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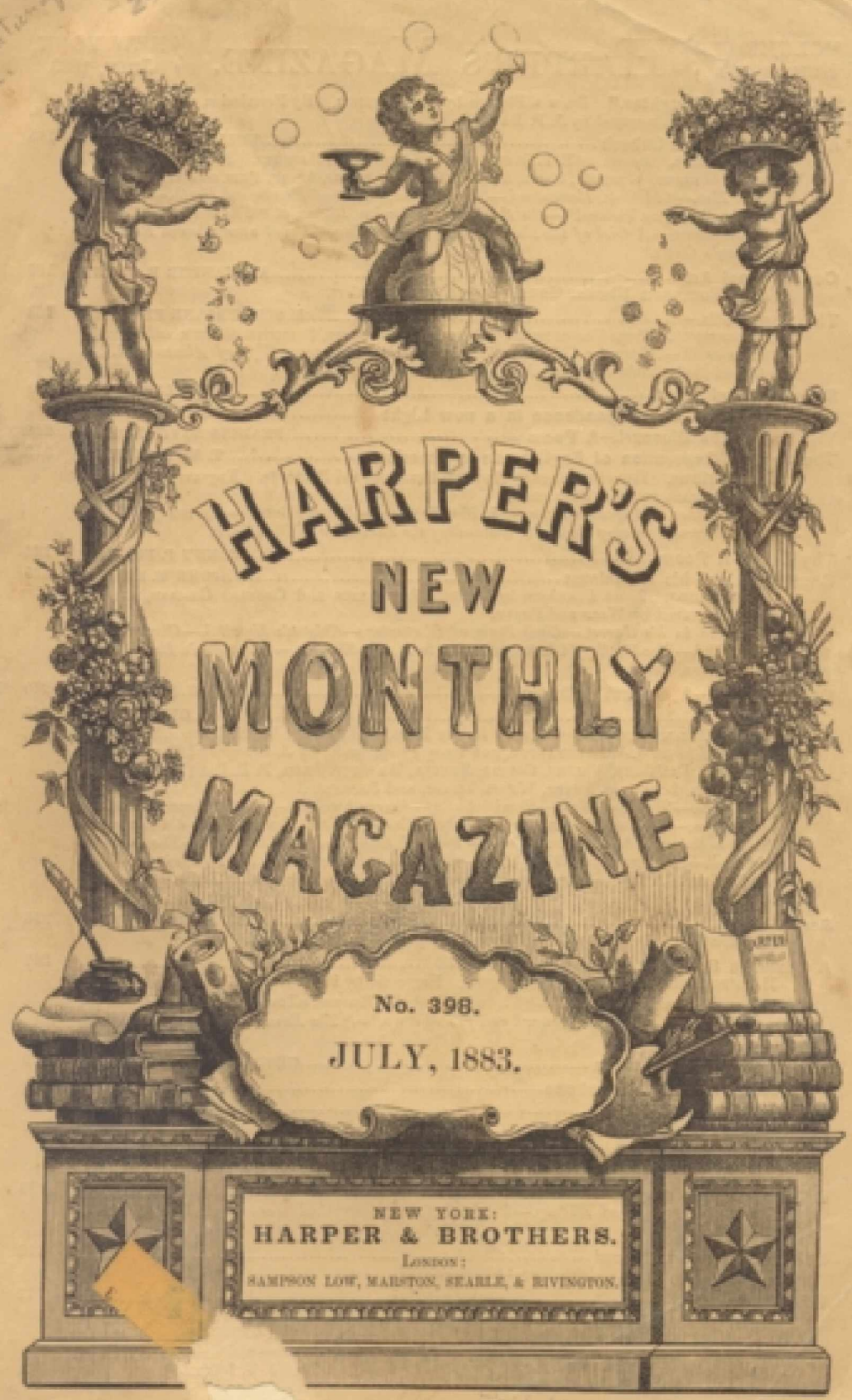
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Monograph on  
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Education of women  
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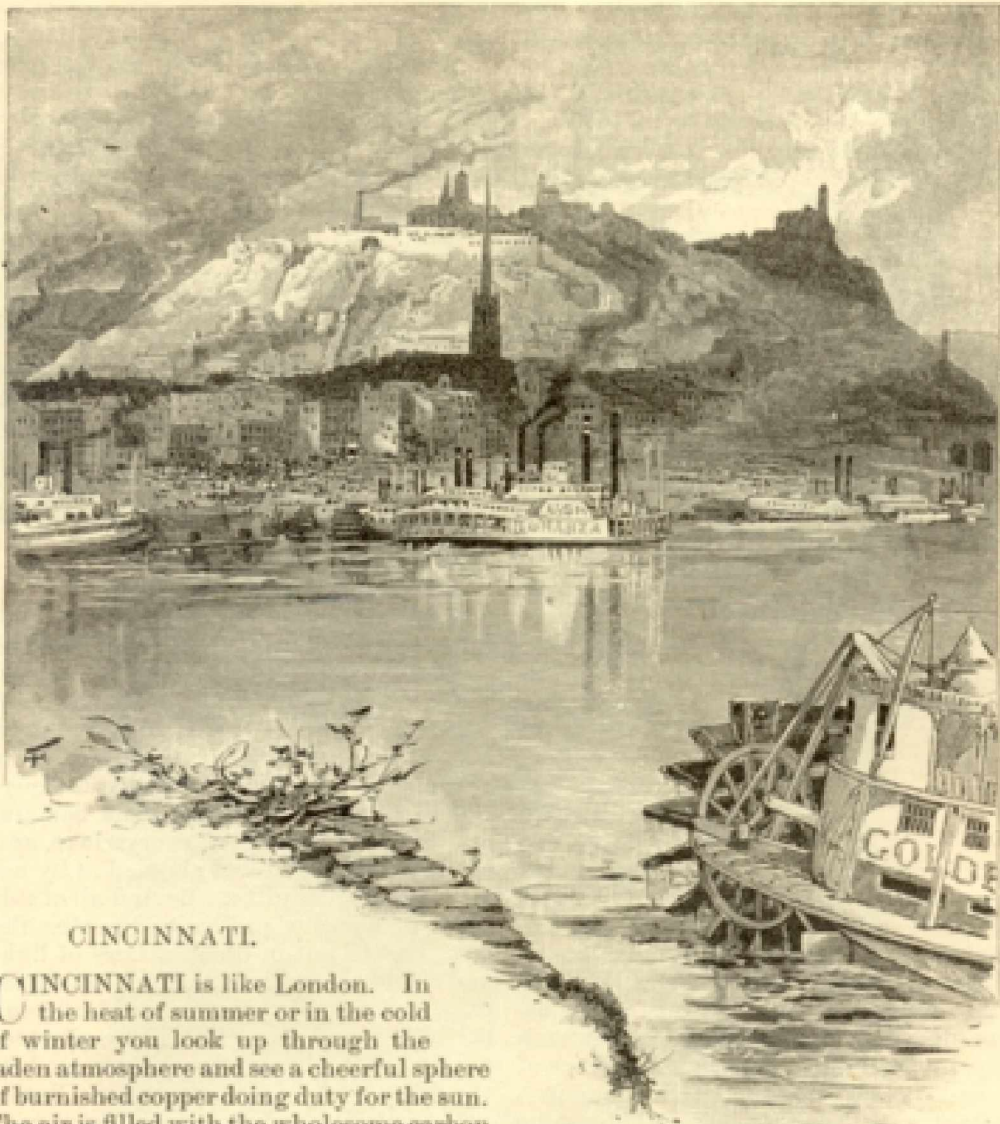


**HARPER'S**  
**NEW**  
**MONTHLY**  
**MAGAZINE**

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### CINCINNATI.

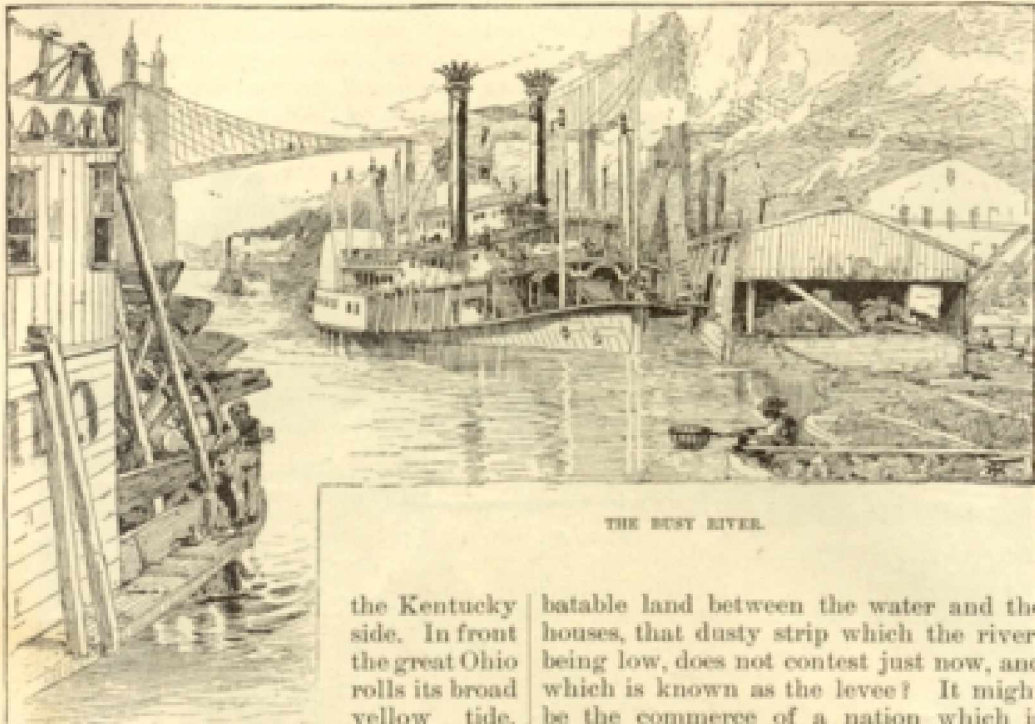
CINCINNATI is like London. In the heat of summer or in the cold of winter you look up through the laden atmosphere and see a cheerful sphere of burnished copper doing duty for the sun. The air is filled with the wholesome carbon that is said to confer upon chimney-sweeps a complete immunity from all contagion, and which enjoys the credit of making London one of the healthiest cities in the world. Cincinnati, like London, also has its occasional river fog, when the white vapors of the Ohio invade the streets, arrest and mingle with the smoke, immerse all things in obscurity, and convert the creations of architects, great and small, into noble masses, free from all smallness or meanness of detail.

