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 unequally splendor, into the ever-dying light and life of immortality which shall, if it be so, dwell forever with his God? Standing by the side of that dying statesman, witnessing with what composure he consciously drew near his deathbed, the varying emotions of the last moments, the varied and emptiness of titled honor when present with death, and yet hold into exultation and triumph of his inheritances, the sense of his happiness, the sense of the redeemed resurrection; humbly partaking with him of that last sacrament that sealed him to the church and bidding him a farewell full of sympathy and affection, I ask, have we 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 emulated, that his forsaking us may draw through those bright beams of hope to us, and that we think we have any right to mourn here to-day.

Mr. SUMNER. Mr. President, there is a truce in this Chamber. The antagonism of debate is hushed. The echoes of conflict have died away. It is but to-day there was a foreboding of opposite camps we come together to bury the dead. It is a Senator that we bury, not a senator.

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 thing last August. The annual renewal of sympathy with those who have passed from our midst, not as a memory draped in the garments of our sorrow, but bright and beautiful and glorious, fit to be crowned with music and with flowers, not with elegies and responses.

Mr. Poore was the oldest Senator in continuous service. He entered the Senate in the same Congress with the Senator from Ohio where he was a delegate in the convention that assembled in Pennsylvania. He never was sworn in at the session in March, while the two others were not sworn in till the succeeding December. He was a legislator even when he was an advocate. He was the constant witness to his life and conversation. It is with a sentiment of gratitude that I look back upon our relations. We were not only politically connected, but our sympathies were not divided by any difference. For one brief moment he seemed disturbed by something that fell from me in the unexacting intensity of my confidence in him for a brief moment, and he took my hand with a genial grasp. I make haste also to declare my sense of his personal purity and his incorruptible integrity. The American is an element in our legislation, exhibited and proved throughout a long service, render him an example for all. He is gone, but these virtues "speak 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, direct, eminently and never was diverted from the thread of his argument. Had he been moved to mingle actively in debate, he must have carried with him the influence of an education in the Senate and in the country. How often we have watched him tranquilly in his seat while others without his experience or weight occupied his place. His name 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 subject of the speech. He alienated every one who came in contact with 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 the controversies which so often were not to be forgotten among those whose sympathies with Liberty never failed. Would that he had done more. Let us be thankful there was a part on the stage known as the "walking gentleman," who has very little to say but who always appears well. Mr. Poore might seem, at first, to be not enlightened on this party, but we were not constantly reminded of his watchful everything concerning the course of business and the administration of Parliament 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 a multiplied intellect and effect.

The office of President pro tempore among us grows out of the anomalous relations of the Vice President to the Senate. The Vice President is elected by the other House, and his powers are vested in the House of Commons until very recently, when we read of a "Deputy Speaker," which the term which he is added to the chair. No ordinary talent can guide and control a legislative assembly, especially if it be numerous or if it be agitated by party differences. A presiding officer, if not a very Josias Bacephalus. The assembly knows its master "as a horse knows its rider." This was the case with the President pro tempore. Here he showed a special adaptation and power. He was in person, so far as I can learn, a "Felon," so also was he in every sound of the voice. He carried into the chair the most marked individuality that has been seen here during this generation. He was the guardian, the presiding officer. None but himself could be his parallel. His presence was felt instantly. It filled this room from floor to ceiling. The feeling that was that. Vigor and dispatch prevailed. Questions were stated so as to challenge attention. Imperial justice was meted out as once. Order was enforced with no timorous authority. If disturbance came from the gallery, how promptly he launched his famous "hanging" of it. It came from the floor you have often seen him throw himself back, and then with voice of lordship, as if the Senate were his, "I am bound to protect those in order to restore the Senate must come to order,"" he exclaimed; and meanwhile, like the god Thor, he beat with his huge hammer in unison, while the reverberations rattled like thunder in the mountains.

