New England Lodge; and Lord Beaconsfield Lodge, Independent Order B'rith Abraham, of Boston, Mass.; and United Hebrew Trades of New York, against passage of the Dillingham bill containing literacy test for immigrants; to the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization.

By Mr. REILLY: Petition of Y. M. Silver City Lodge, No. 152, Independent Order B'rith Abraham, Meriden, Conn., against passage of the Dillingham bill containing literacy test for immigrants; to the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization.

By Mr. SMITH of Texas: Papers to accompany bill granting an increase of pension to James L. Kale, of Altura, El Paso County, Tex., private, Troop E, Sixth United States Cavalry; to the Committee on Invalid Pensions.

By Mr. SMITH of New York: Petition of the United Trades and Labor Council of Buffalo, N. Y., favoring passage of House bills 11372 and 23675, relative to sufficient lifeboats, etc., on ocean steamers; to the Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries.

Also, petition of citizens of the State of New York, favoring passage of House bill 22339 and Senate bill 6172, against stop-watch system in Government shops; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Also, petition of the Italian-American Business Men's Association of Buffalo, N. Y., and New Live, No. 175, Polish-Americans, against passage of the Dillingham bill containing literacy test for immigrants; to the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization.

By Mr. TALCOTT of New York: Resolution of the Workmen's Circle of New York and Roscoe Conkling Lodge, No. 364, Independent Order B'rith Abraham, of Utica, N. Y., against passage of the Dillingham bill and other bills containing educational test for immigrants; to the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization.

Also, resolutions of the American Cotton Manufacturers' Association, against all bills relating to the sale and purchase of cotton to be delivered on contract on the cotton exchanges of this country; to the Committee on Agriculture.

By Mr. TILSON: Petition of the Daughters of Liberty of New Haven, Conn., favoring passage of bills containing educational test for immigrants; to the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization.

By Mr. WARBURTON: Petition of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Waitsburg, Wash., favoring passage of Kenyon-Sheppard interstate liquor bill; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

SUNDAY, *May 12, 1912.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon, and was called to order by the Speaker pro tempore [Mr. SIMS].

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

O Love! O Life! our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one;
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday sun.

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in Thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

Blessed faith, hope, and love which Thou hast woven into the tissues of our being, which holds us close to Thee in joys or sorrows, in life or death. We know that the body dies but the spirit which animated it lives in some higher realm where its longings, hopes, and aspirations will be fulfilled. "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's. For to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that He might be Lord both of the dead and living." We thank Thee for the strong, pure, noble, brave character possessed by the Member in whose memory we are assembled. Quick to perceive, strong in action, whether on the field of battle or in the quiet, peaceful pursuits of life, he fulfilled to a conspicuous degree the expectations of those who called him to service in State or Nation.

His work well done, the angel of death bore him to a higher service. The work of a true man lives after him, for nothing pure, nothing sublime can perish. Comfort, we beseech Thee, his colleagues and friends and the dear wife who kept close to his side and shared his joys and sorrows, victories and defeats; and bring her in Thine own time to dwell with him in love forever. And Thine be the praise through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will read the Journal of the proceedings of yesterday.

Mr. McKELLAR. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the reading of the Journal be dispensed with.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Tennessee asks unanimous consent that the reading of the Journal be dispensed with. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

The Journal was approved.

THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE GORDON.

Mr. McKELLAR. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 535.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. GEORGE WASHINGTON GORDON, late a Member of this House from the State of Tennessee.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his distinguished public career the House, at the conclusion of these exercises, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. SHERWOOD. Mr. Speaker, I knew Gen. GORDON well. We both came into the Sixtieth Congress, having been elected in 1906. I boarded with him at the same hotel and sat with him and his good wife at the same table during the first session of that Congress. I was associated with him for four years in the Committee on Military Affairs, and perhaps knew him as well and as intimately as any Member outside of his own State.

As a preliminary, allow me to say that the war in which Gen. GORDON was engaged was the most remarkable war in all history. There is nothing to compare with it in intensity and desperation. It was the longest enduring war of modern times, and the fiercest and bloodiest battles in all history were fought during the four years of its continuance. During the war of the American Revolution, which lasted for 7 years, only 7 battles were fought per year. But 49 battles were fought during the entire war. In the Civil War over 2,000 battles were fought, and in 882 battles more men were killed and wounded than in the bloodiest battle of the American Revolution—the Battle of the Brandywine.

There is another peculiarity about the Civil War that attaches to no other war: It was the only war in all history where the soldiers on both sides sang patriotic and heroic songs on the march and around the bivouac fires at night. During the whole of the war of the American Revolution, lasting seven years, there was not a patriotic song written. The nearest they came to it was Yankee Doodle, the words of which are silly and without patriotic import, but the music was well adapted to the fife and drum.

In the War of 1812 there was not a patriotic song written or sung by our soldiers. The Star Spangled Banner, by Francis Scott Key, in 1814, was written near the close of the war. He was on a British man-of-war and saw the bombardment of Fort Henry at night and saw through the night that "our flag was still there." This grand national anthem was set to music and first sung by a Scotch actor, Ferdinand Durand, in a Baltimore theater. The music of the Star Spangled Banner was from "Anacreon in Heaven," a melody written by John Stafford Smith, of London, England, in 1773. But in our Civil War, on both sides of the battle line, over 100 war songs were inspired that were sung by our soldiers. One of the grandest lyrics of the war on the southern side was written by James R. Randall, of Maryland. He was but a stripling boy, almost, when he wrote it, although he had graduated in a Maryland college and was at the time a professor of a Louisiana college. He wrote that poetic gem to induce his State to secede from the Union. I first heard that song down on the Holstein River, in east Tennessee, about 20 miles south of Knoxville. It was our first day in from over the Cumberland Mountains and I was ordered to place a picket line around our camp from right to left, resting on the river.

Just as I was placing the picket line upon the left, by the road that ran along the river, I heard a sweet voice singing:

The despot's heel is on thy shore, Maryland!
His touch is at thy temple door, Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Oh, Maryland, my Maryland!

I had not heard a woman's voice in song for over a year. I looked down into the thicket and caught a glimpse of a cottage by the river side and saw a girl at a piano. Just then there was a picket shot on the line, and I heard the clang of a saber, followed by the rattling of hoofs. The captain of a small force of Confederate scouts galloped out into the darkness. The song stopped at a semicolon, and I never heard the

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last of it until our camp was at Salisbury, N. C., after the war was over, and I never knew who wrote it until then.

Another song, one of the most thrilling dramatic poems of the entire war, was by Father Ryan, of Mobile, Ala., who was the chaplain of an Alabama regiment. He wrote that poem the day after Lee's surrender. He was upon a bed of sickness and racked with fever, but he wrote that saddest of all the war lyrics in a single hour. I saw it first in a newspaper printed at Salisbury on old brown paper, the only paper the Confederates had, at the close of the war. It was claimed by half a dozen song writers of the South. I never knew who wrote it until I purchased a copy of Father Ryan's poems, published in Baltimore 20 years after the war. I quote from memory a stanza from that song:

Furl that banner, for its weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary.
Furl it, fold it, it is best,
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's no one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it.
Furl it, hide it, let it rest!

Gen. GEORGE W. GORDON was the peer of any officer who ever drew a sword along a battle line. He was in the midst of the fray at Missionary Ridge and the two days' terrible combat at Chickamauga. He was in all that 110 days' campaign of constant skirmish and battle from Rocky Pace Mountain to Atlanta, including 20 desperate battles.

Franklin was Gen. GORDON'S last battle, and Franklin was the fiercest, the bloodiest, and the most signal battle of the entire war. The war histories tell us more of Nashville, a 2 days' battle 15 days later, but Nashville was a dress parade compared with Franklin. I was at the front in both battles. Gen. GORDON was a brigadier general in command of a brigade at Franklin, and he was abreast of the front line of bayonets in that mad, wild, desperate charge. He was wounded and captured on the Federal breastworks. In the books of war the place for a brigadier general is in the center and rear of his brigade, but Gen. GORDON was a chivalric knight with flaming sword leading that line of gleaming bayonets.

In Col. Wilson J. Vance's war history I find the following paragraph on the Battle of Franklin:

There was greater loss, greater sacrifice, and more bloody fighting on the part of old Frank Cheatham's men on that beautiful Wednesday eve, November 30, 1864, than took place on any field of the Crimean War. While 37 per cent of Lord Cardigan's 673 men were killed or wounded in the memorable charge of the 600 at Balaklava, more than half of Gen. Cleburn's and Brown's divisions were left dead or wounded in the fields and gardens of that little Tennessee town.

