

MAKING A MOTION PICTURE IN 1848

JOURNAL OF CANOE VOYAGE FROM THE FALLS OF ST ANTHONY TO ST LOUIS

[*Earlier installments of Henry Lewis' diary, describing his visit to the upper Mississippi and his journey downstream to Galena, appear in the issues of this magazine for June and September, ante, p. 131-158, 288-301. The voyage from Galena to St. Louis, the artist's home, is the subject of the concluding section, published herewith. B.L.H.*]

July 22 Left our encampment at Fever river early and M^r Rogers made for me a very pretty sketch of it. The wind was ahead as usual *in going up or down this stream* and when we got again in to the Miss^{pi} we found such a head wind blowing that for the first time since our start we were compell'd to lay to, which we did in a bottom cover'd with a dense growth of high trees and vines. these trees some of them were so fine that I made studies from them, and in looking round with my gun I manag'd to shoot a most beautiful white heron. . . .

The wind somewhat subsiding we put to *sea* again and continued to the beautifully situated town of Bell[e]vue. this is a scattering little town of some 150 inhabitants, but of cour[s]e it is *going* to be a *city* some day.⁴¹ We landed at the upper end of the town. . . . this place some time since was the scene of some violent lynch law proceeding. 6 or 7 men notorious as horse thieves and counterfeters were shot and hung. One of these was nam'd, Fox he was one of the murder[e]rs of the unfortunate Deavenport. he made his escape altho' wounded but was afterwards taken and executed.⁴² . . .

⁴¹ Bellevue, in Jackson County, Iowa, had 360 inhabitants in 1850, according to the census of that year.

⁴² William Fox was a member of a gang of outlaws which had its headquarters at Bellevue from 1837 to 1840. In the "Bellevue War" in the latter year some of the outlaws were killed and others, including Fox, were arrested, whipped, and banished from Bellevue. He was one of the robbers who, five years later on July 4, 1845, murdered Colonel George Davenport in his home on Rock Island. Although Fox was indicted, he seems to have escaped punishment. *History of Jackson County, Iowa*, 359, 396-403 (Chicago, 1879); Harry E. Downer, *History of Davenport and Scott County, Iowa*, 981 (Chicago, 1910).

I [A] few miles below it commenc'd raining hard and as I had no notion of camping out in a rain storm if I could get into a house, I ran directly for a queer snug looking cottage about a mile ahead. arriving there we discover'd two old log cabins, one of which was occupied the other only had a stove in it. a hundred yards further down and in the same lot was the cottage I spoke of[,] these cabins having been evidently erected by the first settlers on this spot. We tied up our boat and I started for the house above (as there was no one at home at the old log house), to try and make a lease for one night of the vacant room. On my arrival at the threshold . . . I enter'd the house, and accosted an elderly but very lady like woman by asking her if her husband was at home. she answer'd by going to a bed and bringing him forth. (this was Sunday you must remember and he was fulfilling the commandment which we were not, by making a day of rest of it). on stating my request to him that we might occupy the vacant half of his old log house he appear'd very glum and stated that it was rented to a neighbour of his and he could say nothing about it but he was finally induc'd by the persuasive voice of his wife, to grant our request, and having ask'd him to walk down with me to our craft, I soon talk'd him into a good humor. I found in him quite a character. It seems he was a Scotchman by birth, by the name of Jackson he was well educated and had serv'd some 20 years in the british navy, first as lieutenant and afterwards as Capⁿ. That thro' some disgrace he got into with the government (which he did not tell us the subject of) he lost his commission and had to leave the country, that he was finally thro' influence at home, reinstated again. That being in Canada when the revolution broke out he was tempted by the old Harry to take part with the rebels which they were of course as they did not succeed,⁴³ and again lost his commission, and very near his liberty but he manag'd to escape to the U S and after a series of adventures which I have not time to relate, settled down where I found him. and the British naval officer, the Canadian rebel and the hospitable intelligent gentleman is now farming on a low bottom which is surrounded by water one half of the year, and selling wood to the steam boats for a living. Such is life and such its varied changes. After stending [*spending*] with him and his intelligent lady a very pleasant ev[en]ing and having partaken of their hospitality whilst we

⁴³ Jackson evidently participated in the Canadian revolt of 1837.

remained there, the storm having abated somewhat we pull'd stakes and started aga[i]n on. Made this day only 28 m.

