

# MINNESOTA HISTORY

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## By Rail and River to Minnesota in 1854

NINETY YEARS AGO, on February 22, 1854, the first train to the Mississippi River ran over the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad. For the youthful settlements at the head of navigation on the Mississippi the incident had deep significance; thereafter settlers and tourists could make the hitherto arduous journey from the Atlantic coast to Minnesota in a matter of days rather than weeks. To mark the completion of the railroad and to give appropriate recognition to its importance in the progress of the frontier West, the builders staged a gigantic excursion, entertaining about a thousand guests—politicians, bankers, financiers, scholars, journalists, historians, authors, and others—on a journey over their line to Rock Island and thence by boat up the Mississippi to St. Paul.<sup>1</sup>

The flotilla of steamboats carrying the excursionists reached the St. Paul levee on the morning of June 8. Among those landing were an ex-president of the United States, Millard Fillmore; a prominent historian, George Bancroft; representatives of the press, including Thurlow Weed of the Albany Evening Journal, Charles A. Dana of the New York Tribune, and Charles Hale of the Boston Advertiser; and an elderly New England novelist of the romantic school, Catharine M. Sedgwick.<sup>2</sup> Minnesotans rejoiced that so many writers whose works were widely read accompanied the excursion. One of its beneficial results was the publication of descriptions of the territorial capital and its environs in various eastern newspapers, and of

<sup>1</sup> Henry W. Farnam, *Memoir of Henry Farnam*, 41, 45 (New Haven, 1889).

<sup>2</sup> William J. Petersen, "The Rock Island Railroad Excursion of 1854," *ante*, 15:405-409; Farnam, *Memoir*, 76, 80; *Minnesota Pioneer* (St. Paul), June, 10, 1854.

*Miss Sedgwick's report of the excursion in a popular periodical of the day, Putnam's Monthly Magazine. In order to commemorate the ninetieth anniversary of the event, her article is reprinted herewith. The excursion of 1854 should be remembered not only for its significance in the history of American railroads, but as a milestone in the progress of Minnesota, for with the inauguration of railroad service to the Mississippi River, a new era in the settlement of its upper valley began.*

B.L.H.

[From *Putnam's Monthly Magazine of American Literature, Science, and Art*, 4:320-325 (September, 1854).]

## THE GREAT EXCURSION TO THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY

A LETTER TO CHARLES BUTLER, ESQ., BY ONE OF THE EXCURSIONISTS.<sup>3</sup>

MY DEAR MR. BUTLER — I hope you may have time to read a long letter, for it will take something more than the customary space allotted to a woman's diffusive pen, to thank you for the pleasure which was first intimated to me by a little bit of pasteboard from your hand, on which was inscribed an invitation to "Miss —— and two friends," or to do any justice to my impression of its value.<sup>4</sup>

The late "Excursion to the Falls of St. Anthony," seems to me an illustration and proof of the advancement of true civilization. Princes have paraded the pride and pageantry of royal hospitality. Knights have held their tilts and tournaments. We are all familiar with the high festival held at "the Field of the Cloth of Gold," when nobles pledged their transmitted estates, and beggared themselves to magnify the pride and partake the festivities of rival princes. The lords of old England left their island-home (which might stretch itself at ease within the bounds of one of our prairie States), crossed a channel which would be but a "before-breakfast sail" for one of our steamers, to be jealous partakers of the ambitious

<sup>3</sup> The recipient of Miss Sedgwick's letter was a prominent New York lawyer and philanthropist who accompanied the excursion only as far as Rock Island. Butler had a substantial interest in the newly constructed Rock Island and in a number of other western railroads.

<sup>4</sup> A ticket for the excursion is reproduced with Petersen's article, *ante*, 15:407.

hospitality of a foreign prince, the rival of their master. "The Excursion to St. Anthony"—a festival from beginning to end—is measured by thousands of miles instead of hundreds. Our munificent entertainers are our *fellow-sovereigns*, and certainly princes in their own right. They are productive laborers in the wide fields of enlightened industry, not revellers on riches gained by war and rapine, and held by selfish power and fraud. They do not divide God's earth into *patches* to be enjoyed by the few and worked by the many; but they secure the permanence of our institutions by making labor honorable. They stretch out their railroads over the vast prairies, and bind the Free West and the East in inevitable and indissoluble *Union*. Their heralds do not throw down the gauntlet and defy to combat, but proclaim "Peace and good will to man!"

