

Memorial Addresses

on the

Life and Character

of

Paul J. Sorg.



Property of
Paul H. Habig



Respectfully Yours
Paul J. Sory

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PAUL J. SORG

Compiled by JAMES M. COX



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Paul J. Sorg

PAUL J. SORG was born at Wheeling, West Virginia, September 23, 1840, and died at Middletown, Ohio, May 28, 1902. He was the son of Henry and Elizabeth Sorg. His father came to America from Houp Hesse, Germany, where the grandsire Sorg fought under the standard of Francis Joseph. The family removed from Wheeling to Cincinnati in 1851. They were poor, and young Paul was compelled to aid in the maintenance of the family. As a lad of twelve, he sold flowers in market, going to night-school all the while, however, where he received the rudimentary training in book-keeping that enabled him to become a partner in the business the development of which linked his name with the commercial history of his time. He served

his time as a molder, and rose to a foremanship. He embarked in the tobacco business in Cincinnati in the sixties, removing to Middletown, where his plant, the P. J. Sorg Company, became one of the largest concerns in the world, paying the Government more than a million dollars in revenue annually, and distributing pay-rolls of such magnitude, that they formed a part, directly or indirectly, of almost every home in Middletown. He served in practically every municipal organization in his city, was elected to Congress at the special election May 1, 1894, and at the regular election the same year. In 1897 he was pressed for the nomination of Governor by his party, and though announcing no candidacy, he received over 200 votes in the Columbus convention. He was married July 20, 1876, to S. Jennie Gruver, and from the union were born Paul Arthur Sorg and Ada Gruver Sorg.

Public Meeting

So soon as the death of Paul J. Sorg was known, the citizens of Middletown assembled in public meeting and took appropriate action, declaring a suspension of business on the day of the funeral. The active pall-bearers were chosen from heads of the industries he had founded or brought to a condition of vital activity—the P. J. Sorg Company, the Merchants National Bank, the McSherry Manufacturing Company, the Miami Cycle Company, the P. A. Sorg Paper Company, the Middletown Gas Company, the United States Hotel Company, and the Sorg Opera House Company. The honorary pall-bearers were members of the William Lowell Putnam Command, Union Veterans' Union, of the National Military Home, Dayton, Ohio, of which organization Mr. Sorg had been made an honorary member because of his valiant services in behalf of the soldiers and the soldiers' widows and orphans, while serving as a member of Congress.

Private Funeral Services

The private services were held from the residence on the morning of May 31, 1902, the order of services being:

HYMN, "ROCK OF AGES."

THE READING OF THE SCRIPTURE. II. Cor. 4: 5 to 5: 10.

PRAYER BY REV. H. C. CRANE, Pastor of the First Baptist Church of Cincinnati.

HYMN, "LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT."

FUNERAL ADDRESS BY REV. RUFUS W. WEAVER, TH. D., Pastor of the First Baptist Church of Middletown.

Address

Rev. Mr. Weaver spoke as follows:

In a few hours the citizens will assemble to express in some public way the sense of loss felt by this community because of the death of its foremost citizen. The representatives chosen by the people will be able to translate into speech the grief of the city for our fallen captain of industry. Here in the shelter of his home are gathered you who knew and loved him best. Your grief cannot be portrayed. Love vainly attempts to express the bitterness of this hour. Speech is stricken dumb by a grief too deep for words to express. With mute appeal Love turns to Faith,—Faith who surveys the unseen, Faith who lays hold upon the eternal, Faith who enters boldly into the very presence of God. Love desires a message to be brought from the loved one gone; but Faith, though mighty in vision, brings no message back from those who have passed into the great beyond. Hope comes forward with face radiant and with words sweet and inspiring, bearing a message of comfort. Hope bids all who sorrow to live in expectation of the uniting of broken ties and the reunion with loved ones gone.

*"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees,
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play;
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death
And Love can never lose its own."*

As we survey the life of one who rose from obscurity to eminence, from poverty to wealth that placed him among America's greatest financiers, we are profoundly impressed by his power, his resourcefulness, and his intrepid courage in fighting the battles of life.

The human race is divided into three classes, and the division made is formed by the attitudes which men assume toward life. The first are the illusioned, the second the disillusioned, and the third the triumphant. The illusioned believe this world a playground, and the goal of life to them is pleasure. The disillusioned think the world a prison, and the laws of life, like prison doors, shut them in. The triumphant see life as it is, with its pleasures and its pain, with its satisfactions and its sorrows, with its delights and its defeats, and, seeing life as it is, they earnestly resolve to make their lives triumphant, and, joining the ranks of the successful, they leave behind them a record of victories and of conquests.