That brilliant Tennessee journalist and poet and historian, John Trotwood Moore, in his new book, entitled "The Bishop of Cotton Town," gives a chapter on the Battle of Franklin. John Trotwood Moore was there. He was too young a half century ago for a soldier, but from a hill overlooking the lovely valley where the cold steel of the Blue and the Gray clashed for six terrible hours he saw this historic conflict, the most desperate of all the centuries.

And of all the descriptions of that contest from the Confederate side his depiction is the most realistic and dramatic. Let me quote from John Trotwood Moore on the opening of the battle:

There stands to-day, as it stood then, in front of the town of Franklin, on the highest point of the ridge, a large linden tree, now showing the effects of age. It was half past 3 in the afternoon of November 30, 1864, when Gen. Hood rode unattended to that tree, threw the stump of the leg that was shot off at Chickamauga over the pommel of his saddle, drew out his field glass, and sat looking across the valley at the position of the enemy. It was the silence that always precedes a great battle. Presently the silence was broken by the soft strains of music which floated up from the town below. It was the Federal band playing "Just before the battle, mother." The men in gray on the hill and the men in blue in the valley below listened. There were tears in many eyes, as the pathetic words were well remembered—

"Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinking most of you."

I was at Franklin, on the Union side, and I saw and heard it all from an advanced position near the center of the Federal line. I saw and heard it all—all that a soldier can see and hear amid the glare, the thunderous roar, the stifling battle smoke, the yells of the victors, the agonizing groans of the wounded and dying. I remember the scene just before the battle, as described by John Trotwood Moore; I see it now as I saw it then—a lovely valley basking in the mellow glory of November sunshine. I see the little town of Franklin, quiet yet restless, just inside the circle of the Federal lines. These lines extended from river to river. There were orchards and meadows and gardens and meandering brooks that shone in the sunlight like threads of silver. There were patches of woodland in the rich foliage of the autumn leaves, in scarlet, gold, and green, tinged with the early frosts to gladden and glorify their fall.

What a pathetic picture to soothe the homesick heart of the tired soldier, sick of war and its ghastly carnage. Here was Gen. Pat. Cleburne, the soldier whose brigade of stalwart veterans had, in the retreat from Chickamauga, checked the whole Federal Army at Ringgold Gap. Gen. Cleburne expressed a wish that should he die in battle it should be in this lovely valley. It was a prophetic wish, for only five hours later he and 13 other general field officers yielded up their lives around the bloody battle lines of Franklin. I shall not attempt to tell of the awful struggle at Franklin, only to give some battle memories that came into my life on that terrible afternoon.

I was speaking of Gen. Hood, the commanding general, who sat on his horse under the linden tree taking a survey of the Federal lines. Suddenly he closed his field glasses, wheeled his horse, and rode back to Gen. Stewart, with the command, "General, we will charge the Federal line of battle in front." Stewart formed his corps on the right. Gen. Cheatham formed his corps on the left. A cannon on the ridge sounded the signal for the charge. With bayonets fixed, the heavy columns, all veterans, marched with a steady and even tread down the slope. The fiercest and bloodiest battle of the centuries was on. Gen. Forrest's cavalry on the extreme right rested on the Harpeth River.

In 1874 a southern soldier, who was in that battle line with Gen. Cleburne, wrote a valuable article on this marvelous charge in the Southern Magazine, then edited by Gen. Basil Duke, of Louisville. I quote a paragraph:

The hottest part of the line was a black-locust thicket just at the right of the Columbia Pike.

This is correct; I was at that part of the line. I have a distinct recollection of that locust thicket, and I can see now, as I saw then, that waving line of shining bayonets as it rushed to the works with that defiant rebel yell, and the mad and murderous conflict that followed. On the left of my command the Federal lines gave way. Gen. Cleburne was abreast of that charging line. He fell just at the left of my regiment. John Trotwood Moore, in depicting this furious charge, says:

As they rushed on the Federal line of battle a gray figure on a chestnut horse rode diagonally across the front of the charging column. The horse went down within 50 yards of the breastworks. The rider arose, waved his sword, and led his men on foot to the ramparts, then his brave form staggered and fell against the Federal line, pierced with minie balls. His corps was swept back under a terrific fire of musketry, nearly one-half either killed or wounded.

A few yards on the Confederate right Gen. GORDON, who was also abreast of the charging line, fell, just under the fresh earth of the breastworks. He was wounded and captured, as he refused to fall back. Near this spot Gen. Adams also fell. He stood upon the parapet and was fatally shot, his horse falling across the breastworks. My old friend, Gen. Jack Casement, of Ohio, was commanding a Union brigade where Gen. Adams fell. Deeply touched with his splendid courage, Gen. Casement had cotton brought from the old ginhouse and placed under the dying soldier's head. "You are too brave a man to die," said Casement, "and I wish I could save you." Gen. Carter fell mortally wounded before reaching the Federal battle line. Gen. Stahl reached the ditch; he stood on the bodies of the dead and gave commands and rallied his men.

Not a hundred yards away lay Gen. Granbury, dead. He died leading the brave Texans to the works. A minute more and Gen. Carter and Gen. Stahl fell, both mortally wounded. Twelve Confederate generals were either dead or wounded; colonels were commanding divisions, captains were commanding brigades. More generals were killed in that six hours' struggle in front of that little Tennessee town than were killed in the two days' fight at Chickamauga, or the three days' fight at Gettysburg, where three times as many soldiers were in the hell of battle.

The struggle closed at midnight—

Wrote Gen. Hood—

when the enemy, under orders, fell back on Nashville.

There were 47 Union dead, beside the wounded, in the little front yard of the Carter House alone, and they lay around the breastworks from river to river. Outside the breastworks in a wider line from river to river—a wider and thicker line—lay the Confederate dead. Amid the smoke and grime of battle, and under the dun clouds of battle smoke almost hiding the stars, the Blue and the Gray lines looked the same. I stood upon the parapet just before midnight and saw all that could be seen. I saw and heard all that my eyes could see, or my rent soul could contemplate in such an awful environment.

It was a spectacle to appall the stoutest heart. A Nashville poet wrote:

Ten thousand men, when the warfare was o'er,
Lay on the battlefield crimsoned in gore.

The wounded, shivering in the chilled November air; the heart-rending cries of the desperately wounded, and the prayers of the dying, filled me with an anguish that no language can describe. From that hour to this I have hated war. I was colonel, commanding the One hundred and eleventh Ohio, just to the right of the old cotton gin, and just in front of that grove of black locusts, described by John Trotwood Moore. Early

in the fight Col. Lowrey, of the One hundred and seventh Illinois, was killed, which left me the ranking officer of the battle line of the brigade, which I commanded to the end of the struggle.

The well-known war correspondent Loomis, "writing" of this battle field, said:

I have seen many battle fields, but never saw evidences of so terrible a conflict as I saw in front of the position of the One hundred and eleventh Ohio Infantry. I counted 12 locust trees in one cluster that were almost shot off with musket balls. How men could be prevailed upon to charge and recharge against such a wall of fire, I can not understand.

The Nashville Times of December 3, three days after the battle, printed the following editorial:

The One hundred and eleventh Ohio Infantry, Col. SHERWOOD commanding, was exposed to the shock of the fierce charges at Franklin, and stood firm with signal valor. Its losses were very severe. Of its officers, Lieuts. Bennett and Curtis were killed, Maj. McCord was severely wounded, Capts. Southworth and Dowling were very severely wounded, also Lieuts. Baker, Beery, and Kintigh.

In officers and men my regiment suffered more fatalities than any regiment in the Union Army. Franklin was Gen. GEORGE W. GORDON's last battle. It was his last of over 30 battles, and in every one he was always at the front.

As a soldier Gen. GORDON was the peer of any officer who wore the gray or who ever drew a sword along a battle line.

As a bronzed and grizzled old soldier who fought on the other side, I esteem it an honor to be called upon to-day to pay my humble tribute to Gen. GEORGE W. GORDON, of heroic memory. None knew him well but to love him; none knew his record of civic achievements but to praise. In the beautiful cemetery at Memphis all that is mortal of our honored friend sleeps well. Every recurring year, with the birth of the glowing May, gentle hands will scatter the choicest flowers over his grave in grateful recognition of his wholesome Christian life and in honor of his name and fame. And above the green sod where our hero sleeps the snowy magnolia will diffuse a sweeter balm, and the wild passion flower, winding its sweet tendrils above the waving grasses, will gather tears beneath the stars and shed them in the sunlight.