We all remember the legend of Seged, the lord of Ethiopia, who decreed for himself and his courtiers ten days of pleasure, and failed in them all. Messrs. Furnum and Sheffield—the lords of our "excursion"—gave us twenty, and each and all were crowned with success.<sup>5</sup> But their guests were not made up of parasites and courtiers, and petted *Fainéants*, but of those whose holidays came between working-days. They were men from arduous political posts, from counting-houses and banking-houses. They came from making briefs and writing sermons—from studies and studios, and above all, from the overwhelming, incessant work of railroad offices. And the women (how different from the petted and vicious beauties of an oriental court) had cast off, for the twenty holidays, the cares and tasks of their *business*, the harem of "women's rights" in homes which, as a foreign traveller well says, deserve the northern appellation of "*sacred rooms*."

You, my dear Mr. Butler, who witnessed but in part the success of the "Excursion," and all those who did not partake it, will, I fear, receive a chastened report of it as fabulous.

It has been said that every bidden guest was present; and even that certain "pious frauds" were committed to foist in the uninvited, and that our entertainers were too lenient to turn away such as

<sup>5</sup> Henry Farnam and Joseph E. Sheffield were members of the contracting firm that built the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad. See Farnam, *Memoir*, 39-46.

came without the "wedding-garment." If there were such abuses of unparalleled munificence, they must answer for the only imperfection in our festival—a want of ample sleeping accomodation on board the steamers. But, as we read that, at the meeting in the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," "many ladies and gentlemen of rank were glad to obtain lodging in barns, on hay and straw," our young men, on whom the "roughing it" fell (*roughing* on nice mattresses on a cabin floor), were not so effeminate as to complain. It is the glorious privilege of youth and health to find

"A cradle in the rude imperious surge,  
And in the visitation of the winds."

You were at Chicago on Saturday, when the "Excursionists" poured into that wonderful city the type of the abounding vitality, the intense activity and the marvellous growth of the *West*. Never can any of us forget the crowds that thronged the receiving-rooms, the drawing-rooms, and the passages of the Tremont Hotel. There they were, travellers all, who had already come a thousand miles by steam and rail; but, while yet with their grey travelling livery on, and their sacks and crumpled "wide-awakes" in their hands, they had nothing of the aspect of weary and worn travellers, but truly a festal air. You heard, on every side, glad greetings and reciprocal felicitations. Not the cold, conventional "How do you do," followed by reports of imminent dangers and hair-breadth 'scapes, but hearty salutations—a sort of colloquial cracking of *feu de joie*s. "Are you here?" "How delighted I am to see you!" "Two days only from New York, but not at all fatigued," says one; and "I," says another, "took the allowed six days for the journey, passed some hours at Albany, and half a day at Utica; spent a glorious day at Niagara; had a pleasant drive about Buffalo; saw all their princely residences; slept on the serene waters of Lake Erie; passed a delightful evening with my friends in Detroit; have glided to-day over the Michigan Central, and now am here as fresh as when I started!" Gladness was in every voice, pleasant expectation on every countenance, and, I would fain believe, gratitude, for the privilege accorded us, in every heart. The novelty of the assembly, and the bright track behind and

before us, gave an unprecedented charm and freshness to the meeting.

Certainly there was a peculiarity in the hospitality of Messrs. Furnum and Sheffield, and their associates. A "merchant prince" gives a dinner in town to, it may be, twenty friends. They partake his luxurious viands from golden dishes, and drink his delicious wines from crystal, and are not very much happier, and perhaps not at all the wiser or better for it. And even the "bal costumé," the fête of the season, is, to most of the dear five hundred, "stale, flat, and unprofitable." But this festival was of another nature. Their guests were invited not to admire their state, or to envy or covet their wealth, but to see — most of us for the first time — the inappreciable riches and untold beauty of our own country — our own inalienable possessions; to have our piety and our patriotism kindled, not by mouldering ruins, and doubtful traditions of past achievements, but by the first revelation to our senses of the capacity of our country, the first intimation of its possible glorious future. And, as we traversed the road just completed by our benefactors, the last link in the chain that binds, in *union* and brotherhood, the states from the Atlantic to the Pacific, we had some faint comprehension of God's good gifts to us. As we gazed on these vast prairies, on whose borders man seems to have but just alighted, the mind's eye opened on the multitudes who are destined to enter in and possess this land of promise prepared for them by the universal Father. First must come our eastern people, with their dauntless enterprise, their infinite ingenuity, their inventive genius, their Puritan armor, the Bible and the school-book, and, in their track, to be taught and moulded by them, those who have been spoiled of their natural rights for ages, crushed under the iron hoof of despotisms, to stand erect, men among men, and learn the glorious truth announced 79 years ago, and *not yet quite digested*. It is a short and pithy creed.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: — That all men are created free and equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

