

**THE PICTURESQUE  
OHIO: A HISTORICAL  
MONOGRAPH**

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The picturesque Ohio: a historical monograph by C. M. Clark

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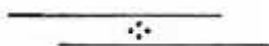


CHEVALIER ROBERT DE LA SALLE.



(COLUMBIAN EDITION.)

# THE PICTURESQUE OHIO.



A Historical Monograph.

OF THE  
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION  
OF 1892

BY C. M. CLARK.



CINCINNATI: CRANSTON & CURTS.  
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## Publishers' Introduction.

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**F**ITLY celebrating the Four Hundredth Anniversary of the Discovery of America, it is but natural that each section of the Republic should hasten to record its contribution to the building of the Nation, and claim its share in the Nation's wealth and glory. Not harm, but only good, can come from a friendly emulation among the States; for while the Nation must ever be greater than any one of its component commonwealths, it is still true that the glory of the Nation is but the aggregate glory of all the States. The Nation is what the States have contributed to make it; and because we appreciate our common heritage of obligation and of privilege in the Nation, we have a laudable pride in what our own communities have done to make that heritage splendid.

Of all the commonwealths, great empires in themselves, which have helped to make this Republic the marvel of history, none have more reason for honest pride and self-congratulation than those which lie in the fertile valley watered by the Ohio and its tributaries. Touching at their eastern entrance the western base of the Alleghanies, they caught the first influx of that immigration which, as soon as independence was won and peace declared, burst through the mountain barriers, and poured its restless human tides into the great Mississippi Valley. If favorable physical conditions have anything to do with making States, certainly they found such conditions, who halted their weather-stained immigrant wagons on the banks of the Muskingum or

Miami, on the rolling table-lands of Kentucky, or amid the trackless forests of Indiana. Here was soil which for ages had fed great forests, to receive its compensation when the generous boughs scattered their leaves under the touch of autumn frosts, until unlimited productiveness awaited the labor of the husbandman. Here were beautiful streams, which had never reflected the face of civilized man, waiting to give like reward to the genius and thrift of the manufacturer, while the broad, sweeping river and its tributaries afforded certain avenues of communication and transportation.

We call Columbus the discoverer of America, and celebrate his exploit with blare of trumpet and flutter of pennon. But would it not be truer to history to call the Genoese navigator *a Discoverer* rather than *the Discoverer* of America? In other words, has not the real America had many discoverers, rather than one or two?

What, after all, did Columbus discover? An island in the sea, a dissevered fragment, so insignificant that to-day we scarcely give it a thought. He died without a dream of the vast territory which his courage, and persistency, and faith had opened to civilization.

What did Columbus know, or those who came after him for three hundred years, of what America held in store for men? To Columbus his voyage meant simply larger scope for the old systems of oppression; more gold for the coffers of kings; more territory for the ambition of conquerors; more slaves for the service of aristocracy. Or, if we must grant him the possession of a religious impulse (which, in the light of all testimony bearing upon his character, seems exceedingly doubtful), it was at best but a desire to extend the power of the tyrannous Roman



hierarchy. To later discoverers remained the vision of an almost boundless continent, into whose exhaustless stores God had opened wide the door, inviting the oppressed of earth to broadest liberty, to unparalleled prosperity, and to the building of a new civilization, whose corner-stone should be the freedom of the individual conscience. If our neighbors of Roman Catholic faith simply vied with others, as citizens of a common country, heirs of a common heritage, in extolling the liberties and glories of the Republic, all would welcome their enthusiasm. But we can not accept America at the hands of Rome. Only by its providential deliverance from Spanish domination has the vast territory of the United States and Canada escaped the fate of Mexico and the South American States.

With this thought the publishers send forth this volume. We would not minify the greatness of the *Discoverer*, but we would magnify the courage and foresight and self-sacrifice of the DISCOVERERS. If it required faith and courage and unbending strength of purpose in Columbus to go out over the trackless ocean toward unknown perils, it required no less courage and faith and strength of purpose in La Salle and Boone, and other explorers, to tread the dark forests, enduring exposure and fatigue and hunger, and in constant peril from savage beasts and not less savage men. If his discovery is worthy of grateful commemoration, theirs should not be forgotten. And so it seemed to us that we could make no more fitting contribution to this great anniversary than to send this beautiful volume, recording their deeds of courage and devotion, into thousands of Methodist homes.

We can not forget what history records—that for two hundred years Catholic monarchs and popes struggled in vain for a

foothold on the Atlantic Coast; and that they who did at last take possession of it, and laid the permanent foundations of the National life were not Romanists, but Protestants, driven by Romanist persecution from their European homes. Granting that the rocky headlands of the coast were first seen by eyes which adored the crucifix, THE NATION was discovered by men every drop of whose blood cried out against Roman superstition and oppression, and who, with prophetic vision, read God's purposes of emancipation in the opening of the New World. As Methodists, we should be untrue to the memory of our fathers did we permit their part in the planting and building of the Nation to be forgotten. The path of the circuit-rider may be traced all over this great central valley of the continent. His deeds of self-sacrificing heroism are woven into the traditions of every community. He swept like a herald of light from settlement to settlement. Where other ecclesiastical systems, with their formal methods of pastoral supply, were utterly inadequate, the Methodist itinerancy, with such generals as Francis Asbury and Wm. McKendree in command, was fully adequate. The preacher on horseback, with wardrobe and library in the saddle-bags, always ready to move, waiting for no call except the all-inclusive call of God, was just the sort of man for that time. He came with the first settler, and arranged to stay. He came with a genius for organization. His mission was not simply the evangelizing of dissevered communities. He helped to weld the scattered fragments into unity, and so to make possible the Nation. He stimulated the intellectual life of the people. He did not preach a faith which appealed to the ignorance and credulity of its adherents. He advocated the emancipation of the human intellect and will

from every thrall of ignorance and superstition. Out of his saddle-bags came the first books that found their way into the remote cabins where citizenship was being formed. He was patron of school and press. It is significant that the very Conference, in 1784, which gave the Methodist Episcopal Church its formal organization, projected a college and pledged its support to higher education, and that among the first enterprises of the new ecclesiastical body was the founding of a house for the publication and dissemination of books. Out of Methodist academies and colleges and universities, scattered all over the valley of the Ohio, have come men and women, cultured in brain and heart, to adorn every walk of life and fill every position of trust, even to the highest in the Republic. Thus, from first to last, along the constantly lengthening lines of National life and power, has Methodism wrought for GOD and COUNTRY.

The publishing-house from which this book issues, is itself at once a product and an exponent of the intellectual life of Methodism in the valley of the Ohio. Started in 1820, simply as a depository for the distribution of Methodist publications, it has steadily increased its facilities to keep pace with growing demands, until its business engages a capital of over a million dollars, and during the past quadrennium there have dropped from its busy presses more than a billion and a half of printed pages.

That this volume may stimulate Christian patriotism in every home to which it finds admittance, and in some measure help to bring this land of ours into the heritage which God reserves for it, and into which HIS TRUTH alone can lead it, is our prayer.

CRANSTON & CURTS, *Publishing Agents.*

CINCINNATI, *November, 1892.*