

PLUMBE'S SKETCHES OF IOWA IN 1839

Concluded from the January, 1925, Issue

An experienced farmer, not long since from Pennsylvania, told us the other day, that with good seed, a favorable season, and such attention as a good Lancaster county farmer usually gives there to his wheat crops, he believes he could raise forty, if not forty-five bushels of wheat to the acre. This is probably not an exaggeration; and yet it would seem almost incredible to the best wheat growers in Pennsylvania, where, perhaps, the largest and best crops of that grain are grown in the Union.

Another farmer near town, expects about six thousand bushels of corn, a yield of sixty or sixty-five bushels to the acre, and he says he did not cultivate it with any thing like care. Another informs us that from one of his fields he expects one hundred bushels to the acre—but that field he cultivated with care.

Other grains, such as rye, buckwheat, &c., also yield abundantly; and as for potatoes, they cannot be excelled in quality and quantity. Our productions, too, command a fair price.

The immense number of emigrants constantly coming and settling among us, and the extensive mining region above, furnish a ready market for our surplus productions.

The mining region will, probably, for many years, be a home or domestic market for many of our products; and the Mississippi, and other rivers, afford us ample opportunity of finding our way to any of the lower markets.

Farmers of Pennsylvania, and elsewhere, in the old States, read this—and then remember that this land, which yields so abundantly, can be purchased for a fourth, an eighth, or even a tenth per *acre*, of what a rood of yours cost you; and that it is not only fertile in the extreme, but it is also well watered, well timbered, and has an abundance of rock for building purposes. There is also no lack of water power or *privilege*. Taxes are so light, that they may be said to be merely nominal, and the country is healthy, and growing with a rapidity unparalleled.

Early in the season as it is, an immense number of strangers and emigrants have already landed from the boats at this place, all with the intention of becoming residents. It would be superfluous to add, that all are pleased—nay, enraptured, with our country. Instances are not rare of men visiting us with the original intention of merely looking at Iowa, who, such is the favor with which they behold it, immediately return to their comparatively bleak and barren homes, dispose of their farms, and hitherward turn their steps. An intelligent gentleman from Ohio, assured us the other day, that at least 20,000

emigrants from the Buckeye State, may be calculated on, during the present season. Incredible as this may seem, there is good cause to believe it."

Burlington is the only incorporated city in the Territory; and those who look at her noble appearance—her brick Churches, Market-House, lofty Stores, and splendid Mansions, that would not disgrace New York—and then recollect how brief has yet been the period of her existence, will not think the appellation misapplied, particularly when considered in reference to what her rapidly increasing importance will render her a few years hence.

DAVENPORT,

The seat of justice for Scott County, is in one of the most beautiful situations for a town, upon the Mississippi river. Its importance might be inferred, without saying any thing farther than that it affords a *weekly newspaper*.

The following is an extract from an editorial article published therein.

"Iowa is a great Territory—a vast country, "a land of promise." Indeed, it might be said, with reverence and truth, that forty years wandering in the desert would be well requited by a safe arrival and subsequent residence in Iowa. The agricultural advantages of this country are immense; and lying as it does, for hundreds of miles along the western margin of the Mississippi, its commercial conveniences are certainly surpassed by no interior state in the Union. No country is capable of supporting a larger amount of population.

When it is remembered, that only the other day, the *Black Hawk war* was raging here in what was the "Indian country," on this very spot, and when we know from official authority that early in June, 1838, our population on this, (the West) side of the river, amounted to more than twenty-two thousand persons; with these facts before us, who can doubt that our increase will surpass any thing to be found in the annals of any nation, or age. But the mystery is fully explained, by a view of our country. No man of taste can see this country without emotions of admiration and delight.

Let our friends in the East, not attempt to dream that we are here in a wilderness. This would be a mistake, which nothing but the illusions peculiar to dreaming, could render pardonable. This has much the appearance of an old country. The same amount of capital and labor that would make a handsome farm in Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland, Virginia, or in any of the old thirteen States, in twenty-five years, would make a better and handsomer farm in Iowa in one fifth of that time. This may surprise many farmers who have not seen this country; but it is nevertheless true. Industrious persons who select Iowa as a home, may safely promise themselves the richest, the most abundant rewards for their labor. The idle had better keep away.

On the river, and in some parts of the interior, we have many handsome and promising towns. Fort Madison, in Lee County, occupies a beautiful and commanding position, and the town is progressing under the direction of well cultivated judgment and taste. Burlington is also an enterprising place, and much has been done to secure its advancement, which has given to its inhabitants a high character for activity and energy. But the fact is, that any location on this river, above the Muscatine slue, is unquestionably healthy. Du Buque, on the North, is a prosperous, healthy and public-spirited town, and its prospects are extended on a highly flattering scale. The mineral wealth and agricultural resources of the country above Du Buque, must make our northern sister a great trading town. This character, indeed, she has attained already. But of all the places in this Territory, or in this world, for the loveliest of all cities, the spot on which we write, (Davenport,) is beyond all comparison, the most beautiful.

The country around Rock Island, is in our opinion, the most charming that ever the eye beheld. Here, nature was clearly intended that the Queen City of the Far West should be built. Rock Island is, of itself, one of the greatest natural beauties on the Mississippi. The "old Fort," not to speak of its military associations, is in truth, an object on which the eye delights to dwell. The large, enterprising and flourishing town of Stephenson, on the opposite shore, adds greatly to the attractions of the scene; and Davenport, with its extended planes and sloping bluffs, completes one of the most splendid pictures that ever delighted the eye of man. The interior of the Territory is all rich, beautiful and productive, from end to end. Sober and industrious farmers may flock in from all quarters, and find a rich reward for pleasant and moderate toil. The interior of the Territory is healthy, and every section of land admits of easy cultivation."

A correspondent of the New York Evening Star, and a gentleman of much taste, writing from Rock Island, says, "There are some bright spots in this rude world which exceed our most sanguine expectations, and this is one.

In the beauty of the surrounding scenery, both on the Upper Mississippi and the Crystal Rock, I have found imaged all the charms I had pictured in my youthful imagination, while reading a description of the Happy Valley in Rasselas, but which I never expected to see in the world of reality. The Father of waters is a giant; even here, 350 miles above St. Louis, it is estimated to be over a mile and a quarter wide, and is 100 miles below Du Buque, and about 500 miles below the head of navigation at the Falls of St. Anthony."

He then speaks of "the enterprise of the vast number of emigrants of the *first class*," who are peopling this country, &c.

DU BUQUE,

Beautifully situated upon the bank of the Mississippi, directly opposite the south-west corner of Wisconsin, and commanding a most interesting view of Lake Peosta, which forms an excellent harbor for the upper part of the town, and of sufficient depth for steam boats of one thousand tons burthen, is the seat of Justice for Du Buque county.

The inexhaustible mineral resources of the country surrounding this place, superadded to its paramount agricultural capacities, and commercial facilities, render Du Buque decidedly the most important place in Iowa.