In such an hour, when thoughts are solemnized by the presence of death, we do well to consider the meaning and the purpose of life. He whose laughter rang full and strong, whose warm heart and genial disposition made the home the dearest place on earth, lived a life of unceasing conflict. From early boyhood until that morning when he dropped the pen from his dying fingers, he was a worker. Splendidly he overcame the difficulties which surrounded him. Resolutely he set himself to the strenuous problems that faced him; and whether he was engaged in the conflicts of industrial competition or the battles of political warfare he won victory after victory. Yet his victories did not make him scornful; rather, they enlarged his sympathies and multiplied his interests. He gathered about him a group of young men who are to-day the leaders of the enterprises that make our city. He made them what they are. He sought to cultivate thrift and good habits among those he employed. He loved his adopted city. He gave his time and his thought

to contribute to its municipal success. He died its foremost and most honored citizen. His charities extended to all, irrespective of race, name, or creed. When the miners of Hocking Valley were on the verge of starvation a carload of provisions, clothing, and other necessities were hurried to them, and Paul J. Sorg paid the bill. In the House of Representatives at Washington he was a conspicuous figure, and while there he sought not to further his own ends, but made the cause of the old soldier his cause; and to-day the old soldiers who wear the blue are bowed with grief, for their faithful friend is no more. He has passed into the great beyond. The tireless worker, the undaunted fighter, the winner of those victories over which in this life men most rejoice, has borne the last life burden, met the last enemy, fought the last battle, and, we hope, has won. We know not, for no shouts of victory break upon the silence of death; but we do know that he was

*"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward;
Never doubted clouds would break;
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."*

A brave, clear-seeing man, trained and educated in the school of life, he has left to those who loved him a legacy of honor, success, wealth, and heroism.

HYMN, "ABIDE WITH ME."

Rev. H. C. Crane, formerly the pastor of the First Baptist Church of Middletown, which the Sorg family attended, paid a brief tribute to his late friend and offered the benediction.

Public Funeral Services

The public funeral services were held on the afternoon of May 31, 1902, in the Sorg Opera House, to which place the remains were conducted immediately after the private services. Here, guarded by members of the Grand Army posts and the William Lowell Putnam Command, Union Veterans' Union, the body lay in state and was viewed by the people.

The order of services was :

INVOCATION BY REV. W. HAMILL SHIELDS, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Middletown, Ohio.

HYMN, "LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT."

READING OF THE SCRIPTURES BY REV. FATHER GERDES, of St. Johns Catholic Church, Middletown, Ohio.

Walter S. Harlan, who had been chosen by the citizens of Middletown to deliver the eulogy, spoke as follows :

Eulogy

Fellow Citizens:

Three decades ago there entered within the gates of the then comparatively obscure village of Middletown, a stranger—plain, unassuming, friendless, poor in this world's goods, but rich in dauntless courage and sterling manhood.

To-day we consign to the silence of the tomb his earthly remains. To-day the traffic on the streets is stilled,—the shop, the store, the mill deserted, the busy hum of industry has ceased,—a solemn hush has fallen

like a mantle over the whole city, and ten thousand people stand with bowed heads and saddened hearts while the last solemn rites are held over the dead. For our foremost citizen, the Hon. Paul J. Sorg, has paid the debt of nature. Death, that lays its ruthless hand upon us all, that touches alike the king's scepter and the shepherd's crook, has called him from his earthly labors, and his life remains a fragrant, cherished memory.

Suffering the common lot of humanity, his life was interwoven with the warp and woof of sunshine and shadow—of hope and gloom—and the darkness of death came when he had but passed the zenith of his career, and with pardonable pride was fondly anticipating the rest and enjoyments and large opportunities for good which the evening of his days held in store.

Casting our thoughts backward upon this occasion, within these three decades, what marvelous changes hath he wrought in this city of his adoption! Like a mighty magician with his wand, he smote the rock of finance, and fountains of revenue gushed forth. He has builded great industries. Coming up from the rank and file, having served as an American youth his apprenticeship in the rough school of poverty—having served as an office boy, and sold flowers on the streets, and learned the trade of a molder, when he became an employer he happily solved the problem of the harmony of capital and labor. He afforded employment, and with it contentment and happiness to thousands of his fellow-beings. He heralded his own name, and with it inseparably interwoven, the name of Middletown, throughout the length and breadth of the land, from Maine to Mexico, yea, even across the seas to foreign shores.

Voicing the sentiments of all the people of this city, who are proud and grateful for what he has done for it, I may be permitted on this solemn occasion to refer to the great industries he founded here—to the mighty footprints that he left.

I beg to refer to the mother industry, the mammoth P. J. Sorg Tobacco Company, a company that gave employment to hundreds of people; through whose pay rolls millions of dollars passed, and found employment in the establishing of happy homes—a company that was ever in the vanguard of the manufacture of its commodity.

I make a passing allusion to The Miami Cycle & Manufacturing Company,—a company that has sent its bicycles around the globe,—a company that in the Spanish-American War furnished shell and shrapnel, that under the skillful manipulation of our brave American boys, hurled death and destruction against the fleets and armies of Spain.

I refer to The McSherry Manufacturing Company, whose products pass into the channels of peace, which hath its victories no less renowned than war; its agricultural implements find their way into the busy fields of the farm, both north and south, and east and west. I refer to The Middletown Gas Plant, which for years has furnished light to our people.

To the Merchants' National Bank, which has long held an enviable record as a strong, conservative institution.

To the Middletown & Cincinnati Railroad Company, the connecting link between this city and the splendid Pennsylvania system, which his foresight supplied.

To the United States Hotel—a hostelry which is a pride and credit to the city.

