The view from the mounds was very extensive, reaching into Illinois at the south and Iowa upon the west. I have counted from the top of the west Mound over twenty reapers at work upon as many farms upon the half-circle at the south with a radius of twenty-five miles. No fairer land lies beneath the sun, though with a suitable elevation a like view might be obtained in the country east of Iowa City.

IOWA CITY, February, 1896.

EMIGRANTS TO IOWA.—There is a ferry across the Mississippi some five miles below here called “Junction Ferry,” and a ferry plying between the lower town of Prairie du Chien and McGregor. There is still another ferry here which plies between our upper steamboat landing and a point below the mouth of Yellow River, called the “Upper Ferry.” Each of these ferries employs a horse-boat, and is crowded all the time with emigrants for Iowa. Sometimes the emigrants have to encamp near the ferry two or three days to await their chance of crossing in the order of their arrival. They come in crowds a mile long; they come with wagon-loads of household fixings, with droves of cattle and flocks of sheep—they come from every land that ever sent adventurers westward, and the cry is, “still they come!” The emigration to the northern part of Iowa this year exceeds anything in the way of inland emigration we ever saw or heard of, except perhaps, the first stampede across the Plains to California. The instances we have mentioned are only indices to what is passing on every road leading into upper Iowa, to say nothing of the multitudes brought up by the boats.—Crawford County (Wis.) Courier, July, 1854.
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