Monday July 23rd 1848. And soon ran down to the beautifully situated towns of Fulton and Lions opposite each other ⁴⁴ The river here is very narrow, deep and rapid and hence its name of the narrows of the Miss We made this day 48 miles. Nothing of particular note occur'd to day after passing Galena, the signs of civilisation began to increase the pioneers log hut began to give place to the comfortable log house and the small and poorly-cultivated fields, which necessity alone compels the pioneer to labour on, gives place to larger farms and more smiling meadows and fields. We were visited at this place by some of the inhabitants and I learn'd from them that the country back was of exceeding richness, that it was fast filling up, and that there little rival towns (between whom the most christian and city like hatred existed) were beginning to flourish. These towns were built by rival speculating companies some ten years ago, and like men who grow very fast, they were not strong or healthy. The consequence they outgrew their clothes. hugh taverns were built when there was no one to eat in them and rows of fine houses were crying for tenants, but time which heals all diseases, either by killing or curing is fast filling up these numerous little towns on the Upper Miss, and depending solely on their own resourses and the wants of the country surrounding them, they are fast beginning and some of them may become some day what they all were originally intended to be Citi[e]s.

July 24 Up with the sun? and hurrying our culinary preparation as the wind was fair and strong, we took our coffee and ham on board, struck our tent and hoisting sail quietly enjoyed our breakfast as we fast and smo[o]thly glided along. We made up our mind at starting this morning to run the upper rapids and reach Rock Island if possible by night and by dint of hard rowing for the wind was too good to last we reach'd our destination and encampanp'd [*sic*] on that beautiful island a few hundred yards above the house where the unfortunate Deavenport was murder'd. We were much fatigu'd by this days run, especially myself as I had been out on the island hunting for our party, whilst M^r Rogers was making a sketch of the beautifully situated town of Moline opposite the head of rock Island. I found

⁴⁴ The towns were Fulton, Illinois, and Lyons, Iowa.

rabbits exceedingly abundant here and kill'd 7 or 8 at as many spots in a very short time. We then dropt down to our encampment and had broil'd rabbit for supper, quite a luxury for those who have been living on salt meet for fourteen days. The count[r]y above and along the rapid is beautiful in the extreme, highly cultivated and with its numerous fields of ripe grain and dark green meadow, told plainly that the labourer was rewarded for his toil, and that an all bou[n]tiful providence had smil'd upon his efforts. But it was a country that the pencil could not convey, the idea of utilitarian plenty and comfort predominated and altho' ma[n]y a rude log hut and smiling cottage with its flowers train'd about its tresilated porch giving good promise that fair forms dwelt within would have made separately good a[nd] pleasing pictures still as a whole they were wanting in bold strong features like the country I had pass'd thro'. I however with M^r Rogers made many sketches and we took also all the little towns we pass'd some of which were very prettily situated

July 25th Drop'd down this morning to the foot of the island and whilst friend Robb goes across in our skiff to Rock Island city to see for letters or papers, we go to work to make sketches of the two beautiful towns on opposite sides of the river. having accomplish'd our task we cross'd over to Deavenport and here we were met again by a host of hospitable and pressing friends. We took dinner at the La Clare house on the invitation of M^r Stout of S^t Louis and after dinner adjourn'd down to our little craft[,] many gentlemen hearing of our object being anxious to see our sketches. We pass'd a very pleasant hour together and cross'd over to let the people on the other side have a look at us as well as to get some stores. we got off late in the evening and encamp'd on the point of a willow island in a heavy rain storm; and in my tent on the sand beach, with the rain pattering on my tent, I am stretch'd on my matrass writing this, by the light of a gas lamp, Friend Robb being asleep on one side and Rogers on the other reading Domb[e]y and son while my two voyagers are silently sleeping at each end.⁴⁵ and as I am tir'd myself and as I have told you every thing that occ[u]r'd to day which I think would interest you I will take a pull at my Myershaum and then to sleep — oh such sleep — so good night?

⁴⁵ As Dickens' *Dombey and Son* was published in parts between 1846 and 1848, its appearance on the upper Mississippi in the latter year is worthy of note.

