

Standard Form For Members of the Legislature

Name of Representative Davidson, Charles L. Senator \_\_\_\_\_  
Representative Plymouth, Sioux and Lyon Counties, Iowa

1. Birthday and place .. 1846

2. Marriage (s) date place \_\_\_\_\_

3. Significant events for example:

A. Business \_\_\_\_\_

B. Civic responsibilities G. A. R.

C. Profession Livestock business

4. Church membership \_\_\_\_\_

5. Sessions served 19<sup>th</sup> Annual Assembly 1882

6. Public Offices

A. Local \_\_\_\_\_

B. State \_\_\_\_\_

C. National \_\_\_\_\_

7. Death 15 Mar 1898 Hull, Iowa; buried Hope Cemetery, Hull, Iowa

8. Children Nellie, Nellie

9. Names of parents \_\_\_\_\_

10. Education Entered the Washington Iowa Academy and was  
soon ready to further his education.

11. Degrees Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois Law School

12. Other applicable information Republican

- Until age 16 he had lived near Washington Iowa with a family  
by the name of Robinson to whom he had been bound. His  
mother died when he was young and so was thrust into the  
world to care for himself.
- At age 16 he worked to Winterest Iowa to enlist in the military thinking  
his brother was to be enlisted in the same company. So  
he returned to Washington Iowa to enlist.
- Military service - Civil War - Co. A, 25<sup>th</sup> Iowa Infantry
- After the war he returned to Washington Iowa
- At one time he engaged in the printing business at Galburg, Illinois.
- Next he engaged in the real estate business with his brother, E.C.  
Davidson moving with him to Hancock County, Iowa to  
begin their business. The business was extensive embracing  
many thousands of acres. When the Milwaukee Railroad was  
finished as far as Hull, Iowa the brothers moved to Hull making  
the town their headquarters. Hull was at that time named Pattersonville.  
Much of the growth of Hull in many ways is due to Charles.



# OUR TOWN IN MOURNING

## HON. C. L. DAVIDSON IS DEAD.

He Died Suddenly at His Home on  
Tuesday at about 2 o'clock P. M.  
His Death Caused by Apoplexy.

Never had this community received such a shock as on Tuesday afternoon when the report passed hurriedly from one to another that C. L. Davidson had suddenly expired at his home. Comrades, friends and neighbors breathlessly enquired of one another, can it be true? and were answered in turn, yes, too true. The circumstances are about as follows:

Mr Davidson, for some time has been making his home with Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Wilson whenever he has returned to Hull from his labors as railroad commissioner. One week ago today he came from Des Moines for a short stay at Hull, it being his first visit home since January. For some time he has complained of not feeling very well. There is no doubt but the severe strain he has been subjected to on account of the extra work forced upon him in his official capacity, because of the inability of the other members of the board on account of sickness, to perform their share of the work, hastened the condition which brought on his death so untimely.

On the day of his death Mr. Davidson had eaten a hearty dinner, and crossing the street to his own home, went into the garden for awhile to exercise, after which he entered the house in order to pack his grip to return on the 3 o'clock train to Des Moines. As the hour drew near for train time, Mrs. Wilson, thinking he might have taken a nap and was oversleeping, sent a messenger over to waken him. The girl returned and said she found him lying on the floor, but could not waken him. Bert Neiv-

entered the Academy at that place and by a close application to his studies, was soon fitted to enter the law department of the Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill. At one time he was engaged in the printing business at Galesburg with a Mr. McClellan, now of Chicago, and another comrade by the name of Asher Pay, of Huron, S. Dak. Afterwards he engaged in the real estate business with his brother, E. C. Davidson and came to Hancock county and began the business at that point. Their operations were very extensive and embraced many thousands of acres in the counties adjoining. When the Milwaukee road was finished as far as Hull, both Mr. Davidson and his brother E. C. made their head quarters at Hull, then known as Pattersonville. They were successful in their business and have done as much if not more, in developing the resources of north-west Iowa, than any persons known. Hull is largely indebted for what growth it has made, to Mr. Davidson. The beautiful shade trees all over the town which are now a source of pride to our citizens, and the envy of our sister towns, stand today as a monument of his love for the beautiful. In educational work, and in everything pertaining to the advancement of our youth he has always shown a readiness to give words of cheer and financial aid. In church and Sunday school work he has never been found backward in taking hold of and pushing the work. In works of charity he was always found ready to lend a helping hand. Many a poor girl desirous of obtaining an education has been aided by him without solicitation, but wholly from the noble impulse of his generous heart. In giving this sketch of his life, we are led to quote the following from the Des Moines Register of the 16th, inst., to show with what esteem he was held in other portions of the state.