And, lastly, I call your attention to this magnificent temple, dedicated to Art, with no hope of financial remuneration, but with the sole thought of affording a public forum—a place for the entertainment and edification of his fellow citizens.

And, my friends, it seems to me peculiarly fitting that here, under the dome of this structure—his munificent gift to us—we should assemble, and in our weak way pay him the last sad tribute of our love.

Yea, I can confidently add, that if he were here in the activities of life to-day, his great brain and generous purse would be foremost in establishing the public library now in course of development.

But Paul J. Sorg was more than a benefactor to his city. He was one of her people. Though severely pressed with the importunate activities of his large affairs, he still found time to discharge the duties of citizenship. He served repeatedly in various positions of trust and honor under our municipal government, and no position was so humble and so lowly, but, that if chosen to fill it, he discharged his trust with the most punctilious duty.

And thereby you and I can learn one of the most valuable lessons which life teaches—that old lesson, so forcibly impressed the other day by President Roosevelt at Arlington as he unveiled the shaft erected to those who had fallen in the Spanish War, when he said that we should all, whether occupying a high or humble station, perform with fidelity and loyalty those duties that fell to our lot, and thereby discharge the first and most important duty of good citizenship.

It came logically and in the natural order and fitness of things that one who had been so diligent and successful in his private life, and who had served this city with such fidelity, should be called into the service of his country. It was but a fulfillment of Holy Writ: "Seest thou a man

diligent in the pursuit of his business? He shall stand before kings." So in the course of time he was sent to the halls of Congress as the able and honored representative of the historic old Third District, a district that had produced such political giants as Schenck, Vallandigham, McMahon, and the elder and younger Campbell. But the advent of Mr. Sorg marked the advent of the business man in the Nation's councils. And to the duties of statesmanship he brought that same breadth of view—unerring judgment, and executive ability that had ever crowned him with success.

And there were entered upon the statute books of the land, laws bearing the impress of the broad wisdom of the member from the Third District.

Notwithstanding the fact that it would affect him more vitally and materially than the great majority of men, he was an uncompromising advocate of the income tax. And therein he had displayed that prominent trait of his character—his wonderful probity. And here, permit me to digress to say he loved the open, the frank, the honest, the true. Dishonesty, baseness, falsehood, he scorned. And among the traits which he most forcibly impressed upon this community and his fellowmen in general, was this uncompromising probity of character.

With all the zeal and energy of his nature he devoted himself to the interests of the old soldiers, their widows and their orphans. He vividly recalled those dark and trying days from '61 to '65, when the terrible chasm yawned along the Mason and Dixon line, when the civilization of the Puritan finally clashed with the civilization of the Huguenot and Cavalier, and rivers of fraternal blood flowed.

He remembered that magnificent soldiery that went down to the southland to sacrifice their services, their strength, their limbs, their lives, that their nation might live, bearing aloft the flag of the Union bathed in their mothers' tears.

Yea, and he recalled the grand review in the city of Washington at the close of that memorable struggle, when there filed up Pennsylvania Avenue in front of the reviewing stand occupied by Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and the other great generals of that strife, not the grand army that had gone forth—but its straggling remnant, sick, shattered, half clothed, wretched, maimed, but proudly bringing back in honor the freshly blood-stained, tattered emblem of their country.

So Mr. Sorg resolved that so far as he could accomplish it this nation rejuvenated, regenerated, recemented by the blood that had flowed, enjoying the fruits of their services, owing its very life to them, should be both

just and generous to the fast-thinning ranks of the "boys in blue," their widows and their orphans.

And among the last acts of his useful life was the completion of the arrangements for the soldiers' monument to be erected here.

The large sprinkling of blue in this immense audience before me proves that the soldiers are here to-day, proud to serve as a guard of honor to the tomb.

With that fidelity upon which I have heretofore touched, and which impressed me as one of his strongest traits of character, he never transferred his affections from the city of his adoption. With all the temptations and allurements that wealth and affluence brought to change the place of his abode, he ever loyally clung to Middletown.

Here was the scene of his triumphs. Here were life-long ties of friendship. Here he entered into that most sacred relation on earth—his marriage to the estimable lady that survives him. Here he erected his palatial residence. Here heaven sent the children to brighten and to bless that home, which to him was "home, sweet home" in all that the name implies.

He said, "I love Middletown. I fancy I sleep and rest better there. I know I am happier there."

My friends, in our beautiful Woodside Cemetery may he sleep and rest in peace.

But a great life never dies. Great achievements are imperishable. His distinguished services for this city, his name and fame, his worthy example, we will treasure and cherish as a priceless heritage forever and ever.

Rev. Father A. M. Gerdes, of St. John's Church, spoke as follows:

Fellow Citizens of Middletown:

A dire calamity has befallen us. The unrelenting hand of death has taken from our midst a true friend and benefactor. It is needless for me at the present occasion to describe to you his generosity and zeal for the welfare of the people of Middletown.

You all in one way or another have shared in the prosperity and honor which the city of Middletown has acquired through the honest and untiring efforts of Paul J. Sorg. This vast assembly of laborers and merchants who have gathered here to-day fully testifies how happily he solved this most vexing question of the present day, the question of capital and labor. May the Almighty bless him for his generosity and reward him as a just man.

