguished individuals. Most of them however were originally from New England. We heard the Reverend Dr. Edgar of Louisville preach. He used no notes and spoke with much ease. It was an example of Southern preaching. In the P. M. we were going to hear another man and went accordingly, but being too late we returned to Dr. Cleaveland's church and heard the same Dr. Edgar. He has much action and declamation, much talking to the clouds. Quotes much poetry and scripture, and produces after all but little impression. He is a popular preacher, but in New England would not satisfy. And I may here remark that intelligent Christians of the South and West really prefer the solid written sermons of New England. The people of the west will not be fed on chaff. They have but little respect for the office of the ministry, and if there is nothing but bluster in the man they care not a straw for him. In every congregation and community there are men of much intelligence. In most of the churches in Cincinnati they have preaching in the A. M. and evening. In Dr. Cleaveland's church in the A. M. and P. M. though the latter service comes at 4 o'clock. In the evening I went to hear Dr. Potts of St. Louis but was so sleepy I could not hear much.

I attended occasionally the meetings of the General Assembly but was not particularly interested. It is a sort of spiritual court, and they are governed in their proceedings by the strict letter of the book of discipline, and they quibble and contend as in a court of law. Several days were spent in discussing the question "whether Catholic Baptism is valid", a question which ought not to be even raised.

Then came up the slavery question. This was brought in silyly — we did not know when and were not there, but they soon passed over it, though the southern members had come prepared to defend their institution, but they voted at once that where Christ had not legislated they should not and then Dr. Rankin[?] President of Lafayette College who has attempted to prove that slavery is a divine institution, moved that thanks be offered to Almighty God, for the manner in which they had been able to dispose of this subject. Many southern men said, No! No! and the thanks were not offered. Several days were spent in discussing the marriage question, “whether a man shall marry his wife’s sister”. “The Book” says “no”, and many men contended manfully not for the bible, but for the *book*. Others took the opposite side, among whom was Judge Grier, of Pittsburg, who remarked, he was not himself selfish in the matter, as his wife had no *sister*. They did not decide the question, but referred it to the lower courts, i. e. the people in their Presbyteries. The Presbyterian Church has a Federal government while Congregational churches are democratic. Several minor questions were discussed, reports made &c. The meeting is very unlike our General Conference. Not that dispatch, nor harmony as with us. I am more a Congregationalist than ever — more a northern man than ever. There is a strong feeling between the New and Old School parties. The latter are very stiff, and look upon the former as heretics. Some will not invite them to their communion. As an example of the extreme Dr. Wilson in whose church the General Assembly met, when administering the Sacrament near Lane Seminary, remarked they would be glad to invite the neighbouring church meaning that including Dr. Beecher, Stowe the Seminary etc. but their *fatal heresy* forbid it. Dr. Wilson will not, or *does* not speak to Dr. Beecher. Dr. Wilson is so stiff that

he will not have a painting or a picture in his house. A portrait painter, wishing to join his church he would not receive him, unless he would express his repentance for having sinned by such an occupation, and promise to abandon it, which he had the common sense *not* to do. There are however many warm hearted Christians in the Old School Assembly, who have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness. Their best men came off and formed what is called the New School. They more nearly resemble Congregationalists. I did not spend much time in the Assembly, the weather was excessively warm and they were excessively uninteresting to me. How they could hold on for two whole weeks I could not tell. Mr. Thurston in his remarks before the Assembly did himself and the churches which he represented much honour.

I am well. Am finishing this letter as our boat is lying at the wharf in Louisville.

Affect yours,

S. H. HAYES

Louisville Kentucky, May 30th 1845

I have just closed my last letter and sent it to the office, and will now improve this moment of quiet to give you a random description of Cincinnati the "Queen of the West." It is situated on the banks of the Ohio with a long paved wharf as in Pittsburg at which you will always see a long array of steam boats. It contains a population of 90,000[?], is built on a plain, surrounded by hills, forming a complete basin, and when the whole shall be filled with inhabitants it will contain perhaps 200,000. It is regularly laid out, the streets parallel with the river, being numbered 1, 2, 3, &c, up to the 17th, and the cross streets having fancy names as walnut, vine, &c. It is to a good degree ornamented with shrubbery, which will need some years to develope its

beauty. The streets are badly paved with lime rock, with which the surrounding hills are filled. These pavements have settled in some places, and are really the worst I have ever seen, and when it is dry the air is filled with lime rock dust. The houses are decent, but not elegant, and many of them were hastily and badly built. There are no public buildings, the State establishments being at Columbus. Their public school houses are large and really excellent. They have several literary institutions, such as Cincinnati College, Woodward College, St. Xavier's College, and a Medical College. Also a College of Dental Surgery. They have some good churches. The Catholics have several large churches, and are now building a splendid cathedral, and two large churches. Some 1600 buildings are in a process of erection this season. There are from 20 to 30,000 Catholics most of whom are Germans. They are an enterprising class of people, are accumulating property and a gentleman who has closely observed, remarked to me that in his opinion the Germans would eventually monopolize the business of Cincinnati. They have recently purchased the property belonging to the United States Bank, to the amount of 800,000 (in Cincinnati.) They live prudently, are disposed to favour each other. They are filling the surrounding country, and for the most part supply the market. The market in Cincinnati is a curiosity. I went out one morning on purpose to see it about 5 o'clock. It consists of some two or three hundred waggons covered with canvass, drawn by one or two horses, and by the way the horses here are very large. They come in from the surrounding country and bring every kind of provision with which a table can be supplied. Such a variety and such a display I have never seen. I counted in one row 127 waggons, in another 80, in another 50 besides a multitude of stands, and then a building which contained the meat, and

near it the *fish* market. Here was every sort of vegetable, a great variety of meats, and they eat a great deal of flesh in the west, not uncommonly having 6 different kinds on the same table. Here was abundance of fresh fish. But the fish are poor. Ripe strawberries from 8 to 12½ cents veal 40 cents per quarter, but I did not inquire the prices of many things. Ripe cherries, cucumbers, peas, eggs by the barrel 6 or 8 cents per dozen. Here you see waggons of live fowl and often the purchaser carries them off "squawking" through the streets. I have seen *loads* of live calves driven along for the slaughter. Also of sheep. These waggons come in over night, and arrange themselves in their places. But how are they defended. They have abundance of monstrous dogs, but these do not protect the market. The market people sleep in their waggons, rain or shine. Often women come unprotected to market and lodge in the waggons. I have seen a mother with a child not apparently more than 4 months old sitting at 5 o'clock in the morning in one of these waggons. And you often see women selling articles which if they had cooked them would have forced you to die of starvation. Still their articles look well — butter is often wrapped in thin white cloth done up of course into balls or blocks. Every thing is quiet in the market. Public sentiment protects it. These waggons are all gone by ten or eleven in the A. M. Cincinnati presents a very business like aspect. I have not seen larger ware houses, though the stores do not compare with some in New York or Boston. Here you find every variety of merchandise — great numbers of clothing stores. I saw in Cincinnati saddles, especially ladies saddles, trunks etc, in more extensive assortments, and of more elegant manufacture than all I *ever* saw in New England. Some ladies saddles are worth 40 or 50\$. You see here great numbers of show boxes along the streets with trinkets, fancy articles,

jewelry &c. Most of the clerks appeared to me to be foreigners. As you pass many of these stores, you find a clerk stationed at the door to urge you to go in. Many of these German dealers, resemble the traveling pedlers of the East. Most goods can be bought here at a little advance of Boston prices. Public houses are very numerous, some excellent and I would prefer to board where a *divinity student once did!* than in some I have seen. In all this western world taverns are abundant. I once counted six in a village no larger than the *Marsh*. In Cincinnati there are few negro servants in the Hotels, but Germans, and far inferior. Cincinnati is rapidly improving in wealth and population. I have been told that 1700 houses are this year in a process of erection. Probably, as you stand on some eminence you can look upon the abode of more than 100,000 souls. Just above the city on the Ohio side is Fulton, stretching along by a single street towards a mile, where boat building is extensively carried on. Opposite on Kentucky side is Covington a pleasant town of 4 or 5000 inhabitants from which when we left, we took some 16 slaves for St. Louis. They were accompanied by a driver with a two barreled gun, whether to shoot game or negroes I did not learn. Just above Covington is another small town, called Newport. I have before observed that Cincinnati is surrounded with hills. Most of these rise to considerable height, and have a bold appearance. But they are digging them down, to pave the streets, stone cellars &c. These hills are full of lime stone deposited in layers, between which the earth is imbedded. I have seen hills cut down perpendicularly to the depth of 50 feet and the stones and earth have the appearance of a work of art. These stones are full of fossil remains, shells, coral &c., some specimens of which I shall bring home. You have all heard of the observatory. This is situated on one of these hills called Mt. Adams, for J. Q. A. who laid the



corner stone. The edifice is not yet completed. It is built of stone dug from the hills near it, a portion of it being finished for a private residence, and a portion for visitors and philosophical purposes. It contains a fine Telescope said to be the largest in this country. It is a private enterprise, under the care of Professor Mitchell, and they have thought fit to charge \$1.00 for day visits and \$2.00 for a visit at night. I had a line of introduction from Dr. C. but found Prof. M. absent. I learned that gentlemen and ladies were there that morning as early as 3 o'clock. From the Observatory you have a fine view of the city and all the surrounding country. It is really a fine prospect. From the Observatory, as you advance west, in a little while you cross a ravine which is filled with butchers. Ascending from this you reach the road leading to Walnut Hills the seat of Lane Seminary. On a little further continually ascending you come to a very paradise called Mt. Auburn. Here are some of the most splendid dwellings I have seen in this region, surrounded with fine gardens, many of which are extensive and have already abundance of strawberries cherries &c. This is the residence of Dr. Mussey formerly of New England, besides many others. As I was going down from these hills I met an old lady going up with whom I had some conversation. She told me she went to Cincinnati in 1814, and now as she went out and looked upon that great city it seemed to her she must have lived 200 years. But workmen are digging down these hills all around. Many regret it much, but the owners wish to make money, and the stones and gravel are needed.