Lead ore is found in abundance within the corporate limits of the town, and for many miles on every side of it; and yet, strange as it may appear, so extravagantly prodigal of her favors, here, to man, has nature been, that the finest mines in the world are only concealed from view by a surface of soil as rich as the "mineral" it covers. Amongst the first lead ore (*Galena*) ever found upon the continent of North America, was that at Du Buque; and such was its purity and abundance, that the Indians became miners and smelters, at an earlier day than we now have the means of determining. With no other tools than the horn of a buck, or the antler of an elk, did these primitive artisans first excavate the mineral; and afterwards, by means of furnaces of their own invention and construction, did they reduce it to its metallic state: and, it is said by some, that their process was as effective in extracting all the lead, as is that of their white successors of the present day—though ours, of course, is upon a much larger scale, and consequently more expeditious.

This part of the country was formerly inhabited by the "*Renards*" or Fox Indians. About the year 1786, Julien Du Buque, a Frenchman from Canada, came among them and succeeded in obtaining permission to work the mines, which, previously, they had discovered.

On the 22d day of September, 1788, a regular council of the "*Renards*" formally confirmed to him (whom they called la "*Petite Nuit*," (or the "*Little Night*")—in writing, this permission; having particular reference to "the mine discovered by the wife of Peosta." In 1810 Du Buque died, and the curious traveller may find his grave, most romantically situated upon the summit of a bluff overhanging the placid bosom of the great "*Father of Waters*," crowned with shady oaks, and commanding a picturesque view of the town which now bears his name, and does honor to his memory. The spot is marked by a cedar cross, placed at the head of a stone tomb, which the careful hands of his Indian friends and faithful followers, had originally covered with sheets of lead; but which the sacrilegious curiosity of successive visitors has now entirely removed.

The town of Du Buque, which in 1833 was Indian hunting ground, now contains its elegant Cathedral, stone and wooden Churches, its brick Banking House, its Theatre, Court House, Jail, Land Office, Surveyor General's Office, towering Warehouses, splendid Stores, Hotels, Billiard

Rooms, spacious brick Mansions, a large double Steam Saw-Mill, a Printing establishment employing some ten or twelve individuals, a Lyceum, a Temperance Society, Reading-Rooms, a Museum, a Post Office with a tri-weekly mail from the east, a tri-weekly mail from the south-east, a semi-weekly mail from St. Louis, and a weekly mail respectively, from the north, and west; besides a daily river mail when steam boats run.

A classical School, and a Ladies' Academy are here also to be found, in addition to a Seminary incorporated by the Legislature at its last session.

A splendid new Court House, too, is to be built here this season, of brick; the materials for manufacturing which, are found close to the town.

Numerous stores and dwellings, of brick and frame, are also now being put up; giving to Du Buque, in addition to the many fine buildings hitherto erected, the appearance of an old settled place. Her business is very considerable in *exporting* the production of the various lead furnaces in the surrounding neighborhood; to which has been added, this spring, large quantities of *Potatoes*, whose superior quality renders them an article of high estimation in the St. Louis market.

Her *imports* consist of large supplies of every article of utility, comfort, and luxury, that can be imagined; from a *prairie plough to sardines and champagne*.

All this, and more too, has been the work of less than six short years—a period insufficient to have obliterated from the streets, the foot-marks of the recent red owners of the soil! It is needless to add, that any farther attempt at comment upon the unparalleled instance here afforded of the magical transition from barbarism to refined civilization, which Iowa every where presents to the eye of the astonished beholder—would be superfluous in the extreme.

THE MINING OPERATIONS at Du Buque can only be considered as in their earliest stage of infancy. A rich field is, consequently, here presented for the introduction of capital and science; some idea of which, may be formed from the knowledge of the fact, that some of the veins of ore, already worked, and only a few feet beneath the surface, have yielded at the rate of seventy-five dollars, or upwards, per man, per day, for every hand engaged. No reasonable doubt can exist, that so soon as steam-engines are introduced, to enable the miners to penetrate the earth to the depth of a few hundred feet—the veins will be found of greatly increased magnitude and value.

In addition to *lead*, many other valuable minerals will doubtless be discovered in the interesting region surrounding Du Buque.

On the Great Mequetois river, a few miles south of Du Buque, valuable specimens of *copper, tin, chrome, iron, gypsum, and porcelain clay* have been found; and are only waiting for the introduction of capital, to render them sources of vast profit to such as may have the sagacity to apply it in preparing these articles for market. This iron

ore is so pure, that it is susceptible of being polished by the file, almost like a piece of fine casting. The supply of gypsum is believed to be inexhaustible, as is that of the porcelain clay; and the same remark would, in all probability, be true, if applied to the other minerals named; but as yet, their extent has not been ascertained. Great water power is afforded by the Maquoquetois; and some very remarkable caves, filled with singular petrifications, are found near its banks in Jackson county, not far from Belleview, the seat of justice thereof, and a thriving town, handsomely situated upon the Mississippi.

Du Buque is the residence of the Right Rev'd. Bishop of that see, and of the Chief Justice of the Territory, as well as that of many other members of all the learned professions.

A finer agricultural country than that lying north and west of this place, the most fastidious farmer from the Delta of the Nile, could scarcely be supposed to desire. Saw and grist mills are found in all directions; but, yet, many spots, as choice as any, are still open to the occupation of the immigrant.

Emigrants, whose only knowledge of this region, has hitherto been derived from a superficial glance at a map of the United States, object to it on account of its apparent inaccessibility from the East, consequent—as they think—upon its remoteness from that quarter.

But they forget, or are not aware, that a continuous line of steam boats now runs from Du Buque, via New Orleans and New York, to Liverpool and Bristol, in England; besides another, from Du Buque to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where it connects with the great chain of Rail Roads and Canals across that State to the sea board.

The means afforded by these noble boats, of rapid and luxurious traveling, are such, that I shall not be at all surprised if parties of pleasure should, this summer, be seen at the Falls of Saint Anthony, which will have come all the way from the city of London by steam! The excursion would occupy only from five to six weeks, and would be one of the most varied and interesting that could well be imagined.

In addition to the facilities of intercommunication with all parts of the world, afforded her by the steam boats of the Mississippi—whose arrivals average one every day—and whose splendid accommodations, many of them, rival in magnificence and comfort, those of the "Great Western," or "British Queen," Du Buque has other and important channels of intercourse in process of construction,

The United States are now engaged in making a Road from Milwaukee, on Lake Michigan, to this place; towards which, an appropriation of ten thousand dollars has already been granted. It is confidently anticipated, that a regular line of mail stages will be enabled to run upon this road, during the present season.

Congress, at their last session, made another appropriation of thirty thousand dollars, towards the construction of a road from Racine, (on Lake Michigan,) to Sinipee, on the east side of the Mississippi, in Wisconsin—which will there connect with the Milwaukee and Du Buque

road, and from the latter place be continued, diagonally, across the Territory of Iowa, to the Missouri State line.

A *National Rail Road*, too, has already been commenced under the auspices of the General Government, uniting Lake Michigan with the Mississippi, at, or near Du Buque. An appropriation by Congress, having been made for the purpose, the survey and location of this most interesting improvement, have already been commenced; and are now rapidly progressing to completion, under the direction of the Secretary of War.

