

but the wiser minds among us care not to see the cynics refuted, having neither faith in them nor patience with their carping.

A word in closing must be written of the restraint, or what might almost be called the judicial spirit, in which the memoir has been prepared. That temper of mind to which his profession has brought calmness as well as strength, cannot alone claim credit for this restraint. All our knowledge and all our culture stand for scarcely more than a surface growth, or a veneer superimposed upon our real selves, our elemental natures. In a crisis such as Judge Dillon so recently met with, that surface of knowledge and habit could have counted for little. Indeed, it must have been quite swept away by the torrent, and in its place must have risen into action the central forces of life itself. There is no page in this memoir where one does not see those forces present. But one must read mainly between the lines. Indeed, one cannot fail to do that, for everywhere present is seen emotion held in restraint. One closes the memoir—this potent illustration of “the infinite pathos of human life”—with a full understanding that his thoughts must always be dominated by the fixed conviction—

But yet I know where'er I go
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

STATE GOVERNMENT.—But little interest seems to have been felt on the subject of state government at the late election. A comparatively small number of votes were cast in reference to it, and these generally against it. It is fully evident that at this time the people of this Territory feel no solicitude to come into the Union as a State.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye, October 24, 1840.*

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