One P. M. we went to Lane Seminary. This is situated  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the city. In cool weather it must be a delightful walk but now it was warm and intolerably dusty. But the region of the Seminary is delightful. The professors live in good houses surrounded with green fields and

shrubby, flowers &c. and near are those beautiful forests of which I have spoken. Andover is beautiful, but it is the beauty of art. Bangor to *me* is beautiful, but it is the beauty of association but Lane Seminary has something more than the beautiful, it has the grandeur of nature in its hills and forests. We wandered in their solitude. Saw a student studying divinity there, a fit place, surrounded by the columns and overarching branches of this cathedral of nature. We did not stop long at the Seminary as Drs. Beecher and Stowe, and Prof. Allen were all absent. There is here one of the finest theological libraries in this country. Their anniversary occurs the first week in June. We went to tea at a Mr. Tichenors, one of the trustees, an educated man, living on the banks of the Ohio in one of the most delightful spots I have ever seen. He has a beautiful garden, and his fine spacious residence is surrounded by a forest of these same grand old trees all clean and grassy under their lofty but shading branches. Here I partook of strawberries though it was only about the 20th of May. Here we met Prof. Allen, of the Seminary, a fine man, but simple and plain in his manners and pretensions. I could have staid a long time. Mr. and Mrs. Tichenor were intelligent Christians, had once lived in Alabama, were rich and had all the hospitality of the South, with little of the aristocracy. We saw Dr. Beecher in New York. He is much beloved by the students here, though he has many peculiarities. They often have to send for him for recitation. Sometimes find him fiddling, often comes in (50 rods.) in his slippers though it be raining, not thinking to change them, always comes running: is still brilliant in the recitation room. Prof. Stowe is one of the most learned men in this country. He told me with reference to friend Chadwick's inquiry about his tobacco using, that he abominated the practice and had used none for many years. He could not

tell from whence sprang the report. He says notwithstanding the many interesting things in the West, were it not his duty to stay here he would gladly return to New England and spend his days, and Prof. Stowe is not alone in his views.

You may be aware that Rev. Breece has had a call to go to Cincinnati and settle. New churches are springing up in the city but this one to which he is called is yet in its infant state, and I am satisfied that nothing but a sense of duty would lead him there did he understand the circumstances.

No less than three new churches two New School and one Old are about to be built. I was present at the laying of the corner stone of one the day before I left. There is a powerful Catholic influence in Cincinnati. They have money and do as they please. There are other evil influences. Some substantial societies are stemming the flood, but Cincinnati is a wicked city. Intemperance theft arson, and a thousand crimes almost are of daily occurrence. The people often, besides barring their doors and locking their yards, carry their silver spoons, plate &c, up stairs at night, to their sleeping rooms. The children boys of the city are under ruinous influences. I attended a Sunday School meeting which an agent of the Sunday School Union had invited, where there were 500 children present. It was in the evening and though the meeting was badly arranged, the children being all in the gallery, yet I never was in such a perfect bedlam. It was in the largest church in the city, and the noise was like the roar of winds and the rattle of pavements in a storm.

But I must close my letter. I fancy I see C. throw down my letters, "not very interesting", "cant read them if they were." I don't blame her, but still wish I did better. What I have not written I will tell you when I come home. I was tired of staying in Cincinnati and was heartily glad when our boat cast off though I had 700 miles to travel alone.

Evansville Indiana June 2nd 1845

Dear Friends.

I have been waiting here all day for a boat. Have run to the river some half dozen times when one of these floating homes was passing but find none for St. Louis. But how came you there you will ask? Be patient and know. I have not yet finished my description of Cincinnati, but having a half unfinished letter in my portfolio which is packed in by baggage, I will pass over a space and begin at Oxford Ohio. One week ago last Friday I went to Oxford with Rev. Mr. Tenney brother of Rev. L. Tenney of Ellsworth. Mr. Tenney came on the next day his friend from Oxford having sent a carriage to Cincinnati for him. It is a most delightful ride from Cincinnati to Oxford, distance 32 miles, all the way on an excellent turnpike, pass 5 gates, pay at each. Gates frequent to save all intermediate travel. The land very rich. Most magnificent forests, nothing has pleased me more than these grand old forests growing on a rich bottom, or on luxuriant swells, all hard wood, of the richest green, and waving their tall heads in the gentle breezes of heaven. We passed some of the finest bottom land I have ever seen. So rich that the soil is almost black, which for a long succession of years is planted with corn and then with difficulty made poor enough for wheat. But do not think all the land in Ohio is like this. I think however they have not the skill of New England farmers. Their management is inferior. They raise abundance of hogs, but less of other domestic animals. Much of the corn in Ohio is made into whiskey which is sent all over the world, some of it to France and comes back in the shape of brandy. The Miami valley is one of the greatest places for whiskey in the world. An old friend of mine, whom I met here, had preached down three distilleries. Said he had five under his pastoral care! I heard of one man who kept 3000 hogs

at his distillery — of another company that had two distilleries and made in both 240 barrels weekly, kept 800 hogs — of one distillery, that was burned, and the 1000 hogs connected with it were turned out to grass but their *teeth* were gone, and they died. This whiskey is a curse upon Ohio and the world.

Oxford is a delightful place. Though little larger than Frankfort, it is a *city* has a mayor and city officers as do most of these western villages. The whole town is 6 miles square, and the city is just one mile square, all of which (the land) belongs to the college, Miami University, which is situated in the middle of mile square. The land from the college is gently inclined each way to the borders of the city and from the top of the college which is very high you have a beautiful prospect. Here we saw Mr. Lane originally from Maine, who gave quite a sum of money to Lane Seminary and from whom that institution takes its name. He was from New Gloucester, and wishes to return there or to Portland if he can sell his farm for \$6,000. We found quite a number of New England people. Some from Maine formerly of Prospect and belonged to Mr. Thurston's congregation. A Mrs. Ross, sister of Capt. Kidder, who may have removed to Frankfort, also her father and sister. Mr. Tenney has a fine situation, and a most excellent *wife*. She was a Connecticut lady, a teacher of a high school, and a prize for any man. He is young has a small church, but good prospects, a destitute region around him. I went out five miles in the P. M. having preached in the A. M. and heard W. T. It was within a stone's throw of Indianna. Here I noticed all sorts of people. Many ladies came on horseback, many were there with *infants*. Many in rather a primitive style. Some gay and sprightly as Boston belles. Mr. Thurston preaches in evening for in the West, it is quite a prevailing custom to have a service only in the

morning and evening. On Monday morning instead of going directly on through Columbus, and through the State as we intended, we concluded to go by the way of St. Louis. All our friends here advised us to this course, told us we should always regret it, and Mr. Thurston thought it best. He concluded to take the land track, and I the water and meet in St. Louis last Saturday. His journey was 300 miles, mine more than 700. I returned to Cincinnati rode down in company with a gentleman and two ladies in a baggage waggon, covered with canvass, the ladies sitting in two chairs and myself with my friend on a trunk. This gentleman had a fine two horse carriage, was the proprietor of a factory, but was going on business now. I reached Cincinnati just as the Steamer North American started for St. Louis. Now I must stop for another boat. I had a home at Dr. Cleaveland's. The next day a boat was ready, but I was advised not to go as she was large and would probably get aground, for the water has been seldom lower than now in the Ohio. A boat started the next day, but I did not go for the same reason. On Thursday a light boat was ready. I took passage at 3 P. M. Being alone, I have become quite independent and get acquainted with anybody I chose. We soon passed North Bend. Had a fine view of it, but you see nothing but a large and fine farm, a two story white house large and awkward, with fine trees in front. Few other residents in the neighbourhood. Harrison's tomb is on a gentle swell 50 rods perhaps from the house containing some shrubbery, and surrounded by a white paling, perhaps enclosing 2 or 3 acres of ground. It does not much resemble the picture in my room. Friday morning we reached Louisville. Here we stopped an hour. Louisville contains 36,460 population. From the top of the Galt house a fine Hotel, I had a good view of the city. It is situated on a plain, with much wild shrubbery and trees in the distance but no ele-

gant dwellings as in the suburbs of most cities. It has 27 churches, a marine hospital, medical college &c. 600 or 700 buildings are being erected this summer. When the water is low there is a fall in the river, which is passed by a canal, cut nearly all the way through solid limestone, for the distance of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  or 3 miles. This is a costly work, and expensive passing. Something like 50 cents a ton for boats. Just through the canal is situated the town of Portland where lives the giant — Jim Porter who traveled in New England as a *show* some years since. He keeps a sort of beer shanty, but we did not see him being up stairs playing cards. His gun, stock and all, is between 8 and 9 feet long, he 7 feet 8 inches high. We passed on well this night, but the next morning reached French Island, where we overtook every one of the boats that had left before us save one. Here is a bad sand bar. One boat of a large class was fast in the sand bar, on board of which was Henry Clay. I have since learned he has gone back to Louisville. Here all the passengers landed to lighten the boat which did not draw more than 3 feet 8 inches. Still she with the others *stuck*. They worked hard and got her off about 4 P. M. while we were from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. wandering on the shore. No houses save a few miserable huts. Here I saw as fine soil as in Ohio (we were on the Kentucky side) the majestic growth of trees exceeding in size any I had seen, principally the cotton wood, sycamore and poplar — very large fields of corn but no appearance of enterprise or thrift. It is not so all over Kentucky. Some portions of the State are great gardens. A large tract through from Louisville to Lexington, I am told is the picture [of] wealth and prosperity. We were sick enough of the waiting, though at first we thought it fine. At length we were on board, but in the course of two hours were stuck fast in a sand bank, where every effort failed to release the boat till morning. All our

state rooms were full and the floor covered with mattresses. I gave up my room to a sick man and tried to sleep on the floor but the racket made by the men who wrought all night long kept me awake. The next morning she started, but it was Sabbath. I could not get a shore the night before but this morning went down to this place very early and came ashore — did not know a soul here but went to a public house. Then went to the Reverend Mr. Baines New School Presbyterian and spent the Sabbath and preached for him. I shall tell you more of this. Only let me say now, to my surprise here I found no less than 4 of my own townsfolk, school children with me. I cannot tell you my satisfaction. It is *hot* here, strawberries gone, raspberries just coming on, peas actually ripe, peaches 1-3 grown, notwithstanding the drought and cold — for let me say, Friday night and Saturday morning on the Ohio a great coat was comfortable.

Yours affect

S. H. H.

Evansville June 3d. It is Tuesday and I am weary with waiting for a boat. One at the wharf going to the mouth of the river which I think I shall take. By the way, I have a traveling companion to St. Louis, a young lady, a graduate of Mt. Holyoke Seminary. She is soon going to Miss. A fine girl. She has been waiting not wishing to go alone. I could not refuse. A word about ladies. They are the plainest set in Cincinnati that I have ever seen in all my perigrinations, small, pale, mean looking. This is too bad to say, but it is true. I occasionally see a handsome married lady whom some one has found in some other country, but spare me from the ladies of the South and West, so far as beauty is concerned. Their education is defective. I have been rallied often on my celibacy, but seldom advised to take a wife here. I have seen some fine girls from the east.