July 26 Started at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6, and $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 oclock we arriv'd at the beautifully situated town of Bloomington. This place was so picturesque that I was induc'd to take three views of it, one from, above, one panoramic view and a view over looking it from the bluffs by which it is back'd. The country between this and Rock Island is the most bea[u]tifully cultivated of any I have seen in the western states—farm joins farm for nearly the whole distance. the land is excellent and rises gradually and beautifully from the river as if made expressly for the purpose. At the time we pass'd the people were gathering in their wheat harvest and the scene was one of great animation. the crops this year were very abuntant [*sic*] and the yellow fields and busy hands, the loaded teams and happy, healthy-looking children form'd altogether a picture which Thompson would have lov'd to contemplate⁴⁶

I found Bloomington much more of a place than I expected it numbers some 2000 inhabitants[,] supports 2 newspapers and numbers of all kinds of mechanics, and [h]as altogether about it an air of thriving business like prosperity.⁴⁷ We remain'd an hour or two and then dropt down a couple of miles and encampt on the celebrated Muscatine prairie. This prairie is on an island of im[m]ense extent—being 30 miles long and varieng [*varying*] 6 to 7 miles. The soil is of great fertility and were it not for the scarcity of wood for rails and fuel, it would no doubt be thickly settled, as it is there are but few settlers on it, and they along the river. when on the bluffs above and the eye can take in the vast extent of this prairie waste, with its few settle[r]s houses looking like boats upon an ocean of green, it is fill'd with sorrow to think how many millions there are at this moment in Europe starving for bread whilst this rich mine of agricultural wealth lies unwork'd and almost unknown. There are in this vicinity some very good sand stone quarries and iron in its native state as an

⁴⁶ The reference probably is to James Thomson, the British poet, author of *The Seasons*.

⁴⁷ Muscatine, Iowa, was known as Bloomington until June, 1849. Lewis notes the change of name in *Das illustrirte Mississippithal*, where he includes pictures both of the town and of the prairie (p. 216, 218). In 1850, the population of Muscatine was 2,540. The local newspapers of 1848 were the *Bloomington Herald* and the *Democratic Enquirer*. Macy, *Iowa Newspapers*, 81, 82; J. P. Walton, *Pioneer Papers, Comprising a Collection of the Recollections of Early Events of Bloomington, Iowa, Now Muscatine*, 26, 66 (Muscatine, 1899).

oxide is found in great quantities, but it is still unwork'd. We made this day 28 miles and as I have for supper to night the additional luxuries of fresh beef and new milk, I do not feel much like writing.

July 27th Started at sunrise, and running for fourteen miles along the beautiful shores of the Muscatine prairie arriv'd at the little town of Port Louise after taking a sketch we proceeded on to New Boston, the country between these places 8 miles being a densely wooded bottom the river very wide and cover'd with numerous and thickly wooded islands. New Bo[s]ton has been evidently laid out by Eastern speculators for along the steep sand bluff on the summit of which the town is built are three warehouses at equal distances of the same size and the same style of architecture, if a hugh square frame bu[i]lding with three windows and a door can be said to have any style about it. On landing we found this to be the case. The town is not very flourishing and if it ever grows to be any thing it will have to be by the back country support which is not at present very numerous, and what inhabitants there are can buy and sell better at Bloomington and Oquaquia [*Oquawka, Illinois*], both being large and flourishing towns. the intermediate towns which were founded near the same time now feel that there are too many of them and one half at least will have to become vil[l]ages or decay. Keit[h]sburg is one of these and looks more flourishing than the other two and being settled principally by Germans who are very clanish in their nature may possibly succeed in becoming something. We arriv'd at Oquaquia just as the sun was setting and encamp't on the beautiful prairie just below it⁴⁸ from our encampment we made a very fine sketch and this clos'd the labours of the day. while the men were cooking supper I took my gun and tried if I could not find some prairie chickens but was unsuccessful. after a hea[r]ty supper turn'd in and enjoy'd under my musqueto bar a most excellent nights rest