On Memorial Day in 1867 a patriotic group of splendid southern women, at Columbus, Miss., scattered flowers upon the graves of Confederate and Union soldiers alike. This was the inspiration for one of the finest poetic gems in the literature of patriotism. It is entitled "The Blue and the Gray," by Francis Miles Finch. I quote the last stanza:

No more shall the war cry sever
Or the winding rivers be red.
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Under the roses the Blue,
Under the lilies the Gray.

Mr. BYRNS of Tennessee. Mr. Speaker, it was my privilege to have known Gen. GEORGE W. GORDON personally but a little more than two years prior to his death, in August, 1911. I first met him when I entered Congress, in March, 1909, at which time he was just beginning his second term as the Representative from the tenth congressional district of Tennessee, but, while I had known him for so short a time, it is a source of peculiar pride and great gratification to me that we became warm personal friends. He was my good friend, a fact which he demonstrated in more than one instance, and I loved him dearly for his many noble qualities of mind and soul.

Others have spoken and will speak, Mr. Speaker, of his activities and his accomplishments in life, of his long and highly honorable career in varied fields of endeavor and of usefulness to the community in which he lived, to his State, his beloved Southland, and his country. It is not my purpose, therefore, to do more than to briefly refer to the record of his life and his achievements. Its history shows that he was always gentle and kind, loyal and brave, faithful and true, whether as a private citizen, the superintendent of schools, charged with the responsible task of educating the youth of his splendid home city, the soldier and the general leading his troops in the very thickest of the fray on the field of battle, or as a national lawmaker commissioned by his people to represent them in the Halls of Congress.

Gen. GORDON lived a long and useful life. He held at various times many important positions of honor and responsibility. He filled all of them with credit and distinction to himself and with entire satisfaction to those whom he served. He was very fond of referring to his service as superintendent of the city schools of Memphis, and was particularly proud of the friendship shown him by his former pupils, many of whom had reached the age of manhood and womanhood when he was first elected to Congress. The daily association and intimate relationship existing between schoolmaster and pupil affords the very best opportunity for forming a just and accurate estimate of each other's character. The young mind is not swayed by motives of jealousy, prejudice, or personal interest, and while it is swift to detect a weakness it is equally quick to observe and give proper credit to the firm and strong character, and the impressions thus formed last throughout a lifetime. The pupils of the city schools of Memphis during Gen. GORDON's service as superintendent had every opportunity to know Gen. GORDON, and they loved him for his kindly and generous nature, his fidelity of purpose, his lofty character, and his sterling worth. I have heard him say, with evident pride, that his election to this body was due, in a large measure, to their personal friendship and devotion.

But, Mr. Speaker, of all the positions held by him, he was by far most proud of the position of commander in chief of the United Confederate Veterans, a position to which he had been twice elected by his old comrades in arms, and which he held at the time of his death. He had enlisted in the Confederate Army as a private; he had endured the privations and shared all of the dangers of the Confederate soldier; step by step he had risen in rank until, by reason of his courage and gallantry on many a battle field, he was made a brigadier general in the service; and it would have been strange indeed if he had not considered his election as commander in chief of the Confederate Veterans by his old comrades the crowning honor and glory of his life. And, Mr. Speaker, his election was a just tribute to the man and the soldier. It was an honor well deserved, for he had shared the perils of the Confederate soldier and bared his breast to the storm of bullets in nearly every battle of the Georgia and Tennessee campaigns, including Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, New Hope Church, Kenesaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek, Atlanta, and at Franklin, where he led his men charging across the parapets of the Federal troops and into the very jaws of death.

Gen. GORDON was fond of talking about the events of the Civil War, but the modesty of the man was such that he rarely referred to his own personal experiences, unless specifically asked to do so. Some time before his death I was present at a dinner at the home of Secretary of War Dickinson, when our host asked him to relate the part which he played in the fierce conflict at Franklin, the bloodiest battle of the Civil War. I recall how embarrassed he seemed and how loath he was to speak of himself. I remember that he passed over his own heroic conduct in a few words, but dwelt at length on the heroism shown by his men, not forgetting to pay a generous tribute to the courage and gallantry of their antagonists.

He firmly believed in the righteousness of the cause for which he and his brave brethren of the South fought. He never surrendered his convictions that he and they were right. But there was no bitterness in his heart, nor did any feeling of disappointment linger in his breast. He cheerfully accepted the arbitrament of arms as the decree of God and loved the flag which is at once the protection and the hope of our reunited and common country. He believed that the South was misunderstood. He felt that history, as written, does not fully and faithfully record the events leading up to and the causes which brought about the War between the States, and he feared that future generations might misinterpret the true motives and purposes of the southern people and their leaders in withdrawing from the Union. In speaking of this to me, a short while before his death, he told me that he had for some time been gathering data and materials, and that he was contemplating retiring from Congress at the end of his term, in order to devote the last years of his life to writing a school history which would treat of the events that brought about the war from the standpoint of the South and would place before the young southern generations of the future the true motives which actuated their forefathers.

But, Mr. Speaker, it is truly said that "man proposes but God disposes." Gen. GORDON was not to be permitted to do this work in behalf of his beloved Southland as he had planned. Even as he talked of it the shadow of death was hovering over him, and it was but a few short months until he passed over the river, where he "rests under the shade" with Stonewall Jackson and the long line of heroes on both sides of that great war.

One of the most striking characteristics of Gen. GORDON's life was his intense devotion to duty. I will always believe that this high sense of duty hastened his end. For nearly a year prior to his death his health was poor, and at times he was barely able to attend to his official duties. Representing a district having a combined city and country population, his work was always heavy, and notwithstanding his failing health and enfeebled condition, night after night found him at his desk attending to his correspondence and the other manifold duties which his position devolved upon him. It was this sense of duty, as well as the pleasure of renewing associations with his old comrades, which carried him, in his enfeebled state of health, to the Confederate reunion at Little Rock in May, 1911,

He became critically ill while there, but as soon as he was able to travel he journeyed back to Washington, where during the sweltering days of June and July he remained at his post of duty, despite the entreaties of friends that he go to some health resort and try to recuperate his fast-failing strength. But he remained until sheer weakness forced him to leave, and it was but a few days thereafter when his colleagues learned that he had quietly passed away in his home at Memphis in the arms of his gentle and grief-stricken wife and surrounded by the friends he loved. On the occasion of his funeral many thousands of men, women, and children lined the streets along which passed the funeral cortege, in which the chief place of honor was given to the beloved survivors of those who wore the gray. Thousands followed the remains to Elmwood Cemetery, and there amid the luxuriant foliage and under nature's green covering the statesman, the soldier, and the citizen was laid away to rest until the final summons on resurrection morn.

Who will deny, Mr. Speaker, that a life such as Gen. GORDON lived has its recompense, not only in this world but also in the great beyond? To those who were privileged to know him his life will serve as a shining example of all that is true and noble. The immortelles of memory, which fade not in a day like the flower culled from the garden, will cluster around his kind deeds and noble life until memory itself is no more. The growing plants, the budding trees, the blossoming flowers, and all creation tell us that the knightly soul of our departed friend and colleague is somewhere and somehow reaping the rich rewards of a well-spent life.

Mr. KAHN. Mr. Speaker, I shall not attempt to detail the life work of our lamented colleague, Gen. GEORGE WASHINGTON GORDON. Those who knew him longer and better are qualified to perform that service in a much abler manner than I. My acquaintanceship with him began after his election to a seat in the House of Representatives in the Sixtieth Congress. He became a member of the Committee on Military Affairs, and it was as a member of that committee that I learned to know and recognize his splendid abilities as a legislator and to respect and esteem him highly as a man.

He had been a soldier himself and had earned distinguished honors in the Confederate Army. Like all truly brave and generous men, he never bore malice toward a valiant foe. As a member of the Committee on Military Affairs of this House he was frequently called upon to pass upon questions affecting men who had fought against him in the giant struggle between the States. In passing upon those questions he was always fair, just, broad-minded. There was nothing that savored of partisanship in his entire make-up. He was on all occasions and at all times the courtly, courteous gentleman; one of that dignified, polished type whom we love to designate as a gentleman of the old school. He was ever ready and willing to perform his whole duty with unswerving devotion to his immediate constituency, his State, and his country. The even-poised balance of justice was constantly his standard of righteousness in all his dealings with his fellow men.