Holy Writ speaks of the just man in the following terms: Psalm

41:1, 3: "Blessed is he that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor; the Lord will deliver him in the evil day. The Lord preserve him and give him life, and make him blessed upon the earth, and deliver him not up to the will of his enemies."

Book of Wisdom 4:7: "But the just man, if he be prevented with death, shall be in rest.

"For venerable old age is not that of long time, nor counted by the number of years; but the understanding of man is gray hairs.

"And a spotless life is old age.

"He pleased God and was beloved, and living among sinners he was translated.

"He was taken away, lest wickedness should alter his understanding or deceit beguile his soul.

"But the just that is dead condemneth the wicked that are living, and youth soon ended, the long life of the unjust."

Psalm 40:11: "But thou, O Lord, have mercy on me, and raise me up again; and I will requite them.

"By this I know that thou hast had a good will for me, because my enemy shall not rejoice over me.

"But thou hast upheld me by reason of my innocence, and hast established me in thy sight for ever.

"Blessed be the Lord the God of Israel from eternity to eternity. So be it. So be it."

"ABIDE WITH ME."

The funeral sermon was delivered by Rev. Rufus W. Weaver, Th. D., pastor of the First Baptist Church, Middletown, Ohio. It follows:

Sermon

Text, II. Chronicles, thirty-second chapter, part of the thirty-third verse, "And the inhabitants of Jerusalem did honor him at his death."

One day last summer I stood beneath that mighty roof that shelters the honored dust of England's greatest dead. For nearly a thousand years to the stately Abbey of Westminster have been borne to their final

resting-place the kings and the nobles, the warriors and the prelates, of our mother country. To win Westminster has been the dream of Great Britain's most ambitious sons.

Slowly and reluctantly the doors of this ancient church have opened, until to-day there lie interred not only kings and queens, not only statesmen and warriors, but also poets and painters, explorers and inventors, actors and novelists, philanthropists and philosophers. The year 1859 marked the beginning of a new era. Along the aisles of Westminster for the first time in English history was borne a captain of industry. Robert Stephenson, the son of the greater Stephenson, bridge builder and railway magnate, for nearly half a century has slept in the ancient Abbey; about him a glorious company—David Livingstone, Charles Darwin, John Herschel, Isaac Newton, and Charles Lyell. In 1859 England recognized the epiphany of a new nobility, whose knights win their spurs in the conquests of commerce. England then declared that peace has its victories no less glorious than war.

Fellow citizens, we are here assembled to do honor to one who has earned his right by conquest in commerce to a place in America's unroofed Westminster. Again and again London's teeming millions have crowded her streets, have thronged the stately church, have carpeted her floor with the knees of mourners, as they have borne some statesman like Gladstone, some prelate like Stanley, some poet like Browning, to his last abode. But in the past one hundred years the metropolis of the world has not given expression to a grief more general than that which is manifested here in our beloved city to-day. Our public buildings are closed, the hum of our busy mills is hushed, the mart and the streets are silent. The veterans of the Civil War, whose cause he made his own; the thousand toilers from the mills, brought into existence by his business sagacity; his friends, who loved him with unflinching devotion, are gathered in this edifice that first rose as a dream in his thought, to pay a loving tribute to the memory of the late Paul J. Sorg.

As we contemplate the life of this man, who rose from obscurity to great eminence, from poverty to the possession of wealth exceeding the dreams of avarice, we do well to pause and study these characteristics that appeared in a marked degree as he arose from one station to that of a higher. What were the qualities that lead you to show in this expressive way your respect, your love, and your admiration? They were many, and of the many I have selected only three—his laboriousness, his loyalty, his liberality.

Paul J. Sorg was the friend of labor and himself a laborer. The molder and the magnate were one and the same. Three years ago there was needed by the Miami Cycle Company a certain piece of metallic composition different from the compositions then being made. This piece called for a new pattern. Mr. Sorg was asked whether it would not be advisable to have a piece made in Cincinnati. He replied, "No, we will make that over at McSherry's, and I will show the boys how to do it." That afternoon, in overalls, the millionaire worked at his old trade, and I need not add that the piece was made and well made, for Paul J. Sorg always accomplished whatever he undertook.

All his life he was a working man. He never lost touch with the toilers. During his active life no man in his employ worked harder than he; and when dread disease laid hold upon him and enfeebled his wonderful powers he still worked on; and when death came to end his life of arduous labors, death found him at work. The pen dropped from his trembling fingers and the spirit of the indomitable worker fled.

Unschoolled, he was one of the best educated men I ever saw. I use the word "educated" in its broadest sense. The best educated man to-day is he who, in situations increasingly trying and perplexing, knows what to do and possesses the ability to do it. From molder to magnate, from the foundry to the nation's capitol, this man rose. New situations successively faced him, and in each he knew his duty and did it. His mind was tireless. His grasp upon details was scarcely short of marvelous. In the death of Mr. Sorg, Ohio has lost one of her strongest and keenest intellects.

