

MR. EVANS, OF TAYLOR.

After the reading of the resolutions, Mr. Evans, who still had the floor, said:

MR. SPEAKER—It is well for us to suspend the regular business of the Assembly, and for an hour turn aside and strew with the flowers of memory the new-made grave of our departed brother. To those who knew Watson E. Webster in his private life, or as a legislator, this tribute will be a labor of love. As one of the committee of this Assembly appointed to escort to his late home, at Clarinda, the remains of the deceased, I bear witness to you of the love they bore him there. As the funeral train sadly halted at that station, we were met by hundreds of his friends there in the dawn of the coldest morning of the season, and they vied with us in bearing the honored casket. We bore him, as commissioned by you, home to his friends—the fireside he had so lately left in the flush of noble manhood—and there we left him for loving hearts and sorrowing friends to perform the last sad offices of affection. And as the sun fell behind the hills of the Nodaway valley on that Saturday night, his departing rays fell on a thousand homeward returning friends from the city of the dead, where they had placed their friend at rest. Knights and Workmen, and brothers of every order he had honored with his membership, and above all, the great Christian brotherhood of that community gathered that afternoon around that open grave and honored themselves by mingling their tears with those of that broken household. And when on that sabbath morning following, the sun rose over the valley of the Nodaway again, his rays kissed the new-made grave, and, I trust, fell with a benediction on the portal of that home he shall never enter again, but upon which the departed Christian has ever prayed for the blessing of the Master to rest.

MR. HART, OF LINN.

Mr. Hart of Linn next took the floor and said:

MR. SPEAKER—For an hour we stop the wheels of legislation to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of our departed friend and former associate, Hon. W. E. Webster, late member of Page county. He who recognizes neither age nor condition of men, who inexorably cuts down the old and young alike, has laid his hand upon one of our number in the early prime of his life, when his sun—full orb—was nearing its zenith. He was in the full enjoyment of his greatest powers, physical and mental, and in the mid-career of his unbounded usefulness and immeasurable activity.

Watson E. Webster has come in and gone out with us for the last time. No longer will his manly form be seen or his voice be heard in the deliberations of this Assembly. His seat, at my left, now mantled with emblems of mourning, will soon be filled by another; but its former occupant will never more answer to the roll call of this chamber. Death, under any circumstances, to most people is an unwelcome messenger; but it becomes doubly so when the life of an esteemed associate goes out suddenly or unexpectedly. Although the illness of our friend (brief as it was) was known by some to “*be unto death*,” only a few were prepared for the solemn event when the summons came.

Mr. Speaker, I have no language to adequately describe my feelings, when a few hours before his departure I looked into his pleasant features and found that he must die. It was my privilege to know Mr. Webster long, though of late years not intimately. I met him years ago at his prairie home in Benton county, was sheltered by his roof, and partook of his hospitality. I have known him since as a banker in Page county and as a legislator in this hall; and in all these relations the noble qualities of his heart and intellect have but strengthened the ties of what from the first proved to be a warm and enduring friendship.

When I came to this city a month ago to assume the duties of a member of this Assembly, among the first to meet and greet me was my former friend, but now departed associate, the Hon. W. E. Webster. It was to me a pleasure that I should receive renewed testimonials of his friendship during the session, and enjoy the benefit of his legislative experience and counsel. But how soon doomed to disappointment and made to realize that "man proposes but God disposes."

We determine our plans and enter upon our life-work in joyful anticipation of the unfolding pleasures of future years, when suddenly—perhaps without warning—or in a brief period—as in the case of our brother, our lives are required of us, and the brilliant hopes of former years fade away in the nothingness of death. But to the good man death is not the end. Bulwer has feelingly expressed:

"There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forever more."

It is pleasant to believe that in the life to come we shall know and enjoy the society of those we knew and cherished here. If this be true, then our friend who has gone before is enjoying the sweet communings of his friends above, and awaiting the coming of those he loved and left behind.

One week before his death Mr. Webster bid fair to live as long as any of his associates on this floor. It was my good fortune to accompany him from the hotel to this hall the last time he ever met in this Assembly, and it is to me a pleasant reflection that those moments, as we journeyed along, were occupied in sweetest converse, concerning themes and incidents of by-gone days. Many and pleasant are the friendships I have formed in the years of the past, but none are more fragrant to my memory to-day than the friendship of him whose untimely death we now deplore.