The world is always better for the lives of such men as Gen. GORDON, for the force of good example at all times has a beneficial effect on all mankind. That his friends and neighbors loved, honored, and esteemed him in his lifetime and revered his memory in death was made abundantly manifest on the day of his interment. Thousands of his fellow citizens followed the funeral cortege to the beautiful Elmwood Cemetery in Memphis, where all that was mortal of him sleeps the sleep everlasting. Still other thousands lined the streets through which the solemn procession wended its way. Northern veterans vied with southern veterans in paying their last sad tribute of affection to this quiet, kindly friend and neighbor—this modest yet steadfast tribune of the people. The grief was universal. There was scarcely a dry eye in all that multitude, and as though the heavens themselves had become affected by the genuine sorrow of those who knew and loved him best the gentle raindrops fell upon his grave as the casket in which he was laid to rest was forever covered up from mortal ken.

Mr. Speaker, our lamented colleague has solved the great mystery of life and death. Himself a grand commander of men on this terrestial globe, he has gone before the Celestial Grand Commander of the Universe and all is well with him, while to his bereaved family we say, "Be comforted, for surely ye will meet him again in the great hereafter."

Mr. STEPHENS of Mississippi. Mr. Speaker, I desire to pay a brief tribute to the memory of Gen. GORDON, for whom I entertained great respect and esteem.

At an early age he enlisted in the Confederate Army and made a record of gallantry on a dozen bloody battlefields of the Army of Tennessee. Entering the army as a private, he was promoted several times, and at the end of the war he was brigadier general. He fought at Chickamauga, Murfreesboro, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, New Hope Church, Kenesaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek, Atlanta, and Franklin. He was captured at Franklin, where his men were the first of the Confederate Army to reach the parapet of the Federal works and pierce the enemy's line, and he was within those lines when made a prisoner.

He took a very prominent part in that great battle. In describing it afterwards he said: "The booming of cannon, the bursting of bombs, the rattle of musketry, the shrieking of shells, the whizzing of bullets, the shouting of hosts, and the falling of men in their struggle for victory, all made a scene of surpassing terror and awful grandeur."

The war ended, he returned home to take up the duties of life. He bowed to the decree of war, probably feeling—

So be it then! We may not say
Whether this thing be worst or best,
But God knows, let it rest.
Yea, let it rest, and in our place
Let each do well some worthy deed
Whereof the sickly world has some need.
So much, no more, our hands can do.
So much, then, let us do, and wait,
Though bitter be the heart's debate.

I doubt not that his life has been an inspiration, a benediction, to many a youth who knew him and came in contact with him.

He was of the class who concern themselves with benefiting rather than condemning.

He was one of those who do right with compelling insistence and are not even afraid that they may do wrong—a malady none too seldom found among those who are not sure of their approaches, who distrust themselves and stand with reluctant feet, holding action in subjection, on the very threshold of duty.

He was a success because he followed principle through light and darkness.

He had an intense "love for justice and hatred of iniquity."

He was a disciple of wisdom, and loved humanity, his country, and his God.

He was not a mere moralizing moralist, who dreams or deals in abstractions and mourns because the world is not better, but he was an acting, potential moralist who improved and purified the concrete activities of life.

He was human and probably made mistakes, but, if so—

He erred, and was sorry; but never drew
A trusting heart from the pure and true.
When friends look back from the years to be,
God grant they may say such things of me.

He maintained at all times that dignity that is indicative of the trained soldier.

He always bore himself as becomes the high-minded, courteous southern gentleman of the old school. Kindness was the fruit, courtesy the flower of his character. From these cordial sentiments "spring blossoms and flowers of spiritual beauty that are captivating ornaments to the person and exhale an atmosphere of refinement and tenderness wherein the harsher self is soothed into disinterestedness and devotion."

He has passed from us; but he had done a large labor and it was done in full manhood and good faith. May we profit by his life and emulate his example.

Mr. THISTLEWOOD. Mr. Speaker, when I entered the first session of the Sixtieth Congress in February, 1908, I found Gen. GEORGE W. GORDON representing the tenth district of Tennessee. He had entered Congress at the beginning of the session while I came in to fill a vacancy in February.

Boarding at the same hotel, I soon became acquainted with him. He was a reserved man, very quiet, but of a social disposition. He was a very hard worker and much devoted to the interests of the people of his district and of the Southland. He was faithful in attendance on the sessions of the House, and then worked late at night attending to his correspondence and in the preparation of his work for the next day. He was very popular in his home town. I attended his funeral at Memphis, and I think I never saw such universal respect as was paid to him by all classes of people. Business was almost universally suspended and silence seemed to pervade the city, which bespoke the genuine feeling of sorrow as evidenced by his friends and neighbors.

At the time of Gen. GORDON's death he was the commander in chief of the United Confederate Veterans, an organization of veteran soldiers. He had been many times reelected. His comrades evinced such loyalty to his memory, such respect for his many virtues as belonged only to the brave and courageous.

Gen. GORDON attained the rank of major general, I think, in the Confederate Army; was wounded in battle; taken prisoner at Franklin; and was not released until after the close of the war in 1865. But unmindful of the misfortunes of war, he set the example and went to work manfully to build up the waste places. How well he and his comrades succeeded in doing this

is evidenced by the prosperity of the South to-day. No section of the country, notwithstanding the fearful destruction of war, has builded up more rapidly than the South.

Gen. GORDON will be missed. His family will miss him at the fireside when the shades of evening gather around. His colleagues in Congress will miss his quiet, gentle influence on the passage of bills for the benefit of his section and for the benefit of the country.

When a good man dies,
Whose nobleness succeeds
To bless the many needs
And cheer the heart that bleeds
With high, unselfish deeds;
We can not count the cost,
Nor reckon what we've lost,
When a good man dies.

Mr. SLAYDEN. Mr. Speaker, peculiar interest attaches to the memory of our departed friend, for the last of the Confederate brigadiers left Congress when GEORGE W. GORDON joined his comrades who wore the gray in the great struggle of 50 years ago. His death ends an epoch.

The coming of the Confederate brigadier to the Congress of the United States in 1873 made a political sensation. It was the beginning of a new chapter in the history of our country and was the first outward and visible sign of the restoration of the Union, to accomplish which the most prodigal expenditure of blood and treasure known to the annals of government had been made. The war was over, and the readmission of the Southern States to a share in government was actually begun.

The restoration of government in the South to those best qualified to administer it brought the ex-Confederate forward. It was the most natural and reasonable thing in the world that men who had been leaders in war would, because they possessed the quality of leadership, be also the captains of a political movement that demanded the same sort of wisdom, patience, and courage.

No man from the South has ever had cause to blush for their appearance in this Hall or for their conduct while here.

This is hardly an appropriate occasion for historical review; but just to show the reason for the appearance in Congress of such men as Gen. GORDON, I will mention one or two things in connection with the affairs of the South. Promptly after the close of the War between the States came reconstruction, a horror that we would like to forget; then reenfranchisement, for which we were and are grateful; and then, the way being opened by the restoration of citizenship to the whites of the South, the Confederate brigadier made his appearance in this or the other Chamber.

Why should they not have come? They had been gallant and loyal men in arms; they were honest and frank in politics. Their worth had been proven in the crucible of war, and of course their people trusted them. The protest against their appearance as Senators and Representatives, made as part of the play of partisan politics, went unheeded, at least in the South, and their records have justified the confidence that was given them.

If one will look over the directories of the Thirty-seventh, Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, and Fortieth Congresses, he will find after the names of certain States the word "vacant." In the Fortieth Congress, in some instances, the word "vacant" had been replaced with the names of strangers. I forbear to say more than that one will look in vain in the list of southern Representatives and Senators of that period for the names of citizens of the Commonwealths that they claimed to represent who were in any way associated with their history in purer and happier days.

Not until the Forty-first Congress had convened was there even nominally a full representation in Congress from those States that were the Southern Confederacy. It was in the Forty-third Congress, elected in 1872, the real people of the South being again in possession of their local and State governments, that the man who had risked his life for and with them made his appearance in Washington as Representative in one house or the other. Their names are nearly all found on the South's roll of honor. Their lives make the proudest chapters in our history of the last 50 years.