He was loyal to his family, to his friends, to his business associates, to his political party, and to Middletown, his chosen home. It is not fitting that I here portray the sacred scenes of a home made radiant by the ever-increasing devotion of a husband and father. Permit me to say, he was happiest in his home, and hearts are heavy to-day, for no longer rings through that house his laughter, deep, rich, and joyous. His family life was ideal. The union of husband and wife, twice blessed by the advent of a son and a daughter, was the realization of what the poet declared when in vision beatific he beheld the period

*"When comes the statelier Eden back to men,
When reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm,
When springs the crowning race of human kind."*

He was loyal to his friends and associates. Of him it has been truly

said: "He began with nothing but the strength of his hands and the force of his brain, at the bottom of the ladder, and in mounting to the top he helped others with him and gave no man backset to hinder his progress."

He gathered around him a group of young men, like those who gathered round Mr. Carnegie. Into them he infused his undaunted spirit. They are to-day our most successful citizens, our coming industrial leaders. Such a man naturally rose to popularity. His fellow-citizens sought his services for places of public trust and honor. In the boards of this city, in the councils of his party, in the halls of national legislation, he was loyal to his constituents, indefatigable in their service, and faithful to every trust reposed in him.

There are three forms of liberality, and Mr. Sorg possessed them all: Liberality in disposition, liberality in thought and liberality in deed. To a marked degree he possessed the first. He was warm-hearted, trustful, and sometimes demonstrative. The hospitality of his home was most generous. His friends he loved. His interest in his employees was personal and beneficent. The needy moved him to compassionate action. The old veterans he delighted to honor; and with failing health there came a loving sympathy for invalids and all who suffer.

He was liberal in all his views. Loyal to his convictions he was charitable towards those who differed with him. With a religious faith broader than the creed of his fathers, he extended his benefactions to all churches and all philanthropic enterprises. To the beautiful cross-crowned edifice that overlooks our city where gather the communicants of the faith in which he was baptized, he generously gave, and his benefactions are not yet ended. To every church in this city reared within the past quarter of a century, he made liberal contributions. It was due directly to the munificent generosity of Mr. Sorg that the congregation over which I have the honor to preside, undertook a year ago the raising of a fund for a new and beautiful temple of worship. His large and generous subscription of \$10,000, combined with his earnest personal persuasions, inspired my people to pledge \$20,000 more. When the spire of the new First Baptist Church points skyward, another indubitable evidence will be given our citizens of Paul J. Sorg's catholicity of spirit, liberality of thought, and generosity in action.

In the record of the Chronicles of the Kings of Judah, there appears the name of Hezekiah. He was a good and great king. He prospered in all his works. He filled the treasure houses of the realm with silver, gold, and precious stones, and all kinds of goodly vessels. God gave him

very much substance. For his city, Jerusalem, he built a reservoir, and brought the clear, limpid waters of the mountain springs into the city; he rebuilt the walls of Jerusalem; he fortified its gates; he equipped a strong army for the defense of his capital. He brought peace and prosperity to his land. He destroyed the images of the false gods, and put an end to their worship. He restored the sacred ceremonies of the temple and lighted again the altar fires of Jehovah, and by his prayers saved Jerusalem from captivity. The record is that "the inhabitants of Jerusalem did him honor in his death."

To-day the citizens of Middletown gather to do honor to him whom we mourn. He was our first citizen; the able guardian of our financial peace, the prophet of our glorious financial future. He gave employment to the hundreds, and through them fed the thousands.

He poured out his wealth to the saving of enterprise after enterprise from financial disaster. He renewed the foundations of this city's prosperity and strengthened those institutions that make for righteousness. He found this place a village; he left it a growing and prosperous city. Therefore the inhabitants of our city at his death do honor him—our first citizen, our public benefactor, our great captain of industry—Paul J. Sorg.

HYMN, "JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME."

BENEDICTION BY REV. H. C. CRANE, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Services at the Grave

Following the public services, the cortege, in which were the municipal organizations of Middletown, the G. A. R. posts, and workmen from the shops, moved to Woodside Cemetery, where the Lodge of Elks conducted the services at the grave.

Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

Session of Sorrow

Exalted Ruler.—Brother Esquire, see that B. P. O. E. Lodge No. 257, of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, is in position for the proper performance of our funeral ritual.

Esquire.—Exalted Ruler, the lodge is in position.

Exalted Ruler.—My brothers, as no ceremony of a solemn character should be commenced without an invocation to the Deity, let us pray.

Chaplain.—O thou grand, exalted Ruler of the universe, Giver of life and death, whose decree has called from its earthly tenement the soul of our departed brother, grant us, we beseech thee, the power to turn our minds from all worldly objects and by the contemplation of this evidence of thy power cause us more faithfully to fulfill our obligations of charity, justice, and brotherly love, not only to our departed brother, but toward each other, so that at thy summons our survivors may testify to our fidelity. Grant, we beseech thee, eternal happiness to the spirit of our dear departed brother, and forgive the trespasses of his life, so that he shall become worthy of a place in the eternal lodge of the hereafter, where we all hope to be reunited, never more to part. Amen.

