Traditions of Shippingport

On the road to Paris, France, there nestles the beautiful town of Tarascon. In the latter part of the 18th century its prosperous inhabitants were loyal to the king and country, and dwelt in sweet content, until so persecuted by Robespiere and his followers that they were forced to abandon their homes and seek refuge in the town of Marseilles. Here, too, they became a prey to the "Terrorists", and in the winter of 1797-1798 they fled from the land of death and destruction to the young land of Liberty in America, which held its strong arms open to receive the oppressed of every nation.

Among the Frenchmen who sought shelter in the city of Philadelphia were the two brothers John A. and Lewis Tarascon and their families,

their two brothers-in-law, Nicholas Berthoud and John Schrader and their families, Dr. James Offond and his wife, M. Sardou and family, the Avalongs, Fouchees, and others whose names have long since been forgotten.

In 1799 the yellow fever became epidemic in the Quaker City, and young Sardou became one of its victims as well as the celebrated scientist and writer, Dr. Rush. The French emigrants became thoroughly frightened and determined to seek a healthier location for their permanent home.

Madam Sardou being left a widow, decided to place her two small children, Adele and Julia, an infant of one year, in the care of friends, and return to France where she hoped to rescue her fortune for herself and children as their mortal enemy Robespierre was now dead.

As soon as the vessel sailed for her native land, the little band of pilgrims crossed to Pittsburg and drifted down the Ohio river to the falls where they disembarked, and, finding themselves in a broad and fertile valley picturesque enough to appeal to French taste, they decided to make it their home.

At this point the river made a great bend, and tossed and tumbled, and leaped and roared as it rushed over its rocky bed or glided in and out among the five wooded islands, Towhead, Corn Island, Goose Island, Rock Island, and Sand Island that dotted the river from Louisville, a young settlement two miles to the east to Clarksville, a correspondingly young settlement, a mile to the west on the Indiana shore.

A fringe of forest lay to the south beyond which stretched a broad, grassy valley ~~that~~ was bordered by dark hills that lay along the horizon

John A Tarascon assumed leadership and soon a row of log houses were built. These were scarcely more than huts but served as temporary shelter from the keen river blasts, & the rapacity of wild animals.

The Frenchmen were not long left alone in the wilderness, for soon travelers followed down the Ohio on their way to New Orleans and not being able to shoot the rapids were compelled to disembark, to call upon the aid of the settlers for portage across the neck of land, and to start anew in flat boats of the Tarascon's building. Thus the settlement came to be spoken of as the shipping port, and no better cognomen has been found for it to this day. A saw mill became an absolute necessity.

Building material was abundant and a splendid mill was erected upon the bank of the river quite near their homes.

Machinery was purchased at Pittsburg, but when it was placed in position it refused to work. (But little daunted, the Tarascons sent to France and imported new machinery at great expense. Then was heard the hum of the saws and the busy mill wheel. Axes flew faster and faster to supply the timber for the barges and boats. Trade increased between Pittsburg and New Orleans to such an extent that a wharf was constructed of huge logs imbedded in the sand and clay bank. Inns, stores and tobacco ware houses were built. A ferry was operated between Shippingport and Clarksville. The passenger blew a blast on the horn that hung in a tree below the falls, and the ferryman came to steer ~~them~~ him to the opposite shore.

In 1815 the Tarascons decided to enlarge the mill. A sycamore tree six feet in diameter stood in the way. When it was hewn down and its

roots grubbed out of the ground, a hatchet was found under the very center of the tree. It was supposed to have belonged to the French explorer La Salle who lost it in the tall grass, 1669 and the sycamore, then a sappling reached forth a rootlet and grasped the old world tool for its very own. It grew and grew until it had burried the hatchet under its ponderous trunk and held it safe through all its length of days.

In the year 1817 the mill was completed at a cost of $150,000. The saw mill now boasted mill stones for grinding the grain into meal and flour; and steaming bowls of "Hasty pudding" were served at the hotels, as well as white bread and cake. The river was filled with fish; wild game was abundant; meats were plentiful, and Kentucky could be very hospitable at Shippingport

The clay along the river bank was found to be excellent for making brick, and, in the years 1818, brick houses were built and the

The Tarascon Mill, in time became the property of J. B. Speed & Co. makers of hydraulic cement, and was used in that business for many years, until burned August 29, 1892.