A young lady here from Vermont whom I have jokingly invited to go to Frankfort and teach a school. She says she is fond of snowbanks and sleighrides but you will pardon all this, it is very awkwardly done. I am not use to writing of the ladies.

This is a place of considerable business, and the terminus of the Great Central Canal which connects the river here with Lake Erie, or will do so when it is completed. It will then be perhaps the longest canal in the world. Evansville is the county seat of ————— and has some 4000 inhabitants, a bank, court house &c.

Kentucky is just across the river and I would ride out to some of the plantations were it not so warm and did I not fear of losing the boat. You may sometimes ask why the slaves do not cross the river and be free. They would do so, but there are so many who watch to catch them for reward that they do not dare to attempt it, since if they are caught they are made an example of. People, though they have no sympathy with abolition, that is, but few do, yet nearly all *profess* abhorrence to slavery. Still they say we can do nothing.

I suppose Mr. Thurston is waiting for me at St. Louis, and I am anxious to meet him, though I find several homes here. Two of my friends are physicians, one the wife of a physician, and one the wife of a methodist minister. I stop at the Reverend Mr. Baines whose wife was a teacher at the Female Seminary at Marietta. There is a female High School in their house, which was built for the purpose. Mrs. Baines knew Mr. Robins. This mental affection is not a new thing. I learn from her and from Prof. Allen of Lane Seminary that there is but little prospect of his recovery, that his mind was unsound when he went East. I am well. Am anxious to get home. Get Prof. Shepherd if you can to preach. I will settle with him. Love to all.

S. H. H.

Mississippi River, 600 miles from the Mouth of the Ohio. Just above Dav-enport lying to in a shower on the Upper Rapids. June 11th 1845.

Dear Friends — My last letter was written at Evansville Indiana. I waited there from Monday till Wednesday at 8 A. M. for a boat when I went on board the Champion a New Orleans steamer for the mouth of the Ohio river, intending there to take another boat up to St. Louis. But let me here say a word of Evansville. I know not what I may already have said for it requires a better memory than I have to keep my own reckoning. Evansville is a flourishing village containing from 4 to 5000 inhabitants. It has no manufacturing interest, but being the County Seat the terminus of the Great Canal, and an important boat landing, it has considerable business, but it is situated on a perfect level, surrounded with a perfect level, covered with forests, though the country around is filling up with inhabitants. From the appearance of the stores and shops it is a place of no inconsiderable trade. It has a female school, and one for boys, two Presbyterian churches, 1 Episcopal, 1 Catholic, 1 Methodist, and some other sects, publishes 3 newspapers, and has Lawyers and doctors in abundance. It is a wicked place, but little conservative influence. Not 100 persons attend regularly each the Presbyterian churches. Nothing in a moral point of view is more striking in these towns and cities, (and by the way every place here in the west like Evansville is a city) than the differences in moral character resulting from the character of the population. Where there is an eastern stock to any extent, you find a conservative influence. These places are proud of having eastern men; though they may sometimes be looked upon as intruders, still they are silently looked up to, and imitated in many things. There was in Evansville formerly a strong

prejudice vs. Yankees. Dr. Trafton who has been here 20 years and who was formerly from Maine told me [he] had seen posted up on trees in Indiana this notice. So much for the *skin* of a Yankee. A Yankee is now rather a term of reproach, though a New Englander is significant of honour. Fearing I may be repeating what I have said before I will leave Evansville.

I was really glad to be once more on my way, for I suspected Mr. Thurston was waiting for me at St. Louis. Moreover the weather was insupportably hot. You can have little idea of the effect produced. I have seen the thermometer as high in Maine but nothing of that languor here produced. If you sit perfectly still, you may be comfortable, but stir, and you are enervated. This place is unhealthy, but I was quieted in my apprehensions on hearing that Northern people are less troubled with the "Chills" as they call the fever and ague, than natives, and that the former are not usually thus effected till they have been here from one to three years. Still I was glad to be on the boat. It was a splendid craft, finely fitted up, but the water was so low she had discharged her crew and in charge of the clerk was floating down to the Mississippi. They told us we might come on board and go as far as we could and if they stuck, they would put us on to another boat. We were finely situated as to accommodations, but I never felt that loneliness on a boat. It seemed just like a great palace deserted of its inmates, but we had not been on board above two hours, when she stuck fast in a sand bar. Fortunately for us in the course of a few minutes, a St. Louis boat came along, and we were politely put on board, and exchange was made. Here was a very different order of things — a smaller boat, that would pass the bars, but crowded with passengers. She had been up as far as the French Island bars, and there exchanged freight and passengers with

another boat transporting them across the bars in *flats*, and she was now on her way back. Though she drew 3½ feet of water she took with her a large flat boat with some hundreds of barrels of whiskey which she dared not take on board. It is common when the water is so low to take these flat boats, and sometimes they are obliged to put out all the freight, passengers, and even the machinery in order to pass. We saw acres of sand bars perfectly dry. But we hoped to pass safely now. You can hardly imagine the dread the passengers have, of these detentions. The boat was crowded, yet I succeeded in getting a berth for the lady in my care. There were two clergymen beside myself, and we with 30 or 40 were willing to sleep on the floor. But the first night I slept little. For fearing the bars, the boat lay by all night long, and some of the passengers not being able to sleep were singing much of the time. Near my head was the door of state room in which was a crazy woman who was talking, and laughing, and crying, in most singular tones. But the morning came and at 4 o'clock we must leave our couches, those of us on the floor. This was Thursday. The weather was still excessively hot. Our ice was gone. How I should love the cold winters of the North for making ice, were I always compelled to drink the waters of the Ohio. But we had after all, a pleasant company of all classes, ministers, lawyers, doctors. We had many ladies, and some rather attractive in their personal appearance. I have seen some elegant Kentucky ladies, with one I became somewhat acquainted. She was on her way to Galena to visit her sister, the wife of a Methodist presiding elder. It is no uncommon thing for ladies to go a thousand miles on these western waters to make a visit. You will sometimes go to the Marsh after Sarah. Ladies will here go 400 miles after a sister, sometimes just to accompany them. You can hardly imagine the amount of travel on these rivers, thou-

sands of boats, and all teeming with people. I expect to be in Galena tomorrow and purpose to call and see Ann Eliza Smith, but do not be alarmed, when I left her with other fellow passengers on the boat last Saturday I bid them all farewell having no idea of seeing them again. But you will learn why I go to Galena. I made many valuable acquaintances on the boat. Having a lady in my care I always had a place at the first table, and access to the ladies cabin or any part of the boat. There was a small band of music on board, and some ladies from New England who sang very well, and our evenings passed pleasantly. Some were reading, some telling stories, some playing cards, some singing songs, and some dreaming dreams. There were some 20 children on board from 6 months to 6 years of age, and the poor little things with their poor mothers were real sufferers, though some had two or three negro servants to take care of them. I gained much useful information as we had passengers from almost every part of the world, and on the boat every man is at liberty to become acquainted with anybody he pleases. As to the river and its valley, there is much of sameness everywhere. A few flourishing villages mostly on the Illinois side, but generally forests, and flat bottom. Now and then a decent house, and *frequently* log cabins. The land immediately bordering on the river is rich, but liable to inundations, and generally unhealthy. Smithland at the mouth of the Cumberland River is a pleasant town of 1500 inhabitants. The Cumberland River is navigable 600 miles. Steam boats run on all these western rivers to an astonishing distance. It is estimated that on the Ohio and its tributary streams, there are 5000 miles of navigable waters. Thursday night at about 7 o'clock we reached the mouth of the Ohio. You may remember Cairo the visionary city. This is situated in the angle formed by the junction of the Ohio with the Mississippi. It was pur-

chased by Englishmen and laid out for a great city. They built dikes to curb the river, and have done much to induce settlers, but it overflows, has a low flat region around, and will never be anything. Here we took leave of some of our friends, and soon were stemming the current of the Mississippi "the father of waters". I felt a sort of pride in gazing on this mighty river. I had read of it in my boyhood, and in after years with a sort of veneration, and now to behold it, to ride upon it, to drink it gave me pleasure. The waters are very muddy and are always so, still they are more palatable and healthy than those of the Ohio. The water of the Mississippi resembles that which during a heavy shower runs through your streets. The scenery improves as you advance up the river. I had a travellers guide in my pocket, and kept watch of the towns, but I can assure you I was amused often. For example the town of Selma is laid down with as much ceremony as St. Louis, but the former had barely *two houses*. Ste. Genevieve is one of the oldest places on the Mississippi a French town pleasantly situated, with a great extent of bottom land so held that each man may cultivate as much of it as he pleases. This bottom was inundated last year which has not occurred before for  $\frac{1}{2}$  a century. The town is small perhaps 1500 or 2000 people, grows little and will never be much of a place. It requires Yankees to build up these cities. Here is an extensive quarry of white marble coarse and resembling sandstone. The lime rock prevails throughout the whole west. No granite and little marble of value. Back of Ste. Genevieve in Missouri perhaps 40 miles is situated the iron mountain containing a vast amount of iron — enormous masses lie on the surface. A gentleman told me it had been found so pure, that it would work on the anvil and even make knives. I saw a piece picked up there 78 per cent pure. Copper also abounds there and I had much conver-

sation with a Mr. Dille of Ohio who is a proprietor. He expects to reap great profit. He was on his way there. The mineral resources of Missouri are very great, iron, copper, coal, &c.

Passing Ste. Genevieve the bluffs are grand, rising 200 and perhaps 300 feet perpendicularly so that a shot manufactory is built on the brow of one. There is one pile called the tower, perhaps 100 feet high and round, you can see the layers of stone as if it were the work of art, evidently having been worn by a mighty tide of water, but when no voice sayeth. Some geologists are of opinion that all the bottom in this valley was once the bed of the Mississippi which was then a vast river. These bluffs were very grand and beautiful covered at the top with groves and cultivated fields and where they fell away to nearly a level with the water you would see a pretty cottage, sometimes a log cabin. One thing is noticeable which I may have mentioned, and that is, wherever, there are hills or bluffs on one side the other is flat and low.

Had we not been detained one whole night we should have reached St. Louis Friday morning but as it was we did not till late Friday night. We had suffered much from heat, and were glad to know we were in. It was 11 o'clock. Scarce any had gone to rest. Some were hoping to get to a public house. All was confusion. Here you must watch your baggage, keep your eye on it or lock it up. This must be done in all this west. Soon our boat was at the levee, but one poor fellow, a Catholic walked off and was drowned. Yet scarce any notice was taken of it. I know not that a single effort was made to recover the body. He was a sort of priest. They are very reckless of life here. A man is little more than a dog. You cannot have an idea of corruption of human nature in these cities, and generally, a com-

pany of gamblers are on each boat and they plunder when they can.

