

# Speeches on Occasion of Visit of Pioneer Law Makers of Iowa, also on Passage of Senate File 152.

---

The following speeches were made on the occasion of the visit of the Pioneer Law-Makers of Iowa to the House and are printed in the Journal by order of the House.

The Speaker, in welcoming the body of Pioneer Law-Makers, said :

I voice the sentiment which is in the heart of every member of this House when I tender to you the cordial and generous welcome to this hall at this hour. We delight to do honor to those who have preceded us in other years, and who early wrought on the fair fabric of this splendid commonwealth. The hall of the House of Representatives in this beautiful capitol is to-day your own. You laid its foundations. It is rightfully your own. You honor us by your presence.

I have requested the gentleman from Lee county, Mr. Marshall, to extend to you a more formal greeting.

Marshall of Lee spoke as follows :

*Mr. Speaker, Gentlemen of the House and our guests, the Pioneer Law-Makers of Iowa:—*

I am sorry that I cannot truthfully say that being called upon to address you today is an entirely unexpected honor, but the fact is that the Speaker intimated to me, something more than a week ago, that he would call upon me for a few impromptu remarks and I have been trying ever since to think of something impromptu, and am still trying. Your presence among us is an honor we prize greatly. You have come down to us from former generations which we revere and we, of the day of telephone and electricity, welcome you most cordially.

Our loved state, which in your time had just begun to twinkle its little light in that bright galaxy of stars which today forms the greatest constella-

tion in the universe, has grown to such magnificent proportions that you can now see how much better you builded than you knew, and all that Iowa is and all that she hopes to be is due to you who laid the foundation so broadly and so wisely. Times have, indeed, changed since you sat in the legislative halls of this great state. We now cross our broad prairies from river to river in a few hours and talk across the state as though face to face. Not so in your time. It then took weeks to carry tidings from one side to the other, and, though we have conveniences and luxuries of which you never dreamed, you are not without your compensations. When my grandfather, William Patterson, who was a member of the First and several succeeding territorial legislatures and one of the signers of the Constitution of Iowa, went to Iowa City to attend the legislature, he went on horseback, and followed furrroughs which had been ploughed to show the way, and carried his provisions with him. This would seem a hardship to many of us now, but then he was not bothered with trying to obtain transportation, nor was he abused for voting against an anti-pass bill nor ridiculed for voting for it, and that storm of virtuous indignation which biennially bursts over our devoted and patriotic heads was entirely unknown to him.

You saddled your horses and followed the furrow leading to the Capitol when you went to the legislature, but your sleep was sweet and your dreams untroubled, you were not vexed because your passes did not transport you to California or New York, but were GOOD ONLY IN IOWA. If you wished to converse with a neighbor you walked or rode to his home, even though the weather was inclement, but you were untroubled by the arrogant telephone company who refused to allow competing companies to use their line and objected to outsiders fixing their rates and running their business for them. So you perceive that the balance is not all on one side. When we think how our wants, even our necessities have increased, we are inclined to think that the Indian was the only thoroughbred gentleman and our much boasted civilization is a delusion and a snare. We might miss our electric cars and electric lights, but we would also miss the smoke and soot which makes this city such a delightful winter resort. We might miss the tall spires of our churches, but we would not see our fellow creatures clothed in stripes and confined behind stone walls and iron bars, we might miss our chapels, seminaries, even normal schools, but jails, poor-houses and even court-houses would be equally absent.

Also taxes, and last but not least, we would have, sad to say, no legislature, which one thought possibly reconciles us to the present state of affairs and fires in us the ambition to live long enough to become a member of the Pioneer Law-Makers Association.

Ex-Lieut.-Gov. B. F. Gue spoke as follows:

*Gentlemen of the House of Representatives of the Twenty-ninth General Assembly:*

It is my pleasant privilege on behalf of the association of the Pioneer Law-Makers of Iowa to acknowledge to you our deep appreciation of the courtesy you have extended to us in permitting us to meet you here, who are now the law-makers, face to face upon this occasion. The services of our association

are in the past; they are a part of history; they extend back—there are representatives to the Third General Assembly of the state of Iowa in 1850. We have one or two representatives of that far-off legislature here with us, and all of the intermediate legislatures were represented for a number of years. I regret to have to say that many of our members found it necessary to return to their homes, and they are not here to unite with us in greeting you. Our terms of service were in the log-cabin age. They began when the comforts of life were meager, when the settlements were new, when the small population of the state was scattered among the groves and around the rivers of what is now the great state of Iowa. One of our members who is unable to be with us today, dates away back to the first territorial legislature in 1838, M. S. Bell, of Van Buren county, still living, and we have a letter from him. So that we represent really from the very beginning of the territory of Iowa, dating back about sixty-five years. It is a pleasure to us who represent the past to meet you and look upon your faces and recognize that here before us are some of the men from whom United States senators, governors and members of the cabinet, and members of the House of Representatives will undoubtedly be taken in the future. You have among you men who are young in years, and I am informed that there are three members of your House, including your speaker, who are sons of honored pioneer law-makers. It is an especial pleasure to greet them and to know that the people have appreciated the worthy sons of the noble fathers. I will not take more of your time, but later I will call upon a member or two of our association to further express our feelings. (Applause.)