This smoke of Cincinnati is as invaluable to the eye of the disinterested artist who concerns himself with the physical aspect of the city as it is dispensable with to the Cincinnati. Like all communities in the great valley of the West, its

fuel is identical in effect with the same economical, heat-giving, and smoke-begetting coal that gives to the English town its grimy, inky hue, and to our own Pittsburgh that complexion which baffles all description. It imparts its distinctive color and a variety of quality to the Cincinnati landscape, which, considered together with the situation and topography of the town, make it one of the most picturesque of American cities.

Nothing can well be finer than the view from the bridge at the mouth of the Licking, or from the high bank further down the river, when the wind is blowing from





THE BUSY RIVER.

the Kentucky side. In front the great Ohio rolls its broad yellow tide. Great bridges span it here and there, and

busy boats ply from side to side. At every point great steamers are warped to the shore two and three deep—most un-navigable-looking craft, huge edifices of flimsy wood, all windows, doors, and railings, miniature piazzas, long verandas, awnings; and great chimneys, one on each side, interlaced together by all manner of cross-bars and stays, and each ending in a violent mitred decoration, reminding one of nothing so much as of the paper pantalons which adorn the broiled lamb chop. They are huge structures of wood, some propelled by side wheels, others with one great wheel across the stern, which makes them look like saw-mills gone astray, all fresh in the glory of white paint, and adorned with names instinct with legends of wild races on the moon-lit waters, of great games of poker, and of grand explosions. Nowadays, however, they have become very commonplace in their functions compared with what they were in the old days of the river, but they remain the agents of a great and thriving industry. Else why the crowd of vehicles of all kinds and of noisy men of all classes that fills that wide and steep slope of de-

batable land between the water and the houses, that dusty strip which the river, being low, does not contest just now, and which is known as the levee? It might be the commerce of a nation which is crowded upon it—every conceivable merchandise, in bale and barrel and box and crate and sack, destined everywhere, and carried and tugged and shouted at by negroes and whites alike. Behind all of this scene of nervous and active life rises the city, marked out in broad masses of light and shadow, compact upon the lower plateau, and steadily climbing and effacing the hills round about it. These glimpses are had of it when the propitious air lifts the dense curtain that rises from Cincinnati's countless industries, mingles it with the clouds, and hangs the sky with fantastic draperies of changing vapor.

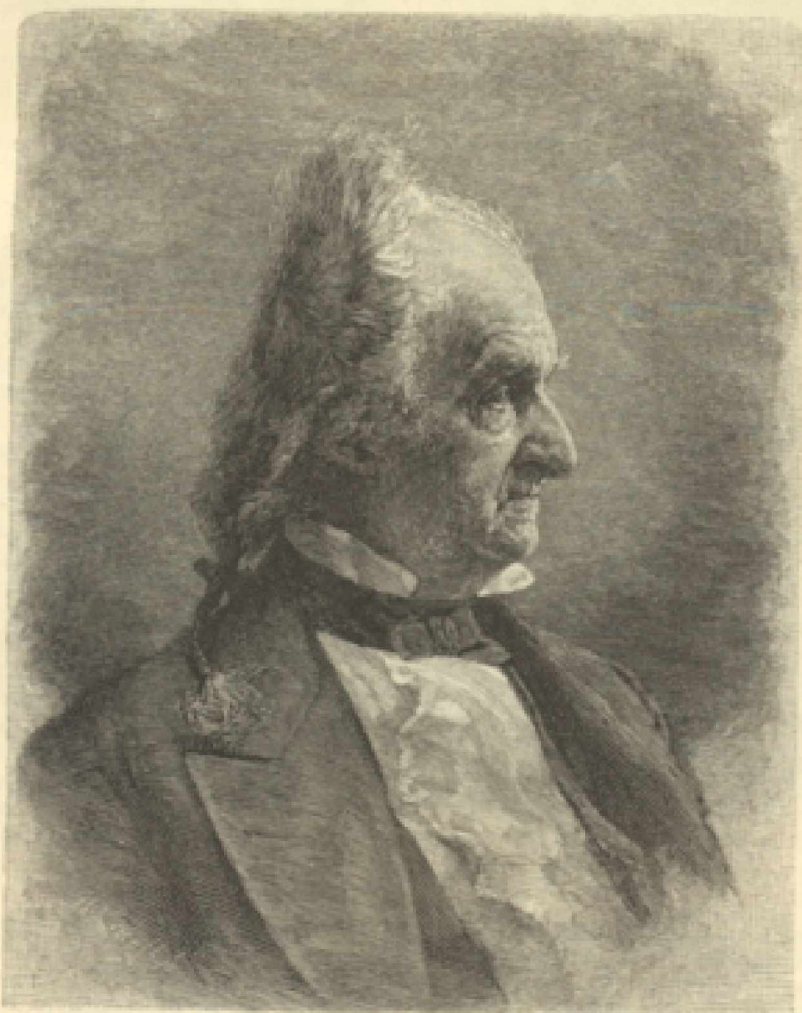
The exterior of Cincinnati is as deep in color as that of London. Its trees are of the same ebony as those in the London parks, and its stone and brick work has the same disposition to solemn black. It has less of newness and of the ephemeral virtues of fresh paint than perhaps any other of our cities, and courts instead the air of a serious and well-rooted prosperity, founded in the antiquities and traditions of its less than a century of existence. About it, in the suburbs, at Clifton, and even within the city limits, artists do not fail to find abundant material. The canal, which is known as the "Rhine," and which is a sort of territorial line of de-



markation for the German population, is particularly rich in picturesque material. It is not the same as that for which its namesake is celebrated, but it has artistic value, and it is not overlooked.

Charles Cist, in the preface to his interesting volume, *Cincinnati in 1851*, says

ed. "How peebles knows where he his sour-kroust finds, eh? Your Correctory not vort' one cent!" And if thirty years ago Mr. Cist was apprehensive that any one who found his sour-kroust left out of *Cincinnati in 1851* would consider the book not worth one cent, how much great-

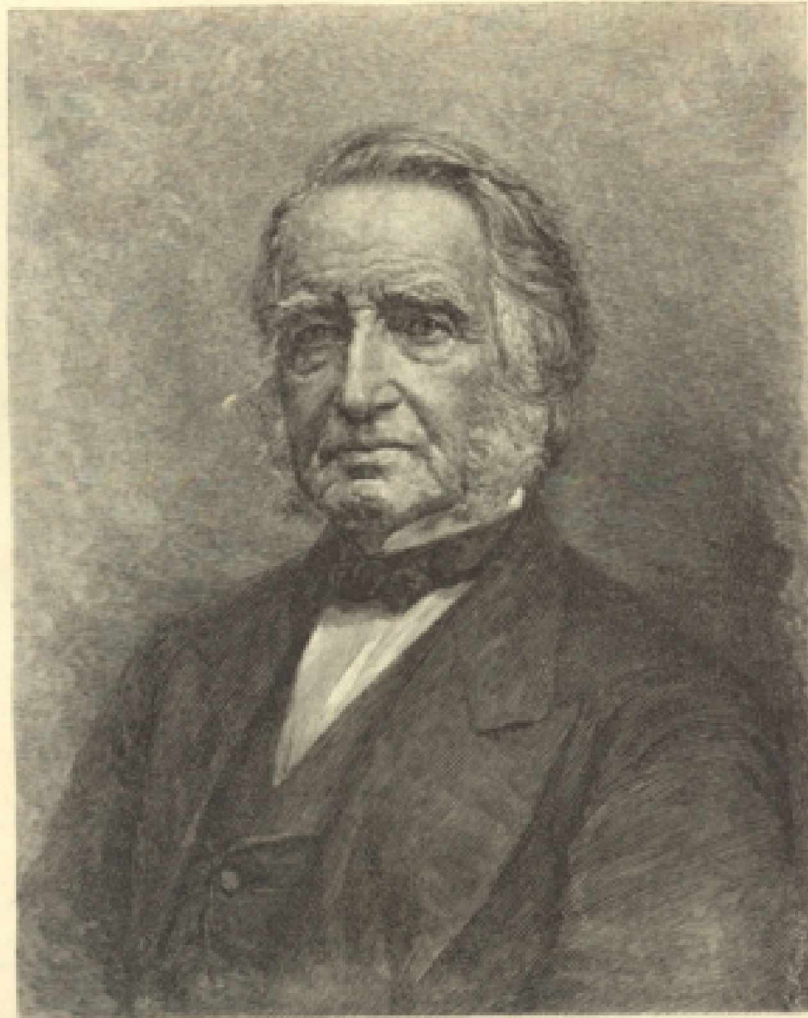


DANIEL GANO.

that in taking addresses for a City Directory some time previously, he accidentally forgot to insert that of a somewhat extensive sausage and sour-kroust concern kept by an honest German. A few days after the appearance of the book he met the worthy Teuton in the streets, and found him to be in a towering passion. "Vat for you leave my name von your Correctory out, eh?" he shout-

er is the similar danger at present, when the Cincinnati of to-day has a population and a commerce, including facilities for sour-kroust manufacture, which laugh those of a generation ago to scorn?