July 28 A glorious sunrise. struck tent and took breakfast on

⁴⁸ Lewis was correct in his prediction that the towns along the Mississippi were situated too close to one another to develop into thriving communities. Port Louisa, Iowa, has long since ceased to exist. New Boston and Keithsburg, Illinois, which were settled in the thirties and forties, passed through brief periods of prosperity. Oquawka, which was laid out in 1836, developed as a shipping center and prospered until the trade of the river steamboats was taken over by the railroads. Arthur Springer, *History of Louisa County, Iowa*, 1: 289, 296 (Chicago, 1912); *History of Mercer County*, 80-83, 127-129, 887 (Chicago, 1882).

board as we drifted along after a run of 15 miles arriv'd at Burlington a fine thriving town of some 1600, or 12000 [*sic*] Inhabitants.⁴⁹ It is beautifully situated on a gradually rising slope surrounded by very picturesque hills and will make a fine view for our panorama This town is principally built by eastern people and is supported by the thriving and thickly settled country back. the whole of this part of Iowa will ultimately become the grannary of the West, as there is no other part of this western country can compare with it both in soil and climate. Burlington supports 2 papers, strong in the lowest slang of party politics.⁵⁰ how such papers can get support is to me as astonishing or [*as*] how any man can read to say nothing of believing such stories as each tells of the other[']s candidates. But it is all taken for gospel by these simple country people and they vote accordingly. To the credit of most of the Whig papers be it spoken they were conducted in a much more dignified and gentlemanly manner. their number was small as most of these country towns are democratic and if they support any one paper that one is sure to be a democratic one. In one of these democratic journals I counted no less than 16 political articles not one of which threw the least light on goverment matters or policy, but merely personal plank or abusive of such men as Gen [Zachary] Taylor or Henry Clay or some of their own state candidates. Not one useful item to the farmer not one paragraph of news, wh[*i*]lst all the eastern papers were teeming with matters of the most intense interest and as to the fine arts that was never dreampt of in their phisology [*sic*].

Another curious feature that strikes the traveller in these country towns is the management and system with which the *Circus* performances are carried on. In the bar rooms of every country town and on the porch if it have one are stuck up one or more of their monstrous

⁴⁹ The population of Burlington numbered 4,082 in 1850. The settlement had its beginnings in the middle thirties; at the time of Lewis' visit it was growing rapidly. See Augustine M. Antrobus, *History of Des Moines County, Iowa*, 1: 111 (Chicago, 1915). It is interesting to note that the first definite mention of the panorama in this diary is made by Lewis in the present entry.

⁵⁰ The Burlington newspapers of 1848 were the *Iowa State Gazette*, a Democratic sheet, and the *Hawk-Eye and Iowa Patriot*, a Whig paper. One of the founders of the *Gazette*, which was established in 1837, was James Clarke, who later became governor of Iowa Territory. "The 1848 election swept the state for the Democratic party, a result to which the *Gazette* largely contributed." Macy, *Iowa Newspapers*, 35.

show bills should the room not be high enoug[h] they continue it on the ceiling and there you see horses and elephants and musisions all with their heads down like flies from the ceiling. These bills some of which are 10 feet by 7 are cover'd with highly colour'd wood cuts of men in impossible attitudes and horses doing every thing but speak. wonderful dogs indeed too are shown if they do half they are made to do on these bills. Then there are delicate, and daintily dress'd women in gaiter boots with remarkably short dresses standing on the extreme points of the sharpest toe, the other foot elevated some degrees above a right angle, and the horse darting at the maddest gallop with neither saddle or bridle. Men are bent into the most impossible shapes and others are suspended in such strange agonizing positions that would have put *they* who made martyrs in the olden time into raptures could they hay [*have*] thought of. Then there is wild beast shows, with men in Lions and tigers dens and running the hands and arms and heads into their mouths, and putting themselves [*sic*] into more bodily perrill than Daniel himself ever dreampt of. All these things and a great many more are eagerly swallow'd by the gaping crowd, a talking and wondering group of whom would always be seen around one of these mammoth lies.⁵¹

There is one object strikes painfully on the eye of the stranger as he wanders th[r]o' the stragglng streets of these little towns and that is the stumps and in some cases the trunks of noble trees that have been fell'd with a ruthless and indiscriminating hand to form the cite of a City when these places grow up to be anything as some of them doubtless will, thousand[s] of dollars would be given to replace the noble elms and oaks that have thus been wantonly destroy'd. But the fact is they who generally lay out these places have no more eye for beauty expecially for the beauties of nature than a pig has of pearls the dollar the eternal dollar is what they are after and to gain this every beautiful tree that ever grew may fall to the earth.