"The news of Mr. Davidson's death, received in Des Moines early in the afternoon, could hardly be credited, and it was an awful shock to his hundreds of loving friends in this city. Mr. Davidson was a public-spirited man had more friends or deserved

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No indications of a struggle were manifest. From the position the body lay when discovered, it is thought that Davidson was in the act of getting his valise ready for the trip. His coat and collars were laying on a sofa, a pair of cuff buttons being in his hand as he fell. His body was lying in the parlor while a portion of his lower limbs lay across the threshold in the sitting room. The coroner was sent for but upon arrival deemed it unnecessary to hold an inquest.

The life and character of Mr. Davidson is so well and favorably known in this community, and in fact throughout the entire state, that it would seem superfluous for the INDEX to give any extended sketch of his life and character. But being closely drawn to him for the past nineteen years as a comrade, neighbor and friend, we would feel that we had failed in our duty if we did not add our tribute to his memory.

Who among his acquaintances—who may have known him for the same number of years, can or would not join with the INDEX in paying his memory the highest meed of praise. Mr. Davidson was a self made man in the fullest sense of the word. Bereft of a mother's care at a time when a child's heart yearns for the tender caresses and care of a fond mother, he

ly from the noble impulse of his generous heart. In giving this sketch of his life, we are led to quote the following from the Des Moines Register of the 16th, inst., to show with what esteem he was held in other portions of the state.

"The news of Mr. Davidson's death, received in Des Moines early in the afternoon, could hardly be credited, and it was an awful shock to his hundreds of loving friends in this city. Mr. Davidson was a prince among men; no man had more friends or deserved more than he; he was a genuinely good man; his character and life work had the stamp of virgin gold; he was devoted to his home, and never tired of talking of his two little daughters—what better test of a good man could you find?—his heart was as big as the world, and there was no man who could not find sympathy and love there. Widely known, loved and respected through the state, his death is a public loss."

Mr. Davidson's public life has been without blemish. As a member of the nineteenth General Assembly he served his district faithfully and well. His services as department commander of the G. A. R. of Iowa in 1891 and 92 stands as a record of his devotion to his comrades and the welfare and happiness of those veterans less fortunate than himself in the struggles of life. The Soldiers Home at Marshalltown, is perhaps as great a monument of his unselfish love for the unfortunate comrades, as could be erected. To him may be attributed the greatest amount of work in pushing the enterprise along to completion. His labors for the old comrades were not through with when death claimed him. The establishing of the old folks home at Marshalltown was on his mind, and if the legislature should carry the matter through, no better name could be suggested than "Davidson's Hall." As railroad commissioner for the past four years his labors have shown that his great heart was with the people. Through his wisdom and endeavors to deal fairly between the public and the corporations, he has accomplished more, and with less friction, in bringing to the State the Society of Iowa and Des Moines, Iowa, doing business with them, of any man

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Who among his acquaintances who may have known him for the same number of years, can or would not join with the INDEX in paying his memory the highest meed of praise. Mr. Davidson was a self made man in the fullest sense of the word. Bereft of a mother's care at a time when a child's heart yearns for the tender caresses and care of a fond mother, he was thrust out upon the cold world to care for himself. Until he was sixteen years old he lived on a farm in Washington county, in Iowa, five miles from the town of Washington, with a family by the name of Robinson, to whom he had been bound. At the age of sixteen and in August 1862, when the government needed defenders, there might have been seen a flaxen haired beardless youth with all his worldly possessions tied up in a handkerchief and only \$5.00 in money, plodding his way on foot to Winterset, in Madison county, to enlist in a company at that place, under the impression that his brother was to be enlisted in the same company. He returned however, to Washington and enlisted in Co. A, of the 25th Iowa. His regiment was pushed to the front as soon as the organization was completed, and took part in the first assault on Vicksburg, in September of 1862, at which battle he was wounded. The regiment was next engaged at Arkansas Post, Mr. Davidson refusing to remain in the hospital until his wounds were healed, joined his command and took part in the battle and capture of the post. From this time on, the regiment was continually in active campaigning and shared in many of the battles subsequently fought, during the war, including the memorable siege of Vicksburg, Mr. Davidson's regiment holding the extreme left of Grant's position.