Exalted Ruler.—Brothers, we are here assembled to dwell upon the uncertainty of life and the vanity of all human pursuits. The solemn duty before us is of the broadest and most charitable nature that can actuate our gatherings. As we are taught that charity extends beyond the grave,

we are here assembled to commemorate the memory of one who has fallen in life's battle, whom death has claimed for its own, and who now sleeps that sleep which knows no waking. Brother Secretary, you will please call the name of our deceased brother.

(Secretary calls name three times.)

In vain we call upon him. He has passed into the light which is beyond the valley of the shadow of death. The places that have known him shall know him no more; and once more we are called upon to realize that in the midst of life we are in death, that He who watches over all our destinies has the spirits of the departed under his watchful care, and on the last great day will again unite the chain of fraternal love so recently broken. My brothers, ere we consign forever the mortal remains of our deceased worthy brother to the bosom of our common mother, the earth, it is fit and proper that we should, as Elks, testify to his faithful adherence to the grand objects of our order. Brother Esteemed Leading Knight.

Esteemed Leading Knight.—Exalted Ruler.

Exalted Ruler.—From your station, what say you of our departed brother?

Esteemed Leading Knight.—As "Charity" is the motto of this station, I testify to his faithful adherence to the cause of "charity."

Exalted Ruler.—Brother Esteemed Loyal Knight.

Esteemed Loyal Knight.—Exalted Ruler.

Exalted Ruler.—What is just to our departed brother?

Esteemed Loyal Knight.—As the just deserve "justice," so I pronounce him faithful in "justice."

Exalted Ruler.—Brother Esteemed Lecturing Knight.

Esteemed Lecturing Knight.—Exalted Ruler.

Exalted Ruler.—What do you, from your station, say of our departed brother?

Esteemed Lecturing Knight.—By the fraternal ties which united him to us, I pronounce him faithful in "brotherly love."

Exalted Ruler.—"Fidelity," my brothers, embraces all, and, having been faithful in "charity," "justice," and "brotherly love," I testify to his having been an Elk, upright and firm, and worthy to receive from us such honors as are bestowed upon the faithful brothers who have preceded us to the Grand Lodge of the hereafter, there to receive from the Grand Exalted Ruler of All the final degree of eternity.

Eulogy

Hon. Ben Harwitz, selected by the Lodge of Elks to deliver the last eulogy at the grave, said :

It has pleased the Grand Exalted Ruler of heaven and earth to take away from us the living soul of our brother, and to leave unto us his body, to be laid away amid the sad and solemn pines and the tearful willow, surrounded by beautiful flowers, touching tokens of friendship, and by the hands of sympathizing brothers, with the sad and mournful ceremonies of our Order.

Our brother, whom in life we knew, loved, honored, and respected as Paul J. Sorg, has finished his earthly probation. Death is the inexorable creditor, whose indulgence nothing in the world can purchase. The hand of friendship cannot interpose to prevent his coming, the wealth of the world cannot purchase our release, neither will the charms of beauty propitiate his purpose. His motions are as perpetual as the revolving hours, and his presence as universal as life itself. Every moment that sees a new-born child laugh at the light, hears also the cry of a breaking heart and the lamentations of those who sit lonely in the desolation of affliction, no longer seeing the faces of loved ones dear.

We dwell in the valley of the shadow, a shadow black and terrible, cast by the imprisoning mountains of death, a darkness rayless and profound, a silence broken only by the words, "What man is he that liveth and shall not see death?"

We look to the east and behold we see a shining star, and find comfort in the thought that though we dwell in darkness, the Grand Exalted Ruler of heaven and earth is our God, and because he is infinite, infinite in piety, mercy, justice, and love, all must at last be well with us. Comforted by the thought, we look again, and see in everlasting, shining characters the word "immortality," and toward it we see streaming the rays of those in whose light we are walking.

Nature comes with her ever-illuminating rays of light, showing us that death is not destruction, but change and renewal. The Easter of the flowers, year by year, comes with its exultant proclamation that death does not end all. The valleys standing thick with corn sing aloud with every passing wind that the death of the buried grain is but the prelude of a fuller life.

Humbly submitting to the will of Him who doeth all things well, we

come as Elks to commit to the last resting-place the remains of Paul J. Sorg. "On the wings of morning," while yet the dewy mist was round the purple hills, the soul of this loved and loving brother, friend, husband, and father took its flight, and from its earthly tabernacle rose to find an eternal home in the Grand Lodge above.

He died full of earthly honors. His fellow-citizens willingly, joyfully, gladly chose him to fill various positions of honor, trust, and emolument, and each of them he filled to the utmost of his ability. He brought to each of them a mighty intellect for business detail and a ripe and experienced judgment.

He died having tasted the sweets of victory. He died ripe in years as well as in judgment and experience, beloved by his neighbors and by all who knew him well, possessing an integrity as steadfast as the eternal hills and a reputation as pure and unsullied as the snow that caps the crest of the highest mountain peak.

He was a charter member of Middletown Lodge No. 257 of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, and wore the emblem of our order with most peculiar pride. Our beautiful, touching sentiment, recalled at eleven o'clock, whenever two or more Elks are assembled, "to our absent brother," had for him a broad and joyous meaning. It meant for him that no matter where he or his brother Elks might be, whether engaged in their various pursuits in the land of the living, whether racked with sickness or distress and pain and anguish ringing the brow, or whether they had answered the summons that must come to all that are or yet will be, an Elk is never forgotten. Long after these bones will have resolved themselves into their parent dust, long after beautiful monuments will have crumbled into dust, those who have died, having faithfully and honorably worn the badge of Elkdom, will have their memory and virtues recalled to guide the living by those who come after them.