Alfred Pirtle
secy of the Filson Club,
Oct 31. 1916.

"First Families" occupied them.
The French dames began to feel that they were well on their way to luxury. The log houses were given up to the workmen who flocked to the settlement in search of employment. There were men of every nationality and skilled labor was in demand.
Elm Tree garden occupied the eastern portion of the valley. It contained a puzzle garden, race course, dancing pavilion, and French cafe.
Along Tarascon boulevard handsome houses were built by the Frenchmen, in exact style of the mansions they had left in their native land.
Beautiful grounds surrounded these ideal homes, and song birds made music all the day in the shade of the giant forest trees that spread their long arms over the graveled walks where Apollo played hide-and-seek with Daphne. Homespun garments no longer found

lodgement in the wardrobes of the French dames, for, along with the French machinery were imported silks and satins until the frou frou was heard as the belles and beaux promenaded and chatted merrily under gay parasols each sunny afternoon. Then as the golden sun sank behind the western hills, and gentle zephyrs wooed the rippling waves, tiny barques pushed out from shore and sailed along until the crimsoned waters paled to limpid blue, and every wavelet reflected the big round moon,—and silvery song was wafted back to cheer the lights along the shore.

It was here that Audubon, the naturalist, loved to roam, to listen to the songbird's carol or the night bird's cry, and to study the habits of all the feathered tribe. The islands were the nesting places for numerous water-fowl as well as the robin. Wild pigeons came in immense flocks. And, as late as

1832. parakeets chattered in the thickets. [For months at a time Audubon was the guest of John A. Tarascon, and finally, it is said, he brought his family and his harpiscord and called this beautiful spot his home. One of his wonderful books on ornithology was purchased by Mrs. Garnet Duncan of Louisville Ky. and ~~at present~~ ~~is~~ was it was in the Louisville Public Library.

John A Tarascon seems to have been well skilled in many crafts, else necessity was an excellent teacher, for he next discovered that the rock along the shore was rich in cement, and that industry was added to the others. Great kilns in which to burn the rock, lined the river bank. One day the hills were startled by the powder blasts that began the destruction of nature's fancy work. And the rocks on the falls have fed the cement hoppers for to this hundred years.

While the Tarascons were building flat boats and barges, Robert Fulton was working away at his steam boat. In the year, 1812, the villagers were amazed to see a boat propelled by steam sailing up to their shore. This was the beginning of the decline of the flat boat industry.

Steamboats multiplied upon the waters at an astonishing rate. There were some that plied the upper Ohio from Pittsburg to Louisville, and others the lower Ohio and the Mississippi, from Shipping port to New Orleans.

Drayage was a fine source of revenue, as the merchandize ~~had to be~~ was unloaded at one wharf ~~and~~ and hauled to the other, where ~~it must be~~ it was reloaded on another boat, and again started on its journey. During the winter months the highway was almost impassable until some enterprising men built a corduroy road between the two towns with

a tollgate at a point corresponding to Twelfth and Rowan streets.

High street was the suburb of Shippingport. It was 160 ft. wide and was called Broadway, which name it bore on deeds and legal documents as late as 1843.

(The Broadway of to-day was first called Prather street as it ran through Prather's woods.)

Strings of drays rolled from one wharf to the other all the day long, and the songs of the drivers mingled with the rumble of the dray wheels. Farm lands were taxed to their utmost capacity, to supply provisions for man and beast. Wood was used for fuel, and its clear blue smoke curled up among the green trees, to the delight of the weary boatmen as they came into port after a long and ~~weary~~ tedious ~~journey~~ voyage. Hunters, trappers and fishermen were kept busy supplying the demands of an ever increasing population.

The only salt to be obtained was at the old salt wells near Salt river. A road was built to that point and called "The Rocky Road to Salt River", To-day it is known as 26th St.

From 1810 to 1820 Shippingport enjoyed a reign of peace and prosperity. From forty to fifty boats hailed at its port daily.

Sailors, travelers, traders, porters, draymen, millers, carpenters, builders and artisans of every craft filled the hotels.