The vast importance of this work, not only to Du Buque, and Sinipee—the point of termination on the opposite side of the Mississippi—but to the whole of Iowa, Wisconsin, and the country at large—is incalculably great.

Governments are unwieldy bodies, and hence are longer in taking advantage of any great improvement, applicable to their purposes, than private individuals; and thus, sometimes, from unavoidable or unforeseen circumstances, the former are rendered tributary to the latter, to an extent, so great, as ultimately to amount to a serious national evil.

The bane, however, carries with it its antidote, in furnishing a lesson for future use—worth all its cost, however great.

Rail Roads are a case in point. Our Government is now convinced by practical illustrations, that, so far as *economy* is concerned, it would be justifiable in incurring the direct outlay of a sum sufficient to defray the cost of constructing, for its own benefit, Rail Roads upon all the leading routes throughout the Union.

But the powers with which it is vested by the Constitution, are not adequate to the adoption of this course, excepting where the General Government still owns the right of soil, and sovereign jurisdiction. This is the case within the limits of the *Territories*; and an enlightened Congress has now entered upon a plan, whereby, ultimately, to secure to the United States, the *free use, forever*, of a Grand National Rail Road from Lake Michigan to the Pacific Ocean!

Had the entire action of Congress at its session of 1837-38, been limited to the one solitary measure alone—authorizing the commencement of this noble American enterprise—its memory would have been immortalized!

The enhanced value of the public lands along the line of this projected work—will repay the cost of its construction tenfold—thus leaving to the nation, the *clear gain* of a *free* Railway, unparalleled in extent; and forming, when completed, the greatest thoroughfare in the world!

Such are the incomparable advantages possessed by this means of intercourse, over every other yet known—or that probably ever will be—and so great the enterprise and energy of the American people—that by the time the link between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi, is added to the chain, we shall enjoy the magnificent spectacle of one continuous line of Railway, from Maine to Iowa!

The "Illinois Central Rail Road," upwards of four hundred and fifty miles in length, terminating at the city of Cairo, situated at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers; and which is now under contract at various points—reaches to within about ten miles of Du Buque. A branch of the Charleston and Cincinnati Rail Road, from Nashville to Cairo—only about one hundred and twenty miles—the importance of which, will undoubtedly secure its early construction—added to one on the ten miles above mentioned, would give to Du Buque another noble uninterrupted line of Railway to the city of Charleston, South Carolina;—besides to the hundred other points connected with the main trunk by its various branches.

In the vicinity of Du Buque, the lover of nature would be interested in examining various springs whose waters are possessed of petrifying properties. At some of these, tons of vegetable matter, converted into stone, are visible. In some instances, where the stream has trickled down the side of an elevated bank, its channel has originally been overgrown with a covering of moss, which, by the constant percolation of the water, has gradually become solidified; commencing at the roots, and extending to the surface; until its course, instead of being worn *deeper*, as would ordinarily be the case—imperceptibly *rises*; when at last, the rill is diverted into a new bed; leaving the old one to afford an apt illustration of the appearance of chilled lava upon the sides of a volcano—or of one of Ovid's metamorphoses:—a running stream converted into stone.

Beautiful specimens too, are here found of stalactites, cornelian, agate &c.; and shells and other substances embedded in the limestone rock; and, at the depth of many feet, in the miners' shafts, a most singular formation precisely resembling a section of petrified honey comb.

A correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser, on a tour through Wisconsin in 1837, (prior to its division;) writes thus, from Du Buque:

"I have become convinced during our short visit, that this Territory is destined to be, within a few years, say five at most, one of the important states of the Union.—It has many attractions for an enterprising people, which are not united in any of the border states. The emigrant or traveller who comes here expecting to find a waste and howling wilderness, will be agreeably disappointed. The water power is beyond comparison, greater than that of any habitable part of the continent. I doubt if there is another spot where such substantial inducements are held out to the young and enterprising; to men of small capital of any age; and, indeed, to all classes of enterprising men, whether rich or poor.

An industrious individual coming here with \$100, may lay the foundation of an early and comfortable independence, with less toil than he must endure in the old settlements to pay his daily expenses. That so many should continue to struggle with want, and contend with scarcity, until the energies of soul or body are exhausted, in our Atlantic towns,

while such a field as this is spread out invitingly before them, is proof, either of a lazy disposition, or a depraved taste. It argues a discreditable want of spirit and energy.

Du Buque goes ahead of any place in the Territory.—The chief pressure here, is for hands to keep pace with the enterprise of the people. Among various buildings now going up, is a large steam saw-mill, which will furnish increased facilities for building. Society is in the forming state yet, but the materials and the promise are good.”

CITY OF IOWA.

On the 4th of May, 1839, the Commissioners, appointed by the legislature, selected the site for this new city—to be the permanent Capitol of the Territory—upon the east bank of the Iowa river, near the center of Johnson county, and equidistant from both the north and south ends of the surveyed portion of the Territory.

It is about 70 miles from Burlington, 76 from Du Buque, and 40 from Bloomington, the nearest point on the Mississippi.

Its situation is a very beautiful one, having an abundance of timber near it; and a fine quarry of marble, of which the Capitol is to be constructed upon a very magnificent scale.

The surrounding country is well adapted to agriculture; and lead ore is said to have been discovered in the neighborhood: consequently, those who do not object to the distance from the Mississippi, will find many desirable locations for farming and manufacturing purposes, in the vicinity of Iowa City.

It is now upon the western frontier of the Territory—so far as it has yet been surveyed—but the rapidity with which the settlements progress towards the setting sun, will soon render its position central from east to west, as it has before been observed to be, in the opposite direction.

PRAIRIE LA PORTE.

This town is the Capitol of Clayton county, and the most northerly within the organized limits of the Territory.

It stands upon very handsome ground, upon the bank of the Mississippi, and a few miles about the mouth of Turkey river, some distance up which, are situated mines of lead that have been worked to a considerable extent by the Indians; but which they have hitherto refused to discover to the settlers; owing, probably, to some superstitious notions connected, in their minds, with the revelation of the secret. There are, however, other mines now in operation along this stream; which is one of the most clear and beautiful in the world; affording water power to any necessary extent, and navigable for steam boats to the forks. Coal is said to have been found upon it, above the present boundary line.

Some of the finest farms in Iowa, are situated upon this river.

The remainder of the Territory, as far up as the Falls of Saint Anthony, (that being the extent of my personal opportunities of examination in this direction,) is as fair and fertile as any other portion of it: and, as soon as it becomes subject to settlement, will be filled up, with an industrious population, as rapidly as its advantages become known abroad.

SAINT PETERS.

The town of Saint Peters is the most northerly on the banks of the "Great Father of Waters," and is, perhaps, as handsomely situated as any other.

It stands upon the military reservation attached to Fort Snelling—on the west side of the river—and just above the mouth of the stream from which it takes its name. The Fort is large, and built of stone; of which material, the surrounding houses are constructed.

