

situated as it is, has been remarkable. About 18 months ago, there was but one house here, and now there are some 60 or 70, and many more under way, while the lofts of the stores and warehouses are occupied by families waiting for dwellings to be completed for their use. I found here Dr. Maxson, who represents this district in our Assembly with great credit to himself and benefit to his constituents. It would seem from the immigration this year, that eastern people appreciate the advantages of the superior and cheap lands to be had in the immediate vicinity of the place.

Pt. Douglas is immediately opposite, and seems to be a thriving little town.

Not long after leaving here, we sat down to dinner, and while enjoying the good things provided for us, were suddenly taken all aback by a crash on the larboard side of the craft, which caused a good many pale faces. We had struck the stern of the steamer *Excelsior*, which was just swinging out from a landing, and had torn away a considerable part of her guards—the *Campbell* also receiving some little injury.

We passed along up to Kaposia, where we found quite a large Indian village, and at five o'clock, found ourselves moving to the Southwest to the bend of the Mississippi, on the North side of which stands St. Paul. Rushing swiftly along between a high rock bluff on one side, and a low, wooded bank on the other, rising to a great height some distance back we were soon at the landing. Many of the citizens were at hand, and Capt. Lodwick soon made me at home among them. I had already determined, inasmuch as any other course would detain me too long, to return on the *Ben. Campbell*, and accordingly it was necessary to make the best of the short time remaining.—So I awaited myself of the invitation of a gentleman—(Mr. Wilkinson)—who, if his efforts at the bar are as successful as his efforts to do handsomely by a stranger, must be at the very head of his profession—and, after a call upon Messrs. Owen and Moore of the *Minnesotan*—the excellent and prosperous whig paper here—a rode about the town and its neighborhood for an hour or more.

Much as has been said and repeated concerning this wonderful four-year-old, away up here, 2000 miles from the mouth of the Mississippi, the half has not been told yet. I have not been incredulous as to anything relative to the growth of western towns, well knowing how often the reality surpasses the most sanguine expectations, but still I was unprepared for what met my eyes, even by the admirable articles of the lamented Goodhue of the *Pioneer*, or those which our friends of the *Minnesotan*, or Mr. Robertson of the *Democrat* are furnishing us weekly; (the last named gentleman I had the pleasure of greeting in the evening.) St. Paul stands upon a bold bluff, crescent-shaped, facing nearly southwards, around the base of which the Mississippi flows. For the greater portion of its length, the bluff is nearly perpendicular, but at each end, at the town site, there are low grounds, sometimes partly overflowed, upon which are the warehouses, steam sawmills, &c. Three or four streets are graded down to the river, and it was up one of these that we ascended in our ride. Now don't let any one fancy that I am about to tell of a promiscuous huddle of distressingly new looking houses, with gables this way, gables that way, or no gables at all,—for there is no such town here. Instead of it, a fine long, well built street runs along the curve of the bluff, the buildings, many of them, of brick, and one, the Presbyterian Church, being quite an attractive edifice. Back of this are other streets, laid out with liberal width, and thickly dotted with good dwellings, and stores. Here and there we meet a church—I think there were four or five very neat ones whose bells greeted the Sabbath morning. At one extremity of the town, a very extensive frame Hotel, in a commanding situation, is about finished, while near the other, the stone foundations of a still larger one are being laid. The site slopes, for the most part, gently back from the bluff, and then rises again to a somewhat greater height. Lying somewhat in the form of a horseshoe, the Levee, as it were, of the town, is made by the new State House, a new brick building, somewhat in the style of ours at Madison, but larger by much. It is yet unfinished. Along this ridge, by taking off a few inches of surface earth, any quantity of excellent building stone may be obtained, so that the residents may, if they please, just quarry their houses out of their own cellars. Many delightful residences, with good gardens, and every evidence of refinement meet the eye, and the style of the buildings would do credit to any place in the country.—There is an evidence of abounding energy, of determination, and consequent thrift, which it does a man good to look at. The sturdy New Englander is here, and the solid New Yorker, and the foreign-born or Pennsylvania German—and the Western man who has built up a dozen towns already—and the keen old Indian trader—all are here, their eyes on the main chance, each "looking out for number one," but all pulling together, to make St. Paul what it must be, one of the largest towns on the Mississippi. There are now some 4,500 inhabitants.

Riding out a couple of miles on the St. Anthony road, I had an opportunity of seeing that the lands about St. Paul are good, and a large portion under cultivation. Gov. Ramsay has an excellent prairie farm along the road.

Capt. Lodwick had put his cabin in trim for a social evening, and so we hastened back. Many of the leading citizens of St. Paul, and quite a number of ladies, gathered at the invitation: among them were Ex-Gov. Ramsay and his lady, his successor Gov. Gorman and Mrs. Gorman, the Secretary, and others of note and mark. To my friend, Mr. Owen, I am indebted for a very efficient guidance through the evening, into pleasant acquaintances, and into many interesting notes and comments on the thriving town, and as to how it came so, and what its prospects are. The good boat gliding along up the river 'n the clear moonlight, we sat down to a sumptuous supper, at which the health of the Captain and his very interesting and attractive lady were drunk with a good heart.

