

bas-reliefs, medallions, etc., which adorn that imposing pillar. *The Iowa Capital* of August 25, 1900, contained a lengthy sketch of the career of this "great artist," as he was happily characterized by Ex-Governor Frank D. Jackson.

TALMON WILTSEY was born in Otsego, New York, August 23, 1823; he died at Webster City, Iowa, August 28, 1900. He came to Webster City in 1854, and at the time of his death was the oldest pioneer in that county. He built the second log house on the town plat. *The Freeman* says that "Mr. Wiltsey was a true type of the sturdy pioneer, plain in manner, fair in his dealings, and honorable in all business transactions."

GILBERT P. SMITH was born in Danby, Vermont, September 19, 1812; he died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. G. J. Maris, in Guthrie county, Iowa, July 19, 1900. He came to Iowa in 1853 and settled on a farm in Cedar county, where most of his subsequent life was spent. He was an influential member of the Society of Friends and devoted to its interests to the end of his long and useful life.

AT THE TOMB OF FLOYD.

The exercises attending the laying of the corner stone of the Floyd monument, yesterday afternoon, were exceedingly interesting. President Charles, of the Floyd Memorial Association, was in general charge, but the ceremonies were conducted by the Grand Army, assisted by the younger soldiers of the militia, under the direction of Commander Davis, of the department of Iowa. The sun was overly warm, but the visitors made the best of the discomfort of the heat, and the interest in the proceedings was unabated throughout. It was entirely fitting that the volunteer soldiers should have charge of the ceremony of laying this corner stone. Sergeant Floyd was himself a volunteer soldier, and ninety-six years ago he was laid away here, to await the resurrection and the honor of this later time. After all these years, for the most part unattended save by the vast solitude of the wilderness, a noble shaft is to be erected to his memory. Yesterday was a happy day for the active members of the association which has had the work of this monument in charge. They have found a charm in the history of the Lewis and Clark expedition, and the magnitude of the historical epoch which has the Louisiana purchase for its culminating event has grown upon them, so that yesterday was particularly a day of celebration with them. The expedition of 1804 has drifted into a dream, and it is a dream in which the imagination runs riot with history and with poetry. An August day now is not different from an August day then, except in what the landscape discloses of the work and life of man. Then the sun shone down upon hill and vale spread out as a bordered lake untouched by the habitation or the industry of men; and yesterday it shone down upon a multitude of people, looking forth upon the city and upon a pastoral scene of wondrous beauty. No sound then disturbed the solitude; but yesterday there was the rattle of the railroad train at the foot of the bluff, and hard by the busy husbandmen were bearing away the golden sheaves of the year. There is no measure that the mind can place to cover the wondrous transformation which the century has wrought. What homage is too great for this prosperous and happy people to render the volunteers in that early time who blazed the way? Sergeant Floyd is our hero. He is our pioneer soldier of the Louisiana purchase. The shaft to his memory will be a shaft to the memory of many. It will be more than that. It will reflect the light of years and years to come and be a teacher to many generations.—*Sioux City Journal*, August 21, 1900.

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