At the close of the war our friend and comrade returned to Washington and with a yearning for an education,

for the old courages were not through with when death claimed him. The establishing of the old folks home at Marshalltown was on his mind, and if the legislature should carry the matter through, no better name could be suggested than "Davidson's Hall." As railroad commissioner for the past four years his labors have shown that his great heart was with the people. Through his wisdom and endeavors to deal fairly between the public and the corporations, he has accomplished more, and with less friction, in bringing together the companies and those doing business with them, of any man who has ever held a like position on the board. His faithful work in the service of the people of the state is characteristic of the man in whatever position he has been placed. Among his neighbors and friends at Hull nothing but the highest words of praise is spoken of him. Even those who have opposed him politically are free to confess that his dealings in that direction have been straight forward and honest.

His private life and character has been beyond reproach. We make this statement advisedly after having been a neighbor and recognized friend for over nineteen years. We have been with him at encampments of the G. A. R., both state and national, and at state conventions, where he had always shared with us his room. At these gatherings Comrade Davidson always conducted himself in that same careful manner as was always observed at his own home. We remember at the great banquet given the national encampment in 1891 by the citizens of Detroit, we sat directly opposite him at the table; although wine flowed freely as water, not a drop touched his lips; and after the guests began to feel somewhat the effects of the wine, he proposed to the author of this sketch, that we seek our rooms, which was done at an early hour.

We speak of this incident in his life to show that our friend and comrade conducted himself abroad the same as he did among his neighbors at his home in Hull, no matter what might have been the influences surrounding

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Davidson's death,  
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him. That he was loved by all none  
will think of denying. The many lov-  
ing and touching tributes to his mem-  
ory, received both by wire and mail,  
from all portions of the state and be-  
yond the borders of the state is evi-  
dence that he held a warm place in  
the hearts of those who knew him per-  
sonally or by reputation. We might  
continue to extol his many virtues if  
space and time would permit, or a  
heart burdened with a painful sorrow  
could be controlled sufficiently to pen  
the words. Our friend and comrade is  
gone and our sorrow and grief is not  
only sincere but heavy.

The arrangements for the funeral  
were made by those closely connected  
with the deceased by the ties of friend-  
ship and business relations. None of  
the relatives being at Hull at the time,  
who might be consulted. The Armory  
of Co. E was prepared for the occasion  
Floral tributes came flowing in from  
all quarters the day preceding the fu-  
neral and today. Near and dear  
friends arrived from Illinois yester-  
day. On Wednesday evening Miss  
Nellie, youngest daughter of Mr. Da-  
vidson, arrived from Monmouth, Ill.,  
accompanied by Miss Nancy Martin.

Delegations from Des Moines came  
Thursday night. Miss Delia did not  
arrive from New York until this morn-  
ing. Mr. E. C. Davidson and wife  
reached Hull from Buffalo, N. Y., at  
noon today. A cold drizzling rain  
having set in this morning and contin-  
uing the entire day, seemed to blend  
with the tears and sorrow of a mourn-  
ing community. The casket contain-  
ing the remains of a husband, father,  
brother, comrade, friend and neighbor  
was brought in the forenoon to the  
Armory, in order that a final look  
might be taken of the remains. The  
public school children, nearly all of  
whom had at some time been given a  
token of his love for the little ones,  
passed in sad procession by the re-  
mains. A guard of Co. E stood silent-  
ly at either end of the casket. Com-  
rade Davidson was dressed in his  
Grand Army suit; on his breast was  
worn the beautiful gold G. A. R.  
badge studded with diamonds and  
which was worn by him by the De-

Until the brooks their songs no longer  
sing;  
Until Christ shall come and reign Prince of  
Peace.

### Comrade Hutchins' Address.

Friends and Fellow Citizens:

The great heart of not only the com-  
rades of the Grand Army of the Re-  
public in Iowa but of the citizens of  
Iowa, is appalled and crushed, by the  
dreadful bereavement which has di-  
rectly fallen on this community. C. L.  
Davidson is dead. That telegram as  
it noiselessly flew across the state,  
touched the sweetest and tenderest  
chords of not only the hearts of the  
entire membership of this Department  
out of friends without number, the cit-  
izenship of this great state. I stand  
here in the presence of our beloved  
dead to weep with you who weep, to  
mourn with you who mourn. "Yes he  
is dead.