But I am staying here too long and must away again. Between this place and Nauvo[o] you pass 3 or 4 small towns, got up by land

⁵¹ The early history of the circus in America has received some attention in an article by R. W. G. Vail entitled "Random Notes on the History of the Early American Circus," which appears in the *Proceedings* of the American Antiquarian Society for April, 1933. As early as July, 1850, a circus staged a performance in St. Paul. Theodore C. Blegen, "Minnesota Pioneer Life as Revealed in Newspaper Advertisements," *ante*, 7: 112.

speculators and not worthy of particular mention till you come to Fort Madison a large and thriving town finely situated on the W bank and conta[in]ing a population of some 2000.⁵² Eight miles below here we come to the celebrated city of Nau[v]oo, where as the sun was just setting we encamp't and I immediately hurried up to take a look at the temple and see it by sun set.⁵³ Taking into consideration the circumstances under which it was built it is a wonderful building and considering too that it is of no particular style it dones [*does*] not in the least offend the eye by its uniqueness like all most all innovation[s] from old establish'd standards do. It is 125 feet in length 96 in width and 180 feet high. It bears a nearer resemblance to the Bysantium of Roman Grecian style than any other altho' the capitals and bases are entirely unique still the cornices are grecian in part. you enter the vestibule thro' three circular door ways about 60 feet high, and 25 wide. Between these is plulaster [*pilaster?*] and two at each side leaving a stace [*space*] of some 20 feet. windows come over these doors[,] then the frieze and cornice which has a row of circular windows in it, and then thru square pediments which support the dome like tower. There are 9 pilasters on the sides finish'd in the same way as the front with three rows of windows, instead of the doors in front.

July 30 Started from our encampment and floating down to the lower end of Nauvo City we stop[pe]d to take a look at the town and finish our examination of the temple by exploring the interior, for a particular acc^t of which see preceeding page. we call'd and saw the widow of the celebrated prophet and builder up of this place Joe Smith. She is a remarkably fine looking woman I should judge of some 35 or 40 years of age with a strongly mark'd tho' kind and intel[ligent] face on whose surface are the marks of much care and suffering. She has a fine family of five fine boys by the prophet as he is call'd the oldest of which must be some 15 or 16 years. she is now again married to a man by the name of Bideman but she is always call'd the widow Smith. She supports herself and family by

⁵² According to the census of 1850, in that year Fort Madison, Iowa, had a population of 1,509.

⁵³ The Mormon Temple at Nauvoo was dedicated in April, 1846. Lewis saw the structure only a short time before it was burned on October 9, 1848. He includes pictures of both the town and the temple in *Das illustrirte Mississippthal*, where he presents a detailed account of Nauvoo, Mormonism, and its founder, Joseph Smith (p. 225-245).

keeping one of the largest and best hotels in the place and seems to be doing a thriving business.⁵⁴

Having gratified our curios[i]ty and gain'd what interesting items we could, we made a start of it to run over the rapids which commence here and continue some fourteen miles. When about four miles on our way we were struck by a severe thunder squall and had to make for shore and lay up while it pass'd. proceeding again the wind being very strong but fair we pass'd by aid of our sails with fearful rapid[it]y over these dangerous and boiling shoals. the river falls some [*blank in MS.*] feet in the distance of the fourteen miles⁵⁵ and in low water they are impassible [*passable?*] for boats only that draw very little water and they will often be from 3 to 4 days getting over the freight all has to be taken out and tow'd over in barges. The government did begin to improve these rapids, so as to make them navigable at all seasons, but the appropriations soon gave out having all been swallow'd by government sharks in what the[y] call'd necessary preparations and a new administration coming in oppos'd to all improvements the rapids remain as they always have been a barrier to navigation and as they always will be 'til some more liberal policy is pursued⁵⁶

Here we left M^r Robb, whose duties at home at [*had*] been long urgent and who by the by was getting pretty well tir'd of the trip

⁵⁴ Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormon church, was murdered on June 27, 1844, during the so-called Mormon war. He left a widow, Emma Hale Smith, and four sons. Two years later most of the members of the sect were driven from Illinois, but a few of Smith's relatives remained and their descendants still live in the vicinity. In 1847 Smith's widow married Major Lewis C. Bidamon. She continued to live in Nauvoo until her death in 1879. Pease, *The Frontier State*, 352, 362 n.; Mary A. S. Anderson, *Ancestry and Posterity of Joseph Smith and Emma Hale*, 565 (Independence, Missouri, 1929).

