

although thy bones are deposited far from thy native home, in the desert-waste, yet the eternal silence of the plain shall mourn thee, and memory will dwell upon thy grave!

\* \* \* In the evening we passed the grave of Floyd, and for a moment we thought it proper to

“.....suspend the dashing oar,  
To bid his gentle spirit rest”.

—*Early Western Travels, Brackenridge, vol. 6, pp. 85 and 150.*

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### THE EASTERN SHORE OF IOWA, AS SEEN FROM ROCK ISLAND, IN 1829.

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The Mississippi is here a clear and rapid river, flowing over beds of rock and gravel, and bordered by the most lovely shores. Nothing of the kind can be more attractive than the scenery on the Upper Rapids, in the vicinity of the Sauk and Fox village. On the western shore, a series of slopes are seen commencing at the gravelly edge of the water, rising one above another with a barely perceptible acclivity for a considerable distance, until the background is terminated by a chain of beautifully rounded hills, over which trees are thinly scattered as if planted by the hand of art. This is the charm of prairie scenery; although a wilderness, as nature made it, it has no savage nor repulsive feature; the verdant carpet, the gracefully waving outlines of the surface, the clumps, the groves, the scattered trees, give it the appearance of a noble park, boundless in extent, adorned with exquisite taste. It is a wild but blooming desert, that does not awe by its gloom, but is gay and cheerful, winning by its social aspect, as well as by its variety and intrinsic gracefulness.—*Thomas L. McKenney, History of the Indian Tribes, Phil. 1855, vol. 2, p. 14.*

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