The laborers would not do without malt liquors. Hence, Ainslie's porter house for brewing porter, ale and beer was built on Front street, where the plant was in operation for many years, with dire results for the peace and good name of the community. After the building had fallen into decay it was razed to the ground and the brick was used to build a church, which was dedicated to Shippingport and can

not be sold. It is non-sectarian.

Great gangs of slaves were brought to the landing on their way to the southern cotton fields. The wharf was filled with cotton bales, hogsheads of sugar, molasses, and tobacco, as well as bags of pea nuts.

Shippingport was the center of the fashionable world - in the wilderness, and had gained a large population. It was the health resort and pleasure resort of Louisville. Its deep wells of pure, cool, limestone water; its refreshing breezes, deep forests, green meadows, pleasure garden and race course were sources of great enjoyment, to say naught of the excitement afforded by the thronged roads and busy wharves.

The young people enjoyed a period of gaiety. Balls were given ~~with as~~ from mansion to mansion with as much grace and beauty as if in the heart of France. Dances were executed on every boat as it lay at the portage.

Music floated over the silvery waters and all hearts were lightened with the leaven of prosperity. The village had risen to the rank of town, and boasted of its council and municipal government. It had a volenteer fire company, and owned a hand fire-engine. The Tarascon-Berthoud real estate company was in a flourishing condition. Town lots sold readily at $50 per foot on Front street.

Dr. James Affond's beautiful house needed a new roof, and he traded a half acre of ground at 2nd and Main Sts Louisville Ky. for nails enough to shingle his roof; and thought he had made a good bargain.

The founders of the town were now considered rich, but they added one more industry to their long list of enterprises. A bank was opened and operated to bring more sheckles to their well filled coffers.

During these years Madam Sardou had not been idle in the

land of France. She succeeded in reclaiming the estates of her husband and friends, and invested the avails safely and profitably, but a sudden illness siezed her and she died in her native town, without ever again seeing her children. She left in bank 300,000 francs which she bequeathed as follows: 100,000 francs to her daughter Adele; 100,000 francs to her daughter Julia, and 100,000 francs to the good people who cared for her during her last illness. John A. Tarascon was appointed guardian under the will. All trace of Adele Sardou was lost, but Julia was still a member of the Tarascon family. In 1826, Julia Sardou was married in the parlors of the Tarascon mansion to Mr Keene and went to her own home newly built and furnished. Four years later her husband died, leaving her a widow with one son, James. She returned to the protection of the Tarascons until

1826, when she married a second time, her second husband being a Mr Newhall. She continued to make her home with her guardian, until her two younger sons, Harvey and Benjamin were ten and twelve years old.

About 1810 a party of French from Alsace Loraine settled further down the river on the Kentucky shore, built a village, and a wharf, and for the following ten years shared the profits of the portage.

In honor of their source of revenue, they named the new settlement Portland.

The region around the falls was no longer a trackless forest. The settlers of Portland were saved many hardships of the pioneers. They built a school house and a church. They prospered from the very beginning.

Their village grew so rapidly that the older town, Shippingport, suffered the pangs of jealousy.

Very promptly the town council looked about for means to clip its neighbor's wings. Accordingly a charter was obtained from the legislature to build a canal for the passage of boats, so that all river crafts might sail from Pittsburg to New Orleans without

unloading the cargo.
The contract for the excavation was let to Capt. Frank Harrington who engaged Frank McHarry at Pittsburg to oversee the work. John Holburn, a Scotchman, and Charles Bannon, an Irishman, were the masons who superintended the quarrying of the stone, as well as laying it in the walls. The lock gates were massive affairs that were opened with a windlass and ropes. In 1828 the first steamboat, the Uncas, passed through the canal. The canal was not finished so they hitched oxen to the boat & dragged it through, to save the charter.
In 1830 the canal was finished and the Uncas went through a second time. The canal made of Shippingport an artificial island and cut off half its territory. Thus Happy Hollow and High St. were lost to it.
A massive stone bridge of a single arch spanned the canal at 18th St. Several years later it was removed and a drawbridge

substituted because the arch was not high enough to allow boats to pass through without lowering their chimneys.

