

wonderful view. Language is wholly inadequate to give expression to my feelings, and I shall not make the attempt. The full summing up of the great subject cannot be done in a paper of this length. A few words more, and I have done.

To the old settlers of Jefferson county, I extend my good right hand in fraternal union. I feel a strong degree of kinship with them all. I love them and I venerate them. Had I space or time, I would give some of them more than a general passing notice. I see many of them now, "in my mind's eye," as they appeared in those years long ago — strong and hopeful in their noble manhood, the founders of a great state, the landmarks of its mighty progress. The impress of their work shall last forever.

I cannot close without paying a heartfelt tribute to the memory of the wives of the old settlers — the mothers of men now prominent in affairs throughout this splendid galaxy of states in the valley of the Mississippi, created out of the old Northwest Territory; with an abiding faith, with a courage that never faltered — inspired by the fortitude of the true Christian — they were fit to be ordained of God as the life companions of the old pioneers. In sickness and in health, in sunshine and in storm; fulfilling every obligation, they stood forth among the noblest of their sex. Alas, they are gone, but there lingers still the fond recollection.

A little longer and the last of the pioneer band will have passed over the silent river to the great beyond. While any remain let us do them honor, and when all are gone let them be remembered in story and in song as long as time shall last.