The speaker then introduced Gilchrist of Pocahontas who said:

*Mr. Speaker, Honored Guests, and Gentlemen of the House:*

I am pleased to share the privilege, on behalf of this House, to extend to the body of Pioneer Law-Makers of Iowa, a kindly and sincere greeting. The people of our state have a peculiar and deep affection for their early law-makers, and this occasion bids us contemplate the period they represent and the history they have made. It bids us to rejoice in the blessings they have given us and emulate the examples they have set for us. It also gives opportunity for the expression of thanks and of gratitude due from the present to the past, and it brings its solemn pledges of duty from the present to the future.

The typical traits of the true pioneer are integrity, courage, and industry,—an integrity above suspicion,—a courage to brave the dangers of the untrodden forests and the trackless wilderness,—an industry which tires not in the hardships of the frontier. These qualities have been the special heritage of our early people and their law givers, and these qualities have laid broad and deep the foundations of our moral and physical grandeur.

Law making is not law tinkering, and it is easier to conserve than to originate these complete and symmetrical rules of conduct whose enforcement brings health to the social and political life. These difficult tasks have, however, been well done for us by our distinguished guests in the past.

They have given us our Constitution, and nowhere in the language can be found a broader, or better collation and expression of the inalienable rights of man fought by the Anglo Saxon, on so many fields, wrested piecemeal from so many reluctant princes, and now conserved by these men in the first article of our fundamental law,—a veritable Ark of the Covenant.

It is more difficult and far more delicate to reform than to cancel or annul, yet they have performed for us the delicate task of crystallizing much of the common law into the codified and tangible expressions of the present time, all without prejudice to any right, nor wrong to any sect.

It is better to give than to receive, and they must have, therefore, especial pride in the fact that they have given us our entire system for the regulation of corporate enterprises, roads, railways, commerce, trade and labor; and they have so wisely provided that our resources have been developed until the state blossoms as a garden, her herds are on her hillsides, her factories are never idle, and her granaries are filled in basket and in store.

Such has been the heart of these pioneers, that their first supreme court in the first decision ever handed down in the days of the territory and of the fugitive slave laws held, that slaves brought within the territory were no longer property at all, and said (1 Morris p. 7) that when the master “applies to our tribunal for the purpose of controlling, as property, that which our laws have declared shall not be property, it is incumbent on them to refuse their co-operation when, in seeking to accomplish his object, he illegally restrains a human being of his liberty, it is proper that the laws, which should extend equal protection to men of all colors and conditions, should exert their remedial interposition.”

This was the spirit also of the lawmakers in the great storm of 1861, while the ship was tossing amid lowering skys on turbulent waters, and which led them to resolve, “That the faith, credit and resources of the state of Iowa, both in men and in money, are hereby irrevocably pledged, to any amount and to any extent which the government may constitutionally demand, to suppress treason, subdue rebellion, enforce the laws, protect the lives and property of loyal citizens and maintain inviolate the constitution and sovereignty of the nation.”

But even these things are not the brightest in their crown of jewels. Their greatest glory is in providing for us that system of schools, colleges, churches and families which has lifted up humanity and has made our men and women strong in the right. Our farms and factories are great, but not so great as our firesides.

And, Mr. Speaker, from the first appearance of our star upon the national firmament, its radiance has brightened, and this, above all, because the fires have burned true in the breasts of the founders. No iconoclastic hand can tear down their temples of fame, nor destroy the love and happiness they have brought to the people of this state “whose affections flow like the rivers of her borders to an inseparable union.”

Governor Gue introduced Judge Fairall who said:

*Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House:*

It seems almost like a dream to me that forty-six years ago I met for the first time the-law makers of Iowa in the old capitol building at Iowa City. They were the type of American manhood of which any nation might be proud. They came from an ancestry whose blood had baptized a hundred battlefields of the revolution, and whose hardships and sufferings had made sacred the hills and valleys for which they fought. It was this ancestry which founded the great state of Iowa. There were farmers, merchants, mechanics, teachers, preachers, doctors, and lawyers who formed the great caravan that crossed the Mississippi river and laid the foundations of this broad, beautiful and grand commonwealth. I have seen in my town the little frame house in which the first legislature met in Iowa City in 1839. It was a small body, but it was made up of representative men, and the law-makers of Iowa, and the judicial officers who have expounded the laws are a pride to any state, and as year by year our population increased our men filled these offices with dignity. They were men of exalted moral character and, while most of them had never received anything more than a common school education, they were men of great intellect; they were men who left upon the records of this state imprints of greatness and of goodness. The Pioneer Law-Makers of this state have contributed their quota to the men who have ruled this nation, and Iowa, beautiful Iowa, today stands proud and pre-eminent at the national capital by reason of the men who so ably represent us here today. No state in the great west has every been so honored in the matter of cabinet officers. One of our leading pioneer lawyers of the state was the great Samuel F Miller, associate justice of the supreme court of the United States, a masterful mind, broad and comprehensive and progressive he added luster to the bench. The great bench was occupied by such men as Marshall and Taney, and Chase, and Wade, and Miller. From a small state we have grown to be great.

