

“ He reads much ;  
 He is a great observer.  
 He looks quite through the deeds of men.”

In person, tall and straight. Was not a handsome man; but a harmony of features and actions, that on acquaintance, became pleasing. Quaint in style—a thorough Yankee. Thoroughly acquainted with the history of the nation, and in the unwritten history of Iowa he had no equal. He was elected in 1863 as Lieutenant-Governor, and in 1864 presided over the Senate, and upon taking the chair expressed, in an emphatic manner, the position every American citizen should take in the struggle then pending. He was elected to this Senate in 1883, one-half of which term he had served. He was a grand old man, gone down to his grave with ripe honors, and left his name immortal by words of his inscribed on the monument at Washington: “Iowa, the affections of her people, like the rivers of her borders, flow to an inseparable union.”

Senators, I leave his political and legislative history in your hands, and would now respectfully submit these resolutions for your consideration:

*Resolved*, That earnestly desiring to show every mark of respect to the memory of Hon. E. W. Eastman, late member of the Senate of 1884, from the Thirty-second district composed of Hardin and Grundy counties, we do now suspend the regular business of the Senate, that opportunity be given his friends and associates of this Senate, and also those of the Senate of 1884, to pay fitting tribute to his worth as a citizen and a law maker.

*Resolved*, That in his death the State loses a worthy citizen and a useful and earnest legislator, who faithfully and conscientiously performed his every duty, and whose private life by its purity, well qualified him for positions of honor and trust.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be entered upon the records of this Senate, and that the Secretary forward a copy thereof to the family of the deceased Senator, Hon. E. W. Eastman.

*Resolved*, That as a further mark of respect, this Senate do now adjourn.

Senator Sutton then addressed the Senate as follows :

MR. PRESIDENT—I gladly second the resolution of the Senator from Hardin. Governor Eastman was my neighbor and he was my friend. I was given not only the honor of his society but also the benefit of his counsel. I hold in my hand a letter from his oldest child, recalling past associations and regretting inability to be present on this honorable occasion. Senators, I gladly join you to-day in honor of Governor Eastman's life and of his public services.

It becomes a great State like ours to honor her sons, to court their love and to celebrate their virtues; for the only security a state can have, rests at last in the love of its own children. Liberty is secure only in that love of country that rises above all else and next to the love of Heaven. That love of country so beautifully pictured in the first of poems, where Hector bids goodbye to wife and child and gives his life in the higher love he bears his beloved city.

Eastman loved his country. He loved his friends. He loved his children. He loved his home. He loved his party; but above

these he loved his country; and above all and supremely, he loved truth, which to him was the love of God. As a neighbor he was the soul of gentility and courtesy. As a father he was a picture of tenderness and of devotion. As a citizen you see him best in the emotion of this his oft repeated declaration: "I thank God that I am an American citizen." As a great lawyer, you see him best in this his own favorite maxim: "there is no legal victory like the victory of a just cause." As a legislator you see him the grandest in the manly Courage displayed in this chamber, when he said "with all due respect to our courts, I shall obey my oath to my country and construe the constitution for myself." At last you see him most supreme in his love of truth in this saying of his that expressed his highest faith: "I hold that no man or people have any right under any pretense whatever to commence, claim or encourage any purpose or enterprise that culminates in crime against God."

In rugged intellect, clear conception, incisive expression and moral heroism, he has had no superior since the days of Andrew Jackson. He came from a sturdy stock of manhood. He came from the same stock that gave us Daniel Webster, of whom he was a cousin; and he was also a cousin of that later and little less illustrious statesman, Zachariah Chandler. He was one of those rugged Yankees, who with John Quincy Adams, believed in God Almighty and Andrew Jackson. He remained with the democratic party and worshipped its hero until a great majority of that party as he believed, deserted the Jacksonian standard of democracy and espoused the doctrines of John C. Calhoun, whom Jackson wanted to hang. Then it was that Eastman, to use his own words: "hewed his way out of the democratic party with a broad-ax," and joined the party that proposed to obey Jackson and "make treason odious."