There were, among others, Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, a great statesman; John B. Gordon, the soldier whose natural ability supplied the lack of training and made him an eminent commander; and Norwood and Ransom. These were soon followed by Reagan, Mills, Maxey, Culberson, and other distinguished figures of the Southern Confederacy from Texas. Virginia and Alabama, so rich in those jewels that made Cornelia a boaster, sent their best, as everyone will admit who had the privilege of knowing Morgan, Pettus, and Daniel. There was Lamar, of Mississippi, who was a great figure in the actual shock of battle and who also won proud eminence as legislator, academician, and jurist. There was Cockrell, whose dash and gallantry as a soldier was hardly suspected by his colleagues, who only knew him as a persistent, painstaking Senator. Then there were Vance, of North Carolina, of cheerful and blessed memory; Butler, of South Carolina; Harris, of Tennessee, in whom high character and perfect courtesy were so well combined; Walthall—the knightly Walthall—of Mississippi; and Bate, of Tennessee, the hero of two wars. An estimate of their characters may be confidently left to the impartial writer of history. The whispers of slander did not disturb them. There was no suspicion of dishonesty, no taint of graft, attaching to them. They may not all have been great statesmen, but they were never excelled in the essential traits of manliness. They were brave, honest, truthful, courteous, and gentle. What more can one ask or expect?

My own career in Congress is not a very long one, but it takes me back to a personal acquaintance with a few of the Confederate brigadiers who were then in service. When I came I found here Morgan and Pettus, of Alabama, both of whom wrote their names so large in the affairs of the country that many generations will come and go before they are effaced; McEnery, of Louisiana, major general in the Confederacy and later so signally honored by his State; Walthall, Catchings, and Hooker, of Mississippi; Mills, of Texas; Daniel, of Virginia; and Bate, of Tennessee. It was indeed a privilege and pleasure to know these heroes of a great war who did not whine in adversity or declaim against fate.

Our dear friend whose memory we are now honoring was a worthy successor to the great men that I have just referred to. The high standard they made he measured up to. The traditions they left were not dimmed or dishonored in his person and service. As a soldier his career was without blemish; as a citizen he was repeatedly and persistently honored by his people, and when he died his neighbors at home and here were sincere mourners.

He put nothing into his brief and modest biography for the Directory that was not essential, and one can only get a hint of his exciting and picturesque life by reading it.

It appears that he had military training; that when the War between the States came he was made drillmaster of the Eleventh Tennessee Infantry, and that with that organization he went into the service of the Confederacy. He was gradually promoted from the grade of captain up to and including that of brigadier general. This we learn from the brief biographical sketch in the Directory, but we do not learn there that each promotion was earned by gallant and meritorious service on the field of battle, nor that he had the star of a general officer on his shoulder before his beard had fully grown. He missed no engagements in which his regiment had a part unless in hospital with wounds or in prison.

I remember that on one occasion the Committee on Military Affairs was hearing some citizens of Tennessee who wanted a park made of the Franklin battle field. They knew of the fight there only by tradition, and the account they gave of it, while interesting, as the story of one of the bloodiest engagements of the whole Civil War must be, differed little from the written descriptions accessible to every committeeman.

It was suggested by some one that Gen. GORDON had been in that battle, and he was asked to tell the story. He did so. With modesty and with scant reference to his own part in it he told us of the Battle of Franklin. His story was simple and graphic. He did not exaggerate the courage of his own side or disparage that of the enemy. But no member of the committee who heard his description of that great fight between their countrymen will ever forget it or him. Few of them knew that the modest—almost shrinkingly modest—gentleman who sat with them from day to day, engaged in the discharge of commonplace duties, was one of the heroes of a great war. They knew him as a man of extreme courtesy and winning gentleness of manner. They knew he was no swashbuckler; they did not know he was a paladin.

One had only to meet GEORGE W. GORDON to respect him. To know him was to love him.

Gen. GORDON was an earnest supporter of the movement for world-wide peace through arbitration. I have heard him plead eloquently for arbitration. He knew from hard experience the unreason of war. As a statesman and Christian he appreciated the advantages of peace. He was invariably found on the side of right and justice, and he leant toward mercy always.

It is not likely that ever again will a Confederate brigadier be seen or heard in the American Congress. It is gratifying to every southern man to know that the last Confederate GORDON was a credit to the first; that the standard of honesty and honor, if they be distinguishable, set up by his comrades who preceded him was maintained to the end. Peace to his ashes.

Mr. TILSON. Mr. Speaker, my acquaintance with Gen. GEORGE WASHINGTON GORDON was limited to less than three years, and yet so deep was the impression this strong, brave, gentle character made upon me during this brief period that I am unwilling to let this occasion pass without bringing here just a few words of affectionate regard for him.

Though I was born in the same State where he lived and did his life's work, it was not my good fortune to meet or know him until the beginning of the Sixty-first Congress. The fact of my birthplace being in Tennessee soon brought me to know all the Representatives of that State, and as Gen. GORDON and myself were assigned to membership on the same great committee of this House the opportunity for closer acquaintance and friendship was presented. It is cause for genuine satisfaction to me that the opportunity was improved.

Naturally much of our conversation turned upon the stirring times of the Civil War. It was my lot to be born after that unhappy strife had ended, but in a region whose people had suffered much loss of life and property and whose lands had been devastated by the armies of both sides to the conflict impartially. Hence from my earliest youth I had been thrilled by much of the story from my parents and other older friends who had lived through that period. Gen. GORDON had not only lived through those times but had been a prominent and potent participant. It was, therefore, a rare treat for me to hear him on this subject. His well-known and unusual modesty made it somewhat difficult to draw him out, especially as to the part he played in the struggle. Once in a while, however, when only a few members of the committee happened to be together informally, he could be induced to unbosom himself. I shall never forget his vivid description of the Battle of Franklin, to which the gentleman from Texas [Mr. SLAYDEN] has just referred. As he described that awful scene of carnage and death the intervening years seemed to fade out, and it was as if we were actually living through it. We could see the brigade commanded by Gen. GORDON as it charged the Federal breastworks, the bullets hailing and the onrushing lines of his brave men thinning until the survivors reached the very ditch in front of the earthworks. They had literally fought to the last ditch, and there he and a few of his men, within a rifle's length of the enemy, were overwhelmed and captured.

Knowing his extreme gentleness of manner and sweetness of character, it was sometimes difficult to think of him as a valiant warrior, but those of us who were fortunate enough to hear his description of the Battle of Franklin will never doubt his presence on that bloody field nor the gallant part he played there.

Just one other point in Gen. GORDON's character, quite in accord with what has already been said, was his magnanimity toward Union soldiers. The Committee on Military Affairs has to consider an endless number of bills for the relief of soldiers from the consequences of actual or technical violations of military law, orders, and regulations. Whenever there was reasonable doubt as to whether actual blame rested upon a soldier, Gen. GORDON's voice was always for leniency, and more especially so if the record of the soldier for long service and brave conduct proved to be good. Such generosity to a one-time foe, while not unusual among those who really fought the battles of that great war, is as beautiful as it is inspiring.

Mr. HOUSTON. Mr. Speaker, I shall not on this occasion attempt to outline the life and career of Gen. GORDON or to call attention even to notable and heroic events connected with his life, although there were so many. The annals of the times furnish a history of his career. I come only to pay my tribute of love and respect to his memory and to voice my sorrow that he is no more. My acquaintance with him began with the assembling of the Sixtieth Congress, and I was in close contact with him from that period until the end came to him. As my knowledge of the man became more and more intimate from day to day my admiration and reverence for him grew step by step. With steady purpose and an unfaltering adherence to his convictions he pursued the even tenor of his way without hesitation. He was inspired always with a sublime faith and intense conviction, and his course never wavered in his adherence to his faith and conviction of right. With ready will and determined purpose he met every duty, and no influence was strong enough, and no fear of effect upon his personal and political fortune strong enough, to cause him to falter. With a courage that was sublime, he met every issue and discharged every duty. His record as a soldier is one of which a nation can be proud. His spirit was as gentle and as kind as the dove, and his courage in war was strong as that of the lion. In the discharge of his duties as a civilian and as a public official he possessed the same high courage and indomitable will to stand for and to advocate the righteous cause. He was an aggressive foe to political corruption in every form, and he did not hesitate to take upon himself the responsibility of antagonizing evil practices of every kind and to openly and steadfastly fight to suppress every effort to corrupt or demoralize the political practices of his day and time. I have seen him cast votes as a Member of this House that required great courage, and he always had that courage to cast his vote according to his conviction of the right.

It might be said that he was a type of the old school, but in no sense did he linger amid the ruins of the past or did he pine for departed institutions. At the end of the Civil War, when the South—

> Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
> Closed her bright eye and curbed her high career—

he accepted the decree of battle and met living issues with his face set toward the future, determined in every condition to work and to labor for the interest of his people and the success of the right. He kept abreast of the times and with a willing hand was ready to do his part in every struggle that involved the interest of his country and the elevation of his people.