I suppose no fairy tale one ever read equals in miracle story the ower-true truth that this Cincinnati, this Queen City, this Paris of America, has only had such measure of existence as is to be spanned by the



GEORGE GRAHAM.

space of one human life. William Moody, the first white child born at the settlement (March 17, 1790), died there in 1879, an eye-witness to one of the most amazing developments of trade and commerce ever seen by mortal man. Baby Moody opened his infant eyes upon a vast and unfrequented river—a "white settlement," harassed by Indians, and where no inhabitant was quite sure, on retiring to rest at night, that he would not be scalped before morning. Before he died this native-born pioneer walked the pathways of that same hamlet, now magically changed into the gay bustling streets of a splendid and ever-growing city. Many of the more aged citizens of Cincinnati remember the Indians. The

father of ex-Mayor Henry Spencer was captured by Indians when his son (who was still living in 1881, a venerable and respected gentleman) was a boy eleven years old. But at present there is never a bird in the gay Zoo Gardens of a rarer breed than your Indian, of the sort whose ancestors formerly peopled these rich alluvial bottoms, and made life hideous for the hardy pioneers who bravely laid the ground-plan for the superb metropolitan structure which we now see. Sturdy, imposing figures these founders of Cincinnati's greatness present in the fast-gathering gloom that there is about the early history of the city. Great seriousness of purpose, a most absorbing sense of inde-



pendence, and a most American belief in the fullness of their destiny, and in the material resources of their country and of their river—these things most of all characterize them, and explain their vigorous individuality and the impress they have left upon the present.

Daniel Gano, famous for his hospitality, for his social character and influence, and for his generous public spirit, was one of them. So also was George Graham, an acute Pennsylvania youth, who settled in Cincinnati in 1822, in his twenty-fourth year, and took prompt hold of the steamboat trade, then almost at its birth. Few men did more than he to promote the prosperity and shape the commercial policy of Cincinnati, and in his later years he held numerous honorable preferments to which his fellow-citizens called him. He was president of the Academy of Natural Sciences, and of the State Natural History Society, and for forty years a trustee of the Cincinnati College. In the law there were the honored careers of Bellamy Storer and David K. Este—names that will always be held in reverential esteem.

The thing which, perhaps, of all others, the Cincinnati of to-day knows least about, and desires no enlightenment upon, is—Indians. Yet the Indians were the true fathers of Cincinnati. They had a trading point at this spot, their trail from Detroit to the town of Lexington, Kentucky, crossing the Ohio River at exactly the place where the busiest part of Cincinnati now stands. For many years after Cincinnati had begun to flourish as a commercial centre under the guidance of

white men, her southern neighbor, the elegant little Lexington, still looked down upon the social and literary aspirations of the town on the banks of the Ohio. The Rev. Timothy Flint, writing in 1826, says: "If its only rival, Lexington, be, as she contends, the Athens of the West, this place [Cincinnati] is struggling to become its Corinth." The struggles of Cincinnati as against Lexington in respect to leadership in trade, literature, art, and science are almost as remote in the city's annals as the pioneers' warfare with the red-skins.

The first name by which Cincinnati was called was L'Osanteville. This pedantic appellation was bestowed upon the little village by the mysterious process of using the L to mean Licking River, the O to signify opposite, and santeville to indicate a healthy town—altogether, a fine situation opposite the Licking.

In 1790, General St. Clair was sent as Governor of the Northwest Territory. He fixed his head-quarters for a time at L'Osanteville, and before he departed he had rebaptized the infant city. His choice of the word Cincinnati was a happy one. In good sooth each man of that day was a Cincinnati, a patriot, who, having aided his country to achieve her crown of self-government on the battle-fields of the sea-board, now retired in peace to the fertile slopes of the interior, there to pursue the noble aims of husbandry. December 28, 1788, is considered to be the natal day of Cincinnati, though the town was not incorporated as a city until 1819. From that date onward its progress has been unchecked by any serious disaster. Neither flood, fire, finan-



ON THE UPPER RHINE.

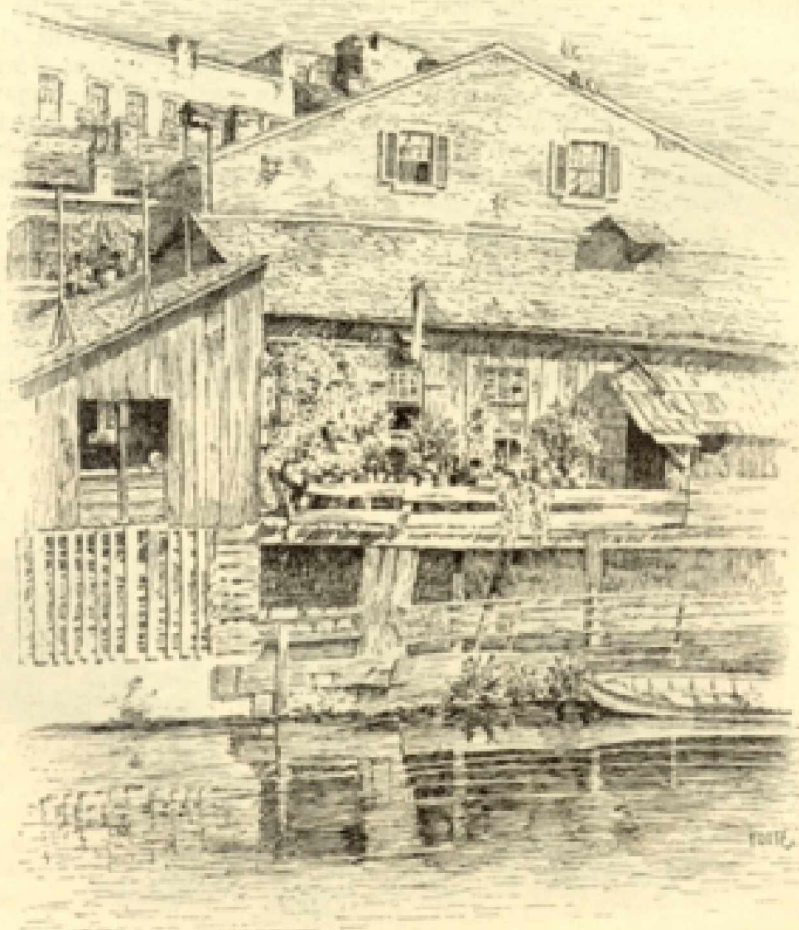


cial crisis, nor devastating epidemic has ever paralyzed the city's prosperity.

The first immigration to Cincinnati came from New England, about the years between 1825 and 1830; this was supplemented by an important and aristocratic element consisting of families of birth and social standing who removed thither from Virginia. That Cincinnati, being in a State so far west as Ohio, should ever receive any immigration from the remote shores of the Old World, was a possibility not dreamed of fifty years ago. Writing in 1841, Charles Cist enthusiastically prophesied: "I venture the prediction that within one hundred years from this time Cincinnati will be the greatest city in America, and by the year 2000, the greatest city in the world. . . . Most of the great cities of antiquity, some of which were of immense extent, were situated in the inte-

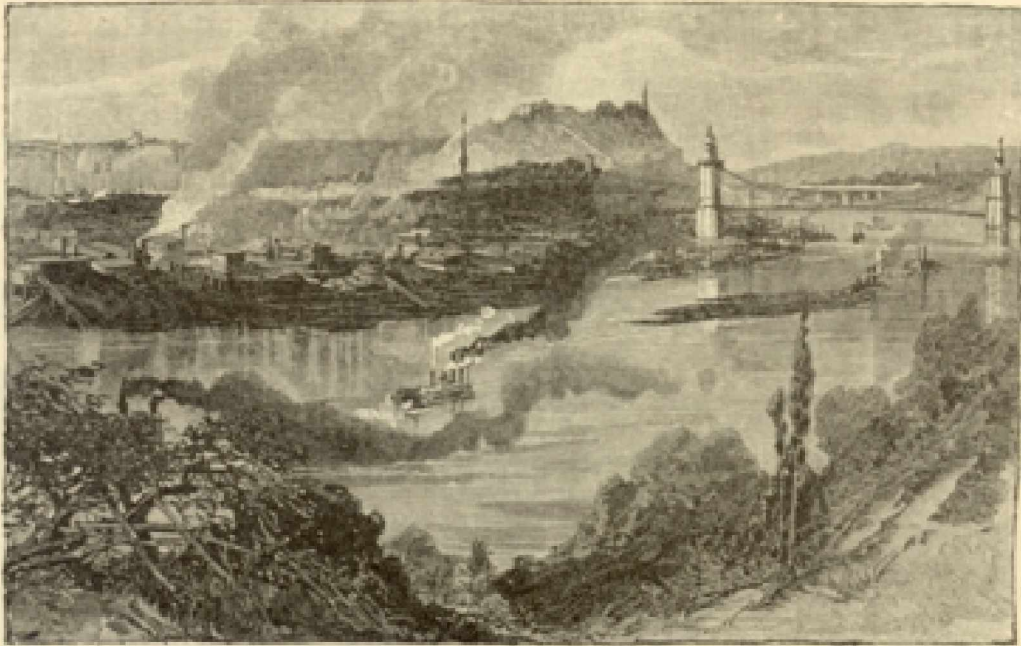
rior, and mostly in the valleys of large rivers meandering through rich alluvial territories; for example, Thebes, Memphis, and Ptolemais, the ancient and once populous capital of Egypt." At great length Mr. Cist explains how this result was achieved, and he hoped it might be again, without the aid of foreign immigration—a desideratum unlooked-for in those days. Yet ten years later there was at least one German in Cincinnati to reproach Mr. Cist for having failed to celebrate his sour-kroot in the "Correctory," and at present there are—well, go "over the Rhine" in Cincinnati, some bright moonlight evening, and see for yourself how many Germans there are there.