We come as Elks to testify to his faithful adherence to the principles of our organization. We come to testify before all the world that he had been faithful and true to the obligation he had taken at our altar not only for the government of his conduct with his brother Elks, but in his daily life; and in this we find a source of consolation in the hour of our bereavement. Why should we find this true? Listen to them and know. They are charity, justice, and brotherly love. At the head of our banners we have emblazoned charity, and what a grand exemplar of the charity which we teach was Paul J. Sorg. He practiced the charity of

which Paul spoke and wrote, the charity which is held supreme of all the virtues, and which is said to extend beyond the grave into the boundless realms of eternity.

We are here to say that he was just; that he possessed that justice which is said to be a ray of divine light, that justice for which all erect a temple and that makes all seasons summer.

We are here to bring evidence that in his conduct with his brother men he acted according to the dictates of brotherly love, that affection which looks upon all men as the children of one divine parent, and therefore ought to aid, support, and protect each other. And how beautifully and tenderly did he carry this out during his long and useful life.

Being faithful to these, believing as we do in the immortality of the human soul, we commend his spirit to the Grand Exalted Ruler, confident that by the benefit of a pure life he knows the word which has gained for him a ready admission into the Grand Lodge above.

We hail him as the master of mysteries to which we are strangers. We hail him as the recipient of the final degree by which he has received the crown of immortality.

No longer will we have his guiding genius with us; no longer will we be encouraged by his undaunted spirit, no longer can we smile with him, or have the benefit of his cheering words. Our lodge rooms are draped in mourning; the insignia of woe is found on every hand.

We leave his body here to await the archangel's trump announcing the resurrection morn.

As the years glide away and are numbered with the past, we will remember thy genius, counsel, advice, and virtues with each recurring season of our memorial day, and as the last stroke of the hour eleven is heard, when we recall our absent brothers, with chastened hearts and hallowed minds we will remember thee.

My brother, we bid thee a last long farewell. Peace to your ashes and rest to your soul.

And now to those who are most heart stricken at the loss we all do feel: We have none of the world's consolation to offer, but the tender sympathy of a loving brother. We can only say in the beautiful spirit of the Christian theology that He who notices the tiny sparrow's fall and who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, will in his infinite mercy and pity and love take under his watchful care the widow and the fatherless.

And now to you who have been chosen among the many to pay the last sad offices to our dead, we commit the remains of him whom in life we honored and loved.

Exalted Ruler.—(Takes the boutonniere.) Brother, here we have the amaranth encircled by the clinging ivy. The former, from its unfading nature, typical of the immortality of the soul. The ivy is the floral metaphor of devoted friendship; with us the symbol of "brotherly love." In token of our belief in the immortality of the soul, and emblematic of our brotherly love, we will each deposit the amaranth and ivy in the grave, (or upon the casket,) of our brother. Departed brother, may your immortal soul enjoy an eternity of bliss in the presence of our Father in heaven. (Deposits spray of amaranth and ivy.) Peace be with you.

All.—(Repeating action.) Peace be with you.

Exalted Ruler.—Brother Esteemed Leading Knight.

Esteemed Leading Knight.—Exalted Ruler.

Exalted Ruler.—Has charity been duly observed in these obsequies?

Esteemed Leading Knight.—It has.

Exalted Ruler.—Brother Esteemed Loyal Knight.

Esteemed Loyal Knight.—Exalted Ruler.

Exalted Ruler.—Has justice been done our departed brother?

Esteemed Loyal Knight.—It has.

Exalted Ruler.—Brother Esteemed Lecturing Knight.

Esteemed Lecturing Knight.—Exalted Ruler.

Exalted Ruler.—Has the principle of brotherly love been duly exemplified?

Esteemed Lecturing Knight.—It has.

Exalted Ruler.—Thus may we ever act as exemplars of our grand objects—charity, justice, brotherly love, and fidelity—so as to merit the blessings of the Grand Exalted Ruler of All.

"OUR ABSENT BROTHER."

Exalted Ruler.—Brothers, having performed the proper rites in accordance with the objects of our Order, I declare B. P. O. E. Lodge No. 257, of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, closed without further form.

Resolutions

The following resolutions were adopted by business organizations of which Mr. Sorg was a vital part:

Citizens of Middletown at a Called Meeting

Our distinguished fellow citizen, Hon. Paul J. Sorg, is no more. He who more than three decades ago came to our city, and in that plain, unpretentious manner ever characteristic of him, began the great career as a captain of industry and as a statesman which has made his name throughout the land a synonym for industry, honesty, fair-dealing, and broad statesmanship, and who has thereby reflected credit and renown upon this, the city of his adoption, has passed from earth, and his name will be entered on the roll of the great, silent majority. Therefore, be it

Resolved, By the citizens of Middletown, Ohio, publicly assembled, that we hereby express our veneration and esteem for the deceased, whose name was so inseparably interwoven with that of Middletown, and that we publicly testify to our appreciation of his worth as a benefactor of the city, to the thousand acts of charity and kindness performed, to the zeal and loyalty with which he discharged every trust, however humble, to the public spirit and interest which he ever displayed in all that concerned the welfare, prosperity, and progress of the home of his choice, where he has left so many evidences of his wide usefulness.

