

Pattawatomie line, about one hundred and fifteen miles from the mouth of the Kansas. Timber, on both sides of the river, were next passed—the prairie bluffs, on the south, about one hundred feet high—soon after which, we reached the Great Crossing. There are three ferries together—with Pattawatomie settlements, stores, and the Baptist School and Mission on the south side; and, every few miles beyond, there was the same succession of groves and prairie on either hand, presenting unequalled situations for farms.

Uniontown was next seen. It is made up of about twenty log cabins, and is situated on the south bank, about a mile from the river. Steaming onward, we passed Red Bluffs and Darling's Ferry; and a little farther beyond is Mill Creek, a considerable stream, on which the Pattawatomies have erected a mill. The soil here is of a red mulatto color, and is very productive; up this little river we saw fine groves of timber, and many high mounds, forming scenery of surpassing beauty.

Above Mill Creek, on the south, we passed an excellent prairie town site. A little farther, on the same side, there are lofty banks of red marl, with high prairie in the rear. We saw a large band of Indians who had been holding a council in the neighborhood, and here the carcass of a huge buffalo floated past. Again we had the rich bottoms and prairies on either side of us; and when we could withdraw our gaze from the country near by, we caught glimpses of the splendid portions stretching away far beyond. Coming to an Indian wood yard, fifteen cords of wood were taken on board, for which was paid the sum of \$37,50. This is a new employment, as well as a profitable one for the red men; and the owners promised to have fifteen or twenty cords more ready by the time the steamer returned. Our fine little craft was a most interesting sight to most of them; and she was examined from the bank by over a hundred, whom curiosity had drawn together to see what had made such a shrill whistle! They were very animated; and commerce may yet infuse industrious habits into many of the Indian race.

About a mile farther up, and a little back from the river, is the Catholic Mission. Skimming along for about twenty-five miles farther, we reached the mouth of Vermillion River, emptying from the north, the timber on its banks forming a dark line through the landscape for many miles along its course. Two miles or so, above, we passed the western Pattawatomie line—supposed to be about one hundred and seventy miles, by water, from the mouth of the river.