Mr. Webster was cordial and gracious in manner and ever possessed a high sense of honor. His purity of life and character, none ever questioned. His affable ways and deferential regard for others won for him the esteem of all: and the host of friends thus secured were "grappled to his soul with hooks of steel."

In business life his word was as good as his bond. Probity of character was with him a cardinal virtue. He was enterprising and public spirited. He was also a philanthropist in the noblest sense of the term. A man of wealth, he contributed abundantly of his means to the various benevolent enterprises of the day. Thus, kind-hearted and gene-

rous, he became peculiarly endeared to the community in which he lived. Within the sacred precincts of his home we will not intrude. It could not have been other than the abode of peace and love—"the sweetest of all boons to mortals given" endeared by affection and hallowed by the associations of many years within its sacred shrine.

Though these tender ties are severed and the noble man is gone, yet the good he has accomplished will not die, but will live after him—live in the memory of his friends and in the hearts of his countrymen.

When an aged man dies, full of years and honors, "going down like a shock of corn fully ripe," we find comfort in the thought, as well as resignation in our sorrow; for his end is that of all the living—as natural as the falling of leaves or fruit, when autumn winds do blow. But Mr. Webster's sun went down when it was yet scarcely noon, in the vigor of his manhood and on the threshold of fame. For had he lived the full measure of his days he doubtless would have achieved greater political distinction, and perhaps national fame. But he has gone from us, and his sudden departure forces upon all the unwelcome conviction that "in the midst of life we are in death."

Mr. Webster sleeps in the beautiful cemetery at Clarinda, in the shadow of his home, surrounded by those he loved and served so well.

Sleep on, noble man! Rest and sleep—sleep and rest, until the dawn of the resurrection morn shall wake thee to an eternal day. Upon the hearts of all, Mr. Speaker, should be impressed the sentiments of the poet, Bonner, that—

"Beyond the smiling and the weeping
 We shall be soon.
 Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
 Beyond the sowing and the reaping
 We shall be soon.
 Love, rest and home! sweet home!
 Lord! tarry not, but come.
 Beyond the blooming and the fading
 We shall be soon.
 Beyond the shining and the shading,
 Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
 We shall be soon.
 Beyond the parting and the meeting
 We shall be soon.
 Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
 Beyond the pulse's fever beating
 We shall be soon.
 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
 We shall be soon.
 Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
 Beyond the ever and the never
 We shall be soon.
 Love, rest and home! sweet home!
 Lord, tarry not, but come."

SENATOR CLARK, OF PAGE.

Mr. Clark of Page arose and said:

MR. SPEAKER—I am of the number who believe that nothing happens; I believe that behind every thought, act, and event in life there is an intelligent force, and that that force is God. I believe every life is an utterance of God, and every death a play of his upon the great

board of the universe in the accomplishment of his purposes. I do not believe that a man perishes with his clothing, or that the grave of the body is the home of the soul. Dissolution, to my mind, is the birth-pangs of immortal life. I believe that when the soul passes out beyond the horizon that rests upon the grave of the body, it emerges into an illimitable expanse in which it enfolds itself forever. My thought now is that the grave is the door of immortality and only dark from the hither side. The trials of life will not stop in this dark tunnel, but will move on out into the beautiful sunshine of the hereafter. But there is a mystery and a miracle; here sat our departed friend. Last week he moved, and lived, and laughed, and thought as one of us. Now only the cross upon his vacant desk and the floral tribute marks the space occupied by his manly form. Last week he looked upon us with the eyes of his flesh. To-day he lives without eyes, lives without breath, and feels without nerves. My friends, we ought not to fear to die. God is our Father. We came into being by his act, and grew up to manhood under the breath of his love. While in the body we are in his hand; in the spirit we shall be in his bosom. In the body we feel his touch in the darkness; in the spirit we shall see his face in the light; therefore I refuse to regard him as my enemy, or as cold fortuity. He is my benevolent Father; a living intelligence. Nor will I believe that death ends all either in this life or the life to come; a man lives here and hereafter at the same time. Here, in the hearts of men; there, in his quickened spirit; here, in report; there, in his real life; here, in the good or evil that he did; there, as a spiritual servant of Christ,—and here this morning upon this highest theater of this great State, the floor of this chamber, I assert it as my real conviction that the greatest a man can do is to live a noble and honest and godly life. The last and greatest thing he does do is to hand over to the world a well-rounded, symmetrical character, and let us reflect that our control over the life we live is coterminous with its delivery and the suspension of the breath. Without further dressing or polish it becomes the property of the world for all time. Character is a potential reality, and will be hung up in the World's great gallery for all future ages. May we not congratulate ourselves that the one our dead representative left will be selected by many of life's students as a fit mould by which to mould his own?

