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57TH CONGRESS, 1st Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { DOCUMENT No. 711.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

AMOS J. CUMMINGS

(LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM NEW YORK),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND SENATE,

FIFTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS,
FIRST SESSION.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1902.

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HON. AMOS J. CUMMINGS

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DEATH OF HON. AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE.

MAY 3, 1902.

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Our Father who art in heaven, once more brought face to face with the mystery of mysteries in the death of one of the members of this House, we look up to Thee, source of light and life and love, for strength and consolation. We bless Thee for his long and faithful career as a journalist and statesman.

Conservative in his views, strong in his convictions, he stood fearlessly, boldly, for what he conceived to be right, on the field of battle, in his writings, and on the floor of this House.

Be very near to those who knew and loved him best, his friends and colleagues, and especially those who were near and dear to him in the ties of kinship.

Peace be to his ashes and repose to his soul. With faith in Thee may we look forward with hope to the future, that on some near or distant shore we shall finally meet where sorrows never enter and joys are eternal; in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

DEATH OF HON. AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

Mr. PAYNE. Mr. Speaker, it becomes my sad duty to announce to the House the death of Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS,

late a Representative from the State of New York, which occurred at Baltimore last evening.

Of his loyalty and courage, his devotion to duty, his unswerving patriotism, and his long and distinguished service as a member of this House I shall defer to speak at length until at a later day the House shall set aside a day to pay fitting tribute to his memory. I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved (in recognition of the long and distinguished term of service rendered in this body by Mr. CUMMINGS), That appropriate services be held in the Hall of the House on Sunday, May 4, 1902, at 3 o'clock p. m.

Resolved, That a committee of fourteen members of the House, with such members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to take orders concerning the funeral.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy of the same to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the House do now adjourn.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The SPEAKER announced the appointment of the following-named members as the committee on the part of the House: Mr. McClellan, Mr. Wadsworth, Mr. Sulzer, Mr. Ray, of New York; Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Sherman, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Young, Mr. Clark, Mr. Foss, Mr. Williams, of Mississippi; Mr. McCleary, Mr. Tate, and Mr. Otey.

The SPEAKER (at 12 o'clock and 14 minutes p. m.). And now, in pursuance of the action of the House just taken, this body stands adjourned until 12 o'clock noon on Monday next.

MAY 5, 1902.

MESSAGE FROM THE SENATE.

A message from the Senate announced that the Senate had passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That a committee of five Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

JUNE 10, 1902.

LATE HON. AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

Mr. PAYNE. Mr. Speaker, after consultation with members on both sides of the House, I am requested to ask for unanimous consent that it be ordered that when the House adjourn on Saturday, June 28, it adjourn to meet on Sunday, June 29, at 11 o'clock, the session to be devoted to eulogies upon the life, character, and public services of the late AMOS J. CUMMINGS, of New York.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from New York asks unanimous consent that when the House adjourn on Saturday, June 28, it adjourn to meet at 11 o'clock on Sunday, the 29th of June, the occasion to be devoted to eulogies upon the life, character, and services of the late Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none, and it is so ordered.

JUNE 29, 1902.

The House met at 11 o'clock a. m.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we lift up our hearts in gratitude to Thee for a deep, tender, sympathetic nature, which enables us not only to enter into the joys and sorrows of

our fellows, but enables us to appreciate all that is truly noble and great in them, and we bless Thee for the beautiful custom which prevails in the American Congress which, at the death of a member, brings them together in a memorial service that they may tenderly and feelingly express their sense of loss and pronounce fitting eulogies and encomiums on his life and character.

We are here to-day, O Lord, feeling keenly the loss of two members of this House, who for their ability, strength of character, manly bearing, and distinguished services have left vacant chairs which can not be easily filled, and we truly mourn their loss. We bless Thee for the excellency of their lives, for their distinguished and efficient services to their country, for the worthy example they have left behind them as statesmen and patriots. And we thank Thee that their colleagues and associates will hold up to the world their characters in the light of truth as examples worthy of study and emulation. And we bless Thee that this day has been selected, since it is really the Lord's day—the day of the week on which the immortality of the soul was demonstrated and confirmed, which assures us that death is not an extinction of being, but an epoch—an event—in the grand eternal march of existence. Let Thy blessing be upon this service, and fit us all by the discipline of the now that we may enter upon the then fully prepared for whatever awaits us.

Comfort, we beseech Thee, the bereaved families with the blessed assurance of a never-ending reunion, where the angel of death never enters, where joy and peace eternal shall reign supreme, and glory and honor and praise be Thine through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Journal of the proceedings of yesterday was read and approved.

EULOGIES ON THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE CUMMINGS.

Mr. McCLELLAN. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from New York offers the following resolutions, which will be read by the Clerk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended in order that an opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of New York.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant, the House, at the conclusion of the memorial proceedings of this day, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be, and he is hereby, instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolutions were agreed to.

Mr. McCLELLAN. Mr. Speaker, I submit the following request for unanimous consent.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from New York asks unanimous consent for the present consideration of a resolution which the Clerk will now read to the House.

The Clerk read as follows:

Mr. McClellan asks unanimous consent—

That all members be permitted to print remarks upon the life, character, and services of the late AMOS J. CUMMINGS;

That the report of the funeral services held in memory of the late AMOS J. CUMMINGS on the floor of the House May 4, 1902, be printed in the same volume with the report of these proceedings; and

That he be permitted to print as a part of his remarks the report of the memorial exercises held at Carnegie Music Hall, New York, on June 22, 1902, under the auspices of Typographical Union No. 6.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

The resolutions were agreed to.

ADDRESS OF MR. MCCLELLAN, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. SPEAKER: The life of AMOS J. CUMMINGS was one of such intense interest, of such ceaseless activity and varied experience, his character was so many-sided, that in speaking of his life work one is almost overwhelmed by the wealth of material from which to choose. Printer and newspaper man, editor and man of letters, soldier of fortune and soldier for the Union, politician in the best sense of the word, and Representative in Congress for many years, there was scarcely a phase of human life and human sympathy with which he was unfamiliar. Always ready to sound the praises of others, always ready to recognize merit and worth in political enemies, CUMMINGS was one of the most modest men where he himself was concerned. A delightful companion, an inimitable story-teller, he used to describe the experiences of his life from the point of view of an onlooker, as though he himself had had no share in the stirring deeds in which he had taken part.

A filibuster under Walker in his last expedition to Nicaragua, CUMMINGS began a life of adventure at an age when most boys are still at school. On the outbreak of the civil war he enlisted in the Twenty-sixth New Jersey Volunteer Infantry, and came out as sergeant-major of the regiment. He fought at Antietam, Chancellorsville, and Fredericksburg. For his gallantry at Salem Heights, May 4, 1863, he received the Congressional medal of honor. He was justly proud of the knot of ribbon he wore in his buttonhole—the bit of ribbon of such small money value and of such immeasurable worth. The regiment was ordered to support a battery in resisting a Con-

federate charge. Such was the desperate gallantry of the Confederates that CUMMINGS's regiment broke and began to retire, leaving the battery in the hands of the enemy. Seizing the colors from the hands of the color-sergeant, who had been mortally wounded, CUMMINGS turned and, under a galling fire, ran back to the captured guns. The regiment halted, rallied around him, and the guns were recovered.

CUMMINGS became a compositor on the New York Tribune, and helped to save the Tribune office from the mob during the draft riots in 1863. Later on he became editor of the Weekly Tribune, and afterwards joined the staff of the New York Sun, subsequently becoming its managing editor.

In 1886 he was elected to the House of Representatives in the Fiftieth Congress. He declined a renomination on becoming managing editor of the New York Evening Sun, but was reelected to the Fifty-first Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the Hon. S. S. Cox. He was reelected to the Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses, and defeated for the Fifty-fourth, but elected in another district to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the Hon. A. J. Campbell. He was reelected to the Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth, and Fifty-seventh Congresses. He thus had a continuous service of nearly fifteen years. His record was a convincing proof of the wisdom of keeping good men in Congress. The longer he stayed the greater became his influence and the greater his usefulness to the people of New York and to the country.

His best work was performed as chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, and when in opposition as head of the minority of that committee. He was recognized not only here, but everywhere, as one of the greatest authorities on naval matters. As a member of the Committee on the Library his ability as a literary man showed itself in some of his reports on public monuments, which are classics. But his membership

on the Committee on Labor was always nearest to his heart. It is probable that he was prouder of what he was able to accomplish in his fifteen years of service in the cause of organized labor than he was of any of the many useful acts in his useful life. Always a member of Typographical Union No. 6, the interests of organized labor were his especial care and pleasure. In his death labor lost one of its best and wisest friends.

He was an unassuming man, of simple, gentle nature, with a marvelous capacity for making friends and for retaining them. A profound lover of nature and her beauties, he had a profound trust in and love of mankind. The world is richer because he lived, and poorer because he died.

ADDRESS OF MR. FOSS, OF ILLINOIS.

Mr. SPEAKER: Much has been said in tribute to the memory of the man we mourn to-day, but not too much, for AMOS J. CUMMINGS was not made in the ordinary mold. He was a marked man of his generation and his time. He thought much, he wrote much, he labored much, and therefore unto him much honor is due.

I first met AMOS J. CUMMINGS when I came to this House as a member of the Fifty-fourth Congress. My associations extended from that time until the day of his death, but I came to know him well in connection with his work on the Naval Committee. He was at one time chairman of that committee, and ever had the interests of the naval service thoroughly at heart. He was always regularly at the meetings, even to the last few weeks before his death when it caused him a great deal of effort and pain to be present. No one was better posted on naval affairs than he. He had made it his peculiar study during his Congressional career and was familiar with every branch of the great subject.

His sympathy was particularly with the enlisted men of the Navy—the under dogs, so to speak, of the Navy—the men who make possible the victories of our great commanders. These are the men whose condition he sought to better, because he believed that the strength of the personnel of the Navy lay in the contentment and training of the enlisted men, and to his splendid work is due in no small degree the preparedness of the Navy in our last war, and while it is proper that we should give credit to the officers and men who actually engaged in that conflict that added Manila and Santiago to the pages in our naval

history, yet it must be said that much is due also to AMOS J. CUMMINGS, who, long before the war came, saw the necessity of building up our strong arm upon the sea, of appropriating money for the building of ships, so that when the war should come we would be ready to meet the foe.

In my associations with AMOS J. CUMMINGS I found him always to be a broad and generous man. He differed from his colleagues on many important questions, upon which any man might have reasonable differences, and strove for what he believed to be right, yet he never took advantage of his opponent. He fought out in the open, and he fought with a determination which even those who differed from him were wont to respect and admire. It is said that all the world loves a fighter, and no manlier fighter ever lived than AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

Mr. CUMMINGS was a good partisan, but a better American. He realized that there should be no partisanship in the Navy any more than there should be in the Army. He appreciated that magnificent sentiment of Webster that "At the water's edge all politics should cease." It was the same spirit which he manifested on the floor of the House when he said, "May I be paralyzed when I vote against a proposition for the comfort and shelter of American soldiers." That same sentiment actuated him in all the great and small questions which he was called upon to consider in connection with the maintenance and building up of the American Navy. He ever stood the strong supporter of the Army and the Navy, the defenders of our country upon land and sea.

There were many beautiful traits in this man's character. Not only was he patriotic and broad minded and courageous, as exemplified in a long and distinguished public career, but there were so often displayed in his daily life those little touches of human character which indicate the strong and mighty purpose of the man. He was a great lover of nature, and it is doubtful

whether any man ever becomes great who does not love nature. He often used to hie himself to a small camp on the banks of the Susquehanna River, where during a portion of the summer months he spent his time fishing. He loved the running waters, the shapely trees, and delighted in calling and coaxing the birds and squirrels to him. His letters from Florida upon the trees and beauties of nature are well worth reading. His knowledge of botany and of floriculture was remarkable. He was truly nature's child.

He seemed to understand nature in all its various manifestations, and no one has ever read his letters, where he spoke each week to more people than any member of Congress, but what they were struck with the breadth of his knowledge. He seemed to commune with the fish of the sea and the fowls of the air and the animals that walk upon the earth.

If I had time I could give many instances of this, how at one time he set at liberty a whole box of unfortunate tadpoles which had been left high and dry by the tide, and how every day for months he fed the squirrels in Capitol Park, and would often go to market to buy nuts for the little fellows, who became so tame that they ate from his hands. He had a canary in his room which he would always take to his meals with him and while eating would converse with the bird.

I could relate a very touching incident of his life which exemplified the real self of the man in rescuing from a burning building a poor burned dog, which he carefully nursed and tenderly cared for, and which ever afterwards became his constant companion in his home. He was a friend of everything that crept and chirped and barked and sang and grew and toiled and spun in nature's garden. He exemplified in his life the teachings of Holy Writ—he that giveth most receiveth most. He was, indeed, nature's child and in love with her, and loving much he was most beloved.

Another splendid trait about this man was that his sympathies went out constantly to his fellows around him, those who were struggling up life's highway, to the unfortunate and the downtrodden and the depressed. He knew what life's struggle was. He had climbed from the lowliest round and he never spurned the way by which he climbed. He was the outspoken champion of labor. His great aim in life was to better labor's condition.

Another thing about this man was that he was never too big to be known as "AMOS." In fact, it pleased him to be called by his Christian name. Every child in the block in which he lived called him "AMOS," not in disrespect, but in the fullness of affection for the man. And so to-day we mourn this man of broad sympathies, of large capacities, and great abilities, who had been successful in many avenues of life, one of the best journalists—a disciple of Greeley and of Dana—a true and loyal soldier, a broad statesman, a captivating public speaker; but we who knew him so well mourn him most of all as our friend and colleague, with all the wealth of meaning which those terms imply.

He was a great lover of books. He roamed over the fields of literature gathering unto him sentiments and ideas as he roamed over the hills and valleys and dales. The last thing which this lover of books read preparatory to taking his journey to the neighboring city for the operation which resulted in his death was this extract from a book by Sir Jonah Barrington, entitled "Personal Sketches of His Own Times, and I read it now, as it seems appropriate to the hour and occasion:

> But another quality of inestimable value I possess, thank heaven, in a degree which, at my time of life, if not supernatural, is not very far from it, a memory of the greatest and most wide-ranging powers. Its retrospect is astonishing to myself, and has wonderfully increased since my necessary application to a single science has been dispensed with. The recollection of one early incident of our lives never fails to introduce

another, and the marked occurrences of my life from childhood to the wrong side of a grand climacteric are at this moment fresh in my memory in all their natural tints as at the instant of their occurrence.

CUMMINGS.

Happy, cheerful, loyal man,
Built upon the God-like plan,
Always doing something good
For his human brotherhood;
Memory, with her magic spell,
O'er the years shall fondly tell
How his glorious, active mind
Loved and wrought for all mankind.

JOHN A. JOYCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *May, 1902.*

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ADDRESS OF MR. CANNON, OF ILLINOIS.

Mr. SPEAKER: In the hurry and pressure of legislative life, I have not had time to prepare remarks touching our late colleague. And yet this morning, in this Hall, with the House in session where I have so often met the late Representative, who was my friend, I feel that I want to say a word about his services and his character. I think, perhaps, he would have had a word of sympathy for my friends if the circumstances had been reversed. More than that, my heart prompts me to give a word of sympathy to his family and friends.

The life in this House is a strenuous life. The contests are sharp and decisive. The House has to assist, and in the main originate, legislation that makes for the good or otherwise of 80,000,000 people. Sometimes we laugh about it.

Sometimes we say that Representatives have easy times—that anybody can be a Representative; as he can if he is chosen by a constituency. Easy berth! But gentlemen know, I think the country knows, and I know that AMOS J. CUMMINGS realized the fact that it takes all of the industry, all of the culture, all of the devotion of an honest man and a patriot to perform the duties of a Representative properly in this House. He came in 1887, if I recollect aright, in the Fiftieth Congress, and served continuously to the end. God gave him manly courage. He was intellectually honest. A great many people can be honest—that they will not steal, accept bribes or give bribes—that is grand and splendid when temptation comes. But in his whole make-up he was honest and manly as well as courageous. In my service with him I never heard a word uttered by him or

witnessed an action that made me say that he was striking or desired to strike below the belt. He would give good hard knocks, but there was no treachery in his make-up. His communications were yea, yea, and nay, nay. And I am glad to say, after some length of service in this House, that that is the rule and not the exception.

He was here; he is absent. The Master said on one occasion, "Let the dead bury the dead." If I understand what that means, it is that when the life is gone—born, living, dying, less than forty years upon the average—it is that there is no time for the past except as we may benefit by it in walking in the present and prophesying as to the future. Nothing short of infinite power can call him back. That infinite power never has been exercised from the beginning, and never will be. The human animal moves under fixed law, as all matter is under fixed law.

This man, a moving and ambitious man, achieved his place—printer, journalist, soldier, statesman, and all comprehended in the word "man." A hundred years from now, yes, fifty years from now, as men pass back in the lobby and see the portraits of ex-Speakers and point out one after another and say, "Where did he come from?" as we do of some of the portraits now; in fifty years, and no man can mention the names of members of this Congress. Then some one may say, "Why do we strive to perform our duty?" Because we are part and parcel of the sovereign force of a free people. We believe in our race. The product of those races of people that have evoluted, worked out their own salvation, each generation achieving an advance and the next generation holding that advance and going a day's march farther on.

I think Mr. CUMMINGS, from conversations with him, but more particularly from his actions, realized what I have spoken of. He had pride that he belonged to that race, and made his

contribution to the general good, and was content, as I think we all are, after having thus contributed, to depart in peace, feeling while we will be swallowed up by the great majority and our individuality be forgotten, yet we have contributed our respective mites to the advancement and achievements of that race to which we belong.

But what of the other side of the river? Revelation and faith tell us that we will not cease to exist. We enjoy the universal desire that is to be found in each human unit from the beginning of the race to the present time for the life beyond this life. The universal protest against extinction is the strongest kind of evidence that our respective individualities are not to be wiped out. And without repeating the words or recollecting the poet, but somewhere in my reading, here or there, I recollect some poem, I think entitled "Night," and the central thought, beautifully expressed, was that as the sun disappears behind the horizon the stars and the glories of the heavens appear; and we all have the faith that with death the individuality remains and the glories of space appear; and all hope and believe that somewhere in the great beyond, under universal law, as it has been from the beginning, we will each one continue to achieve the place in the infinite existence that we are entitled to occupy.

I trust when I shall cross the dark river that I may arrive at that place in space or condition where I will meet such men as AMOS J. CUMMINGS and men with whom I served who crossed the river—Samuel J. Randall, William D. Kelley, Benjamin Butterworth, S. S. Cox, and many others that I could name—and in such condition I shall be glad and content.

ADDRESS OF MR. SULZER, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. SPEAKER: The recent sad and untimely death, in the city of Baltimore, of our lamented colleague, AMOS J. CUMMINGS, was a grievous blow to his sorrowing and bereaved family, a terrible affliction to his innumerable friends in every walk of life throughout the entire land, and an irreparable loss to the country which he loved so well and for so many years served so faithfully.

For a long time, sir, I knew Mr. CUMMINGS intimately and personally, and I loved him with an affectionate regard like unto that of a brother. We had for years been warm friends socially and politically, and his unfortunate death affected me with an inexpressible and poignant grief. Sometimes I can hardly realize that dear old AMOS, as we loved to call him, is with us no more; that he is gone—forever. But the sadness of his taking off teaches us that life, after all, is fleeting and transitory, and that one by one we pass away and beyond—over to the great majority—to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns. Life here at most is but a day—from dawn to darkness. Let us, then, on this solemn occasion resolve so to live that when the inevitable summons shall come we will be prepared and answer, "Ready."

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Mr. Speaker, AMOS J. CUMMINGS was a man of brain and brawn—a true type of ideal American manhood. He was no ordinary man, he had no counterpart, he was sui generis. He had a genial nature, a companionable disposition, a sunshiny manner, a happy faculty of making others happy, and withal a lovable character. He was a child of our free institutions, eminently a self-made man, and the true architect of his own career. He was the friend of the rank and file, a sincere believer in the principles of Thomas Jefferson, and a Democrat in its broadest and most liberal sense. He loved the Union, gloried in the greatness of the flag, and was the eloquent friend of the soldier. He was a typesetter, a writer of ability, a man of parts, a true poet, and a lover of nature. He was a soldier, a pioneer, and a statesman, generous to a fault—a kindly, loyal, noble-hearted man upon whose like we shall not look again. His name was a household word in our land and, beyond doubt, he was one of the best-known men in our country.

He knew men and he was familiar with books. He was an industrious student, an untiring worker. He had, in the highest sense, journalistic talent, a quick sense of humor, a searching insight into truth, and a zest for news. He had a graphic style, an imaginative mind, and indefatigable energy. He saw things in their true light and his comprehensive mind grasped them and pictured them in a way that was as felicitous as it was original. In his death the press of the country lost a shining light and literature an ornament. If he had remained exclusively in the newspaper field, he would have stood at the head of the profession and long ago have been the editor of a great metropolitan daily, with all its honors and emoluments. But he liked public life and wanted to help his fellow-man. His record in Congress is familiar to us all, and it is an honest, noble, patriotic record that all his friends can now and ever hereafter point to with pride. It will be his most lasting

monument, more enduring than marble or brass. But he will live, too, in the memory of his friends, of those who really knew him, of those who loved him, of the thousands whom he helped and benefited while living, of those he cared for, of the people whose servant he was, of humanity which he loved and for which he struggled all his life to raise to a higher plane and push forward a step in the onward march of civilization. These will not forget him; they will keep his memory green in thankful hearts and fond recollections forever and a day.

> When gratitude o'erflows the swelling heart
> And breathes in free and uncorrupted praise
> For benefits received, propitious heaven
> Takes such acknowledgment as fragrant incense
> And doubles all its blessings.

Mr. CUMMINGS was one of the most delightful companions I ever knew, a raconteur, a genial friend, and an accomplished conversationalist. He was a man of infinite jest, and his spontaneous wit bubbled over. He could talk as entertainingly as he could write interestingly; but his heart was always with the poor and afflicted. He never failed to aid them and to comfort them. He knew the good old rule that one can only be happy by making others happy. He followed this rule. He believed in it. He did good for the sake of doing good. He helped thousands, sympathized with the oppressed, urged the toiler onward, stood for the higher civilization, and worked incessantly to make the world better and greater and grander. Col. John A. Joyce, of this city, wrote these beautiful and poetical lines about Mr. CUMMINGS when he died:

> Happy, cheerful, loyal man,
> Built upon the God-like plan,
> Always doing something good
> For his human brotherhood;
> Memory, with her magic spell,
> O'er the years shall fondly tell
> How his glorious, active mind
> Loved and wrought for all mankind.

It is indeed a beautiful stanza, a genuine tribute, sums up the life and work of Mr. CUMMINGS, and the words—grand words—should be inscribed on his tombstone and committed to memory by every friend he had. They are true of AMOS. He liked Colonel Joyce and Colonel Joyce liked him. They were boon companions for many years. They frequently met here in Washington, talked over the poets, and sang the old songs that will never die. No one in this city will miss him more than dear old Colonel Joyce, unless it be William R. Smith, of the Botanical Gardens, who would say of AMOS what Bobby Burns said of Highland Mary:

> But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
> That nipt my flower sae early.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS was born May 15, 1841, in Conkling, N. Y. Both his father and his grandfather were clergymen. His father was editor of the Christian Palladium and the Christian Messenger, and at 12 AMOS became an apprentice in the composing room. After gaining some experience, he left home and earned his own living as a compositor in Western and Southern cities. He often said he had set type in every State in the Union, and he never surrendered his membership ticket in Typographical Union No. 6. He remained a member of that famous typesetting union until his death.

While in Mobile in 1857 he joined the Walker expedition to take Nicaragua, which wound up in capture by the United States sloop of war *St. Mary*, now the school-ship of that name.

Upon his release he came to New York and entered the composing room of the Tribune. At the beginning of the war he enlisted in the Twenty-sixth New Jersey Volunteer Regiment. He became its sergeant-major, and for gallantry at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville he received a medal of honor and the thanks of Congress. He returned from the war in time to help defend the Tribune office when it was mobbed during the draft riots in 1863.

Horace Greeley's attention was attracted to him by his returning to the composing room early one morning and putting in type a story of a fire without a line of "copy." Mr. Greeley placed him in charge of the Weekly Tribune in 1864, and subsequently he held nearly every editorial position on the daily edition. In 1869 he became managing editor of the Sun.

His health failing in 1872, he left New York to travel, and his correspondence over the signature of "Ziska" attracted world-wide attention. In 1876 he took charge of the New York Evening Express. He was twice president of the New York Press Club. He was elected to Congress by the Democrats in 1886. The following year he helped start the Evening Sun and became its editor. He declined a renomination to Congress in 1888, but in 1889 he was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of "Sunset" Cox, and, with a brief intermission following his defeat by Col. Richard G. Shannon, in 1894, he served continuously in Congress since 1889, representing New York districts. He was a delegate to the Democratic national conventions in 1892 and 1896.

Perhaps the most romantic period of the life of Mr. CUMMINGS relates to the time when he joined Walker in the last invasion of Nicaragua. It has not been settled in the minds of historians whether Walker was a freebooter or a patriot, but he lived a wild life, and it ended in a swift death. He had a motley, nondescript army, made up of adventurers from many countries and of all ages. CUMMINGS was then 17 years old, but had stood up against printers' cases for half a dozen years, and seen life in all parts of the United States. He often said he went with Walker because he imagined Walker was a new Napoleon, and that he (CUMMINGS) might rise to be one of his marshals. CUMMINGS, however, used to laughingly say that he never rose higher than the rank of high private.

Gen. William Walker is almost forgotten by the people of

this generation, but forty-five years ago he was a conspicuous figure in the affairs of Central America and a live factor in the politics of the United States. As a filibuster Walker occupies a place in history as distinctly as any of the famous buccaneers of the last century. Walker was a young man, only 29, when he formed his scheme of conquest, and only 36 when he last saw the sun gleam along the gun barrels of his executioners.

In 1853, with a handful of men, he took possession of Lower California, but was dislodged. He landed in Nicaragua with 56 men, half of whom were shot in the first battle for conquest. But he joined forces with a victorious native general, and was made commander in chief of the Nicaraguan army. Walker shot right and left, and proclaimed himself president of Nicaragua. Several times he was captured, but always released. At last—September 12, 1860—he was tried by court-martial and shot.

Mr. CUMMINGS had for comrades on the Walker expedition Englishmen fresh from Sebastopol, Hungarians who had bled under Kossuth, red-shirted Italians who had ridden behind Garibaldi, and Indians who were descended from Toltecs and Aztecs. Mr. CUMMINGS frequently chanted, to the delight of his friends, the song of the filibusters, as follows:

How would you like a soldier's life
  On the plains of Nicara-goo?
Marching away and fighting all day,
Nothing to eat and as much to pay;
We do it all for glory, they say,
  On the plains of Nicara-goo.
Not a bit of breakfast did I see,
And a dinner was all the same to me;
Two fried oats and three fried rats
  Was a supper at Nicara-goo.
Marching away and fighting all day,
Nothing to eat and as much to pay;
We do it all for glory, they say,
  On the plains of Nicara-goo.

To tell the story of Mr. CUMMINGS'S life, so romantic and exciting in his youth, so full of interest during all his years, so active at all times, so crowded with telling work, stirring events, and crowned with so many successes and so many enduring achievements—to tell this story, I say, would fill a large book and then be incomplete.

Some day his biography will be written—written by a clever pen and with a loving heart. He was always aggressive and progressive, untiring and enterprising. He met Napoleon's test—he did things. He had convictions and he adhered to them tenaciously. He had a mind of his own—no one owned him. He was as loyal to his principles as he was steadfast in his friendships. He had moral courage—he knew the right and he dared to do it. He never faltered in a just fight. He had the rectitude of the rocks, the consistency of the tide. His gallant nature and chivalric spirit was enlisted at all times—

> For the cause that lacks assistance,
> For the wrongs that need resistance,
> For the future in the distance,
> And in the good that we can do.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS died at the zenith of his greatness, in the sere and yellow leaf, in the flood tide of his fame, in the late autumn of his active and exciting life, crowned by the glory of his many accomplishments, loved by all who knew him and by thousands and thousands who only knew of him. He had fought the good fight, he had kept the faith, he had run his course, he has gone to his eternal home and will be with us here again no more; but his memory lives and will ever abide with us and live so long as gratitude is the fairest flower that sheds its perfume in the human heart.

> On Fame's eternal camping-ground
> Their silent tents are spread,
> And Glory guards with solemn round
> The bivouac of the dead.

Tenderly and lovingly we carried him to his final resting place amid the green, the beautiful, and everlasting hills of New Jersey. There he sleeps under a magnificent mausoleum in the dreamy garden of the dead, perfumed with roses red and white, fragrant with wild flowers, and odoriferous with the breath of apple blossoms, this true American, this friend of mankind, this man who carved his own way in life from 12 to 61, this writer, orator, soldier, and statesman—he sleeps, and all his friends here and everywhere with one acclaim proclaim: AMOS, hail and farewell!

ADDRESS OF MR. MCCALL, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Mr. SPEAKER: The House honors itself in pausing to-day to pay tribute to the memory of one who had for so long a time been among its most conspicuous and successful members. AMOS J. CUMMINGS was trained in a hard and exacting school—a school which, while it may mercilessly crush out the weak, will kindle and animate the strength of the strong. The early and constant coping with difficulties imparted a keen edge and temper to his fine faculties and made them vigilant, dexterous, and yet more powerful. He owed much also to the special culture he received in his chosen work of journalism. With his noble endowments nobly employed, he became the master of a striking style of speaking, a style full of epigram, of wit, of argumentative force, and of manly strength. There was little literary deadwood or rubbish in his speeches.

They were not loaded with fine words nor with artificial periods; but with an unerring instinct for the vital point, he struck, and struck hard, at the substance of the controversy. The form of his speech was simple, direct, and almost faultless in its taste. During my term of service here I saw few of our members who I thought were so inspiring and forceful in running debate as he was when at his best. He was a strong party man, yet he put country above party, and more than once have we seen him swing his formidable battle-ax against his own party when he believed it to be in the wrong.

His allegiance was first and always to the splendid institutions of his country and to those just and equal principles which

hold out hope and opportunity to the millions of poor American boys of the future, as they had held out hope and opportunity to him. He was the constant friend of those who earn their bread in the sweat of the brow, and his profound sympathy was with the producer rather than with the manipulator of the nation's wealth. When he departed from our midst, his profession lost a brilliant member, his constituents a courageous, a faithful, and a devoted Representative, and his country a strong, a loyal, and a patriotic son.

ADDRESS OF MR. MEYER, OF LOUISIANA.

Mr. SPEAKER: The death of the Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS was to me a shock and a surprise. He seemed so full of active life and natural vigor that I could not conceive the idea of his passing away from us, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye. His sudden death is an admonition to us all how frail is our tenure of life and how uncertain is the number of our days upon earth.

I had known him for many years—since the memorable meeting of the Fifty-second Congress and amidst the exciting incidents of that period. He entered upon the Naval Committee at the same time that I did, but was senior to me by reason of previous Congressional service, and soon rose to rank as senior Democrat upon the committee. In the Fifty-third Congress he became its chairman. He took the liveliest interest in all the work of the committee, both in the committee room and on the floor of the House. Together with our other colleagues, I derived great advantage from his labors and his intelligence and zeal. We might differ at times upon some minor detail, but our general views were in accord. Both of us labored as strongly as we could for the increase of the Navy, in a degree proportioned to the wants and strength and glory of a great country. His services upon this floor in that regard are within the memory of us all and will not be soon forgotten.

Mr. CUMMINGS's career was a varied one. He was a soldier, a journalist, and a politician, and in all these different functions, so widely variant, he bore well his part. I do not propose to speak of his life in detail, because that has been done

by abler tongues than mine. But passing over any notice of his military career, we find him entering upon the work of journalism under Horace Greeley and Charles A. Dana. To win the approbation of two such men, who were unquestionably among the ablest and most accomplished journalists of this country, was no common test of merit, and yet Mr. CUMMINGS had the confidence and respect of both. I am not familiar with all the details of his journalistic career, but it is a matter of notoriety that his articles, his communications to the press, possessed the highest literary value.

Probably no better journalistic work was ever done than that which he rendered in his department in the New York Sun. His descriptive letters were something that could not be surpassed. At a later period, and when he became a member of this House, he did not entirely relinquish his journalistic work, but performed a very large amount of it in addition to his legislative duties. Now, it is a very rare thing for a successful journalist to make a successful politician and man of affairs. Many men succeed in the one rôle who are not able to succeed in the other. Mr. CUMMINGS had already greatly distinguished himself as a newspaper man. He not only showed great capacity as a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs and his general treatment of public questions, but he showed remarkable power as a debater on this floor. If not a graceful, he was a very strong and impressive speaker. He could seize the strong points of a question and present them with great force from his own point of view. He was one of the most forceful and effective speakers on the floor in regard to the work of his committee.

The most striking feature, however, of Mr. CUMMINGS's late career was his wonderful grasp of the business of the House and of the influences which go to shape legislation. Probably no man ever came to the Congress who seized more intuitively upon

the mode in which its business was conducted and was better able to exhibit it in his articles for the press. A foreigner or student anxious to understand the House of Representatives, its conduct, administration, and methods of business as it is now conducted, could not do better than to read Mr. CUMMINGS'S letters and articles upon that subject. Many of those articles were largely devoted to personal notices of the gentlemen who served in the House as his contemporaries. His treatment of these gentlemen in his articles was always kind; while critical and discriminate, they were unusually generous. It would be hard to find anyone who has dealt more generously with his associates of both parties on the floor than Mr. CUMMINGS. I do not suppose that he left on this floor a personal enemy behind him. Certainly there is not one of us who in this hour does not mourn his untimely end.

ADDRESS OF MR. CLARK, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. SPEAKER: Gen. James A. Garfield uttered a great truth when he said "There is no place on earth where a man will more certainly or more speedily reach his true level than in the House of Representatives."

It may be confidently asserted that a mean man can not climb high here. He must possess genuine merit, unquailing courage, lofty patriotism, spotless honor, and generous heart to win the esteem of his fellows.

Most of us are partisans, but it is my honest opinion that all of us are patriots according to our lights. Sometimes the light is dim and flickering, but we do the best we can.

We fight each other vigorously—sometimes bitterly and in an unseemly manner—not because any member is against the country, but because of the truth enunciated in the old saying, "Many men of many minds," and because we take different views as to what is best for the country, for it is absolutely true that he serves his party best who serves his country best.

To the honor of human nature be it said that members of this House are jealous of their reputation and earnestly strive to preserve their honor bright as the spear of Achilles or the plowshare of Cincinnatus.

Rarely indeed does it happen that our contests here engender permanent personal animosities. Men who fight each other the most fiercely frequently come to be the best of friends. None escape without scars, but few, few suffer from festering wounds.

The big aisle of the House which separates us politically does not, thank God, constitute the line of demarcation in personal friendships.

We are ranked as mere politicians now, but, reading the future by the past, we have the abiding consolation of knowing that some of the politicians of this generation will be accounted statesmen by succeeding generations. Most of us are headed for oblivion, some for earthly immortality; but whithersoever we are tending, one thing all of us, great and small, can do, and that is to bravely, industriously, and resolutely do our duty as God gives it to us to see our duty.

To AMOS J. CUMMINGS this House paid the unusual tribute of a public funeral in the Hall of the House of Representatives, and the rare honor was well bestowed. He was one of the most useful and most popular men that ever sat within these historic walls.

> None knew him but to love him;
> None named him but to praise.

Wherefore? Because he loved everybody. He spoke evil of no one. With his friendly pen he made the fortunes of many public men. He was a most felicitous writer, and he delighted to write of their excellencies, which he magnified even as a lover magnifies the charms of his sweetheart.

"Remember me at my best" is the pathetic request which Charles Dickens, of blessed memory, puts into the mouth of James Steerforth when bidding farewell to David Copperfield. AMOS CUMMINGS always painted his friends at their best, and he did it with a master hand. He was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of St. Paul's rhapsody on charity in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I have become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." If there was any virtue or grace or ability in a man, he sought it out

and exploited it to the utmost. A dullard he pitied; a rascal he loathed; a pretender he despised. He was an explorer after human talents, and sometimes made discoveries of intellectual riches of which their possessors even had never dreamed. To new members he was a helpful friend, philosopher, and guide.

He was brave as a lion, gentle as a woman, plain as an old shoe, honest as the day is long, tireless as the force of gravitation, energetic as a steam engine, faithful to his conceptions of duty as the needle to the pole. He stood unabashed in the presence of Presidents and of princes. He was easily accessible to the humble, the needy, and the distressed.

His funeral services in New York were attended by statesmen, lawyers, soldiers, editors, and men of high degree; but the lowly were there in thousands with tears in their eyes and sorrow in their hearts for their dead champion, who never failed them in any emergency. In the very best sense he was "the friend of the people;" and the people—the plain people, as Lincoln loved to call them—repaid that friendship in Scripture measure, heaped up, pressed down, and running over.

The most convincing proof of his popularity is that he was spoken of, thought of, and addressed as "AMOS" from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. Only on exceptional and state occasions was he talked of or written about or addressed as "Mr. CUMMINGS" or "Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS." He was always "AMOS" to his friends—and his friends constituted newspaper-reading America—and "AMOS" he will remain to us who loved him and mourn him until we are summoned to the presence of our Maker.

A worker all his days, he enjoyed this glorious world with the hearty zest of a boy, and the world enjoyed him. It is a more delectable place for human habitation because he lived in it. He was broad gauged in both politics and religion. A

Republican House voted him a public funeral, although he was a Democrat, and a distinguished Catholic prelate participated in his funeral services, although he was a Protestant.

Some men are created to be honored; some are created to be loved; a few are created to be both loved and honored. To that small but goodly company AMOS J. CUMMINGS unquestionably belonged.

He did not confine his love to the human family, but it embraced all "animated nature," to borrow Oliver Goldsmith's phrase. He loved the lower animals; he loved the birds; he loved the flowers. One of his keenest delights was to throw off the cares of statesmanship, lay down his facile pen, and while away a few hours with his bosom crony, Hon. William R. Smith, Superintendent of the National Botanic Gardens, in luxuriating amid the flowers and shrubbery which Shenstone would have admired, and in discussing "sweet Robbie Burns," the tenderest poet that ever sang. There was no sincerer mourner at the bier of AMOS CUMMINGS than his faithful and intimate friend, Superintendent Smith.

What a wonderful and varied career this lovable man had! Son of a Presbyterian preacher, he was the child of the manse. While a mere boy he served under Walker in Nicaragua. Congress voted him a gold medal for heroic conduct on the awful field of Fredericksburg. He boasted that he had set type in every State in the Union. He became the editor of a great paper. He was the bosom friend of Horace Greeley and Charles A. Dana. He died one of the most popular men in public life, mourned by a mighty nation. "He went about doing good;" and little children cried in the streets when they heard that he was dead.

The consuming passion of this man's soul was a noble love of country. He fought for her in his young manhood and periled his life that the Republic might live. In his

mature years he gave her the full measure of his devotion as a legislator. He died, as no doubt he wished to die, in the service, with the harness on his back. Typesetter, filibuster, soldier, editor, statesman—in all his vocations and avocations he followed the scriptural injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

No truer friend, no nobler man, no intenser patriot ever lived or died.

One can not think of AMOS CUMMINGS without recalling Leigh Hunt's famous poem:

> Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
> Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace
> And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
> Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
> An angel writing in a book of gold.
> Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
> And to the presence in the room he said,
> "What writest thou?" The vision rais'd its head,
> And with a voice made all of sweet accord
> Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
> "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
> Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
> But cheerily still, and said: "I pray thee, then,
> Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."
> The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
> It came again with a great-awakening light
> And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd.
> And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

ADDRESS OF MR. DAYTON, OF WEST VIRGINIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: The simplest words convey the truest tribute. We knew AMOS J. CUMMINGS, and, having known him, we loved him in life and cherish his memory now that he has gone hence.

If any shall ask why this is so, we have many reasons to give. Above all, because "he was true to himself, and it therefore follows, as night the day, that he was not untrue to any man."

He sought never to sail under false colors, never to "assume an unwonted dignity," never to be greater than he was, never, on the other hand, "in mean humility" to be less. He had executed, to a degree at least, the old Greek philosopher's command, "Know thyself," and thereby had acquired the touchstone of human wisdom.

He did naught to extenuate his faults, nor did he magnify his virtues. Wherever he was—at the printer's case, in the tented field, in this House, or in the presence of royalty—he was always AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

He envied no man his rank, his honors, his station in life; he trusted himself to hew out his own. He denied to no man the exercise of his judgment and the right to express his own opinion; he suffered no man to prevent him from exercising his own judgment and expressing his own opinion. Then, too, he thought broadly, deeply, kindly of the problems of human life.

In the mad rush for wealth he did not join, because I am

persuaded he early in life realized that there was more in human heart than human gold. He never sought the rôle of reformer, because he perceived that the world's standard of morality was not made nor could it be changed in a day. Yet he was tender and true, and in perfect accord with great humanity's longing for a broader, freer, nobler, and more generous life. They tell us touching stories, now that he has gone, of his goodly deeds of charity, but, verily, "he did not his alms before men to be seen of them, and, behold, all things are clean unto him."

He was not alone generous in material things, he was generous in mind and soul. He loathed injustice, and stood the ready champion of the lowliest victim of oppression and wrong.

Coming from the great middle class, the bone and sinew of our race, he never lost touch with its environment, and thus it is that so many of the army of toilers stood by him, trusted him, loved him.

In labor's lodge, in soldier's post, in this House, he was brother and comrade.

Again, he was fair. Strong in his convictions, earnest in his zeal, plain and outspoken, partisan at times, he was always just, and no man would more quickly admit his error. Surely no one can charge him with ever indulging impotent opposition, with "darkening counsel by words without knowledge," so much indulged in this weary world. He never talked here for the mere sake of hearing himself talk, but when occasion demanded plain words he never shrank from uttering them.

Of his long record of service to his country as journalist, soldier, citizen, statesman, others here can and will speak with eloquence I can not command.

Mine is a simple tribute to the memory, to the personal character, to the worth of one with whom I walked side by side for seven years in the discharge of like public duty, involving hard, exacting toil, the extent of which is little understood, but in

which he neither flinched nor failed. One with whom I often disagreed yet never doubted; with whom I spent long hours in both work and recreation and never found either dull or disagreeable; one, in short, who, as the years went by, made stronger and stronger claim to full entrance into the very limited circle of friends that one will find true in life and who he can "grapple with links of steel."

It is the destiny of life that in its mad rush from time to eternity we meet, we greet, we dismiss each other like—

> Ships that pass in the night
> And hail each other in passing.

We come, we go. We indulge the hopes, the desires, the loves, the ambitions of life, and we suffer its passions, its mortifications, and its defeats.

At last we die, and those remaining neither pause, nor, in most cases, either know or care to know of our departure.

> Think in this batter'd caravanserai
> Whose portals are alternate night and day,
> How Sultán after Sultán with his pomp
> Abode his destin'd hour and went his way.
>
> The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
> Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
> Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
> Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.
>
> And those who husbanded the golden grain,
> And those who flung it to the winds like rain,
> Alike to no such aureate earth are turn'd
> As buried once, men want dug up again.

It is the irony of fate, the destiny of life, yet some few there are so near to us that we would not have them go; gone, would call them back; whose departure we do not forget. We still "miss the touch of the vanished hand, and the sound of the voice that is still."

To some of us AMOS J. CUMMINGS was of this number. There is an impenetrable mist that now shuts his face from us. We see him no longer in these Halls. We miss him from the old familiar seat on the middle aisle; he comes no longer to the committee room.

He faced death's cloud veil unflinching, calm, and brave, and stepped through it to the beyond. May we not hope that after we, too, have penetrated that veil, that somewhere in the halls of eternity, somewhere in God's committee rooms, we shall meet him face to face, hear the old familiar greeting, and strike glad hands with him again?

ADDRESS OF MR. GOLDFOGLE, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. SPEAKER: On this sad occasion, when the chosen representatives of a great people and a mighty nation are assembled in this historic Chamber to fitly honor the memory and appropriately pronounce their eulogies on the life and character of the distinguished dead, I deem it a privilege to pay my humble tribute of profound respect to the memory of our late colleague, AMOS J. CUMMINGS. It was my pleasure to know him for many years, and the mournful news of his "untimely taking off" came to me with feelings of deepest sorrow, for in his departure I lost a true and valued friend.

The grief that followed the announcement of his death was not the sad possession of his colleagues, his many friends, and devoted constituency alone; it was felt by the people in general of the metropolis he so worthily represented in Congress for many years—the city of New York. Nay, more, when the news of his death was flashed over the wires and heralded through the columns of the press, the entire country felt and recognized the great loss it had sustained, and in many of the cities and towns throughout the land there was universal mourning. Few public men were more widely or better known throughout the Republic than AMOS J. CUMMINGS. None were more highly esteemed. He had traveled extensively and spoken on public questions in every section of this country.

Few men had a larger circle of personal friends than he. He was universally beloved, because he was essentially a man of the people, not in the sense alone in which that phrase is used to indicate the elected representative of a community, but in the broad sense of indicating that his acts were directed toward

the welfare of the state, the happiness of his fellow-creature, the betterment of the conditions of his fellow-man. His voice was potentially uplifted and the masterly pen he wielded with so much power was employed in the cause of human liberty and equality. At all times and in all places he stood for the rights of the masses of the people against the classes who sought special privileges for the few at the expense of the many. He never hesitated to espouse the cause of the weak and oppressed when they needed protection against the strong and the unjust. Ever remembering his early struggles in life, he generously assisted those who needed and deserved the helping hand, and kept in close touch with the men whose labor and industry contribute to the upbuilding of the Republic.

He was a sincere champion of organized labor, and, looking at the labor problem from an economic standpoint, believed, as did one of our great statesmen of former days: "Taxation reaches down to the base; but the base is labor, and labor pays all." There was but one nobility he respected and recognized—the nobility of labor and of character. His heart was touched at the story of every woe, and beat with the best impulses of a pure and noble nature. No wonder, then, that our dear friend AMOS, as we familiarly called him, became enshrined in the affections of the people.

His career furnishes the most beautiful and touching lesson to the youth of America. The history of his life exemplifies in the strongest degree that in this God-blessed "land of opportunity," however lowly or humble one's origin may be, he may rise to the highest rank and attain the most exalted station. But it can only be by honest industry, earnest study, and patient toil.

> The heights by great men reached and kept
> Were not attained by sudden flight;
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were toiling upward in the night.

Mr. CUMMINGS's life was both eventful and interesting. His education was mainly self-acquired. He had the mind of a genius. He had marvelous capacity for learning and power of absorption of all he read. Few men excelled him in the extent and variety of his reading, and he acquired through his industrious study a knowledge of the classics. His was another case which furnishes justification for the remark of Wendell Phillips: "The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living."

At the early age of 12 years, after leaving school, young CUMMINGS entered a printing office as an apprentice. Hardly had he learned his trade when, filled with love of martial adventure, he joined the Walker filibustering expedition to Nicaragua, and returning from that entered the service of the Army in defense of the Union. In this, as in all other fields of activity, he became distinguished. He was a brave and gallant soldier. A heart burning with intense patriotism led him to the field, and devotion to the cause of the Republic founded on the eternal and immutable principles of right and justice led him on to deeds of bravery and heroism. He became sergeant-major in the Twenty-sixth New Jersey Regiment of Infantry, in the Second Division, Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, and his bravery gained for him the Congressional medal of honor for gallantry on the battlefield.

He followed up the occupation of compositor until he secured editorial positions on the New York Tribune, the New York Sun, and New York Express. No man but one whose merits deserved it and whose learning was broad and deep could fill such a position on these great and splendidly edited newspapers.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS had acquired this learning—nature had gifted him with great mentality. His literary tastes and accomplishments fitted him for the editor's chair, and he became the

editor of that great and enterprising newspaper, the Evening Sun. He was a journalist of high order, and his fame in the line of literary work became widespread through the United States. I remember the series of most interesting letters Mr. CUMMINGS wrote for the Sun descriptive of his travels through the South, attracting the attention of readers everywhere.

Without knowing the life history of this man one could hardly believe, as he read the articles and literary productions of this noted and brilliant journalist, filled with wisdom and scintillating with wit, that the writer had not received his education in some of the colleges or universities of the land. Indeed, our friend AMOS J. CUMMINGS was one of the intellectual giants of modern journalism.

Fully equipped by nature, by training, and by education to enter upon the higher duties of public life, he was chosen a member of the Fiftieth Congress and elected seven times a member of this House. Here over fourteen years he served the country with honor, credit, and marked distinction. He was fully versed in the science of politics—the politics which in the higher sense means the shaping of governmental policies and by wise and sagacious legislation planning for the future destiny and the perpetuation and maintenance of our free and glorious American institutions. He was a statesman, with an eye solely and singly for the public weal.

A thorough believer in the doctrines taught by Thomas Jefferson, a consistent believer in the necessity to preserve simplicity in our institutions, an earnest advocate for the broadest and greatest amount of personal liberty for the citizen consistent with public safety, an opponent of burdensome and unnecessary taxation of the people, a foe of combinations of men and corporate interests who seek through evasion of law and improper control of public franchises and by special privi-

leges to monopolize commerce, "the calm health of nations," and crush out the average trader and middleman, a believer that our liberties can be best preserved, our citizens' rights best conserved, and our sovereign prerogatives best maintained by a firm adherence to the letter and spirit of our Constitution and an observance of the restrictions and limitations it imposes—AMOS J. CUMMINGS was a consistent and loyal adherent of his party.

Of his public services in this House during the many years he graced this Chamber by his presence I shall not speak in detail. Those of my seniors in service in this House have eloquently spoken of them and covered that chapter of Mr. CUMMINGS'S Congressional career. He was painstaking in his work, brilliant and logical in debate, broad and liberal in his views, strong of opinion and conviction, but always genial and courteous to his colleagues. His death leaves a void which can not well be filled. His long public career was one of great usefulness to the people and the nation, for he was a strong arm in the power of the State.

He so lived his life that he had few, if any, enemies. Perhaps it is too much to say that he never had any, for that is not the happy lot of any public man.

> With fame, in just proportion, envy grows,
> The man that makes a character, makes foes.

But they were not personal ones. They could not be. The very nature, the very make-up, of AMOS J. CUMMINGS precluded that. His amiable disposition, his affability, his gentleness, his modesty, and generous impulses were gifts of nature which neither art could create nor training bestow.

He had a rare fund of humor, and as a delightful story-teller he was unrivaled and unexcelled. His great desire was to make his friends and companions happy, and the good nature

he carried into every walk of life made his company sought in every circle. Ever engaged in "sowing seeds of kindness" he discovered in life how true it is, as Basil says:

> A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love; pleasure bestowed upon a grateful mind was never sterile, but generally begets reward.

When at last the severe labors of his life had taxed his energies to the utmost and the icy hand of Death touched "its shining mark," there was indeed gloom within this Chamber, and the city from which he hailed mourned as it seldom mourns the loss of any public man. A great man had fallen—his death was the nation's loss.

It was an inspiring and affecting sight, which moved the stoutest heart to tears, to observe at the funeral of our friend CUMMINGS the hundreds and hundreds of letter carriers clad in their suits of gray, their faces betokening unfeigned sorrow, their eyes bedimmed with tears, passing in solemn procession around the bier of one who had faithfully espoused their cause in the National Legislature. With a pathos of feeling that beggars description they were paying their debt of gratitude to their departed friend. And oh, how those associates of CUMMINGS, the members of Typographical Union No. 6—that great organization of typesetters he loved so well, whose card of membership he carried to the last hour of his life—mingled their tears and breathed their sighs with those of other mourners.

It was this union to which AMOS J. CUMMINGS was so attached who honored the memory of their comrade—the man who to them was an inspiration and a light—as they never before honored one of their departed. It was the tribute of grateful, loving hearts, and as we saw the thousands of old and young, men, women, and children, sadly passing

around the coffin taking their last yet lingering look at their departed friend, there can be no doubt that—

> The drying up of a single tear has mor
> Of honest fame
> Than shedding seas of gore.

His death again conveys the too oft forgotten lesson of the uncertainty of life. How inscrutable is the problem of death! It comes sudden and unawares, respecting no time nor person. It holds no time so sacred or precious, no mortal so great or powerful, that it does not make its grim approach.

> Leaves have their time to fall,
> And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
> And stars to set; but all,
> Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Who can divine how suddenly he may be called away by "that stern reaper, who gathereth all in whenever in his wisdom he may appoint." Exhaustive mental labor may long overstrain and at last unexpectedly break the cords of life. But if we live, as did AMOS J. CUMMINGS, an upright and an honest life, filled with good and kindly deeds; if when the remorseless messenger summons us to the great white throne on high we are prepared to say "His will be done, not ours," we may add those beautiful words of the poet:

> Life! we've been long together,
> Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
> 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
> Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
> Then steal away, give little warning,
> Choose thine own time;
> Say not "Good night," but in some brighter clime
> Bid me "Good morning."

ADDRESS OF MR. LESSLER, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. SPEAKER: It was my privilege—and after what we have listened to to-day it can well be imagined I am proud of it—to have Mr. CUMMINGS as one of my constituents; and it not having been my good fortune to know him in all these phases in which he has been depicted here to-day, I wish to strike a little note in regard to my first meeting with him.

During the campaign in my district last December, while this House was not in session, Mr. CUMMINGS came to lecture in that district. He gave one of his witty lectures, this one, strangely, on the House of Representatives, to one of the clubs of young men there. I was presented to him. It almost touched me to observe how carefully he avoided any reference to the political contest which we were then engaged in; how kindly he was in his encouragement, without the slightest allusion of the political aspect. It was to me a rare treat to feel that a man could be so tactful, so amiable about such a thing to one who was on the opposite side in the political fight.

And then some of you may remember his gracious act in this Hall on the 15th of January of this year, when I stood before the Speaker to take the oath of office and when Mr. CUMMINGS, with a Republican colleague, stepped to my side. Both these incidents impressed me as especially tactful and graceful. They were but illustrations, as I am told, of that grace and tact, of that loving nature, which made him so much beloved in this House.

In thinking over what should be said here to-day I have

searched through the Record to see what particular thing might be found to which in this day of specialism Mr. CUMMINGS had particularly devoted himself; and I have found a most remarkable variety in the subjects he had touched on the floor of this House and always illumined—labor, pensions, the Army, the Navy, special interests of all kinds. He was always, it seemed to me from this testimony of the cold print, alive to everything that was going on here.

For instance, it seems that on the 3d of February, 1893, some member in debate had made a remark about the Record which did not suit Mr. CUMMINGS, because it appeared to him to do injustice. Keenly alive to the fact that men of his craft were night after night working on that Record, and knowing all about the work, he made a little speech in eulogy of the printer's craft and in vindication of the men who were toiling in that vocation. Even in this unpremeditated way Mr. CUMMINGS came at once to the rescue.

Viewing his character from an outside standpoint, I should say that courage was its predominant note. A reference has been made here to his medal of honor; but he had a civic courage, manifested as well in the city where we both lived as on the floor of this House.

In his great speech on Cuba, he said:

> Whenever the safety of the nation is at stake or any great purpose is to be accomplished by war, party lines should vanish and politics be suspended.

Those words are from his speech of April 28, 1898. And, by the way, it seems to me a pity that that speech on Cuba should not be rescued from the pages of the Congressional Record and published broadcast. It was prepared after a trip in Cuba; and it is an intense, vibrant life picture of the conditions as he saw them. It is animated by earnest feeling for humanity suffering under Spanish misrule. The whole speech

shows his splendid insight, his knowledge of men and measures It is perhaps the finest survey, within its limits and compass, of the recent history of the Spanish rule (or, better misrule) antedating the war.

On the 22d of January, 1902, Mr. CUMMINGS said in the debate:

> If I fail to vote to protect the lives of American soldiers in the service of the American Republic, I hope I shall be paralyzed.

When Mr. CUMMINGS uttered those words I was thrilled through with the terrible import that he threw into them, and the great significance they had as they came at the close of that memorable day.

The next day, when explaining to the House under what circumstances that little speech had been made upon the spur of the moment, he remarked:

> I made the reply on the spur of the moment, and when I reflect on it I glory in it. I have seen the sad faces of the American mothers whose sons were the victims of these miasmatic fevers; I have seen their tears and heard their moans. I would be untrue to every drop of blood in my body if I refused to respond to such an appeal for the protection of soldiers in the service of the Republic. It was an appeal on behalf of American women, whose sons are still fighting the battles of the Republic in these islands. I would blacken the Revolutionary blood coursing in my veins if I stabbed these American mothers to the heart by refusing to vote for this appropriation for the shelter and protection of their sons.

Again, in the same speech, he said:

> Rather than change it, I would have it inscribed in letters of gold where it could be seen by every man in the country. There can be no politics in questions where the lives of American soldiers are at stake. I always have and always shall vote to protect the lives of the men who are fighting the battles of the Republic, whether they are baring their breasts to the bullets of the enemy or whether they are encamped in swamps, exposed to the more insidious and more deadly danger of fever and pestilence.

That language was an ebullition of patriotism—keen, high-minded, deep-souled patriotism. I am proud of the fact that the great city of New York, the Empire City, honored itself by sending here such a man, with such a record, with such

sentiments and ready to speak them out, with such a work behind him—a man leaving such memories as have been spoken of here to-day.

If I were to write an epitaph on AMOS J. CUMMINGS, I would put it in the words of the old Greek philosopher and would place it in letters of gold upon the monument of our deceased colleague. Aristotle, in his Politics, says:

> There are three qualifications which ought to be possessed by a man who aspires to fill the high office of state. First, he must be well disposed and prepared to support the established constitution of the country; next, he ought to have a special aptitude for the office which he filled; and last, he should have the kind of virtue and love of justice which suits the particular state in which he lives.

May I not say it fitted the man, that it epitomized his career, and may we not feel proud indeed of such a life, and may we not hope it to be an inspiration to the young men of this country that on such a day like this, devoted to the speeches in memory of him, may be the proudest reward he has had, because that is all the reward we can give and fittingly all that a republic gives.

ADDRESS OF MR. HOOKER, OF MISSISSIPPI.

Mr. SPEAKER: Laboring as I am under a very severe cold, it was not my purpose when I entered the Chamber to speak on this occasion. But as a member of this House when my friend AMOS J. CUMMINGS was first elected to the Congress of the United States, and as one of those who welcomed him when there were giants on this floor on that side of the House and on this, so that when he landed in this arena of debate fresh from the bosom of the people that he represented, succeeding one of the ablest men that ever spoke in this Hall for the great Empire State of New York, a brilliant orator, a splendid wit, who often won admiration on both sides of this Chamber, Samuel S. Cox, I did not feel that I could be properly entirely silent. I felt that it was my duty as one of the oldest members of the House to pay my very humble tribute of praise to one who has been my friend from the time he first entered Congress until he finally passed away.

It was my pleasure to know him well and witness personally his long service in Congress, to hear him on all occasions, and to stand side by side with the members of this House on either side and listen to the words of wisdom which fell in earnest and patriotic utterances from his lips in behalf of those whom he served so long and well.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS was a very remarkable man. He was a man of strong convictions, of earnest and patriotic feeling. He was a man who never failed to speak his sentiments, whatever they might be, and occasionally he had the manly courage, when he thought duty demanded it and patriotism required it,

to sever his connection with his colleagues on this side of the Chamber and to vote according to his convictions of what was right.

Mr. Speaker, in the last speech he made in this House, only a short time before his death, he stood just on the margin of the Democratic side of the Chamber and gave utterance to the sentiment of protecting the soldiers on the other side of the globe—not that he would have placed them there, not that he would have sent them there, but as they were American soldiers, enlisted in the American Army, fighting under the American flag, he would cast no vote against a proposition to send them all the aid and all the comforts that they needed. He was emphatically a Democrat, devoted to the party and its principles and its interests, but he was a humane American citizen, and he could not bear the idea of casting his vote against the proposition to send aid to the American soldier, wherever he might be, struggling under the American flag and in the cause of American patriotism.

It has been said, Mr. Speaker, by that great poet of nature whose magic wand swept across the chords of the human heart and awoke sentiments with reference to every emotion that that heart undergoes from the cradle to the grave—it was said by that great poet:

> The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
> That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
> Can lay on nature, is a paradise
> To what we fear of death.

But to a brave man like AMOS J. CUMMINGS that sentiment did not apply. A brave man dies but once, a coward dies daily.

He was a brave man, and when I came to Washington last summer, about this time of year, I learned that my old friend was here; that he was lying in his chambers in this city, then a very ill man.

I went to him to express my sympathy, to express words of comfort to him as a sick man. It was then about the 1st of July, one year ago. I saw then the probability was that he would never again be a well man. I was on my way to the city that he represented with such ability and such power in this House as the delegate of one of its Congressional districts. I said to him: "I fear you will not be able to go to New York on the Fourth of July." Said he: "Yes; I am going. When do you go?" I told him that I was going on the 3d of July, and so I did. He asked me what route I would travel. I told him. He then told me that going by that route I would land at the foot of Liberty street. I did land at the foot of Liberty street late in the evening, about dusk, and, to my profound astonishment, I saw AMOS J. CUMMINGS, my old friend, on his crutches, with his doctor standing by his side. I said to him, with the familiarity of that friendship which had existed between us for so many years: "AMOS, why in the world did you come here to meet me?" He replied: "I came because I knew you were coming, and I wanted you to be met and escorted to your hotel. I came myself, and I know it is done."

He put me in the carriage, and we drove to the hotel where he had provided accommodations for me. The next morning when I awoke in the apartments provided for me at his instance—I did not know to what hotel I had been taken—I looked out, to my astonishment, upon a beautiful grove. I said to myself: "This is a singular sight in the heart of the great city of New York. Is it possible that I am dreaming, and am again back looking at the native forests of my own State of Mississippi?" When the servant came I ascertained that I had been taken to the Savoy Hotel, belonging in large part to my old friend Judge Dugrow, now one of the most distinguished members of the highest appellate court in the city of New York, and I was looking out on the great Central Park

of New York. On the next day I met Mr. CUMMINGS at Tammany Hall. I there heard his magnificent address, as I have heard many of his speeches here, and he spoke there with the same patriotic ardor I had been accustomed to hear him here.

It was my pleasure to be his companion and friend here for many long years, and I mourn his loss in common with the people whose immediate Representative he was. He was distinguished on this floor as the friend of all the members of the various Houses in which he participated as a member, without distinction of party, from the first Congress in which he appeared, the Fiftieth, down to the time of his death. He was emphatically a man of the people, living with the people, speaking for the people, representing the people. He was a just and true man in every sense. He was a patriot in the broadest and largest sense. He was a Democrat in the most enlarged and comprehensive meaning of that word. That he was a just and true man will be acknowledged by everybody who served here with him. Indeed he rose to the standard described by the great Latin poet when he was endeavoring to depict, in the closing days of the Roman Empire, the life and character of one of the greatest orators of the Roman Empire, and said of him that he was—

> Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
> Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
> Non voltus instantis tyranni
> Mente quatit solida.

There was no condition of life in which he was not equal to the emergency, because he was of the bravery of that Roman so beautifully described by the ancient poet. And though I did not, Mr. Speaker, expect to say a word on this occasion, I have felt that, even though suffering as I do under a severe cold, it is my duty, as it is my pleasure, to

pay my tribute to the honorable friend with whom I sat in this Chamber for so many years and whom I learned to love as a brother.

How we shall all miss those weekly letters in the Washington Post, giving pen pictures of all the members of the House, from our Speaker to the last name on the roll, including members on both sides, and written in such a lofty spirit of justice and truth and kind-heartedness

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

MAY 3, 1902.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

A message from the House communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS, late a Representative from the State of New York, and transmitted resolutions of the House thereon.

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *May 3, 1902.*

Resolved, That the House has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved (in recognition of the long and distinguished term of service rendered in this body by Mr. CUMMINGS), That appropriate services be held in the Hall of the House on Sunday, May 4, 1902, at 3 o'clock p. m.

Resolved, That a committee of fourteen members of the House, with such members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to take order concerning the funeral.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy of the same to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the House do now adjourn.

The Speaker announced the appointment of Mr. McClellan, Mr. Wadsworth, Mr. Sulzer, Mr. Ray, of New York; Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Sherman, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Young, Mr. Clark, Mr. Foss, Mr. Williams, of Mississippi; Mr. McCleary, Mr. Tate, and Mr. Otey as members of the committee on the part of the House.

Mr. DEPEW. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from New York offers resolutions, which will be read.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That a committee of five Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions submitted by the Senator from New York.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The PRESIDING OFFICER, under the second resolution, appointed as the committee on the part of the Senate Mr. Platt, of New York; Mr. Kean, Mr. Penrose, Mr. Jones, of Arkansas; and Mr. Bailey.

Mr. DEPEW. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 2 o'clock and 48 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Monday, May 5, 1902, at 12 o'clock meridian.

FEBRUARY 13, 1903.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES ON THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE CUMMINGS.

Mr. DEPEW. Mr. President, I wish to announce that to-morrow afternoon, after the other eulogies of deceased members of the other House, I shall offer resolutions in commemoration of the life and character of my late colleague in the House of Representatives, AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

FEBRUARY 14, 1903.

Mr. DEPEW. Mr. President, I ask that the resolutions from the House of Representatives in commemoration of Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS, late a Representative from the State of New York, be now laid before the Senate.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions referred to by the Senator from New York, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *June 29, 1902.*

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended in order that an opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of New York.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant, the House, at the conclusion of the memorial proceedings of this day, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be, and he is hereby, instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. DEPEW. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolutions submitted by the Senator from New York will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended in order that fitting tribute be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That Senators be permitted to print remarks upon the life and character of AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect the Senate, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, do adjourn.

ADDRESS OF MR. DEPEW, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. PRESIDENT: There are many of both parties who knew AMOS J. CUMMINGS and loved him who would have joined in this tribute had not the lateness of the session and the pressure of business made it impossible for them to secure the time to do so; but I could not let this session adjourn without having entered in imperishable memorial upon the Journal of the Senate a minute of respect for one of the best men who ever served in the House of Representatives—a man of singular career and of most varied experiences, one of those original geniuses who seldom make a success, and therefore the success of one of them is all the more remarkable and commendable.

There are very few Americans who never, at any period in their lives, had a desire to accumulate a fortune, but AMOS J. CUMMINGS was one of them. He seemed to be, during all his active career, a child of impulse and of circumstance. He acted many parts, but such was his genius, his power of concentration, and his ability, that in each part he forged to the front and made himself conspicuous. A brief review of what he did will exhibit these peculiarities.

His father and his grandfather were both clergymen. He was brought up and had the training which comes in the home of a village pastor, and yet so restless was his spirit that it could not brook the restraints of home or of school and he became an apprentice in the composing room of a newspaper.

As soon as he had learned his trade the roving spirit would no longer let him remain at home, and it was one of the recollections of his life that he had set type in every State in the

Union. This gave him, long before he came of age, a wonderful knowledge of the country and a remarkable acquaintance with the people of the different States of the Republic.

Happening to be at Mobile when General Walker started upon his expedition for the conquest of Nicaragua, this restless spirit was at once captured by the adventurer and the adventure. We shall never know whether Walker was a buccaneer, a pirate, a patriot, or what. We only know he started with 61 men to capture the friendly Republic of Nicaragua.

It is one of the evidences of the enormous advance of this country in a recognition of international rights and of how far an American citizen can go in violation of those rights that the expedition of Walker, widely advertised, the recruiting known at Washington and everywhere else, was permitted to start for the purpose of making an assault upon the integrity and independence of a friendly power. That could not happen to-day under any conditions. It would be suppressed at once. The expedition ended, of course, at last in disaster. But in it were a multitude of extraordinary experiences which would form a romance if AMOS CUMMINGS had ever had the time to write of them.

When he came back to New York he entered the composing room of the New York Tribune. In a short time he had attracted the personal attention of Horace Greeley, who advanced him to a position on the editorial staff, and he finally became managing editor.

Then he fell again into the editorial line as the managing editor of the New York Sun, under Charles A. Dana. When the mob threatened to wreck the Tribune building in the draft riots of 1863, it would have done so had it not been for CUMMINGS. The remarkable facility of this man to adapt himself to all circumstances captured and dispersed that crowd of raving lunatics.

Then he joined the Army during the civil war as a soldier in a New Jersey regiment. At the battle of Chancellorsville, when his battery had been taken and the regiment was on the run, he seized from the dying color bearer the colors, and rushing back with them alone shamed the regiment, so that they followed him and recaptured the battery, for which he received the thanks of Congress and a medal, which was the ornament of all others that he best loved during the whole of his life.

He became not only facile with the pen, but developed as a speaker and turned to the platform; his party wanted him in its campaigns; the dinner tables of the metropolis found that he was a charming addition to the after-dinner speaking.

Here you have this varied career. He entered Congress; he was there for fifteen years, and he so impressed himself upon his associates that he received the extraordinary honor, but very few times granted, of being awarded a public funeral on the floor of the House.

It was my good fortune to know CUMMINGS from his early beginnings down to the day of his death. I often wonder what are the influences and environments that most make up a character or shape a career. CUMMINGS never had any settled purpose for any career, but he just dropped into his ideal of the hour and then marched on with it and its adherents so long as he felt that his line of duty was just there.

The wonder is that this roving young printer, under 16 years of age, falling into all sorts of associations everywhere, this youth of 17, a comrade with those wild adventurers who were without character, without any regard for law, international or national, or morality, or anything else, as were his associates in the Walker expedition; going through the civil war while still so young—that in all of these associations

and all of these temptations the real fiber of manhood, which was the heredity of two generations of clergymen, left him at the end untouched by any of the temptations which must have surrounded a young man under such circumstances.

The character and career of AMOS J. CUMMINGS was not formed in the parsonage, nor in the composing room, nor in the associations with his friends, the printers, nor with the adventurers in Nicaragua, nor with his comrades in the Army. They were built by the overmastering influence of two men of extraordinary genius, whom he worshiped—one Horace Greeley, the other Charles A. Dana.

No proper appreciation of the life and services, of the ability and character of Horace Greeley has ever been written. There was a time, and at that time CUMMINGS was with him, when there came every day from the Tribune office a newspaper with editorials written by that pen which influenced the judgment of millions, which controlled the action of parties, and dominated the legislation of the country.

The most guileless man I ever knew, the most simple, the most credulous, the most unworldly, and yet with a pen in his hand the strongest and wisest, was Horace Greeley. One can imagine the influence of such a character upon such an impressionable youth and of such a make-up as AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

I have seen many a deathbed in my life; I have witnessed life go out under conditions that were sad or sweet, hopeful or despairing. I never but once saw a man die of a broken heart, and never do I wish to see such a tragedy again.

I made a speech with Mr. Greeley in his Presidential campaign, just before its close. We spoke from the same platform, and both of us knew that he was to be beaten. We returned to his home, and he was jeered on the train and at the depot

when we arrived. We went into his study which was littered with those famous caricatures of Nast, representing him as the embodiment of all that was evil or vile in expression or practice in life.

Mr. Greeley glanced them over for a moment, and then he said: "My life is a failure; I never have sought to accumulate fortune; I never have cared for fame; but I did want to leave a monument of what I had done for my fellow-men, in lifting them up, in doing away with the curse of slavery and the curse of rum; but here I am at the close of this campaign so misrepresented to my countrymen that the slave will always look upon me as having been one of his owners, and reform will believe me a fraud." Then, his head falling upon his desk, he burst into uncontrollable sobs. I sent for his family. The brain that had done such splendid work snapped. The next morning he was taken to an asylum, where he died. His heart literally broke at the moment when he bowed his head upon his desk.

Another man who subsequently had influence on the life and in molding the work and character of AMOS J. CUMMINGS was Charles A. Dana. Mr. Dana was of an entirely different type from Horace Greeley, a man of large and broad culture, of wide reading and extensive travel, of experience in literature and in the world—a man of the world, familiar with the public men of all nations and of the great writers of all countries and of all times—not only an editor, but himself a writer of eminence in other walks of literature. He possessed the quality beyond any newspaper man I have ever known of compressing in a sentence an article which filled a column; of putting in one paragraph a thought which, expanded by others, would have been dissipated by its length; but in a paragraph it became the quotable truth for every newspaper in the country, and was

often reproduced as a condensed expression in the platform of a party.

Through the whole of AMOS J. CUMMINGS'S subsequent career we see the influence of these two great men, about whom he was always talking and who were his idols. The tremendous, rushing, resistless Niagara forces of Horace Greeley were in the impulses which moved him; but at the same time in the articles that came from his pen you could see the results of the criticism and teaching which he received while he was editor of the Sun from his master, Charles A. Dana.

Mr. CUMMINGS became a member of the House of Representatives at that moment when there seemed to have come like an inspiration, and almost in an hour, the idea to the people of the United States and to Congress that we must have a powerful Navy. It had been seen by American statesmen for a generation that such a Navy must be built, but the spirit of economy had resisted it always as unnecessary because of the strength of our isolation. But the first year that CUMMINGS was in Congress this idea suddenly and almost as an electric spark permeated the whole Republic. It caught at once upon a mind which had been trained and a life which had been led as had that of our friend. He secured a position upon the Naval Committee. He was during most of his career in the party of the opposition, and yet the Navy, as it is to-day, owes much to the consistent, persistent, able, and patriotic support of this Representative from New York.

He had one other aim, one other absorption, and that was with him always. He became a member early in life of the Typographical Union. I have been, from my occupation and associations, necessarily a student of and brought into intimate contact with labor organizations. One of the best labor

organizations in the world, full of beneficence, commanding the respect of everybody, and doing infinite good for its own members, is the one with which I was most closely brought in contact for many years as president of the New York Central Railway Company—the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Alongside of them is the Typographical Union, of whom I have had much knowledge, though not business relations.

As a member, a lecturer, and an associate in this body, CUMMINGS became familiar with the ideas underlying labor unions, with the best purposes which they had, and with that which was best which could be accomplished by voluntary efforts, or which should be enacted into legislation. Much of the legislation on the statute books of the United States for the last fifteen years in behalf of labor owes its position there to the intelligent efforts of this labor man and exponent, in its best and highest sense, of labor.

Mr. CUMMINGS cultivated the faculty—which very few hard-working men possess—of always having plenty of time for anything. Plenty of time for play, for excursions, for social enjoyment with those he loved and who loved him, plenty of time to appear at the banquet hall where the occasion was patriotic or purely social, or for the advancement of some special purpose, and plenty of time to deliver an address, which was in the next day's paper one of the features of the evening. He could do beyond most men I have ever met that most difficult task of amusing a crowd which is assembled under such conditions late in the evening, and at the same time through the fun, joke, and story of weaving a thread of pregnant truths which left an impress which did not die with the flowers of the feast.

In standing beside the open grave of a friend one thought often occurs to me in later years, and that is: What does the

world owe this man and how much of the debt has he collected? The world owes to every man a living, providing he has the industry and determination to collect it. The world owes to every man more pleasure than pain; more good than bad; more gain than loss; more happiness than sorrow; more success than failure; more love than hate; more friends than enemies; but it rests with the man himself whether he collects that debt, for the world holds hard fast to the good things which it possesses and lets free the bad; and it is only by labor and energy, only by determination and character, that the debt which the world owes to everyone is collected. But as I stood beside the bier of my old friend, AMOS J. CUMMINGS, as I looked over his life as a printer, an editor, an author, a soldier, and a statesman, and then contemplated his inner life in his home and among his friends, I felt that in his sixty-one years of varied activities he had collected the debt which the world owed him; that he had to his account a large credit of fame, of good wishes, and of loving regrets, and that he found a large credit to his account in the great book of life when he joined the majority.

ADDRESS OF MR. PLATT, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. PRESIDENT: My voice has never been heard on this floor in eulogium of the dead; but the life of our departed friend, Hon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS, exhibits so much of interest, and he was withal so universally beloved and respected, not only by his friends and associates, but as well by those opposed to him politically, that I can not refrain from availing myself of this opportunity of paying a simple tribute of respect to his memory and expressing admiration of his superior qualities.

Mr. President, the man who, in the face of poverty and all that is implied in that inexorable term, carves out for himself in the short span of sixty-one years so distinctive a position in the national view as that attained by Mr. CUMMINGS, deserves the highest tributes that tongues can paint or imaginations can conceive. He left the priceless legacy of a good name, an enviable record of achievement, a wealth of good deeds happily and efficiently accomplished; and for me to recur to them briefly to-day can add but slight emphasis to their immortal effect upon human kind.

Others upon this floor and in the coordinate branch of this national legislative body have recited the record of this man in terms specific and appropriate, so that it becomes unnecessary for me to indulge in repetition, but I do desire on this occasion to touch upon those pronounced characteristics which stood out in his personality like promontories upon a rocky shore.

Mr. CUMMINGS throughout his life was a fighter. His was the typical struggle for existence. From his boyhood he fought through the conditions which obstruct material advancement, through wars, through political campaigns, through

legislative contests, until the mortal combat in which he was finally worsted, only to eventually win the trophy of a lease upon the life eternal, equipped by the rich experience of a life here well spent. He fought with Walker in Nicaragua. He fought in the civil war in the Twenty-sixth New Jersey Volunteer Regiment, of which he became, through conscientious and valorous service, its sergeant-major, and at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, for exceptional gallantry, in which he braved a storm of bullets as he has since braved storms of ballots, he received a medal of honor and the thanks of Congress.

He fought his way into prominence in the field of journalism until, having attracted the attention of Mr. Greeley, he was placed in charge of the New York Weekly Tribune, and later became the managing editor of the New York Evening Sun. He fought through many a term in Congress and conducted his defensive and offensive campaigns in the House of Representatives with a vigor, a fairness, and a sweetness of temper that inspired the admiration and respect of all his colleagues. It is a rare quality, Mr. President, which admits of a man engaging in desperate political and legislative combat and emerging with clean hands and a serene temper. It is a quality that stands out conspicuously in his life career. He was, moreover, a large man in his aggressiveness. Many a time has his strong battle-ax been wielded against his political associates when his consistent mind placed him at honest variance with their views, but in none of his contests did he inspire enmity; his attitude invariably bespoke respect.

And then, Mr. President, he was a lover. He loved his family, his friends, and, in fact, all humanity, with an ardor seldom equaled. His career is punctuated at every stage with a record of kind deeds, glorious performances, in the interest of the weaker brother. One of his eulogizers refers touchingly

to his love for the lower orders of life—the birds, the flowers, the trees, the beauties of nature. These characteristics, Mr. President, denote the large man; the man whose love embraces not only those near to him, but extends throughout the length and breadth of the ocean of humanity, and then takes in as well all animate life, so that his emotions vibrate to the tune of the universe. He is the man, Mr. President, whose life is attuned to the divine and whose thoughts and acts ring with the music of the stars.