Saturday morning I arose early and went to find Mr. Thurston not doubting that he had been waiting nearly a week. It had given me much anxiety. I had written him exhorting him to patience. I soon found he had arrived there only about 12 hours before me. I went to his hotel and found he had gone up to Quincy 150 miles. I went to the office not doubting that I should find a letter but not one word. I knew not what to do, but thought I would get my baggage ashore and carry the young lady to a friends, intending to go to a hotel. I went into the house, was introduced as a clergyman from Maine and found that I was almost at home, for it was at a brothers of the Reverend J. Tucker of Maine with whom I was well acquainted, and I was not allowed to go to public house. His son also was minister of a town above on the river, and was there, so I found myself pleasantly situated. The weather was excessively hot, but towards night, I went to take leave of some of my friends and to make some plan to meet Mr. Thurston. I accordingly wrote him by a boat, to meet me at Peoria on the Illinois river, supposing he would go that way, and not knowing what to do with the young lady. So I wrote him and was at rest. Sabbath was tremendously hot. I did not dare to preach all day but consented to in the evening. There are many New England people in St. Louis. All the Presbyterian ministers. Some excellent Christians. Mrs. Bullard, wife of one of the ministers has often collected in a few hours 100\$ for the poor or other charitable purposes. This however was when money was plenty. The people of St. Louis are noted for generosity. The French population are fast fading away.

But I will not give you a discription of St. Louis now. I am on a jarring boat, and there is much confusion. I will



just say on Monday morning I found a letter from Mr. Thurston urging me to follow him to Quincy and to go via Galena to Chicago &c. Here I was in confusion again for I had written him to meet me at Peoria, but I soon determined to put the lady under the care of another gentleman and strive to overtake Mr. Thurston. Arrangements were soon made, and I hastened on board a steamer at sunset. At this time we had a fine shower, rain poured down in torrents. The air was pure. We passed on, saw Alton the spot where Lovejoy was shot. The people of Alton do not wish to hear the subject spoken of. It was now dark. The next morning fine. Some pretty towns. I was soon at Quincy trembling lest Mr. Thurston had got my letter and gone on but providentially he did not get it at all, though I was sure from the manner of sending it, he must get it. He was on the wharf and we gave each other a happy greeting.

I am anxious to get home. I am aware I am travelling too rapidly. I do hope the people will make some provision for the pulpit. I have now been absent five Sabbaths. Shall be three more. I have little opportunity to write, so I hope you will excuse every thing. My health is very good.

Yours, &c.

S. H. H.

Steamer Constellation from Chicago  
to Detroit, Monday, June 16th 1845

Dear Friends.

In my last I gave you some account of St. Louis. It has a population of 40,000 and is rapidly increasing. It is undoubtedly destined to become one of the greatest cities of the west. Its position gives it great advantage. It is made a kind of depot. Most of the productions of the Uper Mississippi, the Missouri, the Illinois and many smaller streams are landed and reshipped from St. Louis. It has also an

extensive country around. This season they are building 1500 buildings. Several new churches are going up. In all these western cities the Catholic are building splendid edifices. Two *magnificent* churches are nearly finished in St. Louis. One built *entirely* from the contributions of the poorer working class. The Catholic in this valley have an agent, a man of great skill and executive talent who superintends the erection of all these public edifices, and the work is done to stand for ages. The protestant influence in St. Louis is strong, but their churches &c. seem weak compared with the Catholic. The site of the city is very advantageous. It rises from the river by a gentle inclination. The streets are of tolerable width and numbered from the water back, as is the custom in these western cities. The dwelling houses are more elegant than in Cincinnati. They have no public buildings save a court house, and all their edifices are vastly inferior to those of New England cities. They have a medical college, though rather in its infantile state. You know the city was originally settled by the French. They were very jealous of the American settlers, and at first had but little to do with them but their coming, so increased the value of their lands that they became reconciled, though they resided in a section by themselves; but they are fast wasting away. Their portion of the city, now having a poor appearance, is fast giving away, and filling up with a different population. You see there now however, their original dwellings appearing rude and antique. You would be astonished to stand on the levee, or wharf, which is a pavement like that I mentioned at Pittsburg Cincinnati, &c. and see the business that is transacted. Though at this season the water is extremely low, many of the larger boats have ceased to run, and fewer people are traveling by reason of the heat, yet I counted no less than 40 steamboats lying there all preparing to start at most within a few days.

I do not remember what I told you in my last. I was much prostrated by the heat of the week before reaching St. Louis. But there I recruited much. We had also on Sabbath night a heavy shower. So that some of the streets on our return from meeting were literally filled with water.

Monday night as I told you, I took leave of my good friends in St. Louis and proceeded up the river to Quincy. On board I became acquainted with the Rev. Dr. Ezra Styles of Philadelphia who will probably be settled in the Northern Liberties in Philadelphia and who is a very agreeable companion. Before dark Monday we passed Alton, where Lovejoy was shot. I saw the house where his press was placed and the spot where he fell, but the Curse of God seems to rest on this place. Since that time, it has had no prosperity. The stone ware houses are empty, its prospects seem blighted, and as I mentioned in my last, the people feel it so sensibly, they do not wish the subject alluded to. We passed the *mouth* of the Missouri, mingling its muddy waters with the pure Mississippi but they do not readily unite; for a great distance you see the two kinds of water, and even down as far as St. Louis on the opposite shore I was told the Mississippi waters chose to roll alone. But the muddy Missouri is more palatable and healthy than the Ohio or Mississippi. All these waters however have a purgative effect, especially upon Northerners. As I told you we reached Quincy about noon having passed some flourishing villages which I will not describe. Here I joined brother Thurston and spent a few hours, took a bowl of bread and milk at the Reverend Mr. Foots, and rode with him to see his city. It is a beautiful town of about 5000 inhabitants. It has a city government, mayor &c. Mr. Foot has a large congregation, one of the finest churches I have seen, and Mr. Thurston told me he had not heard any where such sweet music. Their leader is a man who was once associ-

ated with Lowell Mason. Most of the buildings here are brick as at St. Louis and most of the western towns, there being abundance of clay almost every where, and the whole country being full of lime rock. Brick at Quincy can be purchased for \$2 per thousand. Here is the seat of the mission institute which was under the care of Dr. Nelson the author of the Cause and Cure of Infidelity. He was a great and good man. He died about a year since. The soil about Quincy is excellent. I became acquainted with a Mr. Wood of Quincy who interested me much. Some 24 years ago, a poor boy with his pack on his back, he left the interior of New York, and wandered into the west. At length he came to Quincy and settled down. He has now a most magnificent farm of 800 acres — one field of excellent wheat of 100 acres, another of 35, an elegant house &c, worth in all at least 50,000\$. Mr. Wood is mayor of Quincy and went with us from there to Galena and gave us much information of the country &c. This town is pleasantly situated on high ground and resembles a New England village more than any I have recently seen. The land about Quincy is what is called high Prarie. We left this place after I had been there a few hours, and of course I could see and learn but little. We embarked on board the *Time*. Here again was a motley company, some 1/2 dozen clergymen several lawyers I think, and the worst set of gamblers I have seen in all my tour. There are companies of these miserable vagabonds constantly traveling on these boats, to gamble, steal rob, murder &c. One of this company was a young man of a desperate appearance, who, I think would not hesitate to plunge a dagger to any man's heart. He had a brandy flushed face, and a fearful eye, which often fell upon us and almost made us shudder. All day long, until 10 or 11 o'clock at night he would gamble with any one he could engage, while piles of money increased and wasted continu-

ally, and tumblers of brandy and rum, etc. disappeared often. This was all in open day in the gentlemen's cabin. One of these fellows, who said he was a member of the Senate of Illinois, became so beastly drunk that he was disgusting in the extreme. You know in passing up the river, we pass Nauvoo. Here we intended to stop and it cost us great self denial not to do so, but we had been detained so much, were so anxious to get on, especially to meet with a convention at Detroit this week, we therefore concluded to push on, and very unfortunately we passed this strange city in the night, and virtually saw nothing of it. We did indeed go on shore, and run up on the bank, and saw by star light what we could. They have a population of ten thousand miserable inhabitants, though the city has a beautiful site, but is destined undoubtedly to waste away and as a Mormon city to come to nought. The Temple is unique and extremely beautiful, but the roof, spire, etc. and the inner work is all of wood, and in a few years will decay, and leave the ruins, a monument of fanatical folly. The citizens are poor, but strain every nerve to complete the temple. There are very strong prejudices vs. them by the citizens of the state, and they are not without foundation e. g. they seem to regard themselves as the chosen people, and justify themselves in any measures to accomplish their end. They have had the ballance of political power and have made havoc in elections. When I see I will tell you more of the Mormons.

Yours &c.

HAYES

Steamer Constellation 16, 1845

Dear Friends.

We are now halting to take in passengers at a pleasant little village called Racine on the borders of Lake Michigan. It is now 4 P. M. and we have passed two fine villages be-

fore this. The day is delightful the lake as smooth as a river, our boat quiet. A fine company of passengers. Some 20 ministers on their way to Detroit, among whom are some with whom I was acquainted in the east, now missionaries in Iowa. Dr. Lindsley, President of Marietta College, Rev. Mr. Walker author of "The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation", and many others whom I cannot name particularly. We have really a pleasant company, and profitable intercourse.