His was not perfect, nor will be yours nor mine. We cannot use the brush and chisel upon his model if we would, but we can upon our own characters. The present and the future, angels and God, bid us use them now. A man has many rights, but to give the world a bad example is not one of them.

The pursuit of truth is the vocation of man, and that truth unless crystalized into life and made into character is of no practical value to the world. "I am the truth," said that Christ to whose pierced palm the soft spindle of the universe turns, and he bade the world be like him. It is as much a moral duty to live right as it is not to steal, or to deal honestly with your neighbor, for you are dealing with posterity in the example you set.

And now, Messieurs Senators and Representatives, as we thus stand together over the grave of our departed friend, according to the standard that Christ set up, with bated breath, yet unflinching faith, I de-

clare it must be well with him. He filled the measure of a Christian here. He must wear a Christian's crown over yonder. All law is a unit. Virtue is rewarded here—it must be in Heaven. He had the just praise of men. He must hear the plaudit of God in Heaven. He honored the law of God on earth—God will honor his soul in glory. He lived a righteous life, cumbered with the flesh. Should it cease when this burden is laid down? If the natural instincts do not mock us, and the longing for immortality and conscious recognition and identity is fulfilled in the unseen holy, methinks that the transformed spirit of our departed friend is thrilled with complaisant joy this morning as it looks out from the windows of its eternal dwelling place and sees the friends of his life, young and old, stepping into the track of his life, as a safe pathway to success on earth and happiness in heaven. But, alas! for us an honest man, a true man, a benevolent father, an affectionate husband, a useful and pure public servant has gone out from among us forever—he has laid down the burdens of time. We shall miss him much in this chamber, but let me whisper here that many a poor man burdened with life's cares in his humble Page county home will miss him much more.

He was a rich man, but as such a treasurer of God. He drew many large drafts upon his bounty, and not one was ever dishonored or ignored.

"Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these," well done, etc., has been sung by the angelic choir to his wandering soul. And now let us bury his frailties with his body in the grave, whilst we enshrine his virtues in our hearts forever.

MR. MERTEN, OF DELAWARE.

Mr. Merten of Delaware said:

MR. SPEAKER—It is with a deep feeling of respect and profound sorrow that I rise to offer my weak tribute to the memory of our departed friend. I first met him two years ago in this House, and from the first I noticed that in his manner and bearing which attracted me to him. Our associations were not simply friendly, but there seemed to spring up between us from the start a feeling of confidence and intimacy that, so far as I know, continued to be mutual to the time of his death. Mr. Webster represented a type of manhood frequently met with in this country, yet rare enough to make his friendship to be highly esteemed, his companionship a matter of joy, and his confidence a matter of high appreciation. Always quiet and unobtrusive, giving full value and merit to the opinion of others, without ostentation, cant or hypocrisy of any kind, yet with clear discernment and strong convictions, caring only to know what was right, and content with making that his only inflexible rule of conduct.

He brought to the discharge of his duties as a legislator untiring zeal and industry, unusual good sense, a clear, well-balanced mind, a good physique, and above all, *unquestioned* integrity. Page county undoubtedly honored Mr. Webster by clothing him with legislative powers, and subsequently by the endorsement of a re-election, but the compliment was fully returned by his example of spotless integrity and the fidelity which he brought to the discharge of every duty. None

of the citizens of Page county but will esteem it an honor to have aided in sending to represent them at the State Capital such a man. But he is gone. We shall miss his presence and his counsels. The community in which he lived has lost an upright, thorough-going, public-spirited citizen; his family a kind, generous, and indulgent husband and father, and their heartaches and grief can be better imagined than described. To them we extend our heartfelt sympathy, and mingle with them in our appreciation of his worth, for

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."

