

MINNESOTA AS SEEN BY TRAVELERS

AN ENGLISH VISITOR OF THE CIVIL WAR PERIOD

In the June number of *MINNESOTA HISTORY* an account of a journey to Minnesota in 1858 by Sir James Caird, an English student of prairie farming, was reprinted. Herewith is presented the first installment of the record of another English traveler, who visited the upper Mississippi Valley during the Civil War, when river steamers were crowded with soldiers and recruits were drilling at Fort Snelling. This traveler was George T. Borrett and his visit to Minnesota formed a part of a three-months' "grand tour" of Canada and the northern United States during the troubled months of the late summer and early autumn of 1864.

The letters that Borrett wrote to his father during his journey were "printed for private circulation" in London in 1865. The author, a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, was an intelligent observer, and his letters are of special interest for the picture they convey of war-time America. They have a wide geographical sweep, for the tour, starting from Liverpool, took Borrett to Montreal, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, into the upper Mississippi country, back to the St. Lawrence, and then to Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, and New York. It is interesting to note that Borrett, a stalwart Englishman with most of the traditional British prejudices in regard to American customs, was a thorough sympathizer with the North in its clash with the South, and this sympathy colors many of his comments on American social customs, politics, industrial life, and military activities.

The two central objects of Borrett's trip, he confesses, were to see Niagara Falls and Abraham Lincoln, and in both he was successful. His description of the accomplishment of his sec-

ond purpose is vivid. With some companions he had been ushered into a drawing room in a country house near Washington to which Lincoln occasionally escaped from the White House. "We had sat there but a few minutes, when there entered through the folding doors the long, lanky, lath-like figure that we had seen descending from the one-horse-shay, with hair ruffled, and eyes very sleepy, and—hear it, ye votaries of court etiquette!—feet enveloped in carpet slippers." He adds that his uneasiness and awe "vanished in a moment before the homely greeting of the President, and the genial smile which accompanied it."

Though not a main purpose of the trip, Borrett's excursion into the country of the upper Mississippi resulted in two letters of unusual interest, both written with much spirit and embodying the results of shrewd observation. One of these, written at Boston on September 28, 1864, gives an account of a journey by steamboat up the Mississippi from La Crosse to St. Paul in a season of extremely low water. The second, written at Washington on October 10, recounts his visit to St. Paul and Minneapolis and to places of special interest in their vicinity. It may be added that while Borrett was in St. Paul he wrote, on September 10, a long letter describing an earlier portion of his travels. The installment herewith reprinted is the account of the Mississippi River trip. The letter describing the Twin Cities will appear in a later number of MINNESOTA HISTORY.

B. L. H.

[George Tuthill Borrett, *Letters from Canada and the United States*, 132-151 (London, 1865)].

BOSTON, *September 28th* [1864].

It was one o'clock in the morning before our 250 miles of railway were accomplished, and La Crosse, our point of contact with the Mississippi, reached. It was then too dark to see anything of the great river whose waters we had come so far to look at, and the train was so full of passengers, that we had to make the best of

our time in attempting to get places on the boat. The cars ran, of course, up to the water's edge, and by the wharf lay the steamer ready to receive the train's cargo. To our great disappointment the boat was not one of those far-famed denizens of the Mississippi, whose huge proportions and propensities to blowing up, are equally notorious in the annals of Western America; but a very poor specimen of the shipwright's architecture, of extremely modest dimensions, and most uncomfortable passenger accommodation; and for this unlooked for usurper of the domains of the great river, we had to thank the "Father of Waters" himself, who had been so reduced by the long drought which had prevailed throughout the summer, that none but the most insignificant craft could pass his scanty shallows. The rush for the few berths that were to be had was thoroughly characteristic of the people. It was entirely confined to the "ladies" — a generic term which includes all the sex, from the President's wife to the meanest white "help" — and whilst they fought and clamoured amongst themselves for the coveted luxury of a dirty berth, the humbler representatives of the weaker sex — the American idea of my own — waited with exemplary patience outside, for the chance of what at school we used to call the "scrapings." But the chance was infinitesimally small; there were not half berths enough for "the ladies," the steward told us, so I resigned myself to fate and ingenuity to find a place for the night's rest, and spent the few minutes we had before leaving the pier in admiring the figures of two gigantic Indian warriors who came on board the boat for whiskey and cigars.