Rising, we were at Mendota, Mr. Sibley's trading station, at the mouth of the Minnesota river, and opposite Fort Snelling. Here we lay some little time, during which Mr. Sibley came aboard. We passed up, and turning about under the high stone walls of the fort, lay at the shore long enough to put off some stores, and for a visit from several of the officers. The party broke up, shortly after our return to St. Paul, highly delighted with the trip. Certain it is that the Captain's arrangement for the entertainment of his St. Paul friends enabled me to learn more of the place and its surroundings than I could otherwise have obtained in a stay of a week. Nevertheless, I regret that I could not have remained long enough to be able to give our readers more of a description, and less of my own impressions, of this wonderful northern metropolis. But just think of three steamers plying regularly 150 to 200 miles up the Minnesota river, among thickly clustering settlements! What is this country yet to be! And how soon will Milwaukee reach it?—Selfish to the last, you see. W. H. W.

A TRIP UP THE MISSISSIPPI.

ON BOARD STEAMER BEN CAMPBELL, }
May 23th. }

Leaving Prairie du Chien, the scenery upon the river changes its character somewhat for a while. The same ledge of rock is to be seen cropping out at about half the length of the bluffs, but the line of these last is not so continuous, and is broken by ravines of greater or less extent, (generally without streams, however,) through which grassy lawns lead by a gentle, winding ascent into the back country. The islands encroach very much upon the channel, and in some places, throw it quite back between projecting points of land.—At the foot of some of these ravines, level sites have been formed by nature expressly for landings and villages, and one of the prettiest of these last is Lansing, a yearling, I should think; the only building (out of some 30 in all,) which had gathered any rust upon it, being a deserted log cabin near the landing. The town has a good tavern, several well filled stores, and a newspaper; and is the out-let and in-let of a rich back country. It is the last of the Iowa landings.

Passing the Bad Axe landing, (and Maj. Murray, the lately re-appointed Agent for the Sioux Indians, being on board, interested some of us very much in his account of the battle fought near this spot,) we wound around through a very crooked channel among the islands, until we opened upon Prairie La Crosse, and were soon at the landing, meeting there a crowd of Wisconsin people, among whom I was glad to greet Lt. Gov. Burns, looking hearty and good-natured as usual, Mr. Rogers of the *Democrat*, and Mr. Hubbard, one of the Senate Clerks last winter. The situation of the town is very superior, a fine elevated prairie making down from the back country to the river, giving space for any amount of development—(the town is growing so rapidly as to need it)—and seemingly graded by nature expressly for the railroad. I have always been impressed with the expediency of pushing on a road to this point from Milwaukee, and what I have seen during this trip of the vast trade of the up-country, and of the driving energy of the people who are building up its towns and developing the resources of its soil, has only served to strike the impression deeper. Oh! if our people in Milwaukee could only see these things properly and reconcile their feuds, and strike one good blow together for the trade of the great northwest, the thing could be done. A road to La Crosse must be completed before a long time elapses, but every month by which that time can be shortened, is of incalculable importance.

The little steamer *Berlin*, built on the Fox river, was at the landing, having found her way through the Portage Canal, down the Wisconsin, and up hither. She is destined, I understood, for the up-river trade. A couple of wild "haythern salvages"—Winnebagoes I suppose—were among the crew at La Crosse, in the utmost brevity and negligence of costume consistent with the having of any costume at all.

Putting off from La Crosse about sundown, we ascended the grand old stream in the calm moonlight evening, and were near Mt. Trombolo—a bold elevation which has somehow strayed from the line of bluffs out into the bottom lands—at 11 o'clock, after which time dependent saith nothing, except that the distance is 679 miles above St. Louis.

ON BOARD STEAMER BEN CAMPBELL. }
May 23d. }

At 5 o'clock on Saturday morning, 21st, we were nearing Lake Pepin. Four miles below it, we came to the pleasant site of the Waubesa Indian village,—and a very attractive one it is, leaving its inhabitants out of view,—and passed on to the lake, a broad expanse of blue water, covering the whole bottom from bluff to bluff. On the right side of the lake, just as we enter, a beautiful prairie opens down to the water's edge, sloping back gently to the bluffs, which are by no means precipitous at this point. Just under the hill we could see a number of farm houses and fences, and at one place, there were cultivated fields coming down to the water. How it happens that the fine site is not staked out into city lots, I cannot imagine. We met several large rafts in the Lake (which is some 30 miles in length,) and the wrecks of others, broken up, we supposed, in the heavy wind which prevailed during the night, but of which I knew nothing until informed of it at breakfast.

The bluffs are not as precipitous, and do not show so much of a rock face as I supposed would be the case, but still the scene was one of surpassing beauty, ever varying in its character as we passed along. It was noticeable that while the face of the hills on the west side was densely covered with trees in full leaf, their sides, opening to the country, and the face of the hills on the east side, were almost bare, the exceptions being like grassy lawns, with here and there a tree dotting the slope with a different shade of green.

The "Maiden's Rock," the legend concerning which will occur to our readers, having been told a thousand times, disappointed me. I may have been deceived in the height of the bluff, but my impression was that the dame might have "thrown herself"—as the phrase goes—from the summit, without much danger of being injured by a fall down the smooth slope below.

We passed out of the lake by a very crooked channel and shortly reached Red Wing, a settlement of the Sioux Indians. Coming alongside of the landing, four tall, stout Indians, each armed with a gun and tomahawk, leaped on board, giving a capital opportunity for a nervous lady to faint from fright, but unfortunately we had no such commodity on board, and were forced to be content with a rather good-natured greeting from the "salvages." They were bound up to the next settlement of their tribe.

Shortly after noon, we reached Prescott, at the mouth of the St. Croix river, 813 miles from St. Louis. The growth of this village, very eligibly