

inscribed, with the date of his death. A short distance above the place of interment, a small river, about thirty yards wide, flows into the Missouri, and here the party encamped until the next day. Captains Lewis and Clark gave to this stream the name "Floyd River," to perpetuate the memory of the first man who had fallen in this expedition.

Nearly eighty years have passed away since that bright summer afternoon, when that little grief-stricken band of adventurers gathered on the summit of that "prairie hill," as they termed it, to perform the last sad rites on the mortal remains of one of their beloved companions. For nearly half a century from that day the savage continued to hold undisputed possession of all that vast region, and still that frail wooden monument remained to mark the resting-place of the dead. It was during the great freshet, in the spring of 1857, that the turbulent Missouri swept away a portion of the bluff, so as to expose a part of the remains of the soldier. Then the good citizens of Sioux City and vicinity came together one day, and re-interred them some distance back from the river on the same bluff. Judge M. F. Moore delivered an oration, and other appropriate ceremonies marked the occasion.

MEMORIAL OF SERGEANT FLOYD.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

A band of noble men were they,
Who, on that fair midsummer day,
Moored their rude craft by yonder shore,
Where broad Missouri's waters roar.

Three moons ere this, with buoyant heart,
Each man went forth to act his part;
With leaders brave did they embark—
Chivalric Lewis and noble Clarke.

Where now we see proud cities, then
Were prowling beasts and savage men;
And each new scene was weird and wild—
The home of Nature's untaught child.

Passed many weary, toilsome days,
Till August's sun sent down his rays;

Where a limpid stream pours its tide,
One brave comrade grew sick and died.

No mother's form or loving face
Bent o'er her son in that lone place;
But comrades felt the painful void
When stern Death claimed the faithful Floyd.

With tender hands his form they laid
In coffin plain and rudely made;
And high above Missouri's wave
They made their loved companion's grave.

With honors to a soldier due—
Faithful to every trust, and true—
A weeping band on that sad day
Consigned to earth a comrade's clay.

They laid his form beneath the sod,
Where white man's foot had never trod;
The place with cedar shaft they marked,
Then on their journey far embarked.

The gentle winds and summer rains
Sang requiems o'er the lone remains;
Wild winter's blast, nor drifting snows,
Disturbed the soldier's sweet repose.

Passed half one hundred years, or more,
And white men sought again that shore:
But now to build a city fair,
The commerce of the world to share.

And still the soldier's grave was seen
On that high mound of prairie green,
Marked by the shaft of cedar wood,
That through the changing years had stood.

But, year by year, the mighty stream,
Down which the mountain waters teem,
Swept nearer to that sacred mound
Where the soldier slept in peace profound.

At last the tide of mountain rains
Exposed the long interred remains;
But there were kindly hands to save,
And dig again the soldier's grave.

Still further from the surging stream,
 Where waters of Missouri gleam,
 And with the limpid Floyd in view,
 They made the soldier's grave anew.

The little stream that bears his name
 Still murmurs sweet his modest fame,
 And tells to each succeeding host
 Of one who died at duty's post.



DISTANT VIEW OF COLFAX

AND THE

PUBLIC SPRING.

THIS noted Sanitarium is situated on the
 "Great Rock Island Route," 335 miles
 west of Chicago, and 23 miles east of Des
 Moines.

A company have purchased the old Spring and the new one, and
 talk of erecting a magnificent hotel.

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