The combined appearance of these objects, added to the fields and gardens around, with the smooth prairie in the rear, and a noble steam boat or two lying upon the river in front—altogether, produce an effect of the most pleasing kind; and half induce the admiring visitor to doubt the evidence of his senses, and question the possibility of the scene he beholds being situated at a remote post, two thousand miles in the interior—resembling as it does so much, the characteristics of an old settled region "down East." But so it is: and such the vast scale upon which our beloved country has been projected by the Great Creator of the universe!

As fine crops of corn, oats, barley, &c., and vegetables of all kinds, are produced here, as in any part of Pennsylvania or New England.

THE FALLS OF SAINT ANTHONY

Are about seven miles above Saint Peters; and, in themselves, afford ample compensation for the time required in accomplishing a visit to them.

It is only surprising that a laudable desire, of increasing their stock of general information respecting the various portions of this mighty Republic, has not already induced a greater number of our citizens to worship Nature at this, her shrine; than which, perhaps, there is no other upon this continent more emphatically deserving of the appellation. Certainly she can nowhere be adored, surrounded with more striking attributes of native wildness and primeval beauty.

How many thousands upon thousands annually flock to participate in the monotonous and frivolous amusements of our fashionable watering places—whose knowledge of the country is so far from perfect, that the *name*, even, of the Falls of Saint Anthony, is comparatively unknown to them; and yet, the facilities afforded for visiting them, by means of splendid steam boats, are not surpassed, by those of any fashionable resort in the older portion of the Union.

Those who visit these Falls, at present, generally stay no longer than the boat in which they are conveyed—although, tolerable accommodations may be procured at St. Peters, by those who feel disposed to protract the opportunity of enjoying the examination of the surrounding interesting scenery.

It is in contemplation to build a fine Hotel (at the Falls,) for the accommodation of the increasing numbers who now go there during the warm season. A gentleman who knows the place, remarks, most truly—

“If this project succeeds, it will afford a delightful resort in the summer from the cares of the world, for the man of business, and the invalid will be invigorated by healthful breezes and a delicious climate.

Many who have heard of the Falls of Saint Anthony, are not aware of the splendid scenery with which the country abounds. Smooth, glittering sheets of water, verdant meadows, and high bleak bluffs, give elegance and grandeur to the landscape.

The wide extended prairies well stock with grouse, and blooming with a variety of many kinds of flowers—the Lake abounding with fish, and their shores covered with beautiful specimens of cornelian and incrustations of shells, offer great attraction to the sportsman and the man of taste.

The savage can be here seen in his wildest state, and an Indian dance will be no rare occurrence. In truth, I do not believe a few weeks or months could be spent more pleasantly any where, if proper accommodations could be had, than at the Falls of St. Anthony.”

But without any better means of enjoying the trip, than those at present afforded—I am satisfied that no one who may be induced to undertake it, would return, without being willing to add his testimony to that of others who have preceded him, in favor of its claims upon the attention of the traveling community. The scenery along the entire length of the river, from Rock Island to the Falls, is of the most beautiful and bewitching character. The park-like disposition of the trees—the smooth sloping lawns, and the strikingly castellated appearance of many of the bluffs—whose rocky points and fronts, have often a *finish* which seems literally artificial—all combine in producing a charming effect—peculiarly unique, and indescribable. No where else has it been my lot to observe aught, calculated so irresistibly, to lead a contemplative mind “to look through nature, up to nature’s God.” The Great Creator here appears—if I may be allowed the expression, in a qualified sense—to have done his utmost, to furnish his creatures with a land, combining as much of the useful and beautiful, as could fall to the share of man, in this sublunary world. I have admired some of the most romantic scenery of the Alleghenies—I have traveled upon the far-famed Hudson, and along the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna—and the placid Juniata; I have gazed in wonder at the mighty Cataract of Niagara, and witnessed some of the most celebrated scenes on the other side of the Atlantic; but to me, none of these objects appeared so emi-

nently calculated to call forth wonder, and praise to the Almighty Architect, as some that may be found upon the Upper Mississippi. I therefore cannot refrain from here recommending it, in the strongest terms, to all who desire to spend a few weeks during the summer, in the enjoyment of interesting and instructive recreation, to pay a visit to the Falls of Saint Anthony; feeling very confident, that no one who adopts this advice, will return, without increased admiration at the vast extent and resources of our noble country—and the beneficence of the Great Creator of the universe, whose designing hand has here, so strikingly been employed.

“Father of Waters! pride of noble streams!
 Thy arms are stretched abroad, and proudly seek
 To bind the towering ridge, whose bright crest gleams
 With orient light, to that, whose fiery peak
 Is bathed in farewell brightness. Could'st thou speak,
 The mighty scenes, which on thy banks have passed,
 What wonders could'st thou tell. Full many a shriek
 Of slaughtered nations waked thy echoes vast,
 And from thy rocky walls with dreadful sound was cast.
 Perchance the steel-clad warrior trod thy bank,
 And marshaled armies pealed the battle-cry;
 Nations extinct, arose, declined, and sank,
 Ere the swift Indian taught the deer to fly!
 Dreadful, the mammoth, to thy shores drew nigh,
 Thundering in wrath, and poured destruction wide,
 And rushed from western steeps in ocean's wave to hide!
 In after times the dark-eyed Indian rose,
 And launched his light canoe upon thy wave;
 Raised the fierce war-whoop to confound his foes,
 And asked no glory but the name of Brave.
 But where his triumph now? Down to the ground,
 Like Syrian hosts before Jehovah's name,
 His nation sank without an arm to save.
 Thus empires fade—not so thy deathless fame;
 Unchanging thou art still—eternal and the same.
 No more in triumph rose the warrior's song;
 But freedom's anthem pealed its joyous strain,
 Awoke thy shores to rapture loud and long,
 And bade its echoes fly from main to main.
 Majestic stream! thy rolling waves sustain
 The wealth of Indian isles, and waft their sweets
 To blissful vales, where Peace and Virtue reign.
 O! what to me are Tempe's bright retreats,
 If on thy verdant plains, my heart with pleasure beats!?”

A gentleman whose opportunities of observation, in various parts of the world, have been by no means limited, thus describes a recent trip to the Falls of St. Anthony, in the “Pittsburgh Saturday Visitor.”

"I have inhaled the perfume of the orange groves of Spain, trod the sunny plains of Italy, wandered along the classic shores of Greece, glided gaily on the silvery bosom of the Marmora, scaled the snow clad steeps of the eternal Alps,—all this have I done in fancy, while my imagination accompanied some venturesome tourist as he sketches gracefully and vividly the recollection of his wanderings through these storied lands. And how fondly, while partaking the enthusiasm of his graphic narrations, have I wished with all the ardor of youth that I might be transported to the scenes described, that I might one day wander amid those haunts so vividly portrayed on my imagination. I believed that nature and art possessed more grandeur and beauty in those Trans-Atlantic climes than in our own America. Even in my wildest dream, I did not fancy that my native land could boast of scenes surpassing in magnificence and loveliness, any thing which the far-famed climes of the East could present. My heart's deepest aspirations were to behold the scenes of other lands; I did not know that in the vast extent of my own, more variety, magnificence and beauty were embraced, than in them all combined. But since those youthful days, I have seen much of my own country, and even my early dreams have been surpassed by the magnificence of her scenery. * * * * *

I hold it to be the imperative duty of those whose peculiar advantages have given them opportunities of visiting and beholding these scenes, to make public their knowledge; thereby dispelling prejudices in favor of foreign lands, and giving due credit to the vast resources and treasures of their own.