They tell us that he was an omnivorous reader; that he was a scholar, a littérateur; that his mind was stored with the good, the sublime things in classical art. This accounts for his splendid genius as a journalist, a debater, and an orator. He never touched a subject that he did not illumine. He never addressed an audience that he did not enlighten.

Consider these three qualities that I have referred to so casually to-day—the qualities of the fighter, the lover, and the cultured intellect; all wrought out by his indomitable will and aggression. Could any man be better equipped to achieve lasting results? Could any man leave a better, a more pure, a more exalted record of a life well spent?

He died after reaching the maximum of usefulness, the pinnacle of accomplishment, with the love, respect, and emulation of his fellow-men.

FUNERAL SERVICES IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

SUNDAY, *May 4, 1902.*

Funeral services over the remains of AMOS J. CUMMINGS, late a Representative from the State of New York, were held in the Hall of the House of Representatives on Sunday, May 4, 1902, at 3 o'clock p. m., in the presence of the Members of the House and Senate.

The quartet choir of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church sang the hymn "Lead, kindly light."

The Chaplain of the House of Representatives, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

O Thou who art from everlasting to everlasting the same tender, loving Father who doeth all things well, in the hour of sorrow and sadness we turn to Thee for consolation and comfort. In the dispensation of Thy providence Thou hast taken from our midst one whom we all loved and honored for his manly and noble bearing, for his genuine worth and nobility of soul. The hand that wielded the pen with strength and ability is motionless, the eye that beamed with love upon us is closed, the heart that throbbed with affection and patriotism throbs no more, the lips that spoke with eloquence and fervor are hushed, and the places that knew him here shall know him no more. The gathering of this distinguished presence, the floral offerings from far and near, the loving tributes from lips and pen testify of his worth as a public servant and the esteem in which he was held. We thank Thee for his life and pray that his memory may be an inspiration to those who knew him and to

those who shall read of his struggles and victories. And O God our Father, we thank Thee for the precious promises of the gospel which come like angels bearing the sweet message—There is no death; it is but a transition which sweeps the soul in unbroken continuity on and on to larger life and grander achievements.

Comfort, O God, those to whom he was nearest and dearest by the blessed thought that all that was good and true and beautiful in their beloved one still lives, and will live in Thy presence forever, and may we all live with this hope to encourage and strengthen us that we faint not by the wayside, but grow continually the faculties of mind and powers of soul that we may be ready for the summons which comes alike to all, and Thine shall be the praise through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Address of Rev. Wallace Radcliffe, D. D.

This life was not an accident. This death was not by chance. Every life is a purpose. Every death is a Divine idea. The eternal purpose is not intermittent or eclectic. God never sleeps, and His purpose moves on, comprehending all men and all events through all the ages. And or the distinct phases of purpose, for the individual places and works in that design, He brings forth, at the right moment and in the right way, the needed life. God knows how to shape and sharpen His own tools. And when this man was to appear, God fitted him in special ways for his special purpose and mission.

It was his in the very beginning to have place in noble and effective lineage. He was a son of the manse. His father was a Christian minister; and the manse, while often the abode of poverty and of needed denial, is also and thereby an academy

of thrift, of energy, of fine example and effective training for large manhood and successful endeavor.

Plain living and high thinking bring the great results. Luxury does not ordinarily fashion the most effective tools. The homespun clothing on the boy gives to the man the clothing of righteousness ofttimes. Oatmeal will give muscle for the boy and the brain for the successful man, and our history gives tribute to the log cabin, the canal boat, and the tannery for its generals and judges and statesmen.

And if to that abode of poverty we give the atmosphere of Christian living, we have ordained effectiveness and high success. The Christian home is the bulwark of the nation; and this boy, early with the Bible in his hands, used to the tones of family prayer and to all the manifold influences of the Christian church, had given to him the necessary stimulus and the ordained ministry for successful and efficient manhood.

And God brought to him also the enterprise of Nicaragua. We need not approve all its methods, whilst we recognize in that occasion the adventure, enterprise, and energy that gave fitness for the mature life.

It was also his province and high privilege to have training in all the stir and high endeavor of the civil war. That day is becoming more and more remote to us, but we will not forget it, for it brought to him, as to so many, the training and the triumph for his young manhood. It was a revelation to himself. It summoned manhood, it quickened energy, it crystallized conviction, it revealed his country to him, and laid the foundation for that patriotism so characteristic in his subsequent life, and which had its ringing utterance and high expression in his last eloquent words in this Hall.

And God gave him that which he himself acknowledged, the school of the printing office; one of the best schools, I suppose,

an American citizen and an American publicist can have. It brought revelation of public needs, of springs of action, of modes of address, of human weakness and human strength, of unusual opportunity and imperial demand, and out of these things a wide sympathy, personal power, and large charity.

God brought to him these and kindred influences, out of which He made the man for a splendid public service, who so largely, so efficiently, and with such honor moved amid the scenes of this Hall, and made his impression upon legislation and communities, and filled his name with influence and love that were so pervasive and beneficent.

This training and service reveal special characteristics. I think no one will challenge the meed of patriotism. That life was crowned with a love of country. However men might differ from him in judgment, in taste, in partisan conviction, or special legislation, I think no one would challenge his high love of country, his patriotic devotion to national interests, his loyalty to our people and our rulers, and his high ambition for the largest and best and most enduring accomplishment for the land. The day is past when men are ashamed to be called Americans. The day is past when interest in public life is to be limited to the low, the narrow, the unworthy, and when men must excuse themselves if they take official place or avow interest in public institutions. We have enlarged, we have enriched, we have come to ourselves, like the prodigal of old, and we are turning away from the husks and poverty and littleness of that cowardly, selfish spirit, and in the large place of our Father's house and Fatherland we take our place and speak our love and give our service.

And we give him not only the crown of patriotism, but of humanity. He was a man, and what concerned men concerned him. He loved life in all its expression, and energy of work

or spirit. He loved the birds. He knew their names. He liked to say that he had set type and caught fish in every State in the Union; a man of abounding life, and by his very sympathy with nature he won the sympathy of his fellow-men. Not the library, but the field, makes us fittest for service and human love. And out of this life—broad, generous, earnest, eager—he won the love of his fellow-men. I presume it is the universal testimony that men loved him. He grasped others to his own heart with hooks of steel. He was ready for their service, and therefore won service from them. His heart throbbed with the fact and the thought that he was a man. The interests of his fellow-men were common to him, and summoned him to thought and service and sacrifice. That is the power over our fellows, that is the crown of humanity, that is the argument of success; not the trained mind, not the furnished thought, not the graceful person, not the material treasure influence, but the scepter of human conviction, the crowned heart, the interest and devotion to our fellow-men, that wins and conquers and rules the world.

> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood.

I do not know whether he read his Bible much in latter days, but I know from all I hear that he did act upon one of the precepts of that Word, where it declares that "he that hath friends must show himself friendly." He enjoyed his fellow-men, gave himself to them, recognized their beauty, their grace, their needs; gave them his love, and had their love for his crown. He lived a useful life. He wrought an effective work, he won high honor, just because he served his fellow-men. Only to-day I heard one say that he never denied any who asked a possible service. Through these halls, in these varied associations, in the quiet of his own

home, he gave himself to the service of his fellow-men and was successful because of his faith. He believed in himself. He believed in his fellow-men. He knew his purpose to be honest. He looked upon this man laboring, that man in poverty, upon the young man limited, and gave them his heart, his time, and his energy; he held in stewardship for his neighbor as to himself.

Very likely he was a partisan. His faith and honesty and energy would compel it. The partisan is the man who does things. The partisan is not necessarily bigoted and narrow and ignorant. The partisan is a partisan because he believes something—not necessarily to the exclusion of all other recognition; but to him there is a certain idea distinct, a certain conviction positive, a certain aim determined, and out of that a man becomes Carlyle's "man who can."

In religion and in politics the man who does not believe anything does not amount to much. The man who belongs to all the churches is not of any account in any of the churches. The man who belongs to all the parties is not to be counted among any of them.

No doubt he was a partisan, but by his very partisanship he commands our respect, and through his partisanship won his success.

And so this life has the crown of completion. "How sad," "how sorrowful," "how premature," we say one to another, as such a life is suddenly closed. Not so. Every man is immortal till his work is done. No disease, no accident, no human conditions can interfere with the Divine thought, or retard for one moment the eternal purpose in its accomplishment for any life or through any life.

This man completed his life. His mission was ended, his service rounded, so far as this world and human legislation are

concerned. It is complete. No broken columns, no incomplete wreaths! I tell you there are no broken columns in the divine temple. There are no lives incomplete, and your life and mine answer their purpose and do their work, and are complete pillars for some definite idea, for some eternal purpose. And yet complete only for to-day. We gather in sorrow for the friend whom we lose. His place will be vacant and his voice stilled; we talk sadly to one another of death, of broken friendship and disappointed purpose. We need, perhaps, its warning suggestion and stimulus. You will remember the story of old, where Saladin entertained Richard the Lionhearted, and at the great banquet, with its grand display and high sounds of ecstatic, jubilant music, of bravery and brilliant conquests, a lance bore a shroud over the table in sight of all, carrying the words "Saladin, king of kings; Saladin, victor of victors; Saladin must die."

Nay; Saladin must live. Death is only an incident—a little break in the onward course of the life that is already eternal as the years of God. The supreme question is not of our dying, but of our living. The imperative demand is the yield of this present life for the fullness or emptiness of that coming life. We come into this life with our hands closed, intending to grasp, to get what we can, and we leave this life with our hands open—everything is dropped. But only from the hands. We come into this life with our hearts empty. We leave with them filled, and the problem is, out of training, out of preparation, out of endurance, out of service, out of all high experience or low experience, what shall we carry into the eternities? The Master, who alone is Light of light, Truth of truth, Life of life, stands not only at that open tomb to illumine that vestibule of the inner temple. He stands by the side of every life, to light continually, to minister continually—to pour into this heart all

grace, all strength, all comfort, all peace, all life that to-day may be but the training for undying honor; that out of this discipline may come enduring strength and eternal life.

These lips are dumb. No; they are to-day more eloquent than in all the years that are gone. Listen, and by the memories that are purest, by the service that was noblest, by the attainments most enduring, by the hopes most radiant, they will speak their message—live for truth, live for Christ, live for immortality; and if you would have treasure without rust, wealth without poverty, renown unfading, and influence ennobling and enduring, lay them up in God.

Address of Rev. D. J. Stafford, D. D.

Gentlemen, I am profoundly touched by the solemnity and the sadness of this occasion. Were I not sustained by the nature of my theme, I should find all utterance difficult. Hear me for my cause and be patient whilst I briefly, as under the circumstances must needs be, endeavor to point out one or two of the traits, one or two of the distinguishing characteristics in the character of this good, this noble, this generous-hearted man.

Character alone is important. Character alone is essential. Honors, station, position, riches, empires, kingdoms, all these fade away to nothingness before it. Character alone makes the man. It illumines with the light of God the hovel of poverty, where often it has lived, and it has warmed the cold garret of the lonely scholar whose hair has grown white with the watchings of learning before he had given his luminous thoughts to the world which are to make him immortal. It dwells in the cottage, and yet, like mercy, it becomes the throned monarch better than his crown. Station, honors, position, wealth, empire—all these are accidental; all these pass away; all these

are nothing. Character makes the man, and constitutes the first essential of greatness in whatever station man may be placed. It is character that makes man great.

Doubtless, as a great French writer tells us, God alone is great. If we could see God as He really is, we would understand what true greatness is. If we could see omnipotence, infinite wisdom, and eternity—if we could behold these divine attributes that constitute Him in His infinite being, we should understand what real greatness is, what real character is. But as we can not see God in Himself, God has manifested them indirectly in this great world that He has called into existence. For when He uttered that fiat which called the worlds into being and orb after orb came up out of the abyss of chaos and nothingness and passed out before His eye in the glorious procession which is still going on, He intended to make a revelation of Himself to us, to manifest to us as far as we could understand, as far as we were capable of receiving such manifestations, this infinite wisdom, this infinite knowledge, His divine and infinite character; and St. Paul, speaking of the first Christian, says:

"Flecto genua ad patrem Domini Nostri Jesu Christi, ut possitis comprehendere cum omnibus sanctis quid sit latitudo longitudo sublimitas et profundum."

And if we contemplate this material universe, this wonderful creation of God, we find it has certain dimensions; it is so broad, it is so long, it is so high, it is so deep. It is so wonderful, these overhanging heavens shining with the patines of pure gold, these cloud-capped mountains lifting their vast and ponderous heads toward the sky, these great oceans stretching away the waves of immensity, this radiant atmosphere; all these wonderful things from the insect that sings upon the blade of grass, from the smallest thing that exists, to the vast

complexity of systems that science has not investigated, everywhere manifest this infinite wisdom.

And so when we leave the material and come to consider man we find that character has certain dimensions, and the first necessity for great character is breadth.

Latitudo. It must be broad. It must be comprehensive. It must take in all that is good. It must embrace the whole world. It must embrace the human race. It must embrace, first of all, one's own country, one's own people. All ranks, all conditions, all beliefs, all sects, all the different sections that constitute the people, must be embraced in this amplitude, in this comprehension, in this broadness that constitutes a character. For though we should possess all the world, though a man should have all knowledge, though he should have all riches, though he should have all empire, if he used that knowledge and those riches and that empire for himself, he is not great. Providence intended that all things should be distributed—knowledge, like everything else; riches, like everything else—and he should be a poor steward indeed who would suppose that all these beneficent gifts of Providence were intended for his selfish enjoyment. He would be an example of gigantic, monumental selfishness, like those Eastern potentates and Roman emperors who thought that the human race was created to minister to their pleasure and that all the world was intended simply to be a means of gratification of their several base appetites. They constituted themselves in the place of God.

Now, this man, over whose death we are mourning and around whose bier we are gathered this afternoon, possessed first of all this broadness of character. He possessed first of all this largeness of heart. A discontented boy, a boy with those mysterious yearnings for something yet to come, which

made his life restless and made him unhappy, took him about from place to place, and from section to section, seeking something he knew not what, yet always driven on by this mysterious hunger which, if rightly understood, bespoke great things for the future. Discontented and of a roving spirit, in the beginning, leaving home as a mere child, and, I say, driven by this mysterious yearning and hunger, which has been evident in the early lives of very many great men, until the heart, the mind, and the soul and all the intensity of the being is fastened on some great object or some great career. Then he began the ascent, then he changed this motion from place to place into that motion upward, onward and upward up the mountain of distinction, aye, and the mountain of fame. For a man who was known and loved by nearly an hundred millions of people may surely be said to have fame. How laborious was that ascent, how difficult it was for him, how many times he fell backward and with what magnificent courage he rose again and started to climb higher and higher and higher until he reached the pinnacle. Then he looked out into the brightness of the heavens, into the glory of the clouds round about him, and saw great vistas that had not been visible from below. All the world had become more beautiful, all the world had become larger, everything had changed its aspect.

And what was the first thought; what was the first inclination; what was the first disposition of AMOS J. CUMMINGS when he reached that altitude? He stretched out his arms and wanted the world to enjoy it. He wanted all mankind to have share in it. Nor did he, looking into the clouds, scorn that ladder of lowliness by which he had ascended. He looked back down the mountain side; he saw those who were struggling, and striving, and endeavoring to climb to the

summit as he had done. He remembered the day when he himself had begun at the bottommost round. He called to them that were climbing up after him; he bade them have courage; he bade them come on; he bade them renew the struggle, and when they fell backward in the effort to make the ascent, his heart yearned for them and called for them, trying to point out to them the ladder by which he himself had climed, in order that they also might arrive at success. He kept up his associations with those early days during the entire course of his life. He loved the poor man; he loved the laboring man; he kept up his associations with the working people; he was ever ready to speak in their behalf; he was always ready to do whatever he could to make their condition better, and though he himself had attained that which may be said, no doubt, to be a very high altitude in worldly greatness, and had come to be so distinguished, so well known, and so much beloved, a member of the most distinguished legislative body in the world, he never lost that kindness of heart, that genial consideration, that disposition of affability that allowed everybody to approach him, and always kept up association with those humble people who were beginning life. He possessed this kindness of heart, this greatness of soul, which is one of the first dimensions of character.

He also possessed high views; he had high principles; height of character, which is the second dimension; he had great ideals, and he wanted to live up to them. That he was a man of extreme patriotism no one who knew him will question. That in everything he undertook he always endeavored to find out the right and to follow it, no one who knew him will doubt. That he always sought to find out the right and when he found the right to follow it, is universally conceded; and not only did he use high ideals, but none but legitimate means

by which to reach them. Ah, here is where the mere utilitarian fails; here is where the mere vulgar seeker after distinction, after place, and after riches, fails; here is where the man who is merely a self-seeker, a selfish man, fails. He is willing to adopt any means to assure his own success, to reach that goal toward which he is tending; but this man, with high ideals and high principles, used none but legitimate means by which to attain them. He had, therefore, the second dimension of character.

But the most distinguishing trait in his character, as the most distinguishing trait in the character of every great man, was the third characteristic—longness of soul, length of soul, endurance of soul; longitudo. A determination that nothing could exhaust; a courage which nothing could baffle; a largeness of soul and endurance of soul which no obstacle, however great, could shake. This is the greatest trait of character, and this he possessed in a preeminent degree. A determination to succeed, let come what may; a determination to assert the right, let it cost what it may; a determination to reach the summit, let the ascent be difficult as it may; a determination to go on, though he should fall a hundred times by the roadside.

Such is the characteristic of all great men. Tie it to religion and it makes the saint; let it appeal to humanity, and it makes the man of charity; let it show itself in a man of learning, and it makes the philosopher; let it manifest itself in the conscience, and it makes the martyr; let it be for country and it makes the patriot. And it was this trait of character that distinguished him above all things. How else can you explain the fact but upon this basis of dogged determination that he reached his high altitude? How can you explain the fact that a boy who left school when twelve years of age became in his manhood distinguished for his learning and exhaustless

information; great felicity of phrase, his facile pen, which delighted thousands with the depth of expression and with a pathetic way of putting events that went directly home and won the hearts of men? A man that never was inside a university and had only that greater university, books. What splendid courage, what determination, what force of principle must have been necessary for him in order to acquire that knowledge, in order to arrive at that degree of information which made him an authority in the station in which he spent a large part of his life. Printer, soldier, newspaper man, editor, Congressman, and eminent in all.

He carried all to success, and then, with that ill health that ever and again made it necessary for him to forsake the field of activity for a period of rest, when another man would have been discouraged, as soon as he recuperated his strength even to a slight degree came back again to renew the struggle and carry on the work. What else could have carried him through those trying conditions of the civil war when upon the field battling for his country he won distinction and that medal of honor awarded and conferred by that Congress in which he was afterwards to sit, and of which he was to become an ornament. What else but this magnificent courage and determination carried him through all these vicissitudes of that career, preeminently American, a result of the civilization and the institutions under which we live? It enabled this man to grow, to enlarge in power, in strength, in soul, and in heart, until he became the magnificently rounded-out character we knew and loved. He was full of kindness and charity for others, and, his soul and heart so richly stored with all these gifts, he made all those love him with whom he came in contact, and won the respect, admiration, and love of those who were opposed to him on public measures.

He was a man of conscience always; a party man in the right and high sense, but he always put his country above all parties and above all considerations. And withal there was a gentleness and sweetness about him; with all these great gifts there was a meekness and sweetness in his character that you could not but love. "His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, This was a man."

And in this year, which will be known as the year of the great calamity, when the greatest and saddest of all calamities has come upon the people, when one of the most eminent, one of the most gentle, one of the most lovable, one of the tenderest, and one of the purest men was shot down by the bullet of an assassin. So great was the love of the people for him that throughout the length and breadth of this land they sat down by the fireside in every home and shed tears of sorrow, as though in every household the father had died. In this year, in which the hearts of these people have been touched with a sorrow so great, with a misfortune so terrible, with an anguish of soul so keen, those that knew this man stop to mourn, they yet stop to express their sorrow, they yet stop to shed a tear, and nearly one hundred millions of people stop to-day to mark and note the death of AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

What greater tribute could there be? A man of large heart—God give us men of large hearts. A man of high ideals in public life—God give me men of high ideals in public life. A man of unswerving determination, of unswerving adherence to the right, and unbounded love and loyalty for his country. God give us such men in public life. Let us cherish his memory and imitate his example, for the world and the country are better that he lived.

He loved his country with disinterested love. He loved her

with the heart of a son, the heart of a patriot. And let us pray God that we may profit by his example.

For such men there is no failure, because the men who live for ideals never fail. The utilitarian, the man of mere utility, the man who seeks himself, the man who seeks wealth, the man who seeks any of these pernicious things, always ultimately fails. The man who lives for ideals never fails. Such a man was Mr. CUMMINGS, and for this reason we mourn over his death and gather round his bier to-day to express for him our love and admiration, recalling the beauty of his character, his signal services to his country, his magnificent career in his State, his signally magnificent career in this House, and withal his gentleness and his sweetness.

"His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, This was a man."

The choir sang "Nearer my God to Thee."

The Rev. William H. Milburn, D. D., Chaplain of the Senate, pronounced the benediction as follows:

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God and of his Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord; and the blessing of God Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be amongst you and remain with you always. Amen.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

IN HONOR OF

AMOS J. CUMMINGS,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION No. 6,

ON

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 22, 1902,

AT

CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL,

NEW YORK.

MEMORIAL SERVICES IN HONOR OF AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

Memorial services in honor of the late AMOS J. CUMMINGS were held at Carnegie Music Hall on Sunday afternoon, June 22, 1902, at 2 o'clock, under the auspices of Typographical Union No. 6.

The Memorial Committee having charge of the ceremonies was as follows:

MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

Ex-President M. H. McNamara, chairman; Ex-President Samuel B. Donnelly, Ex-President James J. Murphy, vice-chairmen; Robert M. Campbell, secretary; Ex-President Hugh Dalton, Ex-President William White, Ex-President John A. Ganong, Ex-President George A. McKay, Ex-President Mannis J. Geary, Ex-President James M. Duncan, Ex-President William E. Boselly, Ex-President Charles J. Dumas, Ex-President John A. Kenney, Ex-President James P. Farrell, Ex-President John H. Delaney, Ex-President James P. Rahal, Owen J. Kindelon, and Edward N. Barnett.

Kindly address replies to James J. Murphy, No. 216 East Eleventh street, New York, when tickets will be promptly sent you with the compliments of the membership.

The following order of exercises was observed:

PROGRAMME.

Overture—"Raymond" (*Ambroise Thomas*), Prof. James Beggs, conductor. Introduction, James J. Murphy, vice-chairman memorial committee. Address, Marsden G. Scott, president Typographical Union No. 6. Prayer and address, Rev. Philip Markham Kerridge, vicar Pro-Cathedral, New York. Address—"Amos J. Cummings: As a Man," Hon. John S. Williams, Representative from Mississippi. Solo—"Ave Maria," Mme. Rachel Laya (courtesy of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein). Address—"Amos J. Cummings: Newspaper Man," Hon. John W. Keller, ex-president New York Press Club. Baritone solo—"The King of Love" (*Gounod*), Mr. Winfred Goff (courtesy Henry W. Savage, Castle Square Opera Company). Address—"Amos J. Cummings: Service to Country," Hon. James M. Robinson, Representative from Indiana. Largo—"Trust in the Lord" (*Händel*), double quartet from "The Chaperons" (courtesy of Mr. Frank L.

Perley). First tenors—Douglas Ruthven, Jethro Warner; second tenors—Edward Randall, Charles Ingoldsby; first bassos—Thomas Burton, Edward Elkas; second bassos—Jacob Weibley, William Nye. Oration, Hon. William E. Mason, United States Senator from Illinois. Orchestra—"Pilgrims' Chorus," from "Tannhäuser" (*Wagner*). Address—"Amos J. Cummings: Legislative Associate," Hon. David H. Mercer, Representative from Nebraska. Contralto solo—"There Is a Green Hill Far Away" (*Gounod*), Miss Gertrude Gallagher. Address—"Amos J. Cummings: Union Soldier," Gen. James R. O'Beirne. "Funeral March" (*Chopin*). Address—"Amos J. Cummings: The Moral Influence of His Life" Rev. L. J. Evers, pastor St. Andrew's Roman Catholic Church, New York. Double quartet—"Lead, Kindly Light" (*Dudley Buck*). Double quartet from "The Chaperons" (courtesy of Frank L. Perley). Address—"Amos J. Cummings: Union Printer," Owen J. Kindelon, of Typographical Union No. 6. Solo—"Stabat Mater"—"Inflammatus," Miss Frances Lee (courtesy of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein). Letters of regret read by Robert M. Campbell, secretary memorial committee. Hymn—"Nearer, My God, to Thee," by the audience. "Coronation March," from "Le Prophète" (*Meyerbeer*).

James J. Murphy, vice-chairman, presided.

Mr. JAMES J. MURPHY. We are here this afternoon to pay a tribute of gratitude to one whom we all loved. On March 11, 1894, in the Fifth Avenue Theater, and for the first time in the history of our organization, now extending over half a century, we honored the memory of one who not only held a special place in the affections of printers, but of humanity in general. I refer to that generous and noble-minded gentleman, the late George W. Childs, the then proprietor of the Philadelphia Public Ledger. On that occasion the oration was delivered by his dear friend, the one whose memory we are assembled to-day to honor, AMOS JAY CUMMINGS.

In the death of Mr. CUMMINGS honest labor lost a fearless champion. His was the intelligence born of the practical knowledge of the needs of the toilers, and his advocacy of legislation for their benefit was always in consonance with what was beneficial to the public interest of our great country. He simply performed his duty, and, in our opinion, he performed it well.

The lesson of Mr. CUMMINGS'S life should be an inspiration to us—union printers especially—inasmuch as he never forgot, in his exalted position, the companions of the days spent in the strenuous life of the composing room, and, further, that he ever regarded the card of the Typographical Union as one of his principal treasures.

The programme the memorial committee has presented for your consideration is a very lengthy one, as you can see, and consequently briefness will be essential.

The Typographical Union is ever ready to reward those who are faithful to its principles, and we counted AMOS CUMMINGS among the best.

I have the honor to introduce as the first speaker the honored president of our beloved union, Mr. Marsden G. Scott.

ADDRESS OF MARSDEN G. SCOTT.

Speaking for the six thousand members of Typographical Union No. 6, we feel that in the death of AMOS J. CUMMINGS we have suffered a loss which mere words can but feebly express. Although for many years he was not directly engaged in the printing trade, yet he still retained his active membership in our union, still took a lively interest in all its affairs, and was always ready to assist in promoting the welfare of the organization. Not only was he known to the members of No. 6, but in five hundred cities throughout the United States and Canada, wherever there exists a subordinate branch of the International Typographical Union, the name of AMOS J. CUMMINGS inspired the greatest respect and he was held in the highest esteem by the members of the craft. Other speakers here this afternoon will refer to his career as a union printer, as a Union soldier, and as an editor and newspaper man; but all will agree that the sentiments of the union printers are the sentiments of all

who knew him. To us the character of AMOS J. CUMMINGS stands out as clear, as distinct, and as beautiful as though carved from the purest marble by the Master's hand. He was a union printer, a Union soldier; he was proud of his affiliations, and we were proud of him. In honoring his memory let us not neglect the lesson to be learned from the record of his busy life, for AMOS J. CUMMINGS was always busy. But he wasn't too busy to hear and answer the call of his country when it needed his services to save this nation. He wasn't too busy as a printer at the case to be unmindful of the welfare of his fellow-craftsmen; and later on, when he had established a national reputation as a newspaper writer and editor, he was not too busy then to remember his old associates of the printing trade. And when he became one of the foremost men in the House of Representatives, he was not too busy then to stand shoulder to shoulder with other members of the House to protect the interests of those from whose ranks he had risen. And when the final summons came, he was not too busy, for AMOS J. CUMMINGS had performed his allotted task and performed it well.

The chairman introduced Rev. Philip Markham Kerridge, vicar of the Pro-Cathedral in New York, who offered the following prayer:

Almighty and Everlasting God, before whose face the generations rise and pass away, we give Thee hearty thanks for the good examples of all those, Thy servants, who, having manfully performed their labors here, have been called to work with Thee. As Thou wast their guide and strength during their earthly pilgrimage, so, we believe, Thou art still with them wheresoever they be, that still Thou art their Master and Teacher, instructing them in the Divine purpose which doth overrule Thy work; teaching their hands now but to perform

each task in harmony with Thy immutable decrees. Our fathers walked by Thy guidance and rested on Thy compassion. Be Thou still to us, their children, a loving Father, our supremest trust. Establish in us the faith and confidence which they had in Thee. May we ever be mindful of the fact that we have entered into their labors, and that ours is the duty and responsibility of bringing the same into good effect. If in our days of prosperity we forget Thee and worship false gods, send us, in Thy love, some awakening stroke of adversity that we may be brought back to Thee. Clear our hearts of all shams, pretence, and lies, and may we be a people who speak no cant. Make us true men and deliver us from hypocrisy. Give wisdom to those whom we intrust with authority and rule. Keep them from boastfulness, vainglory, and self-love. May they always remember they are but instruments in Thy hand. May our judges love justice, and may those who make our laws be governed by the very spirit of equity and fairness toward all. May bribery be an unknown crime. Fashion into one happy nation the multitudes brought hither out of many kindreds and tongues. May our people love order and law, and shun those who preach anarchy and the strife which is engendered of hate. God of our fathers, defend our liberty and preserve our unity, but grant that we may easily distinguish between liberty and lawlessness, between unity and selfishness. In our land, ordain that every good work shall have an even course; that the schools of sound learning may flourish; that our people be wise, tolerant, and free. Especially would we pray for every church, that she to whom has been intrusted the ministry of reconciliation may prove worthy of her trust. Bring under her standard those who have wandered away and have become estranged from prayer. That thy church may be more worthy to be loved, endow her with

the spirit of Christ. May she nurture no dark superstitions, nor champion any unrighteous cause. Grant that her ministers may know the joy of disinterested service, and may they be simple with the simplicity which was in Jesus. Give us grace seriously to lay to heart the great dangers we are in by our unhappy divisions. Take away all hatred, prejudice, and bigotry, and whatsoever else may hinder us from godly union and concord. Bow Thine ear to our petitions, and in Thy wisdom grant us those things which are best for us. We ask it in His name who taught us to pray and say Our Father, etc.

Address of Rev. Philip Markham Kerridge.

In the early history of our nation, while democracy and republican government was still an experiment, there were not wanting those who raised the voice of criticism against what we had undertaken; men who claimed to be friends said that it would be impossible for any nation long to survive under the democratic idea, because it would be impossible that any one man or any number of men should ever rise above the common lot of their neighbors; that while democracy undoubtedly would raise the many it would lower the few; that there would therefore be no prominent men, no standard bearers. You know—for our history is known to you—how this has been disproved by the course of our nation. We have never wanted in any hour of trial, in any time of difficulty, in any need, great men to stand up and be the bearers of our banners. To be sure, there has come about—and this is one of the most vital things in the history of our nation—a change in the character of those whom we esteem as our great men. You and I have seen this change coming about; we have seen the people seeking to take the man of force, the man of destruction, and make him a hero; and we know that such attempts

have failed, and failed because they were not in conformity with our ideas of government and our ideas of citizenship. The man, then, who has taken the place of the man of force is the man of thought, the man of service, the idealist.

In this programme which is presented before me I see that AMOS J. CUMMINGS—be his name pronounced with all affection and reverence—was a many-sided man. You will see that he was a soldier; that he was a laborer; that he labored for the good of mankind. You will hear his brethren and those who knew him best tell you that he was a man whose virtues were beyond question or quibble; but I look in vain to see here—though there were two churchmen to speak to you—I look in vain to find any reference to AMOS J. CUMMINGS as a churchman. I do not say this in any spirit of criticism, for to me, speaking as a churchman, it seems a matter deserving notice that a man whose character was what his was should, in his manifold workings, find it expedient to labor outside of that organization, whose aims and ideals are, I must believe, in accordance with his. What was it then, I ask, that kept this man of high ideals, of noble aims, from working in unison with some branch of the Christian church? For observe, I beg you, that the very characteristics which make this man noteworthy are inculcated by the church; she has for ages been the conservator of those qualities in men which we, as a people, value in our public men. Is the fault with the church that so many noble men carry on their work singly and alone without the inspiration that should come from association with a large body with kindred aims and ambitions? I dare answer that, in part, the blame is with the church. She has been deaf to the immediate needs of men. She has often seemed afraid to attack those problems that are interesting the men who think in our day; she has fondly turned her eyes to a past; her pulpits

have too often been the platform from which stale and unprofitable doctrine has been preached with pious zeal and where men have heard immaterial and irrelevant issues discussed by puling sermonizers. She has too often been afraid when she should have been bold, hesitating when there should have been no uncertainty, driven when she should have led. She has seemed to think that her only function was to proclaim a future salvation for men, and that the righting of present wrongs, the protest against present injustice, was no part of her mission. I say, brethren, that so far as she has limited herself thus, so far has she departed from the purpose of her Divine Head. Jesus had very little to say about the future, but much about the present, and if the church is to be the interpreter of Christ and His spirit to men she must deal with the everyday problems of life. And, thank God, the day has come. The church is awake to her responsibility; she is demanding with no uncertain voice that social injustice stop; her ministers are no longer afraid to stand at the front of the hosts of labor. She can not, if she is true to her ideal, recognize classes. She has the true idea of a democracy, for within—yes, and without—her bounds she recognizes all men as brethren. There has been fault, too, on the part of those who have separated themselves from communion with her. It has done her good, since under God it has aroused her to the work there was to be done. But how much better that work could be done if the brave hearts and the strong arms of such men as AMOS CUMMINGS were hers to command. I believe the time will come when they will be working with her and in her. For let us not forget that her call to-day is, as of old, the call to a life of service in the battle against all unrighteousness.

Mr. JAMES J. MURPHY. The next speaker is the son of a Confederate soldier, who was a colonel of the Twenty-seventh

Tennessee Volunteers, and who lost his life in the battle of Shiloh. An admirer of honesty and sterling integrity, he became a close and good friend of Mr. CUMMINGS. Speaking to the subject, "AMOS J. CUMMINGS as a man," I have the honor to introduce the Hon. John S. Williams, Representative from Mississippi.

ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN S. WILLIAMS.

Mr. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am requested to pay a tribute to my dead and buried friend, AMOS J. CUMMINGS—a tribute to him not as a statesman, nor as an editor, nor as a member of his intelligent, useful, and honorable craft, the printers and compositors, nor as a writer of character sketches, nor as a soldier, nor as a colleague in the National Legislature—though he was all these and eminently excelled as each—but a tribute to him simply as a man, a friend.

I am requested to do this in ten minutes' time. One minute is ample, subjectively speaking, for the mental consciousness of affection and kindly friendship as a day, but it would be impossible, in very many more minutes, adequately to portray, in articulate speech, the object of that friendship and affection so as to transplant the sentiment with equal growth to the hearts of others; and yet my heart, full of tender memories, bids me attempt it.

The wise old King of Israel said: "He that hath friends must show himself friendly."

AMOS CUMMINGS "showed himself friendly" to all who deserved it, and to many who did not—friendly by encouraging word, friendly by cordial praise, friendly by charitable sympathy, friendly by serviceable deed, by extended helping hand. Since his death all know how far and how generously that helping hand was extended, even to the impoverishment of his own estate.

No marvel, then, that he had so many friends who in his times of trouble or necessity—and he had his times of that sort—"showed themselves friendly" to him.

Ladies and gentlemen, it is impossible to body-forth a man—a character—without saying something about his faith—the propelling force which makes a life.

In a theogolical or an ordinary sense he could hardly be said to be a religious man; but he was eminently so when tested by the standard of that great hymn of humanitarianism, Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem." You remember how the Arab chieftain "awoke one night from a deep dream of peace" and inquired of the "Angel writing in a book of gold:" "What writest thou?" and receiving the reply: "The names of those who love the Lord," asked: "And is mine one?" and when the Angel answered "Nay, not so," said:

* * * I pray thee then
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.

The poet continues:

The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

The best way to worship God and secure his blessing is to love and serve one's fellow-men. At any rate, whether this be true or not, it was the guiding faith, and might, therefore, in a sense be called the religion of Mr. CUMMINGS.

He was religious, too, when tested by St. James's standard: "Pure religion and undefiled before God is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction;" though, like nearly all the rest of us, he could not claim to have obeyed always the injunction conveyed by the balance of the sentence, "and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world."

I suspect, however, from what I know of him—his character,

his reading, and his tastes—that he came nearer drawing his character inspiration from Robert Burns than from either St. James or Leigh Hunt, and especially from Burns's "Letter to a Young Friend," of the sentiment and Scottish dialect and rhythm, of which he was very fond:

> The fear o' hell's the hangman's whip
> To haud the wretch in order;
> But where ye feel your honour grip,
> Let that aye be your border.
> It's slightest touches, instant pause;
> Debar a' side pretenses,
> And resolutely keep its laws,
> Uncaring consequences.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> The great Creator to revere
> Must sure become the creature;
> But still, the preaching can't forbear
> Anf ev'n the rigid feature

And yet I know he thought and felt and believed as intensely as any man, that:

> An atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
> For Deity offended.

The secret of his success as a writer of character sketches—of his ability to understand and faithfully and sympathetically to portray so many different and diverse natures, and most of them apparenty so different from his own—came from this same trait, as a man, of "showing himself friendly"—this broad, charitable, Shakespearean way of putting himself in the place of the other man, while detecting with kindly pity his weaknesses, discovering with admiration his strength, and temporarily sharing each or both.

For the time being, while writing about a man, he seemed possessed of his subject's very prejudices and to have assumed his character, indeed, sufficiently at least to forgive his vices, sometimes setting them forth as in a picture, but seldom lashing them with invective.

He was always "a chiel takin notes;" but he took Bobbie Burns's advice there, too:

Ay free, aff han' your story tell
When wi' a bosom cronie;
But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to onie;
Conceal yoursel as well's ye can
Frae critical dissection,
But keek thro' ev'ry ither man
Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

I can never forget the good-humored, sympathetic eye of him as seemingly surrendered entirely to the spirit of the occasion, or of the crowd, or of the talker, it yet fairly twinkled "wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection."

To conclude, such as he was—virtues and faults, strength and weakness, Shakespeare-like in his strange objectivity and many-sidedness—I knew him well and loved him well! and his friendly services—never failing—shall remain a lasting remembrance.

Honest, brave, unselfish, broad, true to his ideals—one of those few who recognize that broad-loving and high-thinking ("sentiment," if you will) is man's only ever-abiding part—he won our confidence as a man, was worthy of our affection as a friend while on earth, and is worthy of it still.

Viel besser wahr und derb und schlicht,
Als frölich falsch und fein;
Es geht mir um den Becher nicht,
Es geht mir um den Wein.

Mr. JAMES J. MURPHY. The next speaker this afternoon is one who is an old friend of the printers, especially in our local union. He also had been selected to make an address at the memorial services in honor of George W. Childs. His address to-day will be on a similar topic, treating on the relation of Mr. CUMMINGS to the profession of journalism. I have the honor to introduce Hon. John W. Keller, ex-president of the New York Press Club.

ADDRESS OF MR. JOHN W. KELLER.

Mr. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I esteem it a high privilege to be here this afternoon and I hold it as an honor to have a place on this programme, for AMOS J. CUMMINGS was my friend for twenty-five years, and I was his. On occasions like this garlands of words and wreaths of rhetoric are heaped in memory. I bring no garland; I bring no wreath; but out of the garden of my heart I have culled its choicest flower—friendship—and that I bring humbly, lovingly, to lay it with the rest. [Applause.]

I do not mourn for AMOS J. CUMMINGS, because I believe that his condition now is better than any that could be in this life. But I do mourn for the world, that it has lost a good man. I mourn for mankind, that it has lost a brother. I mourn for my country, that it has lost a patriot. I mourn for the cause of labor, that it has lost a fearless champion. [Applause.] I mourn for myself, that I have lost a friend.

The saddest thing, as the years crowd upon us, is the realization that our friends are departing. Twenty years ago it seemed to me that few friends of mine died, except by accident; to-day they are falling around me as the leaves fall in the autumn. It is the autumn and the dreariest part of it is that there is not enough time left in my life, even if they could be replaced, to replace old friends with new. [Applause.]

I have been assigned, ladies and gentlemen, to speak of Mr. CUMMINGS as a newspaper man. The time is all too short for the task. This organization, this city, this State, this country, have recognized in AMOS J. CUMMINGS one of the best newspaper men that America ever produced, and no words of mine can accentuate the force of that common opinion. He had so many sides to his life and he was so successful in them all that

it were difficult to say in which he was the most successful; and yet I think, as time goes on, he will be best remembered as a newspaper man. It was in journalism that he developed, and in developing he developed journalism. He came up from the case, from the composing room; he went through all the grades to the editorial chair, and there is nothing in all the work to be done in journalism, from the setting of the type to the printing of the paper, that AMOS J. CUMMINGS did not know, and know well. The best that certain newspapers in this town have done was done in the time when he was connected with them. I refer to the Tribune when he was on its staff; to the Morning Sun, when he was one of its chief contributors, and to the Evening Sun, when he started it.

The reason that he was so successful in newspaper life is that he knew mankind; he was loyal to his convictions; he had sympathy with his fellow-workers, and he was brave. There was never a fight that confronted him, physically or morally, that he would not accept when he thought that he was in the right. Where was ever a more loyal man than he? Did he not up to the time of his death carry in his pocket his card of membership in Big Six? And was it not his proudest possession? When did ever printer go to AMOS J. CUMMINGS and ask for help that it was refused? Was not all his life devoted, after he left the service of his country, to the old soldier? In his newspaper work and in Congress he was always to be depended on to fight for the rights of the veterans of the Union army. [Applause.] In journalism he was kindly and sympathetic. When he was at the height of his fame, there could come no fledgling reporter to him who would receive other than the most generous treatment. His sympathy was always with the worker, with the honest man, with the one struggling to better his condition. He hated a

liar; he despised a hypocrite; he abominated a pharisee. But the honest man was his brother, and whatever he had he was willing to share it with him. [Applause].

Through all his eventful career his affection for the working man never waned. He had climbed the ladder from the lowest round and his hand was ever out to help a struggling brother. His early trials, his contact with men, his study of conditions, his knowledge of his country, his habit of looking at the two sides of every question, fitted him preeminently for journalism. His equipment for his profession was perfect; and his sturdy manhood, his personal integrity, his unflinching courage, compelled success. He was admired as a soldier, he was respected as a statesman, he was beloved as a man, but his best hold on fame was gained as a journalist. He was a better Congressman for having been a newspaper man; he was not a worse newspaper man for having been a Congressman. The affairs of the nation engrossed his attention after he was sent to Washington, and he brought to his labors there all the industry, ability, and wisdom that had already made him conspicuous, but through it all he was ever the journalist, eager to touch with his trenchant pen the problems that needed publicity. Throughout his long Congressional life he was a valuable and valued newspaper correspondent, and it is at least a question if he did not render better service to his country by his newspaper writings than by his work in committee and his speeches on the floor of Congress.

Of the dead say nothing but good. For centuries the world has accepted this Latin proverb. It is worthy of perpetuity because it is generous. It merits universal respect because it is charitable. But the reaping hand of death sometimes robs this life of men of whom nothing but good could be said; and Amos Cummings was one of these. Once under the auspices

of this same association I heard him speak in memorial eulogy of George W. Childs, and one phrase that he used then has stuck hard and fast in my mind ever since. He said of Mr. Childs: "He squared his life by the Golden Rule." That is an epitaph that in eloquent brevity can not be surpassed. It sums up the whole of Christian existence. Standing in the gloom of death and looking for the light that has been divinely promised, it is the noblest tribute that one man can pay to another. Here to-day in the presence of his life-long friends and associates, looking backward across the quarter of a century that I knew him intimately, overwhelmed by a flood of recollection as to what he strove to do and what he did, I would quote AMOS CUMMINGS'S words as the summary of his own moral existence: "He squared his life by the Golden Rule." To do unto others as he would have them do unto him was his religion. There was nothing professional in his philanthropy. He never posed as a moralist. He never set himself on a pedestal of superiority. But he loved his neighbor as himself, and without pretense, without parade, without one thought beyond the simple deed itself, his hand was ever outstretched to help a weaker brother.

He is dead; his life is ended; his sun is set; but all the sky of memory is alight with the golden glory of his deeds! [Applause.]

Mr. JAMES J. MURPHY. The next speaker has not been a printer; he has been in a manner identified with the printing business through his being a newsboy, and from that apparently lowly station in life he now holds an exalted position in one of the greatest legislative bodies in the world. I have the honor to announce as the next speaker on the subject, "Amos J. Cummings: Service to Country," the Hon. James M. Robinson, Representative from Indiana.

ADDRESS OF HON. JAMES M. ROBINSON, OF INDIANA.

I come to speak of one who had a laudable ambition to serve his country and his fellow-men. He did his duty in the field, in civil life, in public station, and left a character unsullied. He never forgot the people from whom he sprung and to whom he ever looked for support. He never appealed to them in vain.

When such a one has performed his mission faithfully and well; when the nation has seen one, at an early age, enter into the performance of a conscientious public duty, and has seen his sun cross the meridian and sink to its setting place in the West, and he still in the performance of that duty, without a blot or a stain upon him, it is fitting that we should assemble in this solemn meeting and proclaim our sanction and erect a monument of words and thoughts to such able and distinguished public service.

To call our friend and associate back, as we knew him and loved him in life; to commune with him across on that beautiful shore; to remember how we joined in his joys and shared in his sorrows; to call him back on this memorial day, sad and solemn as it is, must always be a pleasant task.

He served his country well, because the masses were the special object of his solicitude and care.

We hear more than ever before of duty to fellow-man. It is enjoined alike by the pulpit, the forum, and the bar. This comports with every moral code ever inspired by God or enforced by man, from the emanations of the most enlightened nations of the earth to those of the Hottentots of Africa. All enforce the duty of man to man.

His life's ambition was along these lines, and in this he found his conception of a republic.

The tongue of eloquence may paint pictures of thought on the canvas of ideality, the painter's brush may show in glowing colors the beauties of man's attachment for man, and the poetic muse may lend her charming evidence to the voice of the world to teach our duty to our kind, but none can show a stronger exemplar of these teachings than was found in the spirit of AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

Love of fellow-man gave us the republic. It raised man from caverns in the ground to be dwellers in cities of palaces, raised idolaters to be worshipers of God—raised the children of men to the conditions in which you find them to-day, from those early conditions of savagery, war, and barbarism which were their inherited portions centuries ago. His was a wonderful theater of action—a wonderful age. Pictures of progress are seen to-day that were undreamed of a quarter of a century ago. Glancing about, we see enterprises of great pith and moment, colossal in their proportions, world-wide in their influence, and there is no human want, save everlasting life, that seems outside the pale of human hope. This is a rapid age, and the world does not move swifter on its axis than do the inhabitants move in their industrial and political affairs. He kept abreast of these times; though beyond the medium in years, he always retained the power to conceive and execute along up-to-date and modern lines.

Let us hope that, under the inspiration of lives like his, peace ever shall be our guiding star, that we may in tranquillity, under its sweet influence, cultivate the arts and works of peace and become still grander among the nations of the world. Let us do as well in our generation as he did in his.

Let us each place a stone on the temple of a united peace and liberty-loving people; then will that temple and that

people stand and flourish and grow strong as years roll on, like the rock of ages. It will stand a proud and magnificent monument to a people that teaches duty to God, good will to man, obedience to law, and loyalty to country—a people honored for its good citizenship wherever they are found.

Our friend, after a life's devotion to his country, has joined that long line of New York's distinguished publicists and statesmen who have illumined her history by ability and faithful performance of duty. Let us hope that no evil may come to our country, but that peace, happiness, and prosperity may always prevail; but if storms and tumults do come, let us be assured that our country will be safe, and, whether the evening shall come to lull or beguile us with the soft notes of a lute or to terrify us with the bold bugle blast of war, our country will be safe and secure in the strong and sustaining power of the class from which Mr. CUMMINGS rose.

He fought in the field for our institutions of government. He pleaded for them in the greatest legislative body in the world. He stood always for liberty, humanity, the people. His name should stand with the patriots from the beginning to the last. The work accomplished in part was his.

For ages, until our Republic was formed, the little country of Switzerland was the only home of liberty, and then she dwelt among the mountain fastnesses of the Alps, but she never grew. Liberty came to our shores, still an infant in her swaddling clothes. The strong arms of Revolutionary and patriotic fathers rocked her cradle. The lullaby that lulled her to sleep was the voice of the belching cannon. She smiled upon us and grew. In infancy she inspired the hand of Jefferson to write the Declaration of Independence. England fought it, but in a few years gave up the war. In young girlhood she held up the Constitution for the world to gaze upon. It is

imitated in the Western World. Civilization bowed in admiration. In young womanhood she inspired the American hearts and minds, not to mutiny and rage, but to deeds of fame and glory, to fight for her and for themselves on the American field of valor. They marched under a banner that had the legend "Free men and Americans" across its front. They marched to victory while the flag of the free, the American flag, floated above them. All this has liberty done in the name of liberty. America stands to-day in full womanhood and maturity, with her seventy-six millions of children and supporters, an angel of light to the liberty-lovers of the world. She stands in the very zenith of her magnificent power, shedding her rich effulgence over and irradiating the world. In this great work our friend shared a conspicuous part.

His people, whose servant he was, will miss him; the soldiers will miss him; the typographical union will miss him; the letter carriers will miss him; Congress will miss him; the people of the whole nation will miss him; but all will give him that grateful remembrance that follows a life well spent in the faithful performance of duty, after the spirit has flown.

Gone before us, O our brother, to the spirit land,
Vainly we look for another in thy place to stand.
Will the pleasant memories, swelling gentle hearts of thee,
In the spirit's distant dwelling, all unheeded be?
If the spirit ever gazes from its journeying back,
If the immortal ever traces o'er its mortal tack,
Will not thou, O brother, meet us sometime on the way,
And in hours of sadness greet us, as a spirit may?
Unto friend and country giving all thy earthly powers,
Be thy virtues with the living, and thy spirit ours.

Mr. JAMES J. MURPHY: I have a little disappointment for you. This telegram was received only a few hours ago: "I find it impossible to be with you to-morrow, owing to sickness in my family. I want very much to add my few words in honor of

AMOS J. CUMMINGS, a true friend and honest man.—William E. Mason."

Senator Mason was to deliver the oration, but in this very progressive age no time must be lost, and we must adapt ourselves to circumstances. The telegraph was used and an oration "ordered." This is somewhat like dropping a nickel in the slot—what we lose by the absence of Senator Mason we will gain in presenting, to deliver the oration, a member of the Congressional Medal of Honor Legion, whose comrades are sitting together on this platform, and of which Mr. CUMMINGS was a member. We have taken the gentleman at considerable disadvantage, but we were quite well aware that he was equal to the emergency. I have the honor to announce as the orator Gen. James R. O'Beirne.

ADDRESS OF GEN. JAMES R. O'BEIRNE.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN: No one will feel more regret and dissatisfaction with the event just announced by your worthy chairman than I do, because, in the first place, it calls upon me for the performance of a herculean task rather unexpectedly, and, in the second place, somewhat out of the order in which I was assigned to perform the humble part allotted to me by your worthy chairman; but, nevertheless, responding to the call in the absence of him who I know would have so ably, gratifyingly, and so thoroughly met the occasion, that great Senator from the patriotic and imperial State of Illinois, William Mason, I must to some extent throw myself upon your kind consideration, because of the shortcomings which by contrast naturally will be evident in the manner in which the duty is discharged by me. But as your chairman has kindly said—and perhaps I might paraphrase it by another expression—as he spoke of me as being like the nickel in the

slot, I presume I may be better regarded as "the man in the gap." And so with that statement I will accept with diffidence the fate which your chairman and the occasion of the hour have assigned me.

I was deeply reveling in the sweet cadences and wealth of thought of the eloquent gentleman who has just preceded me. Enraptured as you are like myself with that superb and magnificent tribute which he has given to the worthy, dear-beloved friend whom we commemorate to-day in these ceremonies, perhaps it were better not to attempt in any way to add to the appropriate and becoming words already pronounced in eulogium upon the departed statesman and soldier. In the effort I shall hesitatingly make I may, with your permission, fall back somewhat to the original assignment given me in connection with the historical personality of AMOS J. CUMMINGS as a soldier.

Death is the test of love; and perhaps there are no men, by reason of their association, who in their lives have such severe tests as soldiers, both in the inception of their attachments, "tried as by fire," and in the baptism of the camp, ending in the climaxes, and sometimes tragedies, of the last outcomes on the field. The word "comrade" is one that is probably more endearing in the realm of love, so far as the relations of men are concerned, than any other to which the human heart may be subjected—that of association in fields of danger; that of identification in a common impending fate, with the events that transpire, surrounded by the constant threatening presence of death, perhaps with the sadness that comes in the last hour, without the solaces, comforts, and pleasant associations of gentler scenes of life to lighten the burden of woe and assuage the feelings of the afflicted, the soldier feels more keenly than any other the breaking of the golden bowl, the

shattering of the affectionate bonds, and the severing of the sweet ties of virile love which belong to ideal comrade life in camp and on the field. In other relations of life, where ornament and decoration, where all that embellishes and beautifies life are to be found, and where the experiences in calmness and composure are such as to warrant the onward flow of the sweet affections of the heart uninterruptedly, there can be perhaps no reason to doubt that this profound sentiment may reach its full culmination and its highest fruition. But on the field of battle, in the camp, and on the march, and in the fierce shock, the fusillade, the cannonade, the charge, the tremendous outcome of the most violent forcing between two opposing and contending armies, leaving in their trail all that is sad and sorrowful, there beams above it all, decked with beautiful sunlit ray, but one only enduring and fascinating charm to cheer up the gloom of the moment, and that is, the love of the comrade, of the one that has passed, as the loved other one stands over him and takes his farewell from him in the midst of carnage on the field of battle. [Applause.]

Amos J. Cummings was born in the echo of patriotism, and the songs of love and affection for his country were the choruses that he listened to from his earliest infancy. Born of that patriotic old stock sprung from New England, every fiber of his life and existence was thoroughly patriotic and martial, and when he took his place in that great army of volunteers as they marched out in 1861 he but renewed and added to the former experience of those who had gone before him in a patriotic family. He but again gave earnest to the lessons he had learned from a patriotic father and mother, and though gifted with a gentle, sweet, accommodating nature and temperament, he illustrated vigorously in his character and in his forcefulness that splendid adaptability to the soldier character

which brought back again a reminder of the glowing heroism of the early Revolutionary days. He came into life with the story of the struggles of our country for existence through contention and controversy of half a century burned into his heart, and the cradle hymns of the child were the songs of liberty, intoned with the mother's lullaby and prayer. This great country of America has had evolutions in the production of soldiers; it has brought out a type of soldier which the world has never before seen, and from the early days of the fathers and "the embattled farmers," immortalized by the unique poem of Emerson, down to Santiago and Siboney, they have presented in each successive conflict in which they have been called to defend the flag a special type of soldier such as has not been known on the pages of history nor in the annals of time. [Applause.]

In the olden days those who went forth to fight battles rode and marched in the interest of some tyrant or of some monarchial power. In the days when the American soldier has gone forth to fight he has done it as a duty in order to maintain a government of intelligence and of protection for his fellowmen in the advancement of civilization and a higher type of self-government. He has set aside all efforts to tyrannize; he has ignored all attempts to subordinate others to his wishes, and only in the holy name of his country and of his flag has he set out with that intelligence to make the patriot which has been evident in all the details of our wars heretofore, by his example and bearing to produce the unsurpassed type of soldier in the military ranks of the Government of the United States, and as such superior to all others who have preceded him in other climes and other wars. They were those who marched like heroes and fought like gods to dare all for the flag.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS was essentially in spirit a soldier, and as has been said here to-day in the chaplets of fame and renown woven firmly by scholars and statesmen which have been brought and laid before you in his honor, he was brave and fearless—there is no earthly doubt of that. Though also, as has been said, he was a many-sided man, yet his military experience and his discharge of duty fearlessly upon the field of battle have perhaps given in these memorial hours an accentuation of sacrifice and heroism higher than that of the civic virtues which he obtained and possessed afterwards, and which marked with genius, power, and mastery an eventful and successful career in all that he undertook. The great question that came before him first was the protection of the flag under which he was born, and this inspired, elicited, and strengthened all that powerful growth of feeling that characterized his fertile and powerful pen in after years; that impelled him with military ardor as a young man, then but a stripling, to go forth in 1861, one bright day in April, with the Twenty-sixth New Jersey Volunteers to take his place side by side with the golden youth of America who marched out at the call of the country's command, and in his actions illustrating by his conduct and example the highest type of the American volunteer. Performing his duty faithfully he went forward rapidly to distinction with growing fame, and afterwards received the rank of sergeant-major, and in this capacity, having early won the rank by bravery and diligence, I happened to know, in my official position (that of former commander of the Medal of Honor Legion), to which position he afterwards was elected, he received the medal of honor of Congress for one of the most brave and daring feats of courage, performed on the field of battle, in which one action, on his part, an individual action, the action of a man alone in its

sterling valor and brilliancy of achievement was most remarkable, indeed, if not miraculous, and would seem incredible, but that it was witnessed and is recorded.

Just at a certain point in the day the battle was fearfully raging; the heavy firing was still unsubdued upon either side; the exchanges were quick, rapid, sharp, and decisive, and the mortality spreading in great circles, when all of a sudden, on the right where young CUMMINGS was it was discovered by him with quick instinct that the battery was in danger of being captured, and for a moment, gunner after gunner having gone down, stood young CUMMINGS, as sergeant-major at the time, intently watching the battery doing its terrible work as they protected it, with the few young gunners remaining that were with him, supporting the battery. With a glance he suddenly saw that the cannoneers were all killed or disabled and knew finally that the battery was to be captured; so, rallying the few nearby to go with him, he started forward in a mad rush and reached the position where one gun of the battery was threatened with capture, and in a moment, while it was already twisted around ready for the enemy to take it into their ranks, he recaptured it from them, placed it in position, and commenced, with his other comrades, a terrible fire at once upon the retreating enemy. This was the great feat of courage performed by him, and which, as a Union soldier, has entitled him to distinction of the first rank among the heroes of our day. [Applause.]

Modest, though brave and fearless and always unassuming, there is not therefore any degree of importance that can be attached to a creditable or courageous act that AMOS J. CUMMINGS is not entitled to in the most superlative degree, for this soldierly act of dauntless heroism in the very face of the enemy. The question of war, with its triumphs and

trophies does not indicate the punishments, the cruelties and the severities visited upon the other participants. It does not indicate the sacrifices and the losses; it does not indicate the terrible, trying times of those dear ones not engaged in the war, those who do not suffer upon the field of battle but who suffer at home. There is ever the trying moment for the family and home ties, and in earlier days when they were going forward, shall I be told that those who remained at home and who bore the brunt of the sorrows and the sufferings are not entitled to their consideration and the appreciation of this whole country when the Union soldier is brought into bold relief. Yes, this glorious, noble soldier, always modest and unassuming, felt deeply at all times for his family and the dear ones at home while he was risking his life, and in his associations tender indeed were his thoughts; as refined as his love and devotion to them, because of the possible suffering and sorrow that they were undergoing in the loved home. And so the Union soldier in this regard has had his day of duty, of trial, and penalty. He has characterized by sacrifice and by his devotion to his family and his allegiance to them how much he was deserving of that great tribute of praise that is given by the Government and the country at large and by the generosity of Congress in according medals to those who were worthy of them by reason of deeds of bravery, many of whom are here to-day to do honor to the memory of our brave companion, AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

A word has been spoken in regard to the faith, to the religious spirit of our companion; but there was one glorious faith deserving of mention in addition to the splendid tributes already accorded to him for his elevation of thought and for his devotion to the supernatural and to the Almighty; and that

was the devotion that he had ever kept in mind to guide him as he worshiped before the altars of his country for the observance of patriotic duty, and for the obligations that he felt to that country and its flag; and in that regard the words of the young Irish poet—too early dead—in regard to the doctrinal faith of the hero, might appropriately be applied.

> And though ten thousand altars bear
> From each to Heaven a different prayer,
> Yet by light of moon or light of sun,
> Before Freedom's shrine we should all be one.

And so this life has gone out, with brilliancy and fame, as has been said. To-day the glory of the soldier remains, only eclipsed by the civic virtues which have been won steadily year by year in the arena of public life, in the fierce lights that blaze around a republic's throne, under the trials and temptations of political inducements, and of oppositions difficult to confront and that were hard, in their formidable allurements, to encounter. But all through it, ever onward and upward, he has borne his shield bright, without a taint or blemish upon it, and in the hour of temptation he has shown that he proved still strong, self-reliant, and virtuous, pure in his civic greatness as he was as a soldier in his duties, resisting everything that could affect his reputation, his honor, his courage, and his faith. [Applause.]

With this commendation, richly deserved from a civic side, there is added brilliancy to that won by him on the military side, because, while under our form of government it has been wisely ordained that the civic authority shall be superior to that of the military, and that however much we admire our soldiers for gallant deeds, however much we applaud military renown when justly deserved, however much we prize martial greatness when fairly won, still, fortunately and wisely, according to our

Constitution and laws, all this must be subordinated to the civil successes, the civil powers, to the civil strength, and to the civil rights in the jurisdiction and supreme law of our Government. And though a soldier, he never forgot that the dignity of an American citizen was more truly reflected in the principles of love of country that guided his heart and his feelings of patriotism and loyalty than in the mere glory of the soldier's uniform or of a battle in which he had become distinguished, yet at the same time, soldier like, he was true, as has been said, to the demands of military duty and to his soldier friends. He was loved dearly by them, and our attachments, among those of us who knew him well, have always been for him of the very strongest character, because there is nothing as to duty in connection with the influence of his military experience in after life to which he should prove true that was not faithfully discharged both by action, by implication, by personal and direct attention. If he was not able to do all that he felt was required of him he kept striving on, at least in the steady devotion and loyalty he felt to his soldier brothers, in order to bring about the end desired. He never was faithless in anything, and no action of his life has ever occurred since his early experience as a soldier which has left him without the constant and unfailing regard of his brother soldiers and companions; and we who come here to-day, you his friends, and my companions on the right of me here, of the Congressional Medal of Honor Legion, who, like him, have been in battle and honored signally by Congress for gallantry of a special character on the field in discharge of duty, feel keenly and deeply the loss that we have met, together with the whole people of the United States, and his loss is mourned no less in our own community in the State of New York than among the Representatives of our whole Government. We shall long cherish the most devoted

affection for him; we shall long prize his memory because of its beautiful and brilliant character; we shall long love and revere his manhood and his honesty, because he was true to us, and we have been true to him. He was true to this Government, true to his home, true to his fellow-men, and then, by that regard, he could not be untrue to anyone else—not only true to himself but true to his community and his God. And this truth and fidelity of character is one of those things that can go among the sweetest and most comforting recollections in the last hours of the soldier, with his glory achieved, if he has held his lance in rest and kept his shield bright and untarnished when he gathers home to his fathers in the last sad bivouac, on the camping ground of the brave and true.

There can be nothing to add to the soldier's renown more than that which has been achieved by AMOS J. CUMMINGS in his civic relations to his fellow-men. No word of taint or scandal, no imputation of wrong, no want of faith or performance of duty have ever been alleged against him. Always in the fore front, always in the arena, always determined and fearless, always kind and gentle, with convictions that made his heart strong and indomitable; always at the post of duty, untiring, invincible, and indomitable. For years he has borne the brunt of trying events that would have carried away other men of less resistance. He has made himself a champion in the full sense of the word wherever weak and suffering human nature, wherever the cause of labor, wherever the trials and troubles of the soldier, wherever the sufferings of his fellow-men of any kind whatever appealed to him; he always gave a ready response, a willing hand, and an earnest brain and tongue in the advocacy of their rights. So we to-day, we soldiers who were associated with him, and who knew him so well,

we add our tribute to those that have been given so appropriately and so justly to him. We bring a chaplet to add to the garlands laid upon his grave. Perhaps, I might say, with somewhat of a martial character, but not indeed with a military feeling, but rather with that which makes us claim him as our companion and comrade; and though silent in death and gathered to his last resting place, we join in thought with those in the upper air that are looking upon us—the saints and the suffering ones of the past, the slain and the wounded of our dead, our other companions who have gathered with them in the great majority, looking out from the splendid abode above of our Father, who are still with him looking down in comradeship upon us and reciprocating what we feel—and we pledge the same old faith, the same old loyalty and devotion to them, the glorious feeling of brotherhood of the purest type, sacrificing everything else to it. Baptized in the fierce struggles of battle, in the common events that make carnage destructive to the last degree in sacrifices, where all is endangered, if not lost, one thing, the pure gem, rich jewel, the priceless heritage of our love, affection, devotion, and friendship rises supreme above all and still remains for AMOS J. CUMMINGS. "Fidelis ad ultimum." [Applause.]

Mr. JAMES J. MURPHY. The next speaker is also the son of a Union soldier. His father was captain of Company E, Seventy-eighth Regiment Illinois Volunteers, and marched with Sherman to the sea. He was a loyal and devoted friend of Mr. CUMMINGS, and it is safe to say that love, which is greater than mere affection, was strong and mutual between them. I have the honor to announce that the subject "Amos J. Cummings, legislative associate," will be responded to by the Hon. David H. Mercer, Representative from Nebraska.

ADDRESS OF HON. DAVID H. MERCER.

MR. CHAIRMAN, FRIENDS OF AMOS J. CUMMINGS: I am one of the silent workers in the ranks of mankind, and as a rule not much given to tongue wagging. I admire elocution and rhetoric and prize them both whenever and wherever they can be enjoyed; but, after all, the tear in your eye, the sadness you feel, the regret in your heart are the grandest eulogies pronounced upon departed souls. You feel, you think, you love, and you respect; and when you meet, as you are doing to-day, to pay homage to the memory of a departed friend, to my mind you are placing in front of humanity a grander and nobler monument than that erected by the hands of man.

Some time ago it was my pleasure to stand in the city of Paris and admire that beautiful tomb of Napoleon—beautiful, grand, impressive—yet, after all, it does not impress me with half the force of the scene which confronts me this afternoon in the metropolitan city of the greatest Government on earth. [Applause.]

You have heard much this afternoon of AMOS J. CUMMINGS as he journeyed through different walks of life; you have had splendid descriptions of all sides of his magnificent character, and were I to attempt in the brief time allotted to me to give even one-tenth of what I know about his legislative career, I fear we would border upon the late hours of the afternoon. AMOS J. CUMMINGS before he entered the legislative hall had been most amply equipped for that service. He had been taught in the hard school of experience the benefits of labor, of industry; the benefits of friendship, of love, and of character, associating, as he did, with the splendid membership of Big Six. Knowing each member and loved by each member, as he was, he became a friendly soul in all their communications;

he shared with them in their toils and in their joys, and afterwards, when he entered the ranks of the Army to defend the flag of his country and save the Union, he learned the hardships of soldier life, and he appreciated the joys of a victorious army. When he came into the halls of Congress then he was equipped much better than most men are who are sent to responsible places of that kind.

Take AMOS J. CUMMINGS as the representative of organized labor. There is where he particularly shone as a bright, glittering star in legislative life, because the minute that organized labor made a demand—aye, a simple request—upon him it met with immediate obedience and action. Why was he so alert to attend to the wants of that class? Because he had been in the ranks of organized labor. He knew the trials and tribulations of the boys there; he knew what their labor was worth, and he believed that a laborer was worthy of his hire, and whenever he had an opportunity or a chance he gave his vote and his voice for the uplifting of labor. And when the soldier or the soldier's widow in an hour of poverty came to Congress and requested him to intercede with the Government in their behalf he marched side by side with the boys. [Applause.] He knew the valor and bravery of the boy in blue as well as the boy in gray. He knew that those men—honest, conscientious—were fighting for what they thought was right, and he also knew that many a boy had left his mother, his father, his wife, and children to be offered up as a sacrifice upon some battlefield in order that the great Stars and Stripes might still float in the air and his Government remain a grand, united nation. [Applause.]

AMOS J. CUMMINGS, then, was always willing and anxious to help the soldier and the soldier's widow. I know of instances where he has gone outside of his district in individual cases, as

well as in general legislative matters, to benefit the ranks of soldiery in this country. AMOS J. CUMMINGS at the same time knew a sham when he saw one. While he battled for the honest, patriotic soldier, he had no word of praise for the man who shirked fight and who sought to impose himself upon the Government of the United States. AMOS J. CUMMINGS not only thought of the boy with the stick at the printer's table, but he thought of the letter carriers; he thought of the man who carries the hod as he swelters in the sun climbing the ladder alongside the buildings. He thought of the boys in the box, on the engines, in the freight yards; and he also thought of commerce—he thought of trade, he thought of the upbuilding of his country.

Some people have monuments in the nature of granite columns and marble shafts, but AMOS J. CUMMINGS, as a member of the House of Representatives, was more instrumental, perhaps, than any other man in giving to this great city of yours one of the most magnificent custom-houses that will be produced in this or any other country in the next generation. [Applause.] Being chairman of the committee having charge of legislation of that kind, I know his every word and his every action, and while New York City had clamored for fifteen years for recognition of that kind, success did not crown her efforts. It was AMOS J. CUMMINGS, persevering, earnest, and honest, who put his shoulder to the wheel and delivered to your city that splendid structure which is now erecting its columns toward the heavens at the Battery. One of the last words AMOS J. CUMMINGS said to me before he was carried to that bed from which he never arose was, "Be sure, this session of Congress, to give New York City a post-office building." That great metropolitan city, the grand clearing house of the world to-day, succeeding

London as the great business center of this new civilization, he said, was sadly in need of better post-office facilities. He said, "I not only make this request for the letter carriers, for the clerks in the office, but for the business interests of the city of New York, as well as for the great commercial interests of the United States and of the foreign governments transacting business in this country." And it was my pleasure to pay humble recognition to his labors in that regard upon the floor of the House when his last moments were ebbing away.

Friends of AMOS J. CUMMINGS, you may well be proud that you knew him; you may well be proud that he was a friend of yours. I loved AMOS J. CUMMINGS—he a Democrat, I a Republican; in the halls of Congress we knew no party. I knew he was earnest and honest; I knew that he would do what he thought was right, whether with his party or against it. [Applause.] And I knew that he would give the Republicans credit for what they did when they were right, and he would condemn us—and he did a good job when he condemned us—when we were wrong. This is a pleasure for me, I assure you, to be here only for these few moments. AMOS J. CUMMINGS has gone in body, but his life will ever abide with us as a lesson which should guide our footsteps in the years to come. [Applause.]

Mr. JAMES J. MURPHY. In the lower part of New York City, among the night workers, is a little Catholic church. The pastor of that church ministers to the spiritual requirements of a number of members of this organization, and his time is given to it at a most unseemly hour. The services are held about half past 2 on Sunday mornings. We feel that he is one of the printers, inasmuch as he looks out for their

spiritual needs. I have the honor to introduce to you the Rev. L. J. Evers, pastor of St. Andrew's Roman Catholic Church, New York.

ADDRESS OF REV. L. J. EVERS.

It is indeed a very great pleasure for me this afternoon, as a minister who ministers to the wants of the printers and night-workers of New York, to have the privilege of standing here before you for a few moments to lay my tribute at the grave of one who was a Knight of Labor, and who ever and always in his life defended the manhood, the nobility, and the sublimity of the laboring man's life. And after listening so attentively, as you have, to all of the sweet encomiums that have been paid to the memory of AMOS J. CUMMINGS, I thought that the inspiration that was in the hearts and in the minds and in the soul of that noblest and sweetest of our American poets was realized here this afternoon—the words that are so familiar to us in that beautiful poem, The Psalm of Life, the lines in which it says:

> Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time.

And I have thought, as I have listened here to the words of praise and the eulogies that have been paid to the memory of this grand and noble man, that as he has passed from time on that long road that leads man's soul into that higher and nobler life, that he has left on the sands of time the prints of his noble feet by the acts that he has done, by the life that he has led; that he has left prints on the sands of time that will lead other men on to higher and nobler deeds; and one of the noblest of all deeds is to lead a noble life that others who come after them may have a guiding star to lead them through the dark ways of

earth and ultimately to the culmination of man's end—the eternal joy of God! [Applause.]

In participating in memorial exercises like unto this that commemorate the life and the noble deeds of a man like AMOS J. CUMMINGS, whose life was a life spent in behalf of his own country, and in behalf of his fellow-man, it brings us to the realization that there are before us in life to-day problems that we have never before faced in the history of our country. After the battles of the Revolution we planted deep down in the earth the flag of Liberty and Civilization, and when the days came that that flag pole was to be shattered, and the foundations of our national liberty to be broken asunder, we fought and we nobly won. But, ladies and gentlemen, I say that to-day we are facing another and higher cause, and we have to fight as valiantly and as true—the cause of the laboring man. [Applause.] We have to fight as nobly, I say, for the laboring man as we fought for Liberty in 1776; and when our soldiers died in 1861. [Applause.] I say that the very foundation of our nation here and our happiness as a people and a nation depends upon the home; it depends upon the family, and the family's leader is the father, the bread earner whom we must defend.

That is the problem, I say, that stands before us. And of that AMOS J. CUMMINGS was ever a grand champion, and if his name goes down to posterity it will be that he was, as he was in all the walks of life, the champion of the laboring man, the champion of his rights. [Applause.] He has spent his life in the cause of humanity; he has gone to the battle to lay down his life and to spill his blood to enrich the flower of eternal liberty for these United States; and he took the part of the workingman, and never in all his life when the laboring men's rights were at stake was he ever known to flinch, but

was ever in the fore to fight for the noble hearts and the noble deeds of the man who labors and the man who toils; and in this I say, that although but a mortal man, possibly well known and yet not known to many of us, in fighting that battle for the laboring man, to uplift him from thraldom that he has been brought to by those who would crush him out, that man has done a part and has fought a battle and has defended a cause the rights of which are as noble and as bright as the very cause of the angels of God above. [Applause.]

I did not come here to speak of the religious life—I eliminate that entirely. We take the man as he lived, and we take the man as he served his people; and now that man's soul has gone beyond the confines of time, and we hope it has gone farther in the clouds than the prophet went in his fiery chariot; that his soul has gone beyond those clouds until it is resting now at the feet of that eternal Father, that eternal God, that eternal Maker, the brotherhood of which on earth he loved so well. [Applause.]

He has passed, I say, the confines of time, and his ashes are now slumbering upon the bosom of that mother earth that he fought for and loved so well. His ashes are sleeping there in the hope of an eternal resurrection, as the baby sleeps upon its mother's breast. Oh, then, ladies and gentlemen, after a noble life, so kind to humanity, when that soul has fled beyond the clouds, and as the birds sing around his grave and the trees bloom where his ashes are now resting in peace, let us hope that the birds are but echoing the song of eternal happiness that is now ringing in his very soul; and as his memory goes down through the ages let us hope that other men who follow him will be inspired by his noble life; that they will fight not only for the cause of liberty and civilization, but that their

lives will be spent for the uplifting of that noblest part of humanity—dignified, organized, and healthy labor. [Applause.]

Mr. JAMES J. MURPHY. We have heard of Mr. CUMMINGS as a Union soldier and as a legislator in the halls of the Union. We will now introduce one of the members of Typographical Union No. 6, to speak of Mr. AMOS J. CUMMINGS as a union printer. I have the honor to introduce to you Mr. Owen J. Kindelon.

ADDRESS OF MR. OWEN J. KINDELON.

Trusting I am not trespassing on sacred ground, I beg to express the hope that this tribute to our departed brother may be some consolation to the one true heart who, above all others, feels the bereavement of his loss. That model of American womanhood who presided in his home—and such presiding in the American home was the inspiration of the American poet, far from his native land, to pen the beautiful truth AMOS J. CUMMINGS so often quoted, "There's no place like home."

To speak of AMOS J. CUMMINGS as a union printer is much the same as speaking of him as a Union soldier. Whatever he did he did with that earnestness that has made American manhood the envy of the world. As a union printer, thirty or more years above the necessity of working at the printer's trade, he still remembered when he was a journeyman printer, and when Mr. CUMMINGS died his card of membership in Typographical Union No. 6 was paid up to August, 1905. [Applause.] It may be that reference might be made in other paths than those so ably trodden here to-day. We might say for Typographical Union No. 6 that it has an undying memory for those who help it to help the workingmen of America to better conditions. Typographical Union No. 6 cherishes the memory of men like Childs

and Drexel. Typographical Union No. 6 never forgets the able assistance it receives from the women of this country. [Applause.] When it needed help most it never looked in vain to the fair sex. The American Federation of Women and their good work will always live in the memory of our union. [Applause.] The trades union's business is to improve the condition of the worker, whether he grinds out his life down in a coal mine or revels in the luxurious atmosphere of a great daily newspaper. AMOS J. CUMMINGS knew that the trades union was one of the greatest civilizers invented by man. Trades unions know their rights, and they demand their rights [applause], not fawning to any man, but, as the American idea is, going forward step by step until they achieve that position where the equality of man ceases to be a figure of speech and becomes a fact. [Applause.] The membership of Typographical Union No. 6 will also remember gratefully the men who carved out their day of rest and made it a day of travel, who left Washington and came here to-day to help us add to the laurel wreath we place on the brow of AMOS J. CUMMINGS. [Applause.]

Years ago, when a copyright law was under consideration in Congress, its merits were debated in a meeting of Typograpical Union No. 6, and Mr. Duncan, who was president about that time, said we had in Mr. CUMMINGS a member in the National Legislature who would safeguard the union's interest. And so he did, vigorously and effectively.

My intimate acquaintance with AMOS CUMMINGS began when he contested the Thirteenth New York district with Richard Shannon.

The presiding officer of these memorial services, Mr. James J. Murphy, wrote me, among others, that our good friend and

brother, AMOS, had a hard row to hoe and we should all get to work and help. Printers and other workmen hustled with a will, but when the votes were counted AMOS was four hundred short. He had met his only defeat. It was a landslide year, and the workingman's Congressman was slid.

But the Lord knew they needed CUMMINGS in Congress, so a Republican gentleman who was victorious in the Tenth district—Mr. Andrew Campbell—was called up to his reward, AMOS CUMMINGS was nominated to fill the vacancy, and the sensible voters of the Tenth did the rest, and, until the last day of Mr. CUMMINGS'S service in the House his was one of the best represented Congressional districts in the United States.

