

May 16. Came to an Indian log-cabin, which had a fence around it. Passed several dead buffaloes floating down stream. A few hundred miles above here the river is confined between high, steep bluffs, many of them nearly perpendicular, and impossible for the buffalo to climb: when they have leaped or fallen down these, they try to ascend them or swim to the opposite shore, which is equally difficult; unable to ascend them they fall back time and again until they are exhausted, and at last, getting into the current, are borne away and drowned; hundreds thus perish every year, and their swollen and putrid bodies have been seen floating as low down as St. Louis. The Indians along shore watch for these carcasses, and no matter how putrid, if the "hump" is fat, they drag them ashore and cut it out for food.

Farther up the river, barges passed, bringing down the spoils of the hunters; one from St. Pierre had ten thousand buffaloes on board. The men reported that the country above was filled with buffaloes, and the shores of the river were covered with the dead bodies of old and young ones.

From *The Life of John James Audubon, the Naturalist.*
 Edited by his widow. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son,
 1869. WILLIAM SALTER.

APOSTROPHE TO THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

In this hour of sacred eulogy of our dead, no noble soul will deny a slight chaplet to those who fell on the other side. Their cause is lost forever; indeed, the genius of liberty and the spirit of modern civilization foredoomed it to defeat. Never braver men stood embattled with a losing cause, and their ruined homes, and broken fortunes, and the last trenches of defeat and disaster, filled with the best blood of their race, attest their sincerity and devotion. But courage and devotion are never wholly lost; and when the perfect union of these people shall have come,—the union of which our fathers dreamed, and for which their sons died,—then the lustrous courage of our foemen shall become part of the common history of our common race and common blood. I lift my soul unto a vision of a noble future, when strife and clamor between the sections shall be hushed, forever, and one people, with one flag, and one destiny, shall teach only the gospel of peace and good will, from our northern boundary to where the southern cross blazes above the southern ocean. Enlarged patriotism, and enlightened statesmanship, should hasten the day. Its dawn is almost here. Let the loyalty and courage of the blue and the courage and devotion of the gray be given as the most patriotic duty of the hour toward absolute reconciliation. It is as holy a cause as was the war for the unity of these states. The blue and the gray sleep in peace, side by side, on every hill top, and in every valley of all the battle fields of the republic; over them bend the same heavens, above them shine the same stars, fixed, immutable; over them sweeps the same flag, free and immortal. Fallen comrades of the blue! Fallen foemen of the gray! Ye have pitched your tents together in the Eternal Bivouac beyond the stars, where ye shall camp forever, in that mysterious and unknown silence that shall be broken only by the reveille of the life immortal.—*J. O. A. Yeoman, Memorial Address, Omaha, Neb., May 30, 1891.*

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