About the year 1835 there broke out, one scarcely knows how, a sort of Cincinnati fever in England. In the British Museum I have looked at a number of



A RHINE SCHLOSS.





CINCINNATI FROM THE KENTUCKY HILLS.

books, issued about that period, written by travellers who had returned from the far Western country, and had "mounts and marvels" (but true ones) to tell of the wonderful fertility of the Ohio soil, the splendid rivers, the astonishing enlightenment of the citizens, the desirability of Ohio as a residence State for English people, and so forth. Among those who were touched by the contagion was Mrs. Frances Trollope, whose querulous castigation of the people of the whole country in a book entitled *Domestic Manners of the Americans* I have recently re-read. Her avowed and laudable object in going to Cincinnati was to secure a future for her son, the late well-known novelist Anthony Trollope. A dispassionate reviewer of the situation easily sees the rights and wrongs of Mrs. Trollope's story. She was a clever literary woman, who was at home in the salons of what is now called "Upper Bohemia," both in Paris and in London, a linguist, and a person of refinement. In Cincinnati of course she was in exile; she found herself surrounded by persons whose daily battle for bread left them no time for any thought of life's graces and adornments. Yet she absurdly brought these pioneers into comparison with the people whom she had left, and ridiculed

Cincinnati men because they went out with baskets on their arms and bought the family marketing, and was disgusted with Cincinnati women because they scrubbed floors, washed dishes, and performed all household duties of a like character.

Poor lady! she probably had a very unpleasant experience of the West. The people were wholly uncongenial to her; she had nothing in common with them, and she felt herself to be isolated and disappointed. She effected a certain measure of retribution, however, on her own account, by inflicting a very painful building on the town, her "Trollope's Bazaar,"—a dismal, ill-contrived edifice, with hideous windows, half Gothic, half Moresque in style, the whole now happily extinct and done away with. The homes built by some of her neighbors who came from Virginia are still standing in Cincinnati, and it is doubtful if modern architecture can much improve upon them. One of the oldest of these edifices, which was standing until quite recently, was the Lytle house, No. 66 Lawrence Street, which was built in 1814 by General William Lytle, and has always been occupied by his family and descendants. From beneath the portal of this noble old house



the first of that long succession of palatial hotels which the country has seen erected during the past thirty odd years. The Burnet was built in 1849 by a joint-stock company, and it was then considered the most splendid building ever erected for hotel purposes in any country. Even now, with all the surprises and grandeur of modern architecture, the Burnet is still an imposing edifice, with its great cupola, its wide flight of granite steps reaching from the street to the entrance hall, its double wings, its extensive lateral fronts, etc.

The small but well-proportioned Roman-Corinthian temple on the corner of Fourth and Vine is Uncle Sam's Cincinnati custom-house, Assistant-Treasurer's office, United States courts, and city post-office. With only a frontage of 80 feet on Fourth Street and 150 feet on Vine, it may well be imagined that all these government offices are very much cramped for space. Particularly is this the case with the post-office, for the carrying trade in that line is heavy. People must write to each other a good deal in Cincinnati,

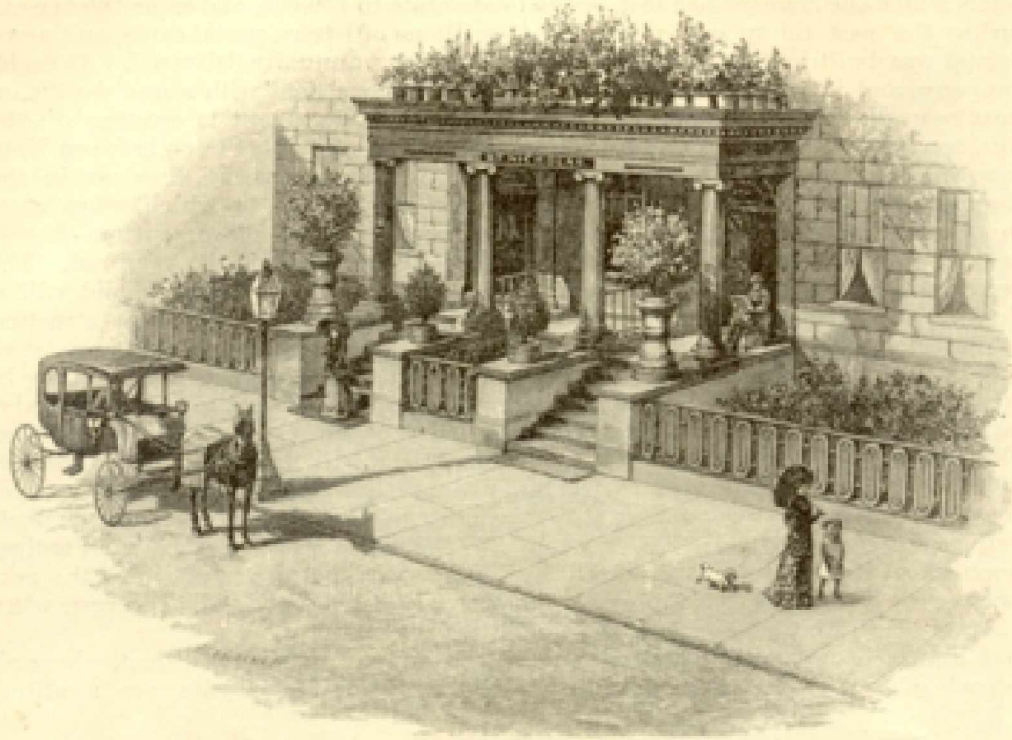
for the yearly local postage business amounts to \$50,000, and some twenty-one millions of letters, postal cards, and newspapers are annually delivered. As rapidly as is consistent with sound workmanship the government is erecting on the north side of Fifth Street, between Main and Walnut, a massive structure in the Renaissance style, to which, when completed, the post-office, custom-house, court-house, etc., will be removed. The ground on which this splendid edifice stands cost \$700,000, and the structure will not fall much short of an expense of five millions. Large as this building is, the annals of the past give reason for belief that another generation or so of Cincinnatians will find it too small for municipal requirements. In consequence of this surmise, wise provision has been made for the future by the purchase of contiguous ground, by means of which the government buildings can be enlarged when necessary.

Returning to Fourth Street, where all the world and his wife are strolling,



THE OLD LONGWORTH MANSION.





ENTRANCE TO THE ST. NICHOLAS.

cast a glance at the St. Nicholas restaurant and hotel, a fine square edifice which used to be the town residence of the Groesbeck family, but which has long been abandoned by them for a locality of more aristocratic seclusion. The "St. Nick," as Cincinnatians are wont familiarly to call it, is one of those luxurious eating-houses of the Delmonico order, which flourish well in our free-handed communities, where money comes rather easily, at least to a certain favored class, and where there are plenty of people of cosmopolitan taste who enjoy careful and scientific cookery. Such modest works of art as decorate the family dining-rooms at the St. Nick are, as I, a frequent eye-witness, can testify, of the most irreproachable description.

On the corner of Fourth and Race streets stands the *Commercial* building, the home of a newspaper whose reputation is national. The Cincinnati *Commercial* was founded in 1843 by Messrs. Curtis and Hastings, and ten years later (March 9, 1853) there was engaged upon its editorial staff a young writer whose fortunes have never since ceased to be identical with

those of this great Western daily newspaper. The name of Murat Halstead will be universally recognized as that of an accomplished man of letters; as that also of a keen and sparkling wit, a humorist whose satire daily stings hypocrisy and incompetency through the medium of his influential journal. Lately incorporated with the *Commercial* is the *Gazette*, one of the strongest of Western newspapers, established nearly seventy-five years ago, and long published in the handsome building on the corner of Vine and Sixth streets. Mr. Richard Smith, the proprietor, is one of the best known and most public spirited of the citizens of Cincinnati, and as a vigorous Ohio editor is known from one end of the country to the other. Last year he merged his interests with those of the *Commercial*, which now stands in the front rank of journalism, and reflects no little credit upon the cultivation and general progress of the community to which it belongs.