I remember well the first meeting of the legislature in the city of Des Moines. The same strong, sturdy men handled the legislative department of this state with grace and dignity, and from that time on, from the earliest days, such men as Mason, Browning, Rorer, Grimes, Harlan and Kirkwood, the legislators of this state have been holding a pre-eminence with those of sister states. It is a matter of great and just pride to have been a member of the legislature of the state of Iowa, and, while the old men are passing away, it is a matter of great pride that in these two halls we have worthy successors who will uphold the dignity and do the grand work which was begun by the pioneer legislators of Iowa. In behalf of that body, now in session, as its youngest member, I thank you for them for this kind and cordial reception. And, one word more, it was one of the proudest acts of my life when a member of the Twelfth General Assembly that I had the pleasure of voting for a new capitol building, and the bill passed the Senate by but one vote.

I thank you again, gentlemen, for your kind welcome to us here today, the old men, the shadow of whose lives are lengthening out, when the evening of life is coming so close. So in behalf of those men, I thank you again for your kind welcome.

The Speaker then introduced Representative Hamann of Dubuque, who responded as follows:

*Mr. Speaker, Honored Guests and Brethren of the House:*

I trust that in spite of whatever eulogies into which the inspiration of this occasion may ultimately betray me, I may be permitted to preface what I have to say, while I am yet calm and collected, with the matter of fact suggestion that the pioneer law-makers cannot be held exclusively responsible for all the good things of which it is Iowa's good fortune to be able to boast. They did much, these pioneers, gentlemen, very much. But theirs is not the credit for it all; for instance, theirs is not the credit of creating Iowa's fertile, rolling prairies, of sending the abundant rain and the gladsome sunshine that made those prairies bear the bounteous harvests which have caused her to be heralded as the granary of the world. A few of those minor, material blessings we are bound to attribute to a kind, beneficent and all-wise Providence. Yet, so closely have the blessings of nature and of nature's God been connected with the blessings bestowed by the wisdom-filled acts of these, our guests today, that a cursory retrospect appears to reveal that they exercised an exceedingly potent influence upon that Providence. In such harmonious accord did they work with Providence that I feel almost bold enough to accuse them of having had a political partnership with Providence. I am only sorry that I cannot say the same thing of the Twenty-ninth General Assembly.

Gentlemen, your duties in those far-off days were different than ours of today. Yours comprised the making of a constitution for our state,—to make the fundamental law; to range into the untracked wilderness of the common law—our heritage from England—and to cut from it the timber out of which to build the structure of our institutions. To cull from it the doctrines of an age long past and substitute the principles fitting for a new and frontier state. Yours the task to set aside the mediæval and create the modern. Yours to form the basis for all that was and is to come.

And you did it in a way that makes a thrill of exultation touch the heart of every Iowan who reads the pages of her annals. Fills him with wonder at the foresight of you, her legislators,—wonder, for in the beginning, back before the middle of the last century, times and conditions were different from today. In Iowa still the howl of the wolf arose on the midnight air with the savage war-whoop, and the pale-faced pilgrim trembled for the safety of his defenceless frontier home. He planted his corn in fear and gathered it in perturbation; his chickens and his children were plundered by the painted foe and life itself was in danger of oozing out between the logs of his slab hut—even if fortified with three Sharp's muskets, a spunky wife and a jug of whiskey—which, I understand, was not then contraband of war in Iowa. With these conditions in your minds—a total population for the state no greater perhaps than that of Polk county at the present time—you were called to legislate. And you did. And, gentlemen, fellow members, the men whom our guests represent did more than that; they made a constitution and a code of laws not only for their time and for their people, but a constitution and a code which by their natural growth and evolution at the hands of their successors have proven to be admirably fitted for the newer

days as well. They took the fabric of the older common law and went to work at it, and as they did, "gradually through its web and woof began to run and shine and glitter the golden thread of justice." Through those years, through a long procession of stirring and grand events, through times that tried by fiercest ordeal the institutions made by men, the institutions builded by our pioneers held their own, stronger day by day. They survived as well the turmoil of a civil war as the pressure of economic panic.

No less wise and patriotic were the later law-makers—the assembly of '51 which, by joint resolution, declared that Iowa "was bound to maintain the union of the states by all the means in her power"—foreseeing almost a decade before, that another assembly to which Brother Gilchrist has already referred was to solemnly pledge Iowa's every resource of men and money for the national cause, and to raise \$300,000 for a war and defense fund.

In 1838, on September 4th, was held the first public banquet ever served on Iowa's soil. It was held to celebrate her organization as a territory. At that banquet the main toast was offered by General Van Antwerp, who lives today in the memory of many of you. It was this: "Iowa—may her maturity fully realize the bright prospects of her most promising infancy, and to insure this, may her first and her unceasing care be directed to education and agriculture as the most certain and imperishable basis upon which to erect her future prosperity and renown, and her continued adherence to liberal principles."

Perhaps consciously, but actuated by the same spirit of wisdom, you, our predecessors, have always acted, and through recognition of those principles, through devotion to those two objects of our state life, education and agriculture, it is my opinion that Iowa has risen to the rank she holds today, the peerless state in a matchless union of states.

Fellow members of this House, more gladly even than we yield our places temporarily here to our predecessors, would we yield them for a longer time. For we know that as the vistas of the memory lengthen with the years, so lengthens, too, the vision into the future. Gladly would we give Iowa the benefit of that prophetic vision and to you, our guests, the burden of doing the work which you have done so well in the past, confident that you would do still grander things. Yet we realize, as we look upon your broken ranks that, though many men have spent their lives searching for the fountain of eternal youth, they have not found it. That "no human ear has ever heard the silver gurgle of the spring of immortal youth."