⁵⁵ The river falls more than twenty feet in a distance of about twelve miles at the lower rapids.

⁵⁶ Official surveys were made at the Des Moines or lower rapids as early as the twenties, with a view to improving the river channel at this point. In the middle forties a plan was proposed "for the construction of a canal to be made by building a wall in the river to form one bank of the canal, the river bank to form the other." The Des Moines Rapids Improvement Company was organized to carry out this plan, but it did not materialize at this time. Between 1867 and 1872, the government constructed at the lower rapids a canal of the type proposed earlier. Mildred L. Hartsough, *From Canoe to Steel Barge on the Upper Mississippi*, 266, 267 (Minneapolis, 1934).

he pass'd us on the Kate Kearny about 10 miles below encamp'd on a beautiful shady beach and wav'd an adieu at passing from the hurricane deck of the steamer for a view of our encampment this evening see page 13. We made this day only 27 miles owing to head winds and stoppages.

July 31 Cook'd breakfast and started early eating on board. stop'd at a log house a mile below and found the bank of alluvial so high and steep that could not land and so we had to take our pint of milk from the *pint* of a fish spear Pass'd a great number of little towns to day on our way most of them beautifully situated and apparently thriving until we came to Quincy.⁵⁷ This town does not show very well from the river, but the stranger upon entering is pleasingly surpris'd to find so larg[e] and well built a town. It is laid out in squares evenly and closely built, the side walks well pav'd, as are the streets; and actually well water'd. It looks more like Cincinnati than any other town only that it is cleaner, and that is paying it a great compliment. it contains some 6000 inhabitants and if the people of the place will use energy in introducing manufactories and boat yards it will become the Cin[cinnati] of the Miss undoubtedly, as it is the most beautiful town already.⁵⁸ Passing below it 2 miles we encamp on the upper end of an island densely wooded in view of the town. The spot where we encamp't was cov[er]d with a rank growth of wild rye reaching over our heads and pulling a lot of it up we pitch'd our tent and made a very comfortable bed on it.

Aug. 1st taking a view of this wild spot (see page 20) we struck our tent and started again[,] the morning being close and foggy and giving promise of a sultry day. It tur[n]d out a regular roaster and was the hottest day we experienc'd on our rout[e], but I suppose it was nothing to what it was shut up in a lime stone city like S^t Louis. I thought of my friends there and thank'd my stars I was on the river. We made this day 46 miles, and encamp'd at the upper end of a fa[r]mers improvement which in consequence of having a barn[,] 2 ruin'd sheds, which he call'd warehouses[,] and his cabin

⁵⁷ Lewis names the river towns between Nauvoo and Quincy in a table of distances at the back of his diary. They are Montrose, Nashville, and Keokuk, Iowa; Warsaw, Illinois; and "Churchville opposite Warsaw," Fox Prairie, Tully, Canton, La Grange, and "Lone tree prairie," Missouri.

⁵⁸ The population of Quincy numbered 6,812 in 1850, according to the census of that year.

besides a bridge over a slue of the most fever and auguish aspect, he dignified by the name of *Gilgal*⁵⁹ We got here some fine hay which we spre[a]d on the bottom of our tent and slept luxur[i]ously, also a quart of milk for which I paid 15 cts. So you may judge the sole resident and proprietor of this city, had an eye to his own interests and determin'd that when travellers did stop to look at his town they should pay for it.

Augst 2st We started early from Gilgal not much liking our quarters, or our host. our camp with green swamps, and every thing look'd dark and rank. the trees seem'd taller here and thinner in their trunks, as tho' they were of premature growth, and they easily shook with but little wind like one who had the ague. the dogs were sneaky and lank and *yellow* and look'd as tho' they might have had the ague. the children had all white hair—they all have in the Illinois—and they did have it [*ague*] and were shaking away bravely. so altogether I did not like my quarters this night and left early, and if I should ever invest money in Illinois towns it would not be in Gilgas.