The late Dr. Doro de Moiny, who was the accompanist in Mr. Poore's last and the last of the Legislative Assembly of France, in a sitting shortly before his death, after sounding his crick's bell, 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 converging. I declare to you that I shall do so, and I have it put in the record will go here to discuss and not to convince. I promise you that I will do what I say to the very last I could tell. I promise that." He has found occasion for a similar speech, but his energy in the enforcement of order stopped short of this menace. Certainly he processes of legislation which for over a quarter 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 "so long as the attention for the privileges of the House must be added an awful sense of its duties. Acquainted as we are with the blackest legislative proceedings, we are hardly aware of their importance in the development of liberal institutions. They are usually lost in the man who acts on the European continent and lately introduced from England, which was their original home. They are among the precious gifts which France has handed over to modern civilization. And yet they did not assume at once their present perfect form. Mr. Hulman tells that even at the beginning called confusedly for the business they wished brought forward. But now, at last, these rules have become a necessary machine of which business is not so much as the putting down, and debate is secured in all possible freedom. From the presentation of a petition or the introduction of a bill to its final disposal, without disorder the final result is reached and a new law takes its place in the statute-book. Here's printing-press, or Aldous's
Mr. President, the departed Senator is not dead. No man loved 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. It lives on in the hearts of the children. And it lives on forevermore and forevermore. 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 forest of the early spring time the Senator sleeps, beloved and honored, and embalmed over in the affection of his heart and of his circle of friends. But, sir, far away, across the wide continent even, there are those who will hold him in perpetuity. And year by year, as the seasons come and go, will a generous people, with offerings of gratitude, consecrate their children by giving them at the baptismal font the holy name of the Senator who vindicated their rights and secured them their liberties. But from this burial scene we must tear ourselves away, as well as from the shadow of death its lessons. We should not yield to sorrow, for life, and death, even, have their hopes. "For a man's life, he shall live again." When the heavens are opened and when the dead awake and rise out of their sleep.

Mr. CRAGIN. Mr. President, love for my native State, sympathy with her people in their double affliction, and great respect for the character and good name of the late Senator from Vermont.

Mr. Fogg rose to address the Senate, for the first time, we believe, upon the Kanawha troubles, which, situated as it is, out of the beaten track, and whose importance, to the ability, eloquence, and intrepidity with which it was treated by the able Senator from Vermont.

Mr. Fogg rose to read the Senate on an early day. *Intelligence, August 18, 1866.

This is my last. As it comes from my mouth—it is as if I should patrise with the cause which was so ably vindicated.

I remember well the eloquent and stirring address made by my colleague and fellow member for the rights of free men under the Constitution, of free homesteads, free ballots, and a free State. *Noble words! and "fifty spoken."

They made me think of Vermont, and yonder State as indelible as the teaching of my boyhood, and I shall forget them only when I cease to remember them. Wherever I read or hear, I shall call to mind the words of Vermont, and "fifty spoken."

Mr. President, the death of Senator Lincoln is not to be remembered only as a great national calamity; it is a household word. In the name of that man who now rests in Slavonia, if I may say so, we all of us are here.

Well, I must say that he has not, he searched out.

Such efforts, nobly rendered, shall not be forgotten, for the people whom he vindicated are no more. They are separated from us by the breadth of half the continent, but the cause which he pleaded was the cause of freedom, the cause of our countrymen; ay, the cause of mankind. For when one member suffers all suffer; when one is degraded all are dishonored.

"Whatever you strike" in the great chain which binds the human family to earth, "tenth, or one thousandth. You break the chain alike.

Mr. President, the departed Senator was not dead. No man loved 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. It lives on in the hearts of the children. And it lives on forevermore and forevermore. 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 forest of the early spring time the Senator sleeps, beloved and honored, and embalmed over in the affection of his heart and of his circle of friends. But, sir, far away, across the wide continent even, there are those who will hold him in perpetuity. And year by year, as the seasons come and go, will a generous people, with offerings of gratitude, consecrate their children by giving them at the baptismal font the holy name of the Senator who vindicated their rights and secured them their liberties. But from this burial scene we must tear ourselves away, as well as from the shadow of death its lessons. We should not yield to sorrow, for life, and death, even, have their hopes. "For a man's life, he shall live again." When the heavens are opened and when the dead awake and rise out of their sleep.

"Life is struggle, combat, victory; therefore, have I labored on. With our fellow soldiers on the field. With my weapons all unarmed. One, who is a glorious hero, End the battle, the victory." It's done instead of doubted. And we are. Build thy great acts and high and build them on the conquering sod. Where the brave are living. Where thy first prayer rose to God."