The honors conferred upon him by the survivors of that cause to which he devoted his service and his life in his younger days attest how much his comrades honored and loved him. The positions of honor and trust to which he was assigned by his people in his latter years bespeak the trust they placed in him. Those who knew him believed in him and loved him, and his public record bears high evidence that their trust and affection was not misplaced. As a Member of this House he commanded the absolute confidence of all, and his death is mourned in affectionate remembrance.

I was a member of the funeral party that conducted his remains to his beloved State and home, and as the funeral procession passed along the streets of Memphis the streets were filled for miles with mourning and weeping friends and constituents. It was a tribute that spoke unmistakably of the love his people bore him.

In his case "the hand of the Reaper took the ear that was hoary," still the harvest might have been delayed but for his indefatigable energy and perseverance in laboring for his constituents. Few Members of the House devoted so many hours each day to the service of their people, and, no doubt, he would have been spared longer but for his unremitting toil. But his life was complete, his work well done, and the harvest was ready. It has been said that "He lives longest who does most good deeds," and, measured by this standard, his career reached a limit among the longest. It is a priceless treasure to have known such a man, and a blessing to a country to have the service of such a one, and a jewel in Tennessee's crown of glory that he was one of her sons.

Mr. AUSTIN. Mr. Speaker, during the past four years Tennessee has lost three of its great public men who were Members of Congress, namely, Hon. Walter P. Brownlow, of Jonesboro, who died July 8, 1910; Gen. GEORGE W. GORDON, of Memphis, who died the 9th day of August, 1911; and Senator Robert L. Taylor, of Nashville, who died March 31, 1912. The people of the State, regardless of political affiliations, loved, trusted, and honored these three men. This was not only proven by their long and continuous public service, but there was still stronger evidence of it when the people paid their last loving tribute to them. These three men rendered great and invaluable service to the people of Tennessee, who will ever love and cherish their memories. They were very much alike in make-up and in disposition. They were kind, generous, tender, and genial. They were devoted to the interests of the "Volunteer State." They were unceasing in their efforts to advance and promote the interests of its people. I doubt if any man or woman ever appealed in vain to a single one of these men for a kindness or a favor. They made the world better by having lived in it. They marked out and led careers of goodness and usefulness that it would be well for those of their colleagues left behind to endeavor to follow and to imitate. In Tennessee there were many tear-dimmed eyes, many aching hearts in every county, every city, every hamlet, and away out in the country upon the farms when these three men passed into the great beyond. I met Gen. GORDON, to whose memory we are to-day paying a just and deserving tribute, for the first time upon the organization of the Sixty-first Congress, and our last parting was at the White House on the occasion of President Taft's twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, where he was accompanied by his devoted wife. He had only a short time before returned from the encampment of the Confederate veterans at Little Rock. That long, hot, and tedious journey to far away Arkansas to once more meet and mingle with his old comrades—those who had fought and suffered with him through that long, tragic Civil War; those whom he dearly loved—seemed to completely exhaust his strength and vitality. I recall how tired and weary he looked, and in a few days he was away in the mountains

of east Tennessee engaged in his last great fight—the fight for renewed health and life. But the waiting messenger would brook no delay, and he journeyed o'er the pleasant pathway that God had blazed for him to the stars. Gen. GORDON was a true son of Tennessee. He was an honest, just, and good man; a modest, generous, and brave soldier; a kind, loving, and thoughtful husband; and a worthy, industrious, faithful, and efficient public servant.

As the Representative of the southern district which contained more Union people and furnished the largest number of soldiers to the Union or Federal Army than any district south of Mason and Dixon line, I profoundly and sorrowfully regret Gen. GORDON's going.

Mr. GARRETT. Mr. Speaker, when the soul of Gen. GEORGE W. GORDON weighed anchor and sailed serenely out through the mists and shadows into the vast unknown, it was the passing of as brave and chivalrous a spirit as the generations in this Republic have produced. He was mourned and praised throughout the land, and more particularly in those great and gallant Commonwealths to which in the heyday of his life he dedicated himself and for which in battle after battle he struggled with well-nigh reckless abandon. The story of his life is one of decency, of dignity, and of eminent success.

He was born in Giles County, Tenn., October 5, 1836, and was reared chiefly in Mississippi and Texas. In 1859 he graduated from the Western Military Institute, at Nashville, Tenn., an institution at whose head was Bushrod Johnson, a graduate of West Point Military Academy. He had previously received a collegiate education of a high character, but his military training was that which he was first to need, for within less than two years from the time of his graduation the great War of Secession was on. His services were promptly offered to his native State, and he was assigned as drillmaster to the Eleventh Tennessee Infantry Regiment, which had just been organized and was in a camp of instruction at Camp Cheatham, in Robertson County, Tenn. After several weeks of assiduous drill at this point the regiment was transferred to eastern Tennessee. Here Capt. Woodward, of Company I—an Humphreys County, Tenn., company—having resigned, GORDON was elected as captain, in which capacity he served from August 1, 1861, until May 27, 1862, when he was promoted to be lieutenant colonel of the regiment. In November, 1862, he was promoted to be colonel, and August, 1864, he was appointed brigadier general. He assumed command of Vaughn's brigade, Cheatham's corps, Army of Tennessee, and served as such until he was captured, November 30, 1864, at the bloody battle of Franklin, Tenn.

After his capture there he was held as a prisoner of war, most of the time at Fort Warren, Mass., from which place he was released July 24, 1865.

Such is a brief outline of his military record. To fill in this outline and give in detail the record of his services, his struggles, and privations, his bold and magnificent deportment, would be a story as thrilling as that of the knights of old around whom so much of romance and tragedy has been woven. He was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Kenesaw Mountain, all save one of Hood and Sherman's battles around Atlanta and at Jonesboro, Ga., and that at Franklin, as well as innumerable skirmishes. He was thrice wounded, once dangerously, and thrice captured, being twice exchanged. His various promotions were the result not of political influence, but of distinct merit proven in the battle line. He was modest and brave and generous, a knightly man of a knightly land.

Those of us who were privileged to hear him tell his war reminiscences will recall his vividness of style and force of utterance and will also remember with what modesty he referred to his own part in the strife. Gentleness and modesty are characteristics of the brave. It was particularly interesting to hear him tell the story of the awful Battle of Franklin, where there was sustained a percentage of loss on the Confederate side, if I remember correctly, as great as if not greater than in any battle of the war, not excluding Gettysburg.

Gen. GORDON was a true soldier; military tactics and problems appealed to his mind, and his courageous spirit made the conflict a splendid concept to him, though he deplored with all his great heart its awful horrors.

After his release from prison he perfected himself as a lawyer and entered upon the practice in the city of Memphis. I do not know much of him as a lawyer, but it is my impression from what I have heard him say that, while the intellectual side of the law appealed to his mind, the practice was in some respects distasteful.

In 1883 the Legislature of Tennessee passed an act creating a railroad commission, and Gen. GORDON was appointed by Gov. Bate as one of the commissioners. His service upon this was in line with his high and honest character. The powers of the commission were not very great, but within the limit of those powers he rendered honest and efficient service.

In 1885 he was appointed to a position in the Interior Department of the Federal Government and served for four years with honor.

He then returned to Memphis and reengaged in the practice of law until 1892, when he was chosen superintendent of the city schools of Memphis. This was a congenial and delightful work. He brought to it a rich equipment of learning and executive ability, and for 15 years he administered this position with fidelity and to the eminent satisfaction of the people of that great city.

He acquired a plantation of considerable dimensions in the State of Mississippi and took great interest in agriculture, giving it a great deal of personal attention.

In 1906 he was elected as Representative in Congress from the tenth district of Tennessee; was reelected in 1908 and in 1910. He died at Memphis August 9, 1911, in the seventy-sixth year of his life. His service in this body was of the highest character. He was assigned at the beginning of his first term to the great and important Committee on Military Affairs and continued there until the end. His experience as a soldier gave him a practical equipment for this great work, and his industrious habits made him one of its most valuable members.

He was a man of the very highest civic ideals. He made one great speech upon this floor which it is a pity that every child in the Republic can not read. It dealt with the duties of the citizen in his relation to the Government; the duty of good men to participate in governmental affairs. It was saturated with the very highest quality of patriotism and was a most powerful plea and warning.

At the annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans in 1910 Gen. GORDON was elected as their commander in chief, an honor which he prized perhaps more highly than any of the many that were paid him. He succeeded Gen. Clement A. Evans in that position. Gen. Evans died in July, 1911, and I remember that on the 4th of July I visited Gen. GORDON at his room in his hotel in this city when he was confined by the illness which led to his death, and found him sitting up in his bed preparing the order to be sent out announcing the death of his distinguished predecessor. It was one of Gen. GORDON's peculiarities that he never dictated to a stenographer. All letters he wrote himself in long hand and then turned them over to his secretary to copy on the typewriter. He said his mind would not work right dictating.