The rapid and sudden transition experienced in emerging into the Upper Mississippi, conveys feelings of awe to the mind of the inexperienced voyager. * * * * *

Above the Missouri, the character of the Mississippi is entirely different from its appearance below.

As you pass along, the shores assume a richer and more varied aspect—rugged and precipitous bluffs at intervals relieve the succession of gentle slopes and prairie land, imparting a beauty to the scenery, superior to anything I have ever beheld. A prairie over all other scenes, possesses singularly captivating charms, and excites feelings of profound and intense admiration. Fancy an extensive meadow, clothed in the richest garniture of summer, its pure carpet of delicate green embellished with every variety and hue, its velvet lawn beginning at the very edge of the water, and sloping gently upward until it attains an elevation sufficient to escape the periodical inundations which submerge a portion of this bright and magnificent—I had almost said, fairy land.

For miles along the river, you behold this magnificent prospect; the eye wandering over its sunbright surface, following the broad and rapidly passing shadows of the summer clouds, careering as it were, in sport, over the lovely and, resplendent landscape. Here and there a solitary oak, or elm rears its proud head; and seems to revel on the picturesque beauty of these charming scenes; and far away in the distance you ob-

serve small clustering groves, with the appearance of denser foliage, situated along the devious and serpentine courses of the thousand tributary streams, or perched on the distant bluffs beyond them—the delighted vision feeding on the whole, until it becomes satiated with excess of beauty.

“These are the Gardens of the Desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name”—

The brightest dreams that the poet's fancy ever indulged; the happiest visions which throng the mind of the oriental, while under the narcotic influence of his favorite drug, are tame in comparison with the natural scenery exhibited at Rock Island. I feel that to render justice to its exceeding beauty, I should require the delineating powers of a Miss Pardoe, or the limning pencil of a Cole. * * *

On the left (western) shore, the perspective has a peculiar and enchanting beauty. Slopes, or gentle eminences attaining an altitude of eighty or one hundred feet above the surface of the stream, stretch in endless succession parallel with the river. On the summits of these, you have a position unequalled in splendor as a residence for a lover of nature. In the rear, extends a rolling prairie covered with rich grass, enameled with flowers, relieved by occasional clumps of trees or luxuriant forests.

The lawn, clothed with its soft velvet sward, extends to the margin of the river, and bathes its gay garniture of flowers in the clear stream below. So deceptive are its natural beauties, and so strongly do they resemble improvements by art, that in opposition to positive knowledge, you are continually expecting to see some splendid mansion amid the park-like clumps of trees which cover each individual knoll. The richness of the verdure—the gently receding declivities—the admirable adaptation to culture, continually impress the mind with the idea that man has introduced and employed the most capable artists, to select positions of natural beauty, and by lavish expenditure of wealth, has prepared those locations to be the abodes of grandeur and luxury.

We are here forcibly reminded of the vast superiority which nature possesses over art. Not all the wealth of the Indies, could add to the softness and captivating effect of these natural landscapes.

Providence has here bestowed his bounties with a lavish hand, and given to this region a richness of soil, a capacity of culture, and a genial climate which are unequalled, perhaps, by any portion of the globe.”

In reference to the mineral region, commencing a little below Du Buque, the writer observes:

“The inducements to emigration, where the source of wealth depended on the fortunate explorations and industry of the emigrant, are great, and many have enriched themselves by the enterprise. The poor digger of today, is converted into the rich miner of to-morrow.

Here is a wide field for him who is ambitious to secure wealth, or climb the hill of Fame,

Fortune and Fame, when wooed by the bold and enterprising settler, yield their favors with a lavish hand, without requiring that niggardly penuriousness, and that slavish obeisance to superiors, which always are their attendants in older and more populous regions. Industry and ability are sure progenitors of wealth and reputation, and poverty is here the heritage of the idle and dissipated alone."

He then proceeds with his trip up the river, as follows:

"From Prairie du Chien, which is surrounded by high hills, our route lay through huge piles of rock, perched on the summits of the adjacent hills, whose imposing grandeur conveyed feelings of awe to the mind, in unison with the stupendous sublimity of their character. While the eye rested on their rosy crests, the imagination conjured them into warlike castles, fortified for defence, erected to guard the avenue of waters beneath; each sentinel, perhaps invested with that grim and forbidding aspect attributed to these functionaries by the transcriber of those stirring legends of feudal times. Their unique conformation is calculated to awaken feelings of admiration, at the caprice of nature. For thirty feet from the summit, which usually attained a conic form, the surface was covered with flinty fragments which had been detached from the main rock, and precipitated below. Among these fragments, the grass grew luxuriantly, giving a peculiarly beautiful, chequered appearance to the slopes. The uniform declivities towards the water, exposed a surface of gladdening beauty, interspersed with charming dells, and cool green shades, impervious even to the gleaming rays of a meridian sun.

Upon these sunny slopes, repose in calm security, the rude lodges, or wigwams of small bands of Indians, whose taste is universally exhibited, in selecting for their temporary villages, the most enchanting spots, in this enchanting region. Amid these boundless plains—these noble mountains, and these romantic islands did we proceed; the expiring beams of the evening sun, lighting up with fiery radiance, the tall peaks of the mountainous shores, and diffusing its golden lustre upon the green slopes of the glad hills, while its horizontal rays shone among the noble trees, and unveiled the rich glories of the landscape.

Insensible indeed must be that heart in which such scenes would not awaken a thrill of joy, unalloyed by connexion with the realities of life.

As our boat shot gracefully around each bend, new scenes for wonder, and astonishment, called forth bursts of admiration. A graceful terrace, clad in robes of vernal beauty, laved its green sward in the stream, whose waters kissed its side. Upon its surface, straight rows of young and branching oaks, placed with all the regularity of an orchard, reached far into the wood. Their mathematical regularity misled us into the belief, that a nursery of ripening fruit, would shortly await the period for plucking. Vain illusion! it was only another caprice of nature.

A narrow strait, guarded by promontories jutting from the main

land, and the island adjacent, ushered us into an expansion of the river, called Lake Pepin.

The world cannot present a more lovely scene. By a sudden transition, you emerge from the narrow channel of the river, into a basin whose length is twenty-two miles, its breadth varying from two to five. Its shores are alternately rocky bluffs, and gentle slopes, interspersed on the eastern side with bays, inlets, mountainous capes, and broad green meadows.

As our eyes wandered across the broad expanse of waters, we beheld the frail bark of the Indian skimming the silvery surface, ever and anon suspending its velocity, to enable the occupant to strike some unwary fish with his long pronged spear.

The shores of the lake abound in Cornelian, Agate, and Onyx, rich and rare specimens of which attract the loiterer, and cause him to prolong his wanderings by the shore.