He filled life's mission well, he has gone to his reward. The wreath on the desk of my late friend is fading. The fragrance of those white blossoms, symbolic emblems of purity, is fast dying out, but the remembrance of life, fraught with its high purpose and lofty aims, will stand as his best and most enduring monument.

MR. TOOL, OF JASPER.

Mr. Tool of Jasper said:

MR. SPEAKER—It is with feelings of deep sorrow that I arise. My acquaintance with this man is comparatively short, but long enough to learn to love him. Again we are reminded of the fact that these houses we live in are mortal. The sudden and unexpected removal of this, our brother Representative, fills our hearts with sorrow, mingled with some reflections of joy; with sorrow, when we remember he is dead; that we are deprived of his wise counsel in this Assembly; that his voice will be heard in this hall no more forever: with a sense of joy, as we remember his genial smile, pleasant manner, kind acts in social walks of life, which will live forever in our memories. His public life and acts will remain upon the records, to be read by his children and friends in the future; with joy, as we think of the golden truths couched in the language of the poet:

'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of earth to die;
Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love."

Write: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. Yea, sayeth the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

MR. ROBB, OF MONROE.

Mr. Robb of Monroe said:

MR. SPEAKER—In listening to these well-timed remarks regarding the sudden death of Mr. Webster, the member from Page county, I feel constrained to add my testimony to the excellency of his character, socially, as well as a member of this body. As members of the Eighteenth General Assembly, the deceased and myself occupied seats at the same desk in this hall, and I had, therefore, rare opportunity to know him, not in his public capacity only, but in the more retiring and social characteristics of a friend and neighbor.

Mr. Webster was of a quiet and unobtrusive turn of mind, but withal was industrious, thorough, and methodical in all his public work, and as a friend was social and affable. I intended no lengthy remarks, but situated as we were, and knowing him as I did, feel that in justice to him, and in the performance of a willing duty on my own part, I cannot let the occasion pass without expressing my high appreciation of his character.

MR. IRWIN, OF KEOKUK.

Mr. Irwin of Keokuk said:

MR. SPEAKER—

“From out yon ranks of fresh-lipped men
Who would have singled him.”

It is with a natural hesitation that I rise to second the resolution just offered. Hesitation arising, I think, from the admiration and friendship I formed for Mr. Webster during a comparatively limited acquaintanceship. This hesitation follows naturally because the friends or enemies of a man are not the ones best fitted to speak of him, his life or his achievements. In this case, however, I desire to go on the record regardless of the ties of personal friendship. I had known Mr. Webster but a short time in comparison with other members of this House, yet in this brief period he attracted me so toward him by the manliness of his character, the uprightness of his conduct, and the gentle manliness of his manner, that now, in the words of Fisher Ames: “My heart grows liquid and pours forth like water,” as I stood the other day in a darkened room, mid sighs and sobs, and looked down upon all that was mortal of Watson E. Webster.

His life, though short, in common with nearly every man in the West of his age, had been in part stormy, eventful, and momentous—going early into the war for the suppression of the rebellion, he gave four years of his young life to uphold the flag that was struck at by traitorous and bloody hands, awed us all as children.

Coming out safely through all the smoke, and blood, and carnage of the civil war, he settled in Page county, in this State. Since then his life has been as an open book to all of us, and nowhere in the pages of this open book can be found one stain or one blot to slur his manly record. Mr. Webster was on his way to eminence, and had his life been spared to us, Iowa would have heard a great deal more of him. He was a man of affairs, quick to discern and apt to grasp at the good and great and useful in life. He was, in short, one of those men of whom Holland writes:

“Men whom the lust of office does not kill,
Men who the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men who have honor, men who will not lie,
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking.
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the clouds
In public duty and in private thinking.”

Such a man was he whose death we deplore to-day.

MR. CALKINS, OF JONES.

