But why do I say ascribed his life? Has he not gone rather to the eternal life beyond those "beautiful gates" which alone upon his fading vision with uncertain splendor, into the everlastings of light and darkness, and dwell forever with his God? Standing by the side of that dying statesman, witnessing with what composure he consciously drew near his distant home, and the reverent and eminently titled honors when present with death, and yet holding in exultation and triumph among his friends his inalienable right to the restored resurrection, I humbly partaking with him of that last sacrament that sealed him to the church and bidding him a farewell full of sympathy, I felt his soul was an apostle to his position, 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 nomination. I have been a witness, far from a few, of the nature that Lord Bacon exposes in pungent humor, when he speaks of "extreme self-lovers, who would burn a house in order to volunteer in it." He must not be disregarded that he was happy in the office of Senator. It was to him as much as his "duke-dom" to Prosper. Heights honors and consecrated its duties. But he was content. He desired nothing more. Perhaps no person appreciated so thoroughly what it was to bear the commission. Surely, no person appreciated so thoroughly all the dignities which belong to the Senate. Of its ceremonial he was the adorning arbiter.

Mr. SUMNER. Mr. President, there is a truce in this Chamber. The antagonists of debate is hushed. The echoes of conflict have died down in the distance. There was a little compassion, much uncharitableness in him. He enjoyed what others did and praised generously. He knew that his own position was advanced 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 negative quantity. He was inspired, I 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 have every conciliator and every conciliator rather than rivals. How plain that, in the infinite diversity of character and talent, there is a place for each. What a 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 has been granted to him. In the long war against slavery Mr. Foote was from the beginning firm and constantly on the side of Freedom. He was against the deadly compromise of 1850. He linked his shield in the small but solid phalanx of the Senate which opposed the Nebraska Bill. He was faithful in his voice, in the measure of his power, in his utterance by slavery. And when at last this barbary rebel took up arms he accepted the issue and did all that he could for his country. But even in the conflict so much as a heart did not lead him into debate, except very rarely. His opinions appeared in votes rather than in speeches. And yet, as his speeches were.

I do not forget that when I first came into the Senate, and was not yet personally familiar with him, I was assailed by Mr. Giddings, who knew him well, that he belonged to the small circle who would stand by Freedom, and the anti-slavery patriots added pleasantly that Mr. Foote, on his earliest visit to the House of Representatives, became Senator, drew attention by coming directly to his seat and sitting by his side in friendly conversation.

Mr. Foote by the side of Joshua from Judah, lying so still, is, I think, a picture not to be forgotten. If our departed friend is not to be named among those who have borne the impress of this great controversy, he cannot be forgotten among those whose sympathies with Liberty never failed. Would that he had done more. Let us be thankful there is a part on the stage known as the "walking gentleman," who has very little to say but who always speaks well. Mr. Foote, I must seem, did not accept this part, for 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 minister of all of us. 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 the wealth of the county.

The office of President pro tempore among us grows out of the anomalous relations of the Vice President to the Senate. The President of the Senate, as Chairman of the other House, is presiding therein in the House of Commons until very recently, when we read of a "Speaker," which is the term by which he is addressed in the House of Representatives. But it was not in our debates only that this self-abnegation showed itself. He quietly with an unperturbed face drew his committee 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 nomination. I have been a witness, far from a few, of the nature that Lord Bacon exposes in pungent humor, when he speaks of "extreme self-lovers, who would burn a house in order to volunteer in it." He must not be disregarded that he was happy in the office of Senator. It was to him as much as his "duke-dom" to Prosper. Heights honors and consecrated its duties. But he was content. He desired nothing more. Perhaps no person appreciated so thoroughly what it was to bear the commission. Surely, no person appreciated so thoroughly all the dignities which belong to the Senate. Of its ceremonial he was the adorning arbiter. In the House of Commons until very recently, when we read of a "Speaker," which is the term by which he is addressed in the House of Representatives. But it was not in our debates only that this self-abnegation showed itself. He quietly with an unperturbed face drew his committee 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 nomination. I have been a witness, far from a few, of the nature that Lord Bacon exposes in pungent humor, when he speaks of "extreme self-lovers, who would burn a house in order to volunteer in it." He must not be disregarded that he was happy in the office of Senator. It was to him as much as his "duke-dom" to Prosper. Heights honors and consecrated its duties. But he was content. He desired nothing more. Perhaps no person appreciated so thoroughly what it was to bear the commission. Surely, no person appreciated so thoroughly all the dignities which belong to the Senate. Of its ceremonial he was the adorning arbiter.