The unfolded beauties of the St. Peter's prairie, and its warlike adjunct (Fort Snelling) were exhibited to our view, on a bright and glorious morning in July. * * * Upon a high parapet of white sand-stone, whose bright particles reflected with dazzling brilliancy, the glaring rays of the summer sun, the massive structure of the Fort, reared its bold castellated and formidable proportions.—Its position is magnificently picturesque. The Mississippi river diverging from its channel, sweeps suddenly around the abrupt bluff base, and by encroaching on the gentle banks below, intermingles its waters with the noiseless and placid St. Peters, which at the distance of 200 yards, pursues its course in a parallel direction, until at a short distance below, its mass of waters are disembogued into the vortex of its insatiate neighbor. * * * * *

There was a joyous hilarity, a freedom from care, strongly in unison with the scene, in roaming these boundless plains, surrounded by thousands of the aboriginal inhabitants in their primitive character, without the consequent deterioration, and degradation uniformly produced by intermixture with the whites. * * * * Far away in the distance, at intervals, might be seen the glad waters of the St. Peters river, reflecting from its polished surface, with mellowed refulgence, the glittering radiance of a vertical sun. * * * * *

There is a purity of atmosphere in this region, which enables the vision to circumscribe objects at a distance so far remote, as almost to induce incredulity. On a gentle undulation of this laughing and variegated carpet, we observed a herd of cattle grazing under the grateful shadows of the interlaced branches of the clumps of trees which studded its sides, affording amid its cool shades, protection from the scorching rays of the noon-tide sun. Their distance, we believed, did not exceed two miles, yet we traversed twelve before we approached them. Admiring the genial beauty of this enchanting picture, and inhaling rich drafts of renewed and increased beauty, our course was suddenly ar-

rested by a trifling rill, which irrigated and fertilized the rich alluvial soil.

At the suggestion of the driver, we quitted the carriage to behold this seemingly insignificant stream precipitate its waters over a bed of rock, a distance of something more than forty feet, upon the rough and jagged masses of stone, forming a time-worn basin for the noisy cascade. Leaving its banks, we explored the neighborhood, and found that our Jehu certainly evinced fine taste in recommending the spot, for in all my wanderings I have seen nothing more delightfully attractive than the scenery and associations embraced within the scope of a single glance.

High above our heads, the noisy volume of water leaped on to the verge of the cataract, and then pausing but a brief while, sent its sparkling shower tremblingly, yet evenly, over the barrier, whence it came madly down upon the fractured rocks at our feet. The spray caused by the strong and powerful concussion, imparted a cooling influence to the shaded dell, while to the eye it appeared an iris, lighting up the almost gloomy shade.

The Falls of St. Anthony. * * * * Standing on the western bank of the Mississippi, you behold the stream dividing and encircling an island immediately above, then re-uniting, and for two hundred yards, by its agitation, appears to regret the formidable feat it is destined to accomplish.

The river which is here about 700 yards wide, tumbles its vast sheet of water over a ledge extending across the stream; in the centre, a projecting point of the rock, somewhat resembling a horse-shoe, divides the fall. On the western side, the waters dash themselves upon huge masses of detached rocks, which are distributed in the bed in a state of chaotic confusion, and while they diminish the grandeur of the scene, cast from their broad and jagged surface, volumes of foam and spray, glistening with bright refulgence in the rays of the glorious sun.

The eastern portion of the fall, quickly and calmly slides over its rocky bed, falling perpendicularly into the pool below, and after the ruffled and uneven temper of the waters subsides, again mingles itself into the flowing stream.

The shores on both sides, are crowned with luxuriant vegetation, and the rocky and romantic bluffs below, serve to attract our wonder and admiration."

The following, from the N. Y. Express, will not, it is hoped, be thought foreign to the general purpose of this work.

"In the year 1792, or thereabouts, a mortgage was taken on the county of Ontario, which then composed the whole State of New York, west of Utica, and belonged to Oliver Phelps. The mortgage is on record in the office of the Secretary of State, at Albany. It was for \$16,000, and the security was supposed to be hardly adequate to so

large a sum. About the same time, a gentleman having occasion to travel among the Indians, procured a horse from Mr. White, the first settler at Whitestown.

During the tour, the horse's shoes were found to be loose, but through the whole journey of a month, no person was found who could make new ones. On returning to Whitestown, the gentleman took the horse, first to the blacksmith, and then to Mr. White, who on being enquired of for his charge, said that the new shoes were a sufficient compensation for the use of the horse."

"The above facts show at a glance, what has been accomplished, (in a country which forty seven years ago was an unsubdued wilderness, then inhabited by various tribes of Indians,) by a people who had only just begun to rise from their impoverished condition, caused by the troubles of a colonial war, with a limited population, and a still more limited knowledge of the vast resources of this vast country.

The rise of this State (New York,) and particularly the interior, was slow comparatively, until the introduction of steam upon our waters, and the completion of our great Canal—and before the great lakes were alive with the sail-craft and steam boats which now fill the harbors upon their shores. It is needless to draw a picture of what this State now is, it is too familiar to all classes. Great and populous cities and towns have risen up, forming the centres of vast trade and commerce. We read of four thousand emigrants leaving one port on Lake Erie this season, in a single day, for a great city a thousand miles beyond this Territory—which was mortgaged for the paltry sum of sixteen thousand dollars, and we see that identical city (Chicago,) increasing her tonnage from seven hundred to sixty-thousand, in thirty-six months!

In the State of New York, the past fifteen years have accomplished the greater part of this change.

The question must arise in the mind of every reflecting man—what change will be experienced in the Great West during the next ten years?

Every element of prosperity has quadrupled, even during the past fifteen years—we have a thousand auxiliaries now, which were unknown or inactive then. We have canals and rail roads penetrating the heart of our country. We have steam ships upon our great lakes, doubling in number every year.

We have the vast fertile prairies of the West all ready for the plough, which, fifteen years ago, were the Indians' hunting grounds.

We have numerous lines of *ferry boats*, to which are now added steam ships, constantly plying across the Atlantic to populous Europe.

Through them, we have a tremendous stream of emigration, coming like a flood upon our shores, and entering the very heart of the wild, fertile West. Besides, we have an energetic, enterprising population of our own, of fifteen millions, pushing their fortunes, in commerce,

manufactures, agriculture, and all the arts and embellishments of civilized life.

The country must and will rise; and her growth for the next ten years, will be looked upon by future generations as an astonishing miracle of the age. The growth of the Far West, will, doubtless, advance in a greater ratio; for the simple reason alone, that there the country is diversified with prairie and timber, so happily proportioned to the wants of agriculture, that no wilderness stands to impede the farmer for half a generation, as was the case in New York forty-five years since.

The general evenness of the almost limitless West, forms almost a natural Rail-Road, and will facilitate every work of international improvement.