I believe that the reflecting men and women of our excursion party felt, as they never felt before, the great mission of their children and their neighbors who are going West.

And are they not *all* going to the West?

Was there not something prophetic in the exulting shout that broke forth, the hurras and the waving of hats, when our party, in their arrow-like progress, first caught sight of the Mississippi?

What is to become of this great valley of the Mississippi, which already possesses the last physical achievements and results of civilization, railroads, telegraphs, aqueducts, and gaslights? What must be its fate, if the intellectual and moral development is not commensurate with the physical? We have reason to know that the necessity of diffusing intelligence and improving morals, and of raising men thereby out of and above the vortex of speculation and mere material acquisition, is keenly felt by the best men at the West. Educational institutions are springing up in many of the western towns, and a zeal is carried into them which is ordinarily felt only for mere selfish interests. It chanced, on one of the days when the "Excursion Party" was at St. Louis, that one of its wealthy citizens endowed an industrial school there with property to the amount of \$30,000. It was given, and we trust this is an indication of the spirit of the West, as well as of the liberality of the giver — out of the donor's religious communion, and with the control of a Christian whose charities own no sect.

We heard, through our whole route, much talk of fortunate speculations, and almost incredible material developments; but we also heard better things. One of your contractors, pointing out to me a new-born town, said, unostentatiously, "I have made them a present of a school-house, as the best thing I could give them." I afterwards heard that he had also provided them a teacher. Would that each town had a like benefactor, and that each emigrant from our instructed Puritan country might realize that he had more precious seed to sow than the finest of the wheat. The safety of our institutions depends on this conviction being deeply felt and widely spread. It is not a little leaven that will leaven the mass of foreign

ignorance accumulating upon us day by day, and raise it to the level essential to the safety and progress of a democratic republic.

Nor is it a little of that charity that suffereth long and is not puffed up, that will bear with the vices springing out of that ignorance. The nations of the old world have floundered on through ages of darkness to a very imperfect and partial civilization. The few have been instructed, the many kept in brutish ignorance. We have begun better, and, by God's blessing, we will end better. When our steamers were lying at St. Paul's, we were visited by a young lady who was sent there as a teacher (I believe by Governor Slade) five years ago.<sup>6</sup> She arrived within four miles of her destination, and was told there was no such place as St. Paul's. But the young New England school missionary was not to be turned back. She hired two Indian girls to row her to the place that had been designated to her as St. Paul's. She found there two white families, and eight white children. She began her work, and now, in the midst of that busy hive of a population of 5,000 (it may be 6,000 now—I speak of three weeks since!), she has a large boarding-school! Such a fact urges promptness, constancy, and heroism in the cause of Western education—education in the broadest sense of the term. Not in the school-house only, but from the pulpit, in the administration of the laws, in the field, by the way, and, above all, in the homes, where the foundations of moral and religious education must be laid. You will pardon this long episode on a subject which forces itself, as of paramount interest, upon the mind of the observer of the rapid physical development of the West.

You lost, my dear Mr. Butler, the most picturesque part of our travel, by turning back at Rock Island.

None of that happy company, who thence pursued their way up the river, will ever forget the moment when our fine steamers, their bows wreathed with prairie flowers and evergreens, left, one after the other, their moorings at Rock Island, and sailed, with music on

<sup>6</sup>The reference is doubtless to Harriet E. Bishop, who went to St. Paul to open its first school in 1847. An appeal to Governor William Slade of Vermont resulted in her selection for the post. Henry L. Moss, "Biographic Notes of Old Settlers," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 9:157.

their decks, like birds by their own song, lighted by the moon, and saluted by the gay fireworks from the Old Fort. With the first morning, came clouds and rain and cold winds; but we found sheltered gazing positions outside, and the elements could not obscure our pleasure, though they somewhat damped the generous reception prepared for us by the hospitable citizens of Galena and Dubuque.

