

gentleman who prepared the article sets forth some of the statements which have appeared in well-known works in regard to this frontier post, all of which were singularly incorrect and misleading. The present publication will undoubtedly command the reader's confidence, for it was carefully made up from official documents in the War Department. The engraving from which our cut was made was drawn from the original on file in the office of the Adjutant General. We hope to include in the files of *THE ANNALS*—though it will take some time to accomplish this result—a history of each of these ancient posts accompanied with a good illustration.

EARLY REFERENCES TO IOWA.

Just before setting out to visit San Remo, Italy, in 1895, our friend, William Michael Rossetti, of London, England, purchased some books to read while absent on his journey. Among them was one entitled "Vieux Souvenirs, 1818-1848," by the Prince de Joinville, third son of Louis Philippe, who reigned as King of the French from 1830 to 1848. This book had then reached its twenty-first edition. The Prince was born in 1818. He entered the naval service in 1841-2, and while so employed made a voyage to America. While on this side of the Atlantic he determined to see something of the United States and Canada, and especially of those regions which had been settled or explored by his own countrymen. It was in the course of his journeyings that he got a glimpse of Iowa. Mr. Rossetti has kindly translated for *THE ANNALS* the passage regarding that part of our present State which was seen by the French Prince:

Having reached the Mississippi, I had not time for descending the river down to New Orleans. We were compelled to descend the Mississippi down to its junction with the Ohio; to remount by this river to Cincinnati; and to reach from there, in mail-coach, the railways of the old states of the Atlantic coast. This return voyage was effected not without some casualties. In the descent of the Upper Mississippi our vessel got into several scrapes. One of these retained us a longish while beside the

confluence of the river Des Moines, which flows athwart an enchanting region (*une ravissante contrée*) named Iowa, a region not yet, at that date, annexed to the Union. Game swarmed there. I remember a shooting party in which I joined the engineer of the boat, a young Kentuckian of colossal stature. We raised thousands of prairie fowl and other creatures, on which we poured a regular hell-fire, yet inoffensive. To excuse us, I must say that we were firing—the Kentuckian with ball, with an immense carbine, so heavy that it took a half minute to load it—and I with a single-shot musket which a bar-keeper had lent me with this caution—"The band is awry; to hit your object, you must aim four or five metres to the right!" The Territory of Iowa was still a country in dispute between the squatters and the Indians. The latter, more numerous than the whites, belonged to a large tribe, turbulent and warlike, the Sacs and Foxes. They were in a state of peace at the date of my passage; but my boat received a deputation of their great chiefs, thirty or forty, who were going to Washington, to represent their grievances to the President. They arrived on board in full warrior costume—"war-paint"—their faces painted half red and half yellow, their heads decked like a cuirassier's helmet, with a long horse-hair and big plumes; their bodies naked, but covered with trinkets, their legs in skins, and over all great blankets. Their squaws accompanied them. These were ugly, but the men were superb, with countenances of the most energetic impassibility. On board they behaved with great dignity, and seemed to get animated only when we passed the junction of the Missouri and Mississippi. Whether it be that some superstition affected them in relation to this spot, or that the grandeur of the river formed by the junction of the two great rivers into a sort of lake, lit up by a fine sunset, made an impression upon them, they all collected at the stern of the boat to make a kind of invocation. It was a picture. I only passed through St. Louis, already a great town, and the capital of the West.

CROCKER'S RETURN FROM NEW MEXICO.

During the year 1864 Gen. M. M. Crocker was assigned to duty in the Department of New Mexico, with headquarters at Santa Fe. The statement was current at the time that this was done with the hope that his health might be improved by a sojourn of some months in that climate. But for the precarious condition of his health it is not probable that so useful a man in the field—"fit," as Gen. Grant stated in his Memoirs, "to command an independent army"—would have been sent so far away while the rebellion was still unsubdued. But after some months he was relieved from this duty

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