The order which he prepared on the death of Gen. Evans was a model of beautiful English, in the use of which Gen. GORDON was so very excellently gifted.

On the 5th of July he arose from his sick bed, over the protest of his physician, and went to the White House to see the President about the appointment of a young gentleman from his district to the Naval Academy, a young Jewish lad in whom he was especially interested.

This was, I think, probably his last official act. He left that evening or the next for Tate Springs, Tenn., where he remained until about three days before his death, when, realizing that the end was near, he asked to be carried to his beloved city to die. Arriving there on the 7th or 8th he grew gradually weaker and lapsed into unconsciousness. Late in the afternoon of the 9th he opened his eyes for an instant, and murmured, "Send other couriers, those may be killed," closed his eyes once more, and passed over to join Lee and Jackson and Forrest and all the long line of the Southland's distinguished and beloved dead.

He was a victim of fidelity to duty. He insisted upon attending the reunion of his comrades at Little Rock in May, 1911, when he was reelected as their commander in chief. He was then stricken and for several weeks was confined to his room. As soon as he felt at all able to make the trip he insisted upon returning to Washington, saying that his duties lay here. The intense heat of the city soon broke down his strength, which he could never recover.

I propose, Mr. Speaker, to insert here the tribute which was paid him when the news of his death reached this city, by another great and beloved Tennesseean, who has himself since passed into the mysterious land of shadows, the late Senator Robert L. Taylor. He said:

I have known Gen. GORDON ever since I was a boy, but I only became acquainted with him when I entered the Senate. Before then I only knew him as one of the South's bravest and knightliest soldiers of the Civil War. He never knew fear, either in battle or in peace. He never knew how to be false to his principles or to his people. He was as noble a man as ever lived or died. His death is a calamity to his State and to the South, but we can not bring him back to life again, for he has crossed over the river to rest with Stonewall Jackson "under the shade of the trees."

I loved him for his courage, for his honor, and for his loyalty to his people.

He was one of the most industrious men in the Congress of the United States, and was always conscientious in the discharge of every

duty. My heart goes out to his sweet wife, who graced Washington with her splendid accomplishments and her beautiful life. Peace to his ashes.

He was, sir, a great, good, clean-souled gentleman. He sought his country's honors that he might serve his country's good. As soldier, lawyer, administrator, educator, legislator he wrought well in this world of men. I shall close with the quotation with which he closed his tribute to Gen. Evans. I know of none better or more apropos:

Though his feet were in the dust, his eyes were on the stars.

[Mr. HULL addressed the House. See Appendix.]

Mr. McKELLAR. Mr. Speaker, Gen. GEORGE W. GORDON was for many years my warm personal friend, and it gives me a melancholy but sincere pleasure to bear testimony on this occasion to his splendid worth as a man, his fine character as a citizen, his bearing as a soldier, and his conspicuous ability as a public servant.

He was born in Giles County, in the middle division of Tennessee, and spent his early life there in part and part in Texas. He was educated in the Western Military Academy in Nashville, from which institution he graduated in 1859. This institution gave a military training similar to that received at the National Military Academy at West Point. After graduation young GORDON took up civil engineering and was thus engaged when the Civil War broke out in 1861. In June, 1861, he enlisted in the service of the State of Tennessee and was drillmaster of the Eleventh Tennessee Infantry Regiment, but was soon transferred with other Tennessee troops to the military service of the Confederacy. He won promotion rapidly, becoming successively captain, lieutenant colonel, colonel, of this regiment, and in 1864 was made brigadier general, and served with that rank until the close of the war. Though captured three times and once dangerously wounded, Gen. GORDON participated in every engagement fought by his command except those at Nashville, Tenn., and at Bentonville, N. C., at which times he was a prisoner at Fort Warren, Mass., where he was held until August, 1865, several months after the war had closed. After his release from prison he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and practiced his profession until 1883, when he was appointed one of the railroad commissioners of Tennessee. In 1885 he was appointed to a position in the Interior Department under President Cleveland, and served during Cleveland's first term. He then returned to Memphis and practiced law until 1892, when he was elected superintendent of public schools of Memphis, which position he held until March 4, 1907, when he became a Member of this House.

He was first made a major general of United Confederate Veterans, and afterwards commander in chief of that organization, and remained in that position until he died.

He was elected to Congress three times by overwhelming majorities, and died during the extra session of 1911, on August 9 of that year.

Gen. GORDON was the last brigadier general of the Confederate States to serve in either branch of Congress. He was, in his service in this House, a connecting link between the old South and the new. In appearance, in manner, in personality, in demeanor he was essentially a Southern gentleman of the old school. In his devotion to his reunited country, in his zeal for its welfare, in his faith in its future, he represented the most progressive southern view and sentiment of to-day.

The most distinguished characteristics of Gen. GORDON's life were his devotion to duty and his great moral and physical courage.

He enlisted into the service of his State because he believed in State sovereignty. He fought for the Confederacy, of which his State became a part, because he believed its cause was just. His record in the war was the most distinguished. At the Battle of Franklin, Tenn., it is stated that he actually rode his horse over the breastworks, wildly cheering his command to follow, in his efforts to annihilate the enemy. He was a soldier all during the war. He never shirked, never faltered, and came out afterwards with a record no one could attack, and with a reputation that no one would think of attacking who had any views of his personal safety.

For in times of peace as well as in war the general was a fighter whenever he believed his cause was just. I recall an incident that shows both his physical and moral courage that happened at the close of his race for the primary nomination for Congress the first time he ran. His district was composed of the county of Shelby, in which the city of Memphis is, and the so-called country counties of Fayette, Tipton, and Hardeman. It was well understood that the country counties were largely for Gen. GORDON, but that Memphis was against him. There were four candidates in the first primary, and Gen. GORDON led by a slight plurality. I was at the time chairman of the committee, and the election was conceded by all the candidates to have been fair.

Under the rules of the primary, the two candidates receiving the largest number of votes were entitled to a run-off, to be held 10 days later. On the day of the first election, I was taken ill and was not allowed to read the papers and did not get out until the day before the election. I found, upon reading the papers, that Gen. GORDON had been beguiled into agreeing to a change in the election officers in the first 10 uptown wards. The plan was that the officers who had been appointed by me had been induced not to serve, and the general's opponents submitted the proposition to him to alternate the officers in these first 10 wards. As soon as I saw the list of these substituted officers I knew that it had been arranged to count the general out. I sent for him and so informed him, though up to that time I had not expected to vote for him, and being absolutely helpless in politics, he at first would not believe it. But soon he became alarmed and agreed to aid me in every way in having his friends on hand and seeing that the election was fair in the wards in which his opponents had chosen the officers. We secured perfect fairness in three of the wards, but in two of them the Gordon men were forcibly ejected from the wards, and between 500 and a thousand votes stolen. These fraudulent votes were not sufficient to change the result, as the general had won by a larger majority than this. Immediately all kinds of persuasion was begun to prevent an investigation and prosecution of those who had committed these election frauds, but the general stood his ground on this question of right, just precisely like he stood his ground in war. He was told by hundreds of politicians that if he undertook to prosecute the "ballot-box stuffers" that it would arouse opposition and probably encompass his defeat. He said that he would rather be defeated and prosecute those who had wronged the ballot box than to win by winking at the crime. He went with me before the grand jury and afterwards before the criminal court, and the men were convicted and duly sentenced and punished in jail. Since that time I do not believe it has ever been seriously charged that we have had an unfair election in the city of Memphis. Before that time charges of unfairness were rife at all elections. Thus he aided in accomplishing what I consider one of the greatest reforms that could have been accomplished for our people, namely, a belief in the purity of the ballot box and a practice in accordance therewith.

It was in this same election that some young fellow in one of the uptown wards said something disrespectful to the general as he came by, and before the young fellow knew what had happened to him the old general had landed him on his face and put him out of business. He did not carry that ward, but he had the respect of the man that he knocked down and all of his friends so long as he lived. Excited politicians were very careful in Memphis after that about the way they spoke of the general.

He was formerly connected with our public schools and accomplished a great work in connection therewith. He was an indefatigable worker. He was a highly educated and well-read man. He took a great pride in the schools, and he was in great demand on the lecture platform on all subjects pertaining to education.