We, and Iowa, must content ourselves, therefore, with the inspiration that your deeds in the past and your presence with us give, and trust that that inspiration will make our deliberations fraught with as great benefit to the state as yours were, in your day.

Col. S. A. Moore, a member of the Pioneer Law-Makers association, and a member of the Twenty-ninth General Assembly, was next presented and spoke as follows:

MR. SPEAKER—This call for remarks from me is very unexpected. My name does not appear on the program as one of those chosen to respond to any remarks that might be made on this occasion by any member of this

honorable body. I am sure that I cannot be mistaken in this, because I was one of the committee on program, on the part of the Pioneer Law-Makers, to arrange for our visit to the general assembly, in response to its invitation so pleasantly extended to us by the committee. But I have been a soldier and was taught very early the lesson in military tactics—to obey my superior officer promptly and as cheerfully as human nature would allow, upon this principle that, as some must of necessity govern, others must learn to submit and obey.

This reception on the part of the House is certainly very gratifying to the Pioneer Law-Makers, many of whom have been residents of Iowa many years before the younger members of this general assembly, who have spoken such pleasant words of greeting to us, were born. And, on behalf of our association, I want to thank these gentlemen for the words of commendation they have given to us for the part taken by these old gentlemen in moulding the laws and shaping the policy of the state from the territorial days until age and infirmity, with the greater number of them, compelled their retirement from an active participation in the legislation of the state.

We look forward to the biennial meetings of our association as affording us the means of sharing the society of each other for a few days; of looking into the faces of each other; holding for a moment the hands that we pressed in friendship and genial greeting in manhood's early morning, when our hopes and aspirations were buoyant, and clothed with the glow and radiance of a summer morn. But some times in our meetings, after the first warm greetings and salutations are over, and the touch and thrill of hands slow to unclasp has passed, and the tones of the voice are noted and contrasted with the long ago—there is a feeling of melancholy sadness that touches the heart with tenderness that plain, simple words are inadequate to describe. There is a force in words, which words themselves are powerless to express, and I have found myself unable to describe in a manner satisfactory to myself the life and public services of some of those old pioneer law-makers, whom you have so graciously honored today by suspending for a time the business of the state to do them honor.

Some of these old gentlemen crossed the Mississippi into the territory of Wisconsin, afterwards the territory of Iowa. They were seeking homes in the new and beautiful country. They shared with the Indians, the hunters and trappers, and dragoons, the privations and hardships incidental to the life of the pioneers. Some of them were present at the first land sales, and assisted to form the first crude laws that gave protection to the life and property of the squatter on his claim, his first cabin home.

Some of them were members of the first constitutional convention, and others members of the first legislature that gave the laws and shaped the policy that started the state of Iowa—the brightest gem in the galaxy of the nation—on her career of greatness and renown. They have lived, some of them, to witness the marvelous growth of the state in all the essential elements of greatness. The impress of their hearts and hands and intellect can be seen in the educational, agricultural, manufacturing and mechanical institutions. The financial policy of the state was so wisely shaped that our citizens enjoyed the blessings of a sound currency, when bankruptcy and ruin marked the weakness of other lines of policy in older states.

When contrasted with the old capitol, this magnificent structure marks the vast improvements that have been made in every department of the state. In our old pioneer days we had no railroads, telegraph or telephone lines, or daily mails in Iowa. Now time and distance are almost annihilated in our business, and heaven's electric spark gives omnipresence to thought.

I sometimes in my musings wonder what I shall do when I have grown old. I am only a little over four score today. I was honored by my people with the position of representative in another state fifty-one years ago, and as senator in the Tenth and Eleventh General Assemblies of Iowa; and, after an absence of thirty-six years, they have honored my old age by returning me to the House of the Twenty-ninth General Assembly.

On behalf of the Pioneer Law-Makers I want to thank you again for the reception and the warmth of expression in your greeting.

If I am permitted to grow old, I shall sit with slippered feet in my old arm chair beside my grate fire, in my "Little Cottage Home," and fancy will carry me back to this hall and to my desk and revolving chair, and the forms, faces and features of my old time friends—my pioneer associates—and the members of this House with whom I have been so pleasantly associated this winter, will pass before me like a moving panorama, and abide with me as a pleasing memory as the years of my life wear on.

Speaker, Mr. President and members of the Pioneer Law-Makers, I am aware that the hour has arrived when you must leave this hall for the performance of another duty. I speak again for the members of the House of Representatives of the Twenty-ninth General Assembly of Iowa. I thank you for your presence at this hour and beg to assure you that the recollections of your faces and of this visit will linger in the memories of the members of the Twenty-ninth General Assembly in all the years to come. Again I speak for them and say, may your days be lengthened, may the white-winged angel of peace hover over you until the day comes when the black camel shall kneel at your tents and ask you to take the long and silent journey. We thank you for your presence once more and you are permitted to retire if you see fit.

The following speeches were made on the passage of Senate file No. 152, on Monday, April 7th, being a bill for an appropriation to place monuments in memory of the Iowa troops on Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge.

Langan of Clinton addressed the House as follows:

MR. SPEAKER:—I appreciate the fact that the period of this session has arrived when plain facts are preferable to attempted flights of oratory. Therefore, I will briefly state the objects of this bill.