Mr. Calkins of Jones said:

MR. SPEAKER—I rise to second the resolutions offered by the gentleman from Taylor, and in doing so would remark that the transaction of this hour commemorates a sad event in the history of the Nineteenth General Assembly of Iowa. That vacant seat, festooned with emblems of sorrow and mourning, tells of a dark shadow having been thrown across the Legislative Hall; tells of death entering our midst and selecting as its victim one in the vigor of early manhood, whose stalwart form and manly bearing, with genial and friendly look, invited our confidence and claimed our respect. We met at the beginning of this session as strangers, the most of us. All men sociable and kind, none more so than he who occupied that vacant seat. In a few days it was whispered that Webster, of Page, was sick. In a little while wife and children were summoned to his dying bedside, and soon came the announcement that "Webster is dead." By this said event this commonwealth has lost the benefit of his counsel and experience; a home was bereft, a wife widowed, and children orphaned. Representatives from this Assembly accompanied his remains to his distant home, and there mingled their tears with those of his family, friends, and neighbors. Beneath that silent mound in that distant cemetery there sleeps a heroic, devoted, brave man. Heroic in defending country; devoted to home, family and friends; brave in his adherence to principle, truth, and right. Watson E. Webster has gone to his eternal rest. Ere his sun of life had reached its meridian his career of usefulness was suddenly arrested. We may commemorate his many virtues, revere his memory, spread upon the journals of this House tokens of esteem, respect and admiration; transmit them with kindest sympathies to that bereaved family but their grief will be unassuaged because "the strong man went out and returned not." Those children in the coming future will turn with pleasure to the journals of the House and the preceding one and there read with filial pride of the honorable action and upright career of their honored father. In the language of Longfellow:

"Behold how of earth, all its glories depart!
Her visions are baseless; her hopes but a gleam;
Her staff but a reed, and life but a dream."

MR. DOWNING, OF DAVIS.

Mr. Downing of Davis said:

MR. SPEAKER—I rise to second the motion made by the gentleman from Taylor county, to adopt the resolution made by him. Being a member of the Eighteenth General Assembly, I was personally acquainted with Mr. Webster. I knew him to be truly a business man; he was a man of more than ordinary ability; he was a man, and though free of thought, was not over-ready to express them. A few days after the commencement of this session I met him and pleasantly we renewed our acquaintance. Seemingly, he bid fair to live long and be useful, being in the very prime of his life and manhood. But how quickly the sad news came to us, telling of the death of Hon. Watson E. Webster

of Page county, who had only been sick a few days. Mr. Speaker, we only know a man by what he says and does. How true that saying, uttered more than eighteen hundred years ago: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Judging by this saying Mr. Webster was a good man. The first bill introduced by Mr. Webster in the Eighteenth General Assembly was relating to the reduction of the penalty on "delinquent taxes"; thus lessening the burdens of the poor man. Mr. Webster was a faithful member of the Eighteenth General Assembly, performing his duties well, and was one of the number selected by the Speaker of the House to perform the last duties of the House to notify the Senate and authorities that the House, having completed its work of the session was ready to adjourn. After the death of Mr. Webster, the House having temporarily adjourned, I went home, told my wife the sad story of the death of Mr. Webster. Being anxious to know the position of his photo in the group of the Eighteenth General Assembly, we went immediately and examined the group, finding that his was in the very center, save one. I feel sure that he is in the very hearts of the members of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth General Assemblies. I have said that he was a good man. I have been credibly informed that the people of his county and home both honored and esteemed him; that the poor people gathered about the remains of Mr. Webster as did the penitent disciples about the feet of Jesus, more than 1800 years ago; and was ready to "weep with those who wept," and to say, "not our will, O God! but thine be done." He was a remarkably generous and benevolent man—often taking from his pocket money, lending it to the poor, who could only give him their promises for its security—never taking advantage of poverty. This accounts for the great respect manifest for him by the people of his home and county. But it is said he is dead! No, Mr. Speaker he is not dead; but he lives to-day in the hearts of his friends; he lives in a better home, in a better house not made with hands, and I believe that could he speak to us from that far off home, he would say, "I have reached my dear home and am happy." Could he speak a second time, he would say to the members of this honorable body, "Come home! come home!"

MR. MAXWELL OF ADAMS.