An incident in that campaign showed the fair and honorable spirit of the man. The day before the battle a man entered CUMMINGS'S headquarters. He had an important document, disparaging to Mr. Shannon's record as a soldier. Mr. CUMMINGS listened. When he heard all he was angry. He told the man he knew Richard Shannon better than he did, and that his record as a soldier was as good as his (CUMMINGS'S).

Mr. CUMMINGS'S predominating characteristic was patriotism and love of liberty.

When the Lord's good time came that his colored children should be free no man responded to his country's call more promptly; in Cuba's struggle no abler advocate had she in the Congress of the United States than Representative CUMMINGS. He gloried in his country's greatness. Her soldiers and sailors and workers could not be too well rewarded for their labors. Himself an American as far as he could trace his ancestors, he gave unstinted praise to the Europeans who came here and fought for independence and the Union—to Lafayette and his French companions; to Germany and the men who "fought

mit Sigel;'' to Scotland's sturdy sons who followed the example set by their heroic countryman, John Paul Jones, and to that little Emerald Isle that loves the United States so dearly and contributed hundreds of thousands of her sons whenever Uncle Sam needed soldiers.

One of the ablest of Mr. CUMMINGS'S orations to which I listened was on an anniversary of the young Irish martyr to his country's cause—Robert Emmet.

On that occasion Mr. CUMMINGS told some history of people struggling to be free; of the time when Abraham Lincoln was calling for reinforcements and bands played

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching!

To the music of that tune Old Erin's sons marched from mountain and valley, and when they reached the shore and filled the ships they sang:

We're coming, Father Abraham,
A hundred thousand more.

And to the music of that same ''tramp, tramp,'' the Irish people a few years later set the prayer of the Manchester martyrs—''God save Ireland.''

Mr. Kindelon concluded by saying that General O'Beirne had just described the miraculous escape from death of Mr. CUMMINGS in saving the Starry Banner, when many others had tried in vain and died before their comrades' eyes. He won his medal of honor even at the cannon's mouth. Although it was not Mr. CUMMINGS'S destiny to get the martyr's crown, he may ever be ranked with Nathan Hale, of America, and Robert Emmet, of Ireland, than whom history may be searched in vain for braver or more self-sacrificing patriots.

America is great, Cuba is free, and may the next island to be placed on the free list among the nations of the earth be dear old Ireland.

Mr. R. M. CAMPBELL, secretary of the memorial committee, said:

> Bright as a star, when only one
> Is shining in the sky,

was the universal admiration for and love of the character and reputation of AMOS CUMMINGS. From East and West, from North and South, from every section of our great country; from high and low, from rich and poor, from officials and representatives of every station in life, from professional and from business circles, hundreds of letters have poured in upon your committee, regretting inability to be present at these services, and paying tributes of love and esteem to the memory of Mr. CUMMINGS.

At this late hour it is possible only to cull a line here and there from letters which are representative of all the others.

Mr. Campbell then read extracts from letters from—

F. C. Ainsworth, Brigadier-General, U. S. Army.
William Aimison, ex-president International Typographical Union.
Hon. John M. Allen.
Hon. William J. Bryan.
Isaac H. Blanchard.
Hon. Oliver H. P. Belmont.
J. W. Bramwood, secretary International Typographical Union.
J. B. Bonner.
Hon. Jacob A. Cantor.
Charles H. Cramp.
Hon. W. Bourke Cockran.
Ed. J. Cantwell.
Hon. Bird S. Coler.
Rev. J. N. Connolly.
Charles H. Cummings.
Robert H. Curl.
Rev. F. M. Clendenin.
Rev. W. S. Crowe.
August Donath.
Arthur G. Davis.
George W. C. Drexel.
Hon. Chauncey M. Depew.
Admiral George Dewey.
James A. Dumont.
Theodore L. De Vinne.
John W. Dodsworth.
Hon. Victor J. Dowling.
T. B. De Vinne.
Rev. Alex. P. Doyle.
H. L. Einstein.
Hon. John M. Farquhar.
Hon. William P. Frye.
Hon. Samuel J. Foley.
Philip N. Freytag.
Hon. John J. Fitzgerald.
E. B. Frost.
Hon. John Fox.
Hon. Homer Folks.
Thomas McCaffery.
Hon. J. H. Gallinger.
Hon. D. B. Henderson.

Hon. John Hay.
Hon. William R. Hearst.
Hon. Thomas W. Hynes.
Rev. Edward Judson.
Hon. William Travers Jerome.
Hon. Hugh Kelly.
James C. Keller.
Joseph P. Knapp.
Hon. John D. Long.
Mrs. Charles R. Lowell.
Algernon Lee.
F. M. Lupton.
Hon. Joseph J. Little.
James M. Lynch.
Hon. Seth Low.
Hon. William E. Mason.
John Mitchell.
S. L. Clemens.
Henry McMahon.
V. E. Macy.
Hugo Miller.
Frank Morrison.
Andrew A. McCormack.
Hon. Bernard F. Martin.
A. W. McKee.
Hon. John T. McDonough.
Hon. John McMackin.
Hon. George B. McClellan.
Adolph S. Ochs.
Gov. Benjamin B. Odell.
Hon. William J. O'Brien.
Hon. Frank W. Palmer.
Bishop Henry C. Potter.
A. B. Paddock.
E. A. Putney.
Hon. Joseph Pulitzer.
Hon. John N. Partridge.
J. Bishop Putnam.
Hon. Theodore Roosevelt.
Hon. Thomas B. Reed.
Hon. Elihu Root.
Hon. George F. Roesch.
George O. Rippard.
Herman Ridder.
Hon. M. A. Smith.
Hon. Ignatius A. Sullivan.
Rev. D. J. Stafford.
Hon. Charles F. Murphy.
Hon. William Sulzer.
Henry W. Savage.
Hon. William B. Shattuc.
Hon. C. C. Shayne.
John K. Shaw.
Melville E. Stone.
Hon. Alfred Steckler.
Robert W. Smith.
Hon. James Tanner.
Col. N. B. Thurston.
Hon. Henry W. Unger.
Hon. Timothy G. Woodruff.
William A. Watson.
David Williams.
Hon. Frank E. Wilson.
Hon. Carroll D. Wright.

In concluding, Mr. Campbell said:

And now we have paid our tributes of respect and love for our brother who has passed away. His memory will always be a fragrant reminder of love and service—service to humanity, as an exemplar of one who practiced the teachings of that highest, noblest philosophy, the fatherhood of God, the universal brotherhood of man. As we turn sadly away from his honored grave, it is not as those who sorrow without hope. With the star-eyed

goddess we place implicit faith in Him who rules o'er all, and look forward, while we say, "Good night, good night, dear brother Amos," to that bright morn when loving hearts shall be reunited, loving hands reclasped. No more appropriate words could express our feelings and close this memorial service than the beautiful lines of Cardinal Newman:

So long Thy power hath blest us, sure it still
Will lead us on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which we have loved long since—and lost awhile.

O

57TH CONGRESS, 1st Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { DOCUMENT No. 712.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

MARRIOTT BROSIUS

(LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM PENNSYLVANIA),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND SENATE,

FIFTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS,
FIRST SESSION.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1902.



HON. MARRIOTT BROSIUS.

Duncan, Engraving & Printing.

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DEATH OF HON. MARRIOTT BROSIUS.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE.

DECEMBER 13, 1901.

Mr. CASSEL. Mr. Speaker, as the successor of the Hon. MARRIOTT BROSIUS, late Representative of the Tenth district of Pennsylvania, it is my painful duty to announce his death, which occurred at his home in Lancaster on March 16, 1901, just a few days after his return from the last session of Congress. Mr. BROSIUS was a member of the Fifty-first, Fifty-second, Fifty-third, Fifty-fourth, Fifty-fifth, and Fifty-sixth Congresses, and was reelected to the Fifty-seventh Congress, having been returned a number of times without opposition. It is not my intention to enter at this time upon an extended eulogy of his life. I shall ask the House at a future time to set apart a day to permit members to express their appreciation of his life, his character, and his services. I therefore offer the following resolutions, and ask for their adoption.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. MARRIOTT BROSIUS, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to his memory the House do now adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and accordingly, in pursuance of the order heretofore made, the House

(at 12 o'clock and 43 minutes p. m.) adjourned till Tuesday next.

JANUARY 15, 1902.

Mr. CASSEL. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that Saturday afternoon, February 1, at 3 o'clock, be set apart for memorial addresses on the life, character, and services of the Hon. MARRIOTT BROSIUS, deceased, late a Representative in this House from Pennsylvania.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Pennsylvania asks unanimous consent that February 1, at 3 o'clock, be made a special order for memorial addresses on the life and character of the Hon. MARRIOTT BROSIUS, late a member of this House from the State of Pennsylvania. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

FEBRUARY 1, 1902.

Mr. CASSEL (at 1 o'clock and 20 minutes p. m.). Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the special order fixed for to-day, in relation to my late colleague from Pennsylvania, Mr. BROSIUS, be now taken up, instead of at 3 o'clock, as originally provided.

The SPEAKER. The Chair will submit the request of the gentleman to the House.

The gentleman asks unanimous consent that the order heretofore made, with reference to the memorial ceremonies on the late Representative BROSIUS from Pennsylvania, be now proceeded with. Is there objection?

There was no objection, and it was so ordered.

The SPEAKER. The resolutions will be read.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tribute to the memory of Hon. MARRIOTT BROSIUS, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant, the House at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

ADDRESS OF MR. CASSEL, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: In an address delivered about the first of the year on the great men and women of the world who had passed away during the year 1901, the Rev. Dr. Radcliffe presented to the minds of his audience a great array of those who were prominent in art, in literature, in science, in the drama, in theology, as rulers of great nations, and, in fact, in every path of life. When he mentioned the names of the great statesmen who had passed away, prominently among them was the name of MARRIOTT BROSIUS. It is to bear testimony to the life, the work, and the character of this great statesman, that we have gathered here to-day.

Lancaster County, Pa., has always been justly proud of the men who have represented it in this House of Congress, all of whom have been men of ability and integrity, some of whom have been very prominent in the history of our nation—one, the greatest leader this House has ever known—but of all the members from this county none has been so faithful, so conscientious, so pure, so devoted to the interests of his county, his State, and the nation as was MARRIOTT BROSIUS.

Eastern Pennsylvania has always been influenced to a very great extent in its religious and financial life by the Quakers who early settled there. Henry Brosius, who emigrated from England in the year 1780 and settled in Philadelphia, was a Quaker. He was a great-grandfather of the late MARRIOTT BROSIUS, who was born in Colerain Township, Lancaster County, on March 7, 1843, the same year in which Lancaster County was made an independent Congressional district, and it was a

matter of no little pride to him that his ancestors, both paternal and maternal, were of sturdy Quaker stock.

His mother died when he was 7 years old, and for a few months he resided with an uncle. After a period of some two years his father married again. His stepmother performed the duties of a mother well, and Mr. BROSIUS always had the tenderest feelings for her. Mr. BROSIUS remained at home until shortly before the outbreak of the civil war. Young BROSIUS was always patriotic in spirit, and although his early years were spent on a farm, he was ambitious for a more exalted station in life. He became a student, confining himself closely to intellectual pursuits, and at the age of 16 entered the Chestnut Hill Academy, but was allowed to remain there only a short time, as the outbreak of the civil war stirred in him that enthusiasm for the defense of his country which compelled him, although contrary to the beliefs of his ancestors, to join the Army and take sides in the struggle for the preservation of the Union.

In November, 1861, he became a member of Company K, Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania Infantry, under Captain Wayne. He was mustered in as a corporal, and served continuously for almost four years, remaining with this regiment until he was mustered out of the service. I will not attempt at this time to give an account of his army life more than to say that he was recognized as an earnest, conscientious, and brave soldier. He was wounded, from the results of which he was ever afterwards unable to lift his right arm above his shoulder. His whole army career is recorded in the annals of the Ninety-seventh Regiment. He was ever at his post, active and vigilant as a sentry, brave and courageous in battle. He was a model soldier. Mr. BROSIUS lost his father while he was in the Army, in the year 1863.

Upon his return home from the war he immediately resumed his studies at the Millersville Normal School, where he remained until 1867. After teaching school for a short time in Chester County, he took up the study of law with the Hon. Thomas E. Franklin, ex-attorney-general of Pennsylvania. He graduated from the University of Michigan with honors in 1868 and was immediately admitted to the Lancaster County bar, where he was always recognized for his excellent equipment, superior native talent, and conscientious, painstaking interest in all matters which came before him. Those who knew Mr. BROSIUS are all familiar with his wonderful gift of oratory, and it was this which led him to accept the position under the order of Good Templars as lecturer of the organization, and for a year or more he was continuously on the platform in behalf of this organization.

Mr. BROSIUS did not take an active part in politics until 1882, when he was sent as a delegate to the Republican State convention, at which time he was nominated as Congressman at large from the State of Pennsylvania. The Republican party that year was unsuccessful in its endeavor to elect its ticket, and Mr. BROSIUS was defeated. In 1888, however, he became a candidate in his own county for the position of Congressman from the Tenth district, which resulted in his nomination and election. From that time to the time of his death there was no material opposition to his remaining in Congress. As to his life in these halls of Congress I will leave to those who associated with him here to bear testimony. As a public speaker Mr. BROSIUS had a national reputation and was in national demand. He was the centennial orator in Lancaster on the Fourth of July, 1876. He delivered the address on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue at the national cemetery at Antietam, and also delivered the memorial orations on the

battlefield of Gettysburg in 1895 and at Arlington in 1896 and 1900.

He was essentially a scholarly man. His reading covered a wide range and he possessed a splendid memory, which enabled him to enrich his public utterances with constant and appropriate quotations from the world's illustrious writers. The honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him in 1893 by Ursinus College.

MARRIOTT BROSIUS was not a politician but a patriot. His heart was wrapped up in the welfare of his country. He was a lover of home and the home circle. He was a statesman in the broadest sense, having no interest of his own to serve, but always interested in the welfare of others. He was beloved by the people of his county. The farmers, the manufacturers, the merchants, the women, and the children of the county which he represented loved him and had every confidence in his desire and ability to serve them faithfully and well. At a meeting of the bar association, held in Lancaster after the death of MARRIOTT BROSIUS, Justice J. Hay Brown in his remarks said:

> His good qualities ought to be remembered here and recalled from time to time, in order that they may be emulated. As a citizen, soldier, lawyer, statesman, husband, and father, he was pure, brave, successful, able, affectionate, and God-fearing. More than this can not be said of mortal being, and though he fell at his work when the rays of the day's sun were still shining upon him, and before the shades of eventide had gathered about him, his life had not been lived in vain.

In conclusion, I would say, may the purity of his life and the honesty of his actions be an incentive to those who follow him in these halls of Congress, to be and to do that which is true and right.

ADDRESS OF MR. GRAHAM, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: In paying my brief but sincere tribute to the memory and worth of my fellow-member of this House, and my comrade, I am reminded of those lines:

> Leaves have their time to fall,
> And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
> And stars to set; but all,
> Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

MARRIOTT BROSIUS was one of the many notable examples this House has known of worthy ambition, integrity, industry, and courage peculiar to America. He came from a county of Pennsylvania that can point with pride to many illustrious and brave men who have been honored by their country—men who have been leaders in the two great political parties of the present and past. She has given to the Army a Reynolds, Heintzelman, and a Franklin. A county known all over this broad land for the honesty and uprightness of her people and as a garden spot in agriculture and patriotism—old Lancaster.

He came of Quaker ancestry and was born in Lancaster County in 1843, receiving such education as the public schools of his neighborhood and a small academy afforded him. When only 18 years of age the civil war broke forth, threatening to destroy the Union made by our fathers, and like thousands of young men abandoning college or store, farm or trade, with the paternal kiss and God bless you, my son, of father or mother, the tender parting and sweet promise of "to the end" from the maiden of their choice, thinking no less of them loving their country the more, their loyal spirits

flamed into defiant wrath, bounded eagerly and rejoicingly away, taking on the yoke of patient endurance, becoming heroes under privations, danger, conflict, wounds, and suffering.

He enlisted as a private soldier in the Ninety-seventh (three-year) Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, and had for captain a grandson of Mad Anthony Wayne. The regiment fairly won its right to be placed among the 300 fighting regiments of the Union Army. From the volume I take the following:

> The regiment lost in killed and wounded 519; of disease and accident 186. It took part in 15 battles and a number of skirmishes. In the fighting May 18 and 20, 1864, near Bermuda Hundred, the loss was 29 killed, 186 wounded, 22 captured; a total of 237. During the battle no less than 7 color bearers were shot.

Of the part taken by this regiment at that time, another writer has said:

> That 300 men of the Ninety-seventh, under Colonel Pennypaker, were ordered to assault the intrenchments and retake the lost position, without considering the rifle pits behind which the enemy lay. The force was ridiculously inadequate. Every man of the 300 knew that some one had blundered, and that he was marching into the very jaws of death, but it was—
>
> Theirs not to make reply,
> Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs but to do or die.
>
> The charge was made across the intervening wheat field. Pickett's men reserved their fire until the gallant band was within 100 yards, when they opened a murderous fire from six fieldpieces and hundreds of muskets. The reaper, whose name is death, was doing terrible destruction. The noble fellows pressed onward, and not until their gallant leader had been twice wounded and more than half their comrades lay stretched on the stubble was the order given to fall back. Of the 300 men who engaged in the charge 125 returned. It was out of this fearful encounter that Sergeant BROSIUS came wounded almost to death. The wound was received as he stooped to pick up a wounded comrade. The ball passed through the right shoulder blade and through the ball of the right shoulder joint. Then followed months of great suffering. He lay for three months on his left side with his right arm across his breast. He was transferred from one hospital to another. The wound did not heal. Finally he reached

the general hospital, and after four long months of intense agony the wound received the proper treatment and his heroic life was preserved. Weeks of suffering followed; then came convalescence.

He was discharged December 28, 1864, and on February 28, 1865, was commissioned second lieutenant for bravery on the field of battle.

After his return from the Army, with his shattered constitution, Mr. BROSIUS found new demands, new difficulty, and new duties devolving upon him. His father had died during his absence, and a widowed mother with small children turned to him for counsel and aid. He did not falter, but resolutely and manfully assumed the new responsibilities with all a loving son's affection and devotion.

When the war was over, when the battle-scarred, the maimed, hacked, hewn, decrepit of the blue and the gray came out of the hell fire of those horrible days, when our great leader said, "Let us have peace," it found a ready response in his heart. He wished to see a full deliverance from the resentment and bitterness of war, a peace that would include fraternity and union, the peace of righteousness, the fraternization of that spirit which sees how the fatherhood of the divine includes the brotherhood of the human; a union under whose sway liberty throughout all the land shall walk hand in hand with justice.

It could be well said of him—

> The sternest and swiftest when armies are launched
> And the onset of daring is shouted
> Are tender as woman's when wounds should be staunched
> For the broken and ruined and routed.

After the war he attended a normal school and took a course at Ann Arbor University, choosing the law for his profession. He read under the late Hon. Thomas E. Franklin, and was admitted to the bar in 1868. He was distinguished in his profession among his fellow-citizens for industry, probity, and public spirit. He was known throughout his own and other

States for his eloquence on the platform, and was selected as the orator on many great public occasions.

His integrity, clean character, and devotion to concession and harmony in the State Republican convention of 1882, when he said in a brief speech, "I love my party better than any wing or faction of it, and only less than I love my country," won a deserved recognition when he was made, without the slightest premonition, the candidate for Congressman at large. It was the year in which General Beaver was defeated for governor. Mr. BROSIUS went down with the rest, but ran 7,600 ahead of his ticket.

He first came to this House as a member of the Fifty-first Congress, and was reelected to the Fifty-second, Fifty-third, Fifty-fourth, Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth, and Fifty-seventh, receiving a majority of 14,000 over his competitor at his last election.

My acquaintance with our deceased member antedates our meeting in the halls of Congress some thirty years. While we both served in the Union Army during the war, I did not make his acquaintance until a few years after its close, when we became closely associated in Grand Army work. That association was kept up until I came here as a fellow-member in the Fifty-fifth Congress.

I think I but voice the sentiments of the members of this House who knew him when I say that Mr. BROSIUS made friends because of his manliness, his devotion to duty, his love of fair play, his gentle qualities of heart, his readiness to oblige, his fair, honorable, and generous treatment of a political opponent, and his love for his friends.

He was popular with his party, and in many Presidential campaigns in which he took part in other States than his own he was known as "The man eloquent from Pennsylvania."

Mr. BROSIUS was at times a great sufferer, and I doubt not

many members of this House have noticed that he never raised his right arm, but without knowing that it was the result of the terrible wound he had received in the defense of his country. I remember at a breakfast given to some noted ex-Union soldiers at Philadelphia, July 1 of the centennial year, among those present were Horace Binney, Sergeant, Generals Devins and Hartranft, and others. There was a quiet sentiment and interest among these men that had served their country in its hour of danger that some expression should go out to our late foes that would strengthen the desire to bury all animosity between the sections. Mr. BROSIUS was to respond to the toast "The American flag." He arose, pale, weak, and trembling, supporting himself by his left hand on a chair, paid a wonderfully eloquent tribute to the flag of our Union, and gave utterance to the sentiment of all present when, in closing, he said:

> To this exalted fellowship of equal rights, duties, charities, opportunities, and rewards we welcome the whole gathered South; our hands are outstretched with kindest warmth. Hasten the day when in like mood they grasp and hold—when we shall be one people in the fullest sense, as we are in political form—the time when conscience and equity shall reign supreme.

He never faltered until the last word, then sank exhausted to his chair.

His life, so full of hope, of praiseworthy ambition, of promised usefulness to his country, of need to his loved ones, answered the call of God's messenger, and we are reminded, as with him, so with all.

> One by one our days are weaning,
> From things earthly go toward
> Gorgeous harvest days of gleaning,
> In the full tracts of the Lord.

Mr. BROSIUS was very domestic in his habits; his home was the center of his affections. Faithful as husband and father, he has left behind him in the hearts of widow and

children the tenderest memories of love and devotion. Among his people and comrades he was a much-loved citizen and one of whom they were very proud.

He loved his fellows and their love was sweet.

As a fitting close to this faint tribute it would not be inappropriate to use the words quoted by him in this very Chamber two years ago at the memorial services over a departed colleague:

That while green grass will cover his grave, blue skies bend over it, sweet birds sing near it, and the place will be hallowed ground, yet greener than the grass, fairer than the skies, sweeter than the birds, more hallowed than the grave itself will be his fragrant memory enshrined with supreme sacredness in their heart of hearts.

ADDRESS OF MR. BUTLER, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: When MARRIOTT BROSIUS died the State of Pennsylvania lost a favored citizen, Lancaster County a beloved son, and this House a conspicuous member.

Wherever he served his people he was at all times found useful, and his service was appreciated and approved by them. His representation of the great agricultural county of Lancaster was an accomplished success, and his party commended him to the nation by unanimously renominating him many times. He was devoted to his native county and all the people therein, and they in turn manifested great devotion to him. He was a neighbor to every person in his district, because he knew them all, and they in turn reciprocated his friendly familiarity to the fullest measure.

An acquaintanceship of thirty years, with but 40 miles dividing his home from mine, with almost daily intercourse between the two places, enables me to speak of Mr. BROSIUS as one who knew him well. I knew of him as a brave soldier. He was but a lad when he volunteered for the Union's sake. His enlistment was in a regiment in part recruited from my native county (Chester), and I have often heard his comrades speak of him. His service lasted longer than three years, when he returned, badly wounded, but grown in strength, to take up the life he quitted when his country made its appeal to him. When the war had ceased, the Government tendered him a commission as a second lieutenant in the Regular Army for bravery in battle, thus not consenting to part with him without first having blessed him. While only a plain soldier, he had done his full duty, and with his comrades acquired the first place in the affec-

tions of a grateful people. To his last day those affections were never diverted from him, because he had earned them, and one of the great comforts of his life was the knowledge that he had so earned them.

When the great occasion which demanded his service had disappeared, he immediately set about a preparation for the pursuits of civil life. The three years spent in his country's cause forced him to greater activity that he might be ready to take his place amongst the brilliant men who had already made his home famous. He had been raised amongst business people, and had learned well the advantages which come to those who labor diligently and intelligently. From the plain and simple surroundings set before him while a boy, from the sincere and earnest ways of those who brought him forth and directed his first steps, Mr. BROSIUS was impressed with feelings of tolerance and kindness that invited people to his side and induced them to remain. He also learned from these sources the habits of mind that distinguished him amongst his fellow-men.

He was at all times free from duplicity in his behavior and strictly truthful in his speech. His dealings were always open, and no man ever charged him with an attempt to practice a deceit. In the cause of his client he exhibited the same faithfulness as he did in the representation of his district.

He was modestly ambitious for himself and his household that they might take a foremost place amongst respectable and well-meaning people. He aspired only to make his public and private service entirely acceptable, and in this aspiration he was eminently successful. His gentility, which added to his attractiveness, was the same whether at home or abroad, and strangers and kinsmen alike will be pleased to testify that it was habitually present.

Mr. BROSIUS was constant in his advocacy of every principle

he adopted and was never tempted to forsake it that a personal advantage might thereby come to him. In his public declarations he was positive and determined, and in the treatment of every proposition submitted to him he showed great reflection, a complete analysis, and a thorough knowledge. He was brilliant in the discussion of his subject, artful in the use of language, and possessed a power of persuasion that made him a formidable adversary. It can be said of him that he was at all times and upon all occasions a sensible man.

As a lawyer in Pennsylvania, Mr. BROSIUS was prominent, displaying the same characteristics, the same virtues, and the same great earnestness and zeal which everyone who knew him here recognized. While he was actively engaged in the practice of the law he held a commanding place amongst his professional brethren, who acknowledged his legal learning and admitted his capacity. He worked as diligently at the bar as he did in this House and always enjoyed the confidence of the court. That he was a successful lawyer the records of the courts of Pennsylvania will bear ample testimony.

There were perhaps but few men in this House more favorably known than my late colleague. The labor which he employed in and about all the duties attending Congressional life is not easily detailed and would be difficult to properly estimate. The vexatious and irritating labor which every member of Congress has at times to perform did not seem to distress him, but he maintained through it all that same composure and politeness which characterized and distinguished him. He was helpful to his constituents, individually and collectively. Many of the young members of Congress appealed to him for advice, which he gave not only willingly, but cheerfully. After years of patient labor in Congress, he had just reached a position where his use to his country and his State would have been very important.

With all the intricate problems affecting the United States Treasury and the financial conditions and situations the country encountered at various periods he was particularly familiar, and in their mastery there were but few his superiors. His knowledge of the many questions affecting coinage, banking, and currency was profound and acquired after long study and great research. His advice on such subjects was sought by business men of the country and accepted by them. His reputation as a statesman and a legislator he earned, and no part of it was the result of chance. He stumbled on nothing, and the place he won in this House and elsewhere resulted from his industry, combined with his sound judgment on all subjects and the exercise of his good common sense.

Mr. BROSIUS was an intensely patriotic man, and many of his public speeches exhibit great love of country. His style of composition was pleasing to his hearers, and whether at a camp fire of his comrades, recalling war memories, or in the presence of an audience whose tastes were critically intellectual, he was always interesting and instructive. As a public speaker he was in almost constant demand, and his obliging disposition induced him to accept many invitations, thus loading him with additional labors and greatly increasing in number his imperative obligations.

My late colleague was a devoted Republican in politics. He was always found with the organization of his party. His political sagacity was oftentimes drawn upon by Republican leaders and his counsels as often prevailed. His wisdom as a leader and his constant and determined declarations for improvement in public affairs; his example as a public man serving in public places, together with his advocacy of the creed he sincerely believed in; his commendation of the right and his condemnation of wrong, have been valuable contributions toward Republican supremacy in Pennsylvania. His argu-

ments for what he believed to be right were full of logic and power and carried with them conviction. From my earliest recollection of the public men of Pennsylvania, MARRIOTT BROSIUS has been one of the most prominent in every movement for the good of the State, and his death leaves a place vacant which is difficult to fill.

The domestic life of my friend was a model of simplicity and purity, and devotedly constant without pretense to display or demonstration. He avoided both public and private vulgarity, but scrupulously observed the conventionalities of life with modesty and decorum. He came from plain, unassuming, God-loving people, whose ambitions never tempted them beyond the ways that led to their orderly business and their adopted church. His religion was that of his fathers, which, from the time of George Fox to the present, has taught simplicity, sincerity, truthfulness, and honor, and impressed upon the children of men the advantage to be spiritually derived by walking humbly in the sight of their Master. "He was much better and wiser than a common man."

ADDRESS OF MR. DALZELL, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: I do not often take part in such ceremonies as engage our attention to-day. I am not able to rid myself of the feeling on the one hand that they are perfunctory when one speaks only from a sense of duty, from his head and not from his heart, and on the other hand inadequate when one would speak of his friend. In the latter case there is the limitation of publicity, the fear that the language of eulogy may be regarded, as it too often in fact is, the language of extravagance. But this occasion may not pass without my bringing my humble tribute to the memory of my friend BROSIUS; for he was my friend.

Entering public life almost at the same time, I in the Fiftieth and he in the Fifty-first Congress, our careers, as to time, have run upon parallel lines. How much he was for twelve years of the life of this House and what he contributed of faithful and able service to his State and the nation I personally know. But I know more than that. I know of his high character, his pure and exemplary life, his affectionate disposition, and the courage with which he hewed to the line wherever duty called.

The first time that I ever saw him was when he appeared as a delegate in the Pennsylvania State convention, in 1882. I also was a delegate in that convention, charged with the duty of placing a fellow-member of the Allegheny County bar in nomination for a justiceship on the bench of the supreme court. Mr. BROSIUS'S speech in that convention, nominating his friend, Judge Livingstone, electrified his

hearers. It was graceful, forceful, eloquent; and when subsequently Thomas M. Marshall, of Pittsburg, declined the nomination for Congressman at large, for which he had been slated, there was no thought of any other as the standard bearer of his party than MARRIOTT BROSIUS. True, he made a losing fight; but the fault was not his, but his party's.

The slight acquaintance that we then formed was renewed when he came here as a member of the Firty-first Congress, and from that time forward increased in intimacy until the time of his death. That, it will be recollected, was one of the stormiest Congresses in our history. It was the Congress in which, under the leadership of the greatest of all our parliamentarians, Thomas B. Reed, a new order of things was inaugurated, and the principle established, never to be overturned, that the quorum of the Constitution in this House is a present and not a voting quorum.

In the memorable contests of that trying period Mr. BROSIUS bore his full share. He was a member of the Committee on Agriculture, and was specially prominent in reporting and taking charge of a bill upon the subject of lard, which was of special interest to his farmer constituents. He was also a member of the Committees on Militia and on Private Land Claims. He did not, however, confine himself to the subjects in charge of his several committees. With unwearying industry he examined and addressed the House upon a wide range of topics—amongst others, pensions, the tariff, silver, and immigration. Though a newcomer in the forum, he soon became a conspicuous figure therein.

In the Fifty-second Congress, which was Democratic, Mr. BROSIUS was a member of the Committees on Banking and Currency, on Labor, and on Civil-Service Reform, and, though a member of the minority party, continued to occupy a prominent place in the deliberations of the House. He was heard from

upon our policy with respect to the Indians, upon pensions, and especially upon the subjects of tariff and silver.

It would serve no good purpose for me to catalogue in detail the subjects treated of by our friend during the various Congresses of which he was a member subsequent to this. When the Republican party again came into possession of the House in the Fifty-fourth Congress, Mr. BROSIUS became again a member of the Committee on Banking and Currency and chairman of the Committee on Civil-Service Reform in which positions he continued through the Fifty-fifth Congress. In the Fifty-sixth Congress he realized a cherished ambition in succeeding to the chairmanship of the Committee on Banking and Currency.

It was during that Congress that the present currency law went upon the statute book and the gold standard was adopted. It will be seen from the various committees upon which he served that his public services covered a wide field. His career, however, is most conspicuously identified with the currency question and his uniformly earnest and able efforts in the cause of sound money. He was, too, a faithful champion of the merit system and its unfailing defender on the floor of the House.

If we should confine ourselves to his services in the House alone we should miss a great part, and an interesting part, of his career. He was a much-sought campaigner in every party contest, a bright after-dinner speaker, a cultured and scholarly lecturer, and one whose addresses on economic questions were in demand before bankers and other societies in many parts of the Union.

It is not because of his public services, however, that I like to think of MARRIOTT BROSIUS. I like, rather, to recall what he was than to recall what he did—though what he did he did because he was what he was. He was a typical self-

made American; a living demonstration of the possibilities of American citizenship. And yet there are many such, whose characters exhibit the industry, the courage, the adaptability to circumstances, the aggressiveness that bring fame and fortune, but who do not have the finer qualities that adorn character in its highest reach.

Mr. BROSIUS was an exemplary Christian gentleman, of pure life and lofty purpose, loyal to duty in every avenue of life, and, besides, a scholar of unusual culture and accomplishment. Of fine presence, possessed of a resonant voice and choice command of language, he was an orator of mark, and delighted in public speaking. His style was ornate; he was fond of the rhetorical. He once told me that it was his habit whenever he came across a sentence or a paragraph that pleased him, in prose or in verse, to copy it, and that he had accumulated several volumes filled with such quotations. He had a splendid memory. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that his speeches abound in wit and anecdote, in historical allusion, and in words of wisdom gathered from many sources.

He was a clear thinker, a cogent reasoner. He was an industrious man, spending not much time in play; and yet there was nothing about him of reserve or moroseness. He was bright and cheery as the day, and apparently always happy.

Of good Quaker stock, there was yet war in his blood for the right, and when the cloud burst in 1861, the cloud of civil war, he shouldered his musket and throughout a long career of military life encountered all the hardships of a soldier's life. It was his fortune to face death on many a field of blood and to come back to the pursuits of peace bearing in his body wounds of battle never to be healed.

He was a good lawyer, loyal to court and to client, and delaying no man's cause for lucre or malice.

He had other qualities to which we may only in general terms refer. Of what he was as husband and father only those whom he loved and who loved him could adequately speak. To the depths of their sorrow we may not penetrate; upon that ground, sacred, we may not tread.

Suffice it to know that he who in all his relations with his fellow-men was without stain must also have been, as we know he was, chiefest of the loving and the loved in the home circle.

Citizen, soldier, lawyer, statesman, husband, and father—pure, able, faithful, the record of his life is secure. Being dead, he yet speaketh.

ADDRESS OF MR. PRINCE, OF ILLINOIS.

Mr. SPEAKER: The first sentence written by the most illustrious general of the war of the rebellion in his preface to his classical memoirs is this: "Man proposes and God disposes." Fortunate it is for human kind and for the world that there is a supreme, all-wise, and all-loving Being to shape and direct the course of man. Fortunate, also, is it that that Being hides from us the day and the hour when we are to go hence. If man knew from the beginning what and when was to be his ending, it is hardly possible for us to conceive what kind of a world we would have here on earth. All laudable selfishness and ambition would be destroyed. In youth we would not lay the foundation so deep and broad upon which to build our future action. It is questionable whether man himself would be much superior in point of intellect and energy to the animals about him.

In youth we prepare ourselves for manhood and for the duties which devolve upon us as members of our complex civilization.

In manhood we build substantial and lasting buildings. We construct railroads and canals. We enter into business affairs which long outlast the life of every man originally engaged in them. We legislate for ourselves and for generations to follow. To me this seems to indicate that we possess a spark of that life given to us from above, which is to last through the countless ages. In the language of the poet—

> The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think;
> From the death we are shrinking from, they, too, would shrink;
> To the life we are clinging to, they, too, would cling—
> But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

The man in whose memory the House of Representatives is holding these exercises was born and lived and died as other men. He was a product of our own country, and in his veins flowed the blood of ancestors that had come to the New World to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience and to enjoy civil and religious liberty. In his youth he attended the public school, the great kindergarten of democracy, and thus early in life he came into personal contact with the boys and girls who were soon to become the future men and women of the Republic. The public school is the bulwark of our liberty, and is the proper place to send, in early life, every boy and girl in our land. The private school later on has a place to fill in the needs of education, but in the early stages no school can so well equip a boy and girl for future usefulness as the public school.

The fact that Mr. BROSIUS attended the public school in his early youth gave to him much of the success which attended him in later life. It is there that one learns self-control and self-independence, and also learns to give and take in the struggle of life. It is there that the spirit of patriotism and of liberty is taught which later on develops so strongly in the American people. When the call from Father Abraham came for men to preserve the Union, Mr. BROSIUS offered himself. He enlisted as a private soldier and went forth to do and to die, if need be, for his country's preservation. He was found in the thickest of the fight, contending against the most valiant foe that ever confronted an opposing army. It was an American fighting an American, and the world has never seen since the dawn of history such courage and brain pitted against courage and brain. By sheer bravery and merit and not through favoritism he rose from the ranks to the position of a second lieutenant. In one of the severest engagements of the war he was wounded, and felt its effects and bore in his person

that wound up to the moment of his passing away. For four years in legislative life here in Congress I was closely associated with him, and during all that time I never heard him tell of the part he took or what he did or how he was wounded in that fierce fratricidal war. Has it not often been your observation, Mr. Speaker, that the real man, whether in peace or war, never tells of the deeds that he has done and the works that he has accomplished?

When the war was over Mr. BROSIUS, like thousands of others, cheerfully returned to the pursuits of peace, and at once entered upon a course of study which would the better fit him for usefulness as a citizen. He read law and was admitted to the bar. He passed through the usual struggles and trials which attend young men in this profession. He easily and naturally drifted into political life, and we find him at last elected as a member of the Fifty-first Congress. He was elected successively a member of the Fifty-second, Fifty-third, Fifty-fourth, Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth, and Fifty-seventh Congresses. I entered the Fifty-fourth Congress, and it was then that I first made his acquaintance. I knew him but slightly during that Congress. From the time that I first became acquainted with him in that Congress until its close, I now recall with pleasure the very kind and considerate treatment that he was wont to accord to new members.

It was in the Fifty-fifth Congress that I was assigned by the Speaker to the Committee on Banking and Currency, of which he was a member, that I began to know the true worth of this good man. He was attentive to his committee duties and was always very cordial to and considerate of every member of the committee. He was an attendant upon the sessions of the House, and he took an active part in the discussion of public affairs. In the Fifty-sixth Congress he became chairman of

the Committee on Banking and Currency. His kindly disposition and his scholarly attainments won for him the affection of every member of the committee over which he presided.

I recall now, as if it were but yesterday, the closing scene in the Banking and Currency Committee when we parted at the close of the Fifty-sixth Congress. One after another of the retiring members of the committee addressed the committee and made their farewell speeches. I remember vividly how, speaking for the minority, the gallant ex-Confederate soldier, Col. W. Jasper Talbert, of South Carolina, spoke eloquently and feelingly of the high regard and esteem that he had for the impartial and manly chairman, Mr. BROSIUS. Then I remember also how a distinguished and learned member of the committee, Mr. Hill, of Connecticut, gave expression of the high esteem and regard which the majority of the committee had for their much-liked chairman. Then other retiring members of the committee added their word of respect and esteem, and then there came a hush in the proceedings. Our good chairman, Mr. BROSIUS, then arose and feelingly and eloquently thanked the committee for their kind words spoken and for their high regard for him. Little did we think on that occasion that it was a farewell meeting. We parted with friendly grasp of the hand, and we wished each of the reelected members a pleasant summer and a safe return to the opening of the Fifty-seventh Congress. We all returned to the Fifty-seventh Congress save him alone.

I have met him in legislative halls. I have met him in the committee room. I have met him at the social functions. I have met him at the banquet table. At no time and at no place did I ever hear a word fall from his lips that would not be proper to say in his own parlor and in the presence of his own family. In religious belief he was a member of the Society of Friends. The rest of us would take the oath of office. He would not. He was true to the tenets of his peculiar religion.

Almost alone, he would stand at the bar of the House and say, "I do solemnly affirm." He was a faithful follower of the Master, and he lived the life of a Christian. He has gone from us. His earthly life is ended. His deeds will remain. The influence of his life will be felt and will impress for good lives yet unborn. Good men die; their good deeds live forever. In the passing away of Mr. BROSIUS I have lost a dear, good friend. His wife has lost a faithful husband. His children have lost a devoted father. Pennsylvania has lost an honored Representative in Congress. The nation has lost a brave defender and a worthy citizen.

ADDRESS OF MR. TALBERT, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Occasions like this always bring us closer together. While you often hear the words here, "On this side or the other side of the House," we are all on this occasion on the same side, with a feeling of sympathy, sorrow, and friendship. "In the midst of life we are in death." Often in the fitful pauses of busy life we are called upon to solemnly reflect upon the departure of relatives, friends, and associates, and now, in accordance with a time-honored custom, we pause in our proceedings to-day and turn aside from the cares and turmoils of political discussions to pay our last respects to one of our lamented coworkers and to pay humble tribute to his worth. It has been said that to eulogize a departed friend and comrade is to speak kindly of him and his character. Sometimes, it may be, too much is said; but, on the other hand, too little may be said. But it is not likely that too much can be said of a man with a character like that of Congressman BROSIUS. He was truly an honest man—"the noblest work of God." He was a man of great capabilities and lofty ambition. Death under any condition is sad, but peculiarly so was his death. Just as he had entered the field of what appeared to be his greatest usefulness he was cut down like the flower of the field that to-day blooms and gives out its fragrance to all around it and to-morrow is gone.

After the adjournment of the Fifty-sixth Congress, I had been at my home in South Carolina about two weeks when one evening about twilight, sitting around my fireside with my

family, a telegram was handed to me. Breaking it open, to my surprise it was a notice from the Sergeant-at-Arms that I had been appointed by the Speaker to attend the funeral ceremonies of the late Hon. MARRIOTT BROSIUS, of Pennsylvania, at his home in Lancaster. A feeling of deep sadness and sorrow overshadowed me, and intensified it was, as the circumstances surrounding me at that time prevented me from attending and paying him that last homage. As I sat there, many memories of his manly form, his pleasant manners, and benevolent face came trooping back to my mind. I thought of him as I saw him at our last meeting of the Committee on Banking and Currency, of which he was the honored chairman, just before the expiration of the Fifty-sixth Congress, as he sat at the head of the table in the committee room, and I could hardly realize that he was dead. Yet it was only too true.

While only in the noonday of his great usefulness and service to his country, he was stricken down. At that last meeting of the committee, only about three weeks before his death, I had the pleasure, as has been said by one of the speakers to-day, Mr. Prince, of Illinois, of offering on behalf of the committee a resolution of thanks to Chairman BROSIUS for his uniform kindness, courtesy, and impartiality to the members of the committee during the Fifty-sixth Congress. I put the question, and it was carried feelingly and unanimously, after many seconds around the table. Resolutions of regret had also been offered and carried in regard to several retiring members of the committee. I shall never forget the very feeling manner in which he arose from his seat and responded to the sentiment. Hard-hearted you may say Congressmen are toward each other, but on that occasion there were very few, if any, dry eyes around that table at the close of that episode.

I first met Mr. BROSIUS when I came to Washington, at the beginning of the Fifty-third Congress, and from the first

time I met him I felt drawn to him by a kind of uncontrollable magnetism, and as time wore on I became more attached to him, notwithstanding he belonged to one political faith and I to another. While I was an uncompromising Democrat and he as much of a Republican, yet I always felt whenever I met him and clasped his hand that I had met an honest, conscientious man; one who, though differing widely with his fellowman, was ready to accord to him honesty of purpose while claiming it for himself. In the Fifty-sixth Congress Speaker Henderson placed me on the Committee on Banking and Currency, where my esteem for him continued to grow.

There is one thing, Mr. Speaker, that is certain, and that is death, while there is also nothing more uncertain than life. As said by his home paper on the morning after his untimely death, no more shocking exemplification of the uncertainty of life and the swiftness of death could have happened than the passing away of MARRIOTT BROSIUS.

> A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
> Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

It is hard to realize that the distinguished Congressman has passed from time into eternity and is no more. Methinks I can almost hear his voice even now reverberating around the walls of this Hall, and one can well imagine his robust form coming in to take his seat in his accustomed style on the other side of this Chamber. His associates over there will miss him, and we will miss him over here as well. Only the work he wrought and the life he lived remain as a monument to his memory, constituting a peculiar heritage for the emulation of struggling youth and for the sweet solace and comfort of his family and the people he served so well.

MARRIOTT BROSIUS, as he was familiarly known by his nearest friends, was a self-made man, going from the farm to the forum of national legislation. While yet on his father's

farm he enlisted at the age of 18 in the early part of the civil war, and it is said by those who knew that his record as a soldier was one of which any man might well be proud. For bravery on the battlefield he was promoted and commissioned a lieutenant. His service in the Army was brought to a close at the battle of Green Plains, a most bloody and desperate encounter, in which he was disabled for life by a bullet smashing through his shoulder. As a lawyer he won success and forged to the front at the Lancaster bar. The Democratic papers of his city and district and State all spoke kindly and favorably of him as a man, as did his own Republican organs.

It was his nature to be fair and generous toward everybody. It is not my purpose to frame any formal epitaph, but it is for those who have known and loved him almost a lifetime to speak of his true life and service. But I want to say that, from an acquaintance of nine or ten years with him, I believe he was also a true soldier in civil life, a soldier of the Master, and when the final summons came he was not afraid, but, heroically as ever a Knight of the Cross, saluted with a stainless sword the spotless majesty of the risen Saviour, and bowed his head to death. Then why should we mourn? Our friend and brother is infinitely better off, and our loss, after all, is Heaven's gain, for we have the assurance, from all we can learn of him, that he was a Christian man and not afraid to die, and in spite of his ambition to make a name for himself, and to write it high on the roll of fame, he never forgot his God and his duty to Him.

But, rightly realizing that the real and true object of life is, after all, to prepare for death, he lived the life of a devoted Christian and simply fell asleep only to awake in a better land. And when we consider carefully his life and his remarkable career along with many others of a similar type, how he rose

from obscurity to prominence, and that in spite of many obstacles and adverse circumstances, we are prone to acknowledge the truth of the little verse which says:

> Who hath not learned in hours of faith
> The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
> That life is ever lord of death,
> And love can never lose its own.

ADDRESS OF MR. THAYER, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Mr. SPEAKER: I had not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the Hon. MARRIOTT BROSIUS prior to the first session of the Fifty-sixth Congress. At that time, being upon the Committee on Banking and Currency, of which committee he was the honored, able, and efficient chairman, the opportunity was presented for me to know him quite intimately. I also had the good fortune to be at the same house and eat at the same table with Mr. BROSIUS for some considerable time. As I judged him, he was a man of great simplicity of personal character. He seemed to pursue the even tenor of his way in this House among his many friends, and in the lofty walks of public life, unscathed by criticism, unslandered by adverse report. He was modest and sufficiently reserved, yet vigilant in asserting his rights and protecting the interests of those he represented. Always studious and industrious; attentive to substance as well as to taste in style, he was eloquent, logical, and forcible in debate. He was loyal to his convictions and friends. He despised hypocrisy, treachery, and ingratitude, whether in public or private life. He was not only intensely loyal to his State and district, which he never ceased or hesitated to praise with just pride, but he loved his party, its principles, and policies with an affection equaled by few. He was a party man, but would not permit his partisanship to becloud and bedim his patriotism.

In our strenuous American life, alive with the vast activities,

the keen competitions, and the boundless aspirations that a free government stimulates in a land of opportunity, with new problems continually springing up for solution, we must of necessity dwell in perpetual conflict of opinion. Yet differences which invite debate must cease, results must be obtained, compromises must be made. In the committee room and on this floor Mr. BROSIUS was the great pacifier, who brought order out of chaos, peace and harmony out of disorder, and achieved results where others might have failed.

He was a diligent student; his reading took a wide range; he gleaned from every field of knowledge and possessed an aptitude of intelligence which made him a valuable acquisition to every social or professional circle. His devotion to his constituents was a conspicuous feature of his public life. He believed that the career of every successful public man teaches that the only way for a public servant to securely hold the confidence and affection of his constituents is in the demonstration of his worthiness by integrity, fidelity, and loyalty in their service.

I leave it to others more conversant with his ardent and useful life to speak of his public achievements in military and civic life, where he acquitted himself with great honor and distinction in positions other than that of an able, distinguished, and influential member of Congress for many years.

Why Mr. BROSIUS was cut off in the full tide of usefulness, before he had scarcely passed the meridian of life, in the full enjoyment of his cultured faculties, before the evening of life had come on, and while the fires of being yet burned with a steady glow, is a mystery that eternity alone will unveil to us. But death comes as the dread messenger of pain and sorrow; the rude foe to happiness; the maker of widows and orphans; that banishes hope and installs despair; that blots out sun and moon and stars, and brings around the sable clouds of rayless

night. But, thanks to the good God above us, to us again appears and smiles the gentle moon, and again beam the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

In mourning now for him who has joined the throng who have gone before and are for a time lost to us in the mysterious abodes beyond our mortal sight, we must not grieve as those who are without hope. Certainly we should not be anxious about him whose Christian life was an illustrious example for right living. He has passed over the dark river which separates us from the heavenly country. He is only a little in advance and awaits our coming to join him as we enter into the unfathomed mysteries of eternity.

As one grows older and begins the descent toward the evening of life he comes to feel how little, after all, is the value of this brief span of life. We come, we tarry just a little while, and depart. The pleasures of living, the transitory joys of existence, thrilling and intense as they sometimes seem, are of little permanent value; the true worth of life is to be found in the opportunity it gives for the formation of character. The character which is formed by the experiences of our earthly existence, whether brief or long, makes us, after all, what we are, and alone goes on with us to the life beyond, thus making life worth the living, for it makes desirable immortality, which is the inalienable and indestructible birthright of every human soul.

If, then, our philosophy is correct, we ought not to mourn the loss of our friend. He lived long enough to form a noble, Christian character, fitting him for better than earthly service. He has gone a little before at his Master's call, to do his Master's service in a happier sphere, with clearer vision, with higher freedom and purer affections. What lesson, then, is there in this death and this memorial service for us who for

a little time survive? Can it not be found in heeding the injunction:

> So live, that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan which moves
> To that mysterious realm where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

ADDRESS OF MR. CALDERHEAD, OF KANSAS.

Mr. SPEAKER: I do not rise for the purpose of making any extended eulogy upon my dead comrade, whose memory we honor to-day, but rise more for the purpose of extending my thanks to his colleagues who have already addressed the House in this connection, and who have presented the high character of the man, and his capacity and ability on the floor of the House and in connection with public affairs. Most of them knew him longer and more intimately than I. Most of them had a personal acquaintance with him better than mine, but I counted as one of the special privileges of my life the fact that I became acquainted with him and appreciated him as such a man must be appreciated by all those who know him.

When I was elected a member of the Fifty-fourth Congress I came to Washington about the conclusion of the preceding session of the Fifty-third Congress for the purpose of making the acquaintance of the members and familiarizing myself with the business of Congress. Mr. BROSIUS was the first member whose acquaintance I formed. We recognized each other as comrades by the button that we wore—the badge of the Grand Army. He asked my name and gave me his name and our acquaintance began. During my service in that Congress and afterwards I became intimately acquainted with him. He was my personal friend, and we served together upon the same committee. It is true that at times we differed as to the work of the committee. I remember well one case where we differed materially. I objected to a proposition pending in the com-

mittee which was advocated by him, upon which he had spent much labor. I joined with others who opposed the measure and endeavored to prevent it. I thought it likely that he would perhaps administer some rebuke or make some suggestion of the feeling that he entertained in reference to the matter when I afterwards met him. But instead of that there was the same kindly smile upon his face, the same warm hand was extended to me, and there was an assurance in his every act of the kindly feeling which had always animated him toward me.

And again, Mr. Speaker, long afterwards, after our acquaintance had ripened, and in another Congress, when I shook hands with him here in the Hall, a shadow of pain passed over his face, and I found that he was suffering from an injury which he had received during the war. He said: "My lame arm pains me greatly." I said: "Where were you wounded?" I intended to inquire at what battle. He put the other hand upon his shoulder and said: "I have lost this shoulder joint and it pains me severely this morning." We walked out in the corridor and had a little conversation about the place where it occurred, about the time when it happened, about his age and mine during the days of the great rebellion, and about the battle for the life of the nation, and I think he never spoke of his wound again. But I began to realize that it was something in connection with that wound that had made him so gentle and patient. It was something that had put him on guard against the passions of life; and recently, since this memorial day was appointed, I have endeavored to make some further inquiry concerning his service and the action in which he was wounded.

Nearly all the facts of his ancestry and of his own boyhood life that are known have been detailed to you by those who were acquainted with him and who had better sources of

knowledge than I have; yet in my inquiry I found that the charge in which he was wounded was one of the most heroic of all the great charges that were made in the battle—the preservation of the life of the nation. More than once I have attempted to recite to my comrades some description of the charge of the First Minnesota Regiment at Gettysburg, when it was sent out for only about 250 yards with 287 men, and in a few short minutes left all but 34 of them strewn upon the ground. I have considered it one of the most costly charges ever made by a regiment of men. I found on investigating the charge in which my comrade was wounded at Green Plains that his regiment, a little less than 300 men, were ordered into a charge upon Pickett's division, consisting of 2,000 men, with less than 400 yards of ground to pass over.

By somebody's blunder they were not supported either by artillery or by flanking regiments. During the charge seven color bearers were shot down and the eighth one came back with the staff in two pieces and the flag riddled by over a hundred rebel bullets. They passed nearly to the rebel lines before the bugle sounded their recall. At that moment a minie ball struck MARRIOTT BROSIUS square in the breast and lodged in a little leather-covered diary in his breast pocket. As they turned to come back a wounded boy fell at his feet. He stooped to pick up the boy to carry him off, when another ball crashed through his shoulder and he fell. He was carried from the field and first taken to Point of Rocks, and then after a month was brought to the hospital at Baltimore. It was three months from the day he was shot until the wound was probed. The smashed and splintered bones were yet in the wound and it was in a terribly diseased condition. He lay upon one bed until the bones of his hip joint came through the flesh.

I want you to remember, my comrades and my colleagues, that he was then only a boy of 21 years, smooth faced, trained

in the peaceful ways of a country farm in Pennsylvania, turned into a heroic soldier by three years of camps and marches and battles. He was a volunteer. He was a volunteer in answer to the call of Abraham Lincoln, which said:

> I appeal to all loyal citizens to favor, facilitate, and aid this effort to maintain the honor, the integrity, and the existence of our National Union and the perpetuity of popular government.

The volunteer knew the purpose for which he was fighting and suffering.

Three months of suffering and endurance of this terrible wound followed before finally some surgeon undertook the operation which removed the head of the humerus and both parts of the knuckle joint of the shoulder, leaving the arm connected only by the muscles. Under the operation, after so many months of suffering, he sank rapidly and was given up for dead, but his soul kept him alive.

It was the months of pain, and the going so near to the thin veil that separates us from the great hereafter, and staying there so long, that conquered the passions of life for him and gave him dominion over himself. It added to whatever gentleness of nature he had been endowed with from his birth. For him, as for all those who have endured great physical suffering, with a great moral purpose, there comes a majesty of life, a repose and dignity of character that can not forget itself upon any occasion or in any place. The gentle conventionalities that are acquired by the rest of us in our intercourse with our fellowmen came easily and naturally to him. They were a part of his nature.

In that little bullet-marked diary, which is a priceless relic in the family of this brave man, is this modest paragraph in his own handwriting:

> For the last six months I have neglected my diary on account of disability. I was wounded on the 20th of May. I have now recovered so far as to be able to resume my notes.

He was as modest as he was brave. In these lines he said all he had to say of his heroic self-sacrifice. He was kind, not only to his own, he was kind to all whom he could help.

I knew but little of his domestic relations. I had the pleasure of meeting but one member of his family besides himself, but the meeting occurred under such circumstances with him as revealed by a flash the peace and the love of a perfectly secure domestic home.

I need not add any testimony to the worth of his character, to the ability of his services to his State and to his country here as a member of Congress. I can not feel that death was an enemy to him or to me. I suffer pain whenever I lose a friend, but it is merely the pain of a separation. It is only sorrow for the loss of companionship. I miss the touch of the vanished hand and the voice that is hushed and still. I know, as he knows now in that home of peace where he is dwelling, that death is but the great majestic step by which we pass from labor to a life of glory and of peace; that it is not an enemy to those who have lived and labored, who have loved and suffered for country and for country's cause; that it is not an enemy to him who has lived for his fellow-men or who has died in their service. Thanks to the blessed Saviour of men who has taught us to love and to serve, in obedience and in faith, there is now no sting in death and no victory in the grave. There is eternal life beyond. Our friend wears its crown.

Further than what I have now said, I only desire to ask the privilege of placing in the Record the testimonial of one who knew him far better than any of us—his teacher in his childhood, his teacher at the time he entered the Army, his beloved family physician, who was chosen by his own neighbors to deliver the address at the time of the memorial exercises at his own home.

When I wrote to inquire concerning some little data that I

desired, I received the manuscript of this address. Reading it over it struck me that the kindest tribute I could give him would be to add this to the testimonials that his colleagues will place upon the record.

Therefore I ask the privilege of placing in the Record this memorial address of Dr. J. W. Houston.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. LANDIS). Without objection, the request of the gentleman from Kansas will be complied with.

REMARKS OF DR. J. W. HOUSTON.

Mr. PRESIDENT, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN: Inspired by love, depressed with grief, I appear before you on this occasion. Unwritten fraternal law demands that we should observe the solemn rites due to our deceased brother, Hon. MARRIOTT BROSIUS, LL. D., and to-day is the appointed time. But I am fully convinced that this precedent is not the actuating cause of your presence here to-day. Higher and nobler impulses have directed your footsteps to this sanctuary of patriotism on the present occasion. The love you bore our friend and brother, the homage his due, the veneration his life demands, and the adoration his history suggests are all impelling reasons why we should convene to-day to honor his memory and learn the lesson his patriotism imparts.

My selection to pronounce the words of the story of his life was not due to any ability on my part over and above that of many of the comrades, but alone to the fact that I knew him from his early boyhood, his family and his friends, and all the environments attending his earthly career, having shared his bed and board. Mr. BROSIUS was born in Colerain Township, Lancaster County, on the 7th of March, 1843, on the western bank of the East Branch of the Octorara. The old mansion yet retains the dignity of the farmhouse, and is now a place of historic interest to biographers, where—

> By sylvan dell through meadows green,
> The flood of the East Branch is seen;
> Around the brae through painted lea,
> Seeking a passage to the sea.
> The swelling tide flows ever on
> By glen and brake, till race is won;
> Where mingling with the salted wave,
> Returns unto the springs which gave.

There, in one of the richest agricultural districts in southern Lancaster County, in a community composed of Friends and Free Presbyterians, all of whom were sailing on the advanced waves of progress and reform, on

the physical, intellectual, and moral streams of life, the boyhood days of Mr. BROSIUS were passed, each day adding to his intellectual acquisition, intensifying his moral convictions, and developing his physical nature, thus laying the foundation for the superstructure which in later years expanded into a fame for statesmanship which was only bounded by the confines of our nation. From his infancy to manhood he was surrounded by those conditions that tend to make men good and great. During these years he acquired the habit of industry, and developed a love for knowledge which continued with him during his entire life, often burning the midnight oil when preparing for some great effort.

Mr. BROSIUS'S great-grandfather, Henry Brosius, came from England and settled near Philadelphia in 1780. He was a member of the Society of Friends. His son Mahlon, the paternal grandfather of Mr. MARRIOTT BROSIUS, was an upright, conscientious gentleman, and exemplified the teachings of George Fox in his daily walk and life. Clarkson Brosius, father of our Congressman, was a leader in his community, and although an invalid for years, yet he was foremost in every good work for the elevation of his fellow-beings. He was a thorough gentleman, and devoted to his calling, that of farming. He was methodical, scientific, and enterprising, and ranked high as a model farmer. He was largely instrumental in organizing the Octorara Farmers' Club in 1856, which gave an impetus to higher farming in southern Lancaster and Chester counties. Clarkson Brosius died October 8, 1863. His last thoughts expressed to me were of his boy, far away on the Union firing line. The entire community was grief stricken at his untimely death.

On the maternal side our Congressman's great-grandfather was Samuel Hambleton, a consistent reformatory Friend. His sons were Samuel, Charles, Eli, and Thomas. Samuel was the father of Rachel, the mother of Mr. BROSIUS. Each of the other sons of Samuel, sr., offered their only sons to their country's cause. Gerrit Smith, son of Thomas, died in the service, C. Burleigh, son of Charles, being seriously wounded; he now resides in Atglen, Chester County.

Benjamin Kent, uncle of Mr. BROSIUS, tendered three sons that our nation might live. Mr. Mahlon G. Brosius, younger brother of Clarkson Brosius, was also in the service. He is now one of the most enterprising citizens of Chester County. From the above you may see that Mr. BROSIUS'S patriotism was not only cultivated, but was also hereditary. His mother died when he was 7 years old, and two years after her death Mary Ann Brinton became his stepmother, and how well she performed a mother's part is attested on every side.

Although quite feeble, she, along with the other relatives, followed his body to the grave, that she might see the resting place, impelled by a mother's love. Her testimony is that MARRIOTT was ever dutiful, obedient, and self-denying for the happiness of the other members of the family.

Surrounded as he was by those influences which taught him the nobility of labor, the value of education, the rewards of industry, the dominion of integrity, and, in character forming, the power of the Christian religion, together with the refining graces of a well-ordered and Christian home—these could not fail to make of him a model of true manhood, free from all the vices which afflict mankind. Tobacco never polluted his mouth; alcohol never tainted his breath; profanity never desecrated his lips; veracity characterized his noble nature, ever and always.

His early school days were passed in Octorara and Chestnut Hill academies under the tutorage of that veteran teacher, Mr. Thomas Baker, who even at that early day predicted for his pupil a glorious future. His summers were spent upon the farm, engaged in manual labor himself, and in superintending, under his father's direction, the farm hands. But even when following the plow his studies were not neglected. With a dictionary in his pocket, and some favorite classic author in his hand, his time for rest and recreation was spent in study. He had no time to spend in frivolous pleasures. Thus his days went gliding by, all too short to gratify his desire for the acquisition of useful knowledge.

The study of political economy had a decided fascination for his expanding genius. The contents of the New York Tribune were daily scanned, and he was authority on all national issues. When the war of the rebellion was inaugurated, then our young student-farmer became restless—a conflict was waged within his bosom between his duty to his parents and his duty to his country. The struggle for supremacy was won by his unqualified patriotism, and he obtained his parents' permission to enlist, though at a heartbreaking cost, as was often the case with other families where parents gave up their boys—alas, too often—to see them no more on earth. But these instances only illustrate the devotion of the American people to their flag and country.

Mr. BROSIUS was enrolled as a member of the Wayne Grays, a company of home guards I had been instrumental in organizing, for the purpose of drilling and becoming conversant with the manual of arms and field movements. My boys, as they became proficient in military drill, were daily deserting, with my permission and blessing, to join some regiment whose prospects for active service were brighter than ours. After Mr. BROSIUS had decided to enlist in some regiment ready for the field, he informed me of his intention. I remonstrated in vain. I told him of his usefulness at home, being then manager of two farms, a position no other person could fill so well; of the necessity of providing sustenance for the soldiers in the field; that he could serve his country best at home. He turned the argument against me by saying, "You are going into the service, leaving a wife and family; you are making greater sacrifices than I am. Tell me where to go to enlist." I gave him a note to my friend Captain Wayne, Company K, Ninety-seventh Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. Two days after, in November, 1861, he and his uncle, Channing Brinton,

presented themselves in my office wearing United States uniforms, Mr. BROSIUS having first corporal chevron on his sleeves.

His history in service is summed up in a few lines by his colonel, Henry R. Guss (afterwards General Guss), and Colonel Price, who, with other members of the regiment, attended his funeral obsequies. Years after the war these officers paid him the following tribute:

"Mr. BROSIUS'S record is linked and written with the Ninety-seventh Regiment, on whose rolls his name was subscribed in 1861; its history is his history, and its fame is his fame, and its glorious deeds are the sum of the faithful brave deeds of the men who, with him, went forth at the call of this country to do battle for the preservation of the life of the nation.

"Among the most earnest, yet quiet and unobtrusive, in all his actions, was MARRIOTT BROSIUS. From the day of his enlistment in the service until stricken down by the bullet of the enemy he was ever at his post of duty, active and vigilant as a sentinel, brave and courageous in the line of battle. He was regarded as a model soldier, as well from the force of culture that indicated the perfect gentleman, as from the exact fulfillment of duty that indicated the trained veteran soldier."

In the above few lines his war record is summed up. Aside from special acts, it is complete. In attempting to carry a disabled comrade from the field who had been mortally wounded, Mr. BROSIUS himself received the bullet from a rebel sharpshooter's rifle which nearly ended his life. This was the last charge which he was engaged in, the charge at Bermuda Hundred, which rivaled Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg. Here, as there, some one had blundered.

The wound he received necessitated the excision of the right shoulder joint and the removal of a portion of the arm bone, rendering the arm ever after useless. For eight months he was confined to the hospital, three months of which time he could not be turned in bed; but he bore his suffering with Christian fortitude. No murmuring, no repining escaped his lips. He was ever cheerful and resigned. In February, 1865, he was promoted to a lieutenancy, although he had been mustered out of service, in consequence of disability, the previous December.

After returning to his home he spent some time in recuperating, and managing his great uncle's (Thomas Hambleton) farm, his leisure time being still devoted to study, as was such time when in the service. Being incapacitated for any kind of manual labor, he turned his attention to the study of medicine, and consulted me with a view of entering my office. I strongly remonstrated against any such procedure, and pointed out to him that there was no promotion for a physician, although, as an instrument in God's hands, he may perform miracles every day, yet they are soon forgotten; and he is often made the scapegoat for the sins of others. That, with few exceptions, the physician never rises above the dignity of a country crossroads doctor or an uptown city practitioner.

I pointed out to him that he was by nature an orator, and that the prac-

tice of law was the profession for which he was admirably suited, and therein he could hope for promotion. I advised him to take a course in my alma mater, Millersville Normal School, which he did. While attending this institution he became acquainted with Miss Elizabeth Jackson Coates, daughter of Mr. Simmons Coates, of West Grove, Chester County. Mr. Coates was a prominent and influential citizen of Chester County; also a member of the Society of Friends.

The acquaintance of Mr. BROSIUS and Miss Coates soon ripened into the strongest mutual attachment, with the usual result; and shortly after he was admitted to the Lancaster bar she became his wife, and no more congenial union was ever formed. Miss Coates had also opposed his studying medicine, and I think that her influence was more potent than mine in determining his decision to study law. Four daughters blessed their marriage, two of whom are living—Gertrude, wife of Mr. Herbert B. Coho, of New York, and Grace, wife of Mr. Clement Biddle, jr., of Pittsburg. Our Saviour claimed Luretta R., aged 6 years, and Florence, aged 19 months, under the command, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." They are now in their father's arms, basking in the sunshine of the Heavenly Kingdom.

Mrs. Brosius contributed largely to her husband's successful career. His modest, unassuming nature required some one to lean upon in his many trials and tribulations, and at these times she cheered and comforted him and he learned to rely upon her wise counsel. She never doubted her husband's ability to distinguish himself, she knew his capabilities better than anyone else, and had fondly hoped for the realization of her waking dreams. Man proposes, but God disposes, and he was called home. God had some greater work for him to do.

Mrs. Brosius and family bear their sad bereavement with resignation, fortitude, and courage, knowing that the Father doeth all things well, and anticipate in heavenly mansions a happy and joyful reunion when the Father wills.

Mr. BROSIUS'S career at the bar and the high esteem in which he was held by his associates has been so beautifully portrayed in authoritative classic language that it is not my purpose to mar his lawyer history by my feeble efforts, which could only serve to cloud those bright pages of eulogies presented to his relatives and friends, in sorrow and in tears, by his associates; nor is it my purpose to speak of his Congressional life. That will be compiled by Dr. Sam. Houston, of Washington, than whom no one can speak from such intimate knowledge. He was one of his nearest friends.

However, I desire to say that it was no easy task to follow Stevens and Smith as the Representative of Lancaster County in the National Congress, the grandest district in our nation, and whose Representatives had always taken a leading part in shaping national legislation. Nevertheless,

Mr. BROSIUS acquired the full confidence of his fellow-members in the House and rose to one of the highest and most important, as also the most difficult, positions to fill in the gift of the popular branch of national law-makers—that of chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency.

His work will live while our nation shall exist. He was an acknowledged authority on national financial legislation, and on this important subject he cut the Gordian knot and gave us the best system of currency in the world. At the last meeting of this committee resolutions strongly commending their chairman's impartial and uniformly courteous treatment were adopted, and the members of the committee individually, regardless of party affiliation, paid him high compliments for efficiency, not think ng they should meet him never again in their committee room.

After his appointment to this chairmanship he asked me if I was satisfied with the honor conferred. I answered: "No; I will never be satisfied until you represent Pennsylvania in the Senate of the United States." He termed me an insatiate monster, exclaiming: "Can your friends never satisfy your ambition for their promotion?"

Mr. BROSIUS, in consequence of his ability, integrity, honesty, and geniality, was a general favorite with all the governmental officers, from the Chief Magistrate down to the porters and scrub women of the various buildings. When his death was announced in Washington, tears of true sorrow streamed down the sunburned faces of those in lowly positions in the departments, as well as over the cheeks of his associates and personal friends. He was one of the most popular Congressmen in Washington, and could and did accomplish more for his constituents than other less-favored fellow-members.

He was indefatigable in his endeavors to serve his friends, regardless of the labor required. His old soldier constituents had his entire sympathy, and no task was too great, no self-imposed duty to onerous, to deter him from the effort in their behalf. He knew, by sad experience, the sacrifices they had made, the privations they had endured, that rebellion in the interest of human slavery might be crushed out and our Union continue one and indissoluble forever. He was the soldiers' tried and true friend. No breath of calumny, suspicion, or doubting ever tainted the atmosphere in which he moved, and no one, not even his most intimate friends, dared approach him with compromising proposals. An unsullied conscience was his guide.

As an orator Mr. BROSIUS combined the cold, nervous logic and bitter sarcasm of Stevens, the scholarly grandeur of Smith, and the brilliant rhetorical fluency of Hensel.

He was regarded as the commanding orator of the United States Congress, and was often selected by his party members to lead the discussion in the House of Representatives in consequence of his clear conception, persuasive rhetoric, and faultless diction in presenting the subject under consideration. His fame as an orator was not confined to Congressional

halls; it was only bounded by our national lines. In consequence of his reputation he was eagerly sought to deliver memorial addresses in our larger cities and national cemeteries, the honor of being twice called to address the assembled multitudes in Arlington National Cemetery never having been extended to any other person.

As a political speaker he was sent by the national Republican committee, at the solicitation of the candidates, into closely contested districts. The inspiration of his presence, his fluent, convincing reasoning winning many to his party standard. But his great ability to sway congregations of people consisted not alone in his eloquence. His sterling integrity, unimpeachable honesty, and unqualified veracity were important factors in directing the general consensus of public opinion. His patriotism, intellectual powers, and immaculate life caused the people to trust him with that implicit confidence which knows no equivocation. No man, clique, nor junta dictated his course. While always granting to his constituents a respectful hearing, the decision rested with his own approving conscience.

In consequence of his diversified and liberal learning, Ursinus College conferred the degree of doctor of laws upon him. Mr. BROSIUS was a member of the Society of Friends, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Grand Army of the Republic, trustee of General Hospital, and of this society, with other honorable positions. The Brosius home life at No. 419 West Orange street, Lancaster, Pa., was happiness personified, each member of the household endeavoring to contribute to the pleasure and comfort of the others; gentleness and love permeated the entire atmosphere. The love for the good and beautiful was promoted by the æsthetic surroundings. Cheerfulness was the predominant characteristic. It could not be otherwise, for the mother is of angelic nature. To illustrate the conditions governing the family, permit me to say that shortly before Mr. BROSIUS stepped from the topmost round of the ladder of fame into the Celestial City whose streets are paved with gold, at a time when statesmen, editors, poets, and historians were vying with each other to do him honor, he said to a friend of his boyhood that of all the encomiums ever paid to him the highest tribute was by his daughter, who said: "Papa, we never saw you angry." No one could enter that home circle without feeling it was good to be there; and while we all sorrow and regard his death as a personal and national calamity, it was here within this magnetic home that the arrow of the insatiate archer sank the deepest.

Oh, Death, why did you claim this husband, father, and kind friend? To us this is incomprehensible. Why he should be stricken down in the prime of mature manhood, ere the shades of evening began to fall, in the midst of gratifying achievements, at a time when his vision only revealed the roseate hues of the earth, when the earnest of the past gave brighter hopes and aspirations for some future usefulness. These are a few of the many questions which agitated the minds of those who ministered unto him during the setting of his sun. We can not answer; only the Father

knows, and not until the flood of heavenly light bursts upon us in the New Jerusalem can we know. Three hours before the delivery unto him of the message of death I had spent an hour with him in social conversation. He was cheerful and happy; for the time had laid aside his innate dignity and used me as a target for his witty sallies. That evening, Friday, March 16, 1901, a hasty summons brought me quickly to his bedside.

No pen can describe the consternation and perturbation which seized me when I beheld my friend clasped in the embrace of death. Quickly summoning our mutual friend, Dr. S. L. Davis, we engaged in unequal combat with the grim monster. We had often successfully engaged in battle with the same enemy before. We had also met him when he appeared as an angel of mercy, but here he presented himself to us in the rôle of the wicked assassin. Our combined medical knowledge, experience, and skill was evoked, but our efforts were futile. Until the midnight meridian was far past we continued the now almost hopeless struggle, although it was apparent that we, with all our efforts, were being vanquished.

Love and hope but ill supplied
The power to stem the ebbing tide.

When fully convinced that his translation from earth to Heaven was only a question of a few minutes of time, we turned our efforts to smoothing his heavenward pathway, and quietly, gently, as though in sweet slumber, his spirit parted from the tenement in which for years it had dominated his actions in life and was guided hence by angel spirits. Nothing remained with us but his loved and cherished body. The soul had gone to God who gave it. But "his works and worth and fatal zeal now claim our gratitude and grief and will embalm his memory in the human heart forever."

Nor wreck nor change nor winter's blight,
Nor death's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds his glorious tomb.

The arrangements for Mr. BROSIUS'S interment were made by Col. E. F. Pierce, Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives, and Mr. Fishback, Mr. BROSIUS'S private secretary, the time appointed being 2 o'clock p. m., March 20.

Mr. BROSIUS'S body lay in state at his home on above date, and for hours a constant procession passed the casket, all anxious through their tear-dimmed eyes to have a last fond look at their beloved friend. The Congressional committee, composed of Senators and Members of the House of Representatives, arrived in Lancaster the morning of the funeral to take part in the obsequies. Rev. Dr. Alleman feelingly delivered an impress-

ive and eloquent sermon, after which the body was borne to the grave in Greenwood Cemetery, the pavements on both sides of the streets the entire distance—ten squares—being thronged with loving friends, who, with weeping eyes, were braving the rainfall to have a look at the casket which contained the body of him whom they loved in life and whose memory they will ever cherish.

Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embrace ere He rose on high,
And all the ransomed by that narrow way
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

There is no such state as death,
The change is a translation
From fields and scenes of labor here,
Which is only our probation.

In conclusion, I desire to say that could you, upon the morning his spirit winged its flight from earth, have withdrawn the veil which shields the portals of heaven from mortal gaze, and for one moment viewed the blood-washed throng on high, you would there have seen Lincoln and Grant and Garfield and Stevens and Smith and Harrison, with many others whose memories we delight to honor, all greeting our own MARRIOTT BROSIUS, while a gentle voice from out the blue vault of heaven could have been heard saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Then—

Bring hither springtime flowers,
And strew our comrade's grave,
Though faded be the offering,
It speaks the love we gave
To him, our gifted brother,
Hero of forensic war;
In Congress halls and forum,
A bright and shining star;
The soldier and the statesman,
The orator and bard,
A chieftain of the many
Famed sons of the Old Guard.

ADDRESS OF MR. RHEA, OF KENTUCKY.

Mr. SPEAKER: In offering my tribute to the memory of the late Representative from Pennsylvania, I shall not employ the language of mere laudation, but will only seek to give expression to the admiration I had for the man and the sincere respect I felt for his character. It was my privilege to serve on the committee of which he was chairman, that of Banking and Currency. He was a kindly, courteous gentleman. Intensely in earnest, life to him meant something. It was duty, and he seemed to project his own upon the idea that we are "only remembered by what we have done." A man of real convictions himself, he was tolerant of the opinions and beliefs of others.

He was painstaking and methodical. With an intelligent mind, disciplined by studious thought, he was at all times prepared to reason out his own conclusions with clearness and force. Of his private and domestic life I can not speak. It was not my pleasure to know him around the hearthstone, and I must therefore leave to those who enjoyed that pleasure to speak concerning his home life. Though holding convictions exactly the opposite to his own touching almost every important question that has divided this great country into two political parties, I am not blinded to the real merit of MARRIOTT BROSIUS, and only tell you what I believe to be true when I say that in his death a patriotic, genial, kindly citizen passed away, and that this House, the country, and his own great Commonwealth lost a faithful, thoughtful, conscientious, and able public servant.

The death of such a man, Mr. Speaker, always brings sorrow to those who knew and loved him. His family, his wife and children, mourn, and no word that any member of this body could say can still the pain their hearts must feel, but they may find consolation in the fact that he was pure in heart and eloquent of tongue, courageous in action and wise in counsel and as a public servant, and that the name and character he has builded up will outlive even the records of this House. They may find comfort in that knowledge.

ADDRESS OF MR. GROSVENOR, OF OHIO.

Mr. SPEAKER: The death of Hon. MARRIOTT BROSIUS was untimely. After his advent into Congress he rapidly increased in the stature of statesmanship and usefulness. He had grown out of some limitations that were observable when he came here and had become a broad-minded, clear-headed, warm-hearted statesman. He took comprehensive views of public questions and not the narrow view of a provincial. He had strong views and strong opinions and never hesitated to make them known on proper occasions. He was a modest man, but when duty was upon him, he did that duty. There were questions that occasionally became pending here about which I differed from him, and each of us was tenacious of our opinions and judgments, but he never lost just consideration and fair appreciation for the opinions of his opponent. It was a delight to discuss with him questions about which we differed. It was a delight to put forth the hardest possible blows of fair debate, for you might rest assured that you would get one of equal force in return and get no loss of friendship.