We were amazed at the crowds that we saw lining the shores, and the glad social shouts of civilized men, at the warehouses and huge hotels, and continuous blocks of buildings, where, but a few years since, was heard only the yell of the savage, who had stealthily crept along the shore — tomahawk in hand, in quest of his foe.

We commented on these marvels to one another; but, as the poor lady said, who “ran” her head against a tree, “She saw, but did not *realize* it;” so we fail to realize the miraculous achievements of Eastern enterprise in the West. After leaving Dubuque, we saw no more towns of magnitude till we reached our terminus at St. Paul’s. The settler had begun his work; but, for the most part, it was a solitude and what a beautiful solitude! I cannot describe it. I can only say to those who have not seen it, “seeing, and seeing only, is believing.” The celebrated bluffs, which continue in ever varying forms, for some hundreds of miles, do not resemble the romantic Highlands of our Hudson: they bear small resemblance to the cliffs on the Rhine, and yet they remind one of the Rhine more than of the Hudson. They are unique — they have no likeness — they da-guerreotype new pictures on the mind; they call forth fresh sensations. Their images cannot be conveyed by description: they must be seen; and now that you have completed the chain of railroads to the Mississippi, the fashionable tour will be in the track of our happy “excursion party, to the Falls of St. Anthony.”<sup>7</sup> The foreign traveller must go there, and the song of the bridegroom, to many a “Lizzie Lee” will be “Ho! for the Falls of St. Anthony!”

<sup>7</sup> The “Fashionable Tour” up the Mississippi to the Falls of St. Anthony was first suggested by George Catlin, the artist, after his visit of 1835. His trip and the journeys of many later travelers, including Miss Sedgwick, are described by Theodore C. Blegen, in an article on “The ‘Fashionable Tour’ on the Upper Mississippi,” *ante*, 20: 377-396.



There is a curious diversity in the form of the bluffs. Some have monotonous heavy outlines, like the horizon line to which an Eastern eye is accustomed; others run up to sharp points, like the "*Aiguilles*" of the Alps; and some stand apart—regular cones—but all are covered with rich prairie turf, gentle declivities, or sharp precipices, the long grass, absolutely shining with the verdure of June, and brilliantly embroidered with flowers, waves over them. The bluffs, at some points, make the shore of the river, then they recede leaving a broad fore-ground of level prairie. They are planted, quite to their summits, with oaks mainly, and trees of other species, as [Andrew J.] Downing, with his love of nature and his study of art, might have planted them: now in long serpentine walks, and now in copses, and then, so as to cover, with regular intervening clear spaces, the whole front of the declivity, producing the effect of a gigantic orchard. Midway up the bluff, you sometimes see a belt of rock, reminding one of the fragments of Roman walls on the Rhine, but still, above and below it, the same bright green turf. "If we were to put it there, and statue it down," said a practical observer from our rocky New England, "it would not stay!" But the surpassingly beautiful marvels of all, are the mimic castles, or rather foundations of ruined castles, that surmount the pinnacles. These mere rocks of lime and sandstone so mock and haunt you with their resemblance to the feudal fortresses of the Old World, that you unconsciously wonder what has become of the Titan race that built them! and go on wondering, where are the people that planted these magnificent terraces; where the lordly race that has so kept in garden beauty, free from brush and brake, these "grounds," stretching in ever-varying loveliness for hundreds of miles, and tempting you to apply the magnificent insolence of a celebrated phrase, and call the vaunted parks of England a "mere patch," in the comparison. But no! no human hand has planted them—no human imagination embellished them—no human industry dressed and kept them. They have the fresh impress of the Creator's hand—

"His love a smile of Heaven imprest  
In beauty of their ample breast."

We glided along past this enchanting scenery, for four days and nights of our blessed week, amidst sunshine, moonlight, and clouds; each variation of the atmosphere serving to add a new charm or reveal a new beauty. Our light boats skimmed the surface of the water like birds; and, with the ease and grace of birds, they dipped down to the shore, and took up their food, their fiery throats devouring it with marvellous rapidity.

