

But why do I say sacrificed his life? Has he not gone rather to the eternal life beyond those "beautiful gates" which shone upon his fading vision with unearthly splendor, into the everlasting tabernacles of light and love, to dwell forever with his God? Standing by the side of that dying statesman, witnessing with what composure he consciously drew near his dissolution; hearing him pronounce the vanity and emptiness of titled honors when present with death, and yet kindle into exultation and triumph as he spoke of his infinite hope in a redeemed resurrection; humbly partaking with him of that last sacrament that sealed him to the church and bidding him a farewell full of sympathy to me, full of joy to him, I cannot think we have any right to mourn here to-day.

Let us, then, Mr. President, cherish the example of that life which he led as worthy to be our guide in performing those high trusts committed to our charge, and let us deal with the memory of him who has passed from our midst, not as a memory draped with the signs of mourning, but bright and beautiful and glorious, fit to be crowned with music and with flowers, not with elegiac responses.

Mr. SUMNER. Mr. President, there is a truce in this Chamber. The antagonism of debate is hushed. The echoes of conflict have died away. The white flag is flying. From opposite camps we come together to bury the dead. It is a Senator that we bury, not a soldier.

This is the second time during the present session that we have been called to mourn a distinguished Senator from Vermont. It was much to bear such a loss once. Its renewal now after so brief a period is a calamity without precedent in the history of the Senate. No State before has ever lost two Senators so near together.

Mr. Foor at his death was the oldest Senator in continuous service. He entered the Senate in the same Congress with the Senator from Ohio [Mr. WADSWORTH] and myself; but he was sworn in at the called session in March, while the two others were not sworn in till the succeeding December. During this considerable space of time I have been the constant witness to his life and conversation. It is with a sentiment of gratitude that I look back upon our relations, never from the beginning impaired or darkened by any difference. For one brief moment he seemed disturbed by something that fell from me in the unconscious intensity of my convictions, but it was for a brief moment only, and he took my hand with a genial grasp. I make haste also to declare my sense of his personal purity and his incorruptible nature. Such elements of character, exhibited and proved throughout a long service, render him an example for all. He is gone, but these virtues "smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

He was excellent in judgment. He was excellent also in speech, so that whenever he spoke the wonder was that he who spoke so well should speak so rarely. He was full, clear, direct, emphatic, and never was diverted from the thread of his argument. Had he been moved to mingle actively in debate, he must have exerted a commanding influence over opinion in the Senate and in the country. How often we have watched him tranquil in his seat while others without his experience or weight occupied attention. The reticence which was a part of his nature formed a contrast to that prevailing effusion where sometimes the facility of speech is less remarkable than the inability to keep silent; and again, it formed a contrast to that controversial spirit which too often, like an unwelcome wind, puts out the lights while it fans a flame. And yet in his treatment of questions he was never incomplete or perfunctory. If he did not say with the orator and parliamentarian of France, the famous founder of the *Doctrinaire* school of politics, M. Royer Collard, that he had too much respect for his audience ever to ask attention to anything which he had not first reduced to writing, it was evident that he never spoke in the Senate without

careful preparation. You do not forget his commemoration of his late colleague, only a few short weeks ago, when he delivered a Funeral Oration not unworthy of the French school from which this form of eloquence is derived. Alas! as we listened to that most elaborate eulogy, shaped by study and penetrated by feeling, how little did we think that it was so soon to be echoed back from his own tomb.

It was not in our debates only that this self-abnegation showed itself. He quietly withdrew from places of importance on committees to which he was entitled, and which he would have filled with honor. More than once I have known him to insist that another should take the position assigned to himself. He was far from that nature which Lord Bacon exposes in pungent humor, when he speaks of "extreme self-lovers, who would burn a house in order to roast their eggs." And yet, it must not be disguised that he was happy in the office of Senator. It was to him as much as his "dukedom" to Prospero. He felt its honors and confessed its duties. But he was content. He desired nothing more. Perhaps no person appreciated so thoroughly what it was to bear the commission of a State in this Chamber. Surely no person appreciated so thoroughly all the dignities which belong to the Senate. Of its ceremonial he was the admitted arbiter.

There was no jealousy, envy, or uncharitableness in him. He enjoyed what others did and praised generously. He knew that his own just position could not be disturbed by the success of another. Whatever another may be, whether more or less, a man must always be himself. A true man is a positive, and not a relative quantity. Properly inspired, he will know that in a just sense nobody can stand in the way of another. And here let me add that, in proportion as this truth enters into practical life, we shall all become associates and coadjutors rather than rivals. How plain that, in the infinite diversity of character and talent, there is a place for every one. This world is wide enough for all its inhabitants; this Republic is grand enough for all its people. Let every one serve in his place according to the faculties that have been given to him.