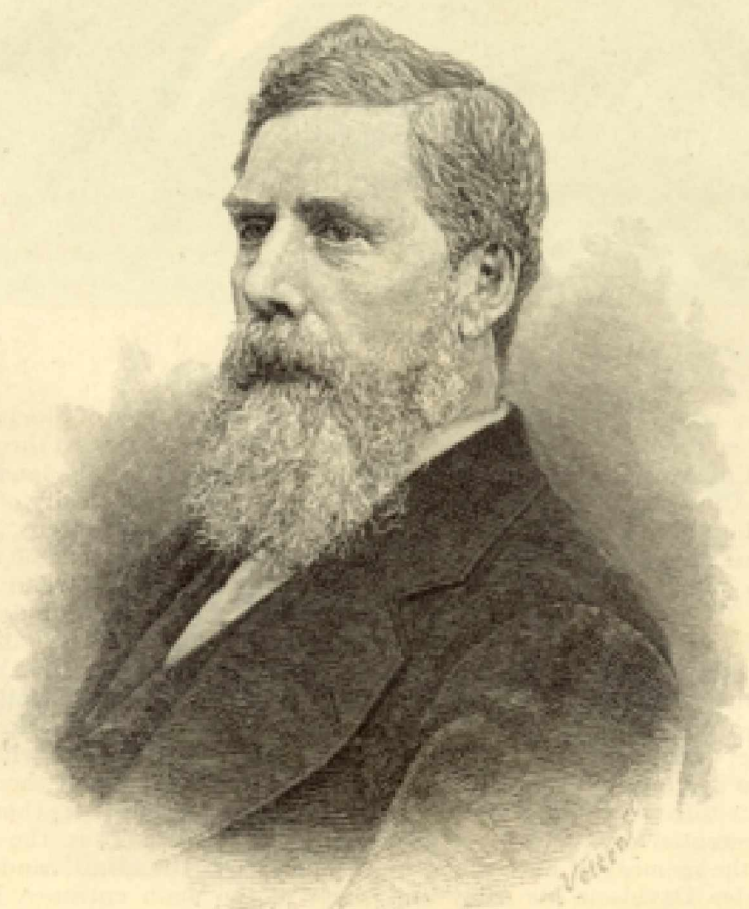
To go to the *Enquirer* office you must leave Fourth Street and walk to the west side of Vine Street, between Sixth and Seventh. In a tall, neat building of much

more extensive proportions than the facade indicates, by reason of its running back on a rear lot, is published this gay, dashing, and enterprising newspaper. The forte of the *Enquirer* is its voluminous correspondence, both by wire and mail. On assuming editorial control of the journal in 1877, Mr. John R. McLean at once proceeded to put in practice a change which he was convinced was a wise one. Believing that the majority of American newspaper readers have no time to bestow in the morning upon the perusal of long editorials on the topics of the day, Mr. McLean entirely abolished the system, filling the columns of his paper with bright correspondence sent from all quarters of the globe. Two Bullock presses and a Hoe perfecting press print the *Enquirer*. A glance at its columns furnishes evidence of the lavish generosity of the proprietors in expending large sums on telegraphed correspondence. To read the *Enquirer*

seems to be an indispensable part of the daily duty or pleasure of the Cincinnati, whatever the tone of his politics.

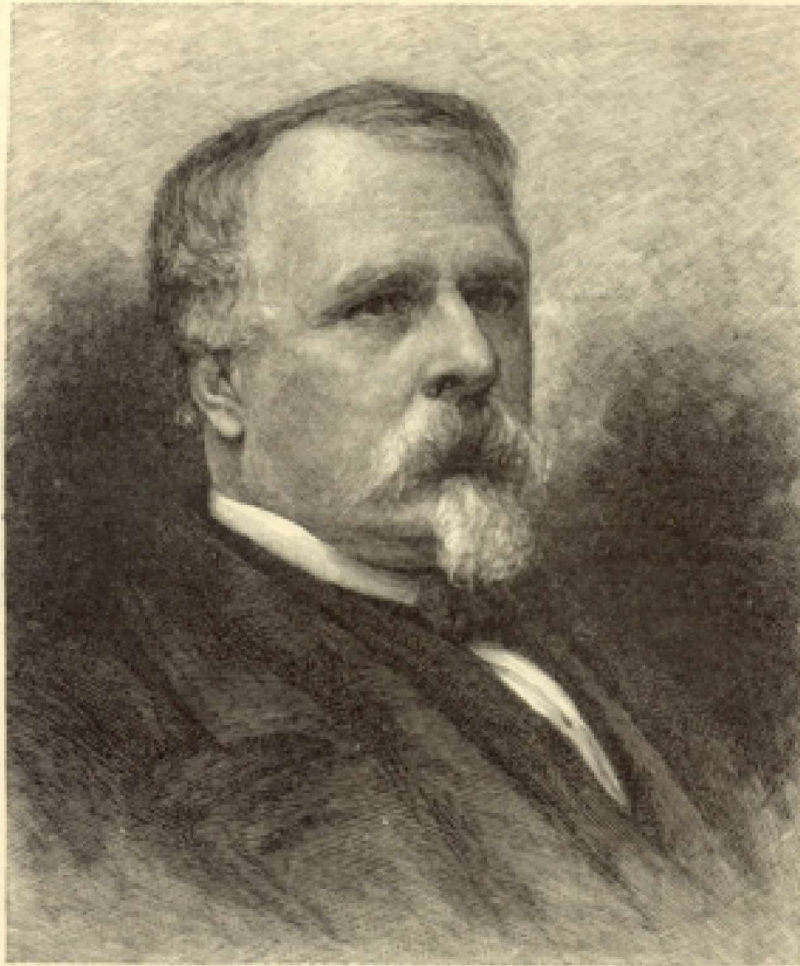
The *Times-Star* is a sprightly evening paper, and the *Saturday Night* a humorous weekly, through the medium of which Minor Griswold, "The Fat Contributor," sportively derides care for his fun-loving readers. Quite a score of religious papers are published every week in Cincinnati, the organs of various Churches. The German press in Cincinnati is very influential. The *Volksblatt* leads the van, under the able editorship of Mr. F. Hasaurek, while the *Volksfreund*, the *Freie Presse*, and the *Abend Post* have solid constituencies.

But here we are looking at the Fountain, the immortal Fountain, the wonderful Tyler Davidson Fountain in Probasco Square. The history of this magnificent work of art has been often told, yet it possesses elements of romance which can



RICHARD SMITH.





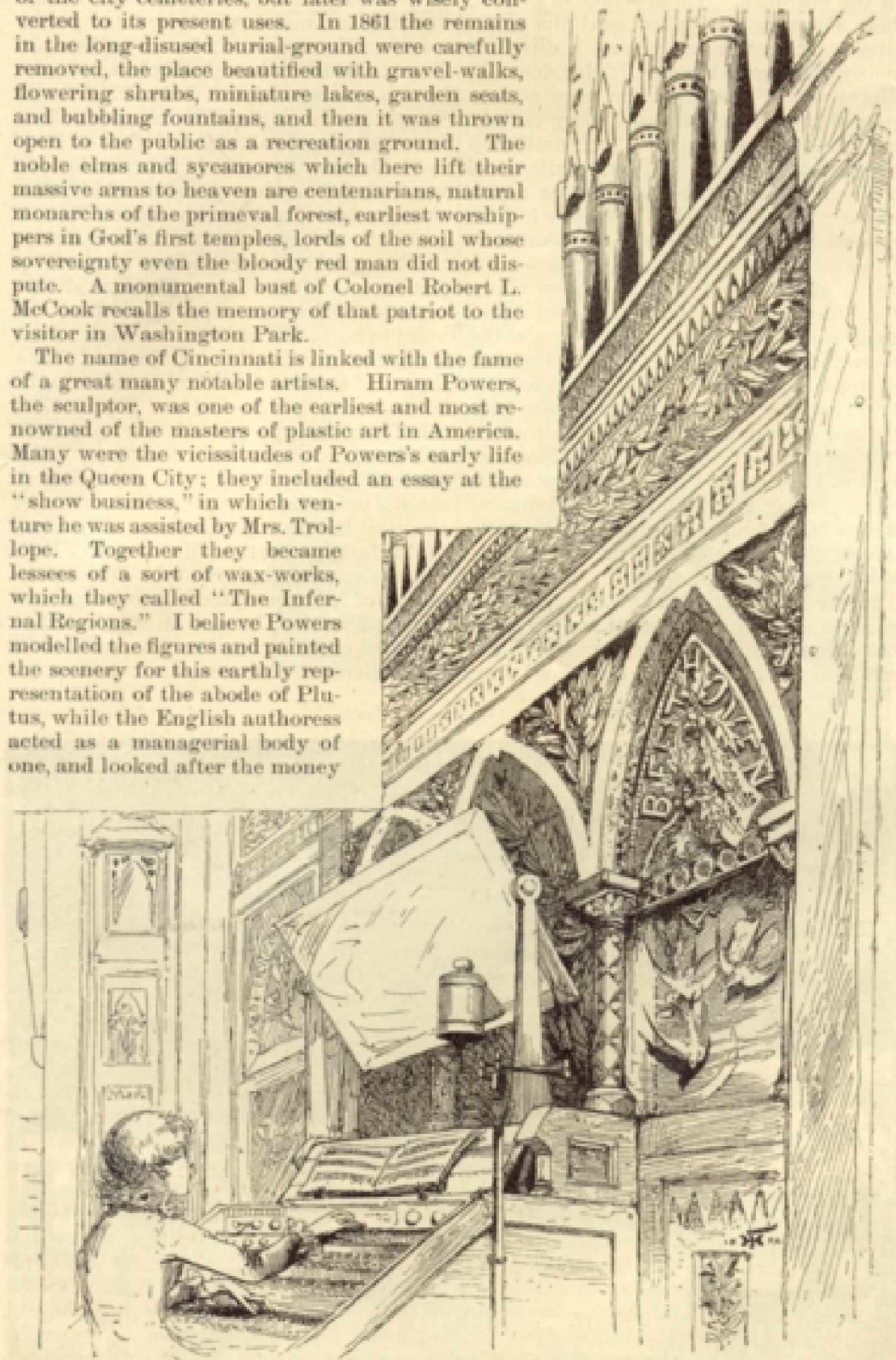
MURAT HALSTEAD.

never become trite through frequent repetition. When the King of Bavaria heard that Henry Probasco was about to present the city of Cincinnati with a fountain costing one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, he asked what object the gentleman had to gain by an expenditure so great. His Majesty was informed that Mr. Probasco had no object except to confer pleasure on his fellow-men. "Before such a citizen," said the King, uncovering, "a king may doff his hat." Outside of his desire to gratify his fellow-citizens, Mr. Probasco had an object in setting up in Cincinnati this splendid fountain. It was the reverential desire to perpetuate with honor the memory of his brother-in-law, Mr. Tyler Davidson, his early employer in the hardware store, who had intended to make a donation to the city.