The Twenty-fifth General Assembly provided for a commission to establish the positions at which the Iowa troops fought during the battles of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain. It reported to the Twenty-sixth General Assembly, showing the location of the Iowa troops during said engagements. Ten regiments and one battery of Iowans participated in those engagements.

This appropriation contemplates the expenditure of \$35,000, \$5,000 of which is to be available during this biennial period, for the erection of three state monuments, one at either end of Missionary Ridge, and one on Look-out Mountain, the location of which has already been determined by the commission on its visit to these points.

Mr. Speaker, I will say this is probably the last of the appropriations by this state for monuments, Shiloh having been provided for by the Twenty-eighth General Assembly and Vicksburg at this session. To dwell on the importance of these battles and to expatiate on the valor of the Iowa troops thereat would be merely reminding or refreshing the minds of the members of this House with a part of the history of this country. This House is familiar with those facts. I see around me so many veterans and so many students of history that I feel safe in intrusting this bill to their consideration.

However, I will say Mr. Speaker that of all the states that had troops at these battles, Iowa and West Virginia are the only ones which have not provided an appropriation to perpetuate the memory of the gallant boys of the civil war, West Virginia having but one regiment. I would also say, Mr. Speaker, that the government owns the grounds on which these battle grounds are located and has transformed them into a grand and beautiful park in order that each state may erect suitable shafts in testimony of her troops.

May Iowa with her expanseless acres teeming in wealth keep pace with her sister states and vote this appropriation.

Gilchristof Pocahontas spoke as follows :

MR. SPEAKER :—Mankind has always delighted to honor its warriors. Leonidas at Thermopylæ, Horatius at the bridge, David upon the plains of Palestine were knightly men at arms; the sentiments of the human heart go out to them and their kind in respect and love; and throughout time the peoples of the earth will commemorate their valor and their unselfish devotion to the cause of patriotism.

So also, the world has walked the path of enlightenment step by step to the strains of martial music; and in the history of the nations, that which has been the instrument of prosperity and greatness has oftentimes been achieved in war and protected by arms.

Likewise their soldiery have been fitting exponents of their life. The legions returning with victorious eagles typify Rome. The crusaders reflect the irregular religious thought of the twelfth century. The painted warrior of the Apache or the Sioux stands for the relentless cruel barbarity of the Indian. The phalanx of the Macedonian, the cohorts of Assyria, the guards of Cromwell, all symbolize the age, the environment and the people.

Nowhere in history have these truths been so strikingly exemplified as in the case of the Union soldier in the war of the Rebellion, whose memory we are now asked, by this bill, to perpetuate. The Iowa soldier upon Look-out Mountain and Seminary Ridge was not a soldier of conquest, but of domestic tranquility. Our regiments were not mercenary hordes of a rapacious prince, but were the honest, prosperous yeomanry of a republic of the

people, by the people, and for the people. They were dedicated to the sentiment that all men are created equal and are endowed with inalienable rights, first among which is liberty—to which others are inconsequential by comparison, as for instance, life and pursuit of happiness.

They fought, not for themselves, but for humanity; they died to secure the blessings of freedom for others. Greater than this can no man do. They typify democracy of man, self-denial, truth militant and love. A love which abrogates self, which gives drink to him who is athirst and which binds up the broken limb. This is all that was taught by that voice which spake from the mount, which taught in Judea and which cried out on Calvary.

"On Fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of their dead."

In the dawn of creation old Mother Earth passed through travail, and while in the throes and pangs of the birth of Tennessee she was scarred with the seams of rivers and the wrinkles of mountains, mixed with the fitful sleep of valleys; and here in the fall of 1863 was enacted what is in my judgment the most striking and picturesque drama ever set to the clang of arms since the morning stars first sang together. Tactics and grand strategy never elsewhere played on such a theater nor with such a cast. Here the Union soldiers gave this nation a new birth of liberty. This spot we propose to consecrate to the memory of the dead and to hallow to the benefit of the living, that the abundant sacrifices, the patriotic deeds and the patient endurance of our own soldiers will be made blessed unto distinct posterities and varied climes and that the people will be encouraged to deeds of valor by this display of the affection of a grateful country.

We will not build a pyramid amid Egyptian sands by the sweat and blood and life of a hundred thousand captives to proclaim the greatness of a single cruel Pharaoh; nor will we raise a monolith on the field of some Marathon to perpetuate the prowess of a victorious commander. But we will glorify the private soldier and his comrade, and the bald-faced old mountain may be God's own contribution enveloped in cloud mists and kissed with sun bursts in token of the blood that was spilled and of the glory that was won.

It has been my pleasure to stand upon the heights of Seminary Ridge, to look down upon the Tennessee sweeping through the peaceful valley and kissing the shores of Moccasin Point, to see the city of Chattanooga sleeping upon the breast of the beautiful valley of the southland, to the east the smoky mountains of the Carolinas, to the south the cottonfields of Alabama; and as I stood there I knew that the art and ingenuity of man could not contrive or select a stronger fortress, and how it could be taken in the face of a determined and haughty enemy fresh from victorious fields, will ever remain a mystery to me. And as you stand there the thought comes of the battle, you hear the tempestuous roar of the artillery and the rattle of musketry, you see the long lines of infantry sweep out across the lowland into the jaws

of death--into the very mouth of hell--and storm the rifle-pits at the base of the mountain. They never falter in purpose, they never fail in courage, but come on and on, up the mountain side, here pressing forward, there reeling back, swarming the second line of works. Death walks as a pestilence at noonday, but on they come with now a cheer and then a groan until in a veritable baptism of blood and fire the summit is reached, the field is won, and the old flag is planted on the heights, there to remain until the crack of doom and the reveille of eternity shall proclaim a universal peace.