Then came the decline of the drayage business, and a wail went up in the land from the idle muleteers and porters whom the canal had thrown out of business. Mr Hulme was the first superintendent of the canal, and Frank McHarry took the tonage. The rates for locking a boat through the canal were fifty cents per ton. The largest tonnage paid by any boat was $498. This the Thompson Dean paid, while the Henry Frank paid $495.

Upon the death of Mr Hulme, Frank McHarry was appointed superintendent and his daughter became his book keeper. In the beginning the receipts of the tonnage were turned in to the treasury once a year; then a settlement was required every six months, and finally the money

had to be sent in every Monday morning. This Mr McHarry refused to do, and resigned because he did not want to be bothered with so much red tape. He was a very profane man, and he declared his intention to be buried in the Indiana knobs overlooking the river, where his ghost might still swear at the troublesome mates that had sorely tried his patience. He had a vault carved in the solid stone on the hillside and rested in it for a while; but his family had his ~~t~~ remains removed to Cave Hill cemetery. The superstitious negroes used to say that on dark nights a silver trail was left in the sky as his ghost went to visit the vault, and sulphurous fumes filled the air as he hurried to his quiet home before the dawn of day.

In 1832 a terrible disaster befell this peaceful valley. The

mighty floods from the upper Ohio swept down upon the prosperous settlement and the inhabitants were ~~f~~ refugees once more, this time from a relentless foe. From the higher ground on the south bank of the canal, the people stood and wrung their hands in despair as they saw the waters steadily creeping over the beautiful land and purling with feline ferocity around and through the doors and windows of their loved homes. Louisville and Portland opened their doors and offered the flood sufferers a home until the waters abated.

When the flood had subsided and left a mud covered island many of the houses had been washed away, and desolation was in the land. Many who had amassed fortunes gave up their homes upon the island and wandered out into the world once more.

Another notable flood occurred in 1847, when the Howard shipyard was

damaged to such extent that it was removed to Jeffersonville Indiana. It had been built in 1844 in the harbor near the wharf. In 1882 the flood reached a height of 63.3 ft. in 1883 – 72.1 ft. in 1884 – 72.2 ft. The tops of the houses disappeared and steamboats sailed over them. The river looked like a vast lake as it spread out over both ~~sides~~ of its banks. The old houses were not able to withstand the action of the water and bit by bit they drifted away on the merciless tide. When dry land appeared there was but one of the settler's homes left. John A Tarascon builded well and his house is the sole monument left to mark the spot where once stood the most flourishing town in the Ohio valley ~~stood~~.

Soon after the flood of 1832 Nicholas Berthoud died and was buried in the graveyard at 15th and Jefferson Sts. Louisville, Ky. That same year (1832) the cholera was epidemic in all of the falls cities. Shipping port

still continued to prosper although it was prophesied that the digging of the canal would be the death of the town. Steamboats still put in for supplies and repairs.

Hacking was a lucrative business as the highway was very dangerous for pedestrians. Often coaches were held up while the planters and traders within were relieved of their purses by the "Gentlemen of the road." A steamcar was operated from Portland to Louisville, with a depot at 6th and Main Sts which was the terminus of the road. The rails were of wood. This line was not profitable and was abandoned. In the year 1819, Capt. Harrington built a boat at Gallipolis Ohio, for a Frenchman at Shippingport. The purchaser refused to receive the boat because it could never be taken over the falls; but the doughty captain performed the daring feat and

tied the boat up at Clarksville.

Then the timid Frenchman had no money, and Capt. Harrington took the boat to New Orleans where the ~~Timid~~ Frenchman paid for it in gold. The Captain married the ~~widow~~ Widow Porter upon his return and built a handsome home in the country for his bride. Soon after, he went on a business trip to New York. and upon his ~~return~~ way home he stepped out of the stage coach to watch some masons who were building a bridge. He gave directions about managing a derrick to better advantage, and was engaged to superintend the work at $10.00 a day. Before the work was finished he died, and his money and tools were shipped along with his remains, to his widow. With this money, Mrs Harrington bought the ferry that was operated from Picayune bar to Clarksville.