In the long warfare with slavery Mr. Foor was from the beginning firmly and constantly on the side of Freedom. He was against the deadly compromises of 1850. He linked his shield in the small but solid phalanx of the Senate which opposed the Nebraska Bill. He was faithful in the defense of Kansas, menaced by slavery. And when at last this barbarous rebel took up arms he accepted the issue and did all that he could for his country. But even the cause which for years he had so much at heart did not lead him into debate, except very rarely. His opinions appeared in votes rather than in speeches. But his sympathies were easily known. I do not forget that when I first came into the Senate, and was not yet personally familiar with him, I was assured by Mr. Giddings, who knew him well, that he belonged to the small circle who would stand by Freedom, and the anti-slavery patriarch added pleasantly that Mr. Foor, on his earliest visit to the House of Representatives after he became Senator, drew attention by coming directly to his seat and sitting by his side in friendly conversation. Mr. Foor by the side of Joshua R. Giddings, in those days when slavery still tyrannized, is a picture not to be forgotten. If our departed friend is not to be named among those who have borne the burden of this great controversy, he must not be forgotten among those whose sympathies with Liberty never failed. Would that he had done more. Let us be thankful that he did so much.

There is a part on the stage known as the "walking gentleman," who has very little to say but who always appears well. Mr. Foor might seem, at times, to have adopted this part, if we were not constantly reminded of his watchfulness in everything concerning the course of business and the administration of Parliamentary Law. Here he excelled and was the master of us all. The division of labor, which is

the lesson of political economy, is also the lesson of public life. All cannot do all things. Some do one thing, others do another thing; each according to his gifts. This diversity produces harmony.

The office of President *pro tempore* among us grows out of the anomalous relations of the Vice President to the Senate. There is no such officer in the other House, nor was there in the House of Commons until very recently, when we read of a "Deputy Speaker," which is the term by which he is addressed when in the chair. No ordinary talent can guide and control a legislative assembly, especially if it be numerous or if it be excited by party differences. A good presiding officer is like Alexander mounting Bucephalus. The assembly knows its master "as a horse knows its rider." This was preëminently the case of Mr. Foor, who was often in the chair, and was for a considerable period our President *pro tempore*. Here he showed a special adaptation and power. He was in person "every inch" a President; so also was he in every sound of the voice. He carried into the chair the most marked individuality that has been seen there during this generation. He was unlike any other presiding officer. None but himself could be his parallel. His presence was felt instantly. It filled this Chamber from floor to gallery. It attached itself to everything that was done. Vigor and dispatch prevailed. Questions were stated so as to challenge attention. Impartial justice was manifest at once. Business in every form was handled with equal ease. Order was enforced with no timorous authority. If disturbance came from the gallery how promptly he launched his fulmination. If it came from the floor you have often seen him throw himself back, and then with voice of lordship, as if all the Senate was in him, insist that debate should be suspended until order was restored. "The Senate must come to order," he exclaimed; and meanwhile, like the god Thor, he beat with his ivory hammer in unison with his voice, until the reverberations rattled like thunder in the mountains.

The late Duke de Morny, who was the accomplished President of the Legislative Assembly of France, in a sitting shortly before his death, after sounding his crier's bell, which is the substitute for the hammer among us, exclaimed from the chair, "I shall be obliged to mention by name the members whom I find conversing. I declare to you that I shall do so, and I shall have it put in the *Moniteur*. You are here to discuss and to listen, not to converse. I promise you that I will do what I say to the very first I catch talking." Possibly our President might have found occasion for a similar speech, but his energy in the enforcement of order stopped short of this menace. Certainly he did everything consistent with the temper of the Senate, and he showed always what Sir William Scott, on one occasion in the House of Commons, placed among the essential qualities of a Speaker, when he said that "to a jealous affection for the privileges of the House must be added an awful sense of its duties."

Accustomed as we have become to the rules which govern legislative proceedings, we are hardly aware of their importance in the development of liberal institutions. They were unknown in antiquity, and they were unknown also on the European continent until latterly introduced from England, which was their original home. They are among the precious contributions which England has made to modern civilization. And yet they did not assume at once their present perfect form. Mr. Hallam tells us that even as late as Queen Elizabeth members called confusedly for the business they wished brought forward. But now, at last, these rules have become a beautiful machine by which business is conducted, legislation is molded, and debate is secured in all possible freedom. From the presentation of a petition or the introduction of a bill all proceeds by fixed processes until without disorder the final result is reached and a new law takes its place in the statute-book. Hoe's printing-press, or Alden's

type-setter is not more perfect in its operations. But the rules are more even than a beautiful machine; they are the very temple of constitutional liberty. In this temple our departed friend served to the end with pious care. His associates, as they recall his stately form, silvered by time but beaming with goodness, will not cease to cherish the memory of this service. His image will rise before them as the faithful presiding officer by whom the dignity of the Senate was maintained, its business was advanced, and Parliamentary Law was upheld.