Representative Blakemore of Taylor spoke as follows:

MR. SPEAKER:—I owe this House some apology for taking its time, when I consider the condition of business before the session, but I also consider it right and fitting and extremely fortunate that this subject has been taken up today. This is the anniversary of the memorable battle of Shiloh. Forty years ago today this historic battle was fought and won by the federal troops. On that day, momentous in our nation's history, thousands of our bravest men laid down their lives for the preservation of the Union.

There is no other place in life where men are so close to each other, and where the sense of comradeship has in it so much as among soldiers. On such occasions as this our minds run back to the stirring days, now almost a generation away. We remember the morning, when the picket line is driven in, and when the fire of the long skirmish line increases. We remember how the drums beat the long roll, and the shrill bugles wake the echoes with the "boots and saddles" call. Then we hear again the stern clear command of the officers to "fall in." There is a hurry to and fro as the lines are formed, and with bated breath the men stand steady waiting the word which will send them against the foe. One casts an eye to the right and to the left, to see how Jenkins and Brown is standing the ordeal of preparation for battle, and as he notes the set stern look on the face of these next to him he knows that his comrades are fit and firm. Then he grasps his own gun firmly and with confidence hears the command to advance; the line moves forward and fight is on.

We remember too the dull thud of the cruel lead as it struck the body of a comrade, and as we last saw him he was prostrate on the shot-scarred ground, canopied by the smoke and dust of battle. We see these comrades, but we cannot offer relief, for to pause now would mean defeat. There is nothing now but victory or death.

I am slow to believe that any rational man ever fought in battle from love of fighting. I have known many soldiers who were physical cowards and yet were moral heroes. In this connection I am reminded of what is said of General Garnett, who fell at Gettysburg. It is said that the rattle of the skirmish line at a certain battle scared a rabbit from its hiding place and as it bounded past General Garnett and his staff the general was heard to say, "Good-by Mollie Cottontail, I would to God I were going with you, and I would too were it not that my patriotic and moral duty hold me here."

We are glad that the young men of this legislature and of the country at large are interested in this and similar memorials. We are assured thus,

that the memory of the soldiers and of their heroism will be preserved. We are also glad today that we have a united country. The animosities engendered by the war have almost faded out from the memories of man. The people of the southland have no antipathy or objection to the erection of these monuments, but on the contrary invite them. For, while such a monument marks the ground held by the gallant federal troops it is also a permanent memorial of confederate valor. It would be no credit to us to say we had defeated them if they had been an army of poltroons and cowards. I believe I can say, without fear of successful gainsaying, that the confederate army under Johnston, Lee, Stonewall Jackson and Longstreet was as brave a body of men as ever trod the earth or charged on horse.

In erecting these monuments we establish object lessons that will teach patriotism, loyalty and love of country. Let us hope that these qualities will grow in the hearts of our people and become as the products of the tropics, where the vegetation never ceases in its luxuriance and that the flag of our country may float nearest heaven of all the emblems of earth.

Head of Greene spoke as follows:

MR. SPEAKER:—I do not wish to take the valuable time of the House to make any extended remarks on the bill before us, but permit me briefly to say that I think the amount asked is very modest when we take into consideration the important positions captured in the battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge and the situation when Sherman's Vicksburg army marched from Bridgeport, Alabama, over Shell Mound and up the narrow Chattanooga Valley, the only road open at that time into or out of Chattanooga. We marched up the Chattanooga Valley in the night through rain and mud. The infantry had to pull some of our artillery out of the mud holes. We crossed the Tennessee river on a pontoon bridge, except one division which was prevented from crossing by a large raft of logs sent down the river by the confederates, compelling us to cut our pontoon bridge loose and swing it around to the opposite bank so that we might take it with us. Our army lay concealed behind the hills north of Chattanooga until we re-crossed the river in the night, paddling the pontoon boats across until we had landed several regiments on the opposite shore when the bridge was laid and the remainder of the army crossed. We captured their pickets, their officer of the day and his escort and the confederates did not know we were across until near 9 o'clock next morning.

I do not believe a grander or better army than Sherman's army at that time ever trod the earth. They were all seasoned and well disciplined troops inured to hardship, an army that had never known defeat used to battle and had the swing of conquest in their march. They had faith in their commander and he had faith in them, it was said that Grant sent a dispatch from Orchard Knob to Sherman asking him if his army would charge Mission Ridge, Sherman replied, they will charge hell, if I order them to! General Grant seemed to divine what was in the mind of General Bragg. That he would naturally expect the principal assault would be made by Sherman's veterans. This proved correct, for as soon as Sherman's army began to move into position that morning Bragg's troops were seen marching rapidly east on top of the ridge toward Sherman's front. He left a very

