

mail an engrossed copy of these resolutions to them and to enter the same upon the Journal of the House.

N. E. KENDALL,
S. A. MOORE,
M. L. TEMPLE,
Committee.

On motion the report was adopted.

Mr. Kendall, in presenting his report, spoke feelingly in tribute to the deceased as follows, the speech being ordered printed in the Journal on motion of Mr. Sweet:

MR. SPEAKER—In reporting the resolutions which are now submitted for consideration, I entreat the brief indulgence of the House while I pronounce an humble tribute to the departed.

James Hilton was born in Orange county, New York, on July 15, 1816, and died in Monroe county, Iowa, on January 9, 1902. More than four score and five years were the length of his days upon earth and among men. With no capital but conscience and character, with no assets but intelligence, integrity and industry, with no adventitious advantages but a clear brain, a clean heart and a willing hand, he abandoned the ease and luxury of eastern life more than sixty years ago, and adopting the memorable suggestion of Horace Greeley before it was offered, he came to contribute his share toward the establishment of an empire west of the Mississippi river. From New York City, then, as now, on this continent, the center of wealth and influence, he removed to the unbroken prairies, the unexplored forests of primitive Iowa. What a transition! We, of this generation, sparingly appreciate, for we scantily understand, the tremendous obligation we owe to the stalwart pioneers who, with undaunted courage and intrepid spirit, endured the perils of privation and adventure necessary to subdue the savagery of the wilderness, and to appropriate its natural resources to the purposes of civilization. There were giants in those irreclaimable days, and one of the worthiest of the worthy was the modest but heroic personality who is the subject of the resolutions now presented. He emigrated to Iowa in 1841, three years after it was organized as a territory and five years before it was admitted as a state, and he remained its honored citizen until his death. He witnessed its development from a few feeble and scattered frontier settlements into the proudest commonwealth in all the sisterhood of American states. He saw its population, its wealth, its manufactures, its mining industries, its agricultural products, its educational facilities, multiply and remultiply into colossal magnitude, and his latest glance at the beloved state with whose history he was so proudly and intimately connected revealed her at the very climax of her national prestige and power.

Judge Hilton never aspired to official station, but his countrymen speedily recognized his exceptional qualifications for public service. As county judge in 1857, as a member of this body in the Fourteenth General Assembly his duties were always discharged with unqualified acceptability to all his constituents. His religion was too wholesome and expansive to be comprehended within the narrow definitions of any written creed, but it

was deep and genuine and earnest, not exploited in empty profession, but exemplified in his daily walk and conversation. In politics he was a Jacksonian democrat of the old school, but his partisanship never degenerated into bigotry. His reading was wide and thorough, ranging all the way from humor to tragedy, and including all that intervenes. His acquaintance with the classics was familiar, and I have known few who could overmatch him in off-hand rendering of the best there is in modern fiction. His frankness and candor were proverbial. He despised hypocrisy and the hypocrite with an intensity amounting almost to prejudice, and he acknowledged no allegiance to any sham, however ancient or respectable its lineage. His public career was distinguished by the most unwavering fidelity to exalted ideals, and his private life was rendered resplendent by unsurpassed generosity of heart, by unexcelled purity of motive, by unrivalled sincerity of friendship.

For weeks preceding his death he was clearly conscious of the approaching end, but his complacent soul never faltered or repined. With uncomplaining patience, with philosophic composure, he calmly awaited the inevitable messenger with the inverted torch, and when the final hour of dissolution came, he peacefully folded his weary hands across his faithful breast and lapsed into that sweet and dreamless sleep which shall be awakened only at the judgment day.

Mr. Speaker, the death of Judge Hilton is to me an inexpressible personal bereavement, and I cannot allow to pass unembraced, this opportunity to record my sincere affection for the man, and my profound reverence for his memory.

Under the same motion of Mr. Sweet the following tribute to Hon. James Hilton by Mr. Moore of Davis was ordered printed in the Journal:

MR. SPEAKER—I beg the indulgence of the House for a few moments while I bring my tribute of respect to the memory of Judge Hilton whose life, character and public services are so kindly remembered by many of the pioneers of Davis county, and to which the gentleman from Monroe has so touchingly and tenderly called our attention.

When a little lad of eight years he had the honor of shaking hands with General LaFayette, who was then on a visit to the United States as the honored guest of the nation. When a young man of twenty-five years, living in the state of New York, he had obtained a position in the American Fur Company, then operating in the great northwest; but the means of transportation were so rude and primitive and the delays so frequent that he failed to reach St. Louis in time to join the expedition.

Coming to Iowa in 1841, he resided for a time at Keokuk, in what was known as the Black Hawk purchase, a strip fifty miles wide bordering on the Mississippi. He became acquainted with a large number of young men who had come from the older states and were waiting for the treaty of peace with the Sac and Fox Indians, which was concluded at Agency, in Wapello county, in 1842, which gave to the government all that vast territory lying west of the Black Hawk purchase extending to the Missouri river. Judge Hilton was present at the treaty, and in after years often

spoke of the Sac and Fox Indians there present as "the embodiment of courage, grace and dignity, presenting an exhibition of magnificent manhood of the Indian race which will never be witnessed again."