The commodore of our joyous little fleet, Colonel Mix—ever honored be his name!—made every arrangement to produce the greatest amount of comfort and enjoyment.<sup>8</sup> No racing was permitted. The sailing was so ordered, that what we saw, by the exciting moonlight, going up, was resplendent, in the full light of day, coming down; and, for it seemed as if the clouds co-operated with the benignant Commodore, what was draped and softened by mist, in our ascension, was unveiled and defined in our descent. The boats, at the approach of evening, were lashed together to allow an extension of social intercourse, and visits were interchanged, and the general voice was of satisfactions and enjoyments without number. The lights of four parallel boats streamed, with charming effects, upon the shores of Lake Pepin, where the river, unbroken by islands, is five miles wide.

Our creature-comforts, though for once subordinate to the higher wants of our nature, were munificently provided. Morning, noon and night, a table was spread, that in most of its appointments and supplies would have done honor to our first class hotels, and its confections would not have disgraced a French artiste with all the appliances and means of a French cuisine. By what magic art such ices, jellies, cakes, and pyramids, veiled in showers of candied sugar, were compounded in that smallest of tophets, a steamer's kitchen, is a mystery yet to be solved. Captain [Legrand] Morehouse of the *Lady Franklin*, the only commander of whom I can speak from personal observation, performed his duty to our hearts' content, and

<sup>8</sup> Mix was an official of the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad. His name is included on a list of visiting celebrities appearing in the *Daily Minnesotian* of St. Paul for June 9, 1854.

even the civil lads who waited on us did their work as if it were a dainty task, to be done daintily.

Ah, Mr. Butler, why did you not come with us? You should have seen that beautiful tower of St. Paul's, sitting on its fresh hillside, like a young queen just emerging from her minority. You should have seen the gay scrambling at our landing there, for carriages and wagons, and every species of locomotive, to take us to our terminus at St. Anthony's Falls. You should have seen how, disdaining luxury or superfluity, we — some among us accustomed to cushioned coaches at home — could drive merrily over the prairie in lumber-wagons, seated on rough boards.<sup>9</sup> You should have seen the troupes and groups scattered over St. Anthony's rocks (what a picturesque domain the saint possesses!) and you should have witnessed the ceremony performed with dignity by Colonel Johnson, of mingling the water taken from the Atlantic at Sandy Hook, *one week before*, with the water of the Mississippi; and there and then have remembered that, but three hundred years ago, DeSoto, after months of wandering in trackless forests, was the first European discoverer of this river. What startling facts! What confounding contrasts!

You have so long been a Western explorer that you may have forgotten the excitement of seeing, for the first time, ploughing on a prairie. In returning from St. Anthony's to St. Paul's, we all left our vehicle to follow the wheel-plough as drawn by six noble oxen; it cleared the tough turf, and upheaved it for the first time for the sun and the hand of man to do their joint fructifying work upon it. The oxen (not the man) looked like the natural lords of the soil. It was the sublime of ploughing. When will our Poets write their bucolics?

Our next sight, and hard by the ploughing, was one of nature's perfect works — the falls of the Minnesota, poetically called by the Indians, Minnehaha — *laughing water*.<sup>10</sup> Miss Bremer says they de-

<sup>9</sup> Vehicles of "every kind, description, shape or age, that could be propelled by horse power" were called into service to take the excursionists to the falls. More than a hundred teams were assembled on short notice, for the excursion reached St. Paul twenty-four hours before it was expected, and found the Minnesotans somewhat unprepared. "Such a turnout we never before saw in Minnesota," exclaimed one editor. *Minnesotian*, June 9, 1854; *St. Anthony Express*, June 10, 1854.

<sup>10</sup> These falls are in Minnehaha Creek, not in the Minnesota River.

serve their picture, song and tales.<sup>11</sup> So perfect is this Fall in color; in form so graceful, so finished, that by some mysterious accident of association, it brought to my mind at once the Venus de Medici. The last incident of this day's most pleasant circuit, was an unlooked-for visit to the old border fortress of Fort Snelling. We were received with great kindness. Courtesy and gallantry are twin-virtues in military life. The fort has a very beautiful position on a bluff overlooking the meeting of the Minnesota and the Mississippi. A pretty town lies below it. Its name, *Mendota*, means the meeting of the waters. The inhabitants of St. Paul's, with the unstinted Western hospitality that had everywhere awaited us, gave a ball in the evening to the *thousand* excursionists. Unhappily, long prefatory speeches and the punctual departure of the boats at 11 P.M., cut short its hilarity.<sup>12</sup>

Before we reached Rock Island on our return, our entertainers' generosity having grown by what it fed on, it was announced to us that the excursion was extended to St. Louis. This episode itself deserves an epic! Some of our company could not resist the inviting aspect of the beautiful town of Davenport, and loitered there a day, others posted off by rail, via La Salle. My party preferred the luxurious and dreamy descent of the Mississippi, and winding amidst its islands and embroidered shores, we arrived at St. Louis at dawn on Monday morning.