Mr. Maxwell of Adams said:

MR. SPEAKER—Although almost a neighbor of our departed associate, I had not the pleasure of personal acquaintance with him before the meeting of this Assembly. After the adjournment of the House on the last day that he occupied his seat on this floor, I had a very pleasant conversation with him while walking to the West Side. As we discussed the various matters of interest likely to come before this body I was impressed with his wise and conservative ideas in reference to our public business. Myself without experience as a legislator, I felt that I might count on Mr. Webster as an able and willing counselor in the consideration of questions of importance. On the following day as the gavel fell, I looked in vain for my new friend, but soon leave of absence was asked for the gentleman from Page on account of sickness, and in answer, leave, leave, leave, was heard from all parts of this hall; this was repeated for a few days, until, on that sad morning, when

we learned that an eternal leave of absence had been granted to Mr. Webster by that Great Speaker who presides over that vast assembly—the universe. Then we all bowed our heads in grief for the loss of an able member, a kind friend, and a true Christian gentleman. I was a member of the committee who bore the remains of our associate to his late home. You may admire a man's record as a public officer, you may read of his deeds in peace and in war, but if you would know a man you should go to his home, and what a grand man was Watson E. Webster. On our arrival at Clarinda early on that cold winter morning hundreds of people from all the walks of life met us, and with lowered heads and heavy hearts followed the remains of their late Representative to the fireside of his bereaved family. Never before did I witness a more universal expression of sympathy than that manifested by the neighbors of our departed brother. He seemed to have been loved alike by the rich and poor, by the old and young; in short, by all his neighbors. We may adopt resolutions and pronounce eulogies on this occasion, but the greatest tribute that can now be paid to the memory of Watson E. Webster is the fact that he was loved and esteemed as a true friend, a kind and good neighbor, and a noble and upright Christian man by all his neighbors. In conclusion, permit me to say that I most heartily second the adoption of the resolution offered by the gentleman from Taylor.

MR. PICKLER, OF MUSCATINE.

Mr. Pickler of Muscatine said:

MR. SPEAKER—As these exercises near the end I crave the indulgence of this House to add a word of tribute to the memory of our deceased brother as a soldier, in the language of one who has well said:

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest?
When spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallowed mould;
She then shall dress a sweeter sod
Than memory's feet have ever trod;
By hands unseen their knell is rung
By fairy forms their dirge is sung;
Their honor comes a pilgrim gray
To dress the sod that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

MR. POWELL, OF WARREN.

Mr. Powell spoke extemporaneously, with no idea of going beyond the limits of a five minutes speech, but for all that embodied so much thought in his address that reproduction of it would be a great pleasure to his friends. He referred to the fact that representing the younger element of the new members he desired to pay his respects to the memory of his dead brother; thought that the departure of a friend taught a lesson to the living only which should be observed by the thoughtful; spoke of the realization of a man's duty who was just entering upon a position so important, and as an illustration of the appreciation of a sensitive, brave, and conscientious mind; compared the condition of Queen Victoria, when, nearly half a century ago, she suc-

ceeded to the throne with a deep sense of the importance of the situation, and with a heart filled with gratitude and love for her countrymen, with that of the lamented and departed member, whose empty desk and unoccupied seat was decorated with the faded flowers whose fragrance was not in any way to be compared with the duration of the memory for this man, of those around and about him. Mr. Powell said many more good things and advanced some exceedingly fine sentiments.

Mr. Davidson, of Sioux, moved that the resolutions be adopted by a rising vote.

The motion prevailed and every member in the session rose simultaneously.

Adjourned.

HALL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, }
DES MOINES, IOWA, February 10, 1882. }

House convened pursuant to adjournment, Speaker in the chair.

Prayer by Rev. L. J. Barth.

Pending the reading of the journal of yesterday, Mr. Downing moved that the further reading be dispensed with.

The motion prevailed.

PRESENTATION OF PETITIONS AND REMONSTRANCES.

By Mr. Platter, a remonstrance against the pardon of Fred McWhisten, a convict in the Penitentiary at Fort Madison.

Referred to the Committee on Penitentiary at Fort Madison.

By Mr. Pickler, a petition from citizens of Muscatine, relating to salaries of county officers.

Referred to Committee on Compensation of Public Officers.

By Mr. Hart, a petition from citizens of Sioux county, asking for a State Educational board of Examiners.

Referred to Committee on Schools.

By Mr. Taylor, a petition from citizens of Fayette county, relating to barbed wire fences.

Referred to Committee on Agriculture.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

Mr. Epperson, from the Committee on Appropriations, submitted the following report:

MR. SPEAKER—Your Committee on Appropriations, to whom was referred House File No. 151, a bill for an act to provide for establishment of a Dental Department at the State University, beg leave to report that they have had the same under consideration, and have instructed me to report the same back to the House with the recommendation that it be referred to the Committee on State University.

F. M. EPPERSON, *Chairman.*