thin, weak line in front of Thomas. Sherman ordered our division to march across the open plantation to the white house just east of the tunnel, at the base of the ridge, and await orders. As soon as we formed our line for the advance they opened fire on us with their siege guns and kept it up until we passed the point where they could not depress their guns enough to reach us. They failed to get range on us. We moved forward at a quickstep. Their shots struck behind us and only one that I observed struck our line, wounding two men. After remaining at the base of the ridge some time, while an artillery duel was going on over us between our batteries and the confederate batteries, we were ordered to move by the left flank some distance and then ordered to charge up the ridge, keeping as near as we could our companies together, and to form in line behind their first line of works on the brow of the ridge. We charged as ordered, firing as we went clambering up the steep places as best we could. They returned our fire, they had rocks and logs ready to dump down on us, which they dumped at the wrong time, as most of them struck in front of us and bounded over us, and what few did come straight at us we had no difficulty in getting out of the way of, and so far as know their logs and rocks did us no harm. When the confederates saw they could not check our advance they abandoned their first line of works and we formed behind them as ordered, here the battle raged with unremitting fury for some two hours, I was acting adjutant, the colonel-major and myself were the field officers. All on foot, the colonel in the charge took position near the right of our regiment. He ordered the major to take position near the center and me near the left, not long after reaching the top of the ridge the major was wounded by a shell. Near the close of battle I was wounded by a minnie ball through my thigh. There was an order that day prohibiting any soldier leaving the line to assist a wounded comrade to the rear. This duty was intended to be performed by the litter bearers detailed for that purpose, but they never came up the ridge (it was unhealthy up there). Captain Lusby, of Polk county, wanted to detail two men to assist me to the rear, but I said I would not disobey an order that I had been enforcing myself. I could stand on one foot and told the captain the fight would soon be over and I would stay. In a short time he came near where I was standing and said he thought that an order had come down the line, intimating that our division would be ordered back down the mountain, and if they went I would be captured, and again wanted to send two men to assist me down the mountain. I again refused assistance and for some reason I then started to crawl down the mountain unassisted. I looked for the best place, the sides of the ridge to the northeast looked the smoothest. I managed to crawl east and down some distance when I saw our troops moving down, and not long after I heard the rebel yell as they charged over the brow and down the ridge after our troops. They came over *en masse* and not apparently in line. When I saw them coming I pulled myself up and sat down on a rock. They passed me, some of them looked at me, only one stopped and looked at me. I looked carelessly at him. He said nothing, neither did I (as I did not care to make his acquaintance just then), he also went on down the hill. About that time I heard a cheer from Thomas' army. It seemed like thousands of boys away off, and I could see them advancing rapidly up the ridge. They had a less distance to get to the top of the ridge than Bragg had to get his men back and in front of Thomas, and in a few seconds

Sherman opened on the confederates who had charged over and down after his men, 150 heavy guns, all trained on that part of the ridge, and then I witnessed a scene that I never can forget. All the artillery we had opened fire; all the infantry who was in range opened fire. The earth seemed to tremble and quake. Those heavy shells striking the rocks on that mountain side among those confederates, knocking blazes of fire out of those rocks many feet long, filling the air with pieces of shells. Spalldgs of rock mine with the fire and smoke, combined with the roar of the cannon and bursting shells, that peculiar whistling sound made by pieces of shells and spalls of rock flying through the air, and the blood-curdling scream of those shells, made a scene of appalling grandeur that no language can describe. Those confederates went back as fast as they could; not one of them looked at me as they went back. Many who had got down so far that the fire struck in the rear of them came on down and surrendered rather than try to go back through that terrible fire.

Thomas' army gained the top of the ridge with very slight opposition, captured Bragg's siege guns on that end of the ridge and turned them down the ridge and opened fire on Bragg, which compelled Bragg to retreat as quickly as he could. General Grant literally manoeuvred Bragg out of his position on Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge.

There never has been, in my opinion, a better exhibition of military skill, genius and strategy than was here exhibited. I think this bill should pass without a dissenting vote.

Moore of Davis, spoke as follows:

MR. SPEAKER:—I have been so impressed with the remarks of the gentleman from Greene, Mr. Head, a veteran of the civil war, my old comrade in arms, and with his glowing description of the terrible battles fought at Chattanooga, Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, that I ask the indulgence of the House for a few moments to pay my tribute of love and honor to the bravery and patriotism that sustained the besieged army of the Union during the long weary days and nights with hopes deferred, until the battles that were fought around that historic ground, the most picturesque in all the southland, brought victory and gave new hopes to the federal arms.

It was not my fortune to be with Thomas and Sherman and Hooker and the gallant men who bore the flag through the fields where shot and shell with minnie balls and sabre stroke marked the pathway of death from the valley to the summit of the mountain. But the old veteran, the gentleman from Greene, who in the prime of his manhood assisted to maintain the dignity of Iowa and the honor of the nation has given us such a description of the grandeur and glory that he witnessed in the awful splendor that enveloped the mountain and the terrific roar of the artillery that played upon it from base to summit, that my heart was hushed to silence and I listened to hear the story repeated. And, as an old soldier, I want to thank the young gentleman from Clinton, Mr. Langan, and the young gentleman from Pocahontas, who were born since the close of that terrible war, where the brother fought his brother and the slave fought his master, for their beautiful touching words of patriotism, and the tribute they have paid to the

brave men who are sleeping in the valleys and trenches and on the sides and summit of that awful field of carnage and glory.