St. Louis with its old French heart, and thriving young limbs, has more the air of a great and consolidated capital than any other city of the West. Its future destiny may be augured from the fact that in 1830 it had but 12,000 inhabitants—it has now more than 100,000—and that its position is within 300 miles of the centre of North America.

Time in the West is no longer the old man with a single forelock, and a scythe in his hand. He should be painted with the emblems of

<sup>11</sup> Fredrika Bremer was a widely known Swedish author who visited the Minnesota Country in 1849. For her remarks on Minnehaha Falls, see her *Homes of the New World*, 2: 312 (London, 1853.)

<sup>12</sup> The ball was held in the territorial capitol. The program included an address of welcome by Henry H. Sibley, and speeches by Governor Willis A. Gorman of Minnesota, Fillmore, and Bancroft. Refreshments were served and the guests danced until a late hour, according to the *Pioneer* of June 10, 1854.

speed, construction and accumulation. We were astonished at the shipping at the wharves of St. Louis, at its towering warehouses, broad avenues, brilliant shops, and beautiful private residences. And there, where everything is living and stirring—and there would seem to be no place for the dying, no remembrance of the dead—we were shown a cemetery (it has indeed few tenants), not surpassed by Mount Auburn, hardly by Greenwood. We were received at a suburban villa where its proprietor lives with the simplicity of a republican gentleman in the midst of his 1200 acres of Park-land; and at another, adorned with a terraced or hanging garden, made in one of those dimples in the land, peculiar, I believe, to that neighborhood, and there designated by the unhappy name of sink. No wonder that the smiling appellation of *dimple* should have been suggested by the urbanity of our host, who welcomed us to a tea-table that I have never seen equalled in New England, where we fancy we have a prescriptive right to excel in that prevailing hospitality. Perhaps what most pleased us in St. Louis, and most naturally, was the absence of all obtrusive signs of what we consider the only misfortune of Missouri—the only obstacle to its future pre-eminence—slavery. But this disease has made so little progress there, that there is much reason to expect the healthful young state will throw it off. Some of its best citizens are opposed to it, and we met and heard one, a “young man eloquent,” who is just entering, with sure promise, political life, and who has the generous boldness to throw himself in the scale against it—God speed him!

St. Louis was, to my own party, a marked place in our great route. We experienced there what has made happy epochs ever since the day that Joseph's brethren fell upon his neck and wept—the most cordial reception from old friends, besides seeing new ones who had almost the flavor of old ones! And finally, each day adding some varying circumstance, some new pleasure, we passed our last Sunday at Niagara, and came out by those glorious and shining gates by which we had entered the *West*.

Do you ask me if I would live in the West? I answer without hesitation, no! I saw nothing there so lovely to my eye as the hill-

sides, the deep, narrow valleys, the poor little lakes, and the *very* small river of our own Berkshire. But at these hearth-stones our affections were nurtured, and here in our cemeteries rest and are recorded our holiest treasures. Besides, the old tree uprooted from a sterile hill will not thrive in level ground—be it ever so rich. No. Let the young go. They should. They do go in troops and caravans, and in the vast prairies of the valley of the Mississippi may they perfect an empire of which their Puritan Fathers sowed the seeds on the cold coast of the Atlantic. But let them remember their fathers were proof against poverty. May they be against riches!

In conclusion, permit me to wish long life and happiness to Messrs. Furnum and Sheffield, and their coadjutors in this unprecedented hospitality. If it be more blessed to give than to receive, what must be the amount of their satisfaction? Was ever a company so assembled and so blessed by heavenly and earthly Providence! Day unto day, and night, proclaimed their enjoyment from beginning to end, and no death—no illness—no disaster.

C[ATHARINE] M. S[EDGWICK]

LENOX, 1854.



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