A few months ago, and after a long tour through all the southern states where there reigned only a love for the cause that was lost and buried, I stood at last on the steps of the capitol at Nashville, and looked down upon the statue of Jackson. It did my soul good to see in that southern land the form of a man who loved his country. I recalled the fact that he was the hero of our then deceased brother. I wondered if that statue had stood there through all the years of the Calhoun rebellion. Oh, it was a grand, grand sight. There the old hero stood in the stirrups of his saddle. He stood with his back toward South Carolina and his rearing steed was turned around full face to the loyal north. There he stood in the stirrups of his saddle with swelling breast and with bristling hair. As I saw him with open mouth and his plumed hat in air he seemed to me to be saying "arise, my countrymen, arise."

Would to God that loyal men both north and south would rise once more like Eastman and Jackson, to the full height and grandeur of their country's cause, and like these noble patriots place love of country above all minor virtues and join hands with every man regardless of his party, who loves the flag, and thus help to place the emblem of our liberties forever secure in the keeping of them who love it, and who rejoice in its glorious victories.

Senator Stephens then addressed the Senate as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT—I enter upon this sad duty with profound sorrow.

We pause from our legislative duties to-day, to pay homage to no ordinary man. To our roll call Senator Eastman no longer answers. He will meet us in council no more. His very silence admonishes us, that our days are crowded with sorrow, teaches us lessons of tolerance and humility, rebukes our pride, points us from a faded past, and bids us hope the glowing radiance of a future life. My acquaintance with Senator Eastman began with the Twentieth General Assembly. We entered this Senate chamber together. Our relations were always cordial and pleasant. I was an almost daily witness of the ability and courage which he brought to the discharge of his official duties. When he took his seat in that body he was well advanced in years and feeble in health, but with a hardened muscle he fearlessly attacked all measures not in the direction of public good.

My friend and colleague is no more. After a long and heroic struggle against resistless disease, he died at his home in Eldora, Hardin county, January 9, 1885. He was born in Deerfield, New Hampshire, April 15, 1810.

Fresh from his New England home, imbued with a love of freedom and prompted by the zeal inspired by the passions of the times, he started valise in hand for the new territory which was to be his future home, arriving in the year 1844. Soon after his arrival the territory was admitted as a State. He was fond of his constituents and proud of his State. In conversation he delighted to dwell upon the early struggles and triumphs of the young commonwealth. He indulged a just pride in having borne a part in all her vicissitudes and having participated in the contests and shared the privations of the period.

In thought, speech and action, he was vigorous and aggressive. It seemed impossible for him to be lukewarm in the performance of any task, or discharge of any duty. Whether debating a question of order or discussing a great public measure, he summoned all the resources of body and mind, and directed them against the position of his adversary, with an energy that must have put his nerve power to serious test and materially impaired his vital forces. Enoch W. Eastman was a diligent student, especially of history and political economy. With the entire history of his own State and its legislation he made himself thoroughly familiar, in which at different times he took an active part. For the legislative arena he was in all respects well equipped. To every duty assigned him, he brought the most thorough preparation. He made himself master of every principle, every detail and every fact pertaining to the subject. It was only after the fullest investigation and the most careful deliberation that he reached important conclusion, and then he was as unyielding in his conviction as he was zealous in their defense. Though often impetuous, ardent and nervously energetic in what he undertook, he was yet cool, prudent, wise and sagacious in council.

There were two great subjects to which he gave profound thought—suppression of intemperance and female suffrage. He regarded intemperance not merely as a crime against society, but an organized enemy of the home. Thus believing, he determined to attack it with all the legislative power that it was practicable to invoke for its destruction. When the Twentieth General Assembly convened he

moved promptly and fearlessly in favor of the passage of the bill then occupying the minds of every citizen of the State, known as the Prohibition measure.

Mr. Eastman's private life was without a stain. From boyhood his was a career of religious fervor. No lingering doubt disturbed his belief in the divinity of Jesus Christ and a future state of eternal bliss. The work of the church and the Sabbath school was to him a labor of love. Death claimed him after the lapse of time allotted to man. His career of usefulness was well known. But he is gone. Enoch W. Eastman is no longer among us; called by a wise Providence from this presence. There is no question in my mind, Mr. President, as to where his ship is floating to day. There is no question in my mind as to what harbor it has entered with fluttering sails and flag floating transcendently beautiful. I know, as you know, as we all know, for it is emblazoned in our hearts, that we shall live again. His family have lost the devoted husband, the affectionate and generous father; his district and State, a strong representative on this floor; the country at large, a wise and patriotic public servant, and all of us a faithful friend and valuable associate.