He made a special study of the subject of our financial system and thoroughly fitted himself for the position of chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency. He was conservative in his views upon the questions involved in this subject. He was intelligent and learned and his death was untimely, and as to this particular branch of legislation the country sustained a very severe loss.

He was an eloquent man and combined the natural gifts of oratory with the results of severe and long, persistent training. There were defects in his oratory which he always admitted and always regretted. Rising to the height of an eloquent

paragraph he could not easily and promptly regain the lower measures of argument, and he struggled against this condition and talked about it and frankly admitted it, but as an orator on the stump, a lecturer on the platform, a debater in Congress he had few superiors.

He was an honest, upright, truthful man. He was not a demagogue, and he never feared to utter his full sentiments. He would not steer to the right or to the left to please anybody upon any question if in doing so he would do violence to his own judgment and his own conscience. Such a man would necessarily be popular at home. Brosius was. He did not, perhaps, have the hurrah boys of the campaign following him, but he had the deep-seated, warm-hearted confidence of his constituents. He was faithful to them and they had appreciation.

In his life as a private citizen, in his contact with men and women, he was a gentleman first and always. At the hotel where he lived his association with other members of Congress was of that charming character that adhered to him and made him earnest friends. He was not a boastful man. He had consideration for the opinions of others. He was a growing man, as I have already said, and he was coming to the front on a national scale and would have been a great leader of superior political force.

I know nothing about his domestic relations except that they were charming. His death came suddenly, like the lightning flash that fells the giant oak and splinters it to the ground. It came as a shock to his fellow-members of Congress. It came as a blow to his constituents. His grateful countrymen will bear him in mind as a representative of true manhood, manly courage, and accomplished statesmanship.

ADDRESS OF MR. LLOYD, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. SPEAKER: In March last, shortly after the expiration of the last Congress, the subject of this memorial occasion made sudden response to the death summons. Although he had displayed much courage and had met on various fields the antagonism of moral and civil combat, yet in this arena he was unable to overcome the enemy, and his mortal remains are now in earth's prison house, captive of this merciless foe. Here is another forceful reminder of the certainty of death. In the morning of that early spring day Mr. BROSIUS was on the streets of his home; in the evening he was stricken down and passed away. Those of this House who knew him were aware of his strong physique, his healthful prospect, and hopeful promise of many years of life and usefulness; but, alas, human vision can not behold the future, nor human intellect divine it.

Mr. BROSIUS died at his home in the beautiful city of Lancaster, Pa. This historic town was for a time the seat of the Continental Congress and for several years was the capital of Pennsylvania.

This city was the home and burial place of James Buchanan, fifteenth President of the United States, who died there in June, 1868.

As one of the Congressional escort, I had the opportunity to see the evidence of affection which the people of Lancaster manifested toward their departed friend and neighbor. He was universally spoken of as a good man, a true citizen, a faithful friend, and an exemplary Christian character. He erected his own monument of good deeds. He laid well the foundation of life and constructed thereon the solid abiding

structure which shall endure when time's changes shall cease and the Eternal shall preserve the record of that which shall live forever. His epitaph is written in the hearts of those who knew him and will be read in tradition by those who may follow. He was an exponent of the doctrine of purity in life and an example of manhood in politics. It is said that he never resorted to questionable methods to secure his own preferment; that in private life or public station he was the same honest, conscientious, Christian gentleman. If I mistake not, his life, like the lamented McKinley's, was preeminent for his goodness, and however much of ability and statesmanship he exhibited, his crowning grace consisted in his integrity and uprightness.

No mystery is more complete than death; no subject is fraught with more significance than its consideration. The spirit departs; the body disintegrates. How cheerless the thought that this dissolution can not be avoided. What is its philosophy? The wisest sages have sought to explain its phenomena, but to no avail. The fountain of perpetual youth has never been discovered, yet men have made every possible exploration that it might be found. There is one hope in the midst of this research, one bright oasis in the desert of man's failure; that is the promise of the Christian's faith that beyond death is a glorious life. There is one revelation that illumines the path, that clears the sky, that cheers the faint, that gives solace to the sorrowing. It is the Book that tells of man, his duty and destiny, and points out the elysian fields that lie beyond, where separations are not, where mourning is never known, and the memorials are the glad songs of the redeemed.

Mr. BROSIUS believed in the Christian's God, accepted the truth as the Book revealed it, and, we may justly trust, is now in the enjoyment of that which he accepted through faith.

ADDRESS OF MR. FOWLER, OF NEW JERSEY.

Mr. SPEAKER: MARRIOTT BROSIUS was a man, the very best type of a man, because he endeavored to actually be what he desired to seem to be. He could not think dishonestly, much less act dishonestly. His was a true and transparent nature. His ideals were high, and he never lost sight of them, pursuing them constantly in his all-absorbing companionship with books, the stepping-stones to his uplifting aspirations.

When one recalls the sweetness of his soul and the purity of his character, one is impelled to imagine that somewhere in the halls of his memory were written, in shining letters, these words:

> Man is his own star, and the soul that can
> Render an honest and a perfect man,
> Command all light, all influence, all fate,
> Nothing to him falls too early or too late.
> Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
> Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

His presence brought sunshine, mellowing the relations of life into friendships. It left every man a little better because he had known MARRIOTT BROSIUS; it left the world a little better because his spirit had passed through it. How true this is, the old members of the Banking and Currency Committee, after years of association, can testify; but words spoken on this occasion can not be half so eloquent as incidents of unquestioned proof. His parting with the committee just prior to the adjournment of the Fifty-sixth Congress was so characteristic of the man, and its spirit so aptly reflected his influence, that I shall add the minutes of that last meeting to these few words,

in order that they may be preserved for the pleasure and profit of all who in after years recall his long, faithful, and patriotic public service.

It were well, indeed, if the world could count among the living more characters like that of MARRIOTT BROSIUS.

At the conclusion of business at the last meeting of the Committee on Banking and Currency of the House of Representatives, Wednesday, February 27, 1901, the following remarks were made by the chairman, Mr. BROSIUS, and other members of the committee:

Mr. BROSIUS. The Chair feels like asking the indulgence of the committee for a moment. In justice to my own feelings I can not allow the final separation of this committee for the term without expressing to my associates about this table the satisfaction I have enjoyed in their companionship in the work which is about to end. This has been an harmonious body. No circumstances have impeded our work or marred the perfect cordiality of our relations. We have also been a business committee. We have considered and disposed of about 30 bills, placed 6 upon the Calendar, and passed 1, and may yet pass more. I hazard nothing in saying that the Banking and Currency Committee of the House of Representatives in recent years has not made a better record.

During the two sessions we have been together we have dwelt not in love and mutiny, but in a high degree of love and unity. When we could not agree we disagreed decently. There has been uniform cordiality and good fellowship in our intercourse. Time and time again the Chair has felicitated himself upon his good fortune in having upon this committee men so capable and at the same time so agreeable on both sides of the table. They have all been helpful in the prosecution of the work of the committee. The Chair desires to express how highly he has appreciated the uniform courtesy and kindness and helpfulness of the members of this committee, without distinction of party; and now that we are about to separate and go to our homes at the end of this term, you, my brethren, will carry with you not only my very best wishes, my thanks and gratitude, but my prayer, that time will deal gently with all of you and that you will enjoy a season of unalloyed happiness and rest, and return to our associations here at the next term with the same cordiality and good fellowship which have characterized our relations during the Fifty-sixth Congress.

Mr. TALBERT. It is a true saying of the Scripture, "How pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." We have dwelt together in unity, socially if not politically, since I have been a member of this com-

mittee; that is, we have agreed to disagree whenever we could not agree. I for one want to say that I have formed an attachment for the chairman and each and every one of the members of this committee, regardless of party. I feel glad to say that, and when I say it, it is not merely from my lips, but it comes from the bottom of my heart; and I intended to rise before the chairman did to move that the thanks of this committee are due and are hereby tendered to the chairman, Brother BROSIUS, for the extreme good will, courtesy, and impartiality and general kindness which he has extended during this Congress, as chairman of this committee, to each and every one of us. I want now to offer a resolution of thanks on behalf of this committee to the chairman and ask that a standing vote be had upon that resolution.

Mr. STALLINGS. Before a vote is taken upon Mr. Talbert's resolution, I want to say a word. I believe I am, after Mr. Cox, who is not present, the ranking member of the minority of this committee. I have served on it for six years. I desire to thank the chairman for his uniform courtesy and kindness to the minority. I desire further to thank him on behalf of the minority of this committee not only for the kindly way we have been treated in this committee, but for courtesies on the floor of the House. With this Congress, Mr. Chairman, my relations with this committee and Congress will be severed. I am possibly—quite likely—meeting for the last time with this committee, composed of men whom I have served with for years and whom I have learned to esteem highly as gentlemen and appreciate as friends. When I return to my home in the South to take up again the thread of life where it was left off years ago, to commence again the practice of my profession, I shall go with a feeling of love and kindness not only for you gentlemen on my own side of the committee, but for every member of this committee, for the courteous treatment and kindly consideration I have received at the hands of the chairman and each member of the committee. It is my hope and prayer that time may deal gently with each of you and that God's choicest blessings may be your future reward.

Mr. HILL. I have served on this committee six years with the gentleman from Alabama [Mr. Stallings]. There have been some scenes of storm and contest in our days of service, but I believe I voice the sentiment of the members of this committee who have served during that time that never has there been anything but kindness and good feeling on the part of every member for the good, honest sentiments expressed by the gentleman from Alabama. The majority of this committee have recognized the differences that have existed, and acute they were on many questions, but they have always felt that the good, sterling judgment of the gentleman from Alabama dictated every action he ever took in this committee and every expression that he ever made, and I am sure that I voice the sentiment of the majority when I say that there has never been a member whose aid and judgment were more gladly received than those of

the gentleman from Alabama. Now, I want to say to the gentleman from Alabama that if he ever comes into the cold North and to the town of Norwalk, Conn., and does not find the home of E. J. Hill, I shall feel that I have a personal grievance against him.

I appreciate thoroughly the assistance we have had from the Chair, and in the absence of the ranking Republican member of the committee [Mr. Fowler] I want to reciprocate every kind wish which he has expressed for us and our hopes for his future prosperity and advancement.

Mr. BROSIUS. The cordiality of expression which has been evinced is exceedingly gratifying to the Chair, and it suggests what must be a solace and satisfaction to every member of the committee, the reflection that there has not been an unkind word uttered around this table for the two years the committee has occupied this room. Each one has done his own part with a perfect recognition of the right of every other one to do his duty as he saw it.

Mr. CAPRON. It is suggested by my colleague on the left [Mr. Lovering] that as we are now to part as members of this committee, misfortunes which come to mortals face us, and that there are other breaks to occur in our ranks, that it would be well at this time to occupy a moment in referring to other gentlemen besides Brother Stallings who are to leave us, and I wish to say to Mr. Driggs, who also leaves Congress and us, not to return, and also in the absence of our genial and long-time member, Mr. Cox, who has been a working member of this committee, of such value to the committee with his broad views—not sectional—broad enough to take in the whole country from the standpoint of his great mind upon these questions, and also of the intelligence and interest which Brother Driggs has brought to it in his connection with the committee, and that the committee can not part with these gentlemen, knowing that they are not to return to us again, without an expression of our profound regard, which is intensified and crystallized into love, and I hope in going from us and from Congress that they will retain a tender place in the hearts of their colleagues on the Banking and Currency Committee, which I know would be voiced by every member of the Fifty-sixth Congress if they had the opportunity.

Mr. DRIGGS. It is not very often that a man who represents a part of the great Tammany organization is overcome with embarrassment, but upon this occasion in replying to Mr. Capron I am overcome. I desire to thank the chairman of this committee and the members of the majority of this committee for their uniform courtesy and kindliness to me since I have been a member of this committee. I desire to thank them for the opportunities they have given me here and on the floor of the House, and I desire also especially to thank my Democratic colleagues. When I came here in the Fifty-fifth Congress my views on the money question were in direct contradistinction to their views.

I believe there was only one other Democrat in the House at that time

who held the views I did on the money question; and, notwithstanding that, the gentlemen from the South and West, whether members of this committee or other members of the House, did not insult me, notwithstanding the animus there might have been against Gold Democrats generally, but they conceded that I was honest in my opinion, and they respected me the more because I stood up for what I believed to be right. I will simply add, in conclusion, that when the Speaker told me I was to be appointed a member of the Committee on Banking and Currency, I told him I had not the banking knowledge, experience, or ability to serve on this committee; but you gentlemen have made the service on this committee an easy possibility—you have made it an educational possibility. I thank the chairman and all of you for the courtesy and kindness which you have shown to me, Driggs, the Gold Democrat.

Mr. TALBERT. I ask a rising vote upon my resolution.

Mr. HILL (after the vote). The resolution is carried unanimously.

ADDRESS OF MR. PALMER, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: The last time I saw him whose death we mourn he was full of robust life and high ambition. His speech pictured with a master's skill the growth and grandeur of the Republic and the glory that is in store for it in the years that are to come. He had no thought of death, but was looking forward, planning for future years of work and usefulness.

> Oh, what had he to do with cruel death who was so full of life, or death with him,
> That he shouldst die before he had grown old!

To solve the question why the good are cut off in the midst of their years and honors and others who could well be spared are left is a hopeless task. In no case more so than in that of MARRIOTT BROSIUS. He was in the prime of his strength and manhood, respected and beloved by his people whom he had served long and well, honored throughout his State as a conscientious toiler in the interests of pure politics, public morality, and good government.

To him the performance of duty was the highest consideration; where its path led, there he walked. No belted knight ever held a higher sense of chivalric devotion to duty. He was a man of ideals, conscience, and convictions. His ideals were high and noble, his conscience active in shaping his daily life, and his convictions were always on the side of truth, justice, and liberty. He never stopped to count the cost to himself when the question was one between human rights and human wrongs. His voice was always for freedom

and equality. For the laboring poor his sympathy was broad and his help never failing. To lift up the weak in their battle with the strong was for him religious duty; in its performance he never faltered. No poor man who applied to him ever lacked for an advocate because he could bring no fee. His profession was an instrumentality for righting wrongs, not for the accumulation of wealth. He never "crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift might follow fawning."

He loved his God, his country, and his fellow-men, and did of his endeavor to serve them all. It is not wonderful that through all the fertile valleys and smiling plains of Lancaster, which are as fair as any that lie under the shining sun, his death struck terror and dismay, or that the people whom he had known, high and low, felt a sense of personal loss. Their brave leader lay dead, stricken in the fullness of his strength, in the prime of his life, in the height of his mental power. Who could take his place? The brilliant advocate, the experienced statesman, the brave soldier, the true patriot, was slain before his time. It was terrible. There are deaths which admit of alleviating suggestions. In this case there are none. Only in sublime faith that can say, "Even though He slay me, yet will I trust Him," can those who mourn find relief.

Death smote him with relentless hand; he has gone out of sight forever. His cheery presence will gladden his dear ones no more. His voice, eloquent on the side of justice and right, is still. MARRIOTT BROSIUS is dead.

> He gave his honors to the world again,
> His blessed part to Heaven, and sleeps in peace.

Joining all who knew and loved him, we mourn his loss and turn aside for a moment from the rush and roar of life to pay to his memory a last tribute of respect and to crown him with the honor that is his due.

ADDRESS OF MR. SHOWALTER, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: MARRIOTT BROSIUS was my friend. I remember well the kindly greeting he gave me when I first entered the Fifty-fifth Congress. I had known him for years as one of Pennsylvania's gifted sons, but had never met him. I shall never forget our first meeting. Congress was in extraordinary session in the spring of 1897. I had just been sworn in. Mr. BROSIUS was the first to greet and welcome me. From that day a warm friendship sprung up between us—a friendship that was never chilled. He was my friend. I loved him for his genial nature, his broad intellect, his wonderful endowments, his exalted patriotism, and his dauntless manhood. MARRIOTT BROSIUS was as brave as a lion and as gentle as a child; he was courageous and gentle; he knew no fear. He was generous, kind, loving, and true. The great heart that beat for other's woes, that cherished no resentments, that held only affection, lies still in death. The gentle hand that so often ministered to alleviate suffering lies pulseless and cold. He is dead, but his memory and his achievements will never die; they are imperishable, and will endure till time shall be no more. The record of his noble life is full of devotion to duty. He was among the first of Pennsylvania's 350,000 loyal sons who responded to their country's call in the dark days of the sixties, when the war cloud hovered o'er our land, when our misguided brethren of the Southland sought to establish another republic upon our soil.

His career as a soldier of the Union was characterized by

deeds of valor on many fields of battle, for which his country rewarded him by several promotions. As a statesman he had few peers and no superiors. He was universally beloved by the people of his State and district. Let us emulate his example. Let us practice his virtues.

ADDRESS OF MR. SIBLEY, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: As a citizen of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, I have been touched by the eloquent and heartfelt tributes that have been paid by members on both sides of this Chamber to the memory of one of her most distinguished sons. I had not anticipated making any remarks upon this occasion, but can not refrain from joining in those tributes indicative of respect, esteem, and affection which his life and character inspired in the bosom of all who knew him. It was my pleasure to know him for nearly twenty years, and though striking, as he did, most sturdy blows in behalf of any cause which appealed to his reason and his conscience, I recall no instance where even in the heat and acrimony of partisan contests he ever struck an unfair blow, stooped beneath the dignity of the Christian statesman, or led any man to question the sincerity of the motives which animated him.

He has left a life history every page of which, recording strenuous action, is nevertheless unstained and unsullied. View him as warrior, civilian, or statesman, the bold, high-minded, generous, charitable Christian graces shine with equal luster in all the varied settings. He was one who loved his fellow-men, his country, and his Creator, and that love was never hid under the bushel, but shone out in the common acts of his daily life and illumined his face with that cheery smile

which we shall ever remember. Mr. Speaker, as a citizen of Pennsylvania, I am proud that it was ours to give him to his country to brighten the pages which abound with history of sons of Pennsylvania who have in their lives and deaths made her name famous in national annals.

Lancaster, one of our fairest counties, honored him by repeated selection for membership in this body, but MARRIOTT BROSIUS honored Lancaster County still more. No fairer commentary, no juster measure of the moral worth of any community, can be afforded than in the choice of such a high-minded Christian statesman as their Representative at the national capital. His labors are ended, and he has passed on to his rewards. The memory of his kindly impulse, his generous deeds, his eloquent words, and patriotic service remains as a rich legacy, to be treasured not alone by the citizens of our Commonwealth, but by those of our common country as well.

We have pronounced him dead, and what, after all, is death but the entrance to the broader life? His work was done, and well done. Why, then, should he not rest from his labors?

> Death is not the curse, but the coronation; not the defeat, but the victory; not a serpent, but an angel.
>
> There is no death. What seems so is transition.
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
> Whose portal we call death.

Such a life as his is too large, too far-reaching, too boundless, for the narrow confines of the tomb. Generous words and kindly action are immortal. They are the good seed in the good soil which fructify and multiply through the long swing and sweep of coming æons. He has fought the good fight, he has kept the faith, and wears the conqueror's crown.

No stream from its source flows seaward, however lonely its course,
But what some land is gladdened. No star ever rose
And set without influence somewhere. Who knows
What earth needs of earth's lowest creatures? No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
The spirits of just men made perfect on high.
The army of martyrs who stand by the throne
And gaze into the face that makes glorious their own
Know this surely at last, honest love, honest sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow.
Are these worth nothing more than the hand they make weary,
The heart they have saddened, the life they leave dreary?
Hush! the sevenfold heavens to the voice of the spirit
Echo—He that o'ercometh shall all things inherit.

ADDRESS OF MR. KLEBERG, OF TEXAS.

Mr. SPEAKER: Again this body is called upon to give official expression to its grief in the loss of one of its most beloved and respected members, the Hon. MARRIOTT BROSIUS, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania, who departed this life on the 16th of March, 1901, at his home in Lancaster, Pa. As one who had the honor of his acquaintance, I approach this sad duty with feelings of misgivings and hesitation, as my brief remarks must necessarily fail in doing full justice to my subject. After all has been said of our departed friend, we must confess that human speech is utterly inadequate to give expression to the emotions which stir the heart upon the death of a great and good man. We are at once overwhelmed at the thought that we have been forever bereft of his genial presence, the warm grasp of his hand, the familiar sound of his voice, and, above all, the bright and kind luster of his eyes; all, all are gone forever!

Much as we may philosophize, and great as is the comfort and consolation we find in faith in immortality, we nevertheless stand appalled at the transition from life to death. Time, the great healer of all ills, at last dries up our tears and helps us over the gulf of sorrow; it is indeed God's healing art, the balm which He employs to slowly heal the wounds which grief has inflicted and by which He again fills the heart with new hope and fresh joy.

Well do I remember my last meeting with our distinguished friend. It was during one of those precious moments when

members, regardless of party affiliations, gather in small groups and engage in social converse and friendly greetings in the Hall of Representatives; the time for the adjournment of the last session of the Fifty-sixth Congress was drawing near, and members were bidding each other adieu. In the course of conversation Mr. BROSIUS remarked that he felt better than he had felt for a long time; that he looked forward with bright anticipation to the recreation the vacation would afford him and the renewed zest with which he expected to return to his labors in the Fifty-seventh Congress; that he was at peace with the world and bore no ill will to anyone.

Little, indeed, did I think that I was bidding him a final farewell, and that within a few short weeks I should be called upon to assist in laying his earthly remains to rest. But our friend was unexpectedly and suddenly stricken down by the fell reaper who is no respecter of persons or of time or place, and who comes like the thief in the night, without warning. Yet death did not find him unprepared, and had no terrors for him, as he had lived an incorruptible life, crowned with honor, usefulness, and the affections of his fellow-men. He died in his own happy home that he had founded, surrounded by kindred and friends, in the unfaltering devotion to his people and faith in his God. He had served his country on the battlefield and in the forum; he had borne the brunt wherever duty, civic and military, had called him; he had trod the lofty planes of statesmanship and charmed and electrified listening senates and assemblies of men with his eloquence, and had bared his breast to the missiles of war; he had burned the midnight oil of the student, and walked the perilous paths of the soldier; he had discharged the duties of the citizen and the loyal friend, and he had consecrated his life to family, home, and country.

He had, in a word, lived the life of the just, a man without fear or reproach. Well could it be said of him:

> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
> And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

But our friend, while so well equipped for all the strenuous duties of life which were so admirably tempered by his strong social traits and his innate taste for the beautiful, yet realized and appreciated, with a deep religious conviction, the serious side of life. He was a philosopher as well as a soldier and statesman. Not only did he drink deep at the fountain of knowledge, but he was a student of nature, and with majestic sweep his mind was prone to explore the mysteries of life and its profound meaning from many sides. This side of his nature produced that nice balance of character which set him at peace with all the world and his fellow-men.

ADDRESS OF MR. LACEY, OF IOWA.

Mr. SPEAKER, MARRIOTT BROSIUS, whose life and services we commemorate to-day, was my friend.

We first met in the Fifty-first Congress, and from the beginning of our acquaintance our lines were closely drawn together.

To love the same things and to hate the same things constitute true friendship.

Measured by this standard, personal and political, we became closer in our relations in each successive Congress in which we have served together.

His record as a soldier, a citizen, and a statesman has been recited by his colleagues, and I can add nothing thereto. In thinking of what I might say upon this occasion it occurred to me that, as these exercises will be printed in a memorial volume, there was nothing that I could prepare which would so well give a correct view of our departed friend as to quote his own utterances upon like occasions.

I have listened to him upon the tariff, the currency, and other political questions. I have heard him at the banqueting board, but there was no place or theme where the beauty of his diction and the purity of his sentiments made a stronger impression than when, upon a memorial service, he gave utterance to the feelings of his generous heart.

I intend, therefore, Mr. Speaker, to pluck from the garden of his eloquence two flowers that I deem worthy to place with our own tributes to his memory, and I therefore submit, to be printed in his memorial volume, his own beautiful and impressive language in his addresses upon the lives and services of

Vice-President Hobart and Congressman Hoffecker, of Delaware, the latter of which was his last address in this House.

Let me quote the last words of his last speech on this floor as he spoke of his departed colleague.

He said:

That while green grass will cover his grave, blue skies bend over it, sweet birds sing near it, and the place will be hallowed ground, yet greener than the grass, fairer than the skies, sweeter than the birds, more hallowed than the grave itself will be his fragrant memory, enshrined with supreme sacredness in their heart of hearts.

And as his voice, trembling with emotion, uttered these words he took his seat, and his eloquent voice was no more to be heard in this Hall forever.

MEMORIAL TO VICE-PRESIDENT GARRET A. HOBART.

Mr. BROSIUS. Mr. Speaker—

"Sir Launcelot, there thou lyest; thou were never matched by none earthly knight's hands; thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode a horse; thou were the kindest man that ever struck with a sword."—*La Morte d'Arthur.*

The Arabs had a saying that death is a camel that kneels at every man's door. This expresses how common an event it is in the providential order, as common and familiar as birth; yet of all natural events it produces the most profound and lasting impression upon the mind. This is true even when it comes to the humble and undistinguished; much more so when it overtakes those eminent persons who have achieved honor and distinction in the public service and occupy positions of great elevation in the public eye and in general esteem.

The death of the gifted and great has always been and will ever be a solemn, impressive, and imposing circumstance. Its value in the way of example, admonition, and instruction is in proportion to the elevation from which the subject falls to his natural end. It comes to the surviving like a faithful schoolmaster with the open book of a closed life, and assigns the lesson which we must study or lose its teaching. The fame of the great and noble dead is among the most enduring and valuable of our public possessions, and the contemplation of their example and their virtues exerts a salutary and ennobling influence upon the living.

It is one of the very best of men—and there is no higher praise—that we contemplate to-day. It is the universal estimation, the consensus of opinion among those who knew him, that the late Vice-President, in the essential elements of a well-organized being and the necessary excellencies of a character of the very first rank, had few, if any, superiors. The high

success he achieved, the eminence he attained, the perfect character he formed, were not due to any adventitious aids. Neither birth nor rank nor fortune smoothed his upward way to the clear-aired heights he reached and kept. True, he had the good fortune to be born in a country one of whose glories is that its social formation is not in horizontal strata common in the Old World, through which few ever pass from below upward, but is mobile as the sea, where the lowest drop, winged with merit, may rise and glitter on the highest wave that rolls. All else was due to principles, qualities, and forces which summed up a strong, interesting, and attractive personality.

If the limits of the occasion permitted, we could easily name the traits which were chief agencies in the development of his splendid manhood. Honor, sympathy, courage, and duty were the precious and conspicuous jewels in the crown of his superb character, and we may set them apart to-day and lift them over his new-made grave as the golden texts in the lesson of his life.

Some one has said he had an unusual capacity for winning affection. This was due to his deep human sympathy. He was not deficient in imagination and could place himself in the position of others and realize their distresses and their needs. His kindness to every human creature was proverbial. He was happy in promoting the comfort of those who served him. In his business career, which was a conspicuous success, his example, if followed, would cure two maladies said to afflict our time—the envious hatred of him who suffers want and the selfish forgetfulness of him who lives in affluence. This problem can be solved by sympathy, love, and good will.

There is no sunshine like that of kindness to open those beautiful flowers, sympathy, love, hope, and trust, which ought to bloom over the garden walls which separate the rich and the poor. Mr. Hobart was thoroughly imbued with that beautiful sentiment which holds the human family in the bonds of unity and love, that we are children of the same Father, traveling toward the same home, and hoping to sit down at last at the same banquet, and therefore we should "love one another."

"So many gods, so many creeds,
So many ways so hard to find,
When all this wicked world needs
Is just the art of being kind."

Our distinguished friend has been twice ennobled. Death and duty ennoble all men. Devotion to duty was one of his characteristic traits; her command to him a "Thus saith the Lord." He was unremitting in his attention to his public engagements. His entire life exemplified the truth that the path of duty is the upward way; that—

"Not once or twice in our fair land's story
The path of duty was the way to glory."

Our souls should bow before the temple that enshrines the divinity of duty. These superb characters are the rarest fruit of earth, and their surviving countrymen may well cherish the fine vintage of their example for their perpetual refreshment.

The Vice-President, whom we mourn, was stricken in the midst of his usefulness from the highest public place save one in the gift of the people. a position which, despite its elevation, he honored more than it could honor him. The character and relative eminence of the office of Vice-President has been the subject of diverse comment for a hundred years, many people regarding it as quite subordinate in consequence and rank. The original constitutional mode of selecting the President and Vice-President denoted the estimation in which the framers of the Constitution held the Vice-Presidential office, and yet some of them and their contemporaries spoke slightingly of that office. John Adams said:

"My country has in its wisdom contrived for us the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived."

Thomas Jefferson said:

"It is the only office in the world about which I am unable to decide whether I had rather have it or not have it."

Whatever rank may have been assigned to it at different periods of our history, it is the glory of its last incumbent that he restored the Vice-Presidency to its true rank, redeemed it from any obscurity into which it may have fallen, rescued it from the insignificance in which it came to be regarded by some, and established its title to the dignity and elevation appropriate to the second office in the gift of the American people.

It is thus seen what a beautiful and instructive career has closed on earth. He did not live man's appointed time. The mysterious clock to which Dr. Holmes so beautifully refers, which the angel of life wound up to run three score years and ten, ran down before the lapse of the allotted time. But the bounds which are fixed to the duration of life do not always measure its worth. His career, though cut off in the midst of its usefulness, has been a sweet and wholesome example in right living, high thinking, and unselfish service in private and public walks of life, and his fragrant memory will ever remain an inspiration to those who loved him living and mourn him dead.

There is a tradition that among the Seneca Indians a singularly beautiful belief prevailed that when a loved one died, if they caught a singing bird and, binding it with messages of love and affection, released it over the grave of the departed, it would not fold its wings nor close its eyes until it reached the spirit land and delivered the messages to the loved and lost. So may the friends who mourn to-day bind with messages of love the birds that are singing in their hearts songs of homage and affection, and, releasing them at the grave of the departed, may enjoy the solace of believing that they will not fold their wings until they reach the spirit land and deliver the messages to the loved and lost.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS TO JOHN H. HOFFECKER, OF DELAWARE.

Mr. BROSIUS. Mr. Speaker, when Tell's arrow pierced the breast of the tyrant Gessler, and he lay bleeding and dying in the mountain pass, he was surrounded by a company of Friars of Mercy who happened to be passing, who sang these lines:

"With noiseless tread death comes on man;
No plea, no prayer delivers him;
From midst of busy life's unfinished plan,
With sudden hand it severs him.
And ready or not ready, no delay,
Forth to his Judge's bar he must away."

* * * * * * *

I crave a brief indulgence on this occasion to mingle my voice with the swelling anthem of affectionate eulogy because I respected and honored our departed friend while living, and I feel a sincere and reverential regard for his memory. The duration of his life, the usefulness of his labors, the benevolence of his feelings, the elevation of his sentiments, and the nobility of his character united to form an attractive and interesting personality and a career instructive and admirable in a high degree.

His brief service in this House afforded no opportunity for the exhibition of any marked aptitude for the higher ranges of statesmanship, but his attention to the wants of his constituents and his tireless devotion to duty accentuated that fidelity which marks the successful Representative on this floor and furnished an example quite worthy of imitation. His kindly and sympathetic nature, his graces of mind and heart, amiability of character, sweetness of disposition, gentleness of manner, and fine courtesy made conquest of universal esteem and placed him high in the hearts of those who had the good fortune to know him. His constituents appreciated and loved him. They knew his diligence in their service; they knew that the command of duty was to him a "Thus saith the Lord;" that no draft made upon him in any matter whose claim he recognized would ever go to protest. So they trusted him and were never betrayed; confided in him and found him worthy.

The lesson such a career, brief as it was, teaches appeals to all of us, that the only way for a Representative to securely hold the confidence and affection of his constituents is in the demonstration of his worthiness by integrity, fidelity, industry, and efficiency in their service.

Mr. HOFFECKER was a man of light and leading in his community. He was a gentleman of the old school, courtly and polished in manners, with an attractive personality that commanded universal respect. The variety and prominence of the positions he held of a business, social, and ecclesiastical character denoted the commanding influence he exerted in his community. When he was laid to rest the chief mourner was the town in which he had dwelt. In recognition of his private worth and public services all places of business were closed. "Grand, good Chris-

tian gentleman! No unkind word was ever spoken of him," said one who had known him for many years. "A noble Christian man, a counselor always safe, an honored and trusted citizen," said another. "One of God's noblemen, always engaged in love and good works," said another old acquaintance. His sterling manhood, exalted character, and broad Christian spirit gave him the deserved preeminence he enjoyed in the State he so faithfully represented for a brief period on this floor.

Our departed friend reached and passed the bounds of man's appointed years. The mysterious clock which the angel of life wound up to run three score years and ten and gave the key to the angel of the resurrection, as beautifully suggested by Dr. Holmes, ran a little beyond the appointed time.

Death came unheralded. We heard the rustle and saw the shadow of his wings, and it was over. "As the shadows steal at evening over the earth, softly closing the flowers and touching them to sleep, silently and lovingly in the promise of a bright awaking," so he fell asleep. Nature, with a little rudeness in her touch, perhaps, disengaged the vital cord, and he "passed serenely into rest on the other shore of that mysterious sea that never yet has borne on any wave the image of a homeward sail."

The suddenness of his taking off is a circumstance not wholly without comfort. To one who is ready I can not but feel, with Ruskin, that death is the comforter and friend, bringing in his right hand rest and in his left hope. It is not uncommon in our day to hear the desire expressed for a sudden death. Dr. Holmes once said, when he read of some one being taken off quickly, it made his mouth water. I am sure our departed friend in every way answered the description contained in the poet's lines, which voice my own feelings:

"When faith and patience, hope and love,
Have made us meet for heaven above,
How blest the privilege to rise,
Snatched in a moment to the skies;
Unconscious to resign our breath,
Nor taste the bitterness of death."

ADDRESS OF MR. MONDELL, OF WYOMING.

Mr. SPEAKER: My acquaintance with Mr. BROSIUS began in the early days of the Fifty-fourth Congress. A constituent of mine who bore the same family name as our departed friend, and who was a great admirer of his, charged me before I left home for the capital to make his early acquaintance and inquire of him relative to the history of the family to which they both belonged.

I took the first opportunity that presented to introduce myself, and thus began an acquaintance that ripened into a friendship which, at least on my part, grew and strengthened through all the years that followed. I have never been brought into contact with a character which more deeply impressed me with its most striking characteristics of kindliness of heart and honesty of purpose than that of our departed friend, a character at once strong and vigorous, gentle and lovable.

I last saw him a few short weeks before he was called to his reward, as he stood here upon this floor to pay tribute to the memory of a departed statesman. The beautiful sentiments he then so eloquently uttered have a peculiar significance in that they were practically his last words on the floor of this Chamber, and one thought that he then expressed comes to me now as especially appropriate to this occasion, when we are gathered to review the life work and pay tribute to the memory of this gallant soldier, good citizen, accomplished legislator, kindly and sympathetic man. He said on that occasion:

He is gone, but he left behind for our instruction the lesson of a beautiful life of sympathy and service; to contemplate and emulate it is the

only way to make it profitable to us. Death comes like a faithful schoolmaster with the open book of a closed life, and assigns us the lesson which we must study or lose its teaching. There is a "golden text" in the lesson of this dutiful and beautiful life which we may all study with profit.

When our departed friend uttered this beautiful sentiment, little did we think how soon his summons was to come "to join the innumerable caravan that moves unto the silent halls of death," or how appropriate the words he then uttered to the memory of one who had given a long and faithful service to his country would be on the occasion when the final tribute of love and affection should be paid to his memory.

While we are admonished again by the passing of our friend of the uncertainty of human existence, we are also reminded by the beauty of his life and character that for such a soul the end of usefulness here is but a translation to greater usefulness amid fairer fields and under brighter skies beyond, and that there shall follow him there the full fruitage of the seeds of loving kindness and noble endeavor which he sowed with such unwearying hand throughout a busy and eventful life.

He is gone from among us in the flesh, but he is with us and shall remain to the end of time in the influences for good which he exerted here. This little span of mortal life is but the seedtime of existence—the seedtime in which he scattered broadcast the seeds of beautiful thoughts and kindly and considerate action, which, like the pebble thrown on the mirrored bosom of the lake, radiates its influence in ever-widening, never-ending circles, the ultimate limit and extent of which only Omnipotence can know; and who can say to what far-distant age and clime the never-failing, never-ceasing, kindly, and helpful influence of our departed friend may extend, passing, with the souls which it has and shall influence, beyond the shores of time to break in soothing, cooling waves of loving sympathy upon the golden strands of a distant eternity?

We have missed him; we shall miss him more in the days to come, but the recollection of his service to his country and to his countrymen, the liberal contribution which he made of his talents in the cause of all that was "good, true, and beautiful," shall ever linger lovingly in our memory, and to us he shall be not as one dead, but as an elder brother called by the Father of all to other fields of usefulness, leaving behind for our benefit forever the priceless legacy of a kindly influence, a good example, and an untarnished name.

ADDRESS OF MR. GREEN, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Amid the ceaseless whirl of busy Congressional life we have paused a few short hours to-day to pay tribute to the memory of him who for more than a decade served the people of the county of Lancaster, my neighbors, so faithfully and so ably in the legislative halls of this nation.

Reverently and with sorrow I lay upon his bier a single humble flower, which I ask may be entwined in the wreath of memory we are assembled to weave to-day: This that his family, his friends, his people, and all may know that his neighbors who live in the land across the eastern border of the county of the red rose, through their Representative, bear testimony of the worth, the integrity, and ability of their chosen son, MARRIOTT BROSIUS, of his many excellencies in both private and public life, of the fact that they have ever appreciated him as a man and a faithful public servant.

As we parted at the dissolution of the Fifty-sixth Congress, all you who had been elected to serve in the coming Congress expected, when that body assembled, to meet the tall, dignified, and kindly chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency. Had we gone over the roll and picked out a score of those whom we had no doubt would survive the interim, Lancaster's Representative would have been among that number, for he appeared to be the picture of health and strength, and we knew that his habits were such that he burned the candle of life with the greatest care and economy, and never at both ends. He gave every indication of many years of life being vouchsafed to him, and that a long and useful public career lay before him.

How we were shocked to hear of his sudden death before many of us had settled down to our regular avocations at home!

He was suddenly stricken in the midst of his usefulness, when the long years of laborious preparation, unwearying study, and conscientious application gave him every reason to anticipate the writing of his name in bold letters still higher up the ladder of fame and successful achievement. By chance it fell to my lot to be one of his colleagues selected to attend his funeral and bear his body to its last resting place, and, although the day was a most inclement one, such an outpouring of the people of his district as we saw in the city of his home spoke more than words their great appreciation of the dead.

The hush and quiet that pervaded these great crowds, the whispered conversations, and the uncovered heads of the people as we passed, all bore convincing evidence that they had assembled out of no idle curiosity, but to pay their last homage to one whom they respected, honored, and loved; one to whom so often they had confided their voice and vote in the greatest lawmaking body of the greatest nation of the world.

That he had been faithful to his trust there could have been not the slightest doubt, and all seemed to whisper the "Well done, good and faithful servant."

MARRIOTT BROSIUS was a Quaker, descended from Quaker ancestry in great part; yet, strange as it may seem to those who are acquainted with the teachings of this peace-loving and strife-hating people, he had been a soldier and as a private answered his country's call when the war of the rebellion which found neighbor arrayed against neighbor and brother against brother waged its fiercest, and only after receiving a severe wound did he leave the field of bloody conflict.

He and others demonstrated a fact, firmly established in the annals of all our wars from the Revolution to that with Spain, that the offspring of the Quaker is first to offer his services to his country, ever steadfast in the time of danger and fearless on the field of strife.

Congressman BROSIUS occupied a leading position among the members of the House of Representatives when he died, a position earned by the possession of that key which alone opens the door of achievement and success—hard work.

No more industrious man could be found among those who served with him. His speeches, whether before this body, in a political campaign, at a banquet, or on special occasions, bore evidence of careful reading, thoughtful deliberation, and painstaking preparation. This detail work always made them worth listening to and worth reading. His great powers of elocution and the fervid earnestness with which they were delivered caused him to be sought on many occasions of national importance. I remember distinctly the oration he delivered but a few years ago at the celebration of the nation's Memorial Day at Arlington Heights, in my humble opinion the greatest of all his public deliverances. Added to this faculty, aye, even fondness for hard work, he possessed striking integrity, great earnestness, and a deep love of country and of home.

He was constantly returned to Congress because it was recognized among the political leaders of his district that the people were behind him and with him, and no aspiring politician in later years even ventured to dispute his claim to be returned to Congress. So a nomination was always conceded to him without opposition, and this was equivalent to an election in that strong Republican county of Lancaster, which constituted his district.

He had opportunities which do not often come to men who

are sent to Congress from Pennsylvania constituencies, the moral certainty that he could and would maintain his position, not for a term or two, but as long as his course gave satisfaction to the people he represented, as long as he remained prompt and faithful in the discharge of the duties and trusts confided to him.

He had, further, the assurances that expensive political fights at home would not force him to devote much of his time to professional business in order to support his family in comfort, and this gave him more time to devote to public work. Too often the high and honorable positions in the public service can be reached only by those who are wealthy and willing to make large investments in political campaigns, thereby excluding almost entirely the man dependent upon his ability and labor to earn a living.

The people of Lancaster County are to be congratulated upon their intelligent appreciation of the fact that the position of member of Congress is one of importance to them, that their Representative's standing is their standing in that body; that they are important only when he becomes important. They know that a place at the top is reached only by long years of successive service, for that ladder must be climbed step by step from the bottom round, and only by labor and care and application is the middle passed. Too often the people of Pennsylvania, by constant changes after very short terms of service, fail to maintain their proper position of influence at the nation's capital, and the State does not maintain a high rank among the great States of the Union who have long ago ceased to follow this policy.

Lancaster County has ever been a notable exception, and for this reason more than any other in the State and the nation she has maintained a commanding position.

MARRIOTT BROSIUS not only had these opportunities, but he

used them to advantage and to the fame and distinction of his district. And when he wrote his name high up in the history of this nation's servants, he at the same time wrote the name of Lancaster on the same commanding plane.

She has good reasons to mourn his sudden and untimely death at the time of his greatest usefulness. But she has the consolation of knowing that he whom she selected and honored most among her sons was in every way worthy of her choice. We know little of that life which lies beyond the river of death, over which all must pass, but we know—if we know anything—that after this short existence here, during which we have attained some growth, both mental and moral, we will take with us our acquirements of head and heart to again take up the work of the hereafter in the worlds that are to come in the eternal and unending progress and development of life.

MARRIOTT BROSIUS has passed to that higher and broader life, and we know he has assumed greater duties and more exalted responsibilities there.

Mr. CASSEL. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that members of the House may have leave to print in the Record remarks upon the life, character, and service of Mr. BROSIUS.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. Landis). Without objection, the request will be granted.

There was no objection.

The resolutions were then unanimously agreed to.

Accordingly, in pursuance of the resolutions, the House (at 3 o'clock and 35 minutes) adjourned until Monday next at 12 o'clock noon.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

DECEMBER 16, 1901.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

A message from the House communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of the Hon. MARRIOTT BROSIUS, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Mr. PENROSE. I ask the Chair to lay before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives relative to the death of my late colleague in that body, Hon. MARRIOTT BROSIUS.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *December 13, 1901.*

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. MARRIOTT BROSIUS, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to his memory the House do now adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Mr. PENROSE. Mr. President, I submit the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolutions offered by the Senator from Pennsylvania will be read.

The resolutions were read; and by unanimous consent the Senate proceeded to their consideration, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. MARRIOTT BROSIUS, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and (at 6 o'clock and 20 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Tuesday, December 17, 1901, at 12 o'clock meridian.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

FEBRUARY 3, 1902.

The message further transmitted to the Senate resolutions passed by the House commemorative of the life and public services of the Hon. MARRIOTT BROSIUS, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

FEBRUARY 4, 1902.

Mr. PENROSE. Mr. President, I desire to announce to the Senate that on Friday, the 14th instant, at 4 o'clock, I shall call up the resolutions of the House of Representatives commemorative of my late colleague in the House, Hon. MARRIOTT BROSIUS, and I shall then ask the Senate to suspend its business in order that fitting tribute may be paid to his memory.

FEBRUARY 14, 1902.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
February 1, 1902.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for paying tribute to the memory of Hon. MARRIOTT BROSIUS, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant, the House at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. PENROSE. Mr. President, I offer resolutions and ask that they be read.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Quarles in the chair). The Secretary will read the resolutions submitted by the Senator from Pennsylvania.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of the Hon. MARRIOTT BROSIUS, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended in order that fitting tribute may be paid to his private and public virtues.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the Senate at the conclusion of these ceremonies do adjourn.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

ADDRESS OF MR. PENROSE, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: We have suspended the business of the Senate that we may commemorate the life and services of MARRIOTT BROSIUS, late a Representative from the Tenth district of Pennsylvania, and that we may pay our tribute of esteem and respect to his memory. Mr. BROSIUS was a distinguished Representative from the State of Pennsylvania. He was born in Colerain Township, in Lancaster County, on March 7, 1843. His ancestors, both paternal and maternal, were of sturdy Quaker stock. His great-grandfather, Henry Brosius, emigrated from England in the year 1780 and settled in Philadelphia. His grandfather, Mahlon, was born in Chester County, and was a potter by occupation and a prominent member of the Society of Friends. His father, Clarkson, was also a native of Chester County, and was engaged in agricultural pursuits.

Clarkson Brosius was a splendid type of the antislavery social-reform agitators, and did much to mold the sentiment of the North in the exciting political events that marked the period prior to the outbreak of the civil war, and young BROSIUS absorbed all of the patriotic spirit of his father. His early days were spent on a farm, but he grasped every opportunity to procure such education as was afforded by the neighboring schools. In November, 1861, being a student at Chestnut Hill Academy and 18 years of age, he enlisted as a member of Company K, Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania Infantry, under Capt. William Wayne, a grandson of Gen. Anthony Wayne. The regiment saw hard service, and returned in March, 1864, with

only one-third of the original muster left. Subsequently the regiment was assigned to Gloucester Point, and it was in the engagements at Green Plains and Bermuda Hundred. In this battle Mr. BROSIUS was a sergeant and received the wound that ever afterwards prevented him from raising his right arm. Years after, one of the field officers of his regiment paid him this tribute:

> His record is linked and written with the Ninety-seventh Regiment, on whose roll his name was subscribed in 1861. Its history is his history, and its fame is his fame, and its glorious deeds are the sum of the faithful and brave deeds of the men who, with him, went forth at the call of this country to battle for the preservation of the nation. Among the most earnest and yet quiet and unobtrusive in all his actions was MARRIOTT BROSIUS. From the day of his enlistment in the service until stricken down by the bullet of the enemy he was ever at his post of duty, active and vigilant as a sentinel, brave and courageous in the line of battle. He was regarded as a model soldier, as well from the force of culture that indicated the perfect gentleman as from the exact fulfillment of duty that indicated the trained veteran and soldier.

Upon returning home after the war, Mr. BROSIUS resumed his studies at the Millersville Normal School, where he remained until 1867. He then taught school in Chester County for a short time, and finally returned to Lancaster to read law with Hon. Thomas E. Franklin, ex-attorney-general of the State. Later he entered the law department of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, and graduated with honors in 1868. In the same year he was admitted to the Lancaster bar, and soon gained a fine reputation as a lawyer. He early became known as an orator of high attainments. As a public speaker he attracted and impressed his audiences by his commanding presence, his distinct elocution, and his polished rhetoric. In the early days of the temperance movement he received from the Order of Good Templars an offer of the position of State lecturer of the organization, being recommended for this position by the poet George W. Bungay, who had been much impressed by his speeches.

He performed this arduous work with fidelity, and his services were in constant demand. He gradually acquired a national reputation as a speaker. He delivered memorial addresses at the national cemeteries at Antietam, at Gettysburg, and at Arlington. He addressed many prominent political clubs in New York and Chicago, and made numerous Grand Army of the Republic, Decoration Day, literary, and political speeches. In 1893 Ursinus College conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D.

In 1882 Mr. BROSIUS was a delegate to the Republican State convention. The Republican party of Pennsylvania was at that time torn asunder by factional strife. Mr. BROSIUS received the nomination from the convention as Congressman at large, but was defeated, with the rest of the Republican State ticket, at the election. In 1888 he was nominated and elected a Representative in Congress from the Tenth district, and he was reelected for every term since that date, his last term, his seventh, establishing a record without an equal in the district. As a member of Congress, Mr. BROSIUS, by reason of his eloquence, his ability, and his industry, soon acquired a prominent position. In the Fifty-first Congress he was a member of the Committee on Agriculture, and immediately took an interest in measures of special importance to his agricultural constituents. He was also a member of the Committees on the Militia and on Private Land Claims, and with great industry he took up and discussed before the House questions of pensions, the tariff, silver, and immigration. In the Fifty-sixth Congress, during which the present currency act became a law and the gold standard was adopted, he was the chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency.

As a representative of Lancaster County, Mr. BROSIUS was earnest and conscientious. He was endowed with high personal character and possessed the love and respect of his constituents

to a marked degree. At the time of his death he was perhaps the best known citizen in his district, at home and abroad. He was patriotic, eloquent, and conscientious to a preeminent degree.

Hon. J. Hay Brown, one of the justices of the supreme court of Pennsylvania, thus spoke of him at a meeting of the members of the Lancaster bar held to pay tribute to the memory of Mr. BROSIUS:

> The virtues of our dear friend and brother have been justly extolled by those who have spoken, and it is not needful that I should longer dwell upon them. But if I do not speak of them it is not because any other man's appreciation of them was higher. In every relation of life he was exemplary, and from the beginning to the end he was pure and his hands were clean. His good qualities ought to be remembered here and recalled from time to time in order that they may be emulated. As a citizen, soldier, lawyer, statesman, husband, and father he was pure, brave, successful, able, affectionate, and God-fearing. More than this can not be said of mortal being, and though he fell at his work when the rays of the day's sun were still shining upon him, and before the shades of eventide had gathered about him, his life was not lived in vain.

The Tenth district, which Mr. BROSIUS so long represented in Congress, embraces the county of Lancaster, which is one of the richest and most fertile sections of Pennsylvania, if not of the whole United States. There is no finer agricultural land in the world than Pequea Valley. The limestone land in Donegal, Hempfield, and Manor is equally fertile. There is not another county in the State possessing such an amount and variety of the sources of natural wealth, and none where these resources have been more industriously developed. Beginning in the year 1710 the county was rapidly settled by a large immigration of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians and Germans from the Palatinate. These Scotch-Irish and Germans are recognized as being the two most important elements in the settlement of our country.

In Lancaster County particularly the Germans, by their thrift, intelligence, enterprise, and industry, developed the

agricultural and mineral resources of the county with extraordinary success, and great and flourishing communities have been built up. James Buchanan and Thaddeus Stevens are counted among the many distinguished sons of Lancaster County. It is doubtful whether there is another county which can boast of as many wealthy and well-to-do farmers, or of as many thriving and progressive communities.

The State of Pennsylvania has lost an eloquent and distinguished Representative. We, his colleagues, lament the death of an esteemed associate, and we extend to his family our sincere sympathy in their great bereavement.

ADDRESS OF MR. MCCOMAS, OF MARYLAND.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The Lancaster district of Pennsylvania has been aptly characterized by the Senator from Pennsylvania [Mr. Penrose] who has just taken his seat as a country of marvelous richness, inhabited by a sturdy people—the Scotch-Irish and the German elements. And down that broad valley—through the Cumberland Valley—to the western end of my own State flowed this immigration of Germans and Scotch-Irish, reaching the gates of the mountains on their way toward the winning of the West.

This Lancaster population is very like my own county, and with this came certain intercommunication which in a measure obliterated State lines and made general intelligence and knowledge of the men in one section well known in the other. Thus during my lifetime I have seen somewhat and heard much of that sturdy people who made up the typical district which was represented so long, so ably, and so conscientiously by my personal friend MARRIOTT BROSIUS.

It has been a fortunate district, the Senator has just said. I first remember its Representative when in my youth I saw carried into this Chamber in a great chair that leader of leaders, Thaddeus Stevens, when, though broken in health, with unbroken will, as one of the managers of the House of Representatives, he appeared here in the impeachment trial of President Andrew Johnson.

In those his declining days, with grim humor he would ask the stalwart young men who were carrying him upstairs: "I wonder, boys, who will carry me when you are dead and gone?"

He lived and died with unabated powers of leadership, and the people of Lancaster until his death followed his fame, were proud of his career, and never faltered in the support and confidence they extended to their great Representative.

He was followed by a man of quite a different type, but of splendid characteristics, the Hon. A. Herr Smith, who served for ten years in the House of Representatives, with ability, zeal, and confidence, the same sturdy and sterling people in the beautiful land of splendid farms, cozy villages, and great towns of Lancaster County. It was a compact, unique district, characterized as regards the people to a degree equaled by few Congressional districts in the country by fidelity to the Representative of their choice. I served for years with Mr. Smith, who was years ago gathered to his fathers.

There came after him in the Fifty-first Congress, one of the most exciting and tempestuous in our recent history, an interesting character. I remember when he came. His name attracted my attention. Only a year or two before I had heard some of those present at the Antietam Cemetery, when Mr. BROSIUS delivered the oration of which the Senator from Pennsylvania has just made mention, speak with marked praise and strong commendation of his eloquent and pleasing address.

From that unconscious telegraphy between that section of Pennsylvania and the western end of my own State I had known his name quite long, and this incident was fresh in my memory; and when this tall, vigorous, lithe, sinewy, and graceful person appeared on the floor of the House of Representatives he easily drew my attention. In the chance of location we sat near by each other, and one of those intimacies which are formed under this roof and under that roof yonder from propinquity in the Chamber or on committee arose, and MARRIOTT BROSIUS and I were good friends from that time forth.

I knew him well. I sought his society. I saw very much of him after I left the House, in which he remained so long in such useful service, and he always grew in my regard, while on my part there was increasing admiration for his conscientious devotion to public duty and his clean, manly personality. He was modest, studious, a man who toiled terribly. He was a rhetorician, but quite logical and clear. He was an orator by nature. He was a lawyer of large acquirements. He had learned to "scorn delights and live laborious days." Much of the frivolity of life was far removed from him by reason of early poverty, by his temperament, and a devotion to his family throughout his busy life.

We were such good friends that I, who then represented one of the very close districts in the House of Representatives, could freely call upon my friend MARRIOTT BROSIUS to help me in my contests, which were earnest. He was everywhere, by reason of his reputation throughout the country as an orator, sure to gather a crowded hall, large audiences, to charm them by his manliness, his sincerity, his noble gift of speech, and to sway them by his oratory. Though in great demand everywhere throughout the country, my old friend always remembered to give me such help, ready, loyal, cordial, and willing, as I asked, and to help me with his influence on the hustings.

Not only did he serve the principles he advocated in his own and neighboring States, but far and wide throughout the country, in many campaigns, MARRIOTT BROSIUS was an orator sought after, listened to, and urged again to come. He advocated principles which he conscientiously believed. Thus, from long service of years in the House, he had come to realize ever more clearly and to see ever more widely the impress which his intellect and his character made upon the House and thereafter upon the country.

For such a man to die at 58 years of age was a loss, almost a calamity, to his district and a great loss to his country—after he had won his place in the front rank among his peers, after he had so recently, as chairman of Banking and Currency, linked his name in our history with a great struggle for a sound currency and had so honorably and manfully fought for the triumph of a standard of value in which he honestly believed the prosperity of his country was greatly concerned—a standard which the world now widely accepts. It was indeed a great misfortune to lose such a man in the very prime of his powers and his public usefulness.

The Quaker lad at the country store; the soldier boy in the fresh, new uniform, smiling, and yet almost tearful, adventurous, looking back, and yet eager to march to the front; turning from home, from father, from mother, brothers and sisters, to follow the flag he had been taught to love, putting aside the pacific teachings of the Quaker sect; going at the call of Lincoln early in 1861; the wounds suffered amid the terrible carnage of a bloody charge; a brave young soldier falling when the flag of his country had just been planted on the field of victory; the camp hospital, the fevers, the constant and yet the heroic suffering; the march home again, stricken and wounded, when war was over; the years of care and self-nursing; the memory and the pain of those wounds in battle; the busy years of a lawyer's life; caring for a young family; the life of love at home—and oh, how he delighted to think of it and to talk of it; the triumphs of the orator; the campaigns; the national struggles over great issues; the crowded halls, the long journeys, the victory, then the great Hall of Representatives; the ceaseless cares and labors of the Congressman and the heavy responsibilities undermined the strong constitution broken down by those wounds and lessened his vitality as his fame grew wider and wider. Then the collapse,

the mourning at home and throughout the country for MARRIOTT BROSIUS, and those deeper and never-ending griefs of his dearest ones for which there is no solace.

This was a typical American leader and statesman, and suggests a faint outline of a noble life. Happy the country which can produce many such men! Happy the country that, pre-eminent among many such men, it enjoyed the lifetime services, as a youth in war, in manhood in civil life, of such an American statesman as MARRIOTT BROSIUS!

But for myself I mourn more for the man, brave and modest, magnetic, always of even temper, with great personal charm, a man of a logical and strong mind, and yet full of imagination and poesy, a political leader who was still more a scholar and thinker.

I recall with mournful satisfaction the good friend, the strong lawyer, the lover of learning, and, even better, one who, loving learning, still better loved his country, his home, and his family, and I sincerely mourn the departure of such a man from his place in the House of Representatives.

MARRIOTT BROSIUS was as pure as he was brave and manly. There was no malice in him. He was strong in conviction, firm in purpose, placid, yet ever pertinacious. He was not guileful. There was, as I have said, a personal charm that won confidence and friendship.

Within twenty years I have seen both ends of the Capitol, this Senate and that House yonder, reconstructed. Many hundreds whose words and deeds held the public attention, and deserved to hold it, have gone the way of death. Others succeeded; others will still follow them. The world belongs to those who come last. Few will live longer in the affectionate remembrance of their fellows than will MARRIOTT BROSIUS in the memory or his friends. This strong and good man, this true American and public servant, without stain, a hero, a patriot, has passed to his reward.

ADDRESS OF MR. GALLINGER, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Mr. PRESIDENT: It is a comforting thought that—

> It is not all of life to live,
> Nor all of death to die.

That in this life we may reasonably look beyond for something better, and that when death comes we may confidently accept the words of Kant, and say, "The other world is not another place, but another view;" or, as another has said, "Death is not the end of life, but an event in life."

Mr. President, MARRIOTT BROSIUS was my friend, and the few words that I shall speak to-day will be uttered simply as a tribute of friendship, leaving to others the recital of his public career as an honored Representative of the great State of Pennsylvania, which Commonwealth he so long served with distinguished fidelity and acknowledged ability.

For six years it was my privilege to live under the same roof with Mr. BROSIUS, and thus to observe him in his daily walk and conversation. During all that time I never knew him to speak a harsh word or to utter a sentence that might not have been spoken in any presence. He was a genial, kind-hearted, broad-minded, generous man—a Christian gentleman in the truest sense of the term. A tender husband, a loving father, a patriotic and high-minded citizen, a loyal friend—what better tribute can be paid to his memory? How well I remember his cordial greeting, his helpful words, his bright and witty sayings. In his presence there was constant sunshine; in his soul, perpetual tenderness and love.

Mr. BROSIUS was simple and democratic in his tastes, yet he was a true aristocrat, the manifestations of which are integrity,

courtesy, and honor. So far as I know, he had the respect and confidence of all with whom he came in social or official contact. His cheerfulness was contagious, his courtesy unvarying, and his sense of honor beyond criticism. If he ever was misunderstood or misrepresented, he gave answer in kind words and in a life fashioned upon generous lines and high ideals. He was a sincere man. There were no shams or hypocrisies in his nature. What he professed to believe he believed with all his heart. He lived above the little meannesses and frivolities of life, with aspirations for better things than the husks and follies of this world.

At his home and throughout his Congressional district he was trusted and loved by all classes, and in the performance of his public duties was beyond criticism, being patient, consistent, and honest in all things. He attended promptly to all the little matters that come to a man in public life, and at the same time did not neglect the larger affairs of legislation and statecraft, paying special attention to the great questions of currency and finance. He was a friend of the deserving poor, an ardent sympathizer with the soldiers of the country, of which he was one, carrying through life the proof of his service in a badly crippled arm. He was loyal in his friendships, popular among his associates, eloquent in debate, and enthusiastic in the advocacy of any cause in which he became thoroughly enlisted. In short, Mr. BROSIUS was a well-rounded and thoroughly self-poised man, whose service to the country, both in peace and war, will not be forgotten, and whose memory will be held in tender remembrance by all who were privileged to enjoy his friendship. He was withal a true American, deeply interested in the educational and moral progress of State and nation. Such men shed luster on the institutions of our country, and greatly contribute to the welfare and advancement of all classes of our people.

Mr. President, on a bleak and dreary day I stood by the open grave of my friend. A great concourse of people had come from far and near to testify, by their presence and their tears, the loss that they had sustained. The beautiful home was crowded with men and women who felt that they had sustained a personal loss; and when all that was mortal of MARRIOTT BROSIUS had been consigned to the tomb, in a spot from which a great sweep of hill and valley delights the eye, a solemn hush fell upon all, and the voice of grief came up from many hearts in audible expression. And then to some of us came the beautiful words of dear Phillips Brooks:

> If we could only know * * * the presence of God into which our friend enters on the other side, the higher standards, the larger fellowship with all his race, and the new assurance of the personal immortality with God; if we could know all this, how all else would give way to something almost like a burst of triumph as the soul that we loved went forth to such vast enlargement, to such glorious consummation of its life.

Mr. President, in that wonderful lecture of Ruskin's on "The Mystery of Life" are to be found the loftiest and grandest sentiments that should govern and control the human will—the subordination of evil, and the cultivation of the pure, the noble, and the true. Our friend lived up to that standard. The Golden Rule was his watchword, and the principles of the Christian religion his guiding star. Thus living and thus dying, may it not truthfully be said of him:

> Life's race well run,
> Life's work all done,
> Life's victory won,
> Now cometh rest.

ADDRESS OF MR. SPOONER, OF WISCONSIN.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Upon a sudden request, with which my heart bids me to comply, I rise to speak a few unstudied words in tribute to the memory of MARRIOTT BROSIUS.

I esteemed and shall always esteem it an honor that I knew him and was admitted to his friendship. He possessed in more than an ordinary degree the qualities which compel not only respect but admiration and which invited confidence.

He realized, as a member of Congress, that this is a great people, a great Government, with vast, far-reaching, and complicated interests which can only be conserved by the wise solution of troublesome problems demanding the utmost fidelity, investigation, and thought.

I speak no perfunctory word when I say of Mr. BROSIUS that I believe no man ever came into the legislative service of this country with higher aspirations and a nobler purpose to bear every burden which public life could possibly put upon one than did he. He was essentially a strong man, a rugged man, educated—finely educated, Mr. President—mainly, I have thought sometimes, in the rough school of life and experience in contact with the world, in the last analysis the finest school after all.

He was a man brave in every way. He was brave as a soldier, and he bore through life, without secret repining or open complaint, pain from wounds received in battle under the flag which he loved.

He was as brave in private life and in public life as he was as a soldier under the flag. No duty appalled him. He never shrank from any responsibility, and it is a great thing to be able to say of one that when his day is done, when he has gone

to rest, he shrank from the performance of no duty, that his career was a lofty one and an honorable one, and that in it and through it he left an impress upon the institutions and the legislation of his country which never will be forgotten.

I agree with the Senator from Maryland [Mr. McComas], although his opportunity of accurate knowledge and judgment was far better than mine, in his statement that Mr. BROSIUS was a natural orator. I have listened to him sometimes with rapt and intense eagerness and interest. He was a man of pleasing, aye, fascinating personality. He was a lover of literature. He was a student of books, a man of exquisite taste, who had ready always for his use the riches of the best literature.

He was a fine lawyer, as I had opportunity more than once to know. He was very jealous of the commercial honor, as he deemed it, of the United States, and a more indefatigable and assiduous laborer in public life and in the public interest I have not met.

Mr. President, it was with a shock of pain that I learned of his death. It came to him, as it might have come to him upon the field of battle, without premonition or warning. It is not a bad way to die for one who is prepared to die, and MARRIOTT BROSIUS was prepared to die. It is true, as has been spoken of him by the Senator from Pennsylvania [Mr. Penrose], that in his death Pennsylvania lost one of the noblest of her citizens and the country lost one of the bravest, truest, most faithful and patriotic of public servants.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on the adoption of the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and under the third resolution, the Senate (at 4 o'clock and 58 minutes p. m.) adjourned until to-morrow, Saturday, February 15, 1902, at 12 o'clock meridian.

O



HON. J. WILLIAM STOKES

Bureau, Engraving & Printing.

57TH CONGRESS, 1st Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { DOCUMENT No. 713.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

J. WILLIAM STOKES

(LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM SOUTH CAROLINA),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND SENATE,

FIFTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS,
FIRST SESSION.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1902.

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DEATH OF HON. J. WILLIAM STOKES.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE.

JANUARY 13, 1902.

Mr. LEVER. Mr. Speaker, it becomes my sad duty to announce to this House the death of my distinguished predecessor, Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, late a Representative of South Carolina from the Seventh Congressional district. His death occurred at his home in Orangeburg, S. C., on the morning of the 6th of July last. Mr. Speaker, in his death this House has lost a valuable and attentive member, his district an able and earnest Representative, and his State a Christian citizen. I offer the following resolutions:

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to his memory the House do now adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and accordingly (at 4 o'clock and 55 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

MARCH 18, 1902.

Mr. LEVER. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that Saturday, April 26, beginning at 1 o'clock p. m., be set aside for eulogies on the Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, late a member of this House from South Carolina.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from South Carolina asks unanimous consent that April 26 next, at 1 o'clock p. m., be set aside for eulogies on the late Representative STOKES, of South Carolina. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none, and it is so ordered.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

APRIL 26, 1902.

Mr. LEVER. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to now call up the special order for to-day, being the eulogies upon the late J. WILLIAM STOKES, former Representative from the State of South Carolina.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from South Carolina, by reason of the fact that we are within fifteen minutes of the time set for the special order, asks unanimous consent that the House now proceed to take up the special order, being eulogies upon our late colleague, Mr. STOKES. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

Mr. LEVER. Mr. Speaker, I submit the following resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The question was taken, and the resolutions agreed to.

ADDRESS OF MR. LEVER, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mr. SPEAKER: To-day the ordinary functions of the greatest legislative body on earth are suspended in order that members of this House desiring the privilege may each add his sincere tribute to the memory of our departed friend. The right to add a single flower to the chaplet which garlands the brow of goodness and greatness is esteemed a high prerogative.

For the time all else is merged into the desire to do full duty to the dead, and, at the same time, leave to posterity a correct record of the life and character of the subject of our eulogy. The universality and sincerity of our sorrow buries all differences, harmonizes all discords, obliterates all partisan or sectional lines, and each of us is glad to add his testimony of the sterling worth of the great dead.

To me the sorrow is intensified by the deep personal loss I feel. His wise counsel, personal and sympathetic interest in my welfare, and his almost paternal guidance made whatever success I have attained in life a possibility, and the reverence I feel for his memory can not find expression. To me he was the ideal Christian statesman and truth-loving gentleman, and I can pay him no higher eulogy than to recite the unvarnished story of his life—its struggles, its hopes, its triumphs, its virtues.

J. WILLIAM STOKES, the first son of James Stokes, was born near Orangeburg City, S. C., on December 12, 1853.

He came of an ancestry of planters, his immediate progenitor being a successful farmer and mill man. His intense love for farming as an occupation and his interest in the farmer as a class are the intensified and crystallized feelings of his ancestry,

an exemplification of the predilections of generations of his family. To him the farm was the nursery of greatness and goodness, the farmer the ideal of independence, morality, and civic virtue, most nearly combining in correct proportion the elements entering into the compositions of active Christian citizenship. The philosophy of his public efforts was that the happiness and prosperity of the American farmer meant the contentment and well-being of the American people.

As a boy he was industrious and intelligent in his work, obedient to his parents—doing the odds and ends of farm work with that readiness and system afterwards so characteristic of the man.

In the country and village schools he showed a quick and investigating mind, given more to searching for reasons than to accepting conclusions it did not understand. Mathematics was his favorite study, though he loved the mysteries of logic and reasoned with great clearness and precision. This prejudice in favor of the more strenuous branches marked his entire course in college and university, and showed its full development in the winning of the Taylor scholarship in mathematics, a prize much coveted, both in point of honor and money value, at Washington and Lee University, which institution he entered at the age of 19, graduating therefrom with the honors of his class—a rare distinction.

By earnest application to work, faithfulness to friends and the precepts of right and truth, by his unassuming though dignified deportment, the strength of intellect and character, he won the confidence and esteem alike of his fellow-students and the faculty. He was an enthusiastic college man, filled with the college spirit, and took an active part in its athletics, society, and class work, and in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association and Bible classes. In none of these did he take second place.

His diploma meant more to him than an evidence of his having completed certain prescribed studies; it meant his victory over almost insurmountable obstacles. The South lay stunned, her future uncertain, her labor demoralized, her governments unstable and unsatisfactory, the life and property of her citizens insecure, and investments apprehensive and development at a standstill. The social and political status of millions of former slaves had been changed; society was in chaos; opulence found itself reduced to poverty; money was scarcely to be had at all, and never except at the most exorbitant rates of interest.

No State suffered more of these horrors than South Carolina, and the devastations overtook all and fell especially heavy upon the father of young STOKES, leaving him entirely unable to aid his son in getting a college training. No young man ever faced a darker future, nor did anyone ever meet it with more self-reliance and Christian fortitude. Possessed of that pluck that snaps its finger at difficulty, he managed to effect a loan, paying 12 per cent interest, and with this borrowed money completed his education, repaying it after his graduation. Thus early the indomitable courage of the man showed itself in the invincible spirit of the boy.

Leaving the university with most convincing testimonials of merit from president and professors, he easily secured the first position he sought—associate principal, afterwards president, of a fine school in Tennessee. During this first work his trials were enough to overcome a less brave man. The president of the school died, leaving unpaid the salaries of all his assistants, Mr. STOKES included. Upon his accession to the principalship of the school he assumed its obligations, giving his individual notes and meeting them as early as possible out of his next year's salary. Without a murmur he bore these strug-

gles, a most beautiful consideration for the feelings of his loved ones causing him to keep the knowledge of their hardships from his home folk. But they were not without compensation both to him and his fellow-man.

Adversity is not without its blessings. It brings men in close encounter with the rough edges of the world, awakening in them a consciousness of their power, a confidence in their ability to cope with its complex and difficult problems, and emphasizes the most valuable of all lessons to the young man—the lesson of economy. Lord Bacon says:

> Self-reliance and self-denial—
>
> And they are both the legitimate offspring of poverty—
>
> will teach a man to drink out of his own cistern, and eat his own sweet bread, and to learn and labor truly to get his own living, and carefully to expend the good things committed to his trust.

This philosophy was most completely embodied in the life of Congressman STOKES. Early and forced economy gave him a most distinct and sharp idea of value. To him economy in everything was a virtue, though he was by no means parsimonious, being, on the contrary, generous to a fault. To him life was a trust estate, the conditions being that every moment of time should be given in an effort to better the condition of his fellow-man and to add some worthy deed to the sum total of human achievement. To frit the moments away in idleness and vain endeavor was to violate a sacred trust. Work was a duty, a sacred command.

While the number of persons who owe their education to his generosity, largely increased, no doubt, by his own early struggles, can not at this time be accurately determined, it is sufficient to say that all over his own and several other States many "rise up to call him blessed." In his charity he was liberal to the full extent of his ability, adopting a system

which is now being followed by his devoted widow, by which he was able to discriminate between the worthy and unworthy applicants for his help.

He continued teaching in Tennessee and Mississippi for many years, in the meantime graduating in medicine at Vanderbilt University while teaching near Nashville, and, though hampered by the duties of the schoolroom, taking a beautiful gold medal for a thesis on a given subject over a large number of competitors.

He seemed, however, to have little fancy for the medical profession, practicing it only a short time, the quiet work of the schoolroom being more in keeping with his character and the bent of his mind.

As a teacher he was eminently successful, many of the best equipped and thoroughly disciplined schools of Tennessee and Mississippi standing, even now, as monuments to his ability and systematic organization. His students loved him for his gentle firmness and patient sincerity. His kindly sympathy and his inherent knowledge of the subtle influences entering into and shaping every life touched a responsive chord in the breast of the student body, as a result of which teacher and student worked together in perfect harmony, disciplined by mutual love and sympathy.

Doubtless his experience in organizing, disciplining, and controlling children was of great value to him in the organization of men. The same tact and knowledge of human nature are essential in each instance, for men are but grown-up children plus experience and age.

In 1881, while teaching in Tennessee, he married Miss Ella Landes, of Fayetteville, a most refined and highly educated lady, whose tact, thoughtfulness, and sympathy in his work contributed in no small measure to his ultimate success and universal popularity. In everything she was his helpful

companion, resourceful, practical, and in thorough accord with the noble purposes of his life. Their mutual devotion was most beautiful and touching, and their married life of twenty years one beautiful dream of happiness, a moon-lit evening on the seashore.

He was preeminently of a religious turn of mind, and in early life connected himself with the Methodist Church, giving to it his most earnest support. He was a Methodist both by choice and heredity, his name being among those of the most influential members of that church in the State. There are not less than a half dozen consecrated men of his name serving the ministry in the Methodist conference of his State at this time. He was more than a mere passive church member; he was an active worker in the cause of the Master, a working Christian. He saw in the church the appointed way to the higher and better ideals taught by holy writ, and neither the glamour of public life nor its burdens caused him to neglect his Sunday school and church work. During all of his life he was one of the strong stakes in the Sunday school, and while in Washington regularly taught a large Bible class.

It was while thus equipped with a strong, Christian character, a classic education, a wide knowledge of human affairs, and a keen and cultivated insight into human nature that his father died, necessitating his return home to take charge of the estate.

This event, sad as it was to him, was the crisis in his political career. The political storm which broke with the fury of a hurricane in 1890, arousing the most intense excitement, was gathering rapidly. At Bennettsville, Captain Tillman, now Senator Tillman, thundered forth the demands of the farmer, and called upon him to assert his rights.

The Farmers' Alliance, which had taken deep root in many of the Western States, was beginning to find favor among

the farmers of South Carolina, who were chafing under then existing conditions and dissatisfied with the management of State and national affairs. It was at this point that Dr. STOKES became a factor in the great movement that must ever remain one of the most interesting chapters in the history of South Carolina. He saw in the purposes of the Alliance great possibilities for the agricultural interests of the country, and it was but natural that his love for and belief in the rights of the people should find expression in a zealous advocacy of the party which he believed promised the most ultimate good to all the people, and, like most of the great Alliance leaders, gravitated inevitably into what was known as the reform movement.

His comprehensive mind took in the situation in all its aspects. The people were dissatisfied, restless, and demanding a change; but they were in a state of chaos, without organization and systematic leadership. These conditions had to be met, and he set himself at once to the work of organizing the farmers of his county into Alliances, having for their purpose social and industrial improvement. Into this work he entered with all his mind and soul, bringing to it his wide experience in dealing with men and his vast accumulation of economic knowledge.

His enthusiasm was not of the kind born of ulterior motives. He was fighting for principle. In this work he met with remarkable success, and his great ability as an organizer found ready recognition throughout the State. About this time he bought the Cotton Plant, making it the official organ of the Alliance. As its editor he showed his full acquaintance with the great issues then agitating public thought and his intense love for the people. His style was clear, logical, and plain, his statements fair and honest, appealing always to the reason of his readers.

His promotion continued. He was elected State organizer of the Alliance, the most prominent place on the fighting line; and

later became its president, holding the latter position for several terms. He was the great leader of the Alliance, a fearless and aggressive fighter, a cautious and conservative counselor, armed at all points with facts and authorities and the equal in point of equipment to any foeman or occasion. He applied the cold steel of argument to the position of his adversaries and met their assaults in kind. His prominence drew upon him the full fire of the opposition; but no amount of criticism, sarcasm, or ridicule could diminish his zeal for the cause, or induce him to modify to the extent of a "jot or tittle" the demands of his organization.

He stood steady through it all and directed his forces with a judgment almost unerring. He was calm, calculating, judgmatic—quick to seize a strategic point or profit by a tactical blunder, neither allowing his judgment to become befogged by enthusiasm nor permitting an infatuation with an idea to warp his reason or entrap his conscience. His ultimate and complete leadership in the organization was assured, and from this time on he became the loved oracle of the farmers' organization.

It is not in place at this time to discuss the merits of that controversy nor the fruits of that movement. It is sufficient for the generations who may wish to study his life to "point a moral or adorn a tale" to know that he won the complete confidence and esteem of his followers by a fearless and faithful adherence to his conception of right and merited the respect and admiration of his opponents by the fairness and catholicity characterizing his attitude toward them.

It is a most distinct testimonial of the purity of his character that at this period of extreme bitterness no word was ever uttered in assault upon it, or the integrity of his purposes. His most bitter political enemy conceded his high moral character and patriotic sincerity. His partisanship was so tempered with conservatism and a proper regard for the opinions

of others that when the smoke of that bitter conflict had cleared away there was no one unwilling to testify to his ability, fairness, and manly conduct.

He was elected to the State senate in 1890, after a thorough canvass of his county, defeating one of its most brilliant and honored sons. In the senate he was generally recognized as a strong, thoughtful, and conservative man, possessing well-defined convictions on public questions and in most thorough accord with the dominant thought of the State. His eminent services in the senate made him the logical candidate of the farmers for the Democratic nomination for Congress in 1892.

He was opposed by Hon. W. H. Brawley, at present a district judge, and was declared defeated by a small majority. In this campaign his great powers as a debater first showed themselves to advantage. His opponent was a past master in the art of disputation, eloquent, resourceful, and adroit, while he was untried and untrained. But when the clash came, before great popular audiences, where the pulse beat is high and true, the great ability and tremendous earnestness of the farmers' champion supplied his lack of prior training, and he proved himself the full equal of his opponent in every respect.

Congressman Brawley, having been appointed district judge by President Cleveland, resigned his seat.

Undaunted by defeat, confident of the correctness of his conclusions and of their ultimate triumph, loved as he was by his followers, he again became their standard bearer for the unexpired term, and was again defeated for the nomination, by a decreased majority, by Judge James F. Izlar, an able jurist, an impelling orator, and a most popular man with the masses.

