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PRAIRIE DU CHIEN.

Just above Rock Island are the Upper Rapids of the Mississippi, which extend some fifteen miles, and have a fall of twenty-seven feet. They made a deep impression upon my mind, because it was there that our steamboat swung upon a rock for some thirty hours, and where, soon as we were clear, we ran into a downward-bound steamer, and settled her to the bottom; but fortunately no lives were lost. I noticed on these and the Lower Rapids a certain fly or miller, which were at the evening hour flying about in immense numbers. They are called the Mormon fly, and I was told were found on these rapids alone, and that wherever they alight, there they remain, if not disturbed, until they *die*.

Soon after we had passed these rapids, I enjoyed another prairie scene, which was even more superb than the one I have already attempted to describe. On this occasion the bank in the foreground was covered with grass that must have been at least six feet high, and the only living creatures that I saw were a beautiful doe and her fawn, quenching their thirst in the limpid stream.

The Illinois side of the Mississippi, between the Upper Rapids and the Fever river, which leads you to Galena, is characterized by an extensive range of fantastic bluffs and isolated rocks. Covered as they are with vines and mosses, they present the appearance of ancient ruins; and it requires no great stretch of the imagination to discover towers and turrets of ancient castles, fortress walls that have been partly battered down, and solitary pillars rising in gloomy grandeur, as if to preach a