

Mr. Reed moved to amend by referring to Committee on Ways and Means.

The motion did not prevail.

The motion to refer to the Judiciary Committee prevailed.

Mr. Blakely introduced House File No. 43, a bill for an act to change the time of electing superintendents of common schools.

Read a first and second time, and referred to Committee on Schools.

RESOLUTIONS.

Mr. Green offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the clerk be instructed to keep a record in the journal of the House of members excused by the House; and that they be so recorded in the record of the yeas and nays as excused.

Leave of absence was granted to Mr. Rohlf's for the day.

Leave of absence was also granted to Messrs. Steadman, Blakely, and Williams.

Also, leave of absence to Mr. Skillen till next Wednesday.

Mr. O'Donnell offered the following resolution:

WHEREAS, Intelligence has been received by this House of the death of the Hon. Martin E. Kaier, Representative elect from the Forty-ninth District; therefore

Resolved by the House of Representatives, That with deep and unfeigned sorrow we sincerely deplore the sad and chastening dispensation of Providence that has taken from this General Assembly, in the person of our deceased brother, an honest and efficient citizen, an able, earnest, and upright representative.

Resolved, That to the widow and family so deeply bereft, we extend our warmest sympathies, and hope they may find the balm of consolation by looking to Him who is, indeed, the God of the widow and the fatherless.

Resolved, That these proceedings be ordered spread upon the journal and that the clerk be instructed to forward an engrossed copy of these resolutions to the relict of the deceased.

Resolved, That these resolutions be transmitted to the Senate, and as further indicating our esteem for the deceased that this House do now adjourn.

After the reading of which, Mr. O'Donnell spoke as follows:

MR. SPEAKER: Melancholy indeed is the duty devolved upon me to-day, to add a few words to the resolutions already offered; but while the event that occasions these ceremonies is so deeply afflicting, yet, how eminently fitting; how lasting in its impression for good; how clearly and beautifully evidencing an exalted christian civilization, that we, while engaged in the labors of the day, should cease, for a while, and in our expressions of regret for the departed verify the poetic truth that "Man was made to mourn."

There is no higher type of moral sublimity; no more certain

evidence of genuine piety than is exhibited in the person, who, yielding, to reclaim no more forever, the one he has loved can still exclaim, "*Thy will be done.*"

May the agonized widow in looking up have poured into her bleeding bosom the spirit of resignation that is given to the chosen of God; and from the fullness of her heart still be able to say, "Inscrutable as is thy way to me, I know, thou doest all things well." The loss of millions may be recovered, the loss of power may be regained, but the loss of a friend is an irreparable, eternal one indeed. Immeasurably is the bereavement augmented when it is for, not only the good citizen, but the sterling heart of gold. The genial and sincere friend, the one possessed of real nobility of soul. The generous and affectionate parent and the enlarged and cultured mind. In describing such a person I have portrayed the prominent attributes characterizing the Hon. Martin E. Kaier.

Born in Germany in 1841, he, while yet a youth drinking from beneath the fountain whose source is free constitutional liberty, his heart yearned to enjoy its blessings, and early embraced the opportunity to claim as *his* home the land where he could be peer of the sovereign, aye, sovereign himself. The spirit to move with the "course of empire" caused him to come west, and locating in Dubuque county, he engaged in mercantile business, where he enjoyed the highest confidence of all who knew him. Honored in the service of the government as a postal officer, and in the service of his county as a member of the Board of Supervisors, while yet quite young, he became generally acquainted, and the better he was known the more highly was he esteemed.

Elected in October last a member of this House, he gave promise of still more efficiently and ably serving his people. But, alas! how true, that while in the prime and vigor of manhood, still, our

"Hearts like muffled drums are beating,
Funeral marches to the grave."

Four weeks ago, I believe, while driving home a distance of ten miles from the city, he had almost unconsciously, both hands frozen. The excruciating torture he suffered belongs to the sphere of imagination, not description, until on Wednesday last he bade farewell to those who cherished his life as their choicest earthly hope, and with heroic endurance, to excel which would have been impossible, he went, after a stewardship of thirty years to receive, let it be hoped, the celestial welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

Better men have died, for he had his faults and who could wish he had not, and be as we? Had he none, then indeed dissolution *could not* but translation *must have* taken him from us. I am glad he had faults, but as he overcame them I rejoice. Better men I say

have died—greater men have died; but a soul possessing truer nobility, warmer affections, more exalted honor, more genuine manhood perhaps, *never*. No doubt his great anxiety and mental distress at being away from what he conceived to be the post of duty, did much to superinduce the nervous fever from which he died. There has been taken from us a noble, true and upright man. A call of the House may be had, but the Sergeant-at-Arms can never, never produce the person of Martin E. Kaier.