The Widow Porter left Galtipolis in 1809, with her two sons John and James, the latter an infant nine months old when she came

to Shippingport to share its good fortune. James Porter was a delicate child, and grew so slowly that his mother feared he would be a dwarf. He was so slight that he rode the horses at the Elmtree race track, and thus helped his mother in her struggle for a livelihood. As if by magic, the small jocky began to grow, nor did he stop until he reached the remarkable height of 7 ft 8 in. and weighed 265 lbs. For ever after, he was known as the Kentucky giant. He was fond of hunting. ~~and~~ His gun was too heavy for an ordinary man to carry, it being as long as the giant was tall. He could stand in his door and shoot ducks in the river, then send his servant, Negro Tom, after them in a boat.

His gun is in the possession of Col. R. T. Durrett who also owns ~~as well as~~ one of his "Seven league" boots. Little Porter could step over a 5 ft fence with ease. He always lived with his

mother, and the furniture in the home had to be made of a large size. Upon reaching his majority he opened a grocery at Front and Canal Sts. The owner of the building raised the rent. Then Mr Porter built a store of his own, in which he kept a tavern called the "Big Gun." When the boats reached the wharf every passenger and most of the crew went straight to see the Kentucky giant. He turned their curiosity to good account. He would not walk across the floor unless there was a general treat for the house first. His great height was due chiefly to his long neither limbs. His feet and hands were immense.

Three days of each year were set apart for elections. No arrests were made and fist fights were of frequent occurrence around the polls. Jim Porter, as he was familiarly called, was in demand to quell the riots. In 1838 he was engaged to play the hero's part in a drama called "Daniel Boone in

Kentucky." The rehearsals were held in Shippingport. He entertained as guests two midgets, Major Stephens and Ellen Suiter, who were not as high as his knee. With such attractions as this trio, the play must have been a financial success. Mr. Porter traveled with the theatrical troup as far as Boston, playing in the larger cities enroute. At Cincinatti the citizens presented him with a magnificent sword, which now belongs to his nephew Mr. Wm. Martin of Louisville Ky. Upon his return to Shippingport he determined never to leave home again, as the accomodations at the hotels were very poor for a giant. Not a chair was tall enough, not a bed was long enough, not a table was high enough. His umbrella looked like a tent when it was opened. And his gold headed cane was a curiosity to behold. He leased Sand island and tilled most of

it and rented the baltance as a fishing ground. He owned 10 or 11 hacks which carried passengers from Shippingport to Louisville. He died in 1859. His coffin was so much longer than the hearse that the doors had to be tied to it to keep them still for they could not be closed. His remains are in the Porter vault in Cave Hill cemetary where his coffin has ever remained a curiosity to visitors.

In 1838 the Siamese twins came to the Elm tree garden and after their exhibition they crossed the ferry to Clarksville and went on their westward journey.

The Hudsons kept a dairy on the island. They had a daughter who weighed 400 pounds. When the fat girl was 15 years old, the father contracted the gold fever, sold out his cows and started overland for California. The fatigue and hardships were too great for the unfortunate girl and she was buried out under

the stars, on the vast prairie beyond the Mississippi.

The most beautiful house on Tarascon Ave. was owned by a Scotchman named Prentice He owned a large pond and entertained his friends on it both winter and summer. Its banks were ornamented to look as much like a Scotch lake as possible In the winter the frozen surface of the pond was filled with skaters playing the game of Bandy. (A game played with sticks and balls. similar to Golf).

In 1848 two companies of soldiers bound for the Mexican War camped at Shippingport and sailed south on the two steamers Scott and Diana.

Every settlement must have its burying ground, and judging from the remains of this one it was well cared for. It contained about 20 acres bounded by beautiful corner stones, still in a fine state of preservation. Once a neat hedge

fence enclosed the silent city, Now but a small bit of it is left.

The greed of the rustics has turned the major part of the grave yard into a cornfield. Some of the graves along the edges may yet be seen, and occasionally a body is disinterred as some enterprising inhabitant digs a cellar or a well.