These reverses did not diminish his optimism nor lessen his faith in the final success of the principles he advocated; and

though thus defeated, his ability and sincerity had so impressed the leadership of the State that the State convention of 1892 elected him a delegate at large to the national Democratic convention, and the same year he was an elector on the Democratic ticket.

In 1894 he received the Democratic nomination for Congress without opposition, being opposed in the general election by T. B. Johnson, a white Republican, who, failing of a majority in the election, appealed his case to the House of Representatives, which, in the final determination of the issue, declared the seat vacant. In 1896 he was again awarded the certificate of election for both the unexpired term of the Fifty-fourth Congress and the full term of the Fifty-fifth, and again Mr. Johnson contested his seat, though the case abated upon the death of the contestant.

He was a member of the constitutional convention in 1895, and was one of the leaders of that body, contributing largely to the high character of its debates and serving with distinction on its most important committees. Feeling the immense responsibility of this position and the necessary permanency of the work, he spared neither mental nor physical effort to inform himself to the end that he might act wisely and for the best interests of the State.

He was elected to the Fifty-sixth Congress without opposition, though his nomination by his party was contested by Hon. Thomas F. Brantley. He received the unanimous nomination of his party in 1900—the most convincing testimonial of his good service and the confidence of his people—and in the general election had only a farcical opposition, which met little encouragement from the more respectable element of the Republican party in the district.

As a Congressman he gave his entire time to his duties.

Regular in attendance upon the sessions of his committees and the House; attentive to the work of the departments; prompt in answering the demands, however trivial, of his constituents, however humble; alert to the needs of his district, he was at the same time a close student of economic conditions, an original thinker, and an honest and elaborate investigator, in full sympathy with the conservative ideas of the age and intensely devoted to the cause of the people.

His intimate and accurate knowledge of the needs of his people convinced him that he could serve them in no more practical and material way than by giving better mail facilities to rural communities, and he resurrected the idea of rural free delivery. The system had been getting a desultory support from several preceding Congresses, but was languishing for lack of earnest and aggressive sympathizers. In a carefully prepared and exhaustive speech he called attention to the needs of the farmer in this respect, and pointed out the great and beneficent possibility of a perfected system of rural free delivery.

The effect is known and appreciated by the 10,000,000 farmers daily served by the system. It is his greatest work, his most lasting triumph, his best legacy to the generations that must ever and ever receive its increasing and multiplied benefits. This, together with his authorship of the idea of free delivery on star routes, and his fight against gambling in cotton futures, gave him a reputation unbounded by district and State lines, and it even went beyond the seas.

He was intensely patriotic in his work, his vote at all times representing the concurrence of his reason and conscience. No command of partisanship could ever drive him into committing the national conscience to an ethical wrong.

He was greatly loved by the membership of the House for his purity of character and faithfulness to every obligation,

and the spontaneous and sincere expressions of regret for his taking off were eloquent tributes to his worth.

He was neither a genius nor an orator in the ordinary acceptation of those terms. He was a powerful and effective debater, a strong controversialist, quick to detect a weak point in a line of defense, and as alert to marshal his forces against it, though he lacked the rich imagination, the nervous energy, the command of soul-stirring language, and the personal presence which give the orator the power to touch the hidden chords of the emotions and for the moment still the voice of reason.

His intellect was of the steady, substantial kind, without the meteoric brilliancy which enchains the emotions momentarily and then goes out in darkness. He was a most able man, both by natural endowment and judicious training, conservative in his opinion, safe in his judgment, and content to take a practical and human view of things. In his extraordinary capacity for work he was most undoubtedly a genius. His well-stored, well-poised mind was the effect of his zeal and perseverance in equipping, cultivating, enriching, and expanding it. He made the very best use of his natural endowments, and this constituted whatever genius he possessed; and it is this kind of genius that is in the reach of everyone who will pay its price—conscientious, honest labor.

He was a good man, an accommodating neighbor, a devoted son, a tender husband, and thoughtful friend and Christian citizen, and an able statesman, whose influence upon every community in which he lived was most salutary. To touch the circle of his influence was to have the soul raised heavenward. He bound his friends to him with hooks of steel, and their loyalty to him alive and to his memory dead is the highest tribute to his unselfish and generous character. The Golden Rule was his rule of conduct toward his fellow-man.

To the young man struggling against the tide, baffled, discouraged, and despairing, his life is a hope, an inspiration, and an exemplification of the maxim, "The gods sell everything for labor." Preferments came to him as victories; fortune never smiled upon him. Each higher position in the public esteem was but a natural evolution, a just recognition of his faithfulness and ability in the discharge of less responsible duties. He literally won success.

> 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
> But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it.

His death was pathetically sad, coming at a time when he had reached the prime development of mental and moral manhood, the full embodiment of civic virtue and Christian character. The difficulties of young manhood had ceased to be an unpleasant memory in the grand triumphs and honors of full maturity; partisan and factional bitterness had yielded to the nobler feeling of reconciliation, and he had found solid lodgment in the affections of all his people, being stronger in their love at the time of his death than at any time during his career.

The full stature of the man was beginning to break upon the people of his State, and the fondest dream of his ambition—the honor of representing his great State in the Senate of the United States—in all probability would have found an early realization in the expressed will of his people. But how uncertain are human calculations.

For several years prior to his death his health had been failing, and for months immediately preceding it he was confined to his room, where tender and intelligent care did all in its power for him. He continued to sink, despite the efforts of the best physicians in the State. The worry, confinement, and constant mental and physical strain incident to public life had made

irreparable inroads upon his constitution and it was too weak to withstand the assaults of disease.

He had literally worn himself out in the service of his people, and on July 6, 1901, at 5 o'clock in the morning, the hour when darkness salutes the dawn and bids her welcome to her place, death came. With a calmness and serenity born of Christian fortitude and hope and faith he faced the ordeal of his dissolution, and even in this dread hour the old familiar smile, so dear to those who knew him, rested on his face, giving an assurance that the bright star of earthly existence had only sunk into the more brilliant dawn of a new and better life.

It is a sweet thought—the thought of immortality—the belief that death is only the beginning of a brighter and more joyous life, the faith in the promise that those who keep His commandments shall meet again in the "house of many mansions." Such a kind philosophy dispels the gloom of the grave and brings a solace and an assurance to the broken-hearted and disconsolate.

A great statesman has gone, and his greatest monument will be the heritage he has left posterity in the example of a faithful, Christian life.

As said he in eulogizing the late Senator Earle, so can I with equal appropriateness say of him:

> If I were to attempt to sum up in one term the quality which lay at the foundation of his character, I could find no fitter term than the single word "faithful"—faithful to social obligations, to political obligations, to public obligations, to private obligations, to family obligations, and, back of all, faithful to his obligations to his God.

ADDRESS OF MR. HAY, OF VIRGINIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Friendships made during a service in this House are often very close, and the ties here contracted last for years, but the dearest friendships are those made in college. There we come to know intimately all the good and all the bad about our fellows, and when once we learn to love and honor a college mate no time nor distance can efface the impressions then formed. I knew Mr. STOKES at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., and was closely associated with him while there. We roomed in the same house, were coeditors of the college magazine, and were thrown constantly together. I learned to admire, honor, and love him in those days. He was gentle, yet firm. His was a character which commanded the respect of all with whom he came in contact. He had the undivided confidence of faculty and students, and was one of the most popular students in college.

He took a high stand as a student, and left college with the high regard of all. While I, at times, heard of him and from him, I did not see him again until I met him in the extra session of the Fifty-fifth Congress. It was a delight to find him the same in character and in standing here as he had been at college—conscientious, hard working. Representing with fidelity his constituents, having the confidence of his associates on this floor, and playing his part here with distinguished merit, he had the profound regard of all the members of this House.

His death was most untimely. In the flower of his age, at the height of his usefulness, in the fullness of experience, he was taken from that sphere of action in which he was displaying the sound common sense, the graceful tact, which were his characteristics. We can but deplore his taking off and mingle our tears with those of his people, who honored him and whom he honored.

ADDRESS OF MR. DE ARMOND, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. SPEAKER: The proud State of South Carolina has furnished to the country many distinguished men and made a great deal of history. Among those whom she sent to public life perhaps no one deserves to stand higher as a modest gentleman and faithful representative than our departed friend, to whose memory we pay tribute to-day.

It is common in eulogies to exaggerate; indeed, it is common to deny to people while living credit for the good qualities which they possess, and common after they have departed from life to attribute to them good qualities which they did not possess. Thus we often do injustice to the living and do more than justice to the memory of the dead, withhold the kindly word and generous commendation when they might be of value, and spout fulsome praise when praise is useless.

What has been said to-day, touchingly and appropriately, by the young member from South Carolina [Mr. Lever] who succeeded our departed friend has also been said truthfully, and therefore it is really a fitting tribute, full and just, to the good man who has gone hence. Dr. STOKES possessed in a marked degree the amiable and excellent qualities of manhood. He was modest and firm; he was true and faithful. It has been said of him very justly that in this House he had not a foe and that every man who knew him was his friend. He gave offense to no one, he did wrong to no one, he spoke harshly of no one, he felt ill toward no one. He was singularly free from malevolence and envy and jealousy and all disposition to harm any of

God's creation. He possessed in a notable degree, upon the contrary, the inclination to help, to treat kindly, to advance, to build up.

I did not know Dr. STOKES until he came to this body as a member of it. I saw all sides of him and learned to know a good deal of his character during the time when the contest over his seat was pending in this House. No one who has not had the experience of a contest can fully understand or properly appreciate what care and anxiety and vexation it may bring. The mere observer can only judge of it partially and imperfectly. When the contest is on, when bitterness frequently is aroused, when often unfair things are attempted and unkind things are frequently said, it is not remarkable to find one engaged in such a contest giving the rein to his malevolent feelings, if he have any, and suppressing his kindly and more generous sentiments. As a member of the committee which considered and reported upon the election contest of Johnston against Stokes I was most favorably impressed, as I think every member of the committee was, by the honorable bearing of Dr. STOKES.

Not a solitary thing, in private conversation or publicly, in committee or in the House, ever escaped his lips calculated to show the least feeling against the contestant or the least desire for anything but a fair consideration of his case. He was calm, good-humored and fair, generous and kindly, through it all. He had no doubt about the fact of his election, and he had a confidence that fair play would be done him in the House. When the decision was finally reached, which denied to the contestant the seat and, removing the contestee from it, vacated the seat, he left for his South Carolina home without exhibiting any evidence of the least bitterness or disappointment, and, I am sure, without an unkind feeling toward anybody in the

House, anybody in his own State, or anybody in the wide world.

Dr. STOKES was a singularly modest and diffident man, wonderfully considerate of the feelings and the rights of all others; one who would rather suffer the deprivation of some of his own rights and privileges than, by any chance or any accident, trench upon those of others. He passed in and out of the House pursuing his duties quietly, unostentatiously, and faithfully.

South Carolina may have had—doubtless has had—more brilliant Representatives, but she never had a more faithful one or one better disposed to the performance of every duty. She has sent to this body and into public life many men of high qualities and chivalrous bearing, but never, I think, did she have in public life a man more faithful to her interests, more blameless throughout his whole public and private life, than the man to whose memory we pay tribute to-day.

A good man has gone; a faithful servant has been removed from a service valuable to his constituents. He has left a good record at home, a good record here, and I verily believe that every man, woman, and child who knew him remembers him kindly. I am sure that not one with whom he came in contact has a bitter, revengeful, or unkind feeling toward him. He earned a good name and left it a legacy.

Passing through life thus kind and gentle, doing good upon every occasion and according to the full measure of every opportunity, doing harm to none and wishing harm to none, and finally, full of honor, crowned with the glory of a well-spent and useful life, passing, when the sun was at meridian, to the great life beyond, few have left and few can leave, according to their opportunities in the spheres in which they move, a better record—one which can be looked upon with more pride and more pleasure by friend and fellow-citizen, by

relatives and by those unrelated—than that of the gentleman who lately represented a district of the old Palmetto State that gave him birth, honored him, and was served by him and finally laid his mortal remains away in historic soil, enriched by the ashes of the immortal dead.

I am glad on this occasion to pay my tribute to the worth of the modest gentleman, faithful Representative, kind friend of gentle ways and blameless life, our friend, J. WILLIAM STOKES.

ADDRESS OF MR. JENKINS, OF WISCONSIN.

Mr. SPEAKER: I should not feel as though I was properly discharging my duty if I allowed this opportunity to pass without adding my tribute to the life and memory of the Hon. J. W. STOKES.

It was my pleasure and good fortune to meet him at the opening of the Fifty-fourth Congress, and I had every opportunity to familiarize myself with every phase of his nature.

His right to his seat was contested, and the case came before a committee of which I was a member. This relationship brought me in close contact with him. The hearing was of great interest to him. He was not only personally interested, but he felt a deep interest in the result as affecting the State which he in part so honorably and ably represented.

To his credit it can be said that he simply relied upon the law and the fact to entitle him to succeed, and he scorned any attempt to have influence exerted in his behalf, at the same time fully appreciating the earnestness and kindness of his many friends.

In the discharge of my duty I was compelled to ask him a great many questions, to more fully develop his case. His answers were always prompt, candid, and full, without regard as to how they affected him. While opposed to me in politics, I appreciated the care with which he investigated all public questions, and he tried to and did represent his people, his State, and his country, in a strong, able, and dignified manner.

He was rapidly developing as a close student and an able

and just legislator. His utterances were always manly, pure, and elevating, showing the nobleness of genuine Christian character.

I was greatly pained and surprised to learn of his sudden and untimely death.

In mid-life, a man of splendid habits, I thought he had a great future before him, and did not realize that grim-visaged death was hovering so near to summon him to eternal life.

Mr. STOKES came from a section of the country that needed just such characters in public life as he was. His broad, manly way in treating public questions, and greeting those he came in contact with so cordially and so pleasantly, naturally made him loved and respected by all who knew him, and did much for the State which he in part represented.

Knowing him as I did, I know that he lived a good life. Appreciating his manliness, I know that the country met with a great loss in his death. His manner was so quiet, personally unobtrusive, thoughtful and reflective in his nature, that he endeared himself to all who had associations with him, and it is perfectly proper that we pause in the discharge of public business to fitly honor his memory by paying the last tribute of respect to the honored and lamented dead.

Verily, a good and patriotic man has fallen!

> His life was gentle; and the elements
> So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
> And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Address of Mr. Williams, of Mississippi.

Mr. Speaker: Philosophy has been defined to be "the contemplation of death." Whether this be true or not it is certain that all of man's philosophizing about other things sinks into insignificance in the contemplation of the dread incomprehensibility.

To what an exact equality of nothingness, when viewed from an earthly standpoint, does it bring us all—rich and poor, wise and foolish, great and obscure, studious and idle, virtuous and vicious, king and lackey, emperor and bootblack! At the end the ants have swarmed and fought, worked hard to store up for a winter's day, begotten their kind, died, and given way to other ants.

The flies on the spokes of the wheel of the universe have gone round with the wheel, fondly imagining that they had something to do with its evolutions, have some day unexpectedly dropped off, and other flies have settled there. If it were all of life to live and all of death to die, if the race only were immoral and the individual sank, body and mind, into the hideous rottenness of death, who could find a rational cause to prefer one course of life to another, except only to prefer pleasure to pain, ease to labor, soft places to hardships?

"Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die," would be the only philosophy taught by "the contemplation of death," except, perhaps, this: When life becomes misery, seek the "quietus" of "a bare bodkin," congratulating beforehand the lesser worms upon the feast you are preparing for them.

The very fact that mankind does not act and has never acted on that theory is proof that they do not believe, have never

believed, and will never believe that the body is the man, the tenement the tenant, or the destruction of the tenement the annihilation of the tenant—in a word, that body-death stops soul-growth. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will."

There can, of course, be no physical proof of a spiritual fact, and yet the spiritual instinct of mankind has led them "at all times and in all places" to the great central truth on which depends even earthly progress, development, virtue, civilization—the only possible "working hypothesis" of life, viz, that the real man, the breath of the Infinite within the tenement of clay, can not die. Revelation only confirmed it, making a live faith of that which was a philosophic as well as an instinctive belief. It is this faith which keeps hope in the human breast, and with hope the work-motive.

No man in Congress known to me ever lived a life or possessed a character more entirely molded in the mold of that faith than WILLIAM STOKES, of South Carolina. I served with him in the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth and Fifty-sixth Congresses. We were not only fellow-members, but fellow-committeemen. It is upon committees that Representatives learn best to know one another. No duty was so small as to miss his attention; none so difficult as to make him shirk it. Sweet tempered and patient in public life, he was affectionate, loving, and temperate in private life, deserving, and to an unusual degree possessing, the love of his family and his friends.

He made no boast of it and never any ostentatious show of it, and yet he was, as a matter of fact, one of the best educated and most broadly informed men in the House. He was, more than that, deeply cultured in the highest sense. His mind had dwelt much upon the humanitarianism of the Here and the eternal verities of the Hereafter. The broad world-love of

Jesus of Nazareth had sunk deep into his heart and found there an abiding place and a home. Mind culture had broadened and deepened into soul culture. I will not say "May his soul rest in peace," because he himself did not believe that rest was the *summum bonum* of man's existence or the goal of his destiny.

I would rather say: May his soul continue to grow in power throughout all the ages of the "other time."

ADDRESS OF MR. ELLIOTT, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mr. SPEAKER: When, during the last session of Congress, we learned that Dr. STOKES had left his post of duty to go home on account of the state of his health, it never occurred to me for a moment that he was in any real danger. And I had this feeling because he was so self-contained, so thoughtful, so resourceful, so wise in the solution of every problem that confronted him, and so prompt and efficient in the doing of that which his judgment dictated that it did not occur to me that he would fail to overcome this danger as he had all difficulties that had confronted him. During my term of service here with Dr. STOKES, extending over several terms, I had learned by the closest and most familiar contact that he possessed all these admirable qualities—qualities that might well justify him in feeling that for him there was no such word as fail.

I did not know Dr. STOKES until it was my good fortune to meet him here as an associate in this body. There were two prominent circumstances that tended to bring us together from the outset. One was that he then represented in great part that splendid constituency of the Seventh district which had supported me so bravely in many a hard-fought battle. We had both been greatly honored by the same people; we had both learned in the hard field of experience how to value their steadfastness, their integrity, and, more than all, their quiet but firm determination to maintain at every sacrifice the predominance of decent government.

Nothing was more natural than that we should be drawn together by such ties, and I know that our friendship derived

strength from the character of the people through whom we were bound together. This was one of the circumstances that first made us friends, and a most pleasant one it was. The other was of a different character, one that might well be called the horror of Congressional life. We were both involved in the disaster of having to maintain and defend in this forum our right to the seats to which our constituents had elected us. I would not refer to such a matter on this solemn occasion were it not that our common misfortune, which entailed upon us an endless amount of work and worry, made conspicuous the admirable traits of Dr. STOKES's character and first made me value him at his true worth and have absolute reliance upon him.

From this time on until the end we were firm friends, and our intercourse was of the most delightful character. And the more I knew of him the more I liked and admired him. For he was one of those men who, from their quiet and unpretentious demeanor, must be well known to be appreciated. He was absolutely without guile or pretense; he was as true as steel; he was faithful to every trust; he was diligent; he was sound in judgment and prompt in execution; he was untiring in work; he was courteous to everyone, but firm as a rock in the performance of what he believed to be his duty. He never faltered, but kept on in the even tenor of his way until the thing he had to do was done.

As I have already said, I learned never to associate failure with our dead colleague. This was because he was a thorough believer in hard, systematic work and had a wholesale contempt for mere show and promise of performance. To this was due the strong hold he had on his people, a hold that grew stronger with each year of his service, until at the time of his untimely taking off he had practically the unanimous support of his district. And he deserved all this, Mr. Speaker, because we who were familiar with his daily life here well know that there

never was a more faithful Representative than he, and that his constant thought was what more he could do for the people who had honored him.

As in his Congressional career, so it was in his previous life—all that Dr. STOKES accomplished was by hard, untiring work. Born in Orangeburg County, S. C., in 1853, he was brought up to farm life, meanwhile attending the county schools until his entrance into Washington and Lee University, from which he graduated in 1876 with high honors. In order to pay off the debt contracted in procuring an education he taught school a number of years in Tennessee and Mississippi, and while so engaged in Tennessee utilized his spare time in studying medicine at Vanderbilt University.

Notwithstanding this drawback, Dr. STOKES graduated at the head of his class, and bore off from many competitors the prize for the best essay. In 1889 he returned to South Carolina and to farm life, and was prominent in organizing the Farmers' Alliance of the State, of which he was president for two terms. He became State senator in 1890; was one of the delegates at large to the Democratic convention at Chicago in 1892; a Presidential elector on the Democratic ticket in the same year, and a member of the constitutional convention of 1895. He was still further honored by his people by being elected to the Fifty-fourth, Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth, and Fifty-seventh Congresses. Those of us who did not know him until we served with him here could easily understand that his previous successful career, his promotion from one high trust to another, were due to his untiring, unostentatious, and faithful work.

To quote from one who knew him well:

> There is another side of Dr. STOKES's life that is not generally known, which accounts for the strong hold he had on the affections of the people. Having no children of his own to care for and educate, it was his delight

to assist others. There is many a young man to-day pursuing his college course who will miss the assistance of Dr. STOKES. There are many young men at home and abroad who owe their education to the kind-heartedness of Dr. STOKES. Of this the public knew little, only those interested in each particular case knowing the facts.

While in Tennessee Dr. STOKES married Miss Ella S. Landess, of Fayetteville, Tenn., a woman universally beloved for her charming personality and most admirable character. Their married life was an unbroken chain of complete happiness riveted together by mutual love and esteem. From what I know of his true and faithful heart I do not doubt that the presence and tender ministrations of his devoted wife in his last hours robbed death of its sting.

I can not obtrude upon what we all know to be a life sorrow. Mr. Speaker, I esteemed it a mournful privilege to be able to attest by my presence at the last solemn rites my admiration of his character and my affection for him as a friend. The vast throng there assembled, the evidence of sorrow depicted on every countenance, the solemn and impressive services of the church of which he had been for many years a devoted and consistent member, all testified to the esteem in which our dead colleague was held at his home. And when we had given his body to its last resting place we knew that we had consigned to the keeping of the soil he loved so well all that was mortal of an earnest Christian, a devoted husband, a loving son and brother, a true and faithful friend, and an upright, honorable, and zealous public servant.

ADDRESS OF MR. WADSWORTH, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. SPEAKER: It was my pleasure to serve on the Committee on Agriculture with Mr. J. WILLIAM STOKES during the entire period of his membership in the House of Representatives. His appointment to the committee was a timely, fit selection. Mr. STOKES was brought up on a farm, and his knowledge of agricultural conditions, especially in the Southern States, qualified him perfectly for service on the committee which has all to do with the Federal connection with agricultural affairs. He had a farm boy's love for country and a farmer's perception of the needs of the calling. He was a close student of the agricultural conditions of the country, not confining himself to the section in which he resided, but showing equal interest in the North and West.

No member of the committee was more attentive and earnest in his duties. He was a constant and regular attendant at all of the sessions and showed a keen, intelligent interest in every subject brought up for discussion. As to his personality, Mr. STOKES was a gentle, lovable gentleman, who made for himself a very warm place in the hearts of all those who came in daily contact with him. Those of us who were fortunate enough to have close association with him in the preliminary work performed in the committee were, perhaps, better qualified to judge of the character of Mr. STOKES than others who simply saw him on the floor of the House. He was not a man who was self-assertive, but was of such disposition that he seemed to try at all times to smooth the pathway of others rather than to put himself forward. Industrious and painstaking in all that he did, his gentleness of character endeared him to all.

The death of such a man in the prime of his life may not cause great comment in the nation generally. It is likely that the history of his State will be written with but a brief allusion to the services for his constituents and his country, but the departure from this world of such a character leaves a pang in the hearts of those who knew him intimately which is not felt when a man of more prominence and fewer lovable traits is called away. I think I am voicing the sentiments of my colleagues on the Committee on Agriculture when I say that this man has been greatly missed by all of his committee associates. There are moments when legislative duties are forgotten; and when we think of those who have joined with us in the past in our deliberations it is then that we glance toward the seat which he occupied and feel with keen regret that a kindly, loving friend has been taken from us and that we never again shall have the counsel and advice of him who has been summoned back to his Maker.

ADDRESS OF MR. SCARBOROUGH, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mr. SPEAKER: It is eminently proper that we pause amid the busy activities of life and drop a tear of regret on the grave of a dead comrade. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and I apprehend that no one is so callous as to feel no pang when a fellow-man yields up his life to the grim destroyer. The universality of death does not lessen its terrors. It is one great fact in every life which comes without our volition, and despite our most earnest protest and care. "The living know that they shall die" is the voice of revelation which sings in mournful cadence in every ear.

Death makes no invidious distinctions. The smiling infant, the sturdy youth, sweet-faced maiden, and aged, care-worn man are alike its victims. It visits alike the disease-stricken beggar on his pallet of straw and the wealthy prince upon his bed of down. Rich and poor, humble and great, young and old, all must die. "The rag of wretchedness and the purple robe of power find a common level in the democracy of death." The child just budding into conscious existence turns from its play and seeks safety in its mother's lap when it hears this awful subject discussed or when it looks on the face of a dead playmate. Young men and maidens become pensive and quiet when death steals into a community and touches a friend or companion. The man of business starts when he learns that an acquaintance has been torn from family and friends and carried to that bourne whence no traveler returns. The certainty of this dread visitation is the bitter in every cup of happiness, the skeleton at every feast. And the unuttered

question of every palpitating heart as it looks upon the face of the dead is, "Who next?"

Nearly one year ago Dr. J. WILLIAM STOKES, an honored member of this body, was called to meet this king of terrors. He met him like a warrior faces his foe—grandly, bravely—but a new-made grave in Sunnyside Cemetery, in his much-loved Carolina, is a sad memorial of the unequal contest.

As a member of the South Carolina delegation, I desire to join my colleagues in paying tribute to one whom the people of my State knew, trusted, and honored, and who died holding a commission from them under which he sat in the Council Chamber of the nation.

Dr. STOKES needs no eulogy from me. He established his reputation at home by devotion to duty as he saw it, and achieved an enviable distinction here by close attention to affairs of state. No work belonging to the duties of his office was too insignificant to receive his attention, none so great as to deter him from attempting its discharge.

I had not the honor of an intimate personal acquaintance with Dr. STOKES, and hence I shall speak of him as a public character and from what I have learned of him as one of the leading men of our State.

He was identified with the people—the great body of the people—drew his inspiration from them, was their champion at home as well as in this Hall, and while serving them in the capacity of a Representative in Congress he was true to the trust committed to his hands. He passed unscathed through the troublous times of political revolution in our State and presented to the public a character so pure that no critic could find a blemish upon his escutcheon, a purpose so noble that no opponent could successfully gainsay it, a devotion to his party and friends so loyal that he will live

in the history of the State as one who merited all the honors which he received.

Others, however, who knew him well, have spoken of his virtues and pointed out the traits of character which made him great; for, indeed, any man is great who, like him, lives in the hearts of his countrymen.

A few days ago I was shown a letter of condolence written by a friend to the wife of the dead statesman. One passage is so pregnant of meaning, and so fully describes the perfection of his manhood, that I will read it. The writer said:

> In a State which has produced so many good men, I know of none who had higher ideals of life and duty or who was more thoroughly conscientious in the performance of his duties as a citizen, his obligations as a Christian, his pledges as a gentleman, his offices as a friend, and his life as a man.

But there is one feature of his make-up particularly worthy of note, and that is his lofty Christian character. It is too often the case that political honors and worldly prosperity wean men away from the Christian life and make them forget that religion should be their chief concern. Not so with Dr. STOKES. Neither the heat of political controversy nor the applause of the multitude could disturb his trust in God or separate him from the deep and rich experiences of a consecrated life. The allurements of fortune, the seductive influences of high political position, were insufficient to turn him from the King's highway. He overcame self, walked through life with the tread of a conqueror, and kept his face turned to the heavenly hills as truly as the needle points to the pole. A life like his is an inspiration and his triumphal death a benediction.

Near the banks of the historic Edisto, the scene of strife and carnage in Revolutionary days, sleeps this truly noble man. Neither the criticisms of enemies nor the plaudits of friends

reach his ears. Like a tired child he lies in the bosom of mother earth, and after life's fitful fever is over he sleeps well.

Not far from his resting place, in the beautiful home he builded, there sits a sad-faced woman whom he called wife. Almost a year has passed since death robbed her of her loving husband and protector. The frosts of winter nipped the flowers planted on the grave of her gallant knight, who loved her with all the ardor of his nature. Returning spring has recalled these love offerings into life, and still she keeps her holy vigil and longs for—

> The touch of a vanished hand,
> The sound of a voice that's still.

Her inconsolable grief is the most eloquent tribute to his worth, and her bitter tears the most touching memorial of his life. The State mourns him, and friends and neighbors claim the right to share in the grief of the heartbroken wife.

> He lies within the light of God,
> Not a shadow on his breast;
> Where the wicked cease from troubling
> And the weary are at rest.

Young in years, full of purpose and energy, it seems almost cruel that he should have been called from his half-finished task. The summons came at midday, but it found him ready. He had secured his passport, and without a murmur he stepped into what we call the gloom and the shadow of the tomb. But no wonder that he quailed not when he stood at the grim portals of death. Years before, when life was full of hope and promise, he had found the Holy Grail. He had been in the Valley of Silence of which Father Ryan sang.

> He toiled on heart-tired of the human,
> And moaned amid the mazes of men,
> Till he knelt long ago at an altar
> And heard a voice call him. Since then
> He walked down the Valley of Silence
> That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Faithfulness to every trust was the ruling principle of his life. Knightly as the ideal gentleman of old to the woman he called by the sacred name of wife; loyal to his party and friends; true to himself, his country, and his God, he fell asleep so gently that no trace of suffering rested on his manly brow, and "he died with a smile on his face as though an angel had kissed him."

After all, the best of him remains—the record of a good name and his lofty Christian integrity. He had fed his soul on the bread of life and quenched his thirst in the living waters. No doubts or fears disturbed his regal spirit or shook his mighty faith. His stalwart mind caviled not at the so-called conflicts of religion and science. To him one was the complement of the other. He read on the pages of each the history of his race from creation's dawn to life's fitful close. Grand philosophy, beautiful faith! Each of these twin sisters follow us through all the labyrinthine way. Science stops pensive and sad at the tomb, drops a tear of regret on the sleeping dust of humanity, and writes an interrogation point for its epitaph. Religion takes up afresh the story of life and destiny and points to home and rest beyond the stars, that move in stately courses across the empyrean blue.

Full of such knowledge and inspired by such faith, the lamented statesman went out with the tide, well knowing that he would

> Meet his Pilot face to face
> When he had crossed the bar

ADDRESS OF MR. GILBERT, OF KENTUCKY.

Mr. SPEAKER: We are called upon again to contemplate the saddest, the strangest, and most inscrutable event in all of this riddle of human life—death. It would seem that so many myriads of the living have ceased to move among us that the few survivors would become accustomed to the inevitable and look upon this cessation of life as the natural, normal, and therefore the most uninteresting of all the incidents of our existence; but it is not so, and we can not be made familiar with this dread destroyer. Death, on the contrary, is always new, and always startling, and always awful.

Into every grave we gaze with new astonishment and over the lifeless form of every friend we stand in silence and amazement. We ask the same old question to ourselves which Job propounded in the morning of history: "If a man die, shall he live again?" And no sufficient answer has ever yet been given to this greatest of all questions. To this question our experience and observation answer, "No." Science and philosophy say "they do not know;" but faith and religion, supported by the universal sentiment of mankind, answer, "Yes." But whatever the answer may be, death still remains, sad and inscrutable. It is sad when gray hairs and tottering limbs warn us of its approach; it is sad when physical suffering and mental decay make us welcome its embrace; but it is sadder still, and saddest of all, when we see a young man suddenly snatched away in the prime and vigor of his young manhood, leaving behind him a young and devoted wife, and leaving unfinished so much of good that he might have accomplished and so much which, it seems to us, he ought to have been permitted to accomplish. But at the grave our experience and observation count for but little. We bury there our science and our philosophy, and we turn away, seeing more

clearly through the tears and sadness of the hour the truth of that universal verdict of mankind that if a man die he shall live again. For do not that same science and philosophy teach us that—

If a star were plucked from on high,
For ages would its light,
Streaming on down through the sky
Beam on our mortal sight.
So when a good man dies,
For ages beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him shines
Upon the paths of men.

Then, it is not true that either the good or the evil which men do is oft interred in their graves. In the higher and better sense the man does not die, and we have not buried our friend the Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES. His body perished and was buried, but the man lives on. His life work is left and his monument has been erected, not of stone or marble it may be, but in the memory of those who knew him, in the influence for good he wielded, and in that molded, rounded, useful life which passes not away.

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp of divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones,
Of their dead selves to higher things.

The splendors of the Taj-Mehal did not increase the virtues nor lessen the vices of the beautiful Indian queen to whose memory it was erected. Carvings in stone and sculptures in marble can not alter what has been written in the Book of Life. Our marbled pantheon in yonder hall adds not one jot or tittle to the smallness or to the greatness of those whose exterior images have been wrought in stone. Indeed, we are all sculptors of life, and the universe is one universal pantheon, with a niche for each of us, high or low, as we may choose; and we are all chiseling away, making our own monuments with form and feature and lineaments of our own fashioning.

It is therefore a pleasure, even in the midst of our sorrow, to point you to the exalted niche which Dr. STOKES has carved, and to look at the splendid lineaments wrought by him in a life of honor and usefulness. He was as true to his convictions as was that Roman sentinel whom the lava of Vesuvius could not drive from his post. He was honest and charitable as a man. He was tried and remained popular as a citizen. He was faithful and efficient as a public servant, and, more than all, he was kind, tender, and affectionate as a husband, as a friend, and neighbor.

The poet was mistaken who said:

> The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour.
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

They do not lead but to the grave. They do not lead to the grave at all, nor even toward the grave. Nothing valuable that wealth or beauty e'er gave have been buried. Only gross material things are buried. But as to the fine impulses of the heart, the achievements of a life, the splendid accomplishments of the intellect—there is no death.

> There is no death! The stars go down,
> To rise on some fairer shore,
> And bright in heaven's jeweled crown,
> They shine forever more.
>
> There is no death! The dust we tread
> Shall change beneath summer showers
> To golden grain or mellowed fruit
> Or rainbow-tinted flowers.
>
> There is no death! The leaves may fall,
> And flowers may fade and pass away;
> They only wait through wintry hours
> The coming of the May.
>
> There is no death! An angel form
> Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
> He bears our best loved things away
> And then we call them "dead."

ADDRESS OF MR. RICHARDSON, OF TENNESSEE.

Mr. SPEAKER: The daily routine of our legislative work is suspended once again that we may pay a brief tribute of respect to the memory of the dead.

The young may die, the old must die, and the wisest of us know not how soon. This time the member we eulogize was not only my warm political ally, but I was proud to name him in the list of the very first of my personal friends. I had had the pleasure of an acquaintance with him more or less intimate for a longer period, perhaps, than any member of this House, except some gentlemen of his own State delegation. I met him first in my own Congressional district in Tennessee nearly twenty years ago. It was while I was a very young member of Congress and when I was struggling to make friends and followers in my aspirations to continue a member of this House. It was under these circumstances we first met and he became my warm supporter and advocate.

You have already been told that Dr. STOKES was born on a country farm, in Orangeburg, within the State of South Carolina, in the year 1853; that there he grew to manhood, enjoying the opportunities of the average country school such as was found in his day and time in his State and throughout his section of the Union; that he graduated from Washington and Lee University in 1876, and that he then entered upon a course of teaching, which he followed until about 1888, or a period of twelve or more years.

He was elected to the State senate of South Carolina in 1890. In 1892 he was sent as a delegate to the national

Democratic convention, which assembled that year in the city of Chicago, and which nominated for President and Vice-President Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Stevenson. He became a Presidential elector in that contest, and made a splendid canvass of his district for the national ticket. He was then laying the foundation of his future career as a Representative of his district in the Congress of the United States.

He was first elected to the House of Representatives in 1894, to the Fifty-fourth Congress, and reelected to the Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth, and Fifty-seventh Congresses. By his death he was prevented from taking his seat in this body in the Fifty-seventh Congress when we assembled in this Hall last December.

I believe he was a member of the constitutional convention which framed the constitution of his State. In all these positions of honor and trust committed to his hands by his people and constituents he bore himself not only with credit to himself, but with honor to those who gave their interests to him.

It is always sad to contemplate the loss of such a man as Dr. STOKES. Men like himself can not be well spared from public life, for there are too few such as he, who are willing to give up the quiet ease and comfort of the simple home life to engage actively in the turmoil and excitement of the hustings. He was a modest, unassuming, Christian gentleman, who improved and elevated the society in which he moved. His career in Congress could never have been what is termed brilliant or meteoric. He was of different mold. He was to be depended on in all the emergencies where coolness, calmness, and unimpassioned judgment were in demand to solve difficult and trying situations and emergencies. In all things public and private he was honest, sincere, and true. While engaged

in his profession of school-teaching he found his way to Tennessee and located within the limits of the district I have the honor to represent on this floor. He taught school in two of the counties which then composed and which now compose my district.

There is where I first met him, and learned to love and to admire him. It was while thus occupied and engaged that he met, wooed, and won the estimable woman who was subsequently to become his partner in life. In a modest country home, surrounded by all that goes to make life pure and hearts contented, they united their fortunes and lives. He could not have been more fortunate in his selection, for while she brought to him the heritage of a good name—there being none better in our State—she was personally worthy of him into whose hands she committed herself. As we utter these words our hearts go out to her in the deepest and tenderest sympathy.

Mr. Speaker, in the loss of J. WILLIAM STOKES this House has been deprived of an honest, upright legislator, his State a true and tried Representative, his country a broad-minded and devoted patriot, his church a pious and faithful member, and his widow a loving, tender husband

ADDRESS OF MR. JOHNSON, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mr. SPEAKER: To-day, as we lay aside the regular business of this body, as it is eminently proper that we should do, to pay tribute to the memory and worth of our deceased brother, we are forcibly reminded that death comes with equal pace to the palace and the hut. Though I was not intimately acquainted with the late Representative STOKES, it became my duty as a member of this House to attend his funeral. Dr. STOKES was not a resident of the city of Orangeburg, but all places of business were closed out of respect to his memory during his funeral. All classes from every section of his own and adjoining counties were there to show their appreciation of him who had served them so faithfully and so well.

Of his services in this body I shall not attempt to speak, because his colaborers are better fitted for that duty. Suffice it for me to say that a man of his moral, Christian character could not have done less than his duty as God gave him light to see it. This leads me to refer not to Dr. STOKES nor to Congressman STOKES, but to Mr. STOKES, the modest, unassuming, Christian gentleman. The official clergyman at the funeral read one of the beautiful Psalms of David, and stated that it was the chapter read by Mr. STOKES when he erected in his home an altar to the living God. Would that every man in an office of honor and trust recognized his responsibility to and dependence on God, and would erect in his home an altar to Him.

Referring to the funeral, the text was:

For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.

These were the words spoken by Mr. STOKES when the chill, cold hand of death was upon him and he was entering the valley of the shadow of death. What a sublime and beautiful faith; what a happy ending of life's battles!

The highest compliment that can be paid any man is to be able to say of him that he was a Christian gentleman. I believe that the late J. WILLIAM STOKES was a Christian gentleman.

ADDRESS OF MR. LAMB, OF VIRGINIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: In the meridian of life, with a promising future before him, enjoying the confidence and respect of loyal friends and a confiding constituency, surrounded with the comforts of home and the sweet companionship of a devoted wife, J. WILLIAM STOKES was called from earth to the abode of the just. On the 7th of July, 1901, a telegram reached me at my home in Virginia, requesting my attendance at his funeral in Orangeburg, S. C. It was a shock, but not a great surprise, for I had observed with deep regret his declining health. I shall ever regret that the information came too late for me to join my colleagues from the other States and be present when all that was mortal of our friend was laid in the silent tomb.

It was my good fortune to serve with Representative STOKES on the Agricultural Committee. This gave me an insight to his character and ability that a large number of this House could not enjoy. We know and appreciate the strong ties of friendship that are formed through association with the members of our own committees, as well as the opportunity this association affords for estimating the character of the members of the House. It is in the committee room that the legislation of the House is shaped and perfected. The quiet, painstaking work of the committeeman counts for much more than the speeches, too often delivered simply for the effect they may have in the Representative's district. This was the work suited to the taste of our deceased friend, and I bear willing testimony to his valuable services in this direction. For this work he was well equipped by training and temperament.

While for the most part we were in accord on the questions

that arose in our committee, I call to mind one important subject on which we differed widely, and I bear in mind his gentle forbearance when his own views were combated, and his patience in listening to the arguments of those who opposed him.

Our friend died with his harness on. On more than one occasion I urged him to obtain leave of absence and go home for rest and treatment. He was a physician and would have given this advice to anyone else. I suggested to his watchful and patient wife that she might be able to persuade him to seek relief in entire rest, but her entreaties were in vain, so determined was he to remain at his post of duty as long as his strength would endure. Even after reaching home upon the adjournment of the Fifty-sixth Congress he devoted his time and taxed his energies for the welfare of his people.

I learned this through a rural free-delivery inspector who laid out several routes for me in the fall of 1901. When I ascertained that he had been through North and South Carolina I inquired after my colleagues and particularly as to the last days of Representative STOKES. This gentleman spoke in the highest terms of him, saying that he insisted on going with him over every route, though it was apparent that he was suffering and evident to all that he could not long stand the constant strain that he seemed determined to put forth. He was deeply interested in the rural free delivery, as the speech he made on the floor of the House will demonstrate. I have referred to his committee work; while this was performed with diligence and effectiveness, he was ready on all proper occasions to express himself with force and earnestness upon all questions arising in the House.

His reserve and modesty were known to his colleagues. So far as I could observe he was free from the twin vices that mar human character—envy and jealousy.

The wisest man who ever lived said, "Envy is rottenness of bones." Again he said, "Who is able to stand before envy?" Pilate knew that from envy the priests and elders of the people delivered Jesus into the hands of the enraged populace. The Philistines envied the amiable and gentle Isaac. Rachel envied her sister. For less cause perhaps many a modern Rachel is to-day filled with envy and uncharitableness. Joseph's brethren envied him; and all over this land to-day, in city and country, in church and state, in private and public life, men envy their fellows.

> Base Envy withers at another's joy,
> And hates that excellence it can not reach.

Jealousy is the apprehension of superiority, and is often converted into envy. Men who have served in the Army, particularly officers, know something of this evil passion. It has lost many battles and sacrificed many valuable lives. Men in public life are often afflicted with this passion. In years gone by it was a fruitful source of duels; now it finds vent in detraction, misrepresentation, and slander. The Good Book tells us, "Jealousy is the rage of a man." Again, "Jealousy is cruel as the grave." Evil spirits laugh in fiendish delight when, through the influences they appear to wield, they have worked up a desperate case of jealousy.

> Beware, my lord, of jealousy!
> It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
> The meat it feeds on.

I come now to speak of his higher nature and "holier chivalry." A religious philosopher once observed that—

> In Christianity, and in Christianity alone, can be discovered character in harmonious wholeness; at once the "righteous man," high in the practice of all social virtues, stern in the inflexible adhesion to the utter right; and the "good man," who has won for himself a revenue of affection, at whose name men's eyes sparkle and their spirits glow as if a sunbeam glinted in.

Our friend possessed this "harmonious wholeness." He was an earnest Christian. He preserved in his associations and public life the same devotion to his religious obligations that he practiced at home and among his friends. To resist the allurements of the world and keep a conscience void of offense requires strong convictions and resolute will power. He who can safely pass this ordeal in public life is indeed a hero and will wear the victor's wreath at the last.

No one can fully discern the spiritual relations between a man and his Maker. We can only judge a tree by its fruits. From all that we could see and learn of our lamented colleague we rest assured that he kept himself "unspotted from the world."

We believe if a man die he shall live again, and that the spirit of our friend has passed into the city of everlasting peace.

His day is come, not gone;
His sun has risen, not set;
His life is now beyond
The reach of death or change,
Not ended, but begun.

Among the many lovable traits of character possessed by our colleague, who has preceded us only a short time, perhaps, to the spirit land, was his gentleness. This is no afterthought of mine or those who unite with us to-day in these sorrowful and not purely perfunctory ceremonies, but was observed often and sometimes commented on, for every man here is estimated according to his real worth and character. We would do well to lay this thought to heart.

Gentleness is the crowning virtue of man. It is the sunshine of the soul. It is the beautiful blending of many virtues. It comes from the heart and is not a product of the intellect. It is often assumed, but, like every other counterfeit, is sooner or later detected. It is the natural charm of

women, but shows its true force or power in strong men who have thought well and struggled hard for their fellows. Its force is potential in the hours of sadness and affliction. It is linked with sympathy and finds an active field in the heroic struggles of the altruistic reformers of this age.

> If ever you have looked on better days,
> If ever been where bells have knelled to church,
> If ever sat at any good man's feast,
> If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
> And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
> Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.

In emulating the gentle virtues and shunning the weaknesses—if he had them—of our lamented friend, let us seek to promote the welfare of those who have clothed us with grave responsibilities, and in the end deserve the just tributes we now pay to his memory.

With tender recollections of our departed colleague, we pray that peace and happiness may follow her who bears his image in her heart and binds his memory to earth.

ADDRESS OF MR. THOMAS, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Amid the cares and responsibilities, the triumphs and disappointments, and the changing scenes of political life, we pause a while to-day to pay a slight but appropriate tribute of respect and love to one who for six years was an honored and esteemed member of this House and a faithful Representative of his people and the State of South Carolina.

As the years pass like summer clouds, one after another of those whom we have known and esteemed in this House enter the dark valley of the shadow of death and depart to that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

In accordance with the resolution of the House, we suspend to-day its order of business, and remembering the virtues, the patriotism, and the conscientious service of Dr. J. WILLIAM STOKES, we lay upon his tomb in the Palmetto State a wreath of immortelles. I did not know Dr. STOKES so well as his colleagues from his State, South Carolina, or so intimately as those who served upon the same committees with him, but I knew of him before my first election to Congress on account of his connection with and great interest in the rural free-delivery service. He was one of the strongest advocates of this service which has proven of such great benefit to the people who live in the country, giving to them a daily mail and newspapers, and bringing them in quick communication with the cities and towns and in closer touch with the current events of the world.

My association with Dr. STOKES in the Fifty-sixth Congress was exceedingly pleasant, and I formed a high opinion of his integrity, character, and fidelity to his trust. I served upon the committee of this House in attendance upon his funeral. A graduate of Washington and Lee University in Virginia, in

1876, and later in medicine of Vanderbilt University, Tennessee, his natural inclination seemed toward public life, and his sympathies were especially with the agricultural people, the farmers of his State, whom he served for two terms as president of the State Alliance.

He was State senator, delegate at large to the national Democratic convention at Chicago in 1892, Presidential elector, and a member of the Fifty-fourth, Fifth-fifth, Fifty-sixth, and Fifty-seventh Congresses. In the closing days of the Fifty-sixth Congress it was apparent to his devoted wife and his friends that his health was failing, so that the sad news of his death at his home in Orangeburg in July, 1901, soon after his entrance upon his fourth term as a member of Congress, was not wholly unexpected.

And yet how few of us ever expect the coming of this greatest of all changes in our human lives, the final separation from the bright scenes, the joys, the sorrows, the activities, the ambitions of the world, and our transition to another sphere of existence, borne upon and across the wide and fathomless ocean of eternity.

Whither we go, we know not. We only know that heathen as well as Christian philosophers, since the days of Socrates and Plato, have taught that death is but a transition; and we can only look up and beyond the mists and shadows which surround the dark valley into the sunshine which rests above and beyond, and with confident faith in the teachings of the divine Master exclaim:

> And though from out the bourne
> Of time and space
> The flood may bear me far,
> I hope to meet my Pilot face to face
> When I have crossed the bar.

Those who love and serve their fellow-men may pass from the stage of action, but they still live in the affection and

undying memories of their fellow-citizens; and so, I am sure if loyalty to conviction and duty, if fidelity to trust, if Christian manhood, if service to his fellow-men can prepare a man for transition to a higher and nobler existence, and cause his memory to survive the mighty change of death, then our late colleague in this Chamber, to whom we pay tribute to-day, still lives in his work and his example.

At his home in Orangeburg, S. C., upon the streets, at the church of which he was an active and beloved member, throngs of his fellow-citizens assembled to manifest their love for him and deep grief in the loss they had sustained. He seemed to be, and he was, in the very zenith of his popularity and usefulness when the end came, and he still lives in the affections of the people of his district and State.

He has only passed from earth to some happier existence. Death for him was but transition, and we believe that in the "silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking upon the farther shore and felt upon his wasted brow the breath of Heaven's eternal morning."

There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! the forest leaves
Convert to life the viewless air;
The rocks disorganize to feed
The hungry moss they bear.

There is no death! the dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain or mellow fruits,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! the leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait through wintry hours,
The warm, sweet breath of May.

ADDRESS OF MR. CANDLER, OF MISSISSIPPI.

Mr. SPEAKER: I always have a feeling of solemnity on occasions like this, when I realize I am in the presence of death. Great minds have traveled through life in awe at the thought of death, and Queen Elizabeth cried out, "All my possessions for a moment's time!" Burns called death "the poor man's friend," and Byron, when the end came, said: "I must sleep now." Mrs. Hemans truly proclaims:

> Leaves have their time to fall,
> And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
> And stars to set; but all,
> Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

We can not understand it, and we will never know why here, "for now we see through a glass darkly," but by and by we shall know, "for then I shall know even as I am known." Hence "Tis not the whole of life to live, nor all of death to die." I am here to join in paying a tribute to the life and character of the Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, late an honored and beloved Representative in this House from the State of South Carolina. I had not an extensive or long acquaintance with Dr. STOKES. He lived in my home city of Corinth, Miss., about twenty years ago, and was the principal of the graded schools during his residence there.

I felt highly honored when I received an invitation from his widow, through the gentleman from South Carolina [Mr. LEVER], to deliver an address on this occasion, and as I did not live in Corinth when Dr. STOKES resided there, I at once wrote to some prominent gentlemen there about him, and I am going to take the liberty of quoting from their replies. He was a teacher

while there, and it is of that period in his life I shall especially speak. The first letter from which I quote is from Hon. Thomas E. Henry, the present mayor of Corinth. He says:

It was my pleasure to know the Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES quite intimately while he was a resident of Corinth. I was the clerk of the board of mayor and aldermen at the time he taught school here, and this gave me an opportunity to know him well. He was not only a thoroughly educated man, but a very practical one.

He was the founder of graded schools in Corinth. It was the custom when he came here to prorate the public school fund to every private school in town. He questioned the propriety as well as the legality of this practice, and in a short while had the support of the people as well as the authorities in favor of using the public fund exclusively in support of the public graded schools. He established such a reputation for honesty, integrity, conservatism, and ability that he was placed in absolute control of the entire school interests and school funds of the city, and was allowed to conduct the school according to his best judgment, and permitted to select his own faculty. He was a strict disciplinarian, but at the same time he was kind and gentle, and one of the most amiable of men. He lived up to his professions in both temporal and spiritual affairs. He was a true man, an excellent teacher, an exemplary citizen, and a consistent Christian.

I now quote from a letter written me by Hon. J. M. Boone, a prominent attorney of Corinth. He says:

Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES lived here several years, and was during that time principal of our public free school. He was very competent and extraordinarily energetic. He was, I think, as progressive and persevering as any man we have ever had here in any line of work. By his ability he built up the public school interest that finds such strong hold in our city now. When he took charge here our people did not seem to rightly appreciate the benefits of an education for their children, but never since his stay with us have I seen a disposition on the part of our people to lag in this work.

He was a consistent Christian gentleman. He possessed strong will power and was persistent in his views about his profession. I never heard a remark against his honesty of purpose or a reflection upon his daily life. His life here showed him to be a leader rather than a follower of men. He was open, frank, and candid in all his dealings. In all of his proposed public measures he never seemed to have anything to conceal, but dealt with the subject in an open, frank way, and presented his views with the utmost candor.

The following quotation is from the letter of my family physician, a most excellent and elegant gentleman, Dr. Charles M. Taylor, of Corinth. He says:

> I am very glad you were requested to say something of Dr. STOKES. I went to school to him. He was a great teacher and a most excellent gentleman. He was an honest, upright man of undoubted integrity, a man who loved right and abhorred wrong, one who when mistaken had the manhood to acknowledge it, who when right had the moral and physical courage to maintain it. He was a teacher of great ability. He possessed the happy faculty of being able to impart what he knew in a forcible and pleasing way to the student. He deserved and received the good will, respect, and admiration of the pupils and patrons of the school so long as he remained in our midst without, so far as I know, a single exception. His life was such as to lead me to believe he was a devout, true, and sincere Christian.
>
> I was, as a student, very intimate with Dr. STOKES for two years and had a most excellent opportunity to observe his "daily walk and conversation," and he was in all above criticism or reproach. I never heard him discuss religious subjects or mention God but what he did it with that becoming reverence due from the creature to the Creator, from a sinner saved by grace to his Lord and Master. His was a beautiful character, worthy of all emulation. You can not say too much of Dr. STOKES. He was a true, manly man, a perfect gentleman, an excellent citizen, and a devout Christian.

The next quotation is from the letter of Dr. Theodore Borroum, an accomplished and cultured physician of Corinth. He says:

> I was too young to know much of Dr. STOKES when he lived here. I have, however, inquired of a great many citizens who did know him and who now remember him well since I received your letter asking me about him. All with one accord speak in the highest terms of him as a man, a teacher, and a Christian gentleman. He taught here something like twenty years ago and was the principal of the city schools. He was eminently successful as an educator. I am sure you may pay him the highest encomiums and not speak extravagantly of him. Corinth owes much to his wise counsel and effective work. He made his impress here for good, and the present most excellent graded schools in our city are an enduring monument to his memory and a blessing to humanity.

I have preferred to copy these letters verbatim rather than otherwise use the information brought to me by them, and having done so, I could well stop at this point, for I can pay

no higher eulogy than these testimonials to the life and character of this great and good man. Here is a verification of that divine truth, "By their fruits ye shall know them." This man, wherever he lived, left his impress for good. He used well his opportunities as a teacher to rightly store the mind and soul of the young with aspirations for loftier things. There is no nobler, higher, or better calling or profession than that of teacher. He who properly instructs, guides, and directs the youth, male and female, of the country is a blessing to humanity, an honor to the world, and a coworker with our Father above.

Dr. STOKES was a success in this exalted profession, and it prepared him for wider usefulness and for greater endeavors in the field of statesmanship. He was a leader—"a voice, not an echo"—and faithfully and well did he lead onward and upward in things temporal and spiritual. To such a man life was a field of noble activity to prepare for better things by and by, and death had no terrors. The Christ said, "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." He believed on Him, he trusted in Him, and he simply passed through the "valley of the shadow of death" out into the fuller, purer, and never-ending life in the presence of Him above. The life and character of such a man is encouraging and uplifting; the death of such a man is sublime and beautiful. In life he dispelled clouds, he scattered sunshine.

He was busy, he was useful. He continually did that which was good. He constrained people into better ways. He was sincere in all his purposes, and was not a passive influence, but an aggressive, active, force. He performed his task faithfully, and has gone to his reward. His life was beautiful, and its close here and its passing through the shadows exemplified the "beauty of death." The mystery of life and the mystery of death met and blended into a transcendent light that brilliantly

illuminated the pathway to that rest "beneath the shade of the trees," in the "heaven of eternal bliss." Mississippi mingles her tears with South Carolina on the grave of her honored and beloved dead, and plants a most beautiful flower which shall ever be blooming and fragrant in our memories.

With our united hearts of sympathy we offer condolence to the bereaved widow, and would comfort her with the thought, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." He rests from his labors, but his works still live; they follow him, and they are for good. "He being dead, yet speaketh," and in his works and speech he has exemplified and is exemplifying the true man, the perfect gentleman, the faithful public servant, and the devout Christian. In truthfulness we can say his life was a success, and that truthful epitaph is a "halo of glory" for any life which will not grow dim e'en with eternity.

His life and death in their beauty emphasized a great truth, and that truth is that no one can be truly great unless that greatness is used to advance that which is truly good. Would that all would properly realize and appreciate that truth. It contains the climax of a successful life, and without it life is a dismal and never-ending failure. One's life and death can and should always be beautiful; and it can be so by simple faith in a crucified and risen Lord, the fruits of which must be doing the best and most we can for others while on this earth and a crown of righteousness at God's right hand in the mansions above. Such was the life of the Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES.

Mourn not the dead whose lives declare
  That they have nobly borne their part,
For victory's golden crown they wear,
  Reserved for every faithful heart.
They rest with glory wrapped around,
  Immortal on the scroll of fame;
Their works their praises shall resound,
  Their name, an everlasting name.

As life's battle ended the Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, with the great Apostle to the Gentiles, could triumphantly exclaim: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them that love His appearing."

He is gone, but when he departed he held—

That golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.

"He is dead, but he ever liveth," for—

He has but passed
Beyond the mist that blinds us here,
Into the newer and larger life
Of that serener sphere.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life! There are no dead.

ADDRESS OF MR. TALBERT, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mr. SPEAKER: I can add but little to what has been said by my colleagues, and it might possibly be a sufficient eulogy upon my dear friend to say that I have come from a sick bed to be present on this occasion; but that will not satisfy in any degree my own feelings in this matter. Yea, I am almost constrained to repeat the words of a warm friend of Tom Moore, who said of him:

> Were 't the last drop in the well,
> As I gasp'd upon the brink,
> Ere my fainting spirit fell,
> 'Tis to thee that I would drink.

In the gloom and sorrow that overshadows us to-day, when meditating upon the departure of our friend, these words have suggested themselves to me, and I have not other words more adequate to express my high appreciation of the noble character of the deceased in adding this humble tribute to his memory in addition to those paid him by his other colleagues.

The Grim Reaper has again visited us and taken one of our number, and according to a long time-honored custom we are convened to-day to do honor to and pay the last tribute to one of our late associates, only yesterday with us, so to speak, who now lies with restful hands in the cold and silent grave. These occasions are always sad and solemn, giving us cause for reflection. It is a sad and mournful thought to lose any member of this House, it matters not from what State of the Union he may come. But it is sadder still when death comes closer home to us and claims as its victim one

from our own State, from our own home—one of our own delegation, one of our colleagues, one of our brothers, one of our intimate friends, one with whom we have associated for years. We are all brethren in a sense, but the members of a delegation from any particular State are brethren and friends in a peculiar sense.

While a member of Congress represents the interests of all the people at large in a general way, in a more particular sense does he represent the people of his own State and district. And colleagues who have been working for days, months, and even years for the good of the people of their own State are drawn closer together, and ties of friendship and fellow-feeling are thereby made that are hard indeed to break. This was the case with the South Carolina delegation toward the man whom we are attempting to speak about to-day.

A seat has been made vacant in this delegation (though now filled honorably and efficiently by a good and worthy young man, following in the footpaths of his illustrious predecessor); a chair has been draped in mourning; a voice has been silenced; a heart has ceased to beat; a life has been cut off by which this House has lost one of its most useful members, the country one of its most ardent defenders, the people of South Carolina (the masses) one of their best and truest friends, and a most noble and devoted wife bereft of her beloved husband, whom she almost idolized and who in turn was just as devoted and mindful of her. This man was the Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, of Orangeburg, S. C., whose honor it has been to represent the Seventh district of that State from the 4th day of March, 1895, till the day of his death, which occurred on the 6th day of July, 1901.

The summons from on high came and called him away from us and from the life he lived, but we are led to believe that he

is now with his Master, whom he loved to serve on earth, in a more blissful field of glory and heavenly love. While living here you have only to review his record to see how well he served his country and how ably he represented the people of the Seventh district, who have ever loved and honored him in his lifetime, and who now hold sacred his memory, which will live on as long as time shall last. In giving a condensed sketch of the life of this good man I feel that I can do no better than to reproduce the short biographical sketch given of him in the Congressional Directory, as follows, being only a short outline of his illustrious career:

J. WILLIAM STOKES, of Orangeburg, was born in Orangeburg County, S. C., in 1853; was brought up to farm life, attending the ordinary schools of his county and town until he was 19 years of age; graduated from Washington and Lee University, Virginia, in 1876, and taught school for twelve years, graduating in the meantime from Vanderbilt University, Tennessee, in medicine; in 1889 he returned to the farm, assisted in organizing the farmers, and was president of the State Farmers' Alliance two terms; was elected to the State senate in 1890; was a delegate at large to the national Democratic convention at Chicago in 1892, and was Presidential elector on the Democratic ticket the same year; was defeated for the Democratic nomination in the old First Congressional district in 1892 by a small majority; in 1894 was nominated without opposition in the Democratic primaries in the new Seventh Congressional district, which is nearly the same as the old First district. He received the certificate of election to the Fifty-fourth Congress, but the seat was declared vacant. At the election on November 3, 1896, he was elected to the short term of the Fifty-fourth Congress, was reelected to the Fifty-fifth Congress, and also to the Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh Congresses.

To know Dr. STOKES well was but to love him much. It was my good fortune to know him quite intimately, having been associated with him in the State work of the Farmers' Alliance, of which he was the president, while I was State lecturer, before we came to Congress together. While he was an extremely modest and somewhat reserved man, yet at the same time, when the necessity would arise, none were more aggressive and bold, none more determined and energetic. He was

possessed of a high and laudable ambition and worked his way up by energy and industry from the humblest walks of life to a seat in the United States Congress, and it may be truthfully said that during his service here he has always been ready and willing to take good care of the interests of the good people of the Seventh district, whom he had been called to represent.

He was a man of a high degree of intelligence and refinement. He was a strictly temperate and sober man, and possessed of wonderful will power and determination for one of his physical ability, being rather frail and delicate. I can now recall how often his colleagues would tell him during the last session of Congress he attended that he ought to go home and rest, but he would not. He was an active and consistent member of the Methodist Church; naturally pious, liberal in his views as well as in his contributions; a man of firm and decided religious opinion; an all-round, earnest, useful, and zealous worker in the Master's vineyard, and it can be said that Orangeburg was draped in mourning on the day of his death.

It was my sad duty to attend his funeral, held in the Methodist Church at Orangeburg, of which he was a member, and I will never forget the large concourse of people assembled to do him honor. Well do I recall the words of the text announced by his pastor, which had been selected by himself before his death. It was part of the twelfth verse, first chapter of Paul's second epistle to Timothy, in these words:

> For I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.

Oh, whence and what, if not of God, is this mystery we call mind? What is it that thinks and feels and knows and acts? Who can deny the divinity that stirs within us? He clung fast to the hand that led him, though sometimes it was in darkness, though it was sometimes in deep waters, yet he knew

whom he had believed, and felt persuaded that he could and would keep all that which he had confidingly committed to Him against that day.

From these impressive words the venerable pastor preached one of the most feeling funeral sermons to which I ever listened, and after it there were very few dry eyes in the vast audience. It was a solemn occasion, and as I sat there meditating upon the death of my dear friend I could but recall to mind his many noble traits of character, and to rejoice that he died the death of the righteous, and being comforted with the language: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." The Methodist Church has sustained a great loss in the death of this good man, and while we lament we believe the good Lord has taken him to Himself in glory, and that he is now basking in the sunshine of His love.

We shall miss him, the country will miss him, the House misses him, South Carolina will feel the loss; his many friends mourn over him, his relatives look in vain for his coming, the poor will feel their loss; but most of all and beyond all he will be missed by that dear, good, noble, conscientious, and Christian woman whom it was his good fortune to woo and win for a life companion, that most estimable, highly cultivated, and refined lady who was his helpmeet, who sat opposite him at table, who presided over his lovely home, who was always with him—sometimes at the banquet, sometimes at the funeral, sometimes at the bedside of the sick, but always with him until his death, like a ministering angel. And now, in this hour of profound sorrow and bereavement, we would extend to her most of all our heartfelt sympathy and condolence. It was never my fortune to witness greater or more affectionate devotion between man and wife.

He was not blessed with any children of his own, but he was the benefactor of a great many poor children, having educated a score of young men in his day and time. He loved and helped the children of his community.

But Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES is no more; he has gone; we are nevermore to meet him, nor to work with him, nor to enjoy his company in this world. But let us remember that while he can not come back to us, we may meet him in that happy land, if we will, where parting is no more, and where the weary are ever at rest. After all, our sorrow is Heaven's joy. Our loss is his gain, for his faith in the God who rules the destiny of nations as well as individuals has enabled him to fall asleep in this world of sorrow to awake in a brighter and better land, where he can receive that welcome plaudit, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

While he is dead, his influence as a representative of the people still lives, and, far better than that, his example as an humble follower of his Lord and Master stands out in bold relief as a rich legacy to all those he has left behind, leading them to a realization of the saying that "'Tis not the whole of life to live, nor all of death to die." His many good and noble examples are well worthy of emulation by all of us, especially by the young men. Then, as we ponder over the life and character of our departed friend and colleague, who rose from the humblest walks of life by perseverance and toil to prominence, serving his people all the while honestly and faithfully, and leaving them, above all things else, a noble Christian example, let us in our ambition to do something and be something in the world feel encouraged by this man's career and learn the lesson he has taught us, that—

> Honor and shame from no condition rise;
> Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

Mr. LEVER. Mr. Speaker, quite a number of gentlemen desired to say something on this occasion, but have been unable to be present. I ask unanimous consent that members may have thirty days in which to print remarks in the Record on the late Representative STOKES.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. Elliott). The gentleman from South Carolina asks unanimous consent that leave for thirty days be granted members to print eulogies in the Record on the late Representative STOKES. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none.

ADDRESS OF MR. MCCALL, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Mr. SPEAKER: I avail myself of the leave granted by the House to put upon its records a few words attempting to express, although most inadequately, my appreciation of the character of the Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, late a member of Congress from the State of South Carolina.

I did not know Mr. STOKES prior to his election to this House, but I became acquainted with him soon after he took his seat in the Fifty-fourth Congress. It happened that his election to that Congress was contested and that the contest was referred to a committee of which I was a member. I had an opportunity to observe him under trying circumstances.

I was struck with his placid dignity, his serenity, his patience, and his quiet courage. His was a fine and gracious presence, and yet he was a man likely to get credit for less ability than he really possessed. There was nothing spectacular or showy about him. He was not given to self-exploitation, but those who knew him best had no difficulty in discerning the excellent capacity which had given him so large a measure of success and which seemed to justify the hope of his friends of even higher success in the future, if his life had been spared. What most impresssd me about him was the happy temper which, after he had done his utmost, led him to accept apparently without complaint or without elation whatever the result might be, as if he clearly saw that the real greatness lay in the nobility of the struggle and in the uncomplaining acceptance of what came after his own responsibility had ended. He would have modestly filled a higher place with the ability equal to it, just as he

would have accepted a more obscure lot without repining. He seemed to me to have lived according to the philosophy in the noble words of Wordsworth:

> If thou indeed derive thy light from heaven,
> Shine poet, in thy place and be content;
> The star that from the zenith darts its beams,
> Visible though it be to half the earth,
> Though half a sphere be conscious of its brightness,
> Is yet of no diviner origin,
> No purer essence, than the one that burns,
> Like an untended watch fire, on the ridge
> Of some dark mountain, or than those which seem
> Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter lamps,
> Among the branches of the leafless trees.

ADDRESS OF MR. SMALL, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Mr. SPEAKER: On this day, when we have come to pay a tribute to the memory of our friend, I believe that my own emotions would receive greater satisfaction if I could visit the new-made grave in his native State and silently recall his virtues and recount our loss and that of his State. Words are so often vain things. They may conceal the emotions or they may express the sincerest sorrow; they may be insincere or they may come as utterances warm and pathetic from the true heart; they may be cold and impassive or warm and impulsive; they may conceal thought or they may be the acme of candor and truth. While it is only natural to approach the bier with reverence and solemnity, and the impulse of every manly heart is to speak nothing but good of the dead, yet undue laudation and the painting of an ideal life are equally to be avoided. How wise and satisfying a course it would be if we should speak of the living nothing that we would be unwilling to speak of the dead. This rule of conduct would not only promote our own happiness, but would remove so many of the rancors, the acerbities, and the disagreeable episodes which so often beset the living, particularly those whose ambitions and activities bring them to the front and keep them in the public eye.

Dr. STOKES, as his colleagues loved to call him, perhaps came near exemplifying this rule in his daily life. I can not recall in my association with him during the Fifty-sixth Congress, and it was my pleasure to be his friend and to some extent his companion, that I ever heard him utter an unkind word about anyone. Being a man of culture and information and high mental

training, he entertained clear-cut opinions upon public questions and had the courage and the ability to maintain them; but his differences arose from reflection and judgment, and being honest and candid himself, he never questioned the motives of those with whom he differed.

The only life worth living is that which is stirred by ambition and which is fortified and promoted by industry. But the object must be worthy and the methods must be honorable. After all the main purpose sought is contentment and happiness. Some follow a mistaken ideal and never reach the goal. Wealth, position, and power do not always bring these two jewels. He who carries sunshine along the pathway, who speaks a kind word of encouragement to the disconsolate, who condoles with sorrow, who remembers the poor, who encourages the struggling, who raises the fallen, who stands by the right because it is right, he it is who has found contentment and happiness and whose life is radiant and beautiful. The man who thus tempers his ambition and curbs his will finds genuine pleasure in success and the world rejoices with him in his daily progress.

I believe that Dr. STOKES thus found the true source of happiness. Who of us does not recall his sunny disposition and his cheerful manner. In addition he had that mental equipoise and ready self-control which made him a choice comrade and a valuable ally. His loyalty to his friends was not less conspicuous than his adherence to his convictions.

I shall not dwell upon the varying steps in the career of Dr. STOKES. The adverse conditions of his youth and early manhood, his loving patience and wisdom as a teacher, his political career and promotion in the politics of his native State, his incisive and brave work as an editor, the culmination of his public life in this House, and the example of his daily life as a Christian have been aptly and interestingly portrayed by his worthy successor [Mr. Lever].

I can not close this imperfect tribute without a reference to our friend in his daily life as the faithful and loyal husband. My acquaintance with the wife was scarcely less intimate than with him as husband. The home and the hearthstone are the basis of a nation's greatness. Marriage is the institution blessed of all, and happy are those whose fortunes and aspirations are twined into one loving embrace and who thus tread life's pathway. Charity to the imperfections of the other, loving patience and kindness, loyalty in sickness and in health, loving ministrations one to the other, loyalty and fortitude in adversity, and mutual joy in the hours of prosperity, all crowned with steadfast love—these are the characteristics of a happy union. Nothing is more beautiful to contemplate. Such a marriage is a benediction to all.

I have observed many men in the relation of husband, and I may say in all candor that I never observed a more beautiful life in this respect than that of Dr. STOKES. He was tender and considerate in his daily life, and never forgot the little attentions and courtesies and thoughtful remembrances which always appeal to the gentle wife and evoke the sweetest emotions. While always the ideal husband, yet when illness came to the partner of his bosom his devotion was unusually constant and to his friends a source of inspiration.

We know that we have lost a friend and his State a valuable Representative, but this loss is incomparable to that of the wife. For her I pray that the tender memories of the past may sustain and comfort the sad and lonely days of the future.

A good woman who knew both the husband and the wife has handed me the following quotation, which fittingly describes this beautiful union and the sad parting:

> Sometimes into two hearts great enough to hold it, and into two souls where it may forever abide, there comes the Everlasting Love. It is elemental like the fire and the sea, with the depth and the splendor of the

surge and the glory of the flame. It makes the world a vast cathedral, in which the two may worship, and where even in the darkness there is the peace which passeth all understanding, because it is of God.

When the time of parting comes, for there is always that turning in the road, the sadness is not so great because one must go on alone. Life grows beautiful after a time, and even wholly sweet, when a man and a woman have so lived and loved and worked together that death is not good-bye, but rather "auf wiedersehen."

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

JANUARY 14, 1902.

A message communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina, and transmitted resolutions of the House thereon.

JANUARY 15, 1902.

Mr. TILLMAN. Mr. President, I ask the Chair to lay before the Senate the resolutions of the House, which I have been waiting for some time to call up.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions of the House of Representatives will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

January 13, 1902.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to his memory the House do now adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Mr. TILLMAN. Mr. President, I send to the desk resolutions which I ask may have immediate consideration.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from South Carolina asks for the immediate consideration of resolutions which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions submitted by the Senator from South Carolina.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and (at 1 o'clock and 50 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Thursday, January 16, 1902, at 12 o'clock meridian.

APRIL 28, 1902.

A message transmitted to the Senate resolutions of the House of Representatives commemorative of the life and services of Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

JUNE 3, 1902.

Mr. TILLMAN. Mr. President, I desire to give notice that on Saturday, the 14th of June, at 4 o'clock p. m., I shall submit resolutions commemorative of the life and character of Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, late a Representative from South Carolina, and I shall ask the Senate at that time to suspend its business in order that fitting tribute may be paid to his memory.

JUNE 14, 1902.

Mr. TILLMAN. Mr. President, I ask that the resolutions from the House of Representatives in memory of Dr. STOKES, late a member of that body, may be laid before the Senate.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Gallinger in the chair). The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *April 26, 1902.*

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. TILLMAN. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions submitted by the Senator from South Carolina will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. J. WILLIAM STOKES, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended in order that fitting tributes may be paid to the memory of the deceased.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect to his memory the Senate, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, do adjourn.

ADDRESS OF MR. TILLMAN, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The Senate and the House of Representatives, forming as they do component parts of the legislative branch of the Government, work together in all things where the making of laws is concerned. This intimate relationship necessarily brings the members of the two bodies into close and friendly contact and many lasting friendships have had their origin in a committee room of the Capitol.

Therefore it is that the custom has grown up for both Houses to take cognizance of the death of a member of either and to pay due respect to the memory of a dead comrade. The feeling is somewhat akin to that of attending the funeral of a fellow-soldier who has died. Not only his immediate associates attend the last sad rites, but the members of the other companies also attend the funeral; and so when a Senator dies the House takes part on a subsequent day in paying respect to his memory, just as the Senate performs the same duty in regard to a dead Representative.

The Senate pauses in its labors to-day out of respect to a member of the lower House—a man not known to very many Senators, but one whose character and worth were most highly appreciated by those of us who were acquainted with him. J. WILLIAM STOKES, a citizen of South Carolina, and a member of Congress for six years preceding his death, was called to his long rest on the 6th day of July, 1901. He was a member-elect to the present Congress, and had served the people of his district with distinguished ability and zeal during his Congressional career.

The facts of his personal and political history have already

been set forth in the eulogy pronounced by Mr. A. F. Lever, his successor in the House, on the 26th of April last, and they will appear in the memorial volume, and as the rehearsal of that record in this presence would be but a repetition, I shall not dwell upon it. I prefer to speak of my dead friend rather from the point of view of a colaborer in a common field and to give some estimate of his character as a man than deal with the subject from the standpoint of a biographer. Owing to the fact that he had left South Carolina immediately after his graduation from the Washington and Lee University of Virginia, and remained away, following his chosen profession as a teacher, until 1889, I had no knowledge of him in his earlier manhood.

I shall always recollect the first time I met him. It was at the "March convention" of the farmers' movement in the city of Columbia in 1890. He was on the committee to draft a platform, and his thorough insight into all the public questions then agitating the people of South Carolina and his earnest, zealous purpose to present those issues in the best light and frame the demands for reform which were pulsating in the hearts of our people, so as to minimize opportunities for attack and assure so far as practicable the support of all those in sympathy with our purpose, made him a marked member of the convention.

South Carolinians ordinarily are very jealous of outsiders, and Dr. STOKES'S long absence from the State in the case of some men would have made it impossible that he should have exerted any influence; but his modesty and the clearness and force with which he presented his ideas and argued any moot question silenced any jealous mutterings, and from the first he became a leader in the movement in South Carolina to reform the State government just as he was soon after among the most

prominent men in the Alliance movement in the State which had for its purpose the securing of reforms in the National Government.

While he was not an eloquent speaker, he was forceful and logical, and his arguments always carried with them weight, if not conviction. Though he was my junior by seven years, his temperament was so calm and judicial that I always listened to his opinions with deference, and very rarely differed with him on public questions. From the first day we met, in March, 1890, to the day of his death there was cooperation growing into the warmest friendship and closest political alliance. In looking back now over those years of arduous labor performed together, I recollect not one single incident which produced bitterness or distrust; and after our entrance upon the national arena, he in the other end of the Capitol and I in this, we were thrown together much more intimately than had been possible previously, and the admiration which his clear and forceful mind had excited was succeeded by most cordial and warm friendship. The better he was known the more he was loved and respected.

It was in this intimate association that I came to understand and appreciate the higher and nobler side of the man—not but what all of his attributes were high and noble, but I allude more particularly to his home life and to his chivalrous and almost idolatrous attachment to the noble woman who had won his love. It was in the home and in the company of his wife that Dr. STOKES shone in his most admirable light. Having no children of his own, he was always stealing the heart of some child with whom he came in contact, and my own little ones learned to love him and to run to meet him on his frequent visits with that ardor and abandonment of joy which a child alone knows how to exhibit.

In the art of winning his way to the hearts of children he was not surpassed by any man I have ever known, and no student of human nature will ask any higher tribute to his character. Children do not love those who are selfish and mean; and, guileless themselves, they are not easily deceived in their estimate of men and women. I would sooner trust the intuition and instincts of a child than depend on the judgment of a grown person where character and goodness are in question.

A man of the most refined manners, Dr. STOKES was a favorite with all those who came to know him intimately; so while the men respected him for his manliness of principle and high character, the women were his admiring friends because of his chivalry and deference to their sex, while the children loved him for his kindliness and sympathetic interest in all of their little affairs.

It would be improper to invade the sacred precincts of his desolate home, but the devotion which bound him to his wife, the romantic idealized love, so to speak, with which he regarded her, made the separation of those two who were certainly "one twain" the more heartrending. I can offer no consolation to that widowed heart that will assuage its longing, but it would not be improper, perhaps, to say to her that he is only gone before, and waits longingly for her coming, and she should try to win comfort out of the sad consciousness that—

> 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all.

The world can not give any compensation for her great loss, but she is surely happier, or will be happier if she will look at it from this point of view till the time shall come for their reunion.

In looking over my friend's life in its results I am forcibly reminded of that sad truth contained in Gray's lines:

> The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> All that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour;
> The paths of glory lead—but to the grave.

Dr. STOKES was young in years; had scarcely reached the meridian of life. His public career had hardly begun, and the equipment furnished by years of study and extensive reading had promise of rich fruition. He had grown upon the people of our State during the twelve years since his return among us, and while the bitter strife which marked the period of his entry into the political arena had left some scars on other breasts, they seemed to have left none on his own.