Well after rowing some 5 miles we came to the prettily situated town of Louisiana in Missouri for we are once more in that state again having left the Iowa territory at [*blank in MS.*]⁶⁰ We kept on our way to Clark[s]ville an old town formerly one [of] the trading posts of the American fur company, and now fast going to decay.⁶¹ I sought for the *oldest* inhabitant but he was not to be found for all those identified with its early history had left, and sought new scenes and occupations far on the frontiers amongst the indians. the houses were mostly going to decay some had indeed fallen and many would have done so long ago but for the props put agai[n]st them altogether the p[la]ce had a melancholy and tumble down aspect especially as I landed there in a severe rain storm. a mill in

⁵⁹ This place probably was in Pike County, Illinois.

⁶⁰ This should read Keokuk.

⁶¹ No evidence has been found to support Lewis' statement that Clarksville was once a trading post. It is said, however, that it was "built on the site of an old Indian stockade fort used in the War of 1812." The town itself was laid out in 1819 and was named for William Clark, the explorer, who is "supposed to have spent a winter on the site while returning from an expedition to Fort Prairie du Chien." See Esther G. Leech, "The Place-Names of Pike County, Missouri," in *University of Missouri, Studies*, 9: 71 (January 1, 1934).

ruins at the upper end of the town stands boldly out and make[s] the place look quite picturesque. After in vain trying to buy a loaf of bread here I push'd on and rain increasing with premonitory puffings that a gale was coming I began to look out for a place to pitch my tent and lay to till the storm should abate. about 2 miles below the town was a fine sward of grass with some noble elms and sicamore and under the largest of one of the latter I pitch'd my tent[,] the foliage on it being so dense that the rain had not yet penetrated th[r]o the leaves, to wet the ground. but unfortunately I got on a stop [spot] a little lower than the surrounding land and as the tempest increas[e]d I found divers very pretty little brooks making their way under my tent and I was compel'd to go into a very extensive system of internal improvements in the shape of canals and embankments to keep myself above high water mark. Thus you see that Missouri spite of all that is said to the contrary does some times go into internal improvments We remain'd here until daylight the next morning, the rain continuing unabated. I extremely regret I did not take a view of this encampment but in the hurry of departure[,] for the wind was fair[,] I forgot it.⁶² The tree under which we encamp'd was 34 feet in the girth and would have made a splendid study.

Augth 3 To day we are just one hundred miles from our destination, so that with good luck I hope to be home again in three days from this time. Forty five miles below here I have a friend living and as I promis'd to call on him at passing I must try and reach his house to night and encamp there, and as the wind is fair the men fresh having had a long rest and there being not much to draw on the way, I think I shall be able to do it. The men are singing at their oars. M^r Rogers is devouring *Domby and Son*. The oldest *sun* of all is shining merrily and scattering to the winds the large masses of clouds that have been kicking up such a commotion and weaving them into thousands of beautiful shapes that would keep a painter at work the ballance of his days studying the birds feeling the influence sing away right gaily and every thing looks fresh and green and fair. Not every thing for yonder in [is] a tall and noble tree struck prost[r]ate by the ligh[t]ning of last nights storm. I

⁶² Lewis evidently drew from memory a view of Clarksville with the encampment in the foreground which appears in *Das illustrierte Mississippthal*, 272.

must land and examine it. At least an hundred feet from the root the fluid first struck it shivering it in two nearly to the ground I measur'd the part that was fallen to the upper branches, and found it was 150 feet. the upper branches probably occupied 50 more which would make this noble tree nearly 300 [200?] feet in height. What are mans monuments to this and yet how suddenly struck down after perhaps 2 centuries of life and what a commentary on human efforts and calculations. Had my tent been pitch'd under this tree I should have been crush'd like the worm—under the foot of a giant.