But I will go back. We failed of seeing Nauvoo, but the country above soon became delightful. In the morning we touched at Burlington and went ashore there, and there our feet pressed the soil of Iowa. This is a very flourishing village and in it is settled one of the Iowa band, that went out from the Andover Seminary some two years since.<sup>1</sup> Here I would remark, all these young men who practised so much self denial and who continue to do so, are accomplishing a great work, and will should they live, enjoy the prosperity and luxuries of one of the most rapidly growing countries in the world. I had no idea of [the] beauty of the upper Mississippi. We have passed some small prairies stretching almost as far as the eye could reach, and as green as the sweet fields of New England. Then again, the land would rise in gentle undulations, sometimes covered with large trees, sometimes scattered like an orchard, and often in clumps as to render what seemed to be boundless fields peculiarly delightful. The soil of these gentle hills and undulations is not so strong as the bottoms, yet with cultivation would be very productive. A few years ago the Indians possessed all this territory, and were in the habit of burning over these grounds to keep out the underbrush, to facilitate their hunting. This process has given to vast regions the appearance

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Horace Hutchinson was at this time stationed at Burlington. In 1846 he died and was succeeded by William Salter.— THE EDITOR.

of having been partially cleared. Thus in passing up the river for miles and miles we saw the most beautiful regions, but without scarce an inhabitant. Yet the population is increasing with astonishing rapidity. In some counties where 7 years since scarce a white man breathed the air, now are *thousands* with flourishing villages and productive farms. I surveyed the country as well as I could for at least 1500 miles on these western rivers, without having my idea of the west at all realized, but on this upper Mississippi it is really charming. Just at night the next day after leaving Quincy we reached Davenport some 200 miles above. Here is Fort Armstrong on an Island. Davenport on one side and Stephenson<sup>2</sup> on the other. And without exaggeration it is one of the most delightful views I have ever seen. The idea that such enchanting scenery should exist around such flourishing villages in a region which I had always thought of as covered with dense forests and inhabited by savages, probably enhance the view. The land looks like a garden. The houses are built with taste. Several wealthy families reside there, and there I met with C. B. Smith whom I lost in New York. He is supplying another of the Iowa Band who is going to New England I presume for a wife. The site on which this village is built, indeed the whole section was given to one La Clare a half breed Indian and he now is the proprietor of the region.<sup>3</sup> He has a fine farm on which he lives, good buildings, a flourishing young orchard &c. As we were stopping there, we saw quite an elegant buggy waggon drawn by a very large white horse coming towards us containing but one individual. Our friend Wood told us

<sup>2</sup> The town of Stephenson later changed its name to Rock Island.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup> This reference is to Antoine Le Claire, one of the founders of the town of Davenport and for more than a quarter of a century an important factor in its development. He was of French-Canadian and Indian parentage.—THE EDITOR.

it was La Clare with whom he was acquainted and proposed to introduce us. We accordingly went to the street and was made acquainted with the Lordly proprietor. He is I think the largest man I ever saw, and reminded me of the picture of Daniel Lambert, very black for an Indian, though he facetiously remarked that he was the first white man that ever settled there west of the Mississippi. He is quite an intelligent man and feels a great interest in his village. This has already become a place of resort by gentlemen and ladies from New Orleans, and other places of the South. It is also fixed upon as the seat of Iowa College.<sup>4</sup> It will never become a place of great business as Galena has so far got the start but it will become a place of residence for men of wealth &c. Davenport took its name from a gentleman of the same name, an Englishman, who came to this country, in the last war and deserted to the Americans, at length wandered up the Mississippi, became engaged in the fur trade, amassed a large fortune, and is now settled in affluence on rock island near the village of his name. He is probably worth \$200,000. Another French gentleman here is worth \$100,000. You will thus get an imperfect idea of this place. But we soon passed on and bid farewell to this lovely spot of which I have given you scarce an idea. In half an hour the clouds rolled up and the rain descended and as we were crossing the rapids, and it being somewhat difficult, we lay by, and continued there all night. The rain descended in torrents. The lightning and thunder were terrific and our boat was struck which knocked some of the men down but injured no one. The fluid it was said, ran down an iron rod passed out following a bolt and shattered one of the planks. This evening I noticed the gamblers were missing. The Captain told us he had never known a boat

<sup>4</sup> Iowa College was founded at Davenport but was removed to Grinnell in 1859.— THE EDITOR.



struck before. A kind Providence preserved us. Early the next morning we passed on. The country continued delightful — now and then a dwelling. Prospectively we could see a teeming population. We passed a few rafts of logs and boards &c. The Captain told us a few years since he purchased lumber in St. Louis and shipped it to Galena. Now lumber to the amount of 40 or 50,000,000 was shipped down the Mississippi from its head waters. Galena is situated on the Fever River about 6 miles from its entrance into the Mississippi. It is a small deep river and the most crooked one I have ever seen. In looking ahead it was often impossible to tell in what direction we must go. Yet our boat glided slowly along as if directed by some magic hand, till we saw the *city* of Galena its narrow street on the water and its pretty private dwellings looking down from the cliffs upon us. This place contains a population of from 4 to 5000, and is rapidly increasing. Some how I felt at home as I do almost any where now. We deposited our baggage immediately and entered our names for Chicago, the stage leaving at two o'clock in the morning. We then started off to call on the Reverend Mr. Kent, but he was gone with his wife to Chicago. But I was surprised to see standing by the door two of the Iowa band one of whom was my intimate friend Wm. Salter of New York.<sup>5</sup> We went in and saw some young ladies who were teaching a High School. And here I learned that another old friend Magoun<sup>6</sup> of Baltimore was here teaching. He is a fine fellow a poet, &c. When he saw me he presented a picture for a painter.

<sup>5</sup> Mr. William Salter came to the State with the "Iowa Band" in 1843 and was at first stationed at the Forks of the Maquoketa. In 1846 he followed the Reverend Mr. Hutchinson at Burlington where he served for sixty-four years. His death occurred in 1910.— THE EDITOR.

<sup>6</sup> Mr. George F. Magoun after filling pastorates in Galena, Davenport, and Lyons, became President of Iowa College at Grinnell, in 1865, and served in that capacity until 1884.— THE EDITOR.

I have written these two letters with men all around me. Some telling stories, some leaning on my table discussing theology, some talking of this and some of that. So you will appreciate the disadvantages under which I write. You must mark all illegible places and reserve just as many questions as you can think of to ask. I begin and end all my letters in the middle. At most they are only meagre notes.

Yours,

S. H. H.

Steamer Constellation Tues. June 17, 45

Dear Friends.

I left you in my last at Galena. This is the county seat of Jo Daveiss County in the northern part of Illinois. The topography of the country is extremely uneven. There is actually no room for a town on anything like a level. One dense street on the water, where the business is done is the one through which we first passed. Here every sort of merchandise is exposed for sale. As this is in the region of the lead mines you see large quantities of the metal piled up for shipment. Our boat took in freight and returned on its passage to St. Louis immediately, not remaining more than a few hours. As our time was short, we made the most of it. As I told you in my last, we were soon surrounded with New England friends. We started off to visit the "dig-gins" as the lead mines are called. This land belongs to the Government; it has not yet been put into the market, and any individual, who is disposed, goes upon any unoccupied portion and "claims" it, and immediately commences digging, and for the right, he is to pay a certain percentage to the Government, which I learn is very hard to collect. As there is no sure indication, where the mineral is to be found, they commence digging any where. Hence the country is every where full of shafts, some sunk five feet, and

some 100 feet, some soon affording mineral and some never yielding an ounce. Some persons expend a vast amount of money and labour, and give it up as a ruinous speculation, others make a fortune. One man and his sons had expended a great amount of money and labour in vain, and were just ready to give up in despair. The old man said "This is the last keg of powder we will ever burn". And some say it was the last blast in the very apex of their despair, that opened to one of the richest mines in the region, and made them wealthy. Thus many succeed and many do not. These shafts are about as large as a common well, dug and secured by wood from caving in, and the mineral is raised by a windlass. These shafts are numerous and entirely open, so that one is in danger of falling in. The lead region is very extensive, perhaps reaching 50 or 60 miles. We went to one of the furnaces. Here the crude mineral is subjected to an intense heat. The pure metal runs off and is cast into moulds containing about 75 lbs and this is the state in which it is shipped. It requires little skill to work these mines, and thousands are engaged in the operations. We were by this time very weary, and returned to the village  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile distant. Mr. Thurston had engaged to preach in the evening. There is a flourishing Presbyterian church of more than 200 members. A Methodist Society and a Catholic. There is now a very good moral atmosphere here, though it has been a very wicked place. Murder and robbery once were common. In one instance a *woman* shot down in the streets the murderer of her father who was shot in the same way by a man. After tea, we called on Thos. Drummond Esq. brother of Rev. I. D. of Lewiston, Maine, whose native town was Bristol, Maine. Here we had a very pleasant call, and met one of our fellow passengers by the name of Walker, whom I have not yet mentioned. He is a lawyer of Illinois was a candidate for United States Senator and was de-

feated by the Mormons. He was an interesting companion, a Kentuckian, who, disgusted with slavery emancipated his negroes, and fled to a free state. I went to call on some acquaintances made on the boat from Evansville to St. Louis, and spent a part of the evening. As I had taken my final farewell of them at St. Louis they would hardly believe it was I whom they saw. Of course I called on the young lady from Kentucky at the Reverend Mr. Drew's[?] the Methodist Presiding Elder. But I could stay but a little time and again shook the parting hand with them all, and hastened to the church but did not hear only a portion of the sermon as I told brother Thurston I could hear him at home, but might never visit Galena again. Here at the close of the services I was introduced to some three or four Maine men, one of whom Budd Parsons, was from Bangor, and spent a Sabbath at Frankfort when I was unable to preach a few weeks since. Thus you see we meet New England people every where, and I have seldom felt that I was among strangers. By this time I should have been in bed, but the enthusiastic Magoun wished us to see Galena by moonlight and we wandered away an hour with him. The evenings are charming. Magoun says far more beautiful than ever in New England. We had a most interesting walk. Then went to our hotel and at about 11½ o'clock went to bed. At half past one we were aroused from a sweet slumber, to pack ourselves into a stage coach. We did so, there were 9 adults and a child inside and one or two outside. The roads were bad. We traveled at the rate 3½ miles, often getting out to walk over mud holes, often jolted out of our senses in passing the *corderoys* or ridges. We were now crossing the rolling prairies. The roads of course are made any where. When one is worn out, they make a new track. We rode some five hours, and then stoped to breakfast and to change horses. This was a very *convenient* establishment,

the barn, stable, and hotel being in the same building, and kept, as I suppose by a physician, judging from some dozen medical books I saw. Our breakfast *comported* very well with the establishment. We had quite a variety, which I cannot now enumerate, and made a tolerable breakfast, though it was all indicative of a new and rude country. We were now passing through a kind of prairie. On the whole the region through which we passed is the most important part of Illinois. The face of the country has three specific characters. The *heavy timbered*, the *barrens*, and the *prairie*. The barrens are a species of country having a mixed character uniting forest and prairie. They are covered with scattered oaks, rough and stunted in their appearance, interspersed with patches of hazel, brushwood and tough grass. This appearance led the early explorers to regard it as unproductive. It is ascertained however that these "barrens" have as productive a soil as can be found in the western states, healthy, more rolling than the prairies, and abounding in good springs. Every thing considered, these barrens are *better* adapted to all the purposes of farming and changes of the seasons, than the deeper and richer mould of the prairies. In closing this letter I cannot finish what I have to say of the face of the country. At one time we see the dense forest, at another the barrens, at another savannahs stretching into prairies, into boundless prairies without a tree or hill or any thing to relieve the eye, or the idea of loneliness. No man can have a correct impression of these western prairies without seeing them. We rode two days and two nights stopping only to change horses and to get refreshment, all the way from Galena to Chicago, travelling over these varieties I have mentioned. Twelve years ago these beautiful regions were the sole possessions of the red man, now they present the most beautiful, the most fertile, and naturally the most attractive regions I

have ever seen, and here and there you pass through large and flourishing villages, see school houses and churches, factories, large farms, splendid fields of corn and grain &c. On the Rock river for some 50 miles, the country is unsurpassed. Rockford is a beautiful village on this river. Elgin farther on on Fox river is another delightful place and what astonishes you is, a few years ago not a white man dwelt there.