Their mines of metals and coals are inexhaustible, and their rivers of thousands of miles are teeming with the beauties and luxuriance of nature. These must and will soon be peopled, and peopled too, during the next ten years, beyond the wildest predictions of the present day. We live in an age of labor-saving machines, which are now doing more than the public are generally aware of in the advance of America. This *lever*, of itself, will raise our country fifty years in ten. Already are they adapting machines to the culture of the western prairies. Wilson's mowing and grain cutting machine has been introduced into Illinois, and it will be to the prairie countries of the West, what the cotton-gin is to the South.

The steam plough to break the prairies, will be one of the next important implements in the train of agricultural miracles of the future.

To those who have seen and taken a correct view of the Far West, there opens a field of reflection upon the future which they hardly dare to publish to the world, lest they should be charged with visionary views. But I unhesitatingly assert, that when the curtain shall be drawn, disclosing the advance of the next ten years in the far western states, to the astonished world, it will prove incontestibly that *reality* is more strange and startling than *fiction*."

* "One remarkable characteristic of matters and things in the West, is perpetual excitement. Nothing is stationary; every thing is going ahead. The people are bold, bustling and energetic, and are all on the alert to keep pace with the times. A western town, therefore, presents a scene peculiarly unique. It is full of enterprise, activity, and life, and is as unlike a similar place in the East, as the Norwegian Maelstrom to a stagnant pool. The throng of immigrants and travelers, the bustle of speculation, the hurry of moving and removing, the noise of building and rebuilding, all concur to give such a scene of variety and interest.

There is more incident in life at the West than at the East; and although one may miss the refinement and polish which prevail there, he will find himself more than recompensed by a continual recurrence of wonders and novelties.

Owing to this, it is seldom that a person who has resided for some years here, can ever content himself to return and live in the East. Here, every thing is on the move. Villages spring up like mushrooms, and grow into towns, and even into cities, in a few years. Agriculture and improvement rapidly encroach upon the limits of the wilderness; and commerce stretches out her arms from the ocean on the east, to the Gulph on the south. The rivers are full of steam boats; the roads thronged with vehicles of pleasure or business. To pass from such a scene to most of our eastern towns, where every thing is stationary—where the scenes are all unvarying—the faces all the same—and where each year is but a stale revolution of similar objects and events—it is much like passing from life unto death—like exchanging fascinating and stirring scenes of fiction for the cold monotonous regions of fact.

The West is indeed a world of wonders. The earth cannot produce her parallel, whether we consider the abundance of her native resources, or the rapidity of their development; and these are so prolific that we can only unfold—not exhaust them. Her course will ever be onward, until she become the mistress of our country, and the garden of the world. She has already laid the foundation of cities that are destined to surpass the proudest Capitol of the ancient continent, in grandeur and population; and her commerce, ere long, will rival that of the Indies, in richness and extent."

Very erroneous ideas are entertained abroad, in relation to the winters of Iowa. They are supposed to be very long, dreary, and intensely cold—with great quantities of snow. The very reverse is the fact. Pleasanter winters I have never experienced, from New York to North Carolina. I have never seen snow a foot deep, since I have been in the Territory; and the weather is almost a continuous succession of sunshine, far more uninterrupted than I have ever seen in any other part of the world, and no colder than is common, say, in Pennsylvania.

I have seen the Mississippi here entirely clear of ice in January, and the farmers ploughing in December. The first steam boat that arrived at Du Buque this spring, was on the 13th March; and, whilst serious injury is said to have been sustained by the early vegetables this season in Missouri and Ohio, from the frost, I am not aware of there having been cause for the slightest complaint on this subject, in a single instance, in any part of Iowa. And, as to the notion of its being too cold about Du Buque, for the successful prosecution of agriculture, the idea is too ridiculous to require refutation. Even as far north as Pembina—Lord Selkirk's interesting settlement upon Red River of Hudson's Bay—situated upon the coldest verge of the limits of Iowa, in latitude 49 deg.—or 6½ deg. beyond Du Buque—the cultivation of wheat, &c. is attended with the most satisfactory results.

In 1837, the writer introduced the mulberry and sugar beet into Du Buque county; and the soil and climate are found to be well adapted to their extensive culture, and but a few years will elapse, before silk and

sugar will be added to the list of Iowa's valuable productions; a good deal of public attention, here, being now directed to this subject.

No capital is here requisite, but the disposition, and ability to work—to insure to the poorest, an immediate competence, followed by a speedy independence. This region may emphatically be termed the poor man's paradise; whilst to the rich one, it affords a proportionately great opportunity of increasing his wealth.

On the subject of education, it will be recollected that one thirty-sixth part of *all* the lands, are appropriated by the General Government to school purposes. In addition to this, a donation of 46,080 acres—worth probably one hundred thousand dollars—has been made “for the support of an University in Wisconsin”—and a like quantity will doubtless be granted to Iowa, for a similar purpose. Amongst the bills passed at the last session of the Legislature, was one incorporating Seminaries for general education, at Burlington, Du Buque, and many other towns in the Territory—besides other laws promoting the diffusion of knowledge; one of which, provides for the organization of public schools in every township; all proving, that Iowa is not unmindful of the paramount consideration of securing to the rising generation, all the benefits of mental cultivation.

Another bill was passed, chartering the “Bloomington and Cedar River Canal Company”—and one providing for the erection of a Penitentiary at Fort Madison, the seat of Justice for Lee county, the site for which, has lately been selected by the Directors appointed for that purpose by the law.

It has been proposed to apply an appropriation of twenty thousand dollars made by Congress, “for erecting public buildings in the Territory of Iowa,” towards the construction of this edifice. Thus it will be seen that the people here are alive to every thing tending to promote the general prosperity and welfare of the country of their adoption, by the immediate introduction of the appliances of civilization and good order, which they have all learned to appreciate in the older States from which they have migrated.

Iowa presents incalculable advantages to emigrants from the middle and eastern States, Canada, and from Europe; the climate being so admirably adapted to their constitutions. The superior attractions which the U. States hold out to foreign emigrants, are strongly contrasted with those of the Canadas, in the following remarks, coming from distinguished individuals, whose testimony is entitled to the greater consideration, because the natural bias of their predilections would, of course, not be calculated to award to us, at best, any more credit than we are justly entitled to.

My own personal opportunities of observation warrant my saying, that great as is the contrast between the appearance of the Canada, and the opposite shores—it will be far from affording to the resident of the Provinces, an adequate idea of the still greater advantages he would

realize, by planting himself upon some of the fair fields of Iowa or Wisconsin.

The late report of Lord DURHAM on the affairs of Canada, thus contrasts the appearance of the American and Canadian shores:

"On the American side, all is activity and bustle. The forest has been widely cleared; every year numerous settlements are formed, and thousands of farms are created out of the waste; the country is intersected by common roads; canals and rail roads are finished, or in the course of formation; the ways of communication and transport are crowded with people and enlivened by numerous carriages and large steam boats. The observer is surprised at the number of vessels they contain; while bridges, artificial landing places, and commodious wharves are formed in all directions as soon as required.