On we go again until we come to the little town of Hamburg [Illinois] beautifully situated on the east side of the river It is a german settlement and is thriving I did not get as good a view of this place as I wish'd owing to a very strong current and side wind dragging me [my] anchor until out of point of view Then we come to Westport [Missouri] but it was such a wee place I did not sketch it—besides it had no picturesque features. We were now approaching Bailies landing⁶³ see page (35) vol 3) and here I expect to get some information about friend Poppletons residence. I was inform'd it was 5 M below and as the sun was just setting I hurried the men to pull hard and get to camp. I forgot to mention that this Baily's landing is a poor wretched place with most of the people that I saw sooking [looking] decidedly fever and aguish. two little boys came down the steep bank to see our boat, and their little old faces looking so knowing and wan, was a [sic] quite a subject for study I ask'd my companion to notice, what a little old head there was on those young shoulders, and the child heard me and understood me too. He look'd up in my face and running his hands deep into the very bottom of his pockets told me [with] a most singular expression on his countenance that he was going to have a chill this evening but he had come to see my boat first, and then ran off.

Well, after an hours rowing I thought I must be near the house and I hail'd directly out came my friend Poppleton and then an-

⁶³ In the table of distances at the end of the diary, this place is listed as "Bailies landing, or Cap-o gris." Cap au Gris was a settlement in Lincoln County, Missouri. Lewis relates that the name was that of a rock or cape in the vicinity, in *Das illustrirte Mississippithal*, 270. Sketches of "Cap au Gris and Bailey's Landing" and of a "Rock near Cap au Gris" appear in Lewis' Sketchbook number 1.

other and then another, that it did seem as tho' the little cabin could not hold another soul. I immediately landed and was greeted with a hearty grip from 2 or three friends from S^t Louis who had come up to meet me and rturn [*return*] with me on my little boat. It is needless to say we made a night of it here. I pitch'd the tent and after supper over a bucket full of excellent egg *nogg* which our hospitable host had prepar'd for us I recounted my adventures to them and they gave me all the city news. But being anxious to get to S^t Louis I refus'd a very pressing invitation to stay a day or two spite of fasinating descriptions of hunts and fishing scenes and shooting matches. so striking my tent early next morning I said adieu and taking with me as passengers down my friends Wilkins and Barnett we hoisted our sails and were soon afloat again.⁶⁴

Augst 4th To day was a busy day with us. we had much sketching to do, and the day was intently hot. we began now to feel the oppression of the S^t Louis summer atmosphere. We made a view of the mouth of the Illinois, and the several sketches of the picturesque bluffs from there to Alton.⁶⁵ We came in sight of Alton about four o'clock and the sketch of the place taking a long time to make, we found night upon us and concluded to encamp here instead of [on] the beautiful island below where I had at first intended to have pass'd the night and fortunate indeed would it have been if we could have carried out our first design, as it was we encamped in a deserted log hut nearly opposite the town as my tent was not large enough to contain us all. we moved a number of agricultural instruments we found within out of doors knowing there was no danger of them taking cold but one large plough was too heavy for us and form'd part of the company. I remember that after turning in I slept between the arms of this plough and I had a most singular dream. I thought that I was a large field and that with two yoke of oxen they were plowing me up. I threw my arms wildly about to protect myself from being torn all to pieces and striking one of the handles of the plough woke up and found "it was not all a dream."

⁶⁴ One of these individuals may have been James F. Wilkins, an artist whose name is listed in the St. Louis directory for 1848.

⁶⁵ The cliffs between Grafton, at the mouth of the Illinois, and Alton are described by Lewis in *Das illustrirte Mississippithal*, 270, 273, 305, and they are pictured on pages 300 and 304. Alton is the subject of an illustration on page 306.

About an hour before daylight an alarm was given that a steam boat was coming up close in shore and would probably run foul of our boat. I hurried out but was too late. the steamer pass'd without touching us, but the swell of the waves was so great that it fill'd our little craft and she sunk as low as she could namely down to the cabin floor. This was the second time we had met with a similar accident but on this particular night I had neglected to take all the things ashore, as was my usual custom, so that many of my things got ruined by the wet. all my sketches were ashore and thus they escaped. After two or three hours hard work we got the boat afloat again and started on our way to S^t Louis distance 25 miles where we arrived at 4 oclock the same afternoon, passing on rout[e] the mouth of the great river the Missouri of which I made a sketch—and thus ends my canoe journey of 1000 miles on the Mississippi.



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