Mr. Foote at his death was the oldest Senator in continuous service. He entered the Senate in the same Congress with the Senator from Ohio. His residence was in Massachusetts. He was a man of superior intellect and formidable attainments, with abilities which were exhibited and proved throughout a long service, render him an example for all. He is gone, but these virtues "shone with 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 spoke so well and should speak so rarely. He was full, clear, direct, emphatic, and never diverted from the thread of his argument. Had he been moved to mingle actively in debate, he must have been among the most brilliant orators of the age. It was a part of his nature formed a contrast to that prevailing effusion where sometimes the facility of speech is less remarkable than the dryness of thought. He was, indeed, a man who would not have been a part of the general conversation, the pretty conversation which so often is compared to an antithesis, it is both 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 his topics was not complete or perfunctory. If he did not say with the orator and parliamentarian of France, the famous founder of the Doctrinaire school of politics, M. de Lameth, he had not too much respect for his audience ever to ask attention to nothing 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 of Oratory which has been long extinct and slow to be reawakened.

But why do I say ascribed his life? Has he not gone rather to the eternal life beyond those "beautiful gates" which alone upon his fading vision with uncertain splendor, into the everlastings of light and darkness, and dwell forever with his God? Standing by the side of that dying statesman, witnessing with what composure he consciously drew near his distant home, and the reverent and eminently titled honors when present with death, and yet holding in exultation and triumph among his friends his inalienable right to the restored resurrection, I humbly partaking with him of that last sacrament that sealed him to the church and bidding him a farewell full of sympathy, I felt his soul was an apostle to his position, 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 nomination. I have been a witness, far from a few, of the nature that Lord Bacon exposes in pungent humor, when he speaks of "extreme self-lovers, who would burn a house in order to volunteer in it." He must not be disregarded that he was happy in the office of Senator. It was to him as much as his "duke-dom" to Prosper. Heights honors and consecrated its duties. But he was content. He desired nothing more. Perhaps no person appreciated so thoroughly what it was to bear the commission. Surely, no person appreciated so thoroughly all the dignities which belong to the Senate. Of its ceremonial he was the adorning arbiter.
Mr. Pomeroy. Mr. President, I bring to the attention of Congress this memorable occasion when the services of the delegates from Vermont were not recognized. The speech of President Lincoln was heard in the Senate, and the Congress of Liberty was installed on its sublime pedestal. It was natural that, in the last moments of a life so full of eventful history, the people of the nation should express their admiration of the President. The President's speech was a fitting and appropriate tribute. He placed himself in the breach, and did not shirk his duty to the Senate. The cause he knew not, he searched out.

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

"Whatever link you strike in the great chain which binds the human family to each other, you strike it where the chain is strongest. You strike it where life is most perilous, where wealth is most endangered, where liberty is most dear, where the rights of man are most sacred."

Mr. President, the departed Senator is not dead. No man ever lived who can ever wholly die. The deeds of good men live after them. Their memory is immuring, and their influence is reflected by those who live after them. They are our contemporaries, and we shall long remember them. Good men are reproduced in every generation, and God lives as immortal as truth, virtue, and God.

Mr. Cragin. Mr. President, love for our native State, sympathy with her people in their double affliction, and great respect for the character of Vermont, united with a knowledge of the eloquence of Vermont, combined to utter a few words on this solemn occasion. Few members of the Senate have known Solon Pomeroy for longer than I have. Running back into the years of my memory, I know 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 Senator and I were born, 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 bid farewell. That death has left on the Senate floor a void which can never be filled.

"Mr. President, we now lament to be, gone with us no more. His work on earth is done, and his place is taken in glory. Let us raise a voice to express our esteem for a man of blameless life, a senator whose life was an example to us all."

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