"Undaunted he fell  
Not in the winter of age bending low;  
Wasted and worn in the summers warm glow,  
Strong in his manhood, hope gilding the sky  
In the pathway of duty he sank down to die,  
Undaunted he fell."

I noted only the other day,  
"He seemed so kindly used by time,  
That lightly touched his hair with gray  
And left him in his manhood's prime:  
Yet pain has distanced time's swift tread,  
And touched his heart, and left him dead."

Thirty six years ago, when but a pale  
faced lad of sixteen, "Charley David-  
son," as he was familiarly called, en-  
listed under his country's flag in the  
25 Iowa infantry. True to every duty,  
faithful in every service, devoted to  
what he conceived to be right, intense-  
ly loyal to Old Glory and all it typified,  
he soon became an ideal soldier. And  
when at Chickasaw bayou, above  
Vicksburg, amid shot and shell, the  
roaring off cannon and the rattling of  
musketry, and amid the dying and  
dead he was wounded, his loyalty ney-  
er flagged, his courage never weaken-  
ed, his conception of duty never waver-  
ed; he was the same white haired  
soldier boy, gentle but brave, sweet  
hearted and true, corporal Charlie Day-  
idson. Not until the war was over  
was he mustered out of service, and  
then he became one of that most mar-  
vellous army the world has ever seen,  
the army of peace, transposed almost

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His ways

Davidson's death, was early in the afternoon to be credited, and taken to his hundreds of friends in his city. Mr. Davidson was a young man; no one could say he was not a man who had earned his place; and never tired of his little daughters—a good man could not be as big as the man who was no man who had sympathy and love for all, loved and respected, his death is

his public life has been a member of the Iowa Assembly; he served faithfully and well in that commandment in Iowa in 1891 and of his devotion to the welfare and interests of the veterans less fortunate in the struggles of the war at Marshalltown, a great monument for the unfortunates could be erected. He has contributed the greatest amount of his labor to the relief of the enterprising. His labors were not throughly claimed him. The old folks home at Marshalltown on his mind, and if it could carry the matter to the name of Davidson's Hall." His position for the past few years have shown that he was with the people, and endeavors to do for the public and the state has accomplished his mission, in bringing companies; and those of them, of any man in the position on the state in the relief of the state is a man in whatever position he is placed. Among his friends and the highest words of

passed in sad procession by the remains. A guard of Co. E stood silently at either end of the casket. Comrade Davidson was dressed in his Grand Army suit; on his breast was worn the beautiful gold G. A. R. badge studded with diamonds and which was presented him by the Department of Iowa. This was subsequently removed and will be kept by the children as a sacred heirloom to pass from generation to generation. On the platform of the Armory which was beautifully decorated with floral offerings, sat representatives of the Grand Army, Sons of Veterans, members of the legislature, representatives of the railroad commission and others. To the east of the casket sat the W. R. C., directly in front and east, Co. E took position. To the west of the casket the choir, composed of Messrs. Beach, Miller, Kershaw and Anderson, and Misses Edith Argubright, Hortense, Sadie and Olive Tamplin and Miss Addie Beach.

The religious exercises were conducted by Rev. Chase, principal of the Academy, assisted by Rev. Mahood, of the M. E. Church, and Comrade Brandt, pastor of the Cong. Church, at Doon, who is a member of Cottrell Post. Rev. Chase preached from the following words of our Saviour; "I have finished the work thou hast given me to do." Mr. Chase dwelt on the life and character of Mr. Davidson, as it was revealed to him through years of intimate acquaintance, and through relations sustained in the capacity of pastor and their mutual relationship with the Academy. No person could have spoken of his private life and character with more emphasis than Mr. Chase. His sermon was a beautiful tribute and should be an inspiration for young men to have noble ambitions and aspirations. The sermon was followed by eulogies pronounced by men who knew Mr. Davidson as a comrade and friend; by those who knew him in his relations with the Grand Army of the Republic, Sons of Veterans and Soldiers Home.

The tribute by Comrade E. R. Hutchins of Des Moines kindly furnished us for publication appears in another column. Past Lept. Commander Newman spoke feelingly of his relations with the G. A. R. and the department

soldier boy, gentle but brave, sweet hearted and true, corporal Charlie Davidson. Not until the war was over was he mustered out of service, and then he became one of that most marvellous army the world has ever seen, the army of peace, transposed almost in a day from the war worn veterans to ideal, peace-loving citizenship. From the slaughter and terrors of the battles of Vicksburg, Arkansas Post, and Caney's Creek he returned home and did his part as a model citizen to "beat the swords into plough shares and the spears into pruning hooks."