A son of Erin related the following story: "We were digging a trench on the island and troth we dug up a man. He was just no flesh at all you know. Then we got a clean sheet and laid him respectful like, in the middle of it, lapped the four ends over and buried him again. Ah! The bones that are in a man. I got me two fists full out of his one foot." One of the veterans of the veterans of the Revolutionary War whose name was Woodruff was buried with military honors. About 1854 the greater part of the bodies were removed to the grave yard at Portland.

31.

After many years of prosperity. John A Tarascon met with reverse of fortune, and not being able to bear defeat, he shot himself; and died several days later from the effects of the wound. Being a suicide, he was denied a grave in any of the cemeteries around the falls.

His remains were interred in the yard of a friend in Louisville.

Louis Tarascon went to New York to publish the biography of his brother but died before the book was printed and the manuscript was lost.

The old Tarascon mill was sold to Frank Mc. Harry. It was afterward sold to Capt. James Irvin who was the son-in-law of Mr McHarry, and lastly to Mr James B. Speed.

Page

32

is missing

itself lies buried under many feet of sediment that has settled during each of the many floods. Often there is a 7 ft. deposit on the canal walls when the waters recede.

If you are fond of pictures nature paints, take a trip some clear wintry day to this quiet nook to see how beautifully Jack Frost has clothed every tree, and bended willow wand, and blade of grass with soft, white, feathery garlands that sparkle in the sun, while ice floes rush along to melt 'neath warmer skies. Or in the merry month of May, stand on the old bridge and look to the west, along the crumbling canal walls, and you may see the wild ducks and tiny ducklings diving among the willow leaves to catch a morning meal. Note the deep shadows and the silver ripples of the wavelets that glisten in the sun.

Then you must leave the bridge and its beautiful, changeful scene, and descend twenty rickety wooden

steps into Shippingport with its earthen roads ~~and its squalor~~. and as you trudge along, some what wearily, look on all sides and reverendly think "These are the paths that Audubon trod.

The facts in the foregoing article have been exclusively gathered from tradition, and it would seem to be a proper ending to add what was said of Shippingport by the first historian of Louisville.

Dr. H. McMurtrie published his history of Louisville in 1819 when Shippingport may be said to have been in its glory, and before any signs of that decay appeared which gradually reduced it to what it now is. The following extract is taken from Dr. McMurtrie's history:

Shippingport.

This important place is situated two miles below Louisville, immediately at the foot of the rapids, being built upon the beautiful plain or

bottom which commenced at the mouth of Bear Grass Creek, through which, under the brow of the second bank, the contemplated canal will, in all probability be cut. The site of this town was sold to Mr. Berthoud, by Colonel Campbell, in 1803; shortly after the land was surveyed by Mr Woodrough, a plan drawn by Valcour, and the lots advertised for sale. A few cabins, however, were erected previously to this, in 1785, but owing to many local circumstances, no settlement, worth mentioning, was effected until the arrival of the Messrs Tarascons, in 1806, to whom the greater part of the town was conveyed, by the said Mr Berthoud. It is from this epoch that Shippingport may date its rise, for which it is not more indebted to the great natural advantages of its situation, than to the public spirit and enterprising disposition of those gentlemen.

Shippingport is the natural harbor and landing place for all vessels trading on the western waters with New Orleans, the Missouri and upper Mississippi, the lower and upper Ohio, and in fine, in conjunction with Louisville and Portland, which, in some future day, will be all one great city, is the center port of the western country. Nature has placed it at the head of the navigation of the lower Ohio as it has Louisville at the foot of the upper one, where all ascending boats must, during three fourths of the year, of necessity, be compelled to stop, which they can do with perfect safety, as, immediately in front of it is a basin called Rock Harbor, that presents a good mooring ground, capable of containing any number of vessels, of any burthen, and completely sheltered from the wind.

Rock Island which forms the northern boundry of this basin, is a safe landing place, where boats frequently receive their cargo, which are carried over the Kentucky Chute, this is only, however, when the water is low. The channel by Sandy Island (Which offers a pleasant

and commodious situation for repairing vessels) was obstructed by a nest of snags, which probably had existed there for centuries, and had been the cause of considerable loss of property, by sinking boats, which, from the swiftness of the current, it was hardly possible to steer clear of them. Last summer, however, Mr. L. A Tarascon, at his own expense and with considerable difficulty, succeeded in raising and removing them. The whole front of the town will be improved this summer by the addition of wharves, which will facilitate the loading and unloading of steamboats that are constantly arriving from below.