They were noble specimens of humanity; six feet three or four in height as they stood in their woollen socks, which served them for shoes. A coarse blanket thrown carelessly over the shoulders, and a band round the head with a few feathers in it, seemed to be the only other article of dress with which they encumbered their toilet. There was no diffidence or shyness about their manner, as they moved in and out amongst the passengers; they carried themselves erect as worthy representatives of the proudest of tribes, the great Sioux — a tribe that has cost the American government more trouble, money, and lives, than any other; the very

tribe in fact which has this summer broken out again in the northern Mississippi, and to repress which our boat was carrying up soldiers detached from the army of Sherman.¹ No doubt it was to spy out the number and destination of these troops that the visit of the wily pair was made, but their cool cunning and intrepidity had secured them an easy admission to the steamboat as friendly Sioux of the opposition party that disapproved of the late massacres perpetrated by their fellowkinsman in the North. I watched with interest their quiet cat-like movements through the crowd, and, as I looked at their features, I was immensely struck with the theory I had heard of their affinity to the Mongol or Tartar race — the same broad flat countenance and high square cheek bones, the same tendency to obliqueness in the eye's position and form, the same long straight black hair, the same copperish-yellow colour of skin, that I believe to be the characteristic features of those mysterious people.

As the whistle sounded, they moved sullenly off to communicate, I suppose, the intelligence of what they had learnt to their brethren in arms, and having watched them off the boat, I seized one of the mattresses that were being thrown promiscuously upon the cabin floor, and there, in the midst of a Babel of snorers similarly situated with myself, I contrived to get as much sleep, as the incessant trampling of the restless spirits who could not find a place to lay their heads, and the noisy political discussion of those who sat up to make a night of it, would admit of my taking. But I was not let alone long. Before five o'clock the black stewards hoisted the ends of the mattresses and tipped out their occupants on to the floor, and there I might have lain if I had liked, as some

¹ Borrett seems to have been somewhat confused with reference to the Sioux Outbreak, which was confined to the summer of 1862. Campaigns against the Sioux, who had fled into Dakota and Montana, continued, however, until 1865. During the summer of 1864 the Sully expedition carried this frontier war forward, but since this party of troops began the return march from the Missouri on September 9, the soldiers with whom Borrett traveled upstream could not have joined Sully. It is possible that they were stationed at Fort Snelling or some other Minnesota fort during the winter of 1864-65. William W. Folwell, *A History of Minnesota*, 2: 299, 300 (St. Paul, 1924).

few did with imperturbable "*nonchalance*," surrounded by niggers sweeping all over them, and tumbling against their limbs, and setting tables across their stomachs, and chairs and benches upon their legs, only that I preferred to rise and look at the Mississippi; and, having performed the most cursory of all superficial ablutions, with a teaspoonful of water and a square inch or two of unused towel, I rushed upon the deck, and saw something after this fashion:

A broad expanse of extremely shallow water; a number of oddly-shaped marshy-looking islands; a tortuous channel in and out amongst them, very difficult of navigation, and intersected by frequent sandbanks, on the top of which the keel of our boat grated at every other bend in the stream, with a dull sound that brought home to the passengers the uncomfortable apprehension of the possibility of sticking fast on one of these banks and seeing much more of the Mississippi than we had bargained for; a low vegetation on most of these islands, very much like that which may be seen on any of the alluvial deposits on the Thames; a range of steep bluffs on either bank rising abruptly from the water's edge, sparsely wooded and bare alternately, but bold in outline and precipitous. Such was my first impression of the Mississippi scenery, and such it is now, for there was little or no variety, save where the line of the high bluffs was occasionally broken by a deep wild-looking ravine, in the shelter of which lay now and then a few farmers' cottages, and sometimes, but at long intervals, a village or a town.

There was an impressive sense of solitude forced upon me by the aspect of everything around; a feeling of loneliness not even dispelled by the appearance of the small towns at which we called on our passage; for, shut in, as they were, by the narrow gorges in which they lay, and debarred from communication with the outer world except by the shallow waters through which we were feeling our way, they seemed to me so many hermits' settlements; each one, as it lay in the distance, promising to be the most advanced outpost of these lonely pioneers of civilisation, till another and another successively came in view, to testify to the fact that neither the solitudes of the prairie, nor the darkness of the forest, can