His cheerful, genial, generous, loving nature endeared him to all. He was a Christian soldier. Loyalty to his Master made his gentleness more gentle, his bravery more brave.

Amid a busy life, oppressed by cares, weighed down by burdens, heart fighting against fate, his love for Iowa never lessened for one moment but grew warmer and stronger as the years sped by. Allying himself with the Grand Army of the Republic he quickly became one of its wisest councillors and its strongest champions. Seven years ago on the 16th of next month he was chosen Department Commander, an honor prized by him as the highest of his life. His administration was one of the best in our history. His great, warm heart was alive to everyone who followed the flag, and always throbbed in kindest response to their needs. To him the Grand Army was an inspiration. He loved it as he loved his life.

Comrades, what shall we do without him?

What will the inmates of the Soldiers' Home do without the sunshine of his visits? The oak around which their hearts were twined has fallen. Can it be that we are never again to grasp his outstretched hand and feel his grip so firm and so kind. Never to hear his voice so winning in helpfulness, so strong in council, so lasting in friendship. Never to see that smile that used to make us fully realize the close kinship of comradeship.

Not to meet him at the next encampment! Is this true or is it a dream? Alas! In this casket is the answer. He is dead.

"O, Grand and blessed Death! O, death!"

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The tribute by Comrade E. R. Hutchins of Des Moines kindly furnished us for publication appears in another column. Past Dept. Commander Newman spoke feelingly of his relations with the G. A. R. and the department of Iowa. Hon. Geo. Van Houten on behalf of the legislature expressed the great loss the state sustained in his death. Col. Godfrey of the Soldier's Home commission in behalf of that institution reminded the tearful audience that over six hundred old life-worn, battle scarred veterans at the Soldier's Home in Marshalltown were at that moment blending their tears with the tears of his hearers over the loss to them of their dearest and truest friend. Comrade Longley spoke of him as a friend in need. Captain Merry paid a tribute which touched the chord of every heart.

Col. Palmer of Washington who enlisted the flaxen haired youth 36 years ago could only respond by tears, which spoke a more eloquent tribute than could be uttered in words.

The exercises concluded in the Armory. A solemn procession escorted by Co. E of the 4th Regt., wended its way to Hope Cemetery, and there, with Past Dept. Commander Shaller, of Sac City, as master of ceremonies, the remains of Iowa's widest known and best loved citizen, were laid in their last resting place.

He will be remembered until the clouds forget to replenish the spring;

Until the waters from the gushing fountains cease;

In kindliest response to their wishes To him the Grand Army was an inspiration. He loved it as he loved his life.

Comrades, what shall we do without him?

What will the inmates of the Soldiers' Home do without the sunshine of his visits? The oak around which their hearts were twined has fallen. Can it be that we are never again to grasp his outstretched hand and feel his grip so firm and so kind. Never to hear his voice so winning in helpfulness, so strong in council, so lasting in friendship. Never to see that smile that used to make us fully realize the close kinship of comradeship.

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"O, Grand and blessed Death! Quite ready for the call,  
He heard his Captain's voice. Life's battle fought—  
Life's victory won,—the soldier thus received  
His welcome and his crown."

Mourning friends, the love you gave C. L. Davidson was repeated by every citizen in Iowa who knew him. His faithfulness, his cheer, his unselfish solicitude, his integrity, his fraternity, charity and loyalty which you loved, the state loved. Your hearts are bleeding, so are ours. Your homes are shattered so are ours. Your tears are falling, so are ours. The example of the noble character and beautiful life of Mr. Davidson is yours and ours to emulate. With him between right and wrong there was no middle ground never a compromise. No braver man has lived, no truer man has died. He was a prince among men. Beyond the river by and by in God's own good time we shall meet him on the Eternal camping ground. There will be no war there, no wounded, bleeding hearts, no parting there, but comradeship and friendship will be forever unbroken, not of Iowa but celestial. I look into his peaceful face as he lies here so still because God's finger has touched him and he sleeps, and I realize that we shall never see him among