But this is not true of all Illinois. Perhaps the northern part is the most attractive. The whole state is made up mostly of the level lands and in the portion I have passed over and spoken of as I have, there are many drawbacks. The market is *distant*, though wheat is worth as much at Detroit as in Western New York. The population is sparse, the luxuries of life are few, houses poor, though in the villages they are elegant *sometimes*. The roads are poor. Fever and ague *sometimes* prevail. Schools are *not*, or are indifferent. One generation must die before this garden of America shall be radiant with gospel light, and strong in every department of desirable prosperity. It would be a paradise *if* — But I can give you only a general idea. Were I not expecting to see you I should be much more minute. I am not in my study. Some 20 men are holding a convention on the boat and discussing matters while I write.

Yours,

S. H. H.

Steamer Constellation June 18, 1845

Dear Friends. I have used up all my large paper which I thought would hold more than I could write, and I doubt not has held more than you could read. The truth is, I am prolix, but how can I condense. I have no talent at letter writing as Elmira and Archibald have, but I trust they will make allowances. If you will know where I *now* am, you

will find it by turning your eye down on the western shore of Lake Huron till you come to Thunder Bay. We have a stiff breeze from the South, yet I have felt nothing like sea sickness. We have just risen from our dinner table and the passengers are lounging and picking their teeth. We fare altogether too sumptuously on these boats. I have seldom sat down to a dinner where there has not been on the table some six or eight kinds of meat, e. g. roast pig, beef, boiled ham, corned beef, tongue, roast turkey. All of these and more were on our table to day, which with the condiments, and three or four kinds of pie ought to satisfy an alderman. I have little relish for these rich dinners. Something more simple would better suit my palate. This is the style on all these western boats, and when you have paid your passage you are at liberty to gormandize as much as you please. There is besides a bar where fruit, and all kinds of liquors are sold. Then you may gamble, tell stories, sing songs, write letters, read books, discuss topics, or dream dreams. There is among the rules, one to this effect, that all games shall cease after 10 o'clock at night, that sleepers be not disturbed. I have seen no playing for money on this boat, and last night we had a sermon from the Reverend Dr. Lindsley President of Marietta College, and these card players very respectfully came in and listened attentively. I have told you something about our passengers. About 20 ministers, mostly going to Detroit to attend a convention of ministers there, the object of which is to consult on those things which pertain to the interests of religion in the West. Among these are Dr. Lindsley above mentioned who was once settled over Park Street, Boston. The Reverend Mr. Stephens (I may not spell it right) who came to Mackinaw in 1827 as a teacher among the Indians and was afterwards a missionary among them till the white settlers took possession of the country and the Savages were driven away.

The Reverend Mr. Kent of Galena, who went there in 1829, and for 10 years preached in a log house for a church had scarce a Christian to hold up his hands, once succeeded in getting a few professors together for a prayer meeting, but could not for some years collect them again, who himself taught his Sunday School, preached and did every thing in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation; but who now has a fine stone church, a large congregation, more than 200 communicants and the prospect before him of usefulness, and happiness in his work. He is not a great but a good man. There are two brothers by the name of Wright, who also have a brother a missionary among the Seneca Indians. One of these came out here a farmer, but having a strong mind and seeing the desolation around him hung up his hoe and harrow, studied, went to Lane Seminary and is now a very useful minister. There are several who came here with the first settlers, and have toiled amidst every privation till they have seen villages schools and churches grow up around them, but who have spent the energies of their youth and some in the very prime of life are compelled to leave their fields, and seek to renovate their health. Some are going east to beg a few hundred dollars to help build a house of worship. One young man an old friend of mine, born and brought up in the city of New York now labouring in Iowa, living in a log cabin, in which is a store, kitchen, sleeping rooms, study &c. a few rough board partings, but what is said and done is heard over the whole, and yet he is contented, and has no thought of leaving his field. He is a fine scholar and a polished gentleman. He says he cannot marry because he has no where to live. He is going to New York but intends to come back in a month, and his great object is not simply to see his friends but to get a little aid in building a church. He is only 23 years of age, and there is a moral grandeur in his



enterprise which in my memory already gilds his name with a precious immortality. I would rather have a friend of mine thus employed than to see the honours and emoluments of this world showered upon him. He is only one of many, and now what motive can they have but the good of their fellow men and the glory of God? They have no money, no honour, for who publishes their work unless some traveller like myself may chronicle a page of their history. No, they will live unknown and die unregretted, save by a few — nought but the green grass may mark their graves, yet angels will watch their sleeping dust, and in the hierarchy of heaven they will wear their honours and their crowns. The name of the one of whom I have particularly spoken is Wm. Salter. There is another of a kindred spirit now going to Buffalo for a wife. An old classmate and chum of mine, son of the late Judge Hill of Phippsburg Maine is far up in Iowa, and when I last heard from him, he was in his shirt sleeves! himself digging a cellar and building him a house with his own hands. There is a young man on board by the name of Fletcher, recently married and late of the Mission Institute Quincy Illinois who is on his way to Boston to offer himself to the American Board. They are a very unpretending, but a very interesting couple, ready to go where the Lord of the Harvest may send them. But I will not dwell thus on individuals. I cannot give you anything like an adequate idea of these men, and their labours. They are not men of small caliber, no, they would shine had they time to study and the means of procuring books etc. They lament it in one view, but in another quietly submit. Instead of sitting down among the luxuries of life, and retiring to their quiet study, they are bounding over the prairies on horseback, buffeting the cold unbroken winds of winter, fording streams or building rafts with their own hands to float across. Mr. Stevens told me he had

made many a raft by picking up stuff, and tying it together with wythes, cut with his pen-knife. Salter told me he had started once to attend a meeting, and had to cross the Mississippi. There were 7 of them and one lady in the boat, which unexpectedly proved to be leaky. The wind was high, they had nothing to bail the boat with; they could have little hope of getting across, and the wind and waves made the danger almost equally great in attempting to change their course back. All this time the husband of the lady stood motionless, but not thoughtless on the shore, saw the danger, but unable to lift a finger for their help. They however succeeded in returning in safety. The gentleman on shore himself a missionary, unable to utter a word, could only take them by the hand. A gentleman from Rochester New York told us that the wife of a missionary came there for medical advice, and while there her disease became worse and she died, while her husband toiling in his poverty could not get money to visit her and he saw her no more. Thus you see some of the vicissitudes of missionary life. The country is beautiful and will one day make such tales sound like the chronicles of *our* early history, yet now they have all the keenness of reality. I must however hasten on. On the boat we have a committee to regulate devotional exercises. We have preaching in the evening. Mr. Thurston is to preach this evening if it is not too rough. The wind is high. Off Saginaw bay, it is often very boisterous, and I learn that no where is it more rough and dangerous than sometimes on these lakes. I have not the least feelings of sea sickness, though many of the passengers by their uncouth attitudes indicate some uneasiness. Yesterday a convention was organized on the boat to discuss any matter that might come before us. The principle topic was the propriety of establishing a paper at Chicago or some

place in the west to be the organ of these western churches. To day we had some discussion as to its name. I however went into my state room and took a nap.

You perceive I have not noticed a part of our tour. I left you somewhere on the prairies. We rolled slowly along. I hung my hat on my cane, put on my cap, and slept what I could. I took many naps in this way, but I was glad as we approached the end of our journey, though I enjoyed much of the beauties of the prairie land. The flowers are brilliant but not so abundant as I expected. I presume they are more numerous and beautiful in the southern prairies. About sunset we saw Chicago. We were travelling over a perfect level and the city did not seem two miles distant, but to our surprise we found it six or eight miles distant. At length we drove up and landed at the American Temperance House kept by Brown and Garley[?] and we found it a fine establishment. It was nine o'clock when we took tea after which we went out to call on a family from Bangor. I was conscious I had overdone myself, and the next morning I felt really sick. I could hardly sit up, but I arose and dressed, and went below, thinking it very probable I was on the eve of a fever. I asked the landlord if there was any physician boarding in the house, and he soon introduced [to] me Dr. Pitney, a fine looking man of about 48. He went to my room and I found he was a homeopathic physician. He had however for 20 years been an *allopath*, and I thought his infinitesimal doses would not kill if they did not cure. He gave me two powders and I went to bed ordered some gruel, and waited the result. I slept and in the P. M. felt better, went down to tea, and in the evening went out to meeting, and the next morning was quite well. Dr. Pitney would receive nothing for his services, but gave me a lot of powders to take if necessary. Monday morning I went out

to see the city. It contains about 1200 inhabitants<sup>7</sup> and 11 years since, a few log houses was all that existed there. It is situated on a perfect level apparently, and it is so as far as the eye can reach. It is spread over considerable extent and there is ample room to build a London. I learn they can have no cellars, unless in some way they keep out the water. The buildings are mostly of wood, and in this respect are unlike the more western cities. Many of the houses are small, and it looks like a place of sudden growth, though there are some substantial dwellings. They need more capitalists, and no doubt they will be drawn in. Probably in a few years Chicago will be connected on the one hand with the Mississippi by railroad, and on the other with Lake Erie in the same way. A regular line of splendid steamboats ply between this place and Buffalo besides the propeller and sailing vessels. Chicago river furnishes a fine harbour, deep enough at its mouth for any vessel that will wish to lie there. Some of the boats are magnificent. We embarked on the Constellation at 8 A. M. We touched at several flourishing villages that have sprung up by magic on the lake shore, such as Southport, Racine, with 2000 inhabitants, Milwaukee with 10,000 population which 8 years since had scarcely a dwelling. We spent an hour here. This is a fine site for a city, it is elevated and uneven and has a pretty and flourishing appearance. It was just dark when we left. At two o'clock in the morning we entered the straits of Michillimackinac and in half an hour went on shore at the town Mackinaw. At this hour it was all daylight. In this high latitude the period between the evening and morning twilight is very short. This place has near 1000 inhabitants. Here a mission among the Indians

<sup>7</sup> Mr. Hayes evidently here means 12,000. The population of Chicago in 1845, according to Hatheway and Taylor's *Chicago City Directory and Annual Advertiser for 1849-50*, was 12,088.—THE EDITOR.

was established in 1824. We saw the mission houses and the church. The Indians are now scattered. They meet here in September to the number of 6 or 7000 to receive their government appropriations. I saw one camp into which I entered and sat down by their fire. The covering and flooring was of rushes and was very comfortable. We saw a store, selling "Indian curiosities" but they were so dear I purchased nothing. There is here a beautiful fort called Fort Makinaw, but it was too early to visit it. There are two companies of soldiers here, but I presume, fort soldiers and all are of little use. This is 70 miles from lake Superior. The sun rose before we left and the morning gun was fired before 4 o'clock. The scenery here is interesting.