stem the advance of human enterprise. Beyond these few detached settlers' colonies, there was nothing to be seen indicative of the busy life that must, no doubt, ere long, in the progress of development of the great North-West, culminate towards the waters we were traversing. Besides our own boat, none did we see, but her sister craft on the downward passage, laden with recruits from the North for Sherman's army.² A few rude looking "lumberers," at the various wood stations at which we called for fuel, a few cows near the settlements, and a good sprinkling of herons and kingfishers, the latter of a brilliant blue, were the only varieties in the long panorama of shallow water, marshy islands, sandy banks and distant bluffs; and glad as I was to feel that I was actually upon the great Father of Waters, I must confess that my visit to his Majesty's presence disappointed me. I ought, however, in candour to add, that his unimposing aspect was in great measure due to the unprecedented drought; and that, had he been rolling down his accustomed body of water, and carrying his visitors comfortably housed in the floating palaces which at ordinary times ride with ease upon his surface, I should have come away with a far better opinion of his right to his accredited position as the Father of Waters; as it was, he appeared to me very much in the light of an impostor, and, as one of my fellow-travelers observed, I think it extremely doubtful whether, in his then state of aqueous insolvency, proud little Father Thames himself would have owned him even for a poor relation.

Well, as there was really so little to see outside the boat, or, at least, so little which it would interest you to hear of, I will turn your attention to that from which I myself derived more amusement — the boat itself and the passengers. In the first place, as to the boat. It was the queerest machine by which I had ever travelled. It had neither paddles nor screw, but an enormous water-wheel of the rudest construction, at the stern, worked by the most primitive of engines, which occupied the after part of the lower deck. Engine, furnace, fuel, and all, entirely above the

² The recruits probably were a detachment of 105 men who were to join the Army of the Cumberland at Atlanta and twenty-four colored recruits bound for St. Louis, all of whom left St. Paul on the "Ariel" on September 6, according to the *Saint Paul Pioneer* of September 7, 1864.

water's level; for the boat drew but a few inches of water. The upper deck consisted of a sort of apology for a saloon, with a few boxes on either side, that answered the purpose of ladies' berths; and in a sort of balcony that ran around the outside of this deck, and on the roof of it, the passengers aired themselves upon a limited number of kitchen chairs and three-legged stools that formed the only furniture of the vessel. After staring for some time at the lazy movements of the great wheel, and deciding that the whole concern looked exactly like a locomotive water-mill, without the slightest pretensions about it of conformity to the ordinary lines upon which I had hitherto supposed it necessary to construct a boat, I studied the passengers.

The majority of them were soldiers, as I have already mentioned, on their way northwards to quell the outbreak amongst the Indians. Of the general appearance of the Northern army as yet I know but little. I shall have more opportunity of speaking on that point when I get to Washington and New York. Suffice it to say now, for the benefit of those who read nothing but the 'Times' and are content with what they there read, however great the internal evidence of its untruth, that they were not English, nor Irish, nor Germans, nor French, nor any but genuine Americans; farmers mostly, and farmers' sons, well informed on every point of common interest to the public at large, quiet and orderly to a degree which surprised me and my fellow-travellers from England.³ We mixed and talked with them with much pleasure, and gleaned from them what we could of their ideas about the prospects of the war. They spoke of the Southern enemy with no animosity beyond what they vented upon the large slave-holders, to whose machinations they attributed the co-operation of the

³ After recommending emigration to the Middle West for the "poorer of our agricultural people" in England, Borrett, in another portion of his narrative, makes the following statement: "I have not the least doubt that all who chance to read these lines will accuse me of base intrigues . . . for entrapping my fellow countrymen into the ranks of the Federal army. But my conscience is clear on that point, and besides, I do not believe, as I shall tell you at greater length some day, that a hundredth part of the statements of the 'Times' upon the last four years of American history, will bear investigation by an unprejudiced inquirer after truth." *Letters from Canada and the United States*, 130.