Good houses, warehouses, mills, inns, villages, towns, and even great cities, are almost seen to spring up out of the desert. Every village has its school house and place of public worship. Every town has many of both, with its township buildings, its book stores, and probably one or two banks and newspapers; and the cities with their fine churches, their great hotels, their exchanges, court houses, and municipal halls of stone or marble, so new and fresh as to mark the recent existence of the forest where they now stand, would be admired in any part of the old world. On the British side of the line, with the exception of a few favored spots, where some approach to American prosperity is apparent, all seems waste and desolate. There is but one rail road in all British America, and that running between the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain, is only fifteen miles long. The ancient city of Montreal, which is naturally the commercial capital of the Canadas, will not bear the least comparison in any respect with Buffalo, which is a creation of yesterday.

But it is not in the difference between the larger towns on the two sides that we shall find the best evidence of our own inferiority. That painful but undeniable truth is most manifest in the country districts through which the line of national separation passes for 1,000 miles. There, on the side of both the Canadas, and also of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, a widely scattered population, poor, and apparently unenterprising, though hardy and industrious, separated from each other by tracts of intervening forests, without towns or markets, almost without roads, living in mean houses, drawing little more than a rude subsistence from ill cultivated land, and seemingly incapable of improving their condition, present the most instructive contrast to their enterprising and thriving neighbors on the American side."

The "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles," of Mrs. JAMIESON, has a passage to the same effect:

"I hardly know how to convey to you an idea of the difference between the two shores; it will appear to you as incredible as it is to me incomprehensible. Our shore is said to be the most fertile, and has been the longest settled; but to float between them, (as I did to-day in a lit-

the canoe made of a hollow tree, and paddled by a half-breed imp of a boy,) to behold on one side a city with its towers and spires and animated population, with villas and handsome houses stretching along the shore, and 100 vessels or more, gigantic steamers, brigs and schooners, crowding the port, loading and unloading; all the bustle, in short, of prosperity and commerce; and, on the other side, a little straggling hamlet, one schooner, one little wretched steam boat, some windmills, a catholic chapel or two, a supine ignorant peasantry, all the symptoms of apathy, indolence, mistrust, hopelessness! Can any one help wondering at the difference, and, ask whence it arises? There must be a cause for it surely—but what is it? Does it lie in past or in present—in natural or accidental circumstances? In the institutions of the Government or the character of the people? Is it remediable? Is it a necessity? Is it a mystery? What and whence is it? Can you tell? Or can you send some of our colonial officials across the Atlantic, to behold and solve the difficulty?"

The Territory of Iowa extends a few miles farther south, than is represented upon the map accompanying this work, taking in the triangle lying between the Mississippi and Des Moines.

This piece of ground is called the "Half-breed Tract," having been given to those descendants of the Sac and Fox Indians, by Congress.

As yet, there is some difficulty about obtaining a title to any particular portion of this tract; and, consequently, immigrants generally pass on to lands owned by the United States, which they can rest satisfied of being able to purchase, at \$1.25 per acre.

Whoever will have taken the pains to read the foregoing pages, with the slightest attention, must inevitably have arrived at one of two conclusions; either that the statements they contain, are untrue; or else, that Iowa and Wisconsin are, at least, worth *visiting* and *examination*. The writer would willingly compound to have his work so far discredited, as only to leave upon the minds of his readers a sufficient effect, to induce each to come, *in propria persona*, and satisfy himself by ocular demonstration, of its correctness. Their only regret would be, that they had not done so sooner.

In conclusion, I may remark, that however flattering the contents of this volume may appear to the characteristics of Iowa, yet, such are the real charms and peculiar attributes she possesses, that words are inadequate to convey a proper idea of them.

It is beyond the power of language to do her justice—say nothing of surpassing the truth.

Iowa, then, is like a beautiful and fascinating female, whose transcendent attractions must be *seen*, to be appreciated.

ADDENDA.

POPULATION OF IOWA.

The first census taken in Iowa, (then the "Iowa District" of Wisconsin)—was in August, 1836, at which time, the whole of the present Territory was comprised in only two counties, the population of which, according to the official returns, stood thus:

Du Buque County,	- - - -	- -	4274
Des Moines County	- - - -	- -	6257

10,531

In May, 1838, these two counties having been divided into sixteen—the census was again taken, and the result was as follows:

<i>Counties.</i>	<i>Population.</i>
Louisa,	1180
Jackson, - - - -	881
Jones, - - - -	241
Linn,	205
Des Moines, - - - -	4605
Muscatine,	1247
Clinton,	445
Scott,	1252
Du Buque,	2381
Johnson,	237
Cedar,	557
Van Buren,	3174
Henry,	3058
Clayton,	274
Slaughter,	283
Lee,	2839

22,859

From this, it appears, that in twenty-one months, the population had *doubled* itself, and left an excess of 1797 souls besides.

It is reasonable to suppose that the ratio of increase is constantly advancing; but assuming it to be no greater since the last census, than it was during the twenty-one months preceding, there will be in Iowa, at the close of the present year, upwards of thirty-four thousand inhabitants.

The following is the copy of an editorial paragraph in the Daily St. Louis "Republican," of June 4, 1839.

"IMMIGRATION.—The tide of immigration now, and which for months past, has been pouring into Wisconsin and Iowa, is beyond the estimation of any one who has not witnessed it. In the latter Territory it has averaged, if we are correctly informed, several hundred per day, and

yet they come in hosts. A gentleman, who in April last, went through a portion of the Territory, informs us, that he passed through a prairie on which, at that time, there was not a single settlement of any kind. Returning a few days since through the same prairie, on arriving at the highest point in it, he counted eighteen farms or settlements opened and opening. In a month or less, the whole face of a large tract of country is completely metamorphosed; from a desert, disturbed only by the wild beast, or occasional visits of the hunter or the pioneer, it becomes a densely populated settlement, with scarcely sufficient "range" to sustain the cattle of the settlers. Such is the history of Iowa and Wisconsin. Being free from slavery, swarms, like bees from a hive, of Northerners and New Englanders are daily wending their way in that direction. We will not speak of the number, lest our veracity may be suspected; but if any one wants to satisfy himself, just look at the deck of a boat freighted for the Upper Mississippi."

COST OF TRAVELING.

A cabin passage from Pittsburgh, (Pa.,) to Du Buque, is about thirty dollars for one individual, and on the lower deck, from eight to ten dollars. When a party travels together, the expenses would be less.

For the larger sum mentioned, the passenger is supplied with every thing he wants; but in the other case, neither provisions nor bedding are furnished by the boat.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION VICTORY OF 1848

Whilst we are tugging away at the old press, a merry party, across the way, are tripping it "on the light fantastic toe," in honor of the president elect. The streets are thronged with merry boys, shops, stores and dwelling houses are crowded all about us, and everything bespeaks a gladness of heart but seldom witnessed on this cold, sin-polluted world of ours. The firecrackers in the street seem to pop with a merry ring, lights dance to and fro with a happier gleam, the very carriages in the street send forth a hilarious rumble, and our old press, a staid sober-minded member of the Smith family, creaks tonight in a mirthful mood. All nature rejoices, for the nation stands redeemed.—*The Bloomington Herald*, Bloomington (now Muscatine), Iowa, November 25, 1848. (In the newspaper collection of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa.)

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