The name and fame of Cincinnati's great Music Hall have extended throughout the length and breadth of the land. Its erection is due to the generosity of another of Cincinnati's wealthy citizens, Mr. Reuben R. Springer, who gave \$250,000 toward that end, the city contributing the remainder of the half-million dollars which the Music Hall cost. The building is one of the most imposing in America. In style it is a modernized Gothic, of deep red brick, relieved by black. The Elm Street front is 402 feet wide, and behind this massive screen there is a hall capable of seating ten thousand people. The outlook from the Elm Street windows of the Hall, and from the steps of the main entrance, is over the pretty five acres called Washington Park, which forty years ago was one

of the city cemeteries, but later was wisely converted to its present uses. In 1861 the remains in the long-disused burial-ground were carefully removed, the place beautified with gravel-walks, flowering shrubs, miniature lakes, garden seats, and bubbling fountains, and then it was thrown open to the public as a recreation ground. The noble elms and sycamores which here lift their massive arms to heaven are centenarians, natural monarchs of the primeval forest, earliest worshippers in God's first temples, lords of the soil whose sovereignty even the bloody red man did not dispute. A monumental bust of Colonel Robert L. McCook recalls the memory of that patriot to the visitor in Washington Park.

The name of Cincinnati is linked with the fame of a great many notable artists. Hiram Powers, the sculptor, was one of the earliest and most renowned of the masters of plastic art in America. Many were the vicissitudes of Powers's early life in the Queen City; they included an essay at the "show business," in which venture he was assisted by Mrs. Trollope. Together they became lessees of a sort of wax-works, which they called "The Infernal Regions." I believe Powers modelled the figures and painted the scenery for this earthly representation of the abode of Plutus, while the English authoress acted as a managerial body of one, and looked after the money



THE ORGAN IN MUSIC HALL.



at the entrance. These people of genius, here absurdly misapplied, gave the enterprise sufficient vogue to keep it alive for many subsequent years. Monsieur A. Hervieu, a French painter, who accompanied the strong-minded Fanny Wright to America, fixed upon Cincinnati as a promising home for art, and while there painted a large historical canvas representing the "Landing of Lafayette in Cincinnati in 1825." There are collectors in Cincinnati who, whatever might be the value of its execution, would give many times its weight in gold for this picture, so great would be its historical interest at the present day; but Hervieu's great work has disappeared, and the world of art has no knowledge of its destruction or its preservation. William H. Powell, who painted "De Soto discovering the Mississippi River," and James H. Beard, whose portraits were greatly admired, were contemporaneous in Cincinnati from 1830 to 1840. About this latter date a man of many-sided genius appeared upon the scene. Thomas Buchanan Read at that epoch began his art life in Cincinnati as a sculptor; but abandoning this field, he threw himself into the to him more congenial arms

of painting and poetry, in both which domains his name will long have prominence. The approving local verdict upon Cincinnati artists has often been confirmed by the severest critics of the Old World. Powers's "Greek Slave" is esteemed wherever sculpture has a status. One of Henry Mosler's works, which, if I mistake not, was painted in the seclusion of his Cincinnati studio, was bought by the French government for the Luxembourg Gallery.

The wood-carving studios of the Fry family and of Mr. Benn Pittman are interesting places to visit. I paid my devoirs to both, and at both saw work which awakened my liveliest admiration. The theory of the heredity of talent is strongly borne out in the case of the Fry family, all of whom, from grandfather to grandchildren, are clever wood-sculptors. Miss Laura Fry has had a life-long training in artistic pursuits, and some of her work is of the most interesting character. The head of this family of artists, Mr. Henry L. Fry, is a native of Bath, England. During the period of his apprenticeship to his profession in England, he was engaged, with a hundred other carvers, on the new Houses of Parliament, and afterward worked in



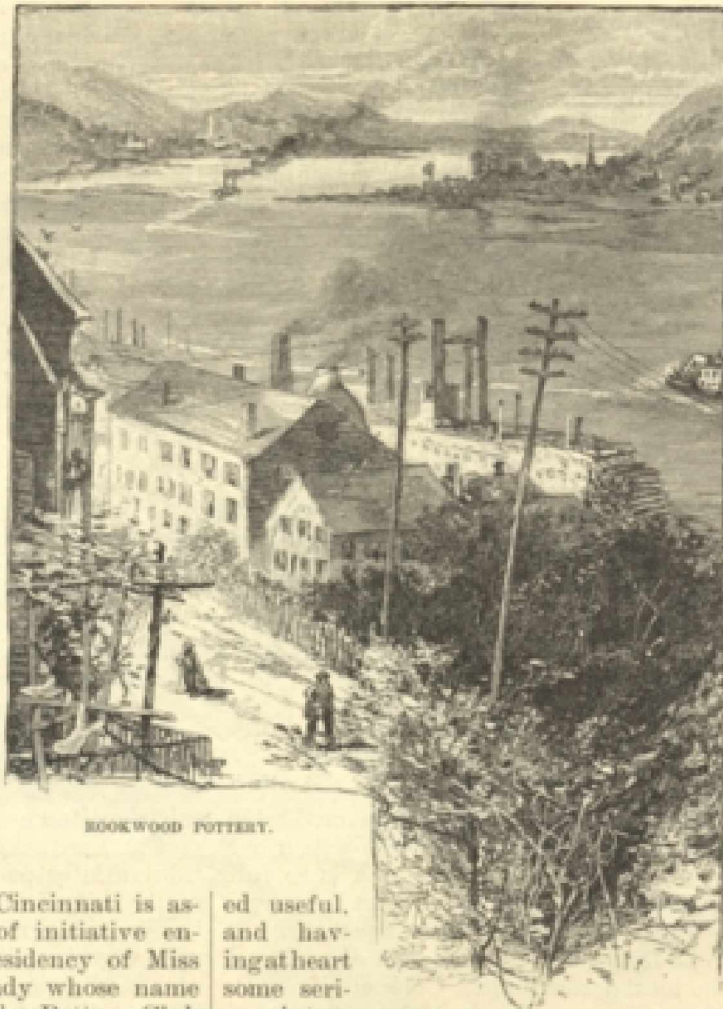
A CINCINNATI WHARF-BOAT.



ecclesiastical Gothic under Sir Gilbert Scott in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Fry came to Cincinnati in 1851, and during these thirty years he has never had an idle month. Few are the houses of opulence in or near the Queen City which do not bear some traces of the beautiful wood-carving of the Fry family. The front of the grand organ in the Music Hall is a most interesting example of the quality and character of Cincinnati wood-carving. It is a mass of superb detail of marvellous richness, intricacy, and delicacy of execution, and it well deserves the pride in which all Cincinnati holds it.

Whatever position other cities may take in respect to the production of beautiful objects in porcelain, to Cincinnati is assuredly due the palm of initiative enterprise. Under the presidency of Miss Louise McLaughlin, a lady whose name has wide-spread honor, the Pottery Club keenly pursues the study of the underglaze painting of pottery made from the clays of the Ohio Valley. The beautiful modelling in clay done by Mrs. C. A. Plimpton has already found illustration in these pages.

In this Magazine, in May, 1881, there appeared a very interesting article on the general growth in Cincinnati of a taste for pottery decoration. It began in the Centennial period with the overglaze painting of tea-cups for Centennial tea parties, and proceeding through various stages of energy and enterprise, arrived at its present proportions, which are those of a large, interesting, and very promising industry. Mrs. Maria Longworth Nichols, a granddaughter of Nicholas Longworth, was a careful student of all the developments and discoveries of the decoration period, making practical experiment herself of everything that seem-

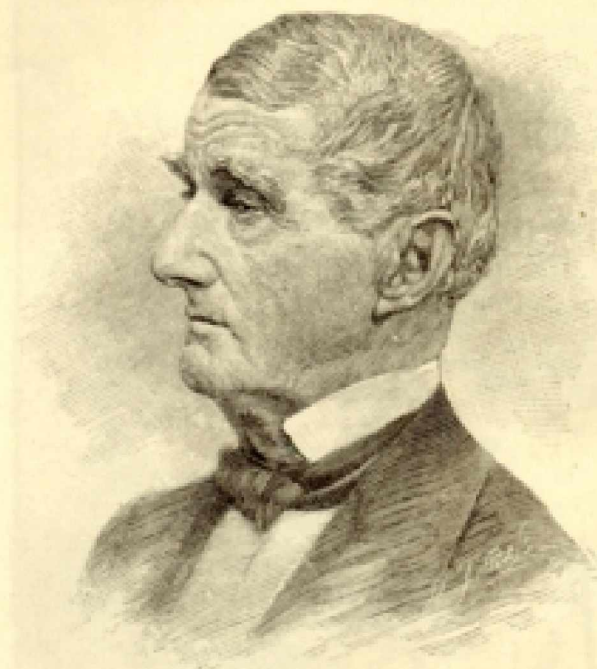


ROOKWOOD POTTERY.

ed useful, and having at heart some serious intentions in respect to pottery decoration, which she has since carried into execution. Mrs. Nichols worked, studied, and experimented daily in the Hamilton Road Potteries, availing herself of all their resources, and struggling with the most indomitable pertinacity against repeated failures in her search after the secrets of Limoges. The hard fires and unregulated kilns of the potteries were fatal to progress or success, but Mrs. Nichols at least learned the causes of her difficulties, the technical obstacles to be overcome, and in what direction to proceed to do it.

Mr. Joseph Longworth, Mrs. Nichols's father, in September, 1880, handed over to her the main building now occupied by the Rookwood Pottery, and the property on which the additional buildings have since been erected. In this way Mrs.