poorer classes. What few expressions of ill-feeling they used were poured forth against the Southern women, whom some of them, who had come from New Orleans, declared to be perfect she-devils incarnate; and if but a few features in their portrait of a Southern woman be correct, I must admit that General Butler's task in that devoted city was no easy one; and, indeed, I should feel much inclined to be ungentle enough to go further, and say that the extreme measures to which he resorted during his "Reign of Terror" were not wholly unjustified.⁴ At any rate it is admitted by all that much improvement in the domestic and sanitary arrangements of the city has resulted from his unwelcome dictatorship; and that what was formerly a sink of pestilence and iniquity is now a decent and well organized community. We talked of Grant and McClellan, and found that the latter had completely lost the ephemeral popularity that America vouchsafes to her short-lived favorites. "The young Napoleon," but a few months back the idol of the army, was now rarely spoken of without a sneer. Grant, whose highest quality in their eyes seemed to be his condescension in sleeping upon a private's blanket, was now the darling of the day. Should his long-looked-for plunge into Richmond be much further delayed, *his* name will be consigned without scruple or ceremony to the rack of obloquy and anathemas upon which the North has annihilated so many of her transient heroes. Sherman and Sheridan are also in the ascendant. The reign of each promises to be a brilliant one; the marvel of its brilliancy, perhaps, like the meteor's, only to be equalled by that of its rapid evanescence. Of all the generals that this war has called into being, whether on the side of North or South, Robert Lee is the only one who has retained the place to which the chances of battle have raised him. But his military genius is undoubtedly superior to that of his enemies or his rivals in arms. None, perhaps, are more ready to admit his talent than the soldiers of the Northern army — the admission, perhaps, you may say, is but politic, as adding to the credit due to his defeat, whenever that may be effected — but, at any rate, the Northern soldiers are can-

⁴ General B. F. Butler occupied New Orleans with Union troops on May 1, 1862, and his iron rule of the city continued for six months.

did enough to confess, what their journalists with asinine obstinacy deny, that they have not a general who can hold candle to him.

But there were plenty of other passengers besides the soldiers, all affable and communicative; and from them we gathered, in the course of conversation, an indefinite number of diametrically opposite views of the coming political contest. We had Republicans, Democrats, Copper-heads, and Abolitionists on board, and each representative of every one of these parties held different ideas about everything from those which his fellow-representatives entertained. The subject of greatest difference was the war itself in its political aspect. Politics, of course, every one in America talks. It comes more naturally to them than their A B C. They seem to suck it in with their mother's milk, for the women are "bluer" in politics than the men; they lisp it in the nursery, babble it in the school-room, fight about it in the academy, and drink over it in the bars, till the whole nation becomes saturated with the virus of what I may call "politicomanie," a disease which injects its poisonous infusions into every member of the state with such fatal effect, that the free working of the whole body is incalculably cramped and crippled by it. No department is free from its influence. Courts of Justice are victims to its sway. Judges and juries cannot resist the party feeling which its constant presence everywhere engenders. Stump oratory and platform declamation feed it. Paltry pulpiteers propagate it, and hot-headed journalists subsist upon it. You hear it in every walk of life, read it in every printed page of paper. In the cars, on the boats, in the streets, at the hotels, in the churches, nothing but politics. Soldiers, sailors, tinkers, tailors, parsons, ploughboys, porters, waiters, know no subject of conversation but the eternal politics. You think, in your innocence, to avoid it in the drawing-room, but you find the ladies as keen upon it as the men. Elderly ladies of the Republican persuasion lecture you upon the crimes of the Democratic leaders. Youthful beauties, that would do honour to an English ball room, question you upon the doctrine of State rights. Middle-aged females bore you to death with puzzling interrogations about your own Constitution. And if in disgust you retire to your bedroom, and happen to ring for the chambermaid, she asks you whether

you think the Democrats will withdraw the fourth plank of their platform, and if they do what will be the consequence.

Well, then, you will not wonder that the chief subject of conversation was politics, nor, perhaps, will you be surprised to hear that, by the time our passage up the Mississippi came to an end, I had had a great deal more of politics than was good for either me or my temper. We discussed them with the captain (a very seedy gentleman, by the bye), with the steward (a seedier one), with the engineers, the soldiers, the gentlemen passengers, and the lady passengers; and such a muddle-headed maze of mystification did my brain get lost in, after three days' incessant struggling to deduce some consistent result from the thousand-and-one ideas with which it was assailed, that I shall, out of charitable feelings for yours, abstain from inflicting upon you what, I feel sure, will do you no good. I will only add that the chief cause of my mystification was a smart, affable young lady, who laid down her theories of the science in such an authoritative style of diction, that I was at first completely awed into the mildest submission to her precepts. But her father, in compassion, I presume, for the evident weakness of my defensive armour, rebuked her with an admonition to hit somebody of her own size, and she spared me accordingly. I saw a good deal of this party during our passage. They were extremely agreeable people. The father had just come from Chicago, whither he had been sent as a delegate to the great Democratic Convention.⁵ He lived in the State of New York, where I have no doubt he was a man of some influence amongst the extreme Democrats, for he was a copperhead, every inch of him, and, accordingly, all his talents, time, and toil were devoted exclusively to thwarting the Government in the conduct of the war, and promoting the interests of the enemy. He spoke despondingly of his country as the worst-governed on the face of the inhabited globe, heaped upon Old Abe such a mountain of abuse as only an American would condescend to pitch upon him, snarled at the ministers, jeered at the generals, and ridiculed the troops. It was all done too in a gentlemanly way, for he was