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us again. This representative district and the whole state have honored him by positions of responsibility and trust. As a state officer, none knew him but But no ambition for advancement could ever prompt him to disregard the rights of the comrade. Every man who wore the blue was his comrade, every citizen who was loyal to the right was his friend. He never forgot them. They will never forget him. His burial place will be here in Hull a place to which he was so loyal, but he will also be buried in the warm and loving hearts of the citizenship of Iowa. He has left an untarnished name, the best of legacies. The bugle call should not sound taps, lights out, at his grave today. His light is not out; it shall shine on into eternity. The great commonwealth of Iowa will be better because he lived. In a few weeks will be the day he loved so well, Memorial Day. Loving hands will scatter Spring's sweet flowers on his grave and from all over Iowa—from comrades, from sisters of the W. R. C. and from citizens, will come to this sacred spot where their comrade, their brother, and their friend lies, their sorrow, their love and their sympathy. The banner of the cross and the country entwined lovingly, was his banner and no matter how bleak this day is our friend is in perennial sunshine with the King. Then

"Leave him to God's watchful eye;  
Trust him to the hand that made him;  
Mortal love weeps idly by,  
God alone has power to aid him.  
Lay him low, Lay him low,  
In the clover or in the snow  
What cares he, he cannot know  
Lay him low."

### MR. DAVIDSON'S GOOD LIFE. FROM IOWA STATE REGISTER.

The death of Railroad Commissioner Davidson has been the cause of much profound sorrow among all who knew him. It has frequently been said of him that he did not have an enemy in the world. Every one with whom he came in contact admired the large bodied and tender hearted man. His ways were all the ways of friendship and his words were all the words of kindness. Not that he was a man

whole state house was in sorrow. The funeral will be held at the home in Hull on Friday afternoon under the direction of the Grand Army of the Moines citizens will attend, including Railway Commissioner Dawson, Secretary Ainsworth and representatives of the legislature. Dr. E. R. Hutchins received a telegram from Mr. Wilson of Hull, asking him on behalf of the G. A. R. of that place to pronounce the eulogy at the Davidson funeral. Dr. Hutchins accepted and will go to Hull this afternoon and arrive tonight.

### Report Is Ready.

Washington, Mar. 17.—The president expects the report of the Maine board of inquiry by tomorrow or next day. It may even now be on the way from Key West to Washington.

When the board arrived at Key West yesterday it reported to Admiral Sicard and the latter promptly communicated with the secretary of the navy. It was the Secretary's purpose to have Sicard put a full synopsis of the court's conclusion in cipher and telegraph to Washington but on consultation with the president, however the plan was abandoned.

Both the president and the secretary are determined not to risk having the contents of the court's finding in the custody of a naval officer to bring to Washington.

Whether or not this officer has started, is not yet known but possibly he is already on the way here.

The report comes from Admiral Sicard. He appointed the court and to him its report must be made. Technically he must also review the proceedings and the conclusions and submit his own on these. He is also technically responsible for the safe delivery of the documents at the navy department. The admiral is a very cautious and careful man in the discharge of official duty and it may safely be assumed that his precautions will prevent absolutely any premature publication of the findings of the court based on actual knowledge. The documents will be sealed at Key West under the admiral's personal supervision and delivered to a naval officer se-



much profound sorrow among all who knew him. It has frequently been said of him that he did not have an enemy in the world. Every one with whom he came in contact admired the large bodied and tender hearted man. His ways were all the ways of friendship and his words were all the words of kindness. Not that he was a man without convictions. He was instead a man of the strongest convictions, but he had learned tolerance for the convictions of others. A great personal sorrow, the illness of his wife which made it necessary for her to remain constantly under skilled physicians in one of the best equipped sanitariums in the country taught him to sympathize keenly with all men. In his confidential moments he often gave his friends glimpses of his own sorrow. Mrs. Davidson's illness, it may just as well be stated, was due to child birth.

"No one," said one of Mr. Davidson's most intimate friends yesterday, "will ever know how many kindnesses he has done for his fellow men." He took an especial interest in young men and women and in various direct and indirect ways furthered the ambitions and desires of those whose circumstances came within his knowledge. His own daughters both of whom have been attending school in the East were the constant care of his life. In business life and politics Mr. Davidson lived on a high plane. There was nothing dishonorable in his business and nothing dishonest in his politics. He was one of the highest minded men in the service of the state. These kind words are not spoken of him because he was dead. They are merely the words which were spoken of him daily while he was alive by those who knew him best and were associated with him in the activities of his life. His friends have not discovered these virtues after his death. They have been fully known and appreciated long before his death.