S. H. H.

Detroit June 20, 1845

Dear Friends.

After leaving Makinaw, we had a pleasant run down Lake Huron, and yesterday morning when the sun arose we were quietly gliding through the river St. Clair. Here we stopped and I went on shore at a place called Newport, a village on the Michigan shore—now and then on her majesty's side was a building, but little improvement however. At Newport they are building two large steamboats. The Detroit people build here sometimes, and the boats are of no ordinary character. We soon passed in to Lake St. Clair. It is about 24 miles across to Detroit. The morning was lovely and we spent it in talking and writing &c. Had a meeting and expressed our thanks to the Captain for his courtesy in giving us the entire contrroll of the cabin. We made rapid progress and were soon in sight of Detroit. It presents a pleasant view from the water. The steeples, water works, which are in a very large tower, and large

blocks, give it a dignified appearance though the population probably does not exceed 1300.<sup>8</sup> As we passed up to the room of the committee to provide for strangers, we saw now and then a military man. There is a fort in the neighbourhood. A major in military costume escorted us to our lodgings. We stop in a pleasant family, Dr. Whiting's, brother of the missionary Whiting at Jerusalem or vicinity, and cousin of Mrs. Winslow and several other missionaries wives. We soon found ourselves at home. In the P. M. we went to Dr. Duffield's church to meet with the convention and the first person we met was Mr. Brace Editor of one of the Philadelphia papers with whom we travelled from New York to Philadelphia. Here we met Dr. Stowe, Dr. Beecher and more than 100 clergymen from *this* portion of the west, tho' there are delegates from almost the whole country. It is certainly an imposing body. You may be assured these home missionaries are among the most noble men our land produces, and the work they are accomplishing, will tell upon the destinies of this country in all its interests. As Dr. Stowe remarked "when I came here and saw such a body of ministers, young and vigorous, and showing in their countenances so much moral and intellectual strength, I thought after all, the west is not so poorly supplied with the ministry", but again, he added "when I look upon *this* one and *that*, and remember that the nearest minister he has on one side is 40 miles and on another 60 miles, on another 80 and on another clear across the globe, I see the destitution, the need of more ministers". Various topics of interest have been discussed. The importance of preaching distinctly the doctrines of the bible, of establishing a book concern here in the west for the purpose of supplying the wants of the increasing population here. The harmonious

<sup>8</sup> Mr. Hayes probably means 13,000. The population of Detroit was 9102 in 1840 and 21,019 in 1850.—THE EDITOR.

character of Congregationalism and Presbyterianism and its adaptation to the west. The fact was stated that in Michigan all the churches of these two denominations form one general convention &c. The subject of church music has been introduced, also the best kind of hymn books. The importance of an educated ministry has been urged. Drs. Beecher, Stowe and Phelps occupied one whole evening on this subject and their addresses were very eloquent. There is a society for the promotion of college education in the West, which, though it has not been in existence but a year and a half yet it has received and disbursed more than 15000\$. It should be remembered that colleges in the west are unlike institutions of that name in the east, here they are more like our theological seminaries. The truth is, that most of the young men in these colleges are preparing for the ministry. But you will see in the New York Evan[gelist?] which I hope you keep well read, a report &c.

I am much pleased with Detroit. I should like it as a place of residence. The people seem intelligent and very hospitable. There is a strong eastern influence. General Cass resides here. He is rich, an income of \$12,000 per annum. I saw his daughters riding in an open waggon alone, though they keep an elegant carriage. Mrs. Cass is a pious woman. I have met here Judge McLean who is holding court. Rev. Thurston rode with him two days and nights. He became much interested in him and so have I, though my acquaintance is slight. He is certainly one of the noblest, and most benignant looking men I have ever seen. I think him a great and good man. He is extensively thought of here as a candidate for the next presidency. He is a Methodist and *they* would go for him en masse in many places. I stepped into court. They have shrewd lawyers. There are no public buildings in Detroit. The court house, I think I have before remarked is the principle building in

these western cities. Sandwich just opposite on her majesty's side, is an inconsiderable place, though the intercourse is somewhat free on both sides. To day (Saturday) we go to Adrian in the country and spend the Sabbath [Part of leaf missing here] Mrs.[?] David T's[?] daughter whom she saw last summer.

Yours,

S. H. H.

Adrian Michigan June 23d 1845

Dear Friends.

Seven weeks to day I left Maine and I now feel anxious to return. I shall be absent one Sabbath more, possibly two. Were it not for my duties in Frankfort I would gladly spend some weeks more but I think of my people, who is breaking to them the bread of life? Who is there to visit the sick and dying? Who cares for the children the sweet lambs of the flock? These inquiries make me unhappy, yet I trust you have been supplied. I hope to return with renovated health, yet I have learned some wisdom. I hope ever hereafter to be more careful. Assure the people that their dearest interests are mine also.

We left Detroit on Saturday morning 21st via railroad to Ypsilanti 30 miles distant. We traveled through a level and not very interesting country. The railroad is very tolerable but not like the east. Most of the railroad stock in Michigan is state property and there is some probability it will be sold to meet state liabilities. This plan, or something similar seems to be on foot in several states, to pay off State debts. Ypsilanti is a flourishing town of 2500 population. The country is level, the buildings are mostly small cottages but neat and having pleasant gardens attached to them. This was a marked feature. On the whole it is a pleasant and thriving place. Several elegant



churches. Here we took stage for Adrian distant 37 miles. A two horse stage with  $\frac{1}{2}$  dozen passengers. Stages travel very slowly, about 4 miles per hour. The roads not good, some *terrible* "corderoys". We passed through an interesting country. Whole forests and good farms though generally new. Some poor land but much superior soil. I never saw such fields of wheat. For 30 or 40 miles there seemed but little save wheat fields occasionally a field of corn. The frost here and in a large portion of this western country has entirely destroyed the prospects of fruit and greatly injured most other crops. The last frost was about four weeks since and on Saturday I saw groves and forest trees with dead leaves as though fire had been near them. The wheat will be a fair crop. I saw one field containing 80 acres of heavy rye. It was a splendid sight, but I was sorry to learn that the owner had a distillery and would turn it to poison. We had as travelling companions a lawyer from Waterloo Western New York and a gentleman from Brooklyn New York both of whom were very intelligent men. There are several villages of some note in each of which we stopped a short time, and it was necessary for our first horses went 22 miles before changing. Saline, which takes its name from Salt Springs in its vicinity has 1000 population. Tecumseh is another town of 2000 population. Clinton is a small town midway between Saline and Tecumseh. We reached Adrian about 7  $\frac{1}{2}$  h. in evening and were soon at Mr. Philbrick's whose wife is a daughter [of] Rev. D. Thurston. Here we found a good home. They had given up the idea of seeing their uncle and the meeting was the more joyful for that reason. Adrian contains 2000 people. County Seat of Lennawee County. It is a place of considerable business. Mr. Philbrick is a shoe and leather dealer. The merchants here confine themselves to one sort of business as shoe and leather, dry goods, &c. This is a

great wheat market — 7000 bushels per day are sometimes brought in in a day, and they begin to market it as early as the last of August. Yesterday Sabbath I preached once and brother Thurston twice. They have a fine house, a large and as interesting a congregation as I have seen in my whole rout. The people dress with as much taste and are as refined in their manners as in any village in New England. I was particularly struck with intelligent cast of the people and the fact that they have come here to seek their fortune implies that they have some enterprise. Some dozen lawyers and one or two judges reside here. In the west it is common for all the lawyers in the county to reside at the County Seat. This morning (Monday) Mr. Philbrick took a fine carriage with a span of greys and drove us all about the village and some miles around. It is a fine country. The land is good, and will soon be in a high state of improvement. We saw many peach orchards, plum &c. This village will soon amount to 5 or 6000. But I must close. Harriet T[?] is very anxious to go to Maine but such is the state of her mothers health, it has such an effect on Harriet's nervous system it is not thought prudent for her to return home. The poor girl was very anxious to go. We have had a delightful visit and am now going to Toledo. I am at the depot writing — so goodby.

S. H. H.

Toledo Ohio, June 23, 1845

Dear Friends.

It is now evening. At noon to day, I hastily wrote a line, and without reading it threw into the Post Office. I sometimes think I should have written much better letters had they been designed for any eye, save that of my friends, who I know will over look all my defects. I have set down this evening with just nothing to write, and yet I keep

scribbling. One strong motive is, this week will end my privilege under the present mail dynasty, and I have a sort of disposition to get all out of "Uncle Sam." I can. Then I have got into such a habit of writing that I can hardly avoid taking my pen, *when I have nothing else to do*. And lastly you may suppose I have such a regard for Frankfort that the only relief I can find is, in writing these *elegant letters!* And with all this pressure of motive, it would not be strange if I should contract such a habit of directing letters to "Archibald Jones Esq. P. M. Frankfort, Me." that I shall continue to do it for a great length of time after I reach home, and this will be the more likely in as much as you see it requires no *materials* to make a letter of. I imagined when you received my last *batch* of letters, I saw C. looking grievous things as her discernment could find nothing worthy of note and E. cheerfully excusing it all, yet thinking it a *little* strange, and A. impatient, finding relief in tuning his violin, and Mr. I. in his kind consideration, assigning many reasons, and Mrs. I. putting the best construction on it all, while no one will be so inconsiderate as to expose a sheet out of the circle. And of course no one else has any thing to excuse or blame. I hope you will all comfort yourselves with expectations of learning something more when I return. I have not heard one word from Frankfort since I left, only I saw to day in a New York paper that the fires were burning in the region of Bangor, and I remember a snow storm May 8.