⁵ The Democratic national convention of 1864 nominated General George B. McClellan as its presidential candidate on August 31.

a man of good education and refined manner; but I must say I have no sympathy with those whose patriotism, like Mr. Bright's, requires a Ross's telescope to be seen at all — a very "milk and watery way" — consisting solely in a love of their country's protection without a thought for the protection of their country. In fact I have a great contempt for copperheads in general; they are simply Confederates who have not the pluck to avow it.

The affable young lady and her papa and mamma and brother engaged me in conversation till late in the evening, when it struck me that the scenery through which we were passing was worth observance — and I looked out and found it to be so. We had passed, in the afternoon, through a vast sheet of water, five miles wide and many long, where the river expands into a lake or broad, which bears the name of Lake Pepin; thence past Wanona's Rock, the crag whence the Indian maiden flung herself in despair at the persecutions wreaked on her by her tribe for her wilful love of the paleface;⁶ past the Chimney Mountain, a romantic formation on the left bank; and Redwing, a prettily situated town, which the parting rays of the sinking sun lit up, as we stopped there for the mails, with such an array of red and gold as neither pen nor pencil could depict. The river's breadth was much less here, and under the tumbled forms of the rocky bluffs, which girt the water's edge, we lay for a time to take in fuel, and glad enough to rest there, for the scene was exquisite. Then on again to the West, into the golden glow that streamed down to us over the flood, and as we went the gold and the blue above us faded into a soft hazy green, and darkness set in at once without a twilight.

It was eleven at night when I was roused from my reveries by the announcement that we had met the other steamer into which we were to be transferred, a boat of lighter draught than that on which we then were, and better adapted for navigating the shallows which, of course, became more numerous as we ascended the river. The two boats came to an anchor in the middle of the stream, and a flat-bottomed barge with a plank thrown across to it from each boat served to establish a communication between them.

⁶ This is an incorrect version of the well-known Indian legend of Winona. See Stephen H. Long, "Voyage in a Six-oared Skiff to the Falls of Saint Anthony in 1817," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 2: 24-26.

In a minute an illumination was extemporised on board each of the boats by means of a lighted brazier, filled with tar and such like combustibles, and beneath the lurid glare shed by the blazing matter ensued such a scene of noise and bustle as I never shall forget. What a subject for a picture that would have been! The bustling and confusion amongst the two sets of passengers changing from boat to boat, the awkward meetings on the narrow planks, the flights of the boxes and carpet-bags pell-mell into the bottom of the barge, the hurry and scurry amongst the black stewards, the falling embers from the burning braziers, the life and light in the centre of the stream, the blackness and solitude all around. With all the confusion, however, the change of cargoes was an affair of but a few minutes; but the scene was so strange, so novel, the fiery redness of the braziers, and the objects illuminated by them so unearthly, that I see it all as vividly now as if it were still before me, and often, I dare say, shall I call up in my dreams this midnight boat-changing on the Mississippi.

The new vessel, a minature of the other, was much more stuffy, close, and uncomfortable. Berths of course were out of the question. Sleeping room on the floors was at a premium; and mattresses unobtainable, for love or money. But fraud got me a quarter of one, and on my allotted portion of it I somehow or other contrived to doze in the midst of a perfect maze of arms, and legs, and heads, and feet, interspersed with hats, coats, collars, ties, and boots; the oddest medley that I ever saw upon the floor of any room; and, judging from her convulsive laughter at my appearance or rather dis-appearance in the midst of it, so too thought the affable young lady. I was very tired, however, and did not heed her playful sallies, but my slumbers were not healthy or refreshing by any means, and when the black steward at 4.30 a. m. tipped up the mattresses to clear and sweep the room, I was quite content to get away from the atmosphere, and the fleas.

You may wonder possibly how they managed to cook us any meals, seeing that their space was so limited. I know I did, and so I do now. I can offer no explanation. I am sure there was no kitchen, and I know there was no fire. I never saw any cook on board, nor anything cooking. But you may stake your fortune, that where there are any Americans, there will always be plenty

to eat (and generally I should say the converse holds good, and that where there is plenty to eat there will always be Americans), and therefore I felt perfectly confident that our appetites would be well cared for, and so they were. We had hot meats on the table for breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper; but I am to this day as ignorant as the astonished parent in *Beauty and the Beast* how or whence they got there.