KEUDEN R. SPRINGER.

Nichols established the very creditable and successful enterprise with which her name is connected, and which is so full of promise as a great future art industry.

The source of Cincinnati's prosperity is to be found in the wonderful diversity of the local productions. Colonel Sidney D. Maxwell, superintendent of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, in his lecture at Pike's Opera-house upon Cincinnati manufactures (delivered in 1878), said: "The number of different kinds of goods made here is beyond the estimate of many of the best informed. If anything of a surprising nature was revealed by our industrial displays, it was the scope of our production." The food production of Cincinnati, of which pork is the leading feature, is the heaviest article in the city's figures, but it is closely approached in amount by spirituous and malt liquors, while the iron interest is colossal; and this giant iron, too, big as he is, feels it is not best to be alone, for Colonel Maxwell, who knows the truth, as figures can not lie, refers to wood as "the queenly consort of our iron production." Yet who that has ever visited Cincinnati can forget the extent to which five-storied ready-made

clothing establishments figure in the streets? Again, not to know Cincinnati's soap and candles is to argue one's self a know-nothing, or close thereto, at least in matters of housekeeping necessity. The leather industry occupies a prominent place in the yearly financial report, while in the publishing business, especially in the department of law-books, Cincinnati is exceeded by but one other city in the country. The tobacco business furnishes the sum-maker some wonderful rows of figures. In 1879-80 the production of chewing tobacco in Hamilton County (Cincinnati) was 2,590,860 pounds, the value of stamps on which, according to the report of the collector of internal revenue, was \$414,537 60; while of smoking tobacco there were produced 1,601,363 pounds, with a stamp payment to the United States of \$256,268 08. The two large

suburban towns of Covington and Newport in Kentucky, which have been made substantially part and parcel of Cincinnati's self since the perfection of the bridge communication, are both provided with enormous tobacco factories of their own, and figure quite as largely as Hamilton County upon the tax list of the internal revenue collector.

In 1784, eight bags of cotton were seized at Liverpool by the port authorities on the assumption that they must have come from the West Indies, as the United States was incapable of producing so large a quantity. In 1879-80 the United States produced 5,761,252 bales of cotton. As an interior cotton market, what city possesses the advantages of Cincinnati! Her great Southern Railway courses to the heart of the cotton-growing land, and the yield of a thousand plantations waits for the gathering of the Cincinnati traders who buy the king fibre for productive reselling. Over three hundred thousand bales are annually received in Cincinnati. Of this great mass only a few thousand bales are detained there; the bulk is transported to the cotton mills of New England.





TOLL-GATE, CINCINNATI BRIDGE.

Some of the greatest fortunes in Cincinnati have been made in iron. Yet Colonel Maxwell says the riches of their iron-producing district have been "scarcely touched" as yet. The iron production now reaches about the annual figure of \$13,000,000. The article of food production has reached in one year the imposing figure of \$27,841,537, of which \$9,500,000 represents the pork part. In the laudable spirit of an unbiassed investigator, I visited one of the largest whiskey distilleries, and also one of the largest beer factories, and took copious—notes about high wines, government gaugers, the maltsters at work sweeping the hot iron floors, the ice cellars colder than Siberia ever dared to be, the inventions for rolling beer kegs upstairs in a jiffy; but trying to decipher these

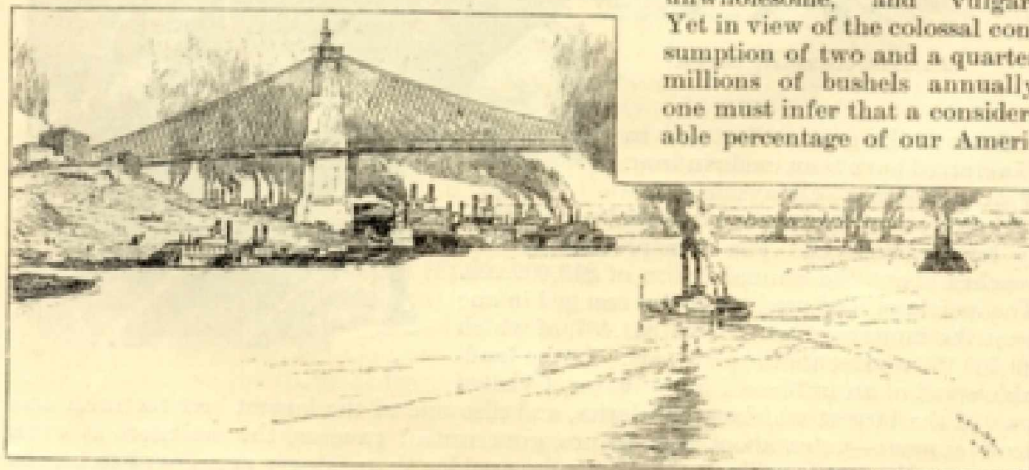


hieroglyphics, I find I stand in some danger of mixing liquors—always a dangerous practice. I know quite well, of course, that Bourbon is not beer; and that "moonshiners" never attempt the costly and intricate process of making lager. Yet nothing that I saw either at the beer house or at the great distillery struck me as so wonderful as what I was told, namely, the yearly money value of these two oceans, whiskey and beer. Colonel Maxwell puts the matter most succinctly, thus:

"In the year 1876, according to the figures of the Board of Trade, the article of liquors followed hard upon food in aggregate value, the production having reached \$23,615,588, embracing 122 establishments, employing 1772 hands, and capital and real estate valued at \$13,341,080. Coupled with the value of the product is a government tax of ninety cents on each gallon of distilled spirits, which immensely swells the total value, but this is a part of the expense of manufacturing which can not be ignored. In the year ending July 31, 1877, there were manufactured, in Cincinnati, Covington, and Newport, of beer, 15,915,896 gallons, the equivalent of 205,000,000 glasses. It has been estimated that two-thirds of the beer made here is for home consumption, which would make the production for the use of Cincinnati and its surroundings 136,000,000 glasses. At the retail price, the aggregate value of the whole production would be \$10,000,000. For the same period, the total production of distilled spirits in Cincinnati, Covington, Newport, and Petersburg, all of

which is the product substantially of this city, was 10,726,103½ gallons. The quantity redistilled, or rectified, without taking into account the spirits continuously distilled, was 11,443,880 gallons. For this period the total value of all liquors manufactured in the four cities was, approximately, \$29,685,331, on which taxes were paid the general government of about \$10,300,000. The taxes paid on spirits in Cincinnati alone in the calendar year of 1877 were \$7,716,587 64—the largest sum paid on spirits by any city in the United States. Our productions in this line are generally distributed throughout this country, where they are distinguished for their superior quality; while in malt liquors late experiments of shipments to the West Indies and South America have been made with satisfactory results. In this connection reference should be made to the production of malt other than that made by brewers, which aggregated \$737,000."

Study of the subject of demand and supply reveals the most unexpected facts. For instance, turning to "the Thirty-second Annual Report of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce," we find that in the world of commerce there is such a thing as a "pea-nut year." Now almost the last thing one has ever suspected in connection with a pea-nut is its having a year. The pea-nut year begins in October, and, after the manner of years with other nuts and men, ends a twelvemonth later. In the pea-nut year of 1879-80, the pea-nut movement into Cincinnati was 2,220,000 bushels. One wonders where they all go to, since pea-nut-eating is universally denounced as untidy, unwholesome, and vulgar. Yet in view of the colossal consumption of two and a quarter millions of bushels annually one must infer that a considerable percentage of our Ameri-



THE SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.



can population eats pea-nuts regularly. Virginia bears the largest crop of pea-nuts, Tennessee the next, North Carolina the next. These are the three leading pea-nut States. The Tennessee nut is the choicest, being white, delicate, and juicy; the Virginia and Carolina nuts are red, smaller, and rather dry.

Eighteen railways lead into Cincinnati, running daily one hundred and twenty-four regular passenger and seventy-seven freight trains, irrespective of "extras." A proud peculiarity, of which the founders of the place were blissfully unaware, is that Cincinnati is physically "the hub of the universe." The report of General Walker, Superintendent of the Census, computes the centre of population in the republic to be at or near the Ohio metropolis. To a spot so favored by nature it is impossible to find an ugly approach. Each rail and water way has its own attractions, and the charms of scenery by the various town-approaching iron roads are almost equally balanced. But the river view, of course, stands apart. Gliding gently to our moorings, either coming up from New Orleans or down-stream from Pittsburgh, the whole picture of the noble town, from the busy banks of its great river, spanned by the magnificent suspension-bridge, to the lofty and luxuriantly wooded bluffs, is presented in a sudden *coup d'œil*, as beautiful as it is unique. The approach to town by the Hamilton and Dayton road is also one favorable to the appreciation of Cincinnati's artificial and natural beauties. On the towering heights to the left is perched that wonderful hill suburb of which so much has been written, proud little Clifton, which refuses to be incorporated. Just beneath the wooded heights of Clifton lies the Spring Grove Cemetery, one of the most exquisite homes of the dead ever devised. This charming aspect, the noble castles, fine manses, Gothic-turreted churches, and dainty cottages of Clifton, embowered in luxurious vegetation, gives the traveller by the Hamilton and Dayton road a taste of Cincinnati's quality which is almost unique as an experience, since, speaking generally, it seems an inevitable necessity that the entrance to modern cities should be through neighborhoods of unspeakable vileness. It is true, there is enough and to spare of that sort of thing in winter in the ill-paved streets of Cincinnati, and even on the "C., H., and D." road one gets some-

thing of it in all seasons; for just before the train stops at the terminus in the city one obtains a view and an odor of the un-aesthetic side of modern life in the sight and fragrance of the immense Union Stock Yards, which lie on the west side of Mill Creek, abutting upon the railway.