But Gen. GORDON was essentially a product of the Civil War. The themes of that great struggle were the dominant themes of his life. Educational matters had a great interest for him; business affairs took up much of his time, for he was a man not slothful in business and accumulated quite a competency. Political affairs were also of great interest to him, and especially when he was a candidate for office, as was perfectly natural. Social affairs had a great attraction for him and he was popular in all matters of a social nature. Personal friendship was strong with him and he had many warm personal friends; but all of these things were even of a secondary consideration with him. The great strife between the States had for him ever a vital, strong, and passionate interest. He would postpone any educational matter, he would break any social engagement, he would stop any business transaction, he would even lay aside political endeavor in order to make a speech to any gathering of comrades at arms upon any question pertaining to the war. Yet, notwithstanding his great interest in that great struggle, he was not embittered by it. He believed in it and believed in it strong. I think he kept that belief until he died. Yet the belief and his devotion to it did not make for him unkind feelings toward those whom he had fought in that struggle. Quite the contrary. He had the highest admiration for the men who really did fight on the other side. When he came to Congress he sought out those on the other side that he knew had taken a noble part in the fight. He liked to be with them, he liked to recount experiences, and, I believe, next to his own family and comrades at arms, he loved those who had fought against him more than any other body or class of men in the world.

Gen. GORDON was the last brigadier general of the Confederate Army to serve in this House, and he served here with conspicuous ability and fidelity. He was never a timeserver, he was never a politician, but, rather, a straightforward, honest, sincere gentleman. And men on both sides knew always exactly where to place him. He knew no way that was not honorable. He knew no motive that was not honest. He knew no politics that were not straightforward politics. He knew no rule of conduct that was not honorable and just. It indeed may be said that he belonged to an age and generation that had passed away—to an era of our national life that is no more. It may be said that he belonged to a school of gentlemen with ideas and views that are now out of date. But, in my judgment, no man who knew him and knew his kind but must say that the world is the loser if it is progressed beyond the kind of man that Gen. GORDON was.

The great esteem in which Gen. GORDON was held was shown by the vast concourse that attended his funeral in Memphis. The entire city lined the streets along which the funeral procession passed. Flags were at half-mast; the schools turned out in a body; Confederate and Federal veterans came from many States; and he was buried beneath a pyramid of flowers, shrouded in a Confederate flag. It was a great tribute to a great man.

I want to say it gives me great pleasure and it will give my people great pleasure to know that among those who have taken part in the exercises to-day, are not only those who were his comrades in this period of his life which meant most to him and to them, not only those of his own political faith, but that we have here many of those who fought against him in that memorable contest and those who opposed him politically. It is a great tribute to him and one which his family, his friends, and his State will greatly appreciate.

Mr. PADGETT. Mr. Speaker, those who have preceded me have so tenderly and so eloquently portrayed the noble attributes of the character of our late distinguished colleague, Gen. GEORGE W. GORDON, that I shall not detain the House long to add to what has been said. So beautifully have those who have preceded me spoken that I could not add materially to their tributes to his memory.

As the cycle of the years turn, one by one we drop out, one by one we lay down our labors and cease our toil. Time and time again we repeat in this Hall the sad service we are performing here to-day to pay a just tribute of respect and homage to the memory and to the faithful service of a colleague who has gone before. Gen. GORDON was a magnificent man, a man of splendid character. When I say magnificent, I do not mean dazzling, but I mean magnificent and splendid in the possession of those robust qualities and attributes of character that constitute and make up the real, genuine, substantial man, the man whose life work adds to the sum total of service in life, the man whose labors contribute to the happiness of the people, whose life is such that he draws himself to others and draws others to him, so that they can get together in those close relations; that as they touch elbows they can feel the touch of human sympathy, and as they clasp hands they can feel the throb of human kindness and human love that pulsates in the heart and makes the generous soul.

Gen. GORDON was a reticent man, a man of modest reserve. He did not thrust himself immodestly into affairs. He did not seek to advertise himself. He did not boast of his accomplishments. But with that becoming modesty, that reserve, that reticence that mark always the demeanor of the life of a true gentleman—a gentle man—Gen. GORDON moved with a quiet, dignified reserve that commanded the respect and the reverence of every man who loved nobility of character and admired high-mindedness of purpose.

Gen. GORDON was a brave man. He was brave morally, and that is the highest type of bravery—that courage that reenforces conduct, that courage that maintains convictions, that courage which supports character, that courage which marks the real, genuine man—the moral courage of belief and of conviction.

Gen. GORDON was a positive man. With all of his modesty, with all of his reserve, with all of his reticence, I do not think I ever knew a man of more positive convictions, a man who believed what he did believe with more firmness and with more substance. He was not afraid of his convictions. He did not seek to hide them. No bushel could conceal his beliefs or his convictions. Frank, open, positive in all the attributes of his character, he despised every element of cowardice and hypocrisy.

He was a man of great physical courage. I shall not attempt to recite or to rehearse the many honorable incidents in his career on the field of battle, both in facing physical danger and in bearing uncomplainingly the hardships of war. Others have told them far more eloquently, far more impressively, than I can hope or expect to do. But I dare say that in the annals of the Civil War there was no man who participated in it who gave a higher, a stronger, a nobler evidence and illustration of physical courage and undaunted bravery in the face of danger and death than Gen. GEORGE W. GORDON.

He was a lovable man in his quiet demeanor, in his unassuming character, in his gentleness. When you approached him, when you got near to him, when there was fellowship between you, I never knew a man who was more lovable in his character, more tender in his sympathies. He was a man of great compassion, because he had in him a genuine heart. His sympathies were as broad as humanity. He was not pent up and contracted and narrow in his views. His great heart was not prejudiced in ignorance, or in superstition, or in narrowness of conception. He was generous in his feelings toward individuals. He was generous in his conceptions and in his sympathies for humanity. Wherever there was a human being, Gen. GORDON was prepared to say, "He is a part of the brotherhood of man, under the fatherhood of God." Such was the concept of his human sympathy—broad, generous, liberal.

Gen. GORDON was a polite man, a courteous man. Mr. Speaker, I digress a moment to speak a word for politeness, one of the richest attributes of our character. I sometimes think that in these later days of stir and strife and struggle after business affairs, in the turmoil and tumult of the congestion of population, as our industries and businesses have multiplied and increased, individuals have ceased to have that care and attention and, I am almost tempted to say, that reverence and respect for this beautiful attribute of character which we call politeness, the dignified, courteous demeanor of deportment that so characterized and distinguished our ancestors. It marks the difference between the cultured gentleman and the unconcerned, careless individual. May I illustrate it by saying that an individual without politeness, without that courteousness of demeanor, may be a rough, uncouth diamond, but the polite man is the polished diamond. Gen. GORDON was a polished diamond. The attributes of his character were real gems.

Gen. GORDON was a patriotic man. He loved his country. On the field of battle, in the roar of musketry and the thunder of cannon, he proved his devotion to his country and his love of his people and his fidelity to duty as God gave him the power to see it and to know it. A man of his character could not be otherwise than a patriotic man, a man so broad in his concept of patriotism that no part of his country should be subject to bias or prejudice. He loved every section and every portion of this common land of ours. The flag that floated over this country was his flag and the patriotism that it symbolized was his patriotism.

Mr. Speaker, we often say that it is a good thing to be a great man. Just at this point I want to reverse that saying and to emphasize that it is a great thing to be a good man; a man whose life, whose character, whose heart, whose love, whose sympathies are such that they touch humanity, that they mix and mingle in the affairs of men, that they make lives happier, that add something to the betterment and the uplift of our civilization; such a man is a good man.

While it may be a good thing to be a great man, it is certainly true that it is a great thing to be a good man; and such can be said of Gen. GORDON. He was a man of a delicate and refined sense of honor.

But at last he laid off his armor. He ceased to march, he ceased to respond to the bugle call to duty in this life. Life's fitful fever over, he sleeps well. He has passed from among us, and I ask myself the question, Where shall we find him? We followed him to the open grave and deposited the mortal remains and covered them—earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes. Where is he? I may not be able to mark it on a chart, but I know that wherever the great Creator shall gather together the good, the pure, the noble, the brave, there we shall see and there we shall find Gen. GEORGE WASHINGTON GORDON.

LEAVE TO PRINT.

Mr. PADGETT. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that leave be granted to all who may desire to print remarks in the RECORD upon the life, character, and services of Gen. GORDON.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Tennessee asks unanimous consent that Members who desire may extend remarks in the RECORD on the life, character, and services of Gen. GORDON. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none.

ADJOURNMENT.

And then, in accordance with the resolution heretofore adopted, the House (at 2 o'clock and 15 minutes p. m.) adjourned until to-morrow, Monday, May 13, 1912, at 12 o'clock noon.