The shafts of envy and malice had fallen hurtless, and his worth and high character had so impressed themselves on the people that in his last election he was unopposed by any competitor, and those who had at one time been his most bitter antagonists had been won to be warm friends, or acquiescent opponents, who had no ill for him. In the zenith of his fame and height of his usefulness he has been stricken down. We can not understand why these things are so; we can not lift the veil to find out why such a man should be taken and so many thousands less useful and less worthy should remain. We can not realize why the cords of love and devotion which bound him to life should have been snapped so ruthlessly.

The journey of life is full of these mysteries. We come into the world unbidden, or rather without having been consulted; we are hurried hence, often without warning and suddenly, without any power of resistance. We come and go like shadows and we know not why these things are so. Life is a

battle from beginning to end, and the grave is the only place of rest. We are all hastening to it, and many are unconsciously very, very near its brink.

It is philosophical to think about death calmly, but the law of life makes us shun and dread it and put off to the very last the thought of the time when we shall bid adieu to this active scene. By common consent, all men, both ancient and modern, civilized and uncivilized, heathens and savages, have refused to accept death as an "unending sleep." The idea of annihilation is so abhorrent that the human soul recoils with terror from such an ending. Tennyson has most beautifully expressed the feeling of mingled fear and hope pulsating in our hearts when he says:

O yet we trust that somehow good
  Will be the final goal of ill,
  To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
  That not one life shall be destroyed,
  Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
  That not a moth with vain desire
  Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold we know not anything;
  I can but trust that good shall fall
  At last—far off—at last to all,
And every winter change to spring.

* * * * *

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
  Whom we that have not seen Thy face,
  By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we can not prove;

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
  Thou madest man he knows not why;
  He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.

In that blessed reunion to which every human soul looks, in the bright hereafter, "When the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," may our friend and his loved ones left here be reunited; and may we all so live that when we come to die we shall have as few sins to answer for as the man in whose memory we speak to-day. His was indeed a noble and pure life, and in all my dealings with men I have never known one who more deserved to have it said of him—

> And thus he bore without abuse
> The grand old name of "gentleman."

ADDRESS OF MR. MCLAURIN, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Death is always an unwelcome visitor and generally surprises us in the midst of the duties and schemes which are engrossing our lives. A noble and useful life is often ended in the heyday of its success and prosperity. It is well that it is so, for if we were permitted to control our mortal destiny we could never conveniently fix a time when we would travel to that "bourn from whence no traveler returns."

It is passing strange that we have the courage, energy, and persistency to pursue so hopefully the aims of this life, when we are so constantly reminded that at any moment the "silver cord may be loosed and the golden bowl broken."

The inspiration of hope obscures the shadow of the grave and impels us forward upon our earthly careers. Without this, "death on the pale horse" would at every moment cross our pathway and overwhelm us with gloom.

But with all of our fears of death there is mixed a fixed belief in the immortality of the soul, and that after the struggles and cares of this life there is "rest for the weary." Revealed religion teaches us that death is but the exit from this life into an everlasting heaven of unalloyed happiness. By its clear light alone can we see that man's mission in this world is to build and progress, to lift himself from a high to a higher plane of existence, and to constantly take into his soul and life more of that justice and charity which are to be his divine estate in the great beyond. Some day this great battle that has raged in the breast of each, between our brute natures and our immortal souls, will be over, and our discordant natures brought into harmony with the Spirit that controls all things in this great

universe, and then, if we have made a good fight, the immortal spirit rises triumphant over mortal flesh, and, looking toward heaven, finds the burden easy and the upward pathway filled with light.

The death of Dr. J. WILLIAM STOKES, the Christian gentleman, the useful citizen, and faithful Congressman, in the meridian of his life work and the midst of his public duties, makes us all feel that he lived as he should have lived, and that his translation from this life of care and sorrow was to one of rest and happiness in the unending future.

Dr. STOKES was the idol of the agricultural classes in South Carolina. They loved him; they trusted him; they honored him, and they now revere his memory. He came from their ranks and rose to high position in the State, and by their unswerving confidence and influence was transferred from the arena of State to the wider sphere of national politics. In every position in which he was placed he was true to his people and to the principles of which he was a living exponent.

When the Alliance movement materialized into a compact and influential organization he was one of the leaders in South Carolina, and by his aggressiveness and fidelity to its principles contributed largely toward making it the controlling factor in State politics. He was placed at the head of the State organization, and under his leadership it became a great educator of the masses, inspiring a spirit of independence of thought and action which to some extent at least destroyed party tyranny and gave, in a measure, political freedom to the people.

The Alliance movement may have given rise to many "isms" in the politics of this country, and it has been derided as demagogery of the vilest type, but it is an undeniable fact that in the South it awakened the slumbering masses and gave to them freedom from party shackles, and created a wider

interest in national affairs. In South Carolina it removed barriers which had existed for years between classes, broke down the traditions of a century, and delivered the people from the oligarchical rule which had controlled the material and political destiny of the State from the close of the Revolutionary war.

It was a part of the new era of progress in directing attention to needed reforms, and to the importance of developing the material resources of the State. Dr. STOKES, in the beginning, was one of the guiding spirits in this popular uprising, and well may he have felt that his life's work had left its enduring impress upon the fortunes of his native State. As a public man, Dr. STOKES was pure, modest, and faithful to his creed of principles. He was candid and open in all he did, as firm as adamant in his convictions, and full of an unselfish patriotism.

His straightforward and manly course commended him to public confidence, and made him hosts of friends who continued him in Congress for several terms.

As a Representative, he was content to be a working rather than a speaking member. In committee and departmental work he was industrious and faithful. No request from a constituent was ever neglected nor his interest allowed to suffer if Dr. STOKES could prevent it. His most conspicuous work in Congress was in connection with the establishment of rural mail service. His whole soul and energies were in this work, because he felt that this would be to the masses another step in the great educational work commenced by him as president of the State Alliance. The record of Dr. STOKES in Congress will always stand as a testimonial to his faithfulness as a Representative not only to his own constituency, but to the country people everywhere.

As a private citizen, Dr. STOKES was generous and loyal, ever ready to make sacrifices for the comfort and happiness of others. In whatever position he was placed he never failed to follow his convictions as to right and duty. He was a gentleman in the highest sense of the term, honorable, cultivated, and refined; all of his instincts were high, and elevating to those who came into contact with him.

His people mourn his loss and will ever keep in remembrance the shining virtues and unselfish life which made J. WILLIAM STOKES a truly good man, a useful citizen and Representative.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions submitted by the Senator from South Carolina [Mr. Tillman].

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and (at 4 o'clock and 25 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Monday, June 16, 1902, at 11 o'clock a. m.

O

57TH CONGRESS, 1st Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { DOCUMENT No. 714.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

PETER J. OTEY

(LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM VIRGINIA),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND SENATE,

FIFTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS,
FIRST SESSION.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
1902.



HON. PETER J. OTEY

Barnes, Engraving & Printing.

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DEATH OF HON. PETER J. OTEY.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE.

MAY 5, 1902.

The House met at 12 o'clock noon. The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Almighty God our Heavenly Father, surely Thou hast laid a heavy hand upon us; and oh, how forcibly are we reminded of the uncertainty of life. Our cup of sorrow already full, Thou hast touched another member of the Congressional family and borne his spirit to the realms beyond. Genial and kindly of disposition, buoyant of heart, he had won the affection of his colleagues and friends; and by industry, courage, and devotion to duty, their respect and confidence. He will be mourned and missed here and by a devoted constituency at home; and O God, be very near we pray Thee to the stricken wife and mourning children. Put Thy loving arms about them and give them sustaining grace, and help them to look forward with bright anticipations to that future where life is eternal; in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE OTEY, OF VIRGINIA.

Mr. JONES, of Virginia. Mr. Speaker, it is with deep feeling and profound sorrow that I announce the death of my late colleague, the Hon. PETER J. OTEY, which occurred at his home in the city of Lynchburg at half past 3 o'clock on yesterday afternoon.

At some future time I shall ask the House to set apart a day when members may have an opportunity to pay tributes to the

personal virtues and public services of my deceased colleague. I now send to the Clerk's desk and ask to have read the resolutions which I offer and for which I ask immediate consideration.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Virginia offers the following resolutions, which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. PETER J. OTEY, a Representative from the State of Virginia.

Resolved, That a committee of fourteen members of the House, with such members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral at Lynchburg, Va., and that the necessary expenses attending the execution of this order be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for properly carrying out the provisions of this resolution.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The resolutions were agreed to; and in pursuance thereof the Speaker announced as the committee on the part of the House Mr. Jones, Mr. Swanson, Mr. Rixey, Mr. Hay, Mr. Lamb, Mr. Rhea, and Mr. Flood, Virginia; Mr. Hepburn, Iowa; Mr. Meyer, Louisiana; Mr. Jenkins, Wisconsin; Mr. Lanham, Texas; Mr. Olmsted, Pennsylvania; Mr. De Armond, Missouri; Mr. McCall, Massachusetts.

Mr. JONES, of Virginia. Mr. Speaker, as a further mark of respect to my deceased colleague, I move that the House do now adjourn.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Virginia, as a further mark of respect for our deceased friend, moves that the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to.

Accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 12 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

MAY 6, 1902.

MESSAGE FROM THE SENATE.

A message announced that the Senate had passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep regret and sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. PETER J. OTEY, Representative in Congress of the Sixth Congressional district in Virginia.

Resolved, That a committee of seven Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer of the Senate to join the committee of the House of Representatives to make arrangements for and to attend the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the Senate do now adjourn.

And that in compliance with the foregoing the President pro tempore had appointed as members of the committee on the part of the Senate Mr. Daniel, Mr. Martin, Mr. Bate, Mr. Clay, Mr. Gallinger, Mr. Clark, of Wyoming, and Mr. Millard.

JUNE 12, 1902.

EULOGIES ON THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE OTEY.

Mr. JONES, of Virginia. Mr. Speaker, on Tuesday, June 10, an order was entered providing for a session of the House of Representatives on Sunday June 29, the session to be devoted to eulogies on the late Representative Amos J. Cummings. I ask unanimous consent that that order be so modified that after the conclusion of the eulogies provided for therein, eulogies may be pronounced upon the life and character of my late colleague, Maj. PETER J. OTEY.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Virginia asks unanimous consent to so modify the order in respect to the eulogies upon the life of the late Representative Cummings, to be held on the 29th of this month, that it will be in order to consider similar eulogies upon the life and character of the late Major OTEY. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none, and it is so ordered.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

SUNDAY, JUNE 29, 1902

The House met at 11 o'clock a. m.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we lift up our hearts in gratitude to Thee for a deep, tender, sympathetic nature, which enables us not only to enter into the joys and sorrows of our fellows, but enables us to appreciate all that is truly noble and great in them, and we bless Thee for the beautiful custom which prevails in the American Congress which, at the death of a member, brings them together in a memorial service that they may tenderly and feelingly express their sense of loss and pronounce fitting eulogies and encomiums on his life and character.

We are here to-day, O Lord, feeling keenly the loss of two members of this House, who for their ability, strength of character, manly bearing, and distinguished services have left vacant chairs which can not be easily filled, and we truly mourn their loss. We bless Thee for the excellency of their lives, for their distinguished and efficient services to their country, for the worthy example they have left behind them as statesmen and patriots. And we thank Thee that their colleagues and associates will hold up to the world their characters in the light of truth as examples worthy of study and emulation. And we bless Thee that this day has been selected, since it is really the Lord's Day—the day of the week on which the immortality of the soul was demonstrated and confirmed,

which assures us that death is not an extinction of being, but an epoch—an event—in the grand eternal march of existence. Let Thy blessing be upon this service, and fit us all by the discipline of the now that we may enter upon the then fully prepared for whatever awaits us.

Comfort, we beseech Thee, the bereaved families with the blessed assurance of a never-ending reunion, where the angel of death never enters, where joy and peace eternal shall reign supreme, and glory and honor and praise be Thine through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

EULOGIES ON THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE OTEY.

Mr. JONES, of Virginia. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the Hon. PETER J. OTEY, late a member of this House from the State of Virginia, and in pursuance of the order of the House heretofore made, the business of the House be now suspended to enable his associates to pay fitting tribute to his high character and distinguished services.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect at the conclusion of these exercises the House do adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk be, and he is hereby, instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. McClellan). The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to

ADDRESS OF MR. JONES, OF VIRGINIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Death is an unwelcome messenger, but none comes more surely, none comes with a summons more imperative. The messenger, though expected, generally arrives unexpectedly. To each of us he is destined to come, and none of us who have arrived at the years of understanding have any hope of escaping service of the final summons, which all must obey; but we are prone to delude ourselves into a semblance of belief that the stern messenger will not arrive for many days or years, even when every known signal of physical distress heralds his coming and beckons him to make haste.

Familiar as we are with death, and often as the summons which he bears comes to friend and foe all about us, we are startled and shocked as one after another of the children of our Heavenly Father goes hence, to return no more forever. Particularly is this true when the stricken one is bound to us by the strong ties of kinship or by the almost equally strong ties of friendship.

Thus it was that when the announcement of the death of Major OTEY came so unexpectedly I, with hundreds of other friends, felt the shock of a personal loss, and shared the grief which the sudden taking off of a dear friend ever brings. And now, on this day set apart for the paying of our tributes to the memory of the deceased, with mingled feelings of sorrow that he has gone from among us and pride that while here the ties of a warm friendship brought us close together, I would utter a few words concerning the good man who lately was our

colleague upon this floor, and who now we fain would believe has his place in a higher sphere of service.

PETER JOHNSTON OTEY was born in Lynchburg, Va., December 22, 1840, and died there on Sunday, May 4, 1902. He came of a distinguished Virginia family on both the paternal and maternal sides. The father was John M. Otey; the maiden name of the mother was Lucy W. Norvell. His grandfather, John Otey, won distinction in the Revolutionary war, fighting for the rights and liberty of the colonies.

Major OTEY was educated at the Virginia Military Institute, from which he was graduated July 1, 1860. To the profession of civil engineer he determined to devote himself, and at once upon graduation he obtained employment with the engineering corps upon the Virginia and Kentucky Railroad, under the direction of Claudius Crozet, a most distinguished and accomplished civil engineer. But the great war between the States soon began, and young OTEY entered the army, to battle in defense of the South, and particularly of his beloved Virginia. His education at a military institution second only to West Point had prepared him well for this titanic war, where American was to meet American in deadly conflict, and where the highest military qualities of the greatest people on earth were to be illustrated in scenes of awful grandeur.

Major OTEY enlisted in the Fifty-first Virginia Infantry, with which he served until promoted to major of the Thirtieth Virginia Battalion. In the summer and autumn of 1861 he saw active service in southeast Virginia, in the Kanawha Valley, where his commander was Gen. John B. Floyd, an uncle of his wife. He was at Fort Donelson, whence, with most of Floyd's command, he escaped just before the surrender and when the choice was between surrender and a desperate effort to escape that fate by breaking through the lines of the besiegers. He also distinguished himself upon the bloody

field of Shiloh, where the great Southern chieftain, Albert Sidney Johnston, fell, dying with victory in his grasp, his untimely death, however, robbing the Confederacy of its chief fruits.

Later Major OTEY saw much hard service with the Army of Northern Virginia. He fought under Breckinridge, Loring, Longstreet, Early, and Lee; helped to defend his native city against the invading Federal army under Hunter; commanded Wharton's brigade at the celebrated battle of Cedar Creek, in October, 1864; was severely wounded at Newmarket, where the cadets from the Virginia Military Institute fought with a steadiness and valor that would do honor to the finest veterans, many of them dying upon the bloody field, and many more leaving it maimed for life, youthful sacrifices offered upon the altar of home and Virginia.

After performing well his part until near the close of the war, on the 2d of March, 1865, Major OTEY was captured at Waynesboro and taken, a prisoner of war, to Fort Delaware, where he was held until after the end was reached at Appomattox. While at Fort Delaware he was a companion in misfortune with Charles F. Crisp, afterwards a distinguished Speaker of this House.

It is stated upon what I believe to be good authority that Major OTEY fired the first cannon discharged with hostile intent after Virginia passed the ordinance of secession, and it is also said that the shot he then discharged is the only one of all those fired from Sewells Point to take effect, this one striking a Federal vessel as it slowly moved up the river.

While the war lasted there was no soldier of the South more devoted to the cause in which he was enlisted or more resolute in the determination to fight to the end, no matter how great the odds in favor of the other side; but when the war was ended, no one was readier than he to accept the decision and

make the most of the situation as he found it. At once he sought employment, that in the calm of peace he might do his full share in the mighty work of repairing as soon and as well as might be the ravages of war. His first employment was as a clerk in an express office in his native city. He had been educated as an engineer, and naturally he preferred a return to professional pursuits. Soon he went with General Mahone to the old Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio Railroad, and was one of the corps which surveyed the route from Lynchburg to Danville. Later he built the railroad from Lynchburg to Durham, N. C. Later still he organized an insurance firm, which bore and yet bears the name of Peter J. Otey & Co. He was also for a time engaged in the banking business.

For many years Major OTEY was active and influential in politics for the sake of the cause and to help his friends. Not until 1894 did he aspire to office. In that year he was elected to the House of Representatives as a member from the Sixth district of Virginia, taking his seat upon the assembling of the Fifty-fourth Congress. He was reelected to the Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth, and Fifty-seventh Congresses, and, had he lived, would have been nominated without opposition and as certainly elected to the Fifty-eighth Congress. Through two exciting Presidential campaigns he ably represented Virginia on the national Democratic committee.

In Congress Major OTEY was known as a most industrious, obliging, efficient, and conscientious member. He grew upon the House, and his friends here, as in Virginia, were as numerous as his acquaintances.

Too much can not be said of the high character and many excellent qualities of this truly great man. I do not believe he had an enemy. I do not understand what manner of man it is who could be his enemy. He was generosity and kindliness and charity personified. He was a model of industry and a

paragon in promptness and exactness. He had a place for everything, and everything that he touched bore evidence of his orderly methods and his thorough system.

He was a man of fine ability, and no atom of his ability or energy ever found unworthy channels or was directed to ignoble ends.

Major OTEY ranked high in the House, not only for his industry and probity and amiability, but also for his humor. He was one of the few real humorists in the Congress. Everyone who has been present when they occurred will recall his happy sallies. His humor was unadulterated. It pleased and soothed and cheered. It never wounded or exasperated. He was all sunshine and tenderness and charity, and his humor was as natural and as innocent and as charming as the laughter of children. It smoothed away the wrinkles that care brings, banished the clouds, let in the sunshine, and awakened in the soul the echoes of murmuring rills and the songs of the birds. How we miss the master artist of humor, now gone from among us!

Major OTEY had a great, never-failing, ever-present love for the old Confederate soldier. His soul swelled and his pride mounted as he recalled the heroism of the man in gray. His tender heart was melted as he thought of the privations, the sorrows, the sufferings of his companions in arms. He never was happier than in the company of the grizzled veterans of the lost cause. With generous hand he ministered to the needy, and with kindly touch and prayerful spirit he strove—oh, so gently—to bind up the wounds of the afflicted. Devotion to a common cause, community of effort, of endurance, and of suffering made all Confederates of kin to him—every one was his brother. They will miss him about the old camp fires; the weight of years and of infirmities will rest heavier upon many; to many there will be longer days of sadness and fewer hours of joy, now that the friend of them all is to help them and gladden

them no more. He was the pupil of Stonewall Jackson; a son, loving and devoted, of old Virginia; deep in sympathy with all who make sacrifices, all who suffer—how could it be otherwise than that he would cherish the memories and love the survivors of the Confederacy?

But it must not be thought by those who did not know our dead friend, it could not be by any of those who did know him, that in his love and veneration for the South, and for the traditions and heroes of the South, he was lacking in devotion to the whole of our great Republic. No truer American ever lived. He was entirely void of sectional bitterness. For him there was no land but the United States. His love for the South was not unlike family affection, his love for the whole country was like unto the love of a friend, hardly short, indeed, of love for a venerated mother, whose chastisement is long since forgotten.

The tender relations between Major OTEY and his devoted wife, who remains to cherish his memory and mourn the loss of his delightful companionship, were rich in all of good and nobility that the marital union can yield. Not only were this husband and wife most devoted and most happy in their strong and enduring attachment, the one for the other, but Mrs. Otey was the trusted counselor and ever efficient helper of her husband in every work and every ambition.

Nor was this most excellent man anything short of the idol of his children, while for them his love ever flowed warm and free. Death indeed sought a shining mark when he aimed his unerring shaft at PETER J. OTEY, and out of a happy family, whose existence was sweetened by every gift of love and gentleness, has passed the head—the beloved of all and who devotedly loved all.

I can not deny myself the satisfaction to be derived from relating an incident in the life of Major OTEY, trifling maybe,

according to the views of some, but in my judgment fairly illustrative of an admirable trait of character. Once, many years ago, as some of Major OTEY'S children were at play with some other children, one of the youngsters, a negro boy, was bitten by a moccasin. The child screamed with pain and fright, and Major OTEY, who was at the house some distance away, ran to the little group to learn what the trouble was. They were in the country, and no physician or remedies near. Something must be done at once, or the little black boy would die. Major OTEY sent some one posthaste for a doctor, and then, with the heroism of a martyr and the charity of a saint, he took the black bunch of humanity into his arms, put the wounded little black finger into his mouth, and patiently, without thought of the danger to which he exposed himself—no, with full knowledge of the danger—with his own lips he drew from the snake bite the deadly venom. When the doctor came, he declared that but for Major OTEY'S heroic deed the imperiled life could not have been saved. Of course the physician marveled at what had been done, but OTEY thought nothing of it. He had merely done what humanity dictated; done it without fear, for he knew not fear in the discharge of duty.

I knew Major OTEY before I met him as a member of Congress—knew him as a leading man of the old Commonwealth of our love and pride, but it was as a colleague here that I learned to know him well and to love him. To all of us he was the truest and the best of friends. He never thought of gain for himself at the expense of another. He was ever ready to serve his friends. His chief pleasure as a member of Congress was found in trying to do something for his fellow-members. In this service of love he freely crossed the great aisle which separates us in the House upon the lines of party. A most ardent Democrat himself, he numbered among his warm per-

sonal friends many distinguished Republicans, and he was as generous in kindly deeds to the one as to the other.

I had for Major OTEY the affection of a brother, and it is one of the consolations of my life to believe that his affection for me was not less. He was a man in whom implicit confidence could be reposed. He never abandoned a friend nor betrayed a trust.

I entered the House as a member of the Fifty-second Congress. Among those elected to that Congress from Virginia was Gen. William H. F. Lee, favorite son of the immortal Robert E. Lee. Death claimed him before the time for the assembling of Congress arrived. Since I have been here Virginia has lost from her delegation Senator John S. Barbour, a noble representative of her best statesmanship; Sidney P. Epes, a lovable young man, taken in the spring and promise of manhood; Richard A. Wise, scion of an illustrious family, a man of years and of experience, and PETER J. OTEY, to whose blessed memory we would this day pay just tribute. To this list may be added from the number of those whom Virginia sent to the Congress since I entered it, Smith S. Turner, Paul C. Edmonds, E. E. Meredith, and Gen. James A. Walker, each of whom died soon after leaving the House. I do not believe the mortality among Congressmen has been so great in the period mentioned in any other State of the Union as it has been in Virginia.

Major OTEY loved the Virginia Military Institute, from whose halls he departed with his graduation certificate just before the storm of the civil war broke upon the country. He looked forward with bright anticipations to a visit to the old institution at the June commencement, just passed. But it was not to be. He had seen historic Lexington for the last time. He had followed his famous preceptor, Stonewall Jackson, over the river, for the final rest in the shade of the trees.

I was one of the Congressional committee appointed to attend the funeral of Major OTEY, and never can I forget that sad day in Lynchburg. Business was suspended, universal grief had hushed the everyday stir of the busy marts where men strive in the contests known to commerce. The community followed to the tomb the remains of the citizen whom all loved, and of whom all were proud. Most touching was the picture made by the group of Confederate veterans assembled around the open grave. They had braved death often, had grown familiar enough with the dread presence to make sport of it. But there they were thoughtful and sad. The well-loved comrade and friend had gone from among them. Another tie, linking them to the past and binding them to the present, had been broken.

As we turned from the last resting place of our friend we paused to gaze once more upon the wealth of glorious flowers—nature's own offering, sweetened by the touch of lovely woman—piled high over the abandoned tenement of clay.

And so we left him asleep under the flowers.

Good-bye, dear friend. Your life was sweet and noble, and sweet and ennobling memories of you will abide with us who knew you and who were blessed with your friendship until the day comes, be it near or far, for us to go the way you have gone.

ADDRESS OF MR. JENKINS, OF WISCONSIN.

Mr. SPEAKER: I can not permit this mournful occasion to pass without pronouncing some eulogy on the life of the late lamented PETER JOHNSTON OTEY.

We came to Congress together. This was our first acquaintance, but it ripened into a close friendship that continued unbroken until his untimely death. The attachment that grew between us was sincere, and I learned to respect his judgment and to confide in his wise and conservative counsel. I found Mr. OTEY a most companionable friend, and his association with me is a sweet memory as we pause here to pay the final tribute to his worth.

I have every reason to believe that he was a most courageous soldier. I certainly know that he was a wise and useful legislator. Possessed of more than ordinary intelligence, a good business man, broad minded, honest, and untiring, he made his mark in this House, as this mournful occasion so eloquently testifies.

There was nothing narrow nor selfish in his nature. His geniality, his conservatism, and his faithfulness in the performance of public duty shone conspicuously in his independence of thought and action and in the success that crowned his Congressional period.

We all painfully realize that his loss is national, and his coworkers on the floor of this House deeply mourn his sudden and untimely death.

I remember full well the last time I saw him. He came to our committee room to examine into matters of public interest, declaring that he was going home for a few days,

and that on his return he would take up the many important matters demanding his personal attention. We little thought that death would interrupt the plans that he had matured by so suddenly summoning him to that bourne from which no traveler returns. Scarcely had he departed from this House when the news of his death reached and saddened us.

His time and attention were given to the discharge of his public duties with a faithfulness and assiduity that challenged our admiration. I shall always respect his memory, and in this solemn presence declare my faith in his honesty and capability.

His great aim was to do his full duty in the living present and to so gauge his action that it would have a beneficial effect upon the things of the future. He was modest in the discharge of his duties, unobtrusive, effectual, and engaging.

It can be said of the lamented dead that he was proud of his State and loyal to his country. While greater men have lived and died, few indeed surpass him in the even tenor of his way and in the modesty and cordiality that characterized him and adorned his public career. We have the right to measure a man by the estimation in which he is held by his fellow-citizens with whom he lived and for whom he had dedicated his life.

The entire populace of the city that he represented in this House gathered at his grave to do him honor and revere his memory. He is sincerely mourned by soldiers, public men, and his vast constituency. Brave men of both armies bowed in reverence over his fresh-made grave and testified by flowers and by tears the sense of loss so all-pervading.

ADDRESS OF MR. FLOOD, OF VIRGINIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: The duty, or rather the privilege, of adding my humble tribute to the exalted character, the useful life, and the public services of my deceased brother is sadly congenial to my feelings, for in so doing I place a leaf upon the grave of a cherished friend.

PETER JOHNSTON OTEY was of an honorable lineage, and his family connection was large and influential. He was educated at the Virginia Military Institute, the West Point of the South, and while he was a cadet at that institution the John Brown raid upon Harpers Ferry, that portent of the approaching storm of sectional strife, startled the South like the sound of a fire bell in the night. He marched with his fellow-cadets to the scene of the first hostile invasion of Virginia.

After his graduation in 1860 he engaged as a civil engineer in the business of railroad construction, but promptly upon the secession of Virginia he laid this aside to enlist in the defense of his native State. His first service was in the western campaign that culminated in the sanguinary battle of Shiloh, after which he was in the infantry line of the Army of Northern Virginia to the close of the war, being severely wounded at the battle of Newmarket.

With the termination of hostilities he entered upon a business career which absorbed and engaged every faculty of mind and body until his election to Congress in 1894. In the insurance business, as a bank officer, and as railroad president he was signally successful. This could not but be so, since to a

fine discriminating judgment, quick perception, systematic and methodical habits and scrupulous integrity he united an indomitable energy that was almost impetuous in its eager activity. He was essentially a business man. The conspicuously active and energetic community in which he lived did not possess a busier, brainier man. His name was the synonym of honor and uprightness, and no man ever enjoyed the confidence of a community in a higher degree than Major OTEY enjoyed that of the community in which he was born, had been reared, and had spent his life.

From earliest manhood he took a lively interest in public affairs, and actively participated in politics in the sense of being an ardent organizer and worker in all campaigns, local and general; but he never held an office until he was elected to Congress eight years ago.

He addressed himself to his duties as Congressman with the same zeal and assiduity which characterized his business career. His fidelity to his constituents in the prompt response to their letters and immediate attention to their wants and wishes was proverbial. In such estimation was he held by those whom he represented that there existed throughout his district a practical unanimity of sentiment in his renominations and returns to Congress.

In the maintenance and advocacy of his political convictions he was frank and fearless, but his candor was ever united with courtesy and due consideration for those who entertained conflicting views. The debates in this Hall have often witnessed his ready wit and happy humor. So genial were his manners and so cordial his intercourse with his associates, so earnest the advocacy of the measures he espoused, that few members were more successful in securing legislation they desired.

It is not, Mr. Speaker, upon this side of the Chamber only that the vacant chair will be regarded with sincere regret,

for he had a place in the kindly esteem and affection of not only his personal and political friends here, but of many who held variant views from his upon the public questions of the day.

But neither his usefulness and fidelity as a Representative, nor his elevated character, nor his gracious and engaging manners could avail to ward off that summons which sooner or later is inevitable to all.

It came to him at the consummate hour of his existence. His ever rising and ascending life had attained the zenith, where his vigorous intellectual powers had reached a ripe maturity without as yet the least touch of decline.

So reluctant, sir, was he to obtrude his personal troubles and solicitudes upon others that few of even his closest friends were aware that he had for more than a year suffered from the malady to which he finally succumbed—succumbed so quietly and in such retirement from the gaze of the world that the announcement of his death was the first intimation that most of his friends and neighbors had that he was in a precarious condition.

While, therefore, Mr. Speaker, his friends were taken unawares, he was not. We may believe that often while he wore a cheerful exterior to his friends he was wont

> To listen, listen, day by day,
> To hear their tread
> Who bear the finished web away,
> And cut the thread.

His end was comparatively painless, and found him in the unclouded possession of his mental faculties. There was no long and anxious watching by a bed of suffering; no slow decline; no gradual eclipse of the receding world, when

> Unto dying eyes
> The casement slowly grows a glimmering square.

It came as doubtless he would have desired, for it found him with his house set in order as for the reception of a friendly guest.

May we, his associates in this Hall, so heed the lessons of his life that we shall be in like readiness when the insatiate archer shall aim his unerring shaft at us, and that each of us may in that supreme hour catch the song of rapt anticipation that fell upon the ear of dying Sintram:

Death comes to set thee free;
O meet him cheerily
  As thy best friend;
And all thy fears shall cease,
And in eternal peace
  Thy sorrows end.

ADDRESS OF MR. LANHAM, OF TEXAS.

Mr. SPEAKER: There are always some peculiar and leading traits of character that mark the lives of mankind, some special and distinguishing features of disposition and conduct that predominate all others and serve to impress upon their associates the personalities of men, and on account of which they will always be particularly remembered by those who knew them. Frequently, if not always, after the death of our fellow-men we attach greater importance and more appropriate significance to these peculiar attributes than we do while they live.

It is somewhat strange, but nevertheless true, that we are prone to bestow greater credit upon and readier recognition of worthy deeds and virtuous characteristics after those who exemplified them have passed away. It seems that the due and impartial audit is only made up when the subject thereof has gone beyond the boundary where human commendation can reach. It would be better if we should cheer and strengthen one another with our approbation along the journey rather than to wait and stay our expression of appreciation until the end is reached.

In the life and conduct of Major OTEY there were discovered, in conspicuous degree, kindliness of heart, promptness to serve his friends and associates, and untiring industry. I believe he was the most accommodating member of Congress to his colleagues in the House, in all matters pending before the committees upon which he served, of any man I have known in this body. He always was ready to give his close personal attention, upon request, to the bills and measures in which

others were interested, making their business and wishes his especial concern. He was never too busy nor self-absorbed to be indifferent to or neglectful of the affairs of his fellows.

He was uniformly polite and obliging; nor did he postpone his altruistic care and assistance to suit his own convenience. He was a man of usually grave demeanor, but at times the genial current of his soul rose high, and often his wit and merriment refreshed his companions. Who of us does not remember the recreation and diversion he afforded us? We all knew him well, and he was universally regarded with the kindest feeling. It was impossible when thrown into contact with him not to like him and be drawn to him. He had a kind word and a pleasant manner to everyone within the circle of his association.

We were shocked at the suddenness of his death. He had been designated by the Speaker as one of the funeral committee to attend the last sad rites of a deceased fellow-Congressman; but before he could render this solemn service he, too, was called away. We remember the unusual and striking circumstance, never before witnessed in the House, when three desks were covered with crape and flowers, and one of these was that of Major OTEY. How mysterious and inscrutable are the ways of Providence! How brittle the cord that binds us to life! How quick and sharp the ultimate summons cometh!

We all miss our departed colleague. We all deplore his death. His taking off is specially sad to his old comrades. Time and death are rapidly decimating the survivors of the awful conflict of the sixties in the last century, in which he bore an honorable part. The mortuary columns of the daily press are filled with the tidings of the passing away of veterans on either side, and the period hastens when there will none be left to relate from personal experience the story of that terrible struggle. When another decade shall have passed, it will be rare, indeed, if at all,

to find an ex-Confederate soldier in public life. The rush of years and the pressure of later generations are pushing them into the shades of retiracy from official stations and life's activities, but their transition will not be unnoticed. "They shall not go without their fame."

The Southland can never afford to ignore or subtract from its records and history its chivalry and devotion, its sacrifice and suffering, its contribution to the upbuilding of its places made waste and desolate by war, when the arbitrament of the bayonet had determined the issues of the conflict, as exhibited in the worth and work of these men of undaunted courage and consecration to their convictions of duty. In war and peace they have ever been "where only men were wanted and only men were found."

The winning side never lacks for champions; triumph insures its own immortality. But the duty remains with those of us who yet survive, as it will with our posterity when we are all gone, to perpetuate and keep green the memory and manhood of the Southern heroes who dedicated their loftiest efforts and offered their lives to the cause of liberty and truth, as it was given to them to see it. The victories they have accomplished in subsequent peace are no less renowned than their valor on the field of battle, for they have demonstrated the highest qualities of American citizenship, and displayed the utmost devotion and energy in the reparation of the woes and wounds that ensued the civil war.

Major OTEY was a gallant soldier. His record in war is without blot or blemish. The testimonials of his immediate people concerning his merits as a citizen are spontaneous and abundant. Those who knew him best, his friends and neighbors, before whom he went in and out, and who were familiar with his daily walk, are quick to affirm his many virtues. All speak well of him, and their mourning over his death was uni-

versal. The large and sorrowful congregation that attended his obsequies attested the great esteem in which he was held at his home, while the tribute on that occasion from the pulpit to his splendid manhood was highly affirmative of his probity and purity of character.

It may be truthfully said of him that he was a good man, faithful in all his public and private relations, upright in his deportment, and promptly obedient to every call of duty. Whatever may be the limitation of the heritage in this world's goods that he has left to his family and descendants, he has bestowed upon them the imperishable treasure of his "good name, which is better than riches." His career is closed; his useful life is ended; he has discharged the last debt which all humanity must pay. Let us hope that he is enjoying in a brighter, better clime the recompense of "the just made perfect."

ADDRESS OF MR. HAY, OF VIRGINIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: "The paths of glory lead but to the grave;" and yet one who treads those paths with honor to himself leaves behind him a name and an example which uplift the aims of men and make the world better because he has lived. PETER JOHNSTON OTEY was such a man. In defense of his country he won honors and distinction. His service in the army was typical of the man; seeking no high command, having no great rank, he yet impressed his personality upon superiors and inferiors alike, and did his duty effectively and with consummate gallantry. Beloved and honored by his comrades to the last day of his life, he has joined those in the great beyond who by his side wrought in that great strife "where the grapes were bullets and the wine was blood."

He was one of those who accepted results, and when the war was over put his shoulder to the wheels of enterprise and progress. He aided in the upbuilding of the waste places of his beloved State, and from 1866 to the hour of his death he devoted the energies of his mind and the strength of his being to Virginia and Virginia's welfare. In public affairs he took a prominent part, and his advice and counsel were sought after by the wisest men, not only in Virginia, but in the country. His heart was pure, his motives high, and because of these attributes his influence was widespread and effective. Possessed of a loyal heart, other hearts sought and found in him a friend, "A very present help in trouble."

His service in this House was conspicuous for energy, for effectiveness in accomplishing results, for untiring efforts in behalf of his people, for an undivided attention to the wants of

his constituents, for unfailing courtesy, and for that uprightness of character which gained for him the sincere confidence of his fellow-members on this floor.

Buoyant in disposition, genial in intercourse, ever ready to comply with requests, considerate of all, he was beloved by all.

His loss to his colleagues from Virginia can never be supplied. With them he was in peculiar accord. It is no exaggeration to say that he was beloved by us all, trusted by us all, confided in by us all, looked up to by us all. Virginia has lost a devoted son who lived up to her best traditions. He rests in her consecrated soil; by the banks of his beloved river, whose murmer soothed him in infancy, he sleeps. Virginia will ever honor his memory. His name and his fame will be one of her precious keepsakes.

ADDRESS OF MR. MORRIS, OF MINNESOTA.

Mr. SPEAKER: I do not rise for the purpose of pronouncing any extended eulogy upon our deceased friend. That has already been eloquently done by the members of his State delegation who have preceded me. But I think I have known Major OTEY longer and better perhaps than any member of the Virginia delegation, and I do not feel that I can let this occasion pass without saying something to show my appreciation of his many noble traits and his manly and sterling character. We were born in the same town, reared in the same community, educated at the same school, and for years before I went to the State of Minnesota were neighbors and friends.

My father was his father's friend, and it is a great satisfaction to me to feel that he was my friend. He was one of seven brothers who went from our city into the Confederate army, and all of whom served with consummate gallantry that cause which, whatever may be thought of it now, they believed in, and for which they were all ready to, and some of them did, give their lives. His brother, Col. Kirk Otey, was brought to my father's house in Richmond when he was desperately wounded in the bloody battles around that city in 1862, and for two generations the most cordial friendship has existed between our families. And so I think I can say that I knew Major OTEY perhaps better than he was known by any member of this House.

I knew him as brother, husband, father; as a private citizen and a public man, and in whatever relation or capacity I knew

him he was always the same able, honorable, upright, pure, and genial gentleman. Whether as bank cashier, insurance agent, railroad president, or member of this honorable body, he was always faithful to his obligations and ever punctual and attentive to his duties. If there was one characteristic more marked in him than any other, it was his capacity for organization, his close attention to and mastery of details, and his untiring energy in directing and guiding the organization he had created. Thus it was that he gained the prominence he attained in the community in which he lived, and established himself in the confidence of his neighbors.

Major OTEY served with conspicuous gallantry and ability throughout the entire civil war, commanding in one of the battles the brigade to which he belonged. He was, of course, imbued with the prejudices (if they may be so styled) and perhaps the hatreds of his people. Certainly he had their principles. But when the gallant fight had been made, and the war was over, and all was lost save honor, he gracefully and honestly and sincerely accepted the result and addressed himself to that business career which brought honor to him at home, and ended with his distinguished services in this House.

Virginia has produced many sons whose names will stand higher on the roll of fame than will that of Major OTEY, but she never had a son more loyal, more devoted, and more determined to serve her with heart and soul. Well might she be proud of him.

Major OTEY came of a family able, sincere, brave, chivalrous, but no scion of that family was abler, more sincere, braver, more chivalrous than he.

It so happened that we were on opposite sides in politics at a time in Virginia when contests were bitter and severe. The first time I ever ran for Congress he was the chairman of the

committee of the opposite political party, but I never knew or heard of his doing anything that might not be expected of an honorable opponent, and there was never a time when our personal friendship was severed or even strained.

When I came to this body, I found him here, and I have felt during all the time in which we were colleagues that, although still on opposite sides politically, there was no man here to whom I could go with greater assurance as a friend.

And so I say that I did not feel that I could let this occasion pass without bearing my feeble testimony to his noble and generous character. My sincere sympathy goes out to his wife, his children, and his many friends in the community where we were born and which he so faithfully represented, and I join with them in the belief that he has passed to a brighter and happier realm beyond the shadows of this fitful life. Peace to his ashes.

ADDRESS OF MR. SWANSON, OF VIRGINIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: This House has assembled upon this sacred Sabbath to pay tribute to our distinguished colleagues who recently departed this life. With much eloquence deserved tribute has been paid to that eminent son of New York, AMOS CUMMINGS, whose loss we all deeply deplore. Virginia mingles her sorrow with all the rest of the country, and mourns with New York in the loss of her great son.

We, of Virginia, in the death of Maj. PETER J. OTEY, have sustained a great and irreparable loss, and take this as a fitting occasion to pay tribute to his illustrious services and preeminent virtues. There was no man in public life in Virginia who was more universally admired, more highly esteemed, than our deceased colleague. His popularity and his friends were not confined to his own district or to his own section, but they embraced the entire State.

Major OTEY illustrated in his personal traits of character, in his public life and public services, the best developments of Virginia character, which in purity, in force, and the best elements of humanity have been unsurpassed. He was a fair type of those Virginians who, commencing with the majestic Washington and ending with the matchless Lee, have made resplendent the history of Virginia the world over. His lineage was of the purest and best in the State. He was a worthy descendant of worthy and noted ancestry. He possessed all the lofty attributes and high ideals which characterize his ancestry. He was brave, truthful, honest, frank, candid, and loyal. I never knew a man possessing to a higher degree that great virtue which embodies what is known as personal integ-

rity and honor. Affable, pleasant, genial, and chivalric, he always possessed a host of friends and admirers.

A distinguished writer has well said that the brightest jewel that can decorate a man is courage, and the brightest jewel that can decorate a woman is purity. Courage in man and purity in woman have been the two great civilizing forces which have enabled mankind to attain its present development and progress. No braver heart ever fluttered in man than that which pulsated in the breast of Major OTEY.

As a mere youth he rendered distinguished service in the late civil war, and many battlefields and rapid promotions gave testimony to his courage and superb qualities as a soldier. In a business career his honesty, industry, quick aptitude, knowledge, and attention to business accomplished good results. Coming from a war with a fortune which he inherited wasted and destroyed, he rapidly built up a successful insurance business, and became noted as the most successful banking and financial officer of his section. Under great difficulties he built and constructed the Lynchburg and Durham Railroad, which has been of great benefit and brought great blessings to his city and section. He was president of this road and operated it with much ability until it was purchased and merged into a larger system.

In the politics of Virginia he has been potential, exerting beneficial and a widespread influence in the State. In the campaign in Virginia which culminated in the overthrow of repudiation and Mahoneism in that State none deserve more credit for efficient service than Major OTEY. His powers of organization, his silent and persistent work, his wise counsel and leadership constituted a large factor in the victory which the Democracy achieved in 1883. He always manifested a great interest in public affairs. His party loved and trusted him fully and completely.

For six years he has represented the State of Virginia upon the national Democratic committee, a high honor which his party was glad to bestow upon him unanimously, and which he held at the time of his death and would have continued to hold as long as he lived. He never asked for a public office until 1894, when he was elected to Congress from the Sixth Congressional district of Virginia, and which position he held at the time of his death and would have continued to hold as long as he lived. No Representative from Virginia had the confidence, the love, and affection of his constituency to a greater degree than Major OTEY. There was no Representative in this body more attentive to his duties or discharged his public duties and served his constituency more faithfully and patriotically than our deceased colleague, and I believe his unfortunate illness and death largely resulted from his excessive work and his strict attention to the duties of his position.

The humblest request from the humblest constituent of his he treated as a command to be obeyed, and only those who have been intimately associated with him realize the amount of work he accomplished and the strict and continuous attention he paid to the duties of his office. I can say justly that I have known no Representative since I have been in Congress more faithful, more efficient, and more capable than Major OTEY.

He had a strong, clear, masculine mind, which would grasp public questions with force and clearness. He knew what was right, and his vote and influence were always in that direction. No man has ever served in this body whose public life was purer and freer from blemish. He was an attractive speaker and was always listened to with attention by the House. I do not believe there was a member of this House who was more highly esteemed, more generally loved and liked, than Major OTEY.

During the last years of his service in this House I had the pleasure of being his desk mate. During this time he was possessed of a fatal illness which he knew ultimately must terminate seriously, yet none would ever have judged this from his conduct or manner. He was always cheerful, buoyant, bright and sunshiny, manly, courageous, active, and energetic to the end. Nothing has more impressed me than to see this, knowing, as I did, his serious illness. It exhibited far more than any language I possess can express his brave, courageous heart, his firm will, and energetic determination.

Thackeray, in his great novel Vanity Fair, has well said that the world is a looking-glass and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. If he smiles upon it, it smiles upon him; if he loves it, it loves him, invariably mirroring back a true picture of the man presented. This is a profound truth which is illustrated fully in the life and death of our distinguished friend. He loved the world and its people, and it showered him with its esteem and affection. He smiled upon the world with bright smiles, and it met him with smiles and friends. He treated the world well, honestly, and fairly, and it gave him its esteem, its regard, confidence, and affection.

When I went to Lynchburg to his burial services I was deeply impressed with this great truth; from all portions of his district and State people came to pay tribute to his worth and virtue. In his home city all business was suspended, and it seemed as if every person of that city felt that they had experienced a personal loss.

Such are the rewards which await manly, honorable, and pure lives such as was led by our late colleague. He discharged the duties and performed all the obligations of his life courageously and completely.

A more devoted husband never lived. His wife was his constant companion, and participated in all of his work, shared all of his joys and disappointments, and divided with him the work and toil incident to his office. Nothing has ever touched me more or furnished me more eloquent proof of Major OTEY'S high qualities of mind and heart than the sweet, lasting intimacy and affection between himself and wife. He loved to a passionate degree his children and grandchildren, which they returned with deep intensity and esteem. He was loved and esteemed by his neighbors, his colleagues in Congress, his State, and by all who were brought in contact with him.

His life constitutes a life of success; one of many achievements; one deserving of great commendation; one which should be imitated, and one whose influence must be lasting and beneficial. Such a life constitutes a rich heritage and solace to his family and friends, adds additional luster to his State, and furnishes an example worthy to be followed by those possessed of the responsibilities of a public life.

ADDRESS OF MR. DE ARMOND, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. SPEAKER: The great question in life respecting any of us is not so much who our ancestors were as what we are and what we do. It is true, nevertheless, that what we are and what we do and what we may do depends very largely upon the inheritance of birth. Those who come of good ancestry, who trace their line through heroic stock, who track back through good lives, have a better assurance, enter life with a better promise of success, than those who come in less kindly endowed by nature. And yet nature has a way of her own of gathering up through the years and through all conditions, good and bad, sifting and assorting, and from time to time, from sources unpretentious and unpromising, combining happily the elements which make the very best and the very highest of human kind.

The friend to whose memory we pay tribute this day was happy in that his ancestry was historic and of excellent quality. He inherited from both his mother and his father qualities which are best expressed and best summarized in the one phrase which has become historic. He came from a line of Virginia gentlemen, and he was himself worthy of that line and a typical "Virginia gentleman."

He was hardly more than a boy when the war broke out. Fresh from the Virginia Military Institute, just a little while away from the schoolbooks and discipline of that institution, just a little while abroad in the work of men, when the tocsin of war sounded and the great crisis in the history of our country and in the history of so many of our people individually was

upon him and upon all. In retrospect we certainly can not wonder that Major OTEY took precisely the course which he did take. Youthful as he was, of course he had never thought or read or speculated deeply upon the general questions of secession and of States' rights or of national power and of national rights.

He had the education of a soldier. There had been instilled into him for four years the elements necessary to make an officer, and to them he had added, by way of inheritance, patriotism and an intense love of home and of old Virginia. To him the war meant invasion, as it did to so many others; to his ardent soul risk and danger, destruction and death, threatened, impended, unless resistance could be effective, to all that was worth preserving, to all that he loved. When the note of preparation for invasion came from over the border, and when later the tread of armed men was heard echoing over the hills and along the valleys and by the streams of old Virginia, he and others like him stopped not to reason or to speculate.

They had no time for abstractions. The concrete and only question of the day was upon them. OTEY, with his brothers, seven in all—what a heroic family it must have been—cast his lot with his own people, in his own land, with his neighbors, with his friends, with the citizenship and the chivalry of Virginia, and stood for the home that he loved against the force that menaced it.

Well he bore his part in the dreadful conflicts of four years. He did it, as did his illustrious chieftain, the great leader of the armies of the South, without bitterness, without malevolence, without envy, without feeling of enmity toward any individual or force engaged in warfare upon the other side. He simply followed the course of duty as he saw it; fought without a desire to inflict wanton injury, but with the intent and desire to protect, to shield, to save.

Coming through the war, this sunny-hearted and brave-spirited, kindly, just, and broad-minded man, after the field had been swept with the storm of shot and shell, and after hundreds and thousands of the bravest and best of the North and South and of the world had perished, when the blessings of peace came, no reconstruction was needed either in the genial heart or mind or life of our friend.

Genial and kindly, noble and magnanimous, brave and chivalrous, through the storm of battle he carried to the dawn of peace and the struggles of life beyond it those sterling qualities which did not need development, having been inherited and developed in stern practice in the life which he led fighting for Virginia and for home when Virginia and home were menaced. He filled life with charity and a great desire to do good.

Loving home and Virginia, his love grew and expanded until it embraced all the people of the Union—North and South, East and West—whether great or lowly, soldier or civilian, rich or poor. Aye, it extended even beyond the confines of country and the line of fellow-citizenship; it embraced the whole world. He was a man who went through life without desire to do harm to any, without a feeling of malevolence toward any, and with an ever present, pulsating desire to do good to all with whom he came in contact.

No wonder that this man was well beloved. No wonder that he had friends by the score, by the hundreds, by the thousands, and perhaps not a solitary enemy, for he did unto no man anything on account of which he could be his enemy. He was so broad minded and kindly that nobody could find in his life anything upon which enmity could fasten. So we find him throughout life a model character, manly and humane, sweet and charitable, industrious, painstaking, cheerfully helpful to all.

We did not know it then—we know it now—that our friend was for weeks before his death really and sorely afflicted. He knew, as has been remarked in these eulogies, that the mark of death was set upon him. He knew that it would not be many weeks, months, or years until he would be gathered to his fathers; but he made it known to none. He made no complaint. To the end he was cheery and helpful, industrious and patient. While awaiting the end he forgot not the duties which lay between him and dissolution; he forgot not the duties of the hour; but, taxing his waning strength, he discharged those duties with the same degree of cheerfulness, with the same disposition to be helpful and kindly, as in the very prime and flush and strength of life.

He appeared to be a man exceedingly free from worry and care. Having no designs that had to be pursued by furtive means, no ends to be accomplished except in direct and honorable ways, he lived in the light, loving and greatly enjoying the fellowship and communion of kindred spirits.

In the three terms he served in Congress, during which time I also was a member, so far as I recollect, I never noticed upon his brow the evidence of care; I never saw by his bearing that the hand of trouble was upon him, except, I think, as I now recall it, during the time shortly preceding his death.

Being of an exceedingly affectionate nature, he was loyalty itself, ever true and faithful to friends. He came to regard, and did regard, everybody in his Congressional district, so far as he could help him or advance him, as being peculiarly under his protection, and having the right to call upon him in every hour of need. He was ever ready to do for the humblest as well as the mightiest whatever he might do, whatever the necessities might require or suggest.

He looked upon his constituents much as a father looks upon his children. He had an affection for them. He could not

think with patience or satisfaction of the possibility of loosing them from that care and that protection and that helpfulness which he might extend to them as their Representative in Congress.

Thus it was that during the time when there was pending in his own State legislation with reference to redistricting I thought—and I believe others who observed him and who enjoyed friendship and communion with him also thought, because the signs were quite evident—that he was disturbed more than we ever before knew him to be; not so much because there was danger of his losing his seat in Congress by the redistricting, which might leave him among strangers, but primarily because he might, by reason of the change in Congressional districts, be forced to part with friends who had elected him to office and whom he had served, forced to part even from those who had tried to defeat him for office, all of whom he had served as the Representative in Congress of all the people.

I am satisfied that this weighed upon him, and, added to the infirmities which were already accumulating too thick on his devoted head, really tended to hasten the end. He felt somehow that to lose out of his district any of the counties which constituted the territory which sent him to Congress, and which he had represented so well and striven so faithfully to serve, would be something in the nature of a personal loss, a severing of the ties of friendship. A redistricting which tore up his district and scattered the fragments seemed to him like taking away from him those to whom he was attached, and in the evening of life, with his infirmities heavy upon him, leaving him to form new ties and new relationships, personal and political.

But even these things, these cares that pressed upon his life here, that disturbed him—for he felt that without fault of his a safe district was likely to be changed into a doubtful one—did

not harass him so much because of what he might lose as because the redistricting tended to break up the associations so happy to him and so much cherished by him. This worry, making common cause with the bodily ills which he suffered, broke him down and, I fear, carried him off both suddenly and prematurely.

We were all very much shocked when the news came that Major OTEY was dead. We had not observed that he was failing. We had not observed that there was less strength day by day for some time. He was so cheery, the soul of good humor, the very essence of good fellowship, the very personification of helpfulness, that we could not realize, and we did not realize, that our friend was soon to pass away; and so when the news came, it came with all the force of a shock. As we learned the details, we knew that he had been different from what we saw him only for a few days. Decay had progressed just a little farther, and he was unable to move about in his accustomed ways. The struggle was short, and the old soldier was found prepared for the death which he had faced upon many a field without flinching.

I have often thought what a spectacle that is—the peaceful death, the body dying first, consciousness remaining clear to the end. How helpful it might be if one, without himself dying, could realize and experience what there is in the mind of a well-constituted man, such as Major OTEY was, when the shadows lengthen, when the final stroke is near, when the inevitable hour has almost struck, when the sands of life are running, running, almost run out, when there is in the ears the sound of the wash of the waters of the mystic river which all must cross, in the full possession of his faculties, with all the joys of earth about him, but fading fast, finally fading, with friends and relatives gathered at his bedside—what a feeling it must be, what an experience! But we all must take the

journey alone, and no one can relate the experience to another, and no one can taste its fruit except he himself pluck them as the final act of life here and the initial act of life beyond.

But speculations about these things, however seductive they are and however we are drawn to them, drawn to them time after time as the grave opens for one after another of our friends, are ever speculations which lead simply to more speculations and which only can be answered finally and demonstrated as to their truthfulness or the fact that they are baseless by our own experience.

It is worth while, however, as we pass along through life, with all its trials and its triumphs, with all its good deeds and its bad deeds, sometimes satisfied with what we do and at other times greatly dissatisfied, sometimes pleased with what our friends or our neighbors or our fellow-citizens or fellow-beings in the great human band do, sometimes dissatisfied, sometimes displeased, sometimes with the aid of others trying to accomplish what we regard as great and good, sometimes exerting our best energies, drawing all the force and all the will and all the power that we can command into the work of overcoming or even destroying those of our kind who do not think or see as we do, it is well in all these varying and trying experiences of life, in all its peace and happiness, with all its failures and all its successes, when we can recur to and dwell upon a life like that of our friend. Here was a man who discharged his duty void of offense. Here was a man forceful, but who never found it necessary to draw on his powers to the injury of anyone—who wounded none.

Eulogy often is meaningless exaggeration; eulogy often is worthless, because there is no symmetry about it and no regard for facts or fitness in it; but we are speaking to-day of a man who was among the noblest of his kind, a man who possessed in high degree, unadulterated and undefiled, many

of the grandest elements found in human nature. All who knew him, all who enjoyed the pleasure and profit of his friendship, all who were placed by association with him, can recollect him with pleasure, and we can, if it be possible for us to do so, model our own lives and direct our own conduct, in some particulars at least, by the example that he has left us.

We speak to-day of a departed friend of whom high praise is but justice, whose life may be commended without fulsome eulogy, and whose death may be mourned without feigned sorrow.

ADDRESS OF MR. RHEA, OF VIRGINIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: The life, character, and virtues of Major OTEY have been so fully, justly, and vividly portrayed by others, that it only remains for me to say a few words in paying a humble tribute to the late Representative of the Sixth Virginia district.

I had known Major OTEY for several years, and he was one of the most lovable men I ever met. He was as tender and gentle as a woman. He had endeared himself to the people of his district by his ability and integrity, his strict devotion to duty, his indomitable energy, and his genial disposition.

I have never known a man more unselfish, or who took greater pride or seemed happier in serving others. He was not a man to promise everything and do nothing. He was essentially a man who did things. He never procrastinated. He would not say, "Wait until to-morrow or next week," but now was always the accepted time with him.

Just a few days before his fatal illness I went to him and told him I was anxious to get a bill reported by a committee of which he was a member, and he said, "I will attend to it at once," and the bill was reported that day.

It seemed to be a pleasure for him to aid others, and he was, in my judgment, not only for the country at large, but especially for the people of his district, one of the most valuable, efficient, and patriotic Representatives who ever occupied a seat upon this floor.

Mr. Speaker, I do not believe I could pay a more fitting or truer tribute to the memory of our beloved friend than to use his own words spoken by him in this House on March 24, 1900, in paying a tribute to Hon. Sydney P. Epes. His words were

not only true of the life and character of our lamented friend Sydney Epes, but how especially applicable they are to his own life and character will be readily seen by all who knew him. Major OTEY on that occasion said:

Mr. Speaker, it has been truly said that the crown and glory of life is character. It is the noblest possession of man, constituting a rank in itself and an estate in the general good will, dignifying every station and exalting every position in society, wielding greater power than wealth and achieving honor without the petty bickering and jealousies attending fame.

Sydney P. Epes possessed character which carried with it irresistible power—strong to do good, no less strong to resist evil. Integrity of word and deed was his backbone, and truth and sincerity formed the essence of his manly nature that gave a loyalty to "virtue which served her without livery."

He cultivated the habit of happy thought, and his genial spirit and charming temper were as "timid violets with their richest fragrance unaware," yet filling the surroundings with wonderful sweetness. His graceful demeanor toward all was a constant source of pleasure, and his gentleness was like the silent influence of light, giving color to the environments. His bearing toward superiors or inferiors, high or low, the humble or the lofty, was marked in his respect alike for all.

Good manners gilded his every action, and in speaking a kind word and in doing a kind thing he always enhanced their value.

He was a gentleman in its largest sense, a dignity in itself, commanding the homage and respect of every generous mind.

He adorned every station in life to which he was called, depending not on fashion, but on moral worth; not on personal possessions, but on personal qualities.

His law was rectitude of purpose; his standard, probity of word and deed; his motto, virtue.

He was a poor man in this world's goods, but rich in all the elements that go to fashion the most elevated models of human kind. The words "nature's nobleman" were stamped on the model which formed him.

Frank and open, he despised deceit, and he held honor and virtue as beloved twin sisters, not to be hurt if assailed, not to be enthralled if surprised.

He was a friend, yes, a true friend, whose counsel was not based on flattery, neither was it crooked by selfish ends.

His friendship, perfectly sincere, unselfish, and pure, was a treasure to those possessing it. It was in no sense an obligation to be met; it had no day of maturity, no days of grace; it bore no interest. No demand for payment, no value received, was written across its face. It was payable never. It was the possessor's to use when and where deemed proper. It

was too lofty to serve an ignoble purpose, and, like the forest oak, it grew more and more deeply rooted as time wore on.

His benevolence and charity were the children of his generosity, and his candle threw its penetrating beams into the dark recesses of the countless homes of the poor, whose tears mingle with ours at his untimely end. The "prayer of want and the plaint of woe" always touched his generous heart. We are all better for having known Sydney P. Epes, and the world is better for his having lived in it.

Truth was to him as a pearl, that showed best in the light of open day and needed no artifice to disclose its purity. He had no patience with the semblance of delusion that tampered with it. He had lofty ambition and achieved distinguished honor, but was ever free from the canker, envy, in his efforts to excel.

In his death he exemplified the life described by the Psalmist as one—

"That walketh uprightly, and worketh righteously, and speaketh the truth in his heart."

It is my sad privilege to plant a flower on his grave, watered with the tears of memory, and thus to pay my last tribute to him whose death was the crown of a useful life.

PETER J. OTEY was a noble son of the Old Dominion.

He served her well and faithfully in war and in peace.

In his death the country has lost a patriotic servant; his State a loyal and devoted son, and his district an ideal Representative.

ADDRESS OF MR. MCCALL, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Mr. SPEAKER: PETER J. OTEY was a rare spirit. Compared with some careers, his term of service in this House was not a long one. He took much less of its time in debate than his abilities fairly entitled him to claim, and yet he spoke enough to reveal himself to those of the members who did not know him personally well. The prime quality of his speaking was the rich, wholesome, and thoroughly American humor with which he delighted the House. That is a quality which no bad man can possess. It is the shining of the kindly and benignant light of a good spirit.

I knew him also in his relation to the Virginia Military Institute, of which he was a proud and devoted graduate, and for which he cherished a loyal affection. He was a genial, chivalric gentleman, such a man as would be sure to command the love of his friends. The esteem in which his neighbors held him was shown by the tenderness of the last tributes paid his memory in the beautiful city in which he had lived. Upon the faces of the thronging crowds was the sadness of a personal grief, and the presence of so many of the splendid heroes of the Southern armies attested their sorrow over the loss of an old comrade, who bore upon his body the scars of the tremendous struggle in which they had so bravely taken part. His capacity for rendering loyal and efficient public service was gratefully recognized by his constituency, and the Representatives of the State of Virginia have to-day borne fitting witness to the hold he had upon the people he repre-

sented. Those whose fortune it was to know him long and intimately have spoken more fully of his character and life. I only rise to mingle my voice with theirs, to express my keen sense of personal loss, and to add my personal tribute to the memory of our friend whose noble qualities will long be held in affectionate remembrance.

ADDRESS OF MR. RIXEY, OF VIRGINIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Major OTEY was more than a colleague—he was a friend. Preceding me to the House of Representatives, where I met him for the first time, our acquaintance ripened into esteem, confidence, and friendship. He was of a lovable nature, and made friends with all with whom he came in contact. A Confederate soldier, he had the pleasure of counting among his warmest friends the honored Speaker of the House of Representatives and many others who, like him, had fought upon the Union side in the great conflict between the States.

Educated at the Virginia Military Institute, he early responded to the call to arms and served with distinguished gallantry throughout the great civil strife, and during the remainder of his life carried on and in his body not only the scars, but the bullets received upon the field of honor. Upon the return of peace he engaged in business enterprises; and in railroad, banking, and insurance proved himself a capable, thorough, and successful business man. Unlike many of the successful business men of the present day, he amassed no fortune, but left to his friends and relatives a prouder heritage—that of a life well spent; brave, honest, capable—that of a patriot and a statesman. He believed in fair dealing and loved the right; and, undimmed by any shadow, the example of his life still lives in undiminished luster in the memory of a life well spent in public and private stations. He possessed in an eminent degree not only the affections of the people of his district, but the esteem and confidence of his State and

party, and for some years prior to his death was the Virginia member of the national Democratic committee.

Not a professional man, and yet not a man of wealth, he was selected by his fellow-countrymen to represent them in the Fifty-fourth Congress. To those who knew Major OTEY this was not surprising. Genial and approachable, he had, in every walk of life, under the most trying and perilous circumstances, been proven loyal to his State, true in his friendships, and absolutely incorruptible and unimpeachable in all of the transactions of life—the best type of the American patriot.

After his first election to the House of Representatives there was never any question as to his successor. Though elected four times, he never had an opponent for the nomination after the first contest. His service was so acceptable that he was truly a Representative for life.

He was justly proud of his hold upon the affections of his people, and we well remember the pain and anguish the probability of a division of his district caused him. He plunged into the contest with all and more than his accustomed energy—bent on preventing, if possible, the dismemberment of his beloved district. · No people ever had a more faithful Representative. No Representative ever had a more appreciative and, I might say, affectionate constituency.

On the eve of a renomination without opposition, in the city and house where he was born, he laid down his life peacefully, quietly, bravely. The end was not wholly unexpected. We who knew him intimately knew that he did not look forward to a long life. He expressed no vain regrets as to his condition, but conscientiously discharged his duty to the last.

I believe his end was as he would have chosen. In the full possession of his faculties, with but few hours of pain; in the presence of his beloved wife, who had shared his joys and sorrows, who had been in very truth his life partner, his helpmate,

his beloved on whom he leaned for comfort, encouragement, courage, and support, and she was all; surrounded by his children, of whom he was ever proud, and of whom he took delight in talking to his intimate friends; in the house of his fathers, he gave back to his Maker, as peacefully and calmly as the sunlight fades from the sky, the life he had received. It was the "gathering of ripened fruit."

The telegram announcing his death was a great shock. The House was already in mourning for Hon. A. J. Cummings, a distinguished member from New York, to whose eulogies we have just listened, and scarcely were the badges of mourning placed upon our colleague's desk before we were startled by the announcement that another, and this time the Hon. Joshua S. Salmon, an honored Representative from the State of New Jersey, had, even while he appeared in the most robust health, been "touched by the finger of God and slept."

On a beautiful May day, surrounded by his old comrades in arms, by a multitude of his fellow-citizens from all the ranks and walks of life, by a delegation of his colleagues of the House of Representatives and from the Senate of the United States, nad by the governor of his Commonwealth, to the sweet strains of the beautiful hymn—

> Beyond the sunset's glow
> There is a brighter world I know,

we laid him to rest in the beautiful cemetery of his best-loved city and State, at the base of the great Blue Ridge Mountains, which lift their peaks into the very clouds, as if to fathom the unexplored beyond.

There is a resurrection and a life beyond the sunset's glow, and we who knew our friend believe that he will live with his beloved, where mansions are prepared for those who have lived lives of kindness, honesty, and truth, and who love the Lord.

ADDRESS OF MR. GRAFF, OF ILLINOIS.

Mr. SPEAKER: I feel it my duty to pay a brief, modest, and informal tribute to the memory of Hon. PETER J. OTEY. During the past three sessions of Congress it has been my pleasure to be quite intimately associated with him. He was a member of the Committee on Claims of the House, of which I happened to be chairman. During the last session of Congress he was associated with me on the subcommittee, where we were engaged almost daily in mutual work. It was this committee where was done most of his laborious committee work.

I owe it to PETER J. OTEY that I pay tribute to his memory, because I feel indebted to him. I feel that I have obtained benefit because of the personal contact with him which was my privilege during the past two years.

After all, a human life preaches the most forceful sermon. Deeds are more forceful than words, but character is more forceful than either. After all, it is not what we accomplish, but it is what we are, that is important. Accomplishment may depend upon the accident of opportunity, but character depends upon ourselves. PETER J. OTEY lived a life of integrity, benevolence, charity, industry, and patriotism, and thus taught these virtues and made them attractive to others.

Two members of the House of Representatives who have passed away during this session were members of the Committee on Claims. One of those was Representative OTEY, and the other Representative Salmon. It is a matter of self-congratulation that in both these men were found most gentle qualities of heart and most thorough and most manly qualities of mind.

On May 5, the day after Major OTEY'S death, the Committee on Claims assembled, as they had been called together with the expectation of performing the ordinary work of the day, and passed these resolutions:

The Committee on Claims have heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. PETER JOHNSTON OTEY, of Virginia, who for several terms was a faithful and efficient member of this committee: Therefore,

Be it resolved by the Committee on Claims of the House of Representatives, That in the death of the Hon. PETER J. OTEY, a Representative from the State of Virginia, the Committee on Claims have suffered a great loss in being deprived of the valuable services of Mr. OTEY as a member of the committee, and sincerely testify to his generous spirit, integrity, unflagging industry, and ability, and that the members of this committee individually all feel that they have lost in him a friend and a liberal, broad-minded coworker.

Be it resolved, as a further mark of respect, That the committee do now adjourn, and that these resolutions be spread upon the records of this committee, and a copy thereof be transmitted to the family of the deceased.

I was reared in a Union soldier's home, from which a father and two brothers went forth on the Federal side to battle for the preservation of the Union.

Prior to my experience in this House, beginning with the Fifty-fourth Congress, I had no knowledge of Southern life or Southern character save that obtained by reading. My own experience had brought with me only those things which would conduce to a prejudice against Southern life, Southern character, and Southern aspirations. I little dreamed eight years ago that I would find myself delivering a sincere eulogy to an ex-Confederate soldier during my service here. Without yielding any of my own convictions of the measures of the period of the war of the rebellion, I feel that I have somewhat altered my views of the men of that period who were then against us. I believe Mr. OTEY to have been a fair example of the high type of that portion of American life which descended from the Cavaliers. I feel proud of this departed friend who was born

and continued to live until his death in the great State of Virginia—who performed his duty as he saw it.

His life stretched from 1840 to 1902, covering a most important epoch in our history. He was rich in reminiscences, and oftentimes before the committee had commenced its labors he was in the habit of giving us various experiences of army life. Through it all there was not even a suggestion of resentfulness against the victorious, nor was there ever a suggestion of regret of any attitude that he had taken in the great war. There was never a suggestion of the thought that he was wrong in his battle for the Southern cause, but there was a recognition of the fact that the victory came to the Federal side, and with that victory he proposed to contribute all of his influence and all the force of his character to make that victory for the good of his country. Under the new conditions he took his place to do the best he could for his country.

He was an optimist. He was not addicted to looking on the blue side and the gloomy side of life. He hoped for the best. He believed that men were honest. He was slow to believe that they were otherwise, and hence in making up his opinion concerning the many claims which pressed upon us for solution and adjudication if he had any disposition to err it was upon the side of believing that there was no wrong in particular claims which were presented to us.

Another weakness that he had was that of a noble man, and that weakness was on the side of generosity. If he believed that the claim presented was from one who needed the money, one who had a hard battle in life with which to contend, his disposition was to vote in the affirmative, on the theory that if he erred in his decisions upon the committee it was better to err on the side of the weaker rather than on the side of the great, strong, wealthy Government.

Therefore I feel gratified that on this occasion, through these memorial addresses, delineating correctly and truthfully the life of PETER J. OTEY, the country may get a better notion of the level of character and morality which pervades this House. My own experience for the past eight years has led me to believe that the vast majority of the members who come here give to their duties the very best of their service, the very best of their ability and of conscientious effort; and that upon both sides of the House, contrary to opinions which erroneously prevail, perhaps, all over the country, or in different sections, the great majority of the business done by this House is not transacted in a partisan way, and it is only upon strictly partisan questions that we range upon the one side and the other at the bidding of party. For the most part the great bulk of the business transacted by this body is transacted from the standpoint of the patriot, of the representative of all the people; and hence the needs of every section will be faithfully responded to, no matter what party shall prevail, in the majority of our deliberations.

Major OTEY believed in his fellow-man. He loved his kind. As has been stated, there is probably not another member of this House who has done so many things for his associates in the way of service on his committee as has been done in the past year and a half by PETER J. OTEY.

He always looked, as I said, for a better day out of the gloom; and may we trust, may we feel justified by his life, that he to-day has entered into a better day—into an eternal morning.

ADDRESS OF MR. WILLIAM W. KITCHIN, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Just a word, for I am sure I can add nothing to the splendid eulogies which have already been spoken upon the life and character of our deceased friend. I feel, however, that I could not let this occasion pass without paying some slight tribute to his worth.

In 1865 my father and Major OTEY were friends and fellow-prisoners of war at Fort Delaware. That of itself would have attracted me to Major OTEY. He was one of the few men in Congress whom I knew before I came here, having known him for eight years before I was elected to the Fifty-fifth Congress.

He was a civil engineer, a brave and gallant Confederate soldier, a banker, and a practical railroad man before he entered public life, and became distinguished in each business he had pursued. The greatest material monument to his energy and wisdom is the Lynchburg and Durham Railroad, now a part of the Norfolk and Western system, running through my county. To him more than to anyone else was the construction of that road due. The entire people of the good country opened up by that road will cherish his memory with profound appreciation of the great service he rendered them in the building of that line of railway.

My district in North Carolina adjoins his district in Virginia. In my own county and district Major OTEY had many personal friends, attached to him by strong ties of great regard and happy association. I have had many opportunities of knowing the high esteem, the warm affection, and the loyal confidence

freely given to him by his large constituency. I believe that no man in this body was in closer touch with the people of his district than was our deceased friend.

Before his election to Congress he had been chairman of his Congressional executive committee, and in that capacity had come to know personally the great majority of the influential men in the various neighborhoods of his district. After his election, in my judgment he gave as much of his personal attention to the needs, the correspondence, and the little matters of business intrusted to his care by his constituents as any man in this House. I can add my testimony to that of his colleagues who have already spoken, that in all this body no man was more diligent or attentive to business than he. He was in truth a good, a splendid Representative, and deserved the plaudit from his people, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

As a man, he was candid, courageous, honest, full of sympathy and humanity; just such a man as one delights to honor and rejoices to call his friend. He carried sunshine and happiness, comfort and encouragement to those who sought his counsel. As a friend, he was loyal and true; as a husband and father, kind, considerate, and devoted. We have missed him. We shall miss him. No one is more conscious than myself of the inadequacy of words to fitly portray this man's life and character. I shall not attempt it. Words can not compensate for his loss, but in his life—honest, manly, candid, energetic, and faithful—we find much consolation and regard it as an inspiration to struggling men, teaching them the lessons of fidelity, industry, ability, integrity, and kindness. The inevitable mystery has borne him from us, as it will hereafter bear us from others, and we must submit. We shall cherish his virtues. His memory will always be pleasant to us. Peace to his ashes—joy to his soul.

ADDRESS OF MR. LAMB, OF VIRGINIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: In the quiet of this Sabbath day we turn from the arduous duties of life to the contemplation of death.

How inexorable is death! "All that live must die, passing through nature to eternity." How intrusive is death! There is no age nor condition into which it will not intrude its presence. Since these ceremonies begun it has entered the homes of thousands. The humble and the great, the rich and poor, alike fall before this enemy of mankind. There is no escape from the grim monster. Vain man in pride declares, "I will build me larger barns wherein to store my goods." A voice in deep and solemn tones replies: "Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee." A dreamer sees in the dark an ill-omened bird perched upon his chamber door, and to his imprecations he hears but one response—"Nevermore!" "Nevermore!"

So there is a spirit which haunts us night and day, in toil or sport, in sunshine or sorrow, in sin or in righteousness, evermore repeating this warning:

> Vain man, thy fond pursuits forebear;
> Repent, thy end is nigh.
> Death, at the furthest, can't be far,
> O! think before thou die.

How dreadful is death! "All we know or dream or fear of agony" is embodied in death. The youngest of us may, the oldest of us must, soon be ushered into the unknown world from whence come no tidings of those who have gone before.

Nature, experience, conscience, all sound in our ears the melancholy truth,

> To die—to sleep.
> To sleep! perchance to dream: ay! there's the rub,
> For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
> When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
> Must give us pause.

The numerous deaths in this and the two previous Congresses—three from my own State, Virginia—emphasize these sorrowful but suggestive utterances: "In the midst of life we are in death;" "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble;" "He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."

The last summons came unexpectedly to our friend and colleague, though possibly not without warning to himself. Only the day before he left this city, seeking rest and quiet at his home in Lynchburg, I sat by him in this House talking over some matters that had recently given him much concern. When I asked after his health and expressed the hope that he would soon be with us again, he laid his hand over his heart and remarked: "There is something wrong here; I can not tell what will be the result." In a few days the wires flashed to us the sad intelligence that our colleague had passed from earth to the great beyond.

In the death of Hon. PETER J. OTEY the Sixth Congressional district of Virginia lost a faithful and efficient Representative and the State a true and loyal son, who served her well in war and peace. A faithful and devoted husband, an affectionate father and grandfather, and a warm-hearted and sympathetic friend has been removed from the companionship of those whom he delighted to supply with every needed comfort and cheer with the words of affection and good will that

came from a heart unusually free from selfishness as well as envy and uncharitableness.

Were I asked to point out in a word the leading trait of character in our departed colleague, I would say that charity was his crowning virtue. During the five years of somewhat intimate association with him I never heard him speak unkindly of anyone. His political opponents will, I am sure, bear willing testimony to this. Although possessing a fund of humor that he employed at times with telling effect, he never used this power to detract from another or in such a manner as to leave any sting of bitterness behind. He was ever ready to serve a friend, and would put himself to any trouble in order to aid a colleague. In this respect, as well as in other qualifications, he was well equipped for his arduous duties as a member of the Committee on Claims.

Many others here, besides myself, will testify to the truth of this observation. His industry was equally conspicuous. This gave him a hold upon his district. No member of the Virginia delegation worked more constantly and effectively for his people. His constituents often spoke to me of his untiring zeal in their behalf. Had he lived it is my belief that he would have remained in Congress as long as he desired. I take this occasion to bear willing testimony to his helpfulness. He had served in the Fifty-fourth Congress. I came in the Fifty-fifth. I had known him slightly as a business man and a useful citizen, but knew him in spirit as a gallant Confederate soldier. This tie soon drew us together and he was prompt to offer such suggestions and assistance as a new member always appreciates and can never forget.

His acquaintance with the details of the work here soon attracted my attention, and I was not slow to follow his example and profit by his advice. He had a taste for his work as well as ability to perform it. Men of extraordinary

ability are sometimes failures as Representatives for lack of the taste, tact, and industry that are absolutely necessary in order to meet the demands of an exacting or, possibly, censorious constituency. With an adaptability to the work and ability to perform it, Major OTEY had acquired the experience necessary for the duties of his position, and was giving his district and State a splendid service when Death laid his cold hand upon him and transferred his immortal spirit to the better land, whose Maker had endowed our friend with a generous heart and loving disposition.

In the death of our colleague another of that incomparable body of men, "the glorious infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia," has passed from earth's scenes to the celestial city, not made with hands, whose builder is God.