Senator Donnan then spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT—I rise to second the resolutions offered by the Senator from Hardin.

The name of our late associate was known throughout Iowa. The many thousand homes for whose welfare and happiness he so earnestly labored, will long cherish his memory. Doubtless the city of his residence and the district he so ably represented on this floor, have certified their sense of loss, and their appreciation of his worth, in proper memorial service. It remains for the General Assembly on the incoming of their resolutions, most appropriately, it seems to me, to lay aside the usual routine of legislative business, and unite in expressing our tribute of respect and of admiration, for our departed friend, who, at one time was the honored President, and at the time of his decease, was a distinguished member, of the Senate.

My acquaintance with the late Senator Eastman, commenced nearly twenty-five years ago. I knew him better by reputation, than otherwise, until we were brought together in the Twentieth General Assembly. During that session our closer association ripened into warm, personal friendship.

His genial manner and sympathetic nature, his acquirements in practical knowledge, his keen zest for social intercourse, his ripe experience in affairs, his broad and philanthropic views and his quenchless fund of quaint humor made him at once a pleasant companion and a very agreeable friend.

Commencing the great study of the law at a later period of life than most of the profession, and compelled to struggle with many obstacles, yet he thoroughly mastered its principles, became an adept in solving its intricate questions, and a powerful advocate for his client at the bar. Nor was remuneration for services, with him, a high professional incentive. In his own judgment the ablest effort of his life, was in a cause wherein he had no expectation, whatever, of reward.

He was possessed of a remarkably logical mind. It seemed poss-

ible for him to instantly and effectually analyze the argument of an opponent. Of course this gave him great power in professional and forensic efforts. Senators will not forget how easily and completely he laid bare the sophistry of a speech at the last session, in one single sentence.

As a legislator, he was watchful of the interests of his immediate constituents, but he never lost sight of his responsibility to legislate for the general good of the entire State. If out of the overflowing abundance of his thoughts, he was sometimes prolix in discourse, he was always instructive.

For the promotion of laudable objects he did not hesitate to advocate and support the most radical enactments, which the Constitution would permit. His opinions were carefully and deliberately formed, and then it made little difference to him whether he stood with the majority, or stood alone. In behalf of whatever his judgment approved he was as immovable as the granite mountains of his native State.

His humor was queer, as it was inimitable. In this respect he was certainly *sui generis*. When he declined a renomination for the office of Lieutenant Governor he advised the State convention, with apparent seriousness, to nominate *the next best man!*

Many years ago when trying a cause before a newly elected judge, who was reported as being comparatively "innocent of any knowledge of the law," he commenced reading from Blackstone and continued to read until the judge, losing all patience, said: "Mr. Eastman, you needn't read any more of that, the court has read Blackstone." Dropping the volume, but raising his hands with a look of well feigned astonishment, said, "*Hew' you?*"

He had an implicit faith in the intelligence and justice of the people, a commendable fealty to existing laws, but a firm determination to strike out objectionable statutes and enact better ones in their stead. No one in our entire commonwealth could have a more unbounded admiration for Iowa than he.

Some idea of his changeless loyalty to country, his detestation of treason and all its abettors, his sympathy with the defenders of the Union, then "at the front," and his somewhat remarkable conceptions of parliamentary free speech in the perilous times of war, may be had in fewer words than I can describe, by quoting from his remarks when he assumed the gavel as President of the Senate in 1864. He then said: "If unfortunately any sympathizer with rebellion is here, my heart's desire and prayer to God is, that his tongue may be paralyzed when he attempts to utter the intent of his heart. For the honor of the State, I do hope that the patriotic men in the tented field may not receive a shot in the rear from any member of this Senate. \* \* \* No man has a legal, moral, or patriotic right to begin to do that which the law would punish him for consummating. I hold it unparliamentary for any one to talk treason, or advocate the cause of secession in the Senate while I preside over it. The right of free speech in a legislative assembly does not extend beyond the bounds of loyalty."

The life of our departed associate commenced in poverty and obscurity. Bravely struggling upward through many privations and

hardships it developed and rounded out into one of usefulness, competency, influence and broad philanthropy.

