"And I remember Muscatine still more pleasantly from its sum-
mer sunsets. I have never seen any other on either side of the ocean
that equaled them. They used the broad, smooth river as a canvass
and painted on it every imaginable dream of colors, from the
mottled daintiness and delicacies of the opal, all the way up, through
cumulative intensities, to blinding purple and crimson conflagrations
which are enchanting to the eye but sharply tried it at the same time.
All the upper Mississippi has these extraordinary sunsets as a fa-
miliar spectacle. It is the true Sunset Land. I am sure no other
country can show so good a right to the name. The sunrises are also
said to be exceedingly fine; I do not know."

BLACK HAWK’S REMAINS

I read your statement in the Dollar Monthly concerning the
abduction of the remains of Black Hawk after his death. I
have reason to know that your statement is correct. I became ac-
quainted with the facts at the time, and immediately informed
our mayor of what I had learned. It was through his agency
the remains were returned to Governor Chambers, or the gov-
ernor of Iowa Territory.

Black Hawk was a very extraordinary Indian, rather under
size; he was compactly built, possessing the most pleasant face
and features I ever saw in an Indian. In manner grave, digni-
fied, and polite. He looked less the savage than any Indian
I have ever seen.—H. A. in Gregg’s Dollar Monthly and Old-

KEOKUK IN THE SPRING OF 1835

At Keokuk in the spring of 1835 there was not in sight from
the landing a single house or cabin, except the long row of log
warehouses at the foot of the rapids. Some of the old “voy-
ageurs,” or keelboat men, most of mixed Indian and French
blood, still lingered there, drank whiskey and frequently had
tremendous rows. It was the hardest looking spot on the whole
earth.—H. A. in Gregg’s Dollar Monthly and Old-Settlers’ Me-