

CHAPTER II.

On the Kentucky side of the Ohio river, a few miles from the city of Cincinnati, there is a large settlement of Germans. Early in the century, while most of the country was still a wilderness, and the Indians roamed at will, a German by the name of Carl von Baasen, more venturesome than the others, had visited the spot, and, being attracted by its wonderful natural advantages, had located on a part of it, and subsequently piloted his friends and their families to the place.

In enjoyment here, they had lived for years until marauding bands of Indians fell on the settlement in the night time and killed a number of them, burning their houses and driving away their stock. Those who escaped, returned only to satisfy themselves that none were left there alive, and then they departed for the east.

Von Baasen was among the number who escaped. He lived to return in later years, with others, to found a new colony on the ruins of the old, but time had worked many changes and, with the driving off of the Indians, the country was rapidly settled by the whites. The knowledge of the German settlement was carried to the east and all immigrants from that nation, having no fixed destination, gravitated toward it, for here they found their own language spoken and all the good of the mother country carried out to