He had always looked with delight upon this Capitol—one of the most remarkable edifices of the world—beautiful in itself, but more beautiful still as the emblem of that national unity which he loved so well. He enjoyed its enlargement and improvement. He watched with pride its marble columns as they moved into place, and its dome as it ascended to the skies. Even the trials of the war did not make him forget it. His care secured those appropriations by which the work was carried to its close, and the statue of Liberty was installed on its sublime pedestal. It was natural that, in his last moments, as life was failing fast, he should long to rest his eyes upon an object which was to him so dear. The early light of morning had come, and he was lifted in his bed that he might once more behold this Capitol with mortal sight; but there was another capitol which already began to fill his vision, fairer than your marble columns, sublimer than your dome, where Liberty without any statue is glorified in that service which is perfect Freedom.

Mr. POMEROY. Mr. President, I bring to the offerings of this occasion a grateful memory of the services rendered a struggling people in a distant Territory by the late Senator Foot, of Vermont.

Generous efforts made at a crisis in one's history can never be forgotten; and when such offerings are unsought and unrewarded they deserve honorable mention.

I remember to have looked in upon the Senate of the United States when the affairs of the Territory of which I was a resident engaged the attention of Congress and the country.

The period to which I refer was the 9th day of August, 1856. A few only of the distinguished members of the present session were then in this body. It was in the old Senate Chamber, and the leaders in the debate on that day are now and have been for some years away from us. On the day previous the present Presiding Officer of this body had made for Kansas a most earnest, faithful, and eloquent speech. And I shall never forget the hour which the late Senator from Vermont devoted to pleading the cause of our struggling people.

I am sorry that speech has not been preserved. The Congressional Globe of that date says, "The speech will appear in the Appendix." I have searched the Appendix in vain, and I think it is not there. The only record of that memorable speech that I can find is contained in the National Intelligencer of the 11th of August, 1856, as follows:

[EDITORIAL.]

"Mr. Foot rose to address the Senate, for the first time, we believe, upon the Kansas troubles, which, sifted and discussed as that subject has been for months—and exhausted, were it possible—derived fresh interest from the ability, eloquence, and impressiveness with which it was treated by the honorable Senator from Vermont.

This luminous effort we hope to lay before our readers at an early day."—*Intelligencer*, August 11, 1856.

This is most invaluable testimony, as it comes from a source which did not then or now sympathize with the cause which was so ably vindicated.

I remember well the eloquent and stirring appeal he made in our behalf. He demanded for us the rights of freemen under the Constitution, of free homesteads, free ballots, and a free State. Noble words! and "fitly spoken." They made an impression upon my own mind as indelible as the teaching of my boyhood, and I shall forget them only when I cease to remember any of the events of this life; and

not to recognize services rendered at such a crisis would be ingratitude which could not be pardoned; and far away beyond the valleys of the Mississippi and the Missouri, there are quiet cabin homes where the name of SOLOMON FOOT is a household word. In the name of that people who cherish the memories of their benefactors with undying gratitude, I bring to-day this humble tribute of grateful acknowledgments. While others lay costlier and more imposing offerings upon his burial place, I will content myself by planting but a single shrub. It shall be an evergreen, for it is the unfading tribute of gratitude. "He opened his mouth for the dumb," and did not shut his ear to the cry of the poor; "and the cause that he knew not, he searched out."

Such efforts, nobly rendered, shall not be forgotten, for the people whom he vindicated were not his people. They were separated from him by the breadth of half the continent. But the cause which he plead was the cause of freedom, the cause of his countrymen; ay, the cause of mankind. For when one member suffers all suffer; when one is degraded all are dishonored.

"Whatever link you strike"

in the great chain which binds the human family to each other and to God,

"Tenth, or ten thousandth,
You break the chain alike."

Mr. President, the departed Senator is not dead. No man who has nobly lived can ever wholly die. The deeds of good men live after them. Their memory is undying, and their influence is reflected by those who live after them. And it lives on in endless circles, widening and deepening forever and forever more. Good men are reproduced in each generation, and their lives are as immortal as truth, virtue, and God.