I have not spoken of our friend's faith; we may well judge his faith by his works, for we know that "Faith without works is dead." The generous disposition and gentle qualities our colleague possessed come through the inspiration of a spirit that is not of earth; hence we may infer that our friend had learned more of the things of the spirit than he revealed to those not bound to him by the ties of home and consanguinity. Of one thing I am sure, our friend had the unshaken faith of the Confederate soldier in the justice and right of his course; and there are soldiers all over Virginia to-day—I often hear them express themselves—who believe that a good and merciful Father above will look with special favor upon and prepare places for the men who sacrificed so much for liberty and home. Many of these, now three score years of age, are struggling with poverty and burdened with cares, while a large majority, with rare spiritual faith, are looking for a heavenly land. A few believe in the law of compensation, and are satisfied that the Confederate soldier will have the full reward for all his toils and sacrifices

and losses when the Great King above pensions those who deserve as well as those who win success.

In this House in the Fifty-fifth Congress we had thirty-two ex-Confederate soldiers. Major OTEY prepared a careful list of these. We remember the interest he took in a banquet at which was gathered these thirty-two Representatives, with sixteen of the Senate. He was in his element that night as he listened to and himself recounted the war scenes of forty years ago.

The Fifty-eighth Congress will not number twenty ex-Confederates. On both sides of this Chamber the soldiers who met in conflict forty years ago are diminishing in numbers. They are falling more rapidly than they fell in battle. In a few years the places that know them now will know them no more forever. The members of the Grand Army of the Republic, by whose deeds of valor we ex-Confederates may well measure our manhood and chivalry, are falling at the rate of 1,000 a month. The sons of these soldiers may well be proud of the deeds of their fathers. Many of them stood shoulder to shoulder in recent conflicts. After forty years of warfare the houses of York and Lancaster were united in one. More than a generation has passed since our civil war. May every trace of bitterness soon pass away and this Republic live to bless the world and gladden the hearts of men everywhere, preparing them for the universal reign of peace and righteousness on earth.

ADDRESS OF MR. MERCER, OF NEBRASKA.

Mr. SPEAKER: My presence here to-day is because of the friendship and respect I had for the deceased during his service in Congress, and until a few moments ago I had no intention of adding words to those so fittingly contributed by my colleagues as additional evidence of my love and respect for him and for his memory.

Mr. OTEY was an associate of mine on the Committee on the District of Columbia, and during the years we served together I found him in daily attendance at committee meetings, ever mindful of the interests of his constituents and his country. He examined very carefully all bills referred to him for consideration, and in the hearings before the committee and in the discussions of measures brought before us for action he exhibited a deep knowledge, and his advice and suggestions were valuable and instructive.

On the floor of the House he was a unique character, especially in debate. He very seldom occupied the attention of the members by speech, but when he did his associates were prepared for an entertainment both amusing and instructive. His wit was refreshing. We always enjoyed it, even when it turned against Republicans, collectively or individually. In the closing days of Congress Mr. OTEY was a prominent figure in songs and jollification, and none of us will ever forget his rendition of "Dixie," one of his favorite songs. The Southern accent, the gesticulations, and the dance steps made his rendition of "Dixie" inimitable.

OTEY was always young. Age in years never made him old in his associations. He loved children and always entered into their sports as one of them. He never forgot that he was at

one time a boy, and he was full of excuses for the pranks of youth. The young men and women of his acquaintance found in him a companion and a friend, and were never chagrined by severe censorship on his part. Thus he obtained their confidence and officiated as their adviser, leading them into paths of rectitude and wisdom rather than along the highways of recklessness and failure.

Mr. OTEY was a patriot. Although he and six of his brothers joined the Southern Confederacy and fought bravely and persistently for the stars and bars, when that unfortunate war came to a close he became a better American citizen than ever before, and in spite of the wounds and ailments received by him as a soldier in the Confederate army he was ever ready to fight for the Stars and Stripes.

Of late years Major OTEY realized that he would leave this earth upon a sudden call. Only a few days before his death he and I attended a banquet in Baltimore, and he then informed me that his heart was bothering him and he was obliged to be very careful in his diet and comportment. That night at the banquet table he spoke as one realizing his near approach to another world. His words were eloquent, full of feeling, and left a most intense impression upon his auditors.

He referred to the boys in blue and gray who had gone before him, told of their patriotism and loyalty, rejoiced that peace now reigned in the Republic, and declared that his eternal prayer was that never again should the country be embroiled in civil strife. He congratulated himself that he was at peace with all mankind. The announcement of his death was a sudden shock to his many friends as well as to his family; but it was only another reminder that none of us are here permanently and that we should be prepared at all times to receive a summons from the Great Master. Our friend is gone, but the world is better because he lived in it.

ADDRESS OF MR. MAHON, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: I can not let pass this opportunity to pay a short tribute to our late associate and my personal friend, PETER JOHNSTON OTEY. I became acquainted with him in the early days of the Fifty-fourth Congress, when he first entered this honorable assemblage. Although differing in political faith and having fought on opposite sides in the great conflict between the States, our acquaintance soon ripened into the warmest friendship. I found him at all times to be a loyal friend, true to his country, true to his party, true to his State, true to his friends, and, above everything else, true to himself.

He led a life of simplicity, one free from ostentation. His paramount thought seemed to be his duty to his constituents; and without disparagement to any other member of this House it can be truthfully said that no one devoted more labor and painstaking efforts to the interests of his district than did Major OTEY. Frequently have I seen him working far into the night on the multifarious duties which fall to the lot of a member of Congress. Among his numerous virtues, were I to select one that was preeminent it would be the sacredness with which he regarded the fulfillment of a promise. His word once given could be relied upon implicitly. No matter how trivial the attendant circumstances nor how small the detail, his promise invariably resulted in his best efforts toward its accomplishment.

Among his many public acts none will be more conspicuous than the opportunity for relief afforded to suffering soldiers by the establishment of a dental corps in the Army which, as we

all know, was largely brought about by his indefatigable efforts. When he arose to speak on any subject on the floor of this House, he commanded the respectful attention of all. On many occasions his infectious good humor and brilliant flashes of wit have enlivened the usually monotonous proceedings. His wit was not of the kind that hurt or carried with it a sting, for in all his public utterances we have never heard him speak one word derogatory to any man. In his private life even those who knew him best never heard from him of the many acts of kindness which he performed nor of the helping hand which he lent to those in trouble. No one ever appealed to him for assistance and was turned away.

Unselfish, pure in mind, devoted to duty, a loving husband and father, a devoted friend, was PETER J. OTEY. Surely his epitaph should be "Faithful in all things."

In closing these remarks, I can not refrain from expressing my heartfelt sympathy for his devoted wife, whose untiring help in sunshine and shadow was, as Major OTEY frequently remarked, the secret of his success.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. Jones of Virginia). Now, in accordance with the resolutions previously adopted, the House stands adjourned until 11 o'clock to-morrow.

And accordingly (at 3 o'clock and 25 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

MARCH 2, 1903.

MESSAGE FROM THE SENATE.

The message also announced that the Senate had passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. PETER JOHNSTON OTEY, late Representative in Congress from the Sixth Congressional district of Virginia.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended that proper tribute may be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the Senate will, upon the conclusion of these memorial exercises, adjourn.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

MAY 5, 1902.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

A message from the House communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. PETER J. OTEY, late a Representative from the State of Virginia, and transmitted resolutions of the House thereon.

The message further announced that the Speaker of the House had appointed Mr. Jones, of Virginia; Mr. Swanson, Mr. Rixey, Mr. Hay, Mr. Lamb, Mr. Rhea, of Virginia; Mr. Flood, Mr. Hepburn, Mr. Meyer, of Louisiana; Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Lanham, Mr. Olmstead, Mr. De Armond, and Mr. McCall as members of the committee on the part of the House.

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE PETER J. OTEY, OF VIRGINIA.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *May 5, 1902.*

Resolved, That the House has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. PETER J. OTEY, a Representative from the State of Virginia.

Resolved, That a committee of fourteen members of the House, with such members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral, at Lynchburg, Va., and that the necessary expenses attending the execution of this order be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for properly carrying out the provisions of this resolution.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The Speaker announced the appointment of Mr. Jones, of Virginia; Mr. Swanson, Mr. Rixey, Mr. Hay, Mr. Lamb, Mr. Rhea, of Virginia; Mr. Flood, Mr. Hepburn, Mr. Meyer, of Louisiana; Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Lanham, Mr. Olmsted, Mr. De Armond, and Mr. McCall as members of the committee on the part of the House.

Mr. DANIEL. Mr. President, I beg leave to offer the following resolutions.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep regret and sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. PETER J. OTEY, Representative in Congress of the Sixth Congressional district in Virginia.

Resolved, That a committee of seven Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer of the Senate to join the committee of the House of Representatives to make arrangements for and to attend the funeral of the deceased.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. Will the Senate agree to the resolutions submitted by the Senator from Virginia?

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore appointed as members of the committee on the part of the Senate Mr. Daniel, Mr. Martin, Mr. Bate, Mr. Clay, Mr. Gallinger, Mr. Clark, of Wyoming, and Mr. Millard.

Mr. DANIEL. Mr. President, I move that as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 4 o'clock and 56 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Tuesday, May 6, 1902, at 12 o'clock meridian.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

FEBRUARY 17, 1903.

Mr. DANIEL. Mr. President, I desire to give notice that on Saturday afternoon, February 28, I shall ask the Senate to consider resolutions in commemoration of the life, character, and public services of the late Hon. PETER J. OTEY, formerly a Representative of the Sixth district of Virginia.

SUNDAY, MARCH 1, 1903.

At the expiration of the recess, 11 o'clock a. m., Sunday, March 1, 1903, the Senate reassembled.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES ON THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE OTEY.

Mr. DANIEL. Mr. President, I ask that the resolution of the House of Representatives concerning the death of the late Representative OTEY be read.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *June 29, 1902.*

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the Hon. PETER J. OTEY, late a member of this House from the State of Virginia, and in pursuance of the order of the House heretofore made, the business of the House be now suspended to enable his associates to pay fitting tribute to his high character and distinguished services.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect at the conclusion of these exercises the House do adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk be, and he is hereby, instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. DANIEL. Mr. President, I ask leave to offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Senator from Virginia offers resolutions, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. PETER JOHNSTON OTEY, late Representative in Congress from the Sixth Congressional district of Virginia.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended that proper tribute may be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the Senate will, upon the conclusion of these memorial exercises, adjourn.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

ADDRESS OF MR. MARTIN, OF VIRGINIA.

MR. PRESIDENT: This hour has been set apart by the Senate in order that proper tribute may be paid to the name of a distinguished citizen of Virginia, Maj. PETER J. OTEY, who died while serving in the House of Representatives. It becomes my sad duty to contribute a few words in honor of the memory of my deceased friend.

I became acquainted with Major OTEY about the time I reached years of manhood. Our acquaintance afterwards ripened into friendship. From the year 1885 to the time of his death our relations were of the closest and most intimate character. I never knew a purer or better man, a more loyal or patriotic citizen, or a more faithful and efficient Representative in the halls of Congress.

Major OTEY was born in the city of Lynchburg on the 22d day of December, 1840. He was educated at the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, Va., an institution of high order, modeled after the West Point Military Academy, graduating from that institution on the 1st day of July, 1860. During the brief period intervening between his graduation and the commencement of the war between the States Major OTEY was employed as a civil engineer in the work of railroad construction. At the very commencement of the war he entered the Confederate Army, and served to the end as an officer, first in the infantry and then in the artillery branch of the service. He was wounded at the battle of Newmarket, in the valley of Virginia, in the spring of 1865. He was captured at Waynesboro, Va., by the Federal Army on the 2d day of March, 1865,

and was a prisoner at Fort Delaware when the war ended. His career as a soldier was without a blemish in any respect, and was characterized by a spirit of self-sacrifice, by a devotion to duty, and by a courage which endeared him to his comrades, and placed his name high on the rolls of distinguished soldiers produced in the great Commonwealth of Virginia. When hostilities ceased Major OTEY returned to the duties of private life with the earnestness, energy, and zeal always characteristic of him. At one time in the insurance business, at another the cashier of the leading bank in his city, and at another the president of the Lynchburg and Durham Railroad Company, which was planned and organized by him, he always commanded the respect and enjoyed the confidence of the best business interests in his State.

While engaged in the active pursuits of business, and seeking no political preferment for himself, his devotion to his State and his unfaltering conviction that the interests of his country would be best promoted by the principles of the Democratic party, he contributed generously of his time, his thought, and his means to the State and national campaigns of his party. In 1894, for the first time, he became a candidate for an office. He announced himself a candidate for Congress in the Sixth Virginia district, and was easily nominated and elected. He served in the Fifty-fourth, Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth, and Fifty-seventh Congresses, and died after a very brief illness in his native city on Sunday the 4th day of May, 1902.

In his Congressional work he was essentially practical. No detail was too small to be worthy of his attention; no problem was so complicated or so profound that he did not aid in its elucidation and solution. He was one of the wisest and most reliable and conservative counselors in his party.

He was not an orator in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but he was an able debater, a strong, forcible, and logical speaker, and able to use, and in the habit of using, on proper occasion, most effectively, not only the embellishments of rhetoric, but wit, humor, invective, and anecdotes. He was a man of marked ability and of great usefulness in the public service. In his death, not only his friends, but his State and the country suffered an irreparable loss.

ADDRESS OF MR. GALLINGER, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

MR. PRESIDENT: My acquaintance with Mr. OTEY was not intimate, but I knew him well enough to respect him highly and to regard him as a very valuable member of the House of Representatives. He was a kind-hearted, cordial, sympathetic man, whose companionship was delightful and whose friendship was well worth possessing. He seemed always to look on the bright side of life and was full of anecdote and charming reminiscence. To him sunshine was better than cloud and laughter more desirable than gloom. He was the kind of man who stands for what is best in life, intent upon leaving an impress for good on the community in which he lived.

Others who knew him better than I will tell the story of this man's life. Military student, soldier, engineer, railroad man, banker, and Representative in Congress, he acted well his part in the varied positions which he occupied. A successful business man, he brought to the discharge of his duties in Congress the same industry, method, and executive ability which made him successful in business pursuits, and thus he achieved success as a legislator and endeared himself to his constituents by promptly and cheerfully responding to the multitudinous calls that in these busy days come to men in public life.

Mr. President, I shall never forget the large concourse of people that gathered in the church in the beautiful and picturesque city of Lynchburg on the occasion of the funeral of Congressman OTEY. It was not a gathering of people attracted by curiosity or of those who perfunctorily responded to what might seem to them a neighborly duty. Rather it was an outpouring

of men and women who were anxious to pay the last tribute of respect to a man whom they deeply respected and loved. There were many eyes wet with tears in the assemblage, and a solemn hush fell on all when the good priest, in simple words, told of the generous qualities and kindly deeds of the deceased. He said that Mr. OTEY had left to his family the heritage of a noble life, which was infinitely better than stocks and bonds or silver and gold. How fortunate will it be if, when the final summons comes, the same thing can truthfully be said of us.

Mr. President, I need not say more. This man illustrated in his life the thought that Ruskin has burned into the very souls of many of his readers: "Think you," says Ruskin, "that judgment waits till the doors of the grave are opened? It waits at the doors of your houses—it waits at the corners of your streets. We are in the midst of judgment—the insects that we crush are our judges—the moments that we put away are our judges—the elements that feed us judge as they minister, and the pleasures that deceive us judge as they indulge. Let us, for our lives, do the work of men while we bear the form of them, if, indeed, those lives are not as a vapor, and do not vanish away."

PETER J. OTEY lived up to high ideals. The world was the better because of his having lived in it; and so to-day those of us who knew him gladly pay tribute, however humble and incomplete it may be, to the memory of a loyal friend, a true man, and a faithful public servant.

ADDRESS OF MR. PERKINS, OF CALIFORNIA.

MR. PRESIDENT: The State of Virginia is more than the mother of Presidents. It has reared and sent forth into public life so many other men of the highest intellectual attainments and moral character that it seems to me it has as much reason for pride in that fact as it has in that it has placed so many distinguished men in the seat first occupied by Washington. Of these natives of the Old Dominion PETER J. OTEY was one, and his death presents the opportunity to give voice to that acknowledgment of the high qualities with which he was endowed—that is, I fear, neglected too often during the life of those we respect and love.

Mr. OTEY possessed in a notable degree those ingrained Virginian qualities of courage, loyalty, and devotion which have always been the distinguishing marks of the sons of that great State. He was educated in her schools, and in her military institute received that training which in after years enabled him to win distinction on the field of battle. When the civil war arose he abandoned all private business and entered the ranks of the defenders of the Southern cause. Throughout that great struggle he devoted all his strength, all his energy, all his time, and all his means to the great movement to which he had given his heart. There was never a sign of faltering or weakness. He went on to the end with that indomitable courage which characterizes the true soldier. But when the end came, he recognized it to be the end, and that his work on battlefields was done. Not one of the hundreds of thousands who accepted the solution of the great struggle was more sincere than he.

He had given his love and loyalty to a union of a part of the American States; but when it was determined that there could be no dividing line, this love and loyalty embraced the whole; and after the smoke of battle had cleared away there existed no man ready to dare more for the United States of America than PETER J. OTEY. Though he had broadened his allegiance, however, and had buried forever the cause for which he fought, he did not forget his old comrades in arms. Brave men who have fought side by side in war must ever stand shoulder to shoulder in peace.

So it was that when Mr. OTEY entered public life there were behind him the men who had, in times of stress, learned to know what manner of man he was. That they judged correctly that he would act as a legislator as he fought as a soldier is known to all members of the House of Representatives who served with him. In his capacity of Representative from Virginia he manifested the same courage, the same tenacity, the same kindness, consideration, and manly affection that had endeared him to his soldiers. No one who knew him well could escape the recognition of these gentler qualities. They showed themselves in the dry routine of legislation, where there was a chance to give the benefit of a doubt to the weaker party. They showed themselves in the consideration of measures affecting the material interests of sections or of individuals. They were ever manifest in his relations with his colleagues, and their sincere sorrow at his death is the measure of his worth as a man.

With all his seriousness of purpose, his devotion to duty, and his unwearying labor, he possessed a lightness of heart and a fund of humor which kept him young and in sympathy with the present and all that the present holds. None of

those who were fortunate in his companionship will forget the mirth and joy which he so often caused. And in the House itself not infrequently his genial humor brought back to a reasonable basis a discussion that earnestness and passion had carried beyond bounds. His wit was of that rare kind which, though sure of its mark, never left a rankling wound, but rather soothed and pacified. It was a gift which had not a little to do with the personal affection with which he was regarded by all those who knew him, and which commanded the respect of those who were not within his intimate companionship.

While Mr. OTEY was a most earnest and loyal member of his party, none of his political opponents have ever been able to charge him with any of the questionable acts which sometimes are laid at the doors of public men. He secured and held the respect of Republicans as well as of Democrats, and the former as well as the latter in his Congressional district were proud to be represented in Congress by him. In his work for his constituents he was indefatigable, and his sincere desire to serve them in whatever way was proper made him one of the hardest working of the members of the House of Representatives. It was his greatest pleasure to secure some measure of relief, or some little benefit, for a worthy and needy constituent, for his sympathy went out to such as had missed much of the good fortune of the world. Hence his loss was felt among his constituents as a personal loss, and when his body was taken to its last resting place there was evidence that he had attained the supreme honor of a successful life—the sincere and unselfish love of his people.

ADDRESS OF MR. CLAY, OF GEORGIA.

MR. PRESIDENT: Shortly after I became a member of the Senate I formed the acquaintance of Hon. PETER J. OTEY, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Virginia. I often met him and conversed with him up to the time of his death. But a short while before he died I enjoyed a most pleasant and agreeable conversation with him in this Chamber. Apparently he was in good health, and I was shocked when I heard of his death. I had no personal acquaintance with him until after he became a member of Congress, but often saw him and conversed with him during his public career. I can scarcely now realize that he has passed forever from our fellowship. Conversation with the distinguished dead convinced me that he was a man of thought, and that his abilities were directed in advancing the best interests of his country.

Reared and educated at the Virginia Military Institute, from which he graduated in 1860, he early acquired that breadth of mind and honesty of purpose which so well equipped him for the duties and responsibilities of life. He never held a public office until he was elected to Congress, taking his seat upon the assembling of the Fifty-fourth Congress, and was reelected to the Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth, and Fifty-seventh Congresses. Had he lived, doubtless he would have been renominated without opposition and reelected to the Fifty-eighth Congress, for he was highly esteemed and greatly beloved by the people of his district. The deceased was a brave Confederate soldier, gave four years of his life

to this service, and his record as a soldier is without a blot or blemish. He fought under Breckinridge, Longstreet, and Early, and his companions in arms testify that he was always found in front of the battle discharging faithfully and courageously the duties of a soldier.

When the civil war ended he accepted the result in good faith and went to work to rebuild the fortunes of Virginia and to bring about a fraternal feeling between all sections of our common country. He soon demonstrated that the success which he had achieved as a soldier was destined to mark his career as a business man. He won the confidence and the esteem of the good people of the city of Lynchburg, where he resided, and was nominated and elected to represent his district in Congress. The distinguished dead never lost his devotion and enthusiasm for his companions in arms and was universally loved by them at the time of his death.

My limited acquaintance with the deceased convinced me that he was an industrious and thoughtful legislator, a tender and loving husband and father, a kind, just, and considerate neighbor, a broad-minded and patriotic American citizen, always ready and anxious to discharge, in an intelligent way, his public duties, keeping in view the preservation of our free institutions, hoping to advance in every honorable way possible his country's good.

He was incapable of cherishing malice, and charity was one of his crowning virtues. He worked constantly and effectively for the people of his district and was candid, courageous, honest, and full of sympathy for his fellow-man. As a friend he was interesting and delightful, always carrying with him sunshine and happiness.

Those who knew him as a student, as a soldier, as a private

citizen, as a husband and father, as a member of Congress, bear testimony that he was faithful in the discharge of every duty. He was just such a Representative as might be expected from the Commonwealth of Virginia. No State in the Union has done more to give to the world the best Government ever established for the liberty and happiness of man than this great Commonwealth. On Virginia's soil and through the influence of Virginia's sons opposition to British tyranny was first planted. It was the immortal Patrick Henry who kindled the flame that united the American colonies in favor of American independence.

It was Thomas Jefferson, Virginia's distinguished son, who drafted the Declaration of Independence, uniting the colonies and constituting a republic that in a little more than a hundred years has outstripped all the nations of the earth. Nowhere among the family of nations will be found that happiness and liberty and equality of rights which the American citizen enjoys. The Declaration of Independence which Thomas Jefferson drafted, separating us from the mother country, brought to the infant Republic a revolution that lasted for eight years, and which threatened our extermination. Our chieftain in this sanguinary struggle, which resulted in American independence, was Virginia's son. When the Federal Constitution was under discussion it was Mr. Madison who was its ablest champion, and he will always be accorded in history the place he deserves in connection with the formation of our fundamental law. When we seek to know the origin and history of the Monroe doctrine, that no foreign government should cross the waters and establish governments on the Western Continent, we find this doctrine came to us through one of Virginia's distinguished sons.

It is not necessary to trace the birth, the education, or the private life of our dead friend in order to estimate his pure worth.

The fact that the people of Virginia, of the Sixth Congressional district, elected him to Congress for four consecutive terms is the highest evidence that he was a man of ability, possessing the highest integrity, the broadest patriotism, the kindliest nature, a lover of liberty and constitutional government. Virginians are a brave, chivalrous, and gentlemanly people, and are proud of the records made by their public servants. They watched with pride the career of our dead friend. They loved him, they trusted and honored him, and he was in every way worthy of that trust and honor which they so freely bestowed upon him.

In his intercourse with others he was always considerate, even tender with the lowly and the humble. He was a sincere friend of the poor, a man of unswerving integrity, and all who knew him bear testimony to the goodness of his heart in all of his relations with his fellows. We can only judge a man by the life he lives. His everyday walk preaches the most forceful sermon. Deeds and acts are more forceful than words. Those who knew him pay beautiful tribute to his memory—that PETER J. OTEY lived a life of integrity, benevolence, and charity, and he taught these virtues to all with whom he came in contact. His manly qualities of heart and mind made him universally popular with his colleagues in the House regardless of politics.

I have often heard it said that he never at any time failed to remember the slightest wish of any of his constituents; always plain, modest, unassuming, loyal, and friendly.

He died in the very prime of his usefulness and while his

influence was widening and increasing, and his death was a serious loss to the public, as it was a source of irreparable grief to his large circle of friends; but the example which he left us will long be remembered for the instruction and encouragement of those who now survive him. The benedictions of those who knew him intimately and who loved him so well, and who were the recipients of his many generons acts, will keep his memory fresh and unfading forever.

ADDRESS OF MR. DANIEL, OF VIRGINIA.

MR. PRESIDENT: The commemorative exercises that are now transpiring had been appointed for yesterday afternoon. When the hour approached the pressure of the public business of the Senate was such that those who had charge of it appealed that it might be given the right of way. The friends of the late PETER JOHNSTON OTEY believed that had he been alive he would have been the first to waive any personal consideration for the affairs of the country, and, acting as they believed the living would have acted, they consented that these exercises should be postponed until to-day.

The late PETER JOHNSTON OTEY was the Representative of the Sixth Congressional district of Virginia. He was born in Lynchburg, Campbell County, Va., on the 22d of December, 1840, and he died there on May 4, 1902. His death occurred in the house of his birth, whose roof had sheltered his lifetime and five generations of his ancestors and their descendants.

This old homestead, erected by his maternal grandfather in the early part of the nineteenth century, is a large, substantial brick structure of the plain rectangular fashion so common in old England and in the Atlantic coast States of the American Union. In its dignified simplicity and solidity it is typical of the sterling people who erected and lived within its walls, and while modern architecture presents many features more alluring to the fanciful, I doubt if there be any specimen of it that presents so striking an ideal of durability or worth or kindles so readily the associations of family and of home.

John Otey, the grandfather of PETER JOHNSTON OTEY, was

a soldier of the Revolution of 1776, and long represented the county of Bedford in the general assembly of Virginia. His father, Capt. John Mercer Otey, was a soldier of the war of 1812, and locating in Lynchburg when the war ended, he became a leading citizen—the president of its common council, an officer of a bank, and a successful business man whose judgment was much sought and always respected by his neighbors and his friends. He was a man of majestic personal aspect and of character and ability befitting his appearance, and he had that commanding intelligence and influence to which men bend by instinct. Had you looked upon him without knowing who he was you would have surmised from his sagacious face and commanding form that he was some great public official, such as Secretary of the Treasury or Chief Justice of the United States.

Capt. John M. Otey was wedded early in life to Lucy W. Norvell, whose family, like his own, had made its mark in the Colonial and Revolutionary days of our State, and she was as remarkable for intellectual, social, and executive abilities as was her husband. She identified herself with religious and charitable works. During the civil war she herself established and superintended a hospital in the city of Lynchburg for the wounded and sick soldiers. She directed its administration with an efficient energy that was universally recognized and with a sweet heartedness and charity that made her name as proverbial in our community as that of Florence Nightingale is throughout the world.

When our sectional troubles became acute in 1860 the Otey family, of the old Whig stock—and, indeed, a large majority of the Lynchburg people—identified themselves strongly with the cause of the Union. The whole State of Virginia was similarly disposed, giving its electoral vote to Bell and Everett,

and still later, after secession was organized, Lynchburg and a majority of the Virginia constituencies sent Union representatives to the State convention. There, led by Alexander H. H. Stuart, Jubal Anderson Early, Robert E. Scott, Robert Y. Conrad, John B. Baldwin, Samuel McDowell Moore, and others not less able and distinguished, they fought a sturdy fight to avert the disaster of dissolution and civil war.

When President Lincoln called on Virginia to furnish men to march against the seceding States the sentiment of the body instantly changed. This was war, call it by whatsoever name you will, and while Virginia was opposed to secession she still less favored the idea of forcing States by the bayonet into unwilling political association. It was against the teachings of those of her founders whom she most revered and against the legendary and traditional principles of her people. The Union localities in Virginia indorsed this view, and the Otey family and all their neighbors fell into the ranks of forming war. The Hon. James G. Blaine, in his Twenty Years in Congress, and, more recently, Gen. Charles Francis Adams, in a memorable essay, have eloquently referred to the history and integrity of Virginia's convictions and to her stern obedience to her faith.

I am relating a fact of our history and not discussing it, for the discussion has long since eventuated in tragedy and in restoration after tragedy. The fact simply illustrates that when revolution comes it sweeps in its headlong currents those who are opposed to it in common with those who favor and advance it, and our domestic experience, conforming to that which all history confirms, utters its warning against those of any and of every side who kindle the sparks of sectional strife.

The children raised by Capt. John M. Otey and Lucy W. Otey were eight in number. The eldest, a daughter, Mrs. Lucy Walker, alone survives. This noble matron is the widow

of a brave soldier, Maj. John Stewart Walker, who fell in the battle of Malvern Hill. The rest of those children were sons. They all volunteered when war came, and were noted for their modest valor and their patriotic spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion.

One of them, Capt. Van Rensselaer Otey, who had been a lieutenant in the Mexican war, served on the staff of the famous cavalry general, J. E. B. Stuart, until ill health necessitated his assignment to post duty.

Lieut. Dexter Otey, another, was injured, as the war began, by being thrown from a horse and disabled from military duty.

Col. Kirkwood Otey commanded the Eleventh Virginia Infantry, a regiment of ironsides, and was wounded in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg and again at Drurys Bluff.

Capt. George Gaston Otey commanded a battery of light artillery and was mortally wounded at Lewisburg.

Walter Hayes Otey was adjutant of the Fifty-sixth Virginia Infantry, and bravely shared the dangers and hardships of protracted war.

John M. Otey became colonel and adjutant-general for Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard.

PETER JOHNSTON OTEY was the youngest and the last survivor of this brave brotherhood, a race of manly men whose breasts were little stirred by the vanities of ambition or the ostentations of life, but rather by the finer impulse to render manhood's true account.

I knew this man of whom I speak to-day, and his memory is dear to me. From his earliest childhood we were neighbors, kinsmen, comrades, and friends, and I know of no man who more adequately met all the obligations which life imposed upon him, who attempted more things and better did them, and none who at the age of 62, at which he died, could look

back upon a life more honorably or more usefully spent, or could have less in its record that he would wish to regret.

Graduating at the Virginia Military Institute in 1860, he entered at once upon his chosen profession as a civil engineer. He was scarcely initiated in it when the war drums were sounding. He volunteered, of course, and served for a time as a lieutenant in the Virginia forces, and fired, it is said, the first cannon shot of the war on Virginia soil, from Sewells Point, near Norfolk. We find him again soon in the battles of Fort Donelson and Shiloh, and presently he becomes a major in the Thirtieth Virginia Battalion of Infantry. His war service was arduous in Tennessee, west and southwest Virginia, and in the Shenandoah Valley, and especially during the last year under Breckinridge and Early.

At Newmarket, in May, 1864, he was stricken down with a broken arm in a charge upon a battery which withered the assaulting line, when General Breckinridge, the Confederate commander, sent to the rescue his only available reserve in the battalion of cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, where Major OTEY had been educated. These boy soldiers of the corps to which he had belonged swept the field with a precision, steadiness, and compactness of movement that won the admiration of both armies, passing over OTEY'S fallen body, accomplishing their purpose, and winning a reputation which remains a glorious reminiscence.

Curious it might seem, and yet it is consonant with the best things in human nature and with the invariable character of a sensible and magnanimous people, that soldiers of the Union Army who witnessed the exploit of these boys in action have sent their sons to the Virginia Military Institute to be educated, because they saw its worth tested in the test of fire, and a just return is found to-day by our reunited country in the fact that

many of its younger army officers have been drawn from the graduates of this excellent academy and who are sons of both those who wore the blue as well as those who wore the gray.

The wounds of youth soon heal, and OTEY was soon back with his soldiers. He commanded his brigade at Cedar Creek. His character as a fearless fighter became more and more established. The War Records attest it by the frequent complimentary notices made of his gallantry and skill by his superior officers, and had the fortunes of war gone otherwise than they did, he was in close reach of the highest honors of rank that can crown a soldier's deeds. But he was not the kind of man to ask a medal for gallantry, or stars and wreaths for his collar, and in the chance medley of war they came not to him unasked. He was content with the supreme reward of duty done.

At Waynesboro, March 2, 1865, with a remnant of his band, he was captured, and when the war ended he was a prisoner at Fort Delaware. He was ere long at home again to begin life anew, and to build up from the bottom. To one of his comrades in a similar situation Thomas Carlyle, the great writer and philosopher, wrote this advice: "Go ahead and do the thing that lies next to you." This was always Major OTEY'S intuitive wisdom, and he lived closely up to it.

A clerkship in an express office he gladly accepted. He became successively a clerk in a railroad office, an engineer of a railroad line, teller, and then cashier of a leading bank, the founder of a large insurance business that yet continues and prospers, and then the president, financier, and builder of the Lynchburg and Durham Railroad.

Never a money lover but always scrupulous as a handler, user, and earner of money, he exercised such fine discretion and rigid honesty in all of these employments, and exhibited such rare faculties of administrative tact and skill that his

fame as a successful and reliable business man spread far and wide, and he was looked up to, and justly, as a model and an exemplar.

While system and discipline were manifested in their best forms in his business practices, he had beyond them the ripe mentality of clear and just judgment. To these were added in him an automatic integrity that never debated a questionable point of honor, but instantly decided it rightly, and a firm purpose that could say "No" with alacrity, however specious, alluring, and beguiling might be the temptation to say "Yes."

It is of such mettle as this that great men are made. We often see in our American life some modest man but little known suddenly projected into great places of peace or war, and the multitude is astonished that he so readily and roundly fills that place with all of its complexities and resonsibilities.

PETER JOHNSTON OTEY was a man of this class, and it is my conviction, from an intimate knowledge of his principles, his characteristics, and his methods, that there is no executive office of our Government that he would not have ably filled in a manner that would have given satisfaction to all who trusted him and redounded to the renown and welfare of his country.

Major OTEY indeed possessed a great variety of talents. He was a mathematician who could quickly solve any problem of figures, a draftsman who could give you the model of a steam engine or in a few strokes of his pen the characteristic features of a face or landscape, a musician whose ear for music made him at home touching the keys of a piano or the strings of a banjo, or in leading the chorus of a happy song. With the fishing rod, shotgun, or rifle he was on easy and familiar terms, and when he dropped business no one I ever knew entered more

heartily or innocently into the spirit of sport or amusement, or extracted from it more of pleasure and refreshment.

Calm and decisive in all serious affairs, he was so concentrative in his work and so imperious in pushing it to its proper result that men sometimes thought him cold and indifferent, but no man was warmer or more generous in his feeling, none responded more readily to any call of friendship, patriotism, or charity, and none was more alert to do good things for their own sake without thought of reward or regard for personal consequence.

When Major OTEY had reached the mature age of 54 years, the railroad of which he was president underwent the experience usual with small interior lines and was absorbed by a great trunk line, leaving him without employment. He had never held civil office of any kind, either State or Federal, and had probably never made a public speech. His business occupations had been such as tended to withdraw him from rather than prompt him to political ambition. But he had always been a public-spirited citizen. He had served for years in the common council of his town, like his father before him. He had performed many other unremunerative labors as a party committeeman and as a citizen, attentive to the concerns of the common weal and of his neighbors and friends, and he had won the confidence and good will of all who knew him.

He determined in 1894 to become a candidate for Congress, and went at it with the directness which characterized all of his methods, publishing a brief card stating that candidates often stated to the public that they yielded to the solicitations of friends, and would serve if elected, to the sacrifice of personal interests; whereas in his case he was thoroughly satisfied that his own interest would be subserved by election, and he asked his fellow-citizens directly to vote for him. The people

always and justly love plain candor, and this candid presentation reenforced their favorable disposition. He was nominated by the Democratic party, and elected a Representative in the Fifty-fourth Congress.

Without experience in public speaking, he rapidly acquired that art, and soon became an able and interesting advocate upon the hustings, knowing his subject in every detail, presenting his views with clearness and force, and adding to the attractiveness of his utterances by a play of natural wit, humor, and fancy that was singularly engaging.

In the House of Representatives he made his mark upon the floor as well as in the committees of which he was a member. So attentive was he to his constituents in all the details of their wants and needs that it was soon commonly said throughout the district that "Major OTEY is the best Representative we have ever had." The very humblest of them, as well as the most influential and powerful, commanded his instant attention and care. His popularity became so firmly established that no one in his party thought of opposing him, and his political rivals entered the campaigns without hope and came out with ever-increasing majorities against them.

He was successively chosen a Representative to the Fifty-fourth, Fifty-fifth, and Fifty-sixth Congresses, and came here as a member of the Fifty-seventh Congress, not only honored and beloved by his home people, but also with the hearty welcome of his colleagues of whatever party in the House of Representatives. Limited time forbids me to recount his services in that body, and this, indeed, has already been better done by his colleagues there.

His services were assiduous and numberless in the mass of minor measures and minor matters that make a vast sum in the aggregate, and yet are of no little importance to the

localities and persons chiefly concerned, while they cut no great figure in public history. They were also important and weighty in many public questions of the first magnitude and in administrative concerns of large consequence.

So much was he esteemed that he was made a member of the State Democratic executive committee and of the national Democratic committee as well.

He was the propounder of the measure to provide dentists for our Army, which became a law, to the gratification and betterment of our soldiers in the field; and President McKinley graciously appointed, as one of the dentists to fulfill the terms of the act, Dr. R. W. Morgan, of Lynchburg, who had been a private soldier of Pickett's division, and who was wounded at Gettysburg. This gentleman had conceived the measure providing for a dentists' corps, which is now established. It had been suggested to his mind by his own experience as a soldier, and he is now suffering illness brought upon him by his service as a dentist with our forces in Cuba. This great reform is simply another instance in which the experiences of one generation redound to the betterment of another, and in which experiences sometimes acquired in hostility are woven into the web of a stronger and more enduring friendship.

It was in his home life that Major OTEY was most admirable, and it was there that he found the rich and exceeding great reward for the hardships and dangers that he had passed and of all his faithful labors. Married in early manhood to Miss Mollie Floyd, of a distinguished and intellectual family, the children and grandchildren of their union brought to them the fullness of domestic blessing. Mrs. Otey was his constant companion and helpmate; and in her good judgment and ready hand he found that genial comradeship which was to him "a

very help in time of trouble," while the many friends who shared their fireside warmth and hospitality beheld the charms of domestic felicity exemplified in every form of home happiness and comfort.

In the qualities that command respect and that attract and endear friendship Major OTEY was as richly endowed as in intellectual gifts and in moral attributes. Every circle welcomed his sunny presence. He was the best of boon companions, whether in a stern fight or in a hunt or upon any scene of recreation. His disposition was that of redundant healthfulness, which makes the best of everything that is and hopes and strives for the best that may be reached for.

As no difficulty discouraged him, so no mishap cast him down or deterred renewal of endeavor. He was optimistic in all things, and his optimism sprung from the true-heartedness and clear-sightedness that realizes the unceasing endeavor of the Divine Spirit to work out all things for good.

He dealt but little in attempts to unravel and explain the mysteries of our present and future state, which, by their infinity, must be inscrutable, but he looked upward to the good God in hope, faith, and charity, with a conscience that loved right and hated wrong, and with dependence and confidence as strong as those of a child that looks trustingly into its mother's face. He put his creed into his deeds, and his life was such that any church in Christendom might have been content to point to him as a worthy and exemplary member.

To this strong, brave, good, and useful man death seemed to come all too soon, and yet it gave its forewarning. A month or so before he died he told me that he had a heart trouble, which he felt might take him off at any moment. I had never suspected it, nor would anyone who looked upon him be likely to do so. His eye was keen and bright; his

cheeks were rosy with the flush of health; his indomitable will and his cheerful spirit bore him along in the constant and efficient discharge of multitudinous duties. The week before he died he left Washington for his home, feeling badly. A few days later I wrote him at his home a letter, to which, by the next mail, according to his punctual custom, I received a full reply in his own handwriting. Two days later, Sunday, came a telegram stating that Major OTEY had died that afternoon.

The morning he died he called for his wife and his check book, wrote a check and handed it to her, stating that she might need the funds in the affairs of the household; then turned to sleep, and awoke only to say "Farewell" to those around him, and so his thoughtfulness of others that had been the good genius of his life threw their love-lit halo over his dying pillow.

Had he worked less than he did or thought as much of himself as he thought of others and of his duties, his life on earth might probably have been prolonged. But as it was, he died with the harness on, while all his faculties were bright, and ere infirmity had sapped the foundation of his usefulness and the happiness of his being. Who can chide that Providence which strives unceasingly for the least of evil and for the best of good?

The State of Virginia had a true citizen and soldier in the person of PETER JOHNSTON OTEY, and one who would have suffered anything and done anything that became a man to serve her.

The Sixth district had in him a Representative who followed what was highest and best in his predecessors and made himself an example of fidelity and utility for those who shall follow him, a shining example which will inspire their best ambitions and sound the bugle call to their best exertions.

The United States had in him a faithful and zealous servant, who, discounting no true instinct and no manly attribute in his breast, did render to them all that their highest ideals could dictate of a patriot's duty.

So he sleeps well and a happy memory remains in the track that he pursued, like the light that fills the sky when some serene and wholesome planet has departed.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The question is on the adoption of the resolutions submitted by the Senator from Virginia [Mr. MARTIN].

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to, with the exception of the resolution relating to adjournment.

57TH CONGRESS, 1st Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { DOCUMENT No. 715.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

ROBERT E. BURKE

(LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM TEXAS),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND SENATE,

FIFTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS,
FIRST SESSION.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1902.



HON. ROBERT E. BURKE.

Bureau. Engraving & Printing.

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DEATH OF HON. ROBERT E. BURKE.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE.

JANUARY 15, 1902.

Mr. WOOTEN. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the present consideration of the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with regret and profound sorrow of the death of Hon. ROBERT E. BURKE, late Representative-elect from the Sixth district of the State of Texas, at his home in the city of Dallas, on June 5, 1901.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House communicate a copy of these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the House do now adjourn out of respect to the memory of the deceased member.

Accordingly, in pursuance of the above resolutions and its previous order, the House (at 3 o'clock and 40 minutes) adjourned until 12 o'clock noon on Saturday, January 18, 1902.

JANUARY 23, 1902.

Mr. WOOTEN. Mr. Speaker, I ask that Saturday afternoon, February 8, 1902, at 1 o'clock, be set aside for memorial addresses on the life and character of Hon. ROBERT E. BURKE, lately a Representative in Congress from the State of Texas.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Texas?

There was no objection, and it was so ordered.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

FEBRUARY 8, 1902.

Mr. WOOTEN. Mr. Speaker, it being now within a few minutes of the hour for the special order, I ask unanimous consent that the special order be taken up.

The SPEAKER. Without objection, the request of the gentleman from Texas for the special order will be taken up at this time.

Mr. WOOTEN. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Texas offers the following resolutions, which will be read by the Clerk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended in order that an opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. ROBERT E. BURKE, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Texas.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be, and he is hereby, instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

ADDRESS OF MR. WOOTEN, OF TEXAS.

Mr. SPEAKER: It was not my privilege to know and to associate with my distinguished predecessor as a Representative in this House, and consequently I can not speak of him with that nearness and knowledge as a Congressman that his former colleagues here can and will speak; but for twelve years I did know him as a man, as a lawyer, as a judge on the bench, and as a private citizen, and I can speak of him personally, professionally, and in all the relations in which one man can know and judge another. He was a man singularly free of guile in his personal and private intercourse. Kind, generous, considerate, and thoughtful for all those with whom he came in contact, he was one of the most benevolent and conscientious friends to all mankind that I ever knew.

On the bench, in which capacity I best knew him, he was tireless, painstaking, indefatigable, and consistently faithful to the right as he understood it and could best conceive it. No man ever lived in the community in which for thirty years he was a conspicuous citizen who ever enjoyed an equal degree of personal popularity, esteem, and public confidence, and this meed of universal and uniform credit was due to the unbroken courtesy of his demeanor, the unfaltering kindness of his intercourse and the unquestioned honesty of his motive in all his conduct and attitude toward his fellow-men in every relation of life—personal, professional, and political. What more could be said of any man, and what higher tribute was ever paid to any man's career in the community in which he lived and labored?

He came to Texas as a young man from that State that has

contributed more to the growth and greatness of Texas than all the other States in the American Union. Texas from the foundations of its civilization has been a composite production, a mosaic of heterogeneous elements. Out of a complex and almost incongruous mixture of various populations and contradictory influences she has evolved a homogeneous and vigorous citizenship, composed from all possible factors and combining all imaginable elements of strength; but it is a remarkable and significant fact that I may be permitted to mention here and now, that Texas owes more of her distinguished names at the bar, on the bench, in the forum, and in every walk of useful enterprise to the State of Alabama than to any other one State in the Union.

It was there that Judge BURKE was born, and from there, as a mere boy, he went out among that gay and gallant host of Southern cavaliers who rode down to death in that far-off summer of '61 with as dauntless mien and as serene a front as any knight-errant who buckled on his armor "in fantastic Gothic chapel, beneath storied windows richly dight." Like so many others of that brave but defeated host, he found a new home in a new land, and the echoes of the fading conflict found him a citizen of Texas, ready to build up his fortunes and to link his fate with hers in the dismal days of reconstruction.

Living at first in eastern Texas, he came in 1870 to Dallas, where for the next thirty years he wrought out his successful and honored life among the thrifty and ambitious people of that metropolitan city and county. There was no honor that his people did not freely bestow upon him—there was no labor that he did not willingly perform for them; and so he lived and labored in a congenial atmosphere of generous and grateful appreciation by the citizens whom he so often and so signally served. It would be useless to reiterate here the many acts of personal and private kindness that endeared him to the people

among whom he lived and who have not ceased to mourn his death. They are canonized among the sacred recollections of his neighbors and friends.

It would be equally fruitless to recall the many services he rendered his constituents in the various capacities in which he served them. They are recorded in the annals of his State's and his country's history. We to-day come to commemorate his virtues, to speak kindly and affectionately of his memory, and to send out to his people and to all those who value the recognition of merit and nobility a testimony of our enduring regard for a well-spent and virtuous life. It has been said that "Genius can mold no marble so speaking as the place where a brave man labored or the spot where a good man died." If this is true, then this Hall ought to be the perpetual memorial of such men as the one whose death we to-day lament, as their own homes will unceasingly bear witness to the irreparable loss of their presence and influence.

ADDRESS OF MR. LOUD, OF CALIFORNIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Eulogies, as they seem to me, have followed so near the line of flattery that in the past I have refrained from taking part in such as have been presented; but the truth at this time is not flattery, although during the lifetime of a person it is not well at all times even to speak the whole truth.

The late Mr. BURKE became a member of this body in the Fifty-fifth Congress, and was assigned to the committee of which I had the honor to be chairman. In the past I have watched men come to Congress, remain a while, and retire again to private life without even having left a lasting mark upon the country or in this body; but Mr. BURKE almost from the very moment he entered this House became a prominent figure.

As a member of the Committee on the Post-Office and Post-Roads, soon after he had been assigned to that committee, he was selected, together with Judge McPherson, Mr. Bromwell, and myself, to revise and codify the postal laws, both civil and criminal. Those laws had not been revised for more than a half of a century. The work demanded the almost undivided attention of the members of the subcommittee for more than four months during the long session and nearly thirty days during the short session. And I wish to speak of him as I knew him on the floor and as I knew him in the committee—an honest, fearless, patient, intelligent, faithful worker, not alone for the interests of his district or his State, but for the whole country at large. His mind was so broad that it knew no North or South, East or West. His impulses and acts were for the betterment of the whole country. I have in

days gone by segregated legislators and denominated some as local legislators and others as national legislators.

Of the latter class, Mr. BURKE was in the foremost rank. The local legislators to whom I refer, and we have many—and they should not be condemned, because they are necessary—look to the interests of their districts first and, in many cases, the country afterwards. Mr. BURKE kept in view at all times his duty as a national legislator—looked first to the interests of the country and next to the interests of his own particular locality.

During the consideration of this bill of more than 225 printed pages, to which I have referred, which occupied the time of this House eight or nine days, divided as it was, covering a period of nearly three weeks—then in failing health and a constant sufferer, he was here in his place, across the aisle from where I now stand, having the confidence not alone of his own side of the House, but the confidence of this whole body. His voice and his influence there were felt in such a degree that that bill came out of this House with no amendment of any importance whatever.

It was said in my presence—what I have never repeated before, but what his family, his friends, and the people in his district have a right to know—that our lamented President, William McKinley, took occasion to highly commend Mr. BURKE for the faithful and efficient work he had performed in connection with that legislation, and that he deserved well of his country.

Words that I shall speak are not flattery. The citizens of his district have lost a man that it would be almost impossible to replace. The country has suffered in the loss of Mr. BURKE as great a loss as it has suffered for many years.

ADDRESS OF MR. MCCLEARY, OF MINNESOTA.

Mr. SPEAKER: I can not tell you how shocked I was less than two weeks ago to learn for the first time that Mr. BURKE was dead. Out of the country at the time of his death, I had not heard of it. Since I learned of his death I have had no opportunity to make suitable preparation to speak of him, and yet I can not allow this opportunity to pass by without saying at least a few words.

I did not know our friend in his home relations; I did not have the honor of serving with him on any committee, and, therefore, I speak as one who learned of him, as most of us learned of him, by seeing him performing his duties here upon the floor of this House. As my friend from California [Mr. LOUD] has said, Mr. BURKE came to this House in the Fifty-fifth Congress. Before he had been here long I noted his expressions on the floor. My first thought of him was, there is a man who has opinions; he is a thoughtful man; he comes to his conclusions after due deliberation; he thinks as a judge thinks; he talks as a judge talks.

Mr. BURKE had a happy way of expressing his thought; he spoke with deliberation; he evidently thought along straight lines. His judgments were clear, as were the expressions of them. I noted especially the courtesy of the treatment which he always accorded to those who differed with him. He realized, that it is no easy task to come to a righteous conclusion on any subject. He realized that we see things from different standpoints, and that in many matters there is room for honest difference of opinion.

In the tones of his voice, in the framing of his sentences, you always felt there was a man whose own opinions were honestly held, and who could realize that a person who differed with him was just as honest and just as capable of forming an opinion. Incapable of double dealing himself, he seemed always to expect and almost always to receive from those with whom he differed frankness in expression. I honored him; I miss him; I mourn him.

ADDRESS OF MR. COOPER, OF TEXAS.

Mr. SPEAKER: Of the many illustrious men who have represented Texas upon this floor, none brought to the discharge of his high duties a loftier conception of the right, cleaner hands, purer patriotism, or a stronger and more patient diligence than did ROBERT EMMET BURKE. What he did was done honestly, according to high conception of duty and with painstaking thoroughness. And it was in this manner that he discharged his duties to his God, his family, and his country from the moment he shouldered his musket in 1863, in defense of the Confederacy, until that fateful moment in the early dawn of a Texas June day when he closed his eyes forever upon the scenes of this world.

It is not necessary to relate here his career in the army of the South. Perhaps nothing should be said further than that he volunteered as a private when a beardless boy and served in the ranks with the devotion, zeal, courage, and self-sacrifice which have immortalized the soldiery of the Confederacy. He entered the army in 1863, and followed his country's flag until it was furled forever, and its people's hopes were dead. In the year succeeding the war he joined the ranks of thousands of his former comrades and moved to Texas, where, under the new conditions afforded by a new State, he commenced his life anew. At this time he was but 19 years of age, and all that he carried with him was a good character, a willingness to work, and an ambition to make something of himself, and this was an equipment that could not fail; it has never failed, and never will.

The war had seriously interfered with his education, and the first years of his residence in Texas were devoted to work by day and study at night. With lofty aims in view, he was steadfast and true at a time when there were many temptations to swerve a young man from the paths of rectitude. It was not long before he attracted the attention of the best people of Jefferson, his new home, and he was recognized by all as a sturdy, diligent, honest, self-respecting young man. He was admitted to the bar in November, 1870, and the following year moved to Dallas.

His exemplary life, recognized legal ability, and amiable personality brought him to the front rapidly, and in 1878 he was elected county judge, to which position he was twice reelected. In 1888 he was elected district judge, and served in this capacity for eight years, and was then elected Representative from the Dallas district to the Fifty-fifth Congress, and was reelected in 1898, and again in 1900.

I mention these facts to show how thoroughly he enjoyed the confidence of the people among whom he lived. That he deserved this confidence, a life of virtue, temperance, fidelity, and conscientious devotion to the public welfare is ample proof.

As a member of this body he achieved all for his people and his country consistent with the opportunities which were afforded him, and it may be said that in every public capacity in which he served his achievement came well up to limits of his opportunity. Those who served with him on committees well remember how diligent he was, how well he bore his responsibilities, and how loyal he was to the interests confided to him. On the floor of the House he was a patient investigator, a ready debater, and at all times a loyal and knightly champion of the principles for which he stood. In all the rela-

tions of private and public life he did his duty nobly and left the rest to God.

During the second session of the Fifty-sixth Congress his health failed him, but he clung to his duty until the session's end. Even through days and nights of illness, sometimes of intense pain, he wearied not, for he was looking hopefully to his return home to his loved ones and friends, and was confident that the balmy breezes and gentle sunshine of his beloved State would bring the healing for which he longed. He wanted to live, and surely there was every incentive to a love for life. He was in the prime of life, and around him a loving wife, two sturdy sons grown to manhood, and a daughter just budding into womanhood. He was never more firmly intrenched in the confidence and affections of his people. There was much work he wanted to do for his country and his State, and he had in process plans of great moment to the people who had honored him.

But it was not to be. He returned to Texas to find the fields radiant with the flowers of spring and the perfumed zephyrs vibrant with the music of the birds. No wonder he felt that those cloudless days and nights would bring him health. But he steadily declined until the fears of anxious loved ones became painful, and soon came a physical collapse which portended the gravest consequences. Then it was that the love of a great people enveloped the cottage wherein he suffered and thousands of hearts poured out their earnest prayers for his life.

God knew best. In the dim and misty hours of the morning, while the world was hushed in slumber, under the shadows of a starlit sky, God whispered, and the soul of ROBERT EMMET BURKE joined the great majority. With a serene and all-sufficient faith in the promises of his Redeemer

he laid aside the burdens of this world, its affections, its hopes, and its ambitions, and obeyed the summons of his Maker.

In the broad and loving bosom of the majestic Commonwealth of Texas repose the ashes of many noble and gallant sons—men who have enriched the history of all humanity for all time with their splendid achievements. Texas herself is a monument to the deeds of a great and noble people. While ROBERT EMMET BURKE may not have equaled in many respects the accomplishments of men like Houston, Austin, Crockett, Travis, and a host of patriots whose names are immortalized forever, he performed every duty confided to him with loyal devotion to the people of his State and country; and in his personal contact with his fellow-men he gave the loftiest example of husband, father, and citizen. Tenderly the State he loved so well received his dust to her bosom, and gratefully will the people remember his honest, useful, and gentle life.

ADDRESS OF MR. SPERRY, OF CONNECTICUT.

Mr. SPEAKER: We have set apart this day to commemorate the life of ROBERT EMMET BURKE, and I wish to pay a brief but sincere tribute to his memory. Others who knew him more intimately than I have pronounced his eulogy and described his career.

My acquaintance with him did not extend over any great length of time. I simply knew him as a fellow-member of Congress, a coworker on the same committee and on the floor of this House. But, short as this acquaintance was, I learned to love and respect him for his sterling uprightness, his devotion to duty and what he believed to be right. His word was as good as his bond. He was courteous to all, and he never turned a deaf ear to a worthy appeal. He represented the true type of a Southern gentleman—gracious, open-hearted, generous, the kind of a man who makes friends and holds them.

Mr. BURKE came to Congress with the indorsement of his people and with a reputation gained in the faithful service rendered in many official positions. For three consecutive terms the people of Dallas County chose him as their county judge, and such was his judicial record that he was elected district judge of his State and reelected, the second time without opposition. During the two terms he was a member of Congress he proved the wisdom of his people in electing him to this House. No favor was too slight for him to grant, if possible; no constituent of his appealed to him in vain. Rich

and poor, great and small, all were treated with that kind consideration and gentle courtesy which were so characteristic of the man. He performed the duties of a member of this House not grudgingly, but with a willing heart and with faithful devotion to his people.

In the deliberations of the committee of which we were both members his advice was always welcome. He proved himself a fair and broad-minded legislator who ever tried to do his duty as he saw it, and feared not to state his position upon the questions of the day. To him everything that was false, everything that savored of a sham, was distasteful, and when he spoke his voice had the true ring of a truthful, fearless man who knew his own mind and dared to speak it.

In the daily routine life of a legislator, so full of disappointments, or petty annoyances, we delight in the hearty grasp of the honest hand of a friend. To find a sympathetic soul is like the breaking out of the sun on a cloudy morn. Such a man was ROBERT BURKE. "His song was of love," of integrity; his master chords were manhood and brotherhood. If there were any discords in his life, "they were mere interludes between the lines."

In the death of Mr. BURKE the House lost a valued member and the South one of its noblest sons. My heart went out toward him, and I esteemed him as a friend. The memory of that friendship, of our pleasant associations in this House, will ever remain a bright page in the book of my life. His public career stands boldly out, and we who are left behind can do no less than honor the memory of such a man as ROBERT EMMET BURKE and hand down to posterity our appreciation of him as a friend and associate.

He sleeps peacefully in the land of his adopted State. His memory is loved and honored by all who knew him. The

spotless character he has left behind stands out as a lasting monument of fame for others to follow.

The welcome angel came
  Ere yet his eye with age was dim,
Or bent his stately frame;
  His weapon still was bright,
His shield was lifted high
  To slay the wrong, to save the right.

ADDRESS OF MR. KLEBERG, OF TEXAS.

Mr. SPEAKER: When ROBERT EMMET BURKE, late a Representative from the State of Texas, died at his home in Dallas, Tex., on the 5th of June, 1901, the nation, the State, the Sixth Congressional district, and the county of Dallas, Tex., lost the services of one of the most faithful and useful men in public life. His many years on the bench of the county and district courts had stamped him as a fair and upright judge, who, by reason of his lofty sense of justice, had made himself not only invincible before the electors of his county and district, but who had won the respect and approbation of the bench and bar throughout the State of Texas.

He was not technical, but broad and just in his rulings as a judge, and while he was not at all times sustained by the higher courts (and what judge is?) in his decisions on law points, he never could be justly criticised for not reaching for the equity of the case in every instance. He rather clung to the spirit than the letter of the law and aimed always to do substantial justice, and no litigant who came into his court with clean hands ever had a right to complain at the motive of his judgments, and no one, whether friend or foe, can justly say that he ever swerved from the path of right and duty as he saw it. This is all the best and the purest can do who wear the judicial ermine, and it is after all the highest encomium that can be paid a judge on the bench.

No wonder that on account of his faithful services as a nisi prius judge the people of the Sixth Congressional district intrusted him with the wider and more varied duties of a Rep-

resentative in the American Congress. They did not misplace their confidence, for not only did he bring to his new sphere of action his rugged honesty, his good common sense, his industry, and his unerring judgment of men, but he displayed an aptitude and natural ease to acquaint himself with public men and measures which at once inspired confidence in the National Legislature and pushed him to the front as a painstaking, reliable, and successful representative of the people. In his committees he was appreciated and justly classed by his associates as a wise counselor and an indefatigable worker, frank, honest, industrious, and practical, and when the bills which his committees reported to the House were taken up for consideration in the Committee of the Whole House there was not a member on his committees who inspired greater confidence, who could more readily and lucidly discuss these measures in debate, or who evinced a fuller grasp of the questions at issue than he.

Not only would he give every bill in his committees careful consideration and insist on a clear explanation of all its features, but he would not rest until he had mastered the subject fully himself, and he possessed the happy faculty of explaining and imparting his understanding to others. In the House he was tactful and resourceful in debate, and his aim was always to enlighten and help along the side of a question which he espoused rather than simply to appear conspicuous in debate. He was modest and courteous almost to a fault, and yet he never permitted this modesty to deter him from speaking out in forceful terms when duty required. He was incessantly at his post of duty and never shirked recording his vote on the side of right as he saw it and as his conscience dictated. True to the tenets of his party, he was above small party tactics and was fearless and independent in word and action in the highest patriotic sense.

His views on the great questions of the day were broad and liberal and always thoroughly American and democratic, and while he may not always have exhibited the tact of the politician, he always showed the courage and strong common sense of the statesman. He was true as the needle to the pole to the interests of his constituents, and he shunned neither work nor personal discomfort to serve them in and out of season. He stood well among all the members of this great legislative body, regardless of party lines, and had the full confidence of them all. With such favorable surroundings, together with such rare traits of character and natural capacity and adaptability for Congressional work, it is clear that he was eminently successful and that he gave promise of ranking with the best and most useful men the great State of Texas has ever sent to the Congress of the United States.

But when all this and more has been said of him as a public servant, there remains to be said that which is still a higher encomium of his worth, and that is that in the private walks of life he shone as an exemplar. Never could a man, woman, or child, the rich or the poor, the high or the low, who enjoyed his friendship have a more loyal friend. His nature was impervious to either guile, malice, or deceit; he was true as steel. No enemy (and every good man has them) could point his finger to BURKE and justly say that he ever dealt him an unfair or much less a foul blow. BURKE was not only a Chesterfield in manner, but a Navarre in action. In the fierce battles of the forum he did not stoop to little things or to the use of the shafts of slander, but he hit straight from the shoulder and bore himself with knightly courage toward his adversary.

His lance never made a cowardly thrust, nor did there rest a blotch on either his shield or armor. His loyalty as a friend was as sincere as that of a child; he trusted and could be

trusted in return. His companionship was as chaste and genial as that of a good woman; his conversation, manner, and conduct full of good cheer, hope, and kindness. His aims and aspirations were lofty, his motives pure, his integrity incorruptible, his convictions true. He loved truth and practiced it in his everyday life; he was generous and forgiving to a fault and abhorred sham and hypocrisy.

Devoted to the partner of his bosom, his children, and his home, he was withal a consistent Christian gentleman, who practiced what he preached—the Golden Rule. Not only is he mourned in grand old Texas, and by every member of the Texas delegation, but by the members of this great body. His name and fame extend far beyond the confines of the Lone Star State, which he loved and so ably represented in part on this floor, and they will endure and live as long as the good deeds of a noble, useful, and blameless life lie treasured in the hearts and are recorded in the history of the American people.

ADDRESS OF MR. CLAYTON, OF ALABAMA.

Mr. SPEAKER: It is not more than a just estimate to say that ROBERT E. BURKE was an able lawyer, an upright citizen, a faithful Representative, and a Southern gentleman. Moreover, if other words may be necessary for the whole truth, he at all times showed good will toward his fellow-man and an abiding faith in the wisdom, justice, and mercy of the Heavenly Father.

The good servant has performed faithfully the life task set for him and has gone from amongst us—the Master has called him. Human hearts sorrow and human tears fall, for the mortality has been planted in the dust in order that, through the resurrection, immortality may bloom and fruit and bloom and fruit again and without end in that hereafter which we truthfully and lovingly call Heaven.

"To lie in cold obstruction and to rot" is not the end of just men who have served and pleased God. The sublime love of Him who maketh not for the purpose of destroying has sent the Christ who reaches down his hand beneath the dust and marble covering and lifteth up those who have departed in his faith and favor. This is, this must be, the consoling truth for men who grieve and women who weep and also grieve. Say not to the agonized, "I know not." Rather say, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief." Materialism may challenge Christianity to combat, but the weapon of the first is "of the earth earthy," and the sword of the latter is the everlasting truth, fighting for the soul of man. He that can say "I know that my Redeemer liveth"

is comforted and enjoys the blessings of truth and of a philosophy both sublime and divine.

It is not for the benefit of the dead we pay respect to his memory. What men now say can not harm him nor add to his happiness, for he sleeps and hears us not. We would stand appalled in the presence of death if we could not answer the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" "I am the resurrection and the life," said the Saviour; "whomsoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

It is for the benefit of the living and those to come hereafter that we commemorate the virtues of the distinguished dead. Here we present the history, the example, of a good man, and from it we learn that industry, honesty, fidelity, and capacity are appreciated while embodied in the living, and that those virtues blossom in the dust, and that on account of them the name of our distinguished friend has become a part of the records of our country.

I came into Congress with Judge BURKE at the memorable extraordinary session of 1897. Very soon I learned to know him as a friend and as an industrious and careful legislator. Often in private conversation he would dwell with pride and pleasure upon his boyhood and early manhood, spent in his native Alabama. As the son loveth his mother, he cherished an abiding affection for the State of his birth—a State, as his worthy successor has beautifully and truthfully told us, that has contributed more than any other State of the Union in great names to Texas history. Permit me, while paying tribute to this distinguished man, Alabamian first and Texan by adoption, to acknowledge the compliment paid to the dead sons of my Commonwealth.

Perhaps I ought to forbear to praise the living. It, however, does no violence to propriety, even on this melancholy occasion, to refer to the senior Senator from Texas, Mr. Charles

A. Culberson, and to Mr. Sheppard, the present Representative from the Fourth district of Texas—a district that has been represented here for twenty-six years by former Alabamians. It sent here from 1876 to 1896 Hon. David B. Culberson, who, though born in Georgia, was reared from infancy in Alabama; after him next came the late John B. Cranford, born in Clarke County, Ala., and then came the present incumbent. To me it is an interesting fact that these men and Judge BURKE, all of the full stature of American manhood, went, with the exception of Mr. Cranford, from the hills of east Alabama—Tallapoosa and Chambers counties—and all, with the exception of Judge Culberson, were natives of Alabama. Perhaps I may be pardoned for mentioning another great Alabamian, distinguished, and living in Texas—George Clark, of Waco—who went there as a young lawyer from his native county of Greene, in Alabama, and who is at once an ornament and a foremost member of the bar of Texas, and whose legal learning adorns the judicial history of the State of his adoption.

But it is of the distinguished dead I purposed to speak—of that part of Alabama's rich gift to the history of Texas. A roll call of the great men whose deeds and names enter so largely into the history of Texas would bring in review the lives and characters of many native sons of Alabama. Let me mention Patrick C. Jack, the leader of the first attempt at revolution, in 1832, and a famous orator and patriot; William H. Jack, his brother, and equally distinguished; Moseley Baker, a renowned soldier and statesman of the republic of Texas, and Sam Houston's bitterest enemy; Peter W. Grayson, a great judge, who served as chief justice of the supreme court of the republic of Texas, and afterwards of the State of Texas; Richard Ellis, president of the convention that declared Texan independence and framed the first constitution of that republic; R. R. Royal, chairman of the "Consultation" in 1835; Pendle-

ton Murrah, governor of that State from 1863 to 1865; A. J. Hamilton, provisional governor in 1866, and perhaps the unrivaled forensic orator in the annals of Texas, and who served in Congress in 1859; George F. Moore, chief justice of the supreme court, a profound jurist; Robert S. Gould, chief justice of the supreme court, and now a distinguished professor of law in the University of Texas. Add to these Abner S. Lipscomb, though born in South Carolina, was reared in Alabama, where he was at one time chief justice of the supreme court, and, after removal to Texas, was on the supreme court bench there for many years, and was one of the ablest of her judges. Let me not omit the name of Oran M. Roberts, who was born in South Carolina, but brought up in Alabama, and who saw his first official service as a member of the Alabama legislature; who went to Texas in 1841, and was there chief justice for sixteen years, and was at one time United States Senator, and twice governor.

I could call the names of many other Alabamians who have added luster to the history of Texas, but those that I have mentioned serve to amply illustrate the truth of Alabama's contribution of great names to Texas history. The life, character, and public service of Judge BURKE furnish another name to the long list of patriotic Alabamians who gave their lives and dedicated their best energies to the development and advancement of Texas—a great State, indeed, and a magnificent and unequaled empire.

Our lamented friend and untiring coworker has gone. Heaven's benediction rest upon him. He has paid the last debt of nature. He has met the inevitable, and the inevitable is God's will. Peace be his, forever and forever.

ADDRESS OF MR. LANHAM, OF TEXAS.

Mr. SPEAKER: "ROBERT EMMET BURKE, of Dallas, was born in Tallapoosa County, Ala., August 1, 1847; volunteered as a private in Company D, Tenth Georgia Cavalry, at the age of 16 and served until the close of the war; removed to Texas in 1866 and located at Jefferson; was admitted to the bar in November, 1870; located at his present home in 1871; was elected county judge in 1878, serving three consecutive terms; was elected district judge in 1888, and was reelected in 1892 without opposition; was elected to the Fifty-fifth Congress as a Democrat."

This is the brief and modest autobiographic statement prepared for the Congressional Directory when he first entered Congress, and in his own language shows the principal events in the history of my dead colleague. It is to be commended for its simplicity and entire absence of self-laudation, and is quite illustrative of the man he was. It tells when and where he was born, his connection as a boy soldier with the Confederate army, his removal to Texas, his admission to the bar, and the official positions he held in the State of his adoption. If nothing more were said, he has told enough of himself in this concise and unpretentious narration of the chief incidents in his career to attract attention and elicit the favorable comment of any considerate man who may read it. It is now left to us to add to this sketch of his life the sad words, "He died on the 5th of June, 1901," and to pay suitable tribute to his memory.

In the Southland it was something to be a Confederate soldier; it was much for a boy of 16 years to go forth to

battle in response to his country's call and in vindication of his convictions of duty; it was, later on in his civic experience, a hard task to equip himself under adverse conditions for the engagements of a noble profession; it was an honor to be called to the bench and exercise the jurisdiction of different courts, and it was a distinction to be chosen from the great district he so faithfully represented as a member of Congress. To say that he well and worthily discharged all the duties connected with the various services he has rendered is to affirm what all who knew him will readily indorse.

I knew Judge BURKE perhaps more intimately than anyone with whom he was associated in Congress. There are many things that drew him and me together. In many respects we had a community of experience and aspiration. The friendship between us was close. We understood and confided in each other. I know that he was loyal to his constituency and ever ready to promote their interests. There was a punctuality in his devotion to their demands and a promptness in his attendance upon the sessions of the House and a vigilance of its proceedings that attracted private and public notice. He not only looked after the local measures of his people, but was always attentive to the consideration of general legislation and resolute in the expression of his views on national questions.

He had many friends in Washington, both in official and private circles. His uniform courtesy and pleasant mannerism gave him an easy entry into any of the departments where official business called him, and the expressions of sorrow at his death by those whom he met in such relations are many and sincere. He made an impression that will not soon fade away.

Judge BURKE was a courageous man. He asserted his convictions with great positiveness, and when he reached a conclusion he was insistent and unwavering in its maintenance. I have frequently heard him declare that he would vote for or

against a proposition if no one else did. I do not think he could have been induced to do what he did not believe was right. He was a clean, pure, exemplary man, upright in his daily walk and conversation. He so demeaned himself that he was never in fear of any assaults upon or exposure of his modes of life. He conducted himself as became a gentleman and with that dignity that should mark a public representative. He eschewed all forms of dissipation. His standards and ideals of official deportment and personal excellence were lofty, and he lived up to them.

He was not what would be called a brilliant man, but he was reliable and trustworthy, careful to inform himself, and ready to go wherever his sense of duty led. There was nothing sensational in his composition. His was a steady, unostentatious, consistent course. He strove to be useful rather than showy, to accomplish results rather than to advertise himself. He coveted no undeserved approbation.

He was kindly, forgiving, and charitable in his disposition. He did not bear malice nor cherish resentment. He exemplified the graces of Christian character. He had—

> A heart within whose sacred cell
> The peaceful virtues loved to dwell;
> Affection warm and faith sincere
> And soft humanity were there.

During the last session of Congress in which he served it was apparent to his friends that his health was giving way. The decline became more evident and rapid after he returned to his home. He and his family and friends soon realized that he was not long for this world. A short while before his death, in making his last will and testament, he expressed his preparation to meet his God, and has left on record the solace to his loved ones that he was ready for the reward of the Christian. In his home, surrounded by a loving family and

sympathizing friends, he fell upon that sleep which knows no waking here, but from which he shall arise, refreshed and strengthened, in the great hereafter. With sorrowful hearts and solemn ceremonial we laid all that was mortal of him away in the cemetery of his beloved city to rest until the resurrection, feeling that in his death a loss irreparable had been sustained by his family, friends, constituency, and country.

It fills me with sadness and, in some degree, a sense of solitude when I recall how many of my friends and colleagues in the Texas delegations with whom I have served from first to last since I became a member of Congress have passed away. Coke and Maxey and Hancock and Throckmorton and Stewart and Crain and Cranford and Martin and Kilgore and Culberson and BURKE. I alone am here of those from my State who were in the Forty-eighth Congress. What a harvest the grim reaper has thus gathered! But the sickle will not stop with them nor cease its work of destruction. Only a little while and we shall all yield to its cruel stroke, and one by one the names of those now living will be added to the death roll. We should heed the admonitions of our mortality and get ourselves ready for that end which surely awaits us and which we are rapidly approaching. If we live right, we shall "die the death of the righteous," as did our lamented colleague, and it may be said of us as we can say of him:

How blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest.
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!
Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say
How blest the righteous when he dies!

ADDRESS OF MR. MOON, OF TENNESSEE.

Mr. SPEAKER: The roll has been called, but no response is made to the name of ROBERT EMMET BURKE, of Texas. A chair is vacant and draped, and another voice is hushed in this great forum. The messenger of the Eternal has passed over the portals of the American House of Representatives. No tumultuous debate breaks the awful silence of the hour. Here partisan wrangle is ended and the conflicts of the living cease while these walls once again inclose the chamber of the dead. Texas weeps, and the Union sympathizes in her grief. One of her noblest sons has joined the "innumerable caravan in the great beyond."

When He who controls the destinies of men decrees the severance of the ties that bind families, kindred, and friends, and memory recalls the visage of loved ones gone, uniting them with the living in defiance of death, words can not speak the tender emotions that fill the pensive soul and hold it in holy communion with the Creator. Silence and tears are its language, solitude its retreat, and hope and faith in reunion in the immortal unknown its consolation.

When a strong man thus falls in the arena of public life his comrades in the service of the country do well to pause, to meditate, and to speak, that men may know by faithful portrayal the life and character of one who has justly earned the confidence and plaudits of his countrymen, and that the inspiration of such a life may, if it will, lead us in the ways of truth and justice to the achievement of the greatest blessings for mankind.

But fulsome eulogy is mockery of the dead, even as flattery is injustice to the living. If virtues are not to be forgotten, frailties are not to be buried in oblivion. Man is the heir of both, and error, oft intruding, discloses his weakness; yet, when great and good deeds dominate his nature, character becomes sublime and resplendent, as was demonstrated in the life of ROBERT E. BURKE.

Judge BURKE was born in Tallapoosa County, Ala., in August, 1847. At the age of 16 years he bared his young bosom—heaving with love of his native South—to the storm of ruthless war in resistance to the invader. He was a private soldier in Company D, Tenth Georgia Cavalry, and served until the close of the struggle between the States.

In 1866 he removed to Texas; was admitted to the bar in 1870; was elected county judge at Dallas in 1878 and twice reelected; was elected judge of the district court at Dallas in 1888 and reelected without opposition in 1892. He was elected to the Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth, and Fifty-seventh Congresses. His early education was necessarily neglected. He was a soldier while yet a child—a sentinel on duty in the morning of his youth—true, obedient, and faithful ever. He began the study of law, that greatest and most learned of all professions, without means, uneducated and poorly equipped for such a work, but Celtic blood flowed in the veins of his sound body to nurture his rugged intellect and fire the ambition of his impulsive heart.

Obstacles yielded to his energy, and an honorable professional career was open before him. He was a strong debater, a good lawyer, and a safe counselor. He quickly discerned the right, and faithfully plead the cause of justice. His administration of the high office of judge of the district court was to his friends and countrymen a source of profound pride and gratification, marked as it was by ability, conservatism, and a

rigid adherence to duty in the maintenance of law and order and the rights of citizenship. The verdict of his brethren at the bar is that he administered the law to the rich and the poor alike, without fear, favor, prejudice, or affection. He was able. He was firm. He was courageous. He loved truth and justice. He was sincere and honest. He knew the law. He loved his fellow-man. These are the essential qualifications of a great judge.

As a Representative in Congress he was wise in legislation and faithful in service, and possessed the highest conception of his duty. His trust in the people was abiding. He believed in the rights of man, and his devotion to republican institutions and constitutional government was supreme.

In the daily walks of life he was affectionate to his friends and considerate of all. He was kind, gentle, and sympathetic. His was a generous friendship that no cold medium knew. Nature made him a gentleman, and so taught him his affinities that he recognized all "kindred spirits." His was a beautiful life of duty to home, country, and God. In the full flower of manhood he falls to sleep in death to awake in eternity.

The dead are like the stars, by day
  Withdrawn from mortal eye
But not extinct, they hold their way
  In glory through the sky;
Spirits from bondage thus set free
  Vanish amidst immensity.
Where human thought like human sight
  Fails to pursue their trackless flight.

ADDRESS OF MR. SHEPPARD, OF TEXAS.

Mr. SPEAKER: This day has heretofore been set apart to pay tribute to the memory, life, and character of ROBERT EMMET BURKE, a former member of this body, who died at his home, in the city of Dallas, State of Texas, on the 5th day of June, 1901, surrounded by a devoted wife, affectionate and loving children, together with hosts of relatives and friends.

ROBERT EMMET BURKE was born in Tallapoosa County, Ala., August 1, 1847. At the tender age of 16 he joined the Confederate army as a private in Company D, Tenth Georgia Cavalry, and served until the close of the war. He removed to the State of Texas in 1866 and located at Jefferson. He married Miss Henderson, of Cass County, Tex., was admitted to the bar in November, 1870, removed to the city of Dallas in 1871, in which city he resided at the time of his death. He was elected county judge of Dallas County in 1887 and served three consecutive terms; was elected district judge in 1888, and was reelected in 1892 without opposition; was elected to the Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth, and Fifty-seventh Congresses by overwhelming majorities. Judge BURKE was an unflinching Democrat.

I never knew him intimately until I met him as a member of the Fifty-sixth Congress. I soon saw that he was a plain, unpretentious, bold, out-spoken, honest man, with the courage of his convictions. He was kind and gentle with his friends; he had a sweet temper and always made himself pleasant and agreeable. He was a strictly temperate man and was always at his post of duty. He was an agreeable, jovial, big-hearted,

big-souled, good man. I became very much attached to him. The world was made better by reason of his having lived in it. His devoted wife and three children, a daughter and two sons, survive him. May the great God of us all shield, guide, and protect them, and may his sons emulate his life and character is my sincere wish.

Judge BURKE was a consistent member of the Baptist Church at the date of his death, and had been for years prior thereto. I attended his funeral and heard the pastor of his church testify, in the presence of that large concourse of people that attended his funeral with bowed heads in deep sorrow, that he knew Judge BURKE intimately, and that he was by his bedside during his last illness, and that he had every reason to believe that all was well with Judge BURKE'S immortal spirit in the great beyond. What a consolation to his wife, children, and his friends.