SIR—Providence is kinder to us mortals than we know. Its wisdom and power, and goodness, whether recognized by us or not, are manifested all along man's pathway of life. If left to our own choice, who of us in earlier or in maturer years, would select privations and difficulties, as means of self culture and promotion? And yet the dead past and the living present, almost invariably indicate that those of deepest thought, of strongest speech and of noblest action, have been led on, and up, through just such untoward circumstances, to a proper appreciation of the responsibilities of life, and to bravely earn the reward which they later in life receive.

"In all God's diadem  
No star shines more brightly than the kingly man,  
Who nobly earns whatever crown he wears."

The lessons of our friend's career go not down with his body to the grave. They remain like those of other good and great, to incite the oncoming youth to lives of frugality, self denial, energy, cheerfulness, faith and laudable ambition.

Senator Young then said:

MR. PRESIDENT—Senator Eastman had experienced as well as extended the hospitality of the pioneer and the pioneer cabin. In his early manhood Iowa was sparsely settled; the neighbors were so far apart that visits among settlers were holidays, and were looked forward to many days in advance. The house of logs, with its roof of unsawed boards, held on by weight poles, with the rifle resting on the antlers above the door, ready to serve the table with game or defend the honor of the rude home—was always the home of good cheer; and there was an honest friendship and cordiality in the welcome under such a roof as gave all such unwritten and unspoken hospitality as touched the heart and made friendships which the lapse of time could not break, and only death could end. Him whom we mourn lived under these conditions and circumstances, and by them was developed into the grand Commoner that he was. The sterling qualities of honesty and fidelity possessed by the deceased were of New England birth and Iowa growth and development. The Puritan's rigid ideas of right were hardened, toughened and strengthened in their incorruptability, bluntness, boldness and determination, by the chilling winds and limitless prairies of our loved State. He had no party, but his conscience; no creed but duty. His heart was easily moved in sympathy, and his rugged nature became as tender as woman's when one appeared in distress. Senator Eastman and men like him laid the foundation of the great Iowa of to day. He was of the race of men who instinctively opposed wrong, and of the brave fighting sort, who would not even for the sake of peace sit idle by and permit a wrong, in which he had no part, to be done; every wrong was a wrong to be opposed. He followed his conscience, and clung to the principles of justice as the shipwrecked mariner clings to the last plank while the night and the tempest are gathering around him. Many of those who acted with him in the public affairs of Iowa have passed away. He has fallen like the oak that towered alone after the wood-

man's axe had removed its kindred of the forest. Enoch Eastman, pioneer, courageous, incorruptible statesman, blameless citizen, hail and farewell.

Senator Scott then said:

As one who knew Mr. Eastman long and well, I deem it a great privilege to lay a handful of earth upon the mound we rear to the memory of the distinguished citizen whose loss we now deplore. I have known Mr. Eastman for nearly thirty years. I have met him in his home. He was a student in his profession, in history, in philosophy, in political science, and he was a fine humorist; but there is one incident in his life which has not been touched upon by any speaker this afternoon, and which here deserves more than passing thought. By an act of Congress, approved March 3d, 1845, provision was made for admitting Iowa into the Union with a western boundary defined by the meridian of 17 degrees 30 minutes west from Washington. The territory had been for some time knocking at the doors of Congress for admission to the sisterhood of States. The people were ready to accept this boundary or rather were comparatively indifferent to the value of the territory thus cut off, together with the importance of access to and jurisdiction over the great river that constitutes the present western boundary of the State. Not so the young lawyer of Burlington. Calling to his aid two others—young and inexperienced but enthusiastic as himself—this rugged scion of the granite hills of New Hampshire took to the prairies and kindled the hearts of the Hawkeyes, and induced them to rush to the polls and defeat the proposition for admission until proper boundaries should be proposed. When it is considered that but for the opposition of Mr. Eastman to the measure as proposed by Congress and defeated by him the fair symmetry of Iowa would have been curtailed, and many of the fairest counties now contained within her boundaries would have added wealth and territory to some other State, it will be conceded that this mention of one of his personal acts deserves prominence here, and that it has seldom occurred to a private citizen, even then but a youth, to so grandly serve his State. If only for this public spirited act the people of "the slope" should build a granite monument on its highest summit and on it inscribe the name of Eastman. When this fact is remembered there is seen a beautiful propriety in his being the author of the inscription on the stone which Iowa placed in the monument to the father of his country: "Iowa—the affections of her people, like the rivers of her borders, flow to an inseparable Union."

The resolutions were adopted by a rising vote and the Senate adjourned.