He very early formed the acquaintance of some young men who, in after years, became distinguished in the state and nation, and in talking with his friends of the pioneer days he mentioned tenderly and lovingly the names of Charles Mason, James Grimes, Edward Johnston, A. C. Dodge, J. C. Hall, Geo. G. Wright, Dr. Elbert, James B. Howell, J. C. Knapp and many others.

He located his claim in what is now known as Monroe county in 1843—built his cabin where the song birds built their nests, and where the wild roses and trailing vines were creeping over the rustic arbors in the mossy nooks, and where the rivulets were winding their way to the sea. In this beautiful spot of Iowa, "the beautiful," full of hope and courage, he laid the foundation of his future home.

He married Miss E. Rankin, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of William Rankin of Davis county, one of the earliest pioneers of the territory, in 1845, and the same year received the appointment of clerk of the district court from Judge Charles Mason, territorial judge.

The first term of court in what was known as Monroe county was held in 1846, in a cabin which was used as a stable for the horses of the judge and the lawyers attending court on their arrival at the village. The next morning the horses were removed and hitched to the trees. The sheriff provided table and chairs for the comfort and convenience of the court and attorneys, and the court proceeded to try the only case on the docket, and then court adjourned. Judge Hilton, the clerk, was instructed by the court to use the eagle side of the American half dollar as a seal in making up the records of the court.

Judge Hilton lived for fifty-seven years on the claim made in the morning of his early manhood. He was a good citizen—a brave manly man through all the years of his long eventful life. The cabin of the pioneer gave way to modern buildings with more stately surroundings, but from my own experience, and my knowledge of the character of Judge Hilton, I am sure that if he were permitted to own in after years a stately mansion, with gilded mirrors and brussels carpets, rosewood sets and silken curtains, frescoed walls and alabaster lamps; all these would fade away in the memory of the little cabin home where the first babe came and nestled in the arms of the young mother like a weary dove, bringing a spirit of contentment and blessing to the cottage home, that the revenue of an empire could not purchase. Only a cabin home, but to the young pioneer as grand and picturesque as to Scotland's bard were "the banks and braes of Bonnie Doon."

My friend from Monroe has spoken of the religion of Judge Hilton. His life was guided by the teachings of the Nazarine, who trod with weary feet the shores of Galilee and the Jordan, and in his mission of love and peace on earth stopped not to inquire of a man his country or his creed. Judge Hilton like myself and many others who had been in Iowa for more than half a century had witnessed the primitive forms of worship in the cabin of the pioneer where the services were conducted with that simple, but sublime earnestness, that thrilled the tenderest emotions of the human heart, as full of pathos, the voice of the great strong man in his prayer was

bearing on the wings of his supplication the grief and sorrows of his neighbors and himself. The tones of his voice would become silken as a lute, and he would leave his hearers resting on the bosom of the Infinite Father.

The religious sentiment of the pioneers, without reference to creeds and forms and ceremonies was stimulated by the beauty and grandeur of the landscape. The prairies seemed boundless, stretching far away beyond the vision, and in their wideness were like "the wideness of the sea." The wild grass kissed by the summer winds would rise and fall in graceful undulations, glinting in the sunlight or seen by the light of a full moon on a summer night, when the stars were gemming the sky in all their splendor, the scene was beautiful beyond description—grand and glorious as the prophet's vision of "a sea of glass, mingled with fire."

Judge Hilton filled the full measure and stature of a manly man, to whom grief, or sorrow or distress never appealed in vain. And while the future is veiled from mortal vision it is a pleasing thought that in the dim twilight of his earthly life, what men called death was only transition; and that to his enraptured vision the gates of the eternal city were standing ajar, and through their open portals the friends of his early manhood were greeting him from their mansions amid the everlasting light.

Like a reaper in the harvest field his day's work was done—the sun gone down—he answered the roll-call of the Master—gathered up his sheaves of ripened grain and bore them to the eternal garner, singing his harvest song.

INTRODUCTION OF BILLS.

By Mr. Hilsinger of Jackson, House file No. 47, a bill to amend section 3439, chapter 11, and section 3447 of chapter 2, of title 18 of the code of 1897, in relation to the limitation of actions or judgments.

Read first and second time and referred to committee on Judiciary.

By Mr. Hilsinger, House file No. 48, a bill for an act to fix the compensation of appraisers of property.

Read first and second time and referred to committee on Compensation of Public Officers.

By Mr. Powers of Floyd, House file No. 49, a bill for an act relating to the appointment of assessor, city clerk, city treasurer or member of the council in case of vacancies.

Read first and second time and referred to committee on Municipal Corporations.

By Mr. Wilson of Washington, House file No. 50, a bill for an act to repeal chapter 109 of the acts of the Twenty-eighth General Assembly, relative to the teaching of vocal music in the public schools.