Shippingport originally consisted of forty-five acres, but it has since received considerable additions. The general outline of the town plot as it now is, may be seen by reference to the map. The lots are 75 feet by 144 feet. The average price of which at present is from forty to fifty dollars per foot. according to the advantages of its situation.

The streets are all intersected by

twelve feet alleys. The streets are all laid out at right angles, those that run parallel to the river or nearly so, are named in succession, Front, which is sixty ft. wide, Second, fifty; Third, fifty; Market, ninety; Tobacco, sixty; Bengal thirty; Jackson, thirty; and Hemp which is sixty. These are crossed by streets at right angles to them; the first of which is called Mill street, sixty ft wide; The second Tarascon street the same width; then follow 13 streets, which are named numerically.

The population of Shippingport, may be estimated at 600 souls, including strangers. Some taste is already perceptible in the construction of their houses, many of which are neatly built and ornamented with galleries in which, of a Sunday, are displayed all the beauty of the place. It is in fact the "Bois de Boulogne" of Louisville, it being the resort of all classes on high days and holidays. At these times it exhibits a spectacle at once novel and interesting. The number of steamboats in the port,

each bearing one or two flags, the throng of horses, carriages, and gigs, and the contented appearance of the crowd of pedestrians, all arrayed in their "Sunday's best" produce an effect it would be impossible to describe.

There were formerly here, as at Louisville, a number of rope walks, which are at present nearly all abandoned, there not being a sufficiency of hemp raised in the country to supply the manufacturers. This has arisen from the great losses sustained in the sales of cordage, which has discouraged the rope maker, and consequently, offered no inducement to the former to plant an article, for which there was but little demand.

Napoleon Distillery.

This is conducted by a gentleman from Europe, whose long experience and perfect knowledge of the business, enables him to fabricate the different kinds of distilled waters, cordials, liquors, etc. which have been pronounced by connoisseurs, from Martinique and the galleries de Bois, to want nothing

but age to render them equal to any thing of the kind presented in either of those places.

Merchant Manufacturing Mill.

This valuable mill is remarkable not only for its size and the quantity of flour it is calculated to manufacture when completed but for the beauty of its machinery, which is said to be the most perfect specimen of the millwright's abilities to be found in this or any other country. The foundations were commenced in June, 1815 and were ready to receive the enormous superstructure only in the spring of 1817, The building is divided into six stories, considerable higher than is usual, there being 102 ft from the first to the sixth story.

Wagons, containing the wheat or other grain for the mill, are driven under an arch, which commands the hopper of a scale, into which it is discharged and weighed, at the rate

of seventy-five bushels in ten minutes; from this it is conveyed by elevators to the sixth story, where, after passing through a screen, it is deposited in the garners; if manufacturing, from thence into a rubber of a new construction, whence it is conveyed into a large screen and thence to the stones; when ground, it is reconveyed by elevators to the hopper boy, in the sixth story, whence, after being cooled, it descends to the bolting cloths, the bran being deposited in a gallery on the left, and the shorts in another on the right. The flour being divided into fine, superfine and middlings, is precipitated into packing chests, whence it is delivered to the barrels, which are filled with great rapidity by a packing press.

This noble and useful establishment is not yet finished, and has already cost its owner Mr. Tarascon, $150,000, and when completed it will manufacture 500

barrels of flour per day. Immediately above is a line of mill seats extending 2,662 feet affording sites for works of that description, which if erected, would be able, jointly to produce 2,000 barrels in 24 hours.

Some experiments are now making by the owner, in order to determine the possibility of having a series of undershot wheels placed in the race above to be propelled by the force of the current only. Should he succeed, he intends extending his works, and to employ this power for cotton spinning, fulling weaving etc.

The manufacture of cement had not been added to the mill when Dr McMurtrie wrote his history. Cement was in such demand that all other industries of the mill were abandoned, and its manufacture is just as profitable to-day.

L. E. Levi

May, 7, 1906.

L. Ernestine Levi
2406 W. Chestnut St.