Sir, amidst the green hills and budding forests of the early spring-time the Senator sleeps, beloved and honored, and embalmed ever in the affections of his devoted home circle of friends. But, sir, far away, across the wide continent even, there are those who will hold him in perpetual and grateful remembrance; and year by year, as the seasons come and go, will a generous people, with offerings of gratitude, consecrate their little children by giving them at the altar of their baptism the honored name of the Senator who vindicated their rights and secured them their liberties.

But from this burial scene we must tear ourselves away, for life has its duties as well as death its lessons. We should not yield to sorrow, for life, and death, even, have their hopes. "For if a man die, he shall live again." "When the heavens are no more he shall awake and be raised out of his sleep."

"Life is struggle, combat, victory;
Wherefore have I slumbered on
With our forces all unmarshaled,
With my weapons all undrawn?"

"Oh what a glorious record
Had the angels of me kept,
If I'd done instead of doubted,
Had I warred instead of wept."

"Build thy great acts high and higher,
Build them on the conquered sod
Where thy weakness first fell bleeding,
Where thy first prayer rose to God."

Mr. CRAGIN. Mr. President, love for my native State, sympathy with her people in their double affliction, and great respect for the character of her departed Senators, prompt me to utter a few words on this solemn occasion. Few members of the Senate have known SOLOMON FOOT longer than I have. Running back into the years of my boyhood is the memory of this able, pure, and accomplished man. More than thirty years ago I looked with pride and admiration upon his noble and manly form and eagerly listened to his eloquent words. It was my fortune to have been born and reared within thirty miles of where both the late Senators of Vermont long resided, and I can truly say that my political faith was in part derived from their teachings. Judge Collamer resided in my native county, and my first vote for member of

Congress was given for him. Only a few weeks ago the death of that great and good man was fittingly announced in this Chamber by his distinguished colleague whose departure we now deplore. What we do for the dead must soon be done for us. In his concluding remarks on that occasion he seems to have had a presentiment that his own remaining days upon the earth would be few. He said:

"Mr. President, he whose death we now lament is gone, to be with us no more. His work on earth is done; he strikes a golden harp among the seraphim on high. His precepts and his example are left to us for our instruction and our profit. Happy, indeed, will it be if we shall so profit by them that we shall be ready, as he was ready, for the final summons in that hour which is coming to us all, and to some of us not far off, when this world and its worthlessness shall fade from our sinking vision."

These solemn words may now be spoken of him who first uttered them, and again to us. Surely, this life is short, very short. Man is here to-day and gone to-morrow! He is as the transient grass; "in the morning it springeth up and flourisheth; in the evening it is cut down and withereth." The great highway of life is thronged; some are constantly falling in the race, and others are coming to take their places; and the world moves on as before, passing, generation after generation, into the awful shadow which no eye except that of faith can penetrate.

It is not my purpose to speak of the public career of our lamented friend, but simply to draw attention to his general character, and the example of his life. His social, moral, and mental qualifications were well adapted for use, and also for show. Of fine, commanding personal appearance, he always bore himself with great urbanity and dignity of manner. He was one of nature's noblemen. His features, his proportions, his manners, his mind, all indicated a man. God set the seal of greatness upon his brow, and planted within the elements of goodness and loving kindness. His was a heart of honor, and a tongue of truth. He was strong in his convictions, and bold in their utterance. He was a firm advocate for freedom and human rights, and a most devoted lover of the Republic. He was one of the most perfect models of integrity and propriety that I ever knew. Honor, with him, was a cardinal virtue, and he had a most perfect taste for forms and ceremonies. He abhorred meanness, scorned duplicity, and despised trickery.

In his case there was no poverty of soul. He always looked and acted the perfect man. The mantle of truth, which is the garment of beauty and exalted manhood, he always wore.

He was a sound, practical, and learned man. Twenty-five years ago he was a fluent and captivating speaker; but even then his candor, truthfulness, and facts, were the great elements which carried convictions. He was never to my knowledge a great talker. He spoke only when he had something to say, and he never failed to have listeners. Like his colleague, Judge Collamer, he had great contempt for wordy pretenders; and he did not think it the highest attainment of a statesman or a scholar to be able to marshal words into high-sounding sentences, with the superlatives in front.

His example to the aspiring young men of his State and country was of inestimable value. He taught them lessons of temperance, truthfulness, honor, and all the social and moral virtues of noble manhood. He carried his morality and honor into politics, and by his teachings and example convinced the young men that honesty and straightforward manliness is the best policy in every relation in life. He did not believe in that miserable heresy, that everything is fair in politics, and that the scramble for office is a game that justifies unfair means and falsehood. In this he and Judge Collamer were much alike. The result of such examples and such teachings is that Vermont has the purest political atmosphere of any State in the Union. I consider this no small compliment to my native State; and I claim it as a great honor to her public men.