### STATE HOUSE IN SADNESS.

The news of the sudden and unexpected death of Railroad Commissioner Davidson at his home in Hull cast a gloom over the state house Wednesday and a feeling of sadness seemed to permeate every corner.

thous and careful man in the discharge of official duty and it may safely be assumed that his precautions will prevent absolutely any premature publication of the findings of the court based on actual knowledge. The documents will be sealed at Key West under the admiral's personal supervision and the admiral's personal supervision will be maintained until selected by him in perfect order at Washington. It is presumed Lieut. Com. Marix judge advocate of the court will be chosen for this purpose.

Washington, March 17.—The semi-official statement given out at Madrid declaring that a demand for indemnity based on Spanish responsibility for the Maine explosion would be indignantly repelled by Spain attracted much interest here. It was generally believed that Spain was preparing for the contingency of an adverse report by the American court of inquiry and to that end was preparing to anticipate and offset it by making clear the government's policy of standing by the report of the Spanish commission. The report of the latter body was due in Madrid yesterday and while its conclusions are not officially known, it is a foregone conclusion that it will find that the Maine disaster was due to accident, resulting in an internal explosion. This was foreshadowed in the advance utterances of Capt. Peral, head of the Spanish commission, who stated publicly several days ago that the theory of external explosion was untenable.

Along with the semi-official statement from Madrid that a demand for indemnity will be indignantly repelled is the further statement from reliable sources that Spain has made it clear to the authorities here that intervention may lead to war.

The prospect of such intervention appears to be seriously entertained by Spain and strong efforts have been made to avert it by showing that the condition of the reconcentrados did not warrant the step and also that it would threaten to end all prospects of further pacific negotiations.

Both governments have been sounding each other on the activity of the other in searching for ships, but there has been little ground for objection on either side, as both have been in the



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### STATE HOUSE IN SADNESS.

The news of the sudden and unexpected death of Railroad Commissioner Davidson at his home in Hull cast a gloom over the state house Wednesday and a feeling of sadness seemed to permeate every office. A better man than Maj. Davidson never lived and every one in the state house loved him as a brother so that when the news of his death came it was an awful shock to every one.

The office of the railroad commissioners was kept open during the day to attend to necessary business. On the door was a large bow of black and white ribbon and just inside the vestibule was a stand of arms draped with the flag which Mr. Davidson loved so well and for which he spent five years of the best part of his life. The consultation room which was Mr. Davidson's retreat while in Des Moines was darkened, the big table and chairs were placed the same as for a regular meeting of the board, but the table was covered with an immense flag and Maj. Davidson's chair was draped with black and white. Directly in front of his chair on the table lay Mr. Davidson's sword and belt. High over the capitol on the tall steel mast where the state's flag flutters in the breeze every day in the year, old glory hung at half mast in his honor, and down in the basement at the headquarters of the Grand Army of the Republic, once commanded by Maj. Davidson, the department flag and the stars and stripes were draped in his memory. The

advance utterances of Capt. Peral, head of the Spanish commission, who stated publicly several days ago that the theory of external explosion was untenable.

Along with the semi-official statement from Madrid that a demand for indemnity will be indignantly repelled in the future, reliable sources that Spain has made it clear to the authorities here that intervention may lead to war.

The prospect of such intervention appears to be seriously entertained by Spain and strong efforts have been made to avert it by showing that the condition of the reconcentrados did not warrant the step and also that it would threaten to end all prospects of further pacific negotiations.

Both governments have been sounding each other on the activity of the other in searching for ships, but there has been little ground for objection on either side, as both have been in the same markets. The administration explains its buying of ships on the ground that Spain's attitude has been so menacing as naturally to call for an augmented navy, while Spain takes the position that the activity in the United States requires suitable preparations by the Spanish navy.

The report that Spain had protested against filibustering expeditions to Porto Rico cannot be verified, as the officials here say that this expedition has not yet got away.

A letter from Vic Martin, one of Co. E. boys who will graduate at Mt. Vernon this year says he is ready to take a hand in a scrap with Spain just as soon as he is wanted. He adds, however that he is in hopes there will be no need of his services until his graduating exercises are over which will be in June.

Mrs. W. D. Schoeneman has purchased a home at Sheldon. It was hoped that she had made up her mind to build at Hull.

Owing to the amount of space devoted to a review of the life and character, and public services of Comrade Davidson together with an account of his sudden death our local items are few.