Mr. Speaker, 'Tis said the gold-finch sings most sweetly when the hot needle is in its eye; that flowers must be crushed to give forth their greatest sweetness. So, the heart must be wrung that in its chastening we may the purer, better be.

Let us then to-day, panoplied with the more Heavenly Spirit induced by the occasion, profit by the lessons of the hour, that when the summons comes *'twill not be dread*, but welcome; sustained in the confidence that we go where life is as pure as a flake of descending snow. Our elysium as beautiful as an angel's dream.

After which Mr. Irish delivered the following address:

MR. IRISH. *Mr. Speaker.*—I second the motion for the adoption of the resolutions at the Clerk's desk.

This day's session is fitly devoted to honoring the memory of one of our number, chosen as we were chosen, to a place on this floor where the roll is called upon laws devised for the advancement and protection of the interests of the commonwealth whose citizens we are.

Two names have been from day to day called without response, two forms have been absent from our gatherings, and two voices have been lost to our councils. And but now we learn that one of these will be called never more at our desk, and that the form and face we had not seen have passed, forever, away.

It is true that other hands than ours have soothed the sick man's restlessness, have trimmed the silent lamp, and ministered to the weakness and wants that cluster round the final scene. It is true that tears, licensed by a dearer agony than we may know have fallen on the dead man's face, and footsteps fonder and sadder than ours have gone tenderly with him on his last earthly journey.

Though distant from the scenes that saluted his vision as it wandered for the last time beyond the silence and shadows of the sick room to hail the sunbeams which are now to the same eye as the memory of a shadow, for hath it not seen face to face the greater glory of God the Father of us all? yet there are considerations involved which may well claim more than a passing thought while we pause by the grave which has opened in our midst and claimed its own.

Martin Kaier was a *young* man. Sprung of a hardy race he has found rest in alien soil long before his prime. Not the courage which brought the immigrant over the terrors of the sea, nor

the strength that made a home, nor the love that gathered around its hearthstone and summoned to its cheer those now stricken to the heart, nor yet the virtues that marked him for the favor of his fellows who honored him with the highest civic trust in making him a maker of the laws, could avert or delay the summons which in an hour we know not, is waiting for us all.

To me the sadness of death is inexpressible when the young die. The aged who reach four score to find their years a burden greater than they can bear, fade from us and our sorrow is almost joy when we *know* that they have slept, with weakness and infirmity upon them, to awaken in the full glory of a strength and perfection beside which the strength of man and woman's beauty as we know them are as nothing.

But youth and strength are the elements of that physical perfection which in the case of our friend whose face has faded from amongst men, was the shrine of those manly virtues of the heart which approach spiritual perfectness, and when these are confined and the clouds cover them it is as the setting of a star that will rise not, the dying of a sunbeam that will trace the morning sky no more, and in the end of such perfection there is a cadence of sadness that will long stir even the lightest heart.

Of his every day walk only the echo has reached me; be it enough to say that a constituency always honoring itself in the choice it makes from year to year of representatives in the law making branch of the State government, chose him with colleagues whom we know are worthy of the place they hold, to share the responsibilities and labor of legislation. A constituency that can never be wrong in the midst of the great memories that cluster around the names of Samuels, Quigly, and Robb, and of those younger recollections which come damp with tears to a stricken people who have followed to an early rest that giant in jurisprudence and gentlest of gentlemen, the lamented Barker.

In his death and the feelings which touch us all with common proof that Humanity can reach a hand over the walls which sect and class and party build about us, there is a profitable lesson of tolerance which we all may learn. For how weak and contemptible appear the issues that divide us and how petty the interests around which we array our forces and do vexing battle when we stand in the sombreness of an event that teaches the instability of States and statutes and all things wrought by human hands!

Thus from the very grave of the good man gone, may spring such thought and fellowship as will temper the scenes we will here share together for a time ere we may press hands and part for the last time, forever!

The resolution was adopted, and on motion of Mr. Evans the House adjourned till next Monday, at ten o'clock, a. m.