

## NO. II.

It is Dr. Johnson, I think, who says, that we take slight occasions to be pleased. At least, I found it so, on the present occasion; the day of my arrival was my birth day, and it required but little stretch of imagination to convert the scene upon which I had now entered, into a new world. It was new to me.—I was now fairly in the great geological valley of the west, the object of so many anticipations.

The ark, in which I had descended the Allegany, put ashore near the point of land, which is formed by the junction of the Monongahela with this fine clear stream. The dark and slowly moving waters of the one, contrasted strongly with the sparkling velocity of the other. I felt a buoyancy of spirits as I leapt ashore, and picked up some of its clean pebbles to see what kind of geological testimony they bore to the actual character of their parent beds in the Apalachian range.

"What shall I pay you, for my passage, from Olean," said I, to the gentleman with whom I had descended, and at whose ark-table I had found a ready seat with his family. "Nothing, my dear sir," he replied with a prompt and friendly air,—“Your cheerful aid in the way, taking the oars whenever the case required it, has more than compensated for any claims on that score, and I only regret that you are not going further with us.”

Committing my baggage to a carman, I ascended the bank of diluvial earth and pebbles with all eagerness, and walked to the point of land where Fort Pitt (old Fort Du Quesne) had stood. It is near this point that the Alleghany and Monongahela unite, and give birth to the noble Ohio. It is something to stand at the head of such a stream. The charm of novelty is beyond all others. I could realize, in thought, as I stood here, gazing on the magnificent prospect of mingling waters, and their prominent and varied shores, the idea, which is said to be embodied in the old Mingo substantive-exclamation of O-he-o! a term, be it remembered, which the early French interpreters at once rendered, and truly, it is believed, by the name of *La Belle Rivière*.

So far, I said to myself, all is well,—I am now west of the great spinal chain. All that I know of America is now fairly east of me—bright streams, warm hearts and all. I have fairly cast myself loose