Cincinnati is rich in *sobriquets*. That of the "Queen City" is so widely known as to be a synonym by which reference to Cincinnati would be understood from Maine to California. This pretty pet name is constantly perpetuated by the dedication of various buildings. Longfellow has embalmed it in literature, and made it immortal in his stanzas in honor of Catawba wine, dedicated to Mr. Longworth.

"This song of the vine,  
This greeting of mine,  
The winds and the birds shall deliver  
To the Queen of the West,  
In her garlands dressed,  
On the banks of the Beautiful River."

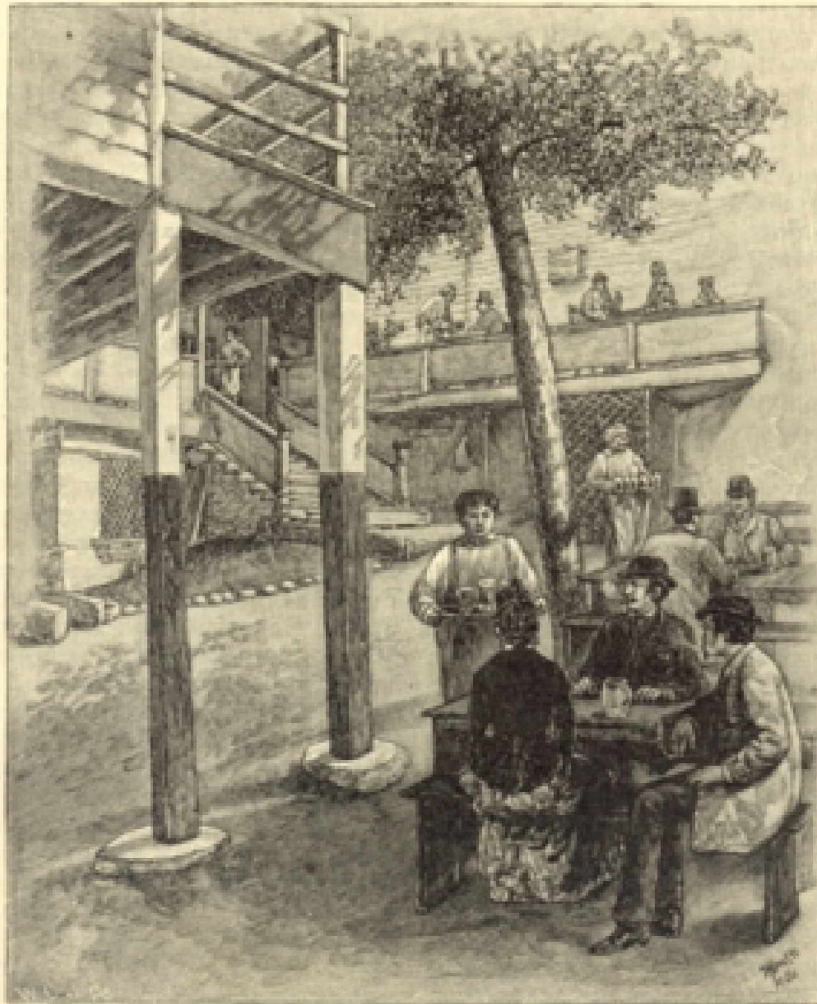
The nickname of Porkopolis is of English origin, and was the brilliant inspiration of a sponsor who never saw Cincinnati. In the year 1825 there flourished in the Queen City a gentleman named Jones. He was the president of the United States Branch Bank, and was locally known as "Bank Jones." The pork trade had already taken such proportions as to rouse the financial enthusiasm of Bank Jones, and in a succession of letters he dilated upon the prosperity of the pork prospects of the Queen City. The letters were addressed to the Liverpool correspondent of the Cincinnati bank, and this gentleman's imagination at length became fired by Bank Jones's enthusiasm. In a moment of wild generosity he hied him to the studio of some Liverpoolian Thorwaldsen, and ordered the construction of what is set down in the annals as "a unique pair of model hogs." These noble effigies were made of papier-maché, and were sent out to Cincinnati as a present, accompanied by the inscription—destined in part at least to become famous—"To Mr. George W. Jones, as the worthy representative of *Porkopolis*." The hogs have still a local habitation and a name. They add to the burden of life in the office of one of the largest "slaughterers" of Cincinnati, having passed by inheritance from Bank Jones down, from hand to hand, among the pork monarchs of Porkopolis, for nigh upon half a century.

The *sobriquet* for Cincinnati now most



in vogue is that of "the Paris of America." In an address upon the city's future prospects, delivered some dozen years ago by Judge George Hoadly, that eminent Cincinnati referred to the Queen City as

It is in the "Over the Rhine" quarter that the theatres, music halls, billiard-rooms, shooting galleries and drinking gardens are in full operation on Sundays; and if the scene in its frivolity and uproarious



A BEER GARDEN ON THE RHINE.

destined to become "the Edinburgh of a new Scotland, the Boston of a new New England, the Paris of a new France." Its adoption as a *sobriquet* for Cincinnati was confirmed by the *Commercial*, which made a head-line of it when describing the Sunday distractions which set Cincinnati quite apart among American cities.

The amusements in question take place (to the great annoyance of many citizens, who make unceasing efforts for their suppression) principally among the Germans.

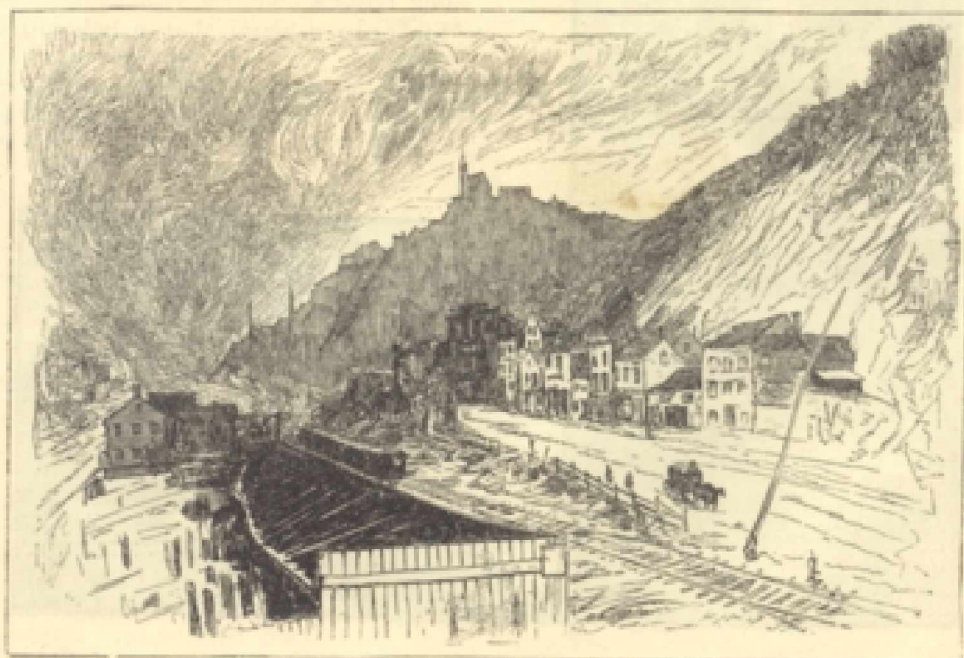
gayety recalls the Sundays of Paris, the locality may be described as considerably more German than Germany itself. The beer gardens are nightly thronged with German families, who, when the spirit moves, join with lusty lungs in the strains of some stirring folk-song.

During the infancy of Cincinnati the hills which inclose the town on three sides were considered valueless on account of their inaccessibility. The adoption of the inclined railway system, first used at Ni-

agara Falls, has changed these once unpeopled heights into resorts and suburban residence sites unique of their kind in all the world. No stranger experience in the matter of transportation awaits the traveler in any country than that of a ride up or down, to or from the Highland House or the Bellevue. It is at night that this effect is especially interesting. From the street below the hill looks as if capped by some fortification all ablaze with military industry. Tier upon tier of light rises upon its crest, and above them tower higher structures that are full of mystery with their glimmering windows and fantastic outlines fading off into the star-lit heavens. The platform receives the street car with its horses, the grating around it closes, and it slowly ascends the incline. The city seems to sink beneath it, then to expand into a great black chart illuminated with interminable lines of lamps radiating away in uneven lines into the distance, mounting hills, dipping across the slopes of the valleys, and disappearing into the outer darkness or the profound abyss of the river. As the car approaches the top of the incline the buildings assume a more familiar shape, and you leave the station to find yourself translated to one of the German strongholds of the city. At the Belle-

vue or the Highland House, of a summer evening, when the German *bourgeois* and his family, largely assisted by the English-speaking Cincinnati, is enjoying the delicious breeze from the river valley, listening to music which must in great part have a national interest for him, drinking the excellent beer into which the German brewers transform annually so much of the water of the Ohio, and regaling himself generally, as is his habit, it becomes apparent to the thoughtful observer that he is an orderly, wholesome, and profitable citizen, and that Cincinnati is in no small part composed of him, and is very fortunate in the fact.

From this locality, either by day or by night, you see a great deal of Cincinnati, and get an excellent idea of how it is fashioned. You accordingly become inspired with a very deep respect for the length, breadth, and thickness of its national quality, for the excellent stuff of which it is composed; and as you survey its outlines, its obvious wealth and prosperity, its great highway of water, and its converging roadways of iron, you concede how well chosen is its plan and how complete its design, and how well, for its present and for its future, it deserves the title of the Queen City of America.



MONASTERY HILL.