Judge BURKE'S death should admonish us all "that in the midst of life we are in death."

ADDRESS OF MR. DE ARMOND, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. SPEAKER: Without preparation it is not easy to speak justly of the living or of the dead. Affection is a bad counselor when it comes to matters of judgment, and the spirit of criticism can be unjust quite as easily as just.

Of the man of whom we speak this afternoon it may be said truthfully, without flattery, and without exaggeration, that he possessed in a large degree the merits of mind and of heart which constitute the nobility of human kind. A brave man, he faced all difficulties and dangers without flinching. An honest man, he knowingly did wrong to no one. A conscientious man, he discharged to the best of his opportunity and ability every duty which presented itself. And that highest of tributes may truthfully be paid to him—he was a just judge.

How much is comprehended in this phrase! How easy it is for one in high judicial position to be swerved by passion or by prejudice to favor a friend or to bear down too hard upon a foe. The rectitude of this man, his integrity of purpose, his lofty disposition to seek the right and shun the wrong, won for him in a conspicuous career upon the bench that loftiest title known to the profession, that noblest of tributes found among men—he was a just judge.

In all the relations of life he was a true man—true to his convictions, true to duty as he saw it, in private life and in public life. He was a generous man. The needy never appealed to him, when he could render assistance, to be turned away bootless. The unfortunate found in him a friend, and when charity was called for the response was ready and liberal.

In the walks of private life, as well as in high station, he

met manfully the responsibilities which came upon him. As a statesman he was broad minded, diligent, and patriotic. Here he fulfilled the duties and requirements of life with a lofty spirit, with affectionate loyalty to the people at home, with a deep love for his country, and with an ardent desire to discharge his whole duty.

That he impressed himself favorably not only upon those who were his friends when he came here, but upon the indifferent and the casual, is in itself a high tribute to his inherent worth. Everybody recognized him as a serious-minded man with honest purposes. Everybody regarded him as planning and working true to his own convictions, determining for himself in such light as beat upon him and upon the questions with which he had to deal what the right was, and then pursuing the course of the right, unflinching, unswerved, unchangeable, whatever the end might be.

We are not speaking in the language of fulsome praise, we are not engaged in meaningless exaltation, when we attribute to this good, just, well-balanced, courageous man the virtues which he possessed. Nor are we indulging merely in platitudes when we express the regret which must be sincere for his early taking off. Had his life been spared there were many years of usefulness before him and for his country. He would have reached a high rank in the annals of his country's heroes in civil life had his years been lengthened sufficiently to enable him to work out that which he was capable of doing.

The name given him at the christening seems singularly appropriate. Himself of the sturdy Irish race that has given to the world so many illustrious examples of magnificent manhood and peerless womanhood, he was worthy of such ancestry; and the Christian name which was given to him, "ROBERT EMMET," the name of the noble Irish patriot and

martyr, was well borne by the courteous, generous, chivalric, magnanimous BURKE.

For my part, I never can be present on one of these occasions when eulogies are pronounced upon deceased members, I never can be at the portal of the grave, without finding my mind irresistibly drifting on the wings of sublime curiosity, in a hopeful trance, across into that shadowy realm which all of us must enter and from which none of us return.

Of course, this is no time for speculation upon these occult subjects. It is no time for a parading of the disclosures of Revelation. And yet we may wonder whether the soul of our friend, enfranchised, is now felicitating and expanding in a brighter and more gorgeous realm, far, far away—immeasurably distant from us—or whether he lives and grows close by, his spirit, now freed from the clogs of earth, hovering about us and lending us encouragement and inspiration.

In the great advances of science is it possible that some time—not in our day, but in the days of our children, or in the more distant years to come—the exact location of the soul in the human body will be found; that the analysis of that which has escaped all analyses heretofore, outside of the Divine laboratory, may be made; that human beings may understand as never they understood before, and that revelation may come to the individual and through the individual, as now it only comes drifting down with the current of the ages and from the Sacred Book. Of these things we know not; but it is a comforting thought, it is an exalting aspiration, that the spirits of the good, who have striven here upon the earth and have scattered blessings as they went through this life, do find and must find an existence far grander and greater in the immeasurable world, in the limitless time expanded into eternity, beyond the portals of the grave, over which now we drop, humbly and reverently, our tribute of respect.

ADDRESS OF MR. BALL, OF TEXAS.

Mr. SPEAKER: It is with some diffidence that, without other preparation than personal knowledge of his character, I attempt to pay tribute to the memory of my deceased friend, Judge ROBERT EMMET BURKE. I feel that it would be impossible for me, with patient care and thoughtful chosen language, to do justice to his memory, and yet I would not do myself justice, knowing him as I did, enjoying his friendship during his life, and cherishing his memory now that he has gone to his last rest, if I failed in this presence to say at least a few words, expressing, however feebly, that which my heart fain would voice.

Judge BURKE was a native of that splendid Commonwealth, Alabama, a State which has enriched the history of Texas by the aid of her pioneers in the settlement of the then Mexican province, by the deeds of her heroic sons upon battlefields for the independence of Texas, and whose citizens have woven their history into our jurisprudence and civil life in the upbuilding of our beloved State of Texas. At the age of 16 Judge BURKE enlisted as a private soldier in the Confederate army.

He was not a general, not a colonel; he held no rank, but he belonged to that great body of the soldiers of the Confederacy who stand to-day in history as the concrete expression of the sublimest words in the English language—duty, service, and sacrifice.

Their deeds and his are not of individual record in the annals of war, as are the deeds of those in command.

Their fame is rather like the Milky Way, which tracks its uminous path athwart the spacious heavens, whose untold

myriads of stars by their individual brightness obscure each other's light, and yet blended each in all create the magnificent arch whose soft nebulous brightness stands out with more than planetary beauty, a wonderful and glorious whole.

While history may be silent as to his soldierly deeds, knowing him we know that as a private soldier he well discharged his duty in camp, upon the march, and in "the red blaze of battle," for fidelity to every trust was his watchword through life. No sick or wounded comrade was denied his ministering care, for charity and goodness of heart were his crowning characteristics, and the Good Samaritan was not more ready and thoughtful than was he.

If "Kind hearts are more than coronets," if doing good things to mankind as we go along the journey of life are to be laid up in that "mansion eternal in the heavens," then the numberless kind words and gracious deeds with which our friend gladdened so many hearts must long ago have blossomed into flowers of beauty to garland the rock of ages.

Judge BURKE was a plain man of the people—sometimes called the common people. He was one of them; he loved them; he knew them in his and their daily life; his sympathies were with them; not as that pretended sympathy which goes out from the demagogue who seeks to deceive the people for his own ulterior purpose, but as one of whom it can be said above all other things that he loved his fellow-man. His constituents knew it, and consequently when he offered for political preferment at their hands he was invincible before the people, who loved and trusted him. He was a devout and earnest Christian man; not one who went about "striking himself upon the breast and thanking God that he was not as other men," not the "holier than thou" kind, for his religion was never obtrusive. He did not go about as a mentor, to rebuke or to criticise those whose conduct was not such as he perhaps

would approve; but by kind words of counsel, by the influence of his own example, he went about doing good among his fellow-men, and increased the respect and reverence for the holy gospel which he professed, simply by the silent forcefulness of his own personal example.

It was my good fortune when Judge BURKE and myself entered Congress at the same time to live under the same roof with him for months, and to learn to know him as he was. No man ever came to Congress who was more faithful to his constituents, not only in the greater field of activities in national life, but in the little things that go to make up the sum of the duties of a member of this body. There was not a constituent in his district so humble, there was not a widow that was so poor, there was no pensioner from the Army against which he fought that had so little influence but that he or she could command the service of Judge BURKE at all times and in all honorable ways. He did not leave it to his private secretary to transact the business of his constituents with the Government departments, but went in person; and I have no doubt during his service in Congress he gave a greater portion of his time to the details which his position imposed upon him than almost any member of Congress for a similar period of time.

I will not enlarge upon my personal regard. I do not desire to be fulsome. Modest in his character and in his disposition, I know that if our dead friend could look down upon us to-day he would far rather that we did him less than justice than say anything that might savor of fulsome or unmerited praise. It can not be said of him, the sentence can not be passed upon him, that "he knew his duty and did it not." But it can be truthfully said that as a citizen, as a soldier, as a judge in the disputes of others, as a member of Congress, as father, as husband, and as friend, that everywhere and at all times

Judge BURKE did his full duty as he saw it, and he did it with all the zeal and ability which he possessed. That he should have been cut off in the very flower of his usefulness, to our finite minds is unaccountable; but it is not ours to question the ways of Providence or to say that a man in the zenith of his career should not be taken away. He had no dread of death. Sustained by the principles of the Christian religion, having an experimental knowledge of the value of the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount by faith and practice during his life, the shadows of death did not appall him.

From the presence of his devoted wife and children he could look out with larger vision and go before, conscious that—

> Death is another life; we bow our heads
> At going out; we think, and enter straight
> Another golden chamber of the King's,
> Larger than this we leave, and lovelier.

ADDRESS OF MR. STEPHENS, OF TEXAS.

Mr. SPEAKER: When Judge BURKE, my fellow-member of this House, my friend and comrade, died, this House lost a conspicuous and able member. ROBERT EMMET BURKE'S devotion to his family, his clean and upright character, his industry and public spirit, made him the idol of his Congressional district, and his services here were greatly appreciated and generally approved by them.

Mr. BURKE was a kind, tender-hearted man. Well do I remember how tenderly he watched by the bedside of one of our fellow-members from Texas, the noble, brilliant, and generous John W. Cranford, who, after a long illness, died in a hospital in this city during the Fifty-fifth Congress. We often visited our stricken comrade together and ministered in every way possible to his wants, but he sank rapidly until his spirit departed; and it was during these trying hours that I learned more than ever before to love and respect Mr. BURKE.

Little did I think that my kind, noble, generous friend BURKE would be the next one of our delegation to fall asleep and pass serenely into rest on the other shore of that mysterious sea that never yet bore on any wave the images of a homeward sail. But he is dead.

> He gave his honors to the world again,
> His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

To us it is incomprehensible why death claimed this kind husband, good father, and generous friend just at a time when he was serving his country so well and faithfully, when he was in the prime of his mature manhood, and in the midst of gratifying achievements for his constituents.

Man's finite mind can not fathom these mysteries. Man indeed proposes, but God alone disposes; and we shall know nothing of the mysteries of death or why our friends and loved ones are taken from us until the Divine Hand shall have withdrawn the veil which shields the portals of heaven from mortal gaze.

We deeply sympathize with the bereaved family of our departed friend, and we hope that the consolation of his religious faith and the healing balm of time will soon bridge the gulf of sorrow caused by the death of the husband and father. His was a noble Christian character, and his life should be studied and emulated by his sons, and by all of the young men who knew him. To know him was to appreciate him, and those who knew him best appreciated him most.

Whether we view R. E. BURKE as a poor young man struggling to educate himself, or as a soldier of the lost cause fighting for his beloved South, or as a briefless young lawyer striving to build up a practice, or as a judge on the bench dispensing justice and equity to his fellow-men, or as a statesman representing his district in Congress, we always, under all circumstances and conditions, find him the same honest, noble-hearted Christian gentleman. To the young and rising generation he has been a living example of what can be accomplished by a poor boy under the most adverse circumstances. He has taught them by example that—

> Honor and shame from no condition rise;
> Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

ADDRESS OF MR. DRISCOLL, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. SPEAKER: On this occasion, when the friends of the departed, gathered around his spiritual bier, are commemorating his life and character, permit me, to add my humble tribute of respect and regard to the many sincere and eloquent testimonials which have been offered. Those of you who knew him well in his social and domestic life; those of you from his own State with whom he labored in constructing the laws and developing the resources of that great and promising Commonwealth; those of you, perhaps, with whom he marched and bivouacked, fought and suffered throughout the terrible conflict of the civil war, can speak with knowledge and appreciation of his trials and vicissitudes, his joys and sorrows, his efforts and achievements.

My association with him was comparatively brief, but around that association are clustered many pleasant recollections. He was born and reared in the South, I in the North. We first met two years ago as members of the Elections Committee. His genial disposition first impressed me, and our informal acquaintance soon developed into friendship. Without obtrusiveness or tendency to display his attainments, I gradually learned to esteem him as a man and admire him as a lawyer and legislator. His manners were gentle, quiet, and unassuming. His heart was warm, affectionate, and generous. His character was sensitive, refined, and pure. He was not forward or aggressive in a place where push and self-assertion seemed to count for much. While he was a man of clear views and decided convictions, in defense of which he was always prepared, and was not disposed to compromise with what he

considered wrong, yet he recognized the right in others to entertain contrary opinions and gave them credit for honesty of heart and sincerity of purpose.

From natural bent and long experience on the bench, his mind was well poised. It was judicial rather than forensic. His style was logical rather than rhetorical. He took his position and hewed to the line. He was not disposed to do violence to the facts or his own judgment in order that he might create a sensation or turn a gracefully rounded period. He loved Texas, as all Texans do. In season and out of season he espoused its cause and earnestly and loyally championed the interests of his constituents. He impressed me as serious and rather old in manners beyond his years. Possibly ill health and a warning of approaching disease affected his disposition. He died many years before the allotted time, in the midst of a career of activity and usefulness. In the decease of ROBERT EMMET BURKE his State lost one of its most prudent, faithful, honorable citizens, his country one of its most capable, reliable, and honest legislators.

ADDRESS OF MR. BELL, OF COLORADO.

Mr. SPEAKER: Never, during my ten years' service here, have we returned and reopened this House without meeting a somber gloom, caused by some seat being muffled with crape, nor without having the opening prayer saddened by the Chaplain's lamenting the recurrence of fatalities to some one elected to these seats.

How strange that the reaper so often drops his sickle where least expected and garners the unripe stalks and leaves the maturer ones standing.

How many of us would have eagerly changed the chances of longevity with the deceased when we last separated.

Judge ROBERT EMMET BURKE was of that equable, judicial, conservative temperament, ever striving to reduce everything around him to a complete equilibrium, and was ever seeking to move in complete harmony with natural laws, and yet he untimely falls upon the way, while the less vigilant contravenors of the harmonious laws of their being recklessly and defiantly pass on unscathed.

The vicissitudes and accidents of nature are as uncertain and as "erratic as the phantasm of a morning dream."

No one has an assurance of one additional moment here. A mite from an atom of cheese, an invisible mote floating in a sun ray, may strike down the young or the old, the pigmy or the giant, with apparently equal ease.

If the spirit of man, that matchless preserver, in fact, the only embalming fluid that can preserve life and action in this ephemeral body, does, when released, join the forces of nature, and goes on performing the high functions for which

it qualified itself when in the body, then we know that of the lamented Judge BURKE will be among the most exalted of this unknown realm.

His every act here was directed toward the amelioration of the hard conditions of his fellow-citizens, whether in his active conduct in legislation or measured by his deportment toward employee and associate, whether in high or low position.

His quiet and dignified deportment here begot for him a like deferential treatment from all, from the Speaker of the House to the bootblack in the toilet room.

The classifier of men would attribute him to the best type of what is known as the judicial temperament. This is but a brief way of saying that he was unselfish; that he was void of a blinding prejudice; that he could see and detect good or evil equally in friend or foe; that he took the Golden Rule as the measure of his course of action. Such exemplary characters as the deceased leave a void that is indeed difficult to fill and always sorely lamented.

ADDRESS OF MR. WILEY, OF ALABAMA.

Mr. SPEAKER: If there be one privilege dearer to us than the rest it is to do honor to the dead; to wreathe a bright chaplet about the broken urn as a tender expression of that sympathy too delicate for human utterance.

Death has invaded our ranks so often that scarcely a session of Congress convenes we are not called upon to render funeral honors to some one of our body.

How true it is that "One by one the heavy laden sink beneath the noon-tide sun;" one by one we step smiling into the ferryboat which is to carry us, as we vainly think, for a little while across the narrow river; one by one we waive our hands and say to those who watch us from the familiar shore, "To-morrow." But alas! alas! before we are even aware of it, the shore is out of sight, the stream is a sea, the ferryboat is the boat of Death, and "to-morrow" is Eternity.

Solon, the Athenian lawgiver, is said to have offended Crœsus, the munificent Lydian King, by telling him to "count no man happy who had not seen the end of life," and his reason was that it was impossible to form any correct estimate of another's character until after his death. Now that ROBERT EMMET BURKE is no more, we can appreciate his many virtues and contemplate with something like certainty what "manner of man" he was.

It is natural that the death of one so highly respected should cause profound sorrow in our hearts. We feel proud to claim him as an Alabamian. He was born upon the soil of my native State. He loved his home and the people amongst whom he

lived and toiled in his boyhood days, and they in turn appreciated his warm-hearted, generous, and manly nature. He had the courage of his convictions and the heroism to perform his duty even before he attained to man's estate.

While yet in his teens, a mere stripling, he went forth to the bloody fields of war, in obedience to the sovereign command of his native State, under a glorious leadership, and 'neath "the stars and bars" wearing the proud title of a Confederate soldier, he was ready, if needs be, to go down for God and country into the dark valley of death. As long as the Southern cross gleamed out amid the wild light of battle he fought bravely for "Dixie." Returning to his desolated home when that fratricidal conflict was ended, he found the wolf of hunger and want standing on the doorstep, and devastation on every hand. With ruin staring him in the face he left Alabama and removed to Texas, where conditions were more favorable, to begin anew the struggle of life. Service in the Confederate army having deprived him of early educational advantages, far away from home and kindred and friends, "a stranger in a strange land," he was compelled, in the first instance, and as a necessary preliminary, to seek knowledge and mental discipline in order to equip and fit him for his chosen profession—the law. Genial, brave, loyal, and true, it is no marvel that he soon won the confidence and esteem of his newly formed neighbors and friends.

It is a Talmudic maxim that there are four crowns with which mortals can be invested. The crown of the king, which is the crown of power; the crown of the priest, which is the crown of holiness; the crown of the scholar, which is the crown of learning; "but the crown of a good name, which is far better than riches, exceedeth them all in value." Lord Bacon said the power to do good is the true end of aspiration. While the ambition of the distinguished dead was lofty, he did not forget

that morality is the basis, sound-fixed principle the superstructure, and common sense the capstone of true greatness. There is a faith that works silently but mightily, because it loves fervently, and never worries because it never fears. Such was his faith and courage. As a lawyer, I am informed, he was always considerate, courteous, and just. As a judge he was painstaking and conscientious. Gentle in nature and amiable in disposition, he was lion-hearted in courage, mental as well as physical. He held the scales of justice evenly balanced at all times. He dared to do right and was "not afraid of the face of man."

We are told in a beautiful allegorical poem that Abou Ben Adhem, awakening from a dream, found an angel writing in a book of gold the name of those whom the love of God had blessed. "And is mine there?" he asked. The angel answered, "Nay." He said: "I pray thee, then, write me as one who loves his fellow-men." The angel wrote and vanished. The next night the angel came again with a great wakening light and showed the names whom love of God had blessed. "And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest." At the head of the list of those "whom the love of God had blessed" the recording angel has written in ever-living, radiant characters of gold the name of him who loves his fellow-men.

Full of humanity himself, a reciprocating people delighted to honor him. Thrice elected to Congress, he served his constituency faithfully and well. His life filled the measure of lofty aspiration, of a high and honorable ambition. His influence will work on silently for good long after we have passed away. The virtues of such a man are the common inheritance of us all. His bones are interred in the soil of his adopted State, but Alabama, loving him as a son and still claiming him as her own, craves permission to drop a tear upon his grave and to bring here, as a tender tribute, the white flowers of her abiding love.

ADDRESS OF MR. THOMPSON, OF ALABAMA.

Mr. SPEAKER: In the death of ROBERT EMMET BURKE Alabama sadly notes the close of the noble career of one of her most distinguished sons. His adopted State of Texas is justly proud of him, but no more proud than his native State of Alabama. He was born of honest and humble parents in a county adjoining my own, and one of the counties of my Congressional district. It was not my pleasure to know him personally, but I am proud to add a testimonial to the many already offered in memory of such a grand life, so full of usefulness to his people and his country.

Alabama has contributed a large number of useful and distinguished men to the national councils, and not a few have come out of Mr. BURKE'S native county, Tallapoosa. That county furnished the Lone Star State with another eminent and highly honored gentleman, Judge David B. Culberson, whose eldest son, also a native of Tallapoosa County, now fills a prominent position in the United States Senate in a manner worthy of his ancestry.

But we have no cause to be prouder of any man who has gone out of our State than of the lamented ROBERT EMMET BURKE. He was an honest, unpretentious, unselfish, conscientious, courageous man. Prompted by the same patriotic motives that carried so many of our noble sons to the battlefield, he entered the military service of the Confederacy at the early age of 16 years, conceiving it to be not only his duty, but also a privilege to offer his life in defense of the principles animating the South in the terrific struggle of 1861–1865. And although I did not go with him through the bloody conflicts of

that war, being much younger than he was and far too young to act as a soldier, I know full well the brave record he made in the army, and the history of his subsequent public career—the splendid services he rendered to the State of Texas and to the United States. I know well the confidence which he won from the community in which he lived and the community at large. The esteem and honor bestowed upon him by his fellow-countrymen all along the journey of his life demonstrate to me his loyal devotion to his country and to what he considered to be right and his faithful performance of every duty that was intrusted to him.

I have alluded to some of his characteristics—his bravery, as shown in the war, his honesty, simplicity, and unselfishness, all of which were attested by the everyday acts of his life, and for which he became noted among all his friends and acquaintances. I might also dilate upon other characteristics—the sturdy perseverance and will power which enabled him to grapple with the hard conditions which confronted him at the end of the war, and the thoroughness and conscientious care which he bestowed on everything which he undertook. He found himself in 1865 without any money, without any profession, and without a sufficient education. Nevertheless, he determined to overcome all these obstacles. He determined to get an education and to become a lawyer; and in spite of his poverty he did get an education, and a good one, and did become a lawyer, and a very good one. In his new home in Texas, where he located in his nineteenth year, he settled down manfully to work and study, and by the time he was 23 years of age he had been admitted to the bar. Then followed eight years of steady devotion to his profession, during which he won the respect of every citizen of Dallas; and then, at the age of 31, he was elevated to the bench, serving as county judge and district judge for many years, and until he was promoted

in 1896 to represent his district in the Fifty-fifth Congress, and afterwards in the Fifty-sixth; and he had been reelected to this present Congress when death snatched him away from his field of usefulness in the prime of life and at the untimely age of 54.

This is certainly a proud record—the record of a self-made man, triumphant over the most disheartening difficulties, and successful in all essential particulars, socially, intellectually, and morally. And yet none could be more modest and unassuming than he was in relation to his achievements and abilities. For that very reason, all the more did his constituents at home and his associates here delight to honor him. He never boasted or pushed himself into prominence, but his works and deeds spoke for him and made him prominent. The testimony is unanimous as to the sterling character of his work as a lawyer and judge, and his record in Congress was also most honorable and serviceable, as we all know.

The pity of it is that he should have been cut down at the very height of his usefulness and when his race was but half run, at least so it appears to our finite intellects. We must not presume to criticise the decrees of the Almighty, who "doeth all things well," but there are times when human understanding is staggered and the human heart tempted to rebel as we contemplate such untimely deaths as this. However, we know that we must submit, and must at least try to realize that all is for the best. Happily, Mr. BURKE'S record was complete in one sense of the word. Though cut short, it was complete in quality. It had not a flaw in it, and its value as an example and an incentive to virtue for those of us who remain could not have been greater if he had lived a full century.

Personal fidelity to his duties was a shining quality in Judge BURKE. In this age of hurry and worry there is great tempta-

tion to attend to our business by proxy, and far too great yielding to the temptation. Judge BURKE did not delegate his duties to substitutes and subordinates. So far as it was physically possible, he personally attended to the requests of his friends and constituents. Indeed, it is probable that his untiring assiduity and conscientiousness in this respect caused the breakdown in his health which became noticeable in the last session of Congress.

Akin to this trait was his spirit of loving kindness toward his friends and toward all mankind. The list of the favors and benefits which he had conferred and showered all around him as he journeyed through life would be too long for anyone to undertake to write or to recite. The consequence was that his friends were true friends, and innumerable.

His character shone brightly also in his domestic relations, and sad indeed is the bereavement which has come to the family circle of such a man as Judge BURKE. Above all, he was a true and sincere Christian, and although he loved life, and strongly desired to live longer for the benefit of his fellow-men, when the summons came he was ready to obey it, and to resign his soul to Him in whom he had trusted. Though we who are left behind must sorrow over our great loss, we find unspeakable comfort in the sure belief that all is well with him now and forevermore.

ADDRESS OF MR. DE GRAFFENREID, OF TEXAS.

Mr. SPEAKER: On the 5th day of June, 1901, as the stars were fading away at the approach of the great luminary which fills the earth day by day with effulgent glory, the soul of ROBERT EMMET BURKE took its flight, and may we not indulge the hope to that eternal day that knows no ending, and which was greeted with the words "Well done, good and faithful servant?"

The mystery of death is not more mysterious than life; man is fearfully and wonderfully made; endowed with the power of choice, good and evil lies before him, a tremendous responsibility, and yet it is this thing that lifts him infinitely above the brute creation and makes him a son of the living God. The largest, the truest, the noblest man is he who, broad in his conceptions, grasps with unerring precision the path which leads to noblest life and follows it, neither swerving to the right nor the left, in obedience to duty's call; such a man was my colleague, my lamented friend, ROBERT EMMET BURKE. Were there obstacles in the way, he overcame them; were there disparagements, he rose above them; were there dangers, he feared them not; grandly, serenely he passed on.

A soldier fighting for his beloved South, a young man struggling for existence by day and bending over his books at the midnight hour; a lawyer advocating with power and earnestness the cause of his clients; a judge, industrious, studious, careful; a statesman on the floor of this House, he acquitted himself always with great credit, and won the esteem and plaudits of those who knew him. Were I called upon to analyze and

measure the characteristics which marked him, I should say industry, honesty, generosity, simplicity, nobility of soul, independence in thought and action. He respected the honest opinions of others, but was bound by none; his method was to carefully analyze, to sift, to weigh in the balance every question of moment, and then, without fear or favor, to act nobly his part. Nature endowed him with a rugged intellect, with fine discriminating powers, and a clear judgment, a kindly heart, a gentle disposition; these, coupled with industry, energy, a high and lofty purpose, made him the clean, pure, noble, manly man that we knew and respected.

It is not strange that he should have been selected by his fellow-citizens to adjudicate their differences and determine the law; that they should have selected him to represent them on the floor of this House, for they knew that in him was justice, that in him was honor, that in him were the elements of the statesman, and he proved himself worthy of that confidence in every instance. His death is therefore a public calamity. He will be missed in the district which he represented; he will be missed in the State that he loved; he will be missed by the nation dear to his heart, and still more will he be missed by his friends and neighbors, for they knew him as the Christian gentleman, devoted to the church of his choice, kind, gentle, charitable, benevolent. He never forgot a friend nor cherished malice. A hospitable home was his in which centered all those endearing affections which made it to him the dearest spot on earth, and there he will be missed and mourned till time shall reunite wife and children.

> And you, oh, you, who the wildest yearn
> For the old-time step and the glad return,
> Think of him faring on, as dear
> In the love of there as the love of here;
> Think of him still as the same, I say,
> He is not dead—he is just away.

Mr. WOOTEN. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that those who have addressed the House be allowed to extend their remarks in the Record, if they so desire, and that those who have not spoken but desire to contribute memorials to Judge BURKE may be permitted to print in the Record.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. Lanham). The gentleman from Texas asks unanimous consent that those gentlemen who have spoken to-day may have the privilege of extending their remarks in the Record; also, that other members who may desire to do so may print remarks in the Record on the life and character of the late Judge BURKE. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none, and it is so ordered.

And then (at 2 o'clock and 40 minutes p. m.) the House, in pursuance of the resolution, adjourned until Monday next at 12 o'clock meridian.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

JANUARY 16, 1902.

A message from the House communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. ROBERT E. BURKE, late a Representative from the State of Texas, and transmitted resolutions of the House thereon.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with regret and profound sorrow of the death of Hon. ROBERT E. BURKE, late Representative-elect from the Sixth district of the State of Texas, at his home in the city of Dallas, on June 5, 1901.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House communicate a copy of these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the House do now adjourn out of respect to the memory of the deceased member.

Mr. CULBERSON. Mr. President, I submit resolutions and ask for their present consideration.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. ROBERT E. BURKE, late a Representative from the State of Texas.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions submitted by the Senator from Texas.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and (at 2 o'clock and 56 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Monday, January 20, 1902, at 12 o'clock meridian.

O

57TH CONGRESS, 1st Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { DOCUMENT No. 716.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

RUFUS K. POLK

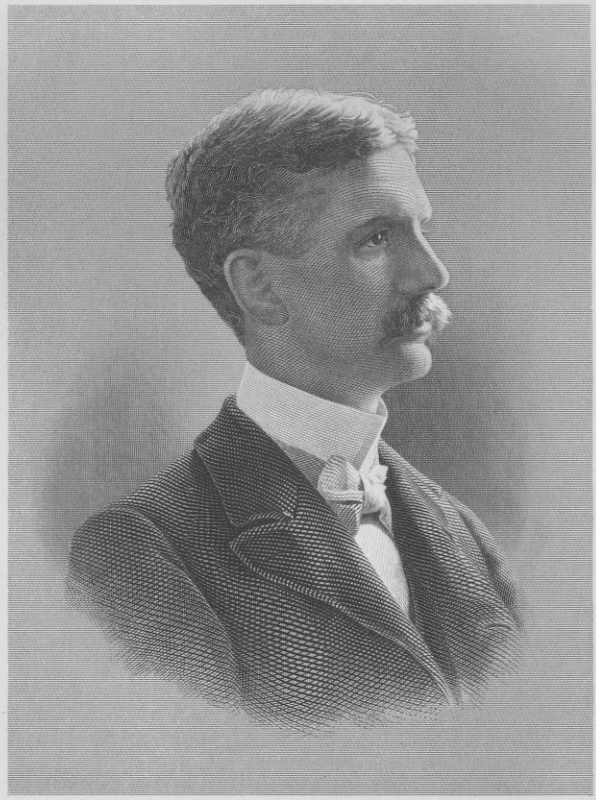
(LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM PENNSYLVANIA),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND SENATE,

FIFTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS,
FIRST SESSION.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1902.



HON. RUFUS KING POLK

Bureau Engraving & Printing.

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DEATH OF HON. RUFUS K. POLK.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE.

MARCH 5, 1902.

The House met at 12 o'clock m. Prayer by Rev. Lee S. McCollester, of Detroit, Mich., as follows:

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, the Keeper and Leader of all our spirits, we pray Thee that as Thy children we may thoroughly understand that Thou are the giver of all life and hope. We ask Thee that Thou shalt inspire us with ideals of duty, honor, and of righteousness. We pray Thee that Thou shalt give us strength and courage, that we may be true to these ideals; that through us, Thy servants, we may do that service in private and in public that may enable our nation to take its place as a leader among the nations of men, fulfilling our mission in wisdom and in righteousness.

O Father, as Thou has seen fit to take from this House by death a member from Pennsylvania, we pray Thee that Thy comfort may come into his family and that the remembrance of him may stimulate us all to seek comfort from Thee, Thou who givest, and Thou who takest away. So lead us and keep us that in the spirit of the Christ we may come nearer to Thee, our God and Father. Amen.

Mr. GREEN, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, late this morning I learned with sincere regret of the death of my comrade and colleague, the Hon. RUFUS K. POLK, of Pennsylvania. In accordance with the usual practice of the House, I will offer and ask the Clerk to read the following resolutions.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Pennsylvania offers the following resolutions, which will be submitted to the House.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of Hon. RUFUS KING POLK, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That in his death the State has lost an able, devoted, and patriotic servant.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Speaker be authorized to appoint a committee to superintend and attend the funeral of deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to his memory the House do now adjourn.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The SPEAKER appointed the following committee: Henry D. Green, J. K. P. Hall, C. F. Wright, Howard Mutchler, George R. Patterson, Charles Dick, J. M. Griggs, William Richardson, Arthur L. Bates, James R. Young, D. H. Mercer, W. L. Stark, Marcus A. Smith, Frank E. Wilson, and L. P. Padgett.

And then, in pursuance of the resolutions (at 2 o'clock and 45 minutes p. m.), the House adjourned until to-morrow at 12 o'clock noon.

MARCH 7, 1902.

A message announced that the Senate had passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. RUFUS KING POLK, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That a committee of six Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

And that in compliance with the foregoing the Presiding Officer had appointed as said committee Mr. Penrose, Mr. Quay, Mr. Culberson, Mr. Carmack, Mr. Gamble, and Mr. Patterson.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

APRIL 19, 1902.

Mr. GREEN, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolution which I send to the Clerk's desk, and ask unanimous consent for its present consideration.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Pennsylvania offers the following resolution, asking unanimous consent for its present consideration.

The resolution was read, as follows:

Resolved, That Saturday, May 10, beginning at 1 o'clock p. m., be set apart for the purpose of paying a tribute of respect to the memory of the late Hon. RUFUS K. POLK, a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the present consideration of the resolution?

There was no objection.

The resolution was agreed to.

MAY 10, 1902.

Mr. GREEN, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, the hour of 2 o'clock having arrived, I call up the special order.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will read the special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. Green, of Pennsylvania, by unanimous consent, it was ordered that Saturday, May 10, at 1 p. m., be set apart for the purpose of paying a tribute of respect to the memory of the late RUFUS K. POLK, a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Mr. GREEN, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for paying tribute to the memory of Hon. RUFUS K. POLK, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant the House at the conclusion of the memorial proceedings shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions with the exception of the portion relating to the immediate adjournment of the House.

The remaining resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Mr. GREEN, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, before these exercises begin I wish to ask unanimous consent that members not now present be permitted to print in the Record such eulogies on the late Mr. POLK as they may desire to publish. The reason for making this request is that a number of members have been unable to attend here to-day.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Green] asks unanimous consent that all members desiring to exercise the privilege be permitted to print in the Record eulogies on the late Mr. POLK. Is there objection? The Chair hears none, and leave is accordingly granted.

ADDRESS OF MR. GREEN, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Amid the carnival which the Grim Reaper has been holding with the members of this body, I am called upon to perform the most difficult and the saddest task of my life.

With graceful words and elegant phrases it is easy to pay a last tribute to colleagues respected, admired, and esteemed, but this man was my friend, my comrade, my roommate, and I loved him.

Not with the flowers of rhetoric, but with heart throbs and with tears I approach his grave.

The rose and the forget-me-not, with the violet and the leaves of the sturdy oak, I would weave in a chaplet to his memory and bind them together with heartstrings.

Justice I can not do him, for the feelings of the heart are not told by words.

While he lived I never knew how much attached I was to him, and his death has left a void which time alone may fill.

When the rumor of his sudden and unexpected death was brought to me I felt benumbed, and the truth came as a bolt from out of the clear blue of sunny skies. Never will I forget the shock; never the lonely feeling I had for days afterwards when I came back to the cosy apartments where together we lived. I never thought I could miss one so much, and I never felt so thoroughly alone and less inclined to resume the work piling up before me.

What endeared this man to me? I can not tell.

I met him but two short years ago, when we came to the Fifty-sixth Congress.

One makes few warm friendships in middle life. This was one, and the stronger perhaps for that reason. I liked him from our first meeting, and as we were drawn oftener together the bond of union strengthened.

He was ten years my junior, and it surely was not his advice nor his judgment I sought.

But what made every man, woman, and child who knew him love him?

He had many warm friends among his colleagues, and when you heard even his acquaintances refer to him it showed that he had impressed them with his irresistible charm.

At his funeral, when the long line of brawny workmen whom he had employed filed by his coffin, pausing to take a last look at his face motionless in death, you could plainly read in each man's countenance the fact that they, too, had come under the spell of this charm, and sincerely mourned the loss of one whom they regarded as a dear friend.

He was a lovely fellow. I never met one more lovable.

His voice, soft and sweet, and its musical accent and expression bespoke him a son of the "Old South." No one who ever heard him talk will ever forget its gentle, winning tones.

More winning than his voice were his manners. They were never acquired, but inherited from aristocratic ancestors, polished gentlemen and charming ladies of the old school who ruled the South in the antebellum days; and this inheritance was strengthened by education, breeding, and refined surroundings.

His nature was sympathetic. He could not bear to see man or beast suffer, and was always ready to give to distress such relief as was in his power.

His generosity was proverbial, and not only did he spend his money with lavish hand, but I never heard him fail to give

everyone the benefit of a doubt, and never, unless richly deserved, have I heard him say an unkind or uncharitable word about even a social or business acquaintance.

So much did he crave the good opinion and esteem of his associates and so prodigal was he with his favors to them that I sometimes thought him vain and seeking admiration.

To an exceptional degree he possessed the charming spirit of camaraderie, and that made him popular at home and abroad.

His faults were but skin deep, and never reached his heart or scarred his soul.

With all these traits, his character and personality were strong, not weak, and no one could ever say "no" more firmly or was more tenacious to his own carefully formed opinions. Often when a man or a question was being discussed with general agreement, to the surprise of all would he announce a different opinion and advance convincing arguments in its support. Yet his manner of announcing such a difference, although firm, never seemed to offend. I envied his tact on such occasions.

But more than all these, he was manly and just and strictly honest in word and thought and deed. In our close association I never heard him utter a word from which one could form the suspicion that he sought to injure or obtain an unjust advantage of anyone with whom he dealt, and he exacted the same business integrity from others in their dealings. He despised a dishonest man and left him severely alone.

He had a vein of stubbornness running through him, and at times it took a rough bit and a strong hand to control him when his teeth were set. These fits happened but seldom. As a rule he was gentle, full of warm, generous impulses, kind-hearted, sympathetic, courteous, and tolerant even of the prejudices of others.

Much of his life and of his ambitions I learned from his own lips as we sat after dinner in the evening twilight and exchanged mutual confidences before we took up the never-ending tasks of Congressional life.

He would light a cigar and stretch out on an easy chair and talk of his wife and his babies, of his parents, and his illustrious uncle Leonidas, the fighting bishop, and many other things. These were our social chats and heart-to-heart talks. This was the history of his life as I gleaned it chiefly from these talks.

RUFUS KING POLK was born August 23, 1866, in Maury County, Tenn., on his father's plantation, some 7 miles from Columbia. This was just after the close of that gigantic struggle between the North and the South, and he was the first-born. His father had little but this plantation left after that struggle, in which he and every able-bodied kinsman took an active part on the side of the Confederacy.

Both his father, Lucius E., and his uncle, Leonidas, had reached the rank of general. Both were famous for their intrepid bravery, as a result of which his father was left for dead lying under his horse in front of the breastworks of a fortification where both horse and rider had been shot down. Here he sustained an injury which he carried to his grave in the winter of 1892–93, a few weeks after RUFUS was married.

His youth was passed on the old plantation with his parents, three brothers, and a sister, until he was sent to a local academy and fitted for college. He entered Lehigh University, in Pennsylvania, and graduated with the class of 1887 with the degree of Bachelor of Science, and then took a post-graduate course in mining engineering. After leaving college he located in Danville, Pa., and was employed as chemist by the Montour Iron and Steel Company. With the

exception of a few months during which he had charge of the furnaces of the Hocking Valley Coal and Iron Company in Ohio, he engaged in business in Danville, as assistant superintendent of the Montour Iron and Steel Company, general manager of the North Branch Steel Company, and finally became a partner in the firm of Howe & Polk, manufacturers of structural iron, in which business he was engaged at the time of his death.

As a business man his partners and all who knew him in business circles agree that he possessed especial talents, had keen discernment, was aggressive yet cautious withal, and by his strict integrity, agreeable and friendly manner, and strong personality was able to obtain advantageous contracts and settle tangles and disputes which necessarily arise. He told me that his business had increased to such an extent that the last year his firm had made and disposed of $1,000,000 worth of product.

During his residence in Danville POLK fell in love with the reigning belle of his town—Isabella, only daughter of I. X. Grier—and left her, with five young children, to survive him.

In the spring of 1898, when the United States declared war against Spain, POLK, with his associates in the National Guard, left his wife, family, and large, growing business interests and was mustered in as first lieutenant of Company F, Twelfth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, and served until his muster out and honorable discharge after peace was established.

Almost immediately after his return home from this service he was nominated and elected as a Democrat to represent the Seventeenth district of Pennsylvania, composed of the counties of Columbia, Montour, Northumberland, and Sullivan, in the Fifty-sixth Congress, and although that district was then represented by a Republican, his majority was nearly 2,000.

This was his first appearance in the political arena. Two years afterwards he was reelected to the Fifty-seventh Congress with an increased majority of nearly 1,500, so popular had he become, and he would have been renominated and elected to the Fifty-eighth Congress had he lived and not positively refused to run again, on account of the exactions of his large and onerous business interests.

One evening he told me the reasons why he enlisted in the Spanish war and went to the front in spite of the fact that he left a wife and family of young children and large business interests which required his care and attention behind—a sacrifice which no man under such circumstances could reasonably have beer called upon to make. The story was, as near as I can remember it, as follows:

You see, Green, all my people in the civil war were what you Yankees called rebels. Every mother's son of them fought from start to finish the battles of the Confederacy, and were loyal sons of the South, where they lived when the outbreak occurred. They were generals and colonels and majors in that war. We were of fighting stock from Revolutionary times down, and until that time had always been loyal to the Stars and Stripes, and its patriotic supporters in the trying times when the Republic was formed. My great-grandfather, Thomas Polk, of Mecklenburg County, N. C., was one of the organizers of the Mecklenburg Convention and one of the signers of the Mecklenburg declaration of independence. My grandfather was Col. William Polk.

This medal which I wear is the badge of the Order of Cincinnati, founded by the officers of the American Revolutionary Army in 1783. No man can become a member of the order who is not a male descendant of an original member, and inherits it under the law of primogeniture. I proved my right before I was admitted. Well, after the rebellion my brothers and I entered into a solemn agreement that should there ever be a war in which the United States was interested we would all enlist.

So when war was declared with Spain my brothers and myself and many young cousins were mustered into the United States service and showed that we were loyal to our country and ever ready to sacrifice our lives in the defense of its honor and its flag. Our pledge has been so far kept, and we stand always ready to redeem it while life and strength shall last.

This little incident ennobled this man in my eyes, and I knew him well enough to be able to vouch for every word he had told me.

Is it any wonder that the people of his district, Northern men and loyal men though they were, nevertheless were ready to intrust him with their interests in the great Legislature of this nation, with a firm conviction that their interests and the Republic's interests were intrusted to a loyal and patriotic man?

Representative POLK was an aristocrat in the fullest and best sense of the word.

The bluest blood of the Southern States flowed through his veins. Both on the paternal and maternal side his ancestors were gentlemen and gentlewomen to the manner born, and their position and standing among that old aristocracy were unquestioned. The men were ever men of action and fought in the front ranks of every field of progress. He inherited this spirit, and that brought him from the retirement of the Southern plantation to the fields of industrial action and enterprise in Pennsylvania. For this he refused a division of his father's property and sought new fields for his energies. This furnishes a ready explanation why he succeeded and prospered before he had reached his thirty-sixth year.

While he loved his ancestors and the history and traditions of his family, he was a thorough democrat, for he believed that—

> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood.

The doctrine of humanity was deeply graven on his heart, and he believed in that, the greatest of all commandments: "Love one another." He practiced the Golden Rule and did unto others as he would be done by. No creed bound his faith

or circumscribed his duty to his fellow-man. He has made the world the better for his having lived, and added to the happiness of others, from the highest to the lowliest who came within the influence of his sympathetic and generous life. Living he did many generous deeds which his closest friends will never know, and dying he leaves to them pleasant memories of cherished associations, to his wife and children a name and a heritage of which they may justly be proud, and to the people he represented an honorable and untarnished reputation.

But a few short weeks ago the slender figure and manly presence of the young statesman of the Seventeenth district of Pennsylvania was in our midst. His sunny smile and cheerful greeting met us on every side. He left us in the strength of manhood's prime, never to return.

As I sit, in the silence of the midnight hour, in his favorite chair, and my thoughts wander and dwell upon him, these oft-repeated lines of the Rubaiyat haunt my memory:

'Tis but a tent where takes his one day's rest
A sultan to the realm of death addrest;
The sultan rises and the dark Ferraish
Strikes and prepares it for another guest.

ADDRESS OF MR. BATES, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Early death excites commiseration, particularly when the object of some special usefulness is thereby taken. The fate of youthful Marcellus—untimely cut off—called forth the most graceful strains of Virgil, and moved to fervor that has become historic the family of the imperial household of Augustus.

Some few years ago a young business man of Pennsylvania, in conversation with Governor Nash, of Ohio, used these words: "I come," he said, "from a Southern State and family whose representatives joined and fought with the South in the civil war. I believe, however, in maintaining right relations with all with whom I come in contact. I live in Pennsylvania, and have a brother who lives in Tennessee. We have made a compact and taken a vow together that if ever an opportunity comes that we can draw a sword or shoulder a musket in behalf of the United States Government under the old flag we will engage in that cause to the fullest extent and with our utmost devotion."

It was only a few months until that opportunity came in the war with Spain. That Southern brother proved his mettle and narrowly escaped with his life, having received the most terrible injuries, and the young man from Pennsylvania at the head of his company marched away, willing to give his service, and his life if need be, for the common cause of his country, to emphasize the devotion that he, in common with all his people, felt for the flag and what it represented. The name of this young man was RUFUS K. POLK, one of the distinguished family which bears that name in Tennessee. He came to

Pennsylvania and engaged in business and lived in that State which claimed him and now claims him as her own. It is he whom we mourn to-day.

More than that, when the time came to decide whether he should go, he called his business associates and partners about him and said: "You do not want me to go; you may think I can not go; but I am going, and every man in my company who works in our mills is going without let or hindrance; more than that, every Saturday night while we are gone there is to be sent to the wife, the mother, or the family of each man who goes with me the full week's wages, just as if they were here. These are things I insist on—there need be no discussion. I am going. Good-bye." And this request was considered a sacred one, so that his business associates saw that it was honored and fulfilled.

We can refer to this because it emphasizes and brings out in this young man one of the most admirable traits in human character—patriotism, love of country, and devotion to principles in which he fully believed. We can speak of this because this side of his nature was one which became most prominent in the latter days of his life and one which commends his memory to the love and esteem of not only his immediate family and friends, but to all with whom he came in contact and who hear the story of his short but patriotic life.

Any man who carries on a business at home and attends to the arduous duties often imposed on members of Congress lives a strenuous life indeed. Is it any wonder that the mortality among the membership of the last (the Fifty-sixth) Congress was greater in proportion than all our soldiers who fell in the war with Spain? It is this modern materialistic tendency on the part of our American people that makes the "strenuous life." It is the life of toil and effort, the life of

labor and strife, the life which does not shrink from hardship, from toil, from danger even, and who out of these wins splendid ultimate triumph—the life which thanks God for the iron in the blood of our fathers, for the men who upheld the wisdom of Lincoln and bore the sword or rifle in the armies of Grant.

We seem to have adopted as a national motto that no country may long endure if its foundations are not laid deep in the material prosperity which comes from thrift, from business energy and enterprise, and from hard, unsparing efforts in the field of industrial activity. We pay due honor to the architects of our material prosperity, to the captains of industry who have built our factories and our railroads. This spirit has made it possible to take into our domain islands of the sea, to enter into a closer struggle for naval and commercial supremacy, to build up our power within our own borders, and to grasp the vantage points which will enable us to have our own say in deciding the destiny of the oceans of the East and West. It was this spirit, this indomitable energy, which possessed the life and soul of our young friend who has so lately fallen in the battle of life. I count him one of the martyrs to that spirit of restless energy which has lately possessed the soul of so many Americans; and while many splendid achievements have ensued, it has been at great cost, even at the cost of life itself.

With apparent health and strength, with prosperity and abundance in his pathway, with the highest honors his people could bestow showered upon him, with the love and affection of wife and children—those to whom he was dearer than life itself—it seemed as though an honorable and useful career was marked out for him. But "Man's ways are not God's ways, and His purposes are past finding out."

The summons came from on high, and we are again called upon to contemplate the saddest, the strangest, the most inscrutable event in all this riddle of human life—death. As we utter these words our hearts go out in tenderest and deepest sympathy to those who mourn his loss so much in the old home.

In his departure this House has lost a valuable, upright, and energetic member, his State a true representative, his country a devoted patriot, his family a loving husband, father, and son.

ADDRESS OF MR. RICHARDSON, OF ALABAMA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Were I to speak from a personal acquaintance with the deceased whose memory this memorial service is held to commemorate I could indeed say but little.

The first time I met Mr. POLK was in the closing session of the Fifty-sixth Congress. Yet we did not meet as strangers meet. Each of us knew the close ties of friendship and intimacy that had bound our respective families together for more than two generations past. I knew from what people he sprung, and I found him what I had good reason to expect him to be—a splendid type of manhood.

I can, with becoming propriety, refer to my personal acquaintance with Mr. POLK's mother—the friend of my youth—a granddaughter of James Jackson, whose residence, "The Forks," in the vicinity of Florence, Ala., was famous in the palmiest and most glorious days of the South for its princely hospitality. The name and memory of its owner is to-day honored and cherished by those people as a household word, and his descendants are true representatives of the highest Southern sentiment and culture.

If there is anything, Mr. Speaker, in birth, our deceased friend had all of its advantages. In his ancestry on both his father's and mother's side he had the greatest cause to be proud, for the South held them as among the most honored and distinguished of all its honorable people. That Mr. POLK was modest, unassuming, and of retiring manners was but natural, and readily noticed by the most casual observer. His career is significant and bears a lesson that is not often given under the conditions that surrounded him. Born among the

most cultured people of the South, at the conclusion of the great civil war between the States of the Union, it might be truly said that the strong passions and bitter prejudices that swept the sections of the country that opposed each other in that eventful struggle had subsided before Mr. POLK reached his majority. Hence his marked course in life was not guided or influenced by sectional feelings.

He was educated at a Northern university. The associations of his young manhood, his college ties, which cling so tenderly to one's memory and are cherished so dearly by the heart, were cast and formed in the great State of Pennsylvania.

The crowning joy of a man's life, the love of a true and noble woman, a native Pennsylvanian, brought to him its blessed tribute of a happy and contented home. Yet 'midst all these endearing scenes he honored and loved the traditions and memories of the people of his native section.

Stricken by the hand of death ere he had reached the prime of manhood, yet he lived long enough to demonstrate to his countrymen that in private and public life he was preeminently a practical man and a wise and safe counselor. That he was conscientious in the discharge of all of the duties allotted to him was deeply impressed upon me in a conversation I had with him on the floor of the House but a few days before his death, in which he told me that the demands of his growing private interests were such that he could not give the attention that he desired to the interests of his constituents, and that at the close of this Congress he would retire from public life. Reared as Mr. POLK was, he could not but be a broad-minded, liberal, and patriotic man in all his views. He ardently loved the institutions of his country and gloried in everything that gave renown and honor to our Government. At the beginning of the Spanish-American war he enlisted in

the Twelfth Pennsylvania Regiment of Volunteers, and served with credit and honor to himself.

It can well and truly be said of him that private business with increasing profits was not so engrossing to him as to silence the voice of patriotism. He was ready to lay his life on the altar of his country. No nobler and braver sacrifice can a man make than this. Rarely does it fall to the lot of man to achieve as Mr. POLK did at his age combined success in private business matters and in public life. In the private and public affairs of the life of a man we are prone to judge him by the results. Under the application of this just and fair rule, RUFUS K. POLK leaves as a heritage to his stricken family, loyal and admiring friends, an enviable and honorable record—a record worthy of emulation. He made his home among a people who but a few years before had met on bloody battlefields the brave men of the section where Mr. POLK was born and where his kindred lived; yet by the purity, frankness, and honesty of his own personal efforts and conduct, he achieved a success and prosperity in business matters that stamped him as a man of great strength of character and ability. It was unerring judgment and strong common sense that controlled his actions and governed his life. It was his high love of justice and truth, his scorn of hypocrisy and deceit, that secured for him the confidence and respect of his fellow-man. And, again, when we scan his remarkable career we find him twice called from his private life and triumphantly elected by these same people to the distinguished honor of representing them on the floor of this House. I dare say, Mr. Speaker, no man could have achieved such a success without possessing to an eminent degree the noblest virtues of life. He must certainly have been generous, kind, thoughtful, charitable, and considerate.

It was my sad duty to attend his funeral services at Danville, in the State of Pennsylvaniá. The tribute paid on that mournful occasion to his memory by the people among whom he lived was simply inspiring. It was a wonderful expression of the love of a people for a faithful public servant, a generous friend, and a noble, kind man in all the walks of life. No man could have witnessed that scene, could have beheld the immense crowd of people from all the walks of life that gathered on that inclement day to do honor to his memory, and have remained unmoved in tears and sympathy. I was impressed, Mr. Speaker, by that scene with the comforting assurance that so long as the people of our country generously and willingly pay such honor and reverence to the memory of a public servant we can safely rely on the growth and strength of our republican institutions.

ADDRESS OF MR. CLAYTON, OF ALABAMA.

Mr. SPEAKER: While we now commemorate the life, character, and public services of our departed friend, Mr. POLK, we witness the unprecedented spectacle of three desks in this House clad at the same time in the habiliments of mourning. Since the adoption of the resolution setting apart this day as the time for tributes to this young Pennsylvanian Mr. Cummings, of New York, the Union veteran of the war between the States and an experienced Representative; Mr. Otey, of Virginia, a Confederate veteran and a Representative of little less experience than Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Salmon, of New Jersey, have gone hence to await the roll call in another assembly. These three were of riper years, and had accomplished the greater part of life's work.

The morning of Mr. POLK'S life had not passed—the dew was yet upon the flowers—and now we stay the ordinary proceedings of the House to manifest our sorrow at his untimely taking-off, to testify to his public service, his character, and his many virtues. Remembering his youthfulness, his genial disposition, and the warmth of his friendship, we must feel a peculiar and deep bereavement on this impressively sad occasion.

I knew some of the members of the family of our deceased friend for a number of years, but I never had the pleasure of knowing him personally until he came to Congress. I desire to add my testimony to what my colleague [Mr. Richardson, of Alabama] has so beautifully said about the distinguished family of which Mr. POLK was a member. His father was Brig. Gen. Lucius Polk, of the Confederate army. He was a

brave and gallant soldier. The Polk family of the South has furnished not only a President of the United States, but distinguished divines and men renowned in the civil and military annals of the country.

Among the characteristics that I would truthfully and reverently ascribe to our dead friend would be his fervent patriotism, his uniform urbanity, his kindness of heart, his integrity, and his unswerving devotion to duty in all the relations of life, both public and private. In addition to these characteristics, we must recognize that he possessed another virtue that may be said to be too rare in political life. He was, with all his talents and distinguished name, a modest man. He was never a self-seeker. He never referred to his own achievements or to his meritorious conduct. One of the best evidences of his modesty is furnished in the Congressional Directory, a copy of which I have before me.

The new member of Congress sometimes imagines that, in the public mind, the compiler of the Directory is given the credit of being the author of these biographical sketches, but you know, Mr. Speaker, and all of us who have been serving here for any considerable length of time know, that these biographical sketches are autobiographical. With your indulgence, I read from the Directory, in substantiation of the modesty of our friend, his plain and unexaggerated biographical sketch:

RUFUS KING POLK, Democrat, of Danville, was born in Maury County, Tenn., August 23, 1866; was educated at Webb's Academy, Culleoka, Tenn., and Lehigh University, South Bethlehem, Pa., graduating as mining engineer; served as first lieutenant Company F, Twelfth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, in the war with Spain; is interested in the manufacture of iron and steel as a member of the firm of Howe & Polk; was chosen delegate at large from the State of Pennsylvania to the national Democratic convention at Kansas City, 1900; was elected to the Fifty-sixth Congress, and reelected to the Fifty-seventh Congress.

To this sketch his friends here to-day have added their testimony, showing the true worth of the man, his life and service. He was too modest to indulge in self-praise. In this brief summary are the simple material facts pertaining to his life. There is an absence of adjectives; there is an absence of anything which might look like a desire on his part to say of himself what he might fear his friends and the public generally who knew him were not willing to say.

Mr. Speaker, the untimely taking-off of this young man, in the morning of life, ere the sun had reached its meridian, serves to remind us of the frailty of human life, to remind us that we must make the most of it while its flitting moments pass; for the common end comes to all sooner or later.

Kind words and flowers are all that we can give to the dead. May the memory of our lamented friend abide with us and be as the perfume of sweet flowers. And may the words which we have uttered in truth and sincerity serve to console bereaved ones and furnish us ennobling thoughts and higher aspirations. Farewell, dear friend, until the new and radiant life, the Christian's hope, shall come in fulfillment of the blessed promise of our Lord and Saviour.

ADDRESS OF MR. BELLAMY, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Mr. SPEAKER: The custom existing in the American Congress of paying tribute to the memory of a deceased member is one which has long continued, as it has ever appealed to the noblest instincts of the mind and heart.

In the association which is brought about in the discharge of common duties, which are performed with a unity of feeling and a patriotic purpose, friendships naturally arise which last through life and are ever cherished with deep devotion.

Death is the saddest of life's incidents. It is ever mysterious; it is always inexorable; it is certain, and whether it occurs on the tented field, in the legislative hall, in the forum, or the workshop, it exacts reverence and awe from the most callous heart. And when it overtakes and cuts down in the meridian of a bright manhood and terminates the useful and honored career of a friend, it becomes the sad duty of his companions to chronicle the events of that life and thereby perpetuate his memory. And so to-day "death's dishonorable victory we with our stately presence glorify." I knew our deceased friend so well that it bordered close to intimacy. He frequently communicated to me his hopes and his aspirations, and I never knew a soul of loftier sentiments.

Among the first acquaintances made by your speaker when he became a member of the Fifty-sixth Congress was our lamented friend, RUFUS KING POLK. He being a member of the North Carolina Chapter of the Order of Cincinnati, from which State came his ancestry and where lived many of his kindred, he naturally felt an interest in that State, and in that way sought the companionship and gained the friendship of

some of its members. His career is much to be admired. Sprung from an honorable ancestry, prominent alike in Revolutionary days and in our Union afterwards, he inherited much of the culture and refinement, much of the courage and patriotism, much of the modesty and gentleness that is so characteristic of his people.

Born at the close of the late civil war, he was early impressed by the scenes and incidents of—

> The land where the ruins are spread
> And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead.

He grew up taught to cherish with sacred pride the acts of heroism and the deeds of daring of the Confederate soldier, but to accept in good faith and as forever settled the causes which brought about a fratricidal war.

Like most Southern families whose fortunes were either entirely swept away or shattered by the great conflict, our friend, by the sacrifices of his family, was enabled to obtain an education at Lehigh University, and immediately thereafter sought employment in the State of Pennsylvania, where he soon secured the confidence and respect of his employers, and afterwards became a joint owner in the large structural-iron business. His success in his new home was rapid. It was due to his earnest nature, his indomitable energy, his fidelity to principle, and his unswerving integrity of character.

While he became thoroughly identified with the social and financial spirit of his new home and affected by its environments, he never forgot the traditions, the recollections, and the experiences of his native Southland. He loved to refer to its past history and to its great future possibilities, and heard with eagerness the narration of its wonderful development. He was intensely patriotic in every fiber of his being; he loved his whole country and fondly boasted of its achievements; and

no man hailed with greater pleasure the arrival of the era of good feeling between the sections and the obliteration of the last vestige of sectional bitterness than did he, and was wont to say that he believed that the Union was now more harmonious than it had ever been since its origin.

When the war against Spain was declared he was among the first to volunteer and offer his services to his country, and he was eager for his command to proceed "to win renown, even in the jaws of danger and of death." But by the decrees of fate he was denied the privilege of active service in Cuba, and was mustered out at the end of the war holding the commission of a first lieutenant.

In 1898 he was nominated for Congress in the Seventeenth Pennsylvania district. During the campaign his opponents, to counteract his personal popularity, urged against him the fact that he was the son of Lucius Polk, a Confederate general, and that he flaunted his father's record in the face of Pennsylvanians by keeping his father's uniform on exhibition at his home. Our friend on the stump admitted the soft impeachment; he declared he was proud to say he was the son of General Polk, and he cherished his memory, and preserved his uniform as a priceless heritage for his children. The people of his district, admiring courage and character, recognizing that the war was over, and taking an equal pride in the valor of the followers of Lee and Jackson with that of the followers of Grant and Sheridan, as contributing to the common glory of the American name, applauded this bold avowal of his veneration for his father and his distinguished career, and it won for him the admiration of all classes, and he was triumphantly elected in a Republican district.

Rufus King Polk was a courageous man. The blood and courage that made renowned his forebears ran in his veins. His father was a Sempronius; his mother a Cornelia.

He was a modest man. And, while he never intruded his opinion on others, yet when occasion demanded him to speak he never faltered in giving expression to his sentiments.

He was an honest man. His sincerity and his rectitude of purpose pervaded all his actions, whether in social or business life. And the moral beauty of his character is a source of pride to his friends and family.

Cut down in his early manhood, he has left behind him a reputation as an honest citizen, a patriotic and chivalrous Christian gentleman, and has added to the glory of a name already honored in the nation's annals.

Among the Mohammedan legends there is one of a bridge which extends from this world across the dark and unfathomable abyss of chaos and hell to the shores of paradise. The structure is so attenuated and difficult of passage over this dreadful chasm without danger of being engulfed in the inextricable abyss below that the souls of mortals are only permitted to cross over with an ease proportioned to their virtues while living. That the soul of our friend has safely crossed the Al-Sirat and now rests in paradise we are assured by reason of the many virtues he possessed and displayed in his intercourse with his fellow-man while living.

But our friend has gone. May we so live that we may meet again in the great hereafter, where sorrows are unknown and joys are eternal.

ADDRESS OF MR. STARK, OF NEBRASKA.

Mr. SPEAKER: If a stranger had come into the city of Danville, Pa., on Saturday, March 8, 1902, his attention would have at once been called to the fact that something out of the ordinary was taking place. He would have noted that there were an unusual number of people in the streets; that there were teams hitched at all of the racks; that there was an expression of sorrow upon the faces of those he met. All places of business were closed, and the insignia of mourning was on every hand.

During the forenoon there passed through the streets, in solemn and orderly procession, the employees of the Structural Tubing Works, also of Howe & Polk, and of other manufacturing concerns of the city, all marching to a residence where, just inside of a window, lay the remains of a man.

There was a profusion of flowers over the casket, some of the floral emblems showing the skill of the professional florist; others showed that the hands that prepared them were moved thus to testify to their affection and respect.

As the grim, stern men turned away from the bier their look and manner indicated that they were mourners at heart. After a time the house filled and the streets were crowded with people. A short service was conducted and the procession started for the last resting place—long and imposing in the number of carriages, touching in the orderly march of the great number of workingmen through the mud and the slush. The last sad office was performed by eight stalwart employees of Howe & Polk, who as pallbearers laid him away in his last resting place.

The stranger would have inquired, What of this man that he should receive such honor and so much genuine grief be shown? The reply would have been that the dead when in life was Congressman RUFUS K. POLK; that he was born down in the "Old Volunteer State" in 1866; that he had an ambition, and to carry out his plans worked his way through the Lehigh University, taking a post-graduate course in mining engineering. Then he came to Danville, laid away his cap and gown, put on the garb of a workingman, and went to work in the mills for $1.25 a day. He had prepared his brain by study; now he was to educate his hands. He had determined to master the business from all sides. Soon he was chemist for the Montour Iron and Steel Company; then passed to the charge of the furnaces of the Hocking Valley Coal and Iron Company; then became general manager for the North Branch Steel Company, which position he held for seven years. His fellow-workmen told with pride that Mr. POLK could do a good day's work in any department of that great concern.

He had keen business discernment coupled with practical knowledge. He invented a plan for the manufacture of structural tubing, and then became a member of the firm of Howe & Polk.

He was intensely patriotic, being one of the first to follow the colors as first lieutenant of Company F, Twelfth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, in the Spanish-American war, and, while making a splendid record as a soldier, found time to keep in touch with every detail of the work of his firm.

The people insisted that he should represent them in Congress, to which position he was elected and reelected. Last winter he gave out an address stating that he would not accept a nomination; that his desire was to return to his work.

Our stranger must have concluded, with this knowledge of the facts, that the lesson he learned from the life of RUFUS K. POLK was to be thoroughly fit for the struggle of life, to be persistent, and to keep in touch with the ideals of the people.

I have noted that there is a general idea which is prevalent among men that a college degree is a testimonial that the possessor is partly educated. The ordinary graduate is a helpless sort of being; he knows about books, but is an untried man on practical lines.

Books are the most useful tools in the world when well selected and the reader constantly keeps in mind that they express another's observations and ideas. In this time one must be educated by his own observations; he must be able to handle every detail; he must work; he must do things; he must be constructive; he must be affirmative, self-reliant, and not dependent upon others.

Such a man was Mr. POLK. But he made the common American mistake. He put in too many hours at work and took too little time for recreation and rest.

It came home to me as I stood by his grave that his grief-stricken widow and children, his aged mother, and his brothers would have gladly given up the fortune he had amassed, the honors that had come to him, if he could return to them and start over again with the dinner pail and the working clothes. His life, his death, fully evidence that a man can only do a certain amount in this life with safety to himself. When the limit is overstepped nature demands the penalty.

It was my good fortune to serve with him on committees during his service in Congress. I found him to be an able man, possessed of as kindly a disposition as any man I ever met. The tribute paid to him by the Morning News, published in his home city, is truthful and merited, and

shows the great true-loving life as known to his family, friends, and neighbors:

> Thus passes away one who has made the world better for having lived, in that he added to the happiness of others. Of him it may truly be said that in all his dealings with others he was uninfluenced by caste, by social, political, or religious distinctions, while his natural courtesy, his kind, tolerant disposition, his sympathy for the unfortunate, his open-handed generosity, his fair dealing, and his inflexible honesty made him a prince among men; a strong and gracious personality, whose impression will remain long after the sod grows green above his grave.

Address of Mr. Padgett, of Tennessee.

Mr. Speaker: To-day we assemble to pay a just tribute of respect to the memory of an associate and colaborer who has fallen in the great conflict. Were we to consult our feelings, we would stand in reverent silence, for we realize that upon an occasion of this character words are inadequate fully to express our deep sense of sorrow over the untimely death of our deceased friend or to convey an adequate expression of our high appreciation of his worth as a man, his merit as a citizen, and his usefulness as a legislator.

Rufus King Polk was born in Maury County, Tenn., August 23, 1866, of noble parentage. His ancestors were of Scotch-Irish descent, and in the early history of our country settled in the State of Pennsylvania. We are informed that about the middle of the eighteenth century they removed to the State of North Carolina, and in that State they became identified in a marked degree with the best thought and life of the country and contributed materially to the development and upbuilding of the country. They were associated with and contributed much to the betterment of the social conditions of that State and to its growth and progress.

In the early part of the nineteenth century some of the family removed to middle Tennessee and located in Maury County.

True to the traditions and past history of the family, and moved by the same noble and generous impulses which had characterized the family, they at once became identified with the best thought, the best purpose, and the best life in their new home and began to contribute to its progress and development.

Everyone who reads the early history of Tennessee in its social, material, and political phases will find the impress thereon of the Polk family—an impress full of encouragement, worthy of preservation, and an inspiration to noble living.

Our departed friend was not unfaithful to the traditions of his family nor a stranger to their virtues.

He attended, in his boyhood days, the common schools of the country, and when about 17 years of age entered Lehigh University, in the State of Pennsylvania. After finishing the course of study he took a post-graduate course in mining engineering. After finishing his studies in the school he came face to face with life's work. He was Southern born, and reared in the best social life and surroundings of Southern society. He loved the Southland and its cherished institutions. He had a profound respect and love for the people of his native South, but his training and education fitted him for work in another field, and he cast his lot and life among the people of the great State of Pennsylvania, where he might find suitable employment for his talent. Coming among these people, he did not surrender his love or veneration for his Southern home, nor was it necessary or proper that he should do so. His love for his native land only fitted him the better to love and cherish the people and the country of his adoption.

He had only returned to the land of his forefathers, and in this incident we have an illustration of the oneness of our country and the unity of our people.

The seventeen years of his home life in Pennsylvania as he came and went among her people, and touched elbows with his associates and clasped hands with his friends, and drew to himself their love, their confidence and esteem, and himself shared his own life and love in their homes and around their hearthstones, demonstrate his character and prove his worth as a

man, and, more than this, they bring to us a better realization of the truth, in object lesson, that no sectional lines confine friendships or banish love.

His election to Congress and the circumstances attending it vividly testify to the confidence and esteem of his people, and the multitude beside his bier, listening to hear the last sad requiem, and the throng at the open grave tell their love.

Mr. Speaker, our departed comrade was a man of many virtues and of much excellence. He was a man of energy and industry, and the practice of these virtues secured for him much of this world's goods in the few years of his business career. Prosperity crowned his business efforts. He was strictly honest in his business transactions and honorable in his dealings with men. He was a man of integrity, of character and purpose. He was broad-minded and warm-hearted. He conceived generous thoughts and executed them with liberal charity, and at his home town many there are who know of his love by his charitable deeds.

He did not suffer a narrow circle to circumscribe his thoughts, nor permit a narrow view to limit his vision of life, its duty and its work. He was, with it all, unostentatious and unassuming; gentle in his manners, but firm in his convictions; suave in his demeanor, yet positive in his purpose. These qualities made us love him, for we believe that he loved mankind.

Our friend has departed. Almost in the twinkle of an eye he left us. In the very prime of manhood, in the midst of his hopes, expectations, aspirations, and honors, he has fallen. Verily, "in the midst of life we are in death." These things we can not comprehend. The mysteries of death we can not fathom. But this we believe: Wherever the true, the noble, and the good shall be found there we shall find him. To us it

is a comfort to have labored with him. We are glad to count him among our friends. The memory of his virtues we shall preserve and cherish, and we shall endeavor to make the aspirations of his life an inspiration to our own.

We shall not contemplate his death as the end. Except the seed perish, the plant shall not grow and flower. Except the acorn die, the oak can not be the monarch of the forest. Through the chambers of seeming death lies the path to the larger, richer, and better life.

Address of Mr. Belmont, of New York.

Mr. Speaker: Truly, "in the midst of life we are in death." Here in this Hall we were accustomed to see Rufus King Polk day by day as he did his part in the work of this great body. Giving no hint of approaching dissolution, no sign of failing powers, young, strong, vigorous, virile, he went in and out among us, and if one had been asked to pick out, among us all, him who seemed the most unlikely to be the next victim of the Grim Reaper's scythe many of us would have pointed to Mr. Polk. Stricken down without warning almost at the very threshold of his active, manly life, the shock of his sudden death was to us, his friends, intensified. Painful as would have been such tidings even though he had lain on a bed of sickness for many weeks with the inevitable end clearly foreseen, the news would not have come to us with such startling force, with such blighting intensity. Like a bolt out of a clear sky came the announcement of his death, and at first it seemed to us who knew him well impossible of belief. Death is always sad, whether it comes to the young or to the aged; but when the visitation falls upon the strong man, "rejoicing as a giant to run his course," full of confidence in his own strength, we stand appalled.

Mr. Speaker, in a few short, pithy sentences in the Congressional Directory we find embodied the story of his life: Born in Maury County, Tenn., in 1866; educated at Webb's Academy, in Culleoka, Tenn., and at Lehigh University, in the State in which during the short remainder of his life he was to make his home; graduating as mining engineer; serving his country as first lieutenant in Company F of the Twelfth

Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry during the Spanish war; a successful business man; delegate to the national convention of his party in 1900; a member of the Fifty-sixth and of the present Congresses. Is not this a record of successful achievement of which any man might be proud? And yet when he died he was still less than 36 years of age—just one-half of the allotted span of human life had been run, but he had made for himself a name, he had gained the devoted love and loyalty of a great circle of friends, and he had won the admiration and esteem of all on this floor with whom he had come in contact.

Mr. POLK, when he went from Tennessee to Pennsylvania, was absolutely without means, and he was compelled to borrow most of the money he needed to carry him through college. Every cent of this indebtedness he afterwards repaid out of his wages as a laborer in the iron mills of his adopted State. He began work in these mills at $1.25 a day, and by his diligence, ability, and devotion to duty he rose to the position of manager and partner in the iron mills at Danville. At the time of his death he was also interested in several other large iron industries. These facts show the man's business ability. But he had greater qualities than the mere ability to make money; he was manly, self-reliant, faithful, considerate, absolutely loyal to his friends, and essentially fair-minded. By his own unaided energy, integrity, and self-reliance he advanced step by step until he had attained to the proud position of a Representative in the Congress of the United States.

He has gone from us, leaving to mourn his loss a loving and devoted wife and four young children. May his life and his example be to them and to us alike an encouragement and an inspiration to higher things.

ADDRESS OF MR. SULZER, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. SPEAKER: As a personal friend and sincere admirer of the late RUFUS K. POLK, I simply desire on this sad memorial occasion to pay my poor tribute to his memory, and place on record my testimony to his sterling worth as a man, his grandeur of character, his ability as a legislator, his genial qualities as a companion, and his devoted patriotism as an American citizen.

His sudden and unexpected death recently in the city of Philadelphia was a great shock to every member of this House, a grievous blow to his innumerable friends, and an irreparable loss to his stricken and beloved family. His death has left a void in this Chamber that can not be filled, and his many acquaintances have lost a kindly, generous, noble-hearted friend upon whose like we shall not look again.

He endeared himself to all who knew him. He possessed that indefinable quality that attracts, makes enduring friendships and holds them with a grip of steel for life. The better you knew him the more you liked him. He had a frank, open character, a sunshiny disposition, a generous heart, a forgiving spirit, and a sympathetic soul. He was courtly and considerate, broad-minded and liberal, as modest as he was brave, and, above all, he was absolutely honest in all things—in deed and word and thought. He was a loving husband, an affectionate father, a loyal friend, a safe counselor, a brave soldier, an able legislator, a fearless Representative, and a shining political light in his adopted State. He had the discernment to see the right and the courage to do his duty.

He was a self-made man in the best sense of the term. He

worked out his own career—was the architect of his own fortunes—and his sympathies were always with struggling humanity. He was a true democrat in its broadest significance. He believed in the people—in the destiny of the Republic; gloried in the greatness of the flag and all that it represents, and at the first opportunity went to the front, an intrepid soldier, to defend it with his life. He stood for the rights of man, for the cause that lacked assistance, for the future in the distance, and the good that he could do. He was an optimist, and not a pessimist. His enduring faith in the coming of the better day was as immutable as it was sublime. He knew the world was growing greater and grander and more magnanimous. He saw the brotherhood of man encircling the globe, and his buoyant spirit leaped with joy as he beheld the bright harbinger of the coming morn, when man's humanity to man will make the whole world kin.

Born in Tennessee in 1866, of an historic family, he finished his education at the Lehigh University, in Pennsylvania, graduating with high honors in 1887. Then began the activities of practical business life with all its stern realities. He began at the foot of the ladder. By his energy, his industry, his earnestness, and his perseverance he worked himself to the top. He was eminently successful—a splendid type of progressive man, an honor to the community, a useful citizen, and his example an incentive to every hopeful boy and every struggling youth in the land.

> Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time.

Mr. Speaker, RUFUS K. POLK died in the prime of life—as he was crossing the meridian, at the noontime of his usefulness, on the threshold of a great career, fruitful with future

honors, mourned by all. He had fought the good fight, but his race had not been run—in truth it had only begun. It is always inexpressibly sad when the light of life goes out and darkness comes before our work is done—ere the hill of hope is climbed.

His death was a great loss to the country, and he will be missed here and elsewhere more and more as the days and years come and go. We can not replace him; we can only mourn our loss and tearfully and tenderly lay our wreath of love on his bier and send our sympathy to his sorrowing family—to his grief-stricken and disconsolate widow and his orphaned children. But words can not console a deep and lasting grief like this. How futile they are, after all, in the presence of death! And yet we know that our friend has gone to a better land—a more hospitable clime—and we who are left behind will fondly cherish his memory while life endures, and the thousand and thousand kindly, generous, sympathetic deeds he did will ever and anon arise to praise and call him blessed, and be, as they always will be, an abiding monument more lasting than marble or brass, more indestructible than stone or shaft.

What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.
* * * * *

There is no death! What seems so is transition
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

MARCH 6, 1902.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. W. J. Browning, its Chief Clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. RUFUS KING POLK, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

The message also announced that the Speaker of the House had appointed Mr. Henry D. Green, Mr. J. K. P. Hall, Mr. C. F. Wright, Mr. Howard Mutchler, Mr. George R. Patterson, Mr. Charles Dick, Mr. J. M. Griggs, Mr. William Richardson, Mr. Arthur L. Bates, Mr. James R. Young, Mr. D. H. Mercer, Mr. W. L. Stark, Mr. Marcus A. Smith, Mr. Frank E. Wilson, and Mr. L. P. Padgett as the committee on the part of the House to take charge of the funeral arrangements.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *March 5, 1902.*

Resolved, That the House has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of Hon. RUFUS KING POLK, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That in his death the State has lost an able, devoted, and patriotic servant.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Speaker be authorized to appoint a committee to superintend and attend the funeral of deceased.

The Speaker announced the appointment of Messrs. Henry D. Green, J. K. P. Hall, C. F. Wright, Howard Mutchler, George R. Patterson,

Charles Dick, J. M. Griggs, William Richardson, Arthur L. Bates, James R. Young, D. H. Mercer, W. L. Stark, Marcus A. Smith, Frank E. Wilson, and L. P. Padgett members of the committee on the part of the House.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to his memory the House do now adjourn.

Mr. PENROSE. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk, and ask for their immediate consideration by the Senate.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Senator from Pennsylvania submits resolutions and asks for their present consideration. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. RUFUS KING POLK, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That a committee of six Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives, to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

The resolutions were considered by unanimous consent and unanimously agreed to.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair appoints as the committee on the part of the Senate the Senator from Pennsylvania [Mr. Penrose], the Senator from Pennsylvania [Mr. Quay], the Senator from Texas [Mr. Culberson], the Senator from Tennessee [Mr. Carmack], the Senator from South Dakota [Mr. Gamble], and the Senator from Colorado [Mr. Patterson].

Thereupon (at 4 o'clock and 15 minutes p. m.), in accordance with the resolutions just adopted, the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Friday, March 7, 1902, at 12 o'clock meridian.

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