The next day was much like the preceding; ditto the scenery—only that the river banks drew nearer together, which I thought added considerably to the beauty of the stream. The only variation in the day's proceedings was some remarkably bad rifle practice by the soldiers at the numerous herons upon the sand banks, and a still more indifferent practice at larger objects in the shape of cows in the adjacent meadows. Nothing astonishes me more than the reckless use of firearms in this country. Men and boys play with "six-shooters" as if they were as harmless as children's pop-guns. The beautiful science of the P. R. ("Prize Ring" fair reader) is utterly scouted in the States for the more effective satisfaction administered by the revolver. The natural arm of an American, offensive or defensive, is not—pardon the "bull"—his fist, but his pistol. He carries it about with him in its leathern receptacle beneath his coat, at all times, and in all places. He knows nothing of the European etiquette which restricts its use to the hour of cock-crow, and regards the orthodox accompaniment of coffee as a superlative absurdity. Young or old, high or low, he must have his six-shooter. The father and brothers of the affable young lady, refined and well educated as they were, carried their pistols as a matter of course. True, when I expostulated with them, they excused themselves by saying that they were intended only as a means of defense against the possible assaults of the soldiers; but the copperheads delight in making martyrs of themselves, or rather holding themselves out as victims to a martyrdom which is purely imaginary, and I consider the pretext of these two gentlemen nothing but a specious defence of a barbarous usage which must condemn itself in the eyes of any educated man. However that may be, there is the established habit, and if civilians are habitually so reckless in the employment of murderous weapons, it was not to be marvelled at that the soldiers, tolerably

inured to the atrocities of the guerilla warfare of the West, should exhibit a pre-eminent heedlessness in the promiscuous use of their rifles. They spent the whole morning in random shots at everything live or dead that offered a convenient mark. They seemed to have a perfectly unlimited supply of the U. S. ammunition, and being citizens of a free republic, were free to do what they liked with it, — an elysian perfection of unconditional license in the boasted possession of which a Yankee is for ever impressing upon you the superiority of his political condition, and which, in Yankee parlance, consists in the right of every man to do as he “dam pleases.” I never saw any people more alive to the existence of their constitutional rights than the soldiers in the present instance. How many hundred shots were fired I know not, nor do I see why I or anybody else on board was not shot every bit as much as the objects actually aimed at. If I saw one rifle pointed at my head, I saw a hundred. Revolvers were swung carelessly about with much less caution than is exhibited in an English cover. Across the deck, through the rigging, out of the saloon-windows, over the hats of the passengers, anyhow, was kept up an irregular discharge of the most independent firing I have ever witnessed. Nobody seemed to mind it, ladies and children took little or no notice of it, and, stranger still, no harm seemed to come of it, either to those on board or the objects of assault. I thought I saw a poor cow struck, but to the disappointment of her enemy she walked off untouched.

Soon after mid-day we landed at a point in the river beyond which the shallows would not admit our boat. There we were to wait for a still lighter tug to carry us up to St. Paul's. I was tired of the river, and hearing that the city was only twelve miles off proposed a walk. It was accepted by about twenty of the passengers, which, considering that an American never walks, could only be accounted for by their being as weary of the boat as myself; and under the guidance of one who said he knew the road, our party accordingly started. The path lay at first up through a thin belt of elm, oak, and beech — pretty enough in itself, but too little — and thence out across ten miles of the hottest, dustiest plain I ever traversed. It was a real joy to see the distant roofs and steeples of St. Paul's in view as we came down again to the

river, and better still to be upon the curious bridge which connects the low level bank, on which we then were with the high chalky bluff on which the city stands — a most distressingly untraditional bridge, all on the oblique and very awkward, like a great clumsy fire-escape propped up against a high wall⁷ — but best of all to be splashing about, and rinsing off the very palpable results of a three days' roughing it on those awful boats, down in the cool depths of a glorious bath, beneath the shelter of what the Paulites call their "Internaytional Hoe-tel."

[*To be continued*]

⁷ Construction on the first bridge connecting the east and west banks of the river at St. Paul was begun in 1856 and the structure was completed in 1858. J. Fletcher Williams, *A History of the City of Saint Paul, and of the County of Ramsey*, 237, 368, 378 (*Minnesota Historical Collections*, vol. 4).



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