You see from my date I am at Toledo, Ohio. This like all the other towns is about 12 years old, situated on the Maumee River which in this place is  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile wide. The river is navigable 12 miles above to Maumee, which is in the neighbourhood of Fort Meigs, where General Harrison won some of his laurels. We cannot go there. This is the northern terminus of the Ohio and Erie canal, and of course a

sort of depot. Vast quantities of wheat are shipped from this place. There are two rail tracks from Adrian running in this direction, one to this place, and one to Monroe. At this time there is violent competition between them, so that the fare is only 25 cents 33 miles. In consequence of the competition and misrepresentation, some 20 passengers are waiting at Monroe 20 miles from this and must remain there for some days, while *we* go on in the morning. This people are very excitable. Anything will stir them up. At Adrian a circus was to exhibit this P. M. And all the A. M. you would see large two horse waggons, containing from 6 to 12 persons, men women children and *babies*, all going to the circus. They will scrape together every copper for this purpose. Mr. Philbrick told us they would bring a bushel of wheat or something else to get money to go in. We saw the crowd of boys following the carriages, like the rush after an engine when a town is burning. But there is apparently nothing like excitement in Toledo, though it contains about 2300 inhabitants. We have seen but few of them, we walked out after tea, went to the boat and selected our state rooms, looked at the ware houses, which are large. Saw a large quantity of "black walnut crotch", as it is called, which is a kind of quartered black walnut, now coming greatly into use for *veneering*, took a squint at the canal boats as they lay around, and then wandered off to look at the village. It looks *new* and *rough* for the most part, though there are many good dwellings and three good churches. The Reverend Wm. Beecher son of the old Dr. is preaching here. He has a new brick church not yet quite finished. The inside work being of black walnut. The Presbyterian church formerly owned a house but becoming unfortunately embarrassed, it passed out of their hands into the *Catholic's!* This will eventually become a place of some importance. A heavy work of grading is now going

on, where I should judge six acres are to be cut down to a level 6 or 8 feet and the earth all removed. This is to afford a convenient space for building stores and warehouses. The land is owned in New York, Rochester and elsewhere and the proprietors are thus making it *marketable*. I cannot speak of the moral and intellectual character of this place, but have however a less favourable opinion than of most other places of similar size. I should not fancy a residence here though I cannot say it would not be agreeable. We have very pleasant quarters. We are always taken for clergymen and eastern men, and generally treated with some considerable deference. We have a fine room two beds, but the weather is so warm we have ordered the feathers off. Our landlord is a pres. [Presbyterian?] and keeps a civil house. As we sit by our windows or lounge on our straw beds we are serenaded with sweet music from the boat. I learn there is a band on the U. S. Steamer in which we take passage, composed of the hands. They have played together for years and perform admirably. This is quite an attraction, I can assure you. If A. were here he would enjoy it. They have a huge brass instrument something on the principle of a Kent Bugle which is covered all over with keys and produces soft and excellent music with other instruments.

But my sheet is full, and that is my only guide in closing a letter. I begin and leave off any where. We have thought of going to Oberlin to set them right in their theology but have nearly given it up, and shall proceed directly to Buffalo.

Yours &c.

S. H. H.

Steamer United States Mouth of  
Maumee river June 24, 1845

Dear Friends.

I have just been conversing with an intelligent fellow passenger, in relation to the canals in this western region, and as I have made some statements, which for want of proper information, were not *strictly* correct, I again encounter the jar of the boat, and attempt to write a line on this subject. The most westerly canal is that connecting Chicago with the Illinois river, about 12 miles below Ottawa, (to which point, Ottawa, this river is navigable only with high water, and thus connecting Chicago with the Mississippi. This canal near 100 miles long is not yet open, though the work is now going on, and will be completed without doubt.

The next canal is the Wabash and Erie Canal, extending from Toledo to Lafayette which has a population of 4000 a distance of 222 miles; 40 miles more will soon be completed to Covington. The Wabash is navigable to Lafayette when there is an ordinary stage of water. This canal has been in successful operation two seasons.

The canal called the "Miami extension", runs from Cincinnati, through the Miami valley, and forms a junction with the preceding, 60 miles from Toledo. This canal has been opened through to Toledo this week. It is called "the M. extension", from the fact that it has been extended from one point to another as means could be provided. This latter canal will greatly affect the Ohio and Erie canal, running from Portsmouth to Cleaveland. This latter is 309 miles in length, and of course some 80 miles longer than "the Miami Extension". By shipping directly from Cincinnati this distance is saved, and about the same distance upon the river, and besides, the expense of a reshipment, which is equal to the expense of 100 miles transportation.

I should have mentioned *before* this, the "White Water Canal" extending from Evansville Indiana to Covington, and there forming a junction with the Wabash and Erie. This is not yet completed, but will be in time, and will open one continuous line of canal more than 400 miles long, which will be the longest in the world. These canals and rivers are the veins and arteries which give life to this western world.

There are few railroads, one from Detroit to Jacksonburg I think, which will probably soon be continued to Chicago, in which case it will greatly effect the lake navigation. There is a track from Adrian to Toledo, and from Adrian to Monroe between which the competition is now so great that the fare is reduced to 25 cents. A Rail road was projected from Sandusky on Lake Erie to Toledo; the state chartered a company, and made them an appropriation of \$200,000, with the expectation of course, that they would make investments, but they managed not to do so, but to use the states money, until they have expended the grant. The state will do no more, the works are now going to decay, and will, in all probability be abandoned. A rail road is chartered from Toledo westward, to strike the Mississippi. The charter once ran out, but was renewed last winter, and Mr. Whittlesey of Ohio is now East, endeavouring to get the stock taken up, at least some of it. So that, there is a line of rail road projected, extending from Portland Maine to Boston, Albany, Buffalo, along the shores of Lake Erie, and so on as above, across Michigan, Illinois to the Mississippi, and prospectively, thence westward, till its track shall be lost in the Pacific waters. From Cincinnati a rail road will soon be completed through to Lake Erie, and then the Queen City of the west will be little more than four days distant from the Queen of the East. All this I doubt not will soon be accomplished. And the fact, that it is, and will

be, all the work of a few years, and much of it in a country so new, strikes the mind with astonishment. But I have not time nor space to follow out the train of thought which is here suggested. All this is in the free states, while the slave states, like the pope at Rome, dare not encourage these improvements, or have not sufficient enterprise to make them, yet they look on with sullen silence, aware that their fate is sealed, without *free* labour yet determined to *stave* it off as long as possible. You may pick out something out of this, and if so I shall be glad.

Yours

S. H. H.

P. S. A rail road will probably be completed this season from Cincinnati to Sandusky — about 40 miles from Cincinnati are already completed and about the same distance from Sandusky. The contracts have been made for the remaining distance. Also a railroad from Sandusky to Mansfield is projected, about a dozen miles completed. Some day it will probably extend through to Columbus. But no man can calculate on the future condition of this country. Its progress must be rapid. You see here however that the intemperate zeal of 1835-7 produced an unhealthy prosperity here as in the east. They speak of the mania of 36' as they do in Maine but these internal improvements must go on, and with them the country.

&c.

S. H. H.

Steamer United States, 2 hours from Cleaveland  
Wednesday June 25 th 1845 —

We left Toledo Tuesday at 9 A. M. and glided finely down the Maumee, to the sound of music. A mile below Toledo we passed a village of some 50 houses all dingy and half forsaken, where in speculating times, the land proprietors



determined to build up a place, but Toledo drew off the business and now it is going to decay. It was called Manhattan. Toledo is about 14 miles from the mouth of the river and the water in the lake there is so shallow, that the channel is staked out. We reached Sandusky City about 4 P. M. in a heavy shower, and the wind on shore before the shower raised the dust in the city to the resemblance of a dark cloud rolling in majesty over it. Here we remained two hours. Sandusky contains 2000 or 2500 inhabitants. It is situated on a limestone formation and they procure in digging their cellars stone for the erection of their houses. I counted 20 buildings of stone including 3 churches a court house &c. The court was in session and we stepped in a few minutes. There were 4 judges and many lawyers, all rather young. At Sandusky they have not had any rain before this shower, for 6 weeks. But there has recently been plenty of rain in the interior of Ohio, but not early enough, wholly to save what the frost did not destroy. I think I have mentioned that the fruit in Ohio as well as in some other states has been almost entirely cut off. Before the opening of the canal, goods were transported in wag-gons from this place to Cincinnati and St. Louis. It is the point nearest the Ohio. At Sandusky we waited for the cars and had quite an accession to our passengers. Among them is a Mr. Jackson, wife and daughter from Boston who have just come across from Cincinnati. On the boats we become acquainted without ceremony. As we were standing on the Hurricane deck Mr. Jackson with whom I had had a little conversation, called me to him and said "If you will tell me your name, I will introduce you to my daughter" all which was soon accomplished. They are very agreeable people, intelligent and accomplished. We touched at Huron. This is a pretty town of some 2000 population and like Toledo a great wheat market. This

wheat is generally purchased by eastern speculators. Huron is at the mouth of the river of the same name which is the only harbour, the banks of which are extended by two long piers out into the lake, as a kind of breakwater to prevent the sand from blocking up the entrance, or changing the channel. The river is so narrow, that our boat could hardly turn around. The stern stuck in one bank and the prow swung slowly around, while the band struck up a splendid tune and soon we were dashing over the Lake again. In the evening we had a spirited discussion, carried on mostly by Mr. T.[?] and a Mr. Freeman Episcopal clergyman of Sandusky on the subject of slavery, Mr. Freeman pro slavery. I would give a dollar for a copy to send you. The Episcopalian was more insolent and frothy than any man I ever heard talk. This morning we awoke at Cleaveland. This city contains about 12000 population rises by quite a steep ascent and then the ground is perfectly level. We went up before breakfast and ascended to the cupola of a house 75 feet and had a fine view. Here the river Ashtabula, I think, empties after meandering through a flat in the most beautiful serpentine course. Several steam boats many canal boats, and some sail vessels lay at the wharves. The place has a business aspect, but [will] be less important hereafter on account of the western canals and railroads. Cleaveland is prettily laid out, has some ornamental trees and shrubbery and affords a desirable place of residence.

The day passed pleasantly. We touched at several small places on the lake shore generally at the mouth of some stream. The country is pleasant generally not much cultivated to appearance, save at the villages, and on the whole, neither forbidding nor very inviting. At dark we reached Erie in the corner of Pennsylvania. By consulting the map you will see that Erie is built in round a projection, but the

water is shallow and they are making efforts to cut a channel for entrance across this point. Erie has 3700 population and is a flourishing place. Mr. T[?] stopped there to visit his brother in law Mr. Benson and will join me soon at Buffalo. I find that our friend Mr. Jackson has been to Congress and is also the dean of an orthodox church.

Thursday morning 26. The weather is delightful as it has been all our passage of the Lakes and we are now within a few miles of Buffalo.

Yours &c.

S. H. H.