And, in my conception of the funeral pomp, the guise of war and the monumental grandeur with which the American people indulge their patriot sons who have died on bloody battle field, in hospitals of pain or starved to death in the skeleton clutch of famine, in prison pens, there seems to me no spot in all the world so fittingly marked by nature upon which to erect a monument in memory of the sons of Iowa, as on the summit of Lookout Mountain. Towering above the valley, high upward above the clouds, plant there the shaft where the pilgrim who journeys to that shrine of love can bring his offerings of silent reverence of flowers or tears, and gazing upward through its beetling crags that look eternal, listens to the music of the rippling streams that are flowing through its granite gorges to the sea, and chanting the requiem of the dead soldiers of Iowa forever.

Kendall of Monroe said:

MR. SPEAKER—I have trespassed so frequently upon the attention of this House, that I ought, perhaps, to apologize for asking further indulgence at this hour. But the impressive address of the "Old Man Eloquent," from Davis county, has rendered it impossible for me to preserve silence. The purpose of this measure is to establish monuments to celebrate the heroism of veteran soldiers who surrendered their lives on Lookout Mountain. It is peculiarly appropriate that the valorous and self-abnegating men who enriched with their priceless blood the soil of the southern states, should be remembered by such testimonials of our reverent affection. They not only made our republic truly free, but they made possible its magnificent development which is now the miracle and the marvel of all civilized communities.

Do you know, Mr. Speaker, that today we are the most important people on earth, today we are the most enlightened, today we are the most progressive. We know more than any other people. We have more books on our shelves, more pictures on our walls, and more thought in our brain than any other people. We have more pleasant homes in this country, more genuine honest hospitality, more beautiful women and more intellectual men. And the United States is the best government ever organized by man; no other nation so nearly approaches absolute equality, no other republic ever survived half so long without a successful revolution, and every additional star we imprint upon our brilliant banner is a perpetual evidence that we intend to live forever. I have not been depressed by the insidious pessimism which characterizes current opinion; on the contrary I have unlimited faith in this great republic. A nation that is capable of producing George Washington and Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton; that is capable of producing Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay and Daniel Webster; that is capable of producing Abraham Lincoln, and what shall I say of that overshadowing genius of the unprecedented conflict; that mysterious admixture of merriment and melancholy, of laughter and sadness, of humility and stalwart self-confidence? He was the finest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the

tenderest recollection of our occidental world, a nation that is capable of producing Ulysses S. Grant, that silent soldier whose military prowess exploded ancient fallacies and created new perceptions of popular government and whose dying words "let us have peace" were a sacred benediction upon the troubled hearts of of all his countrymen; a nation that is capable of producing James G. Blaine, that pre-eminent patriot who claimed everything for his country and nothing for himself and whose exalted achievements in diplomacy and statesmanship illumined the expiring years of the nineteenth century with a halo that shall never dissipate. A nation that is capable of producing such men and inaugurates the golden epoch of its existence by introducing upon the theater of international affairs the matchless McKinley and the redoubtable Roosevelt—such a nation must have a marvelous destiny. And it will go forward forever surmounting one obstacle after another in the pathway of its development and of its destiny until at last it shall sieze and hold and reflect the glory and the grandeur of all the earth. Joaquin Miller, that erratic, eccentric and almost insane genius of the Sierra Nevadas has written a poem of Columbus and his voyage, of its hopes and fears, and suspense and despair and finally of its supreme reward in the discovery of an unsuspected continent. I never read that poem that I do not instinctively feel that its lofty sentiment typifies the irresistible progress of my country:

Behind him lay the gray Azores,  
 Behind the gates of Hercules;  
 Before him not the ghost of shores;  
 Before him only shoreless seas.  
 The good mate said: "Now must we pray,  
 For lo! the very stars are gone.  
 Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"  
 "Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,  
 Until at last the blanched mate said:  
 "Why, now not even God would know  
 Should I and all my men fall dead.  
 These very winds forget their way,  
 For God from these dread seas is gone.  
 Now speak, brave Admiral; speak and say—"  
 He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:  
 "This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.  
 He curls his lip, he lies in wait,  
 With lifted teeth, as if to bite!  
 Brave Admiral say but one good word:  
 What shall we do when hope is gone?"  
 The words leapt like a leaping sword:  
 "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,  
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night  
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—  
A light! A light! A light! A light!  
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!  
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.  
He gained a world; he gave that world  
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

And so shall this imperial republic of ours, sanctified by the tears and prayers and blood of its mighty dead, sail on and on and on until in the lapse of time it shall realize the fondest hopes of the most devoted patriot who ever offered his best blood to establish it, to maintain it, to protect it, to defend it.

But, Mr. Speaker, in the unparalleled prosperity which we enjoy today and in that which shall be bestowed upon us in the years to come, let us not be forgetful of the heroic veterans whose suffering and sacrifice and death enabled us to claim liberty as our heritage. I love every one of them, and I seldom make public address without acknowledging my individual obligation to the men who sustained this government when it was attacked by open treason at the south and assailed by covert disloyalty at the north. They are the most resplendent stars in all the firmament of humanity. Nobler than the Roman, grander than the Greek, they suppressed an insurrection without a precedent and without a parallel. The historian of the future will tno discover in the annals of the past a more inspiring spectacle of human grandeur than that presented by the volunteer soldiers of the American republic who perished on the bloody battlefields of the civil war. We can not regalanize their mouldering clay, we cannot reincarnate their departed spirits. We can only unite in the creation of perpetual monuments to illustrate their glory.