And that we further express our pride in his fame and career, which was not bounded by the confines of this city, or even of his State, but extended throughout the length and breadth of the land, and to the halls of Congress, where his name became a watchword for patriotic citizenship. Be it further

Resolved, That a copy of this memorial be presented to his family, who in this hour of dark affliction, has our heartfelt sympathy.

JAMES LAWRENCE,
FRANK FOSTER,
JAMES B. RILEY,
Committee.

The Council of the City of Middletown

The Council met in special session at the City Building, with all members present except Taylor, with President Raab in the chair, who stated the object of the meeting was to take proper action upon the death of our esteemed and honored fellow-townsmen, the Hon. Paul J. Sorg, and to pass appropriate resolutions upon his death. The following resolutions were read and passed by a rising vote by the entire board:

Resolved, By the Council of the City of Middletown, Ohio, that,

WHEREAS, It hath pleased Almighty God to remove from his earthly labors our distinguished fellow-citizen, Hon. Paul J. Sorg, and

WHEREAS, On account of Mr. Sorg's long identification with the City of Middletown, his distinguished labors to advance the city's interests, and the care and faithfulness with which he discharged various offices connected with the city, as well as on account of his great public career, it is therefore

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to his memory, the Council hereby expresses its regard and esteem for his services and character, and that the Council attend his funeral in a body. Be it further

Resolved, That we hereby tender our sympathy to his bereaved family, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family.

Passed this 29th day of May, 1902.

J. V. BONNELL,
City Clerk.

MARTIN RAAB,
President of Council.

The School Board of the City of Middletown

At a special meeting of the School Board held at the North School building, Thursday evening, all members were present. President Robbins stated: "Out of respect to the memory of our fellow-townsmen, an ex-member of this Board, the Hon. P. J. Sorg, we are called together to show the respect due on such occasions." The following resolutions were adopted by a rising vote with heads bowed:

WHEREAS, In the providence of Almighty God, the Hon. Paul J. Sorg has been called to his eternal rest; and

WHEREAS, Mr. Sorg was formerly a member of this board, and one of the most zealous workers for the advancement of our schools, and was for many years our foremost citizen and most illustrious example of a self-made man; therefore, be it

Resolved, By this board, in special session assembled, that we regard his death a great loss, and cause for profound sorrow, and

Resolved, That we extend to his family our earnest sympathy in their great bereavement, and as a token of the respect and esteem that this board attend the funeral of our honored townsman in a body. Be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, and that a copy thereof be sent to the family.

SABIN ROBBINS, SR.,
President Board of Education.

I hereby certify that at a special meeting of the Board of Education of the City of Middletown, called for the purpose May 29th, 1902, the foregoing preamble and resolutions were adopted by a unanimous vote.

JOHN T. FAY,
Clerk Board of Education.

The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

Middletown Lodge No. 257, B. P. O. E., with sorrow records the departure of Hon. P. J. Sorg, whom we knew as a friend, and loved as a member of our fraternity.

But though he is dead, he is not forgotten. His name we still revere, and his precept and example we cherish, and his many noble qualities of heart and mind will long cluster around memory's wreath, and bring back tender recollections of a departed brother whom we all held in the highest esteem.

To his sorrowing family we can but express our sorrow, and offer our sympathy in this, the hour of their bereavement, in the death of a loving husband and devoted father, bound to them by ties that even death cannot sever. May the Most High, who presides over all, watch over and comfort them in their affliction, while Middletown Lodge will ever exert its kindly care for the loved ones left behind by an absent brother.

May he rest in peace.

The Miami Cycle and Manufacturing Company

WHEREAS, It hath been the will of the Creator of all that the beloved President of The Miami Cycle & Manufacturing Company, Hon.

Paul J. Sorg, should lay aside earthly cares and toils for the peacefulness of that sleep which knows no waking, and

WHEREAS, It was through Mr. Sorg's expense of policy and generosity that this company was founded and maintained, therefore be it

Resolved, That as a tribute to his memory, the officers and directors of this company hereby express their high regard and sincere gratitude for his valued services, untiring zeal, and wise counsel while acting as a director and president of this company. Be it further

Resolved, That we hereby tender our sympathy to the bereaved family, that a copy of these resolutions be presented to them, and that these resolutions be spread upon the minute books of this company.

Passed this tenth day of June, 1902.

HARRY WALBURG,
Secretary and Treasurer.

W. L. DECHANT,
Vice-President.

Middletown, Ohio, June 10, 1902.

The McSherry Manufacturing Company

WHEREAS, Our beloved President of the McSherry Manufacturing Company, Hon. Paul J. Sorg, has been called from his earthly cares and toils to his own loving reward, and the hand and mind that have been so powerful as our strength in the past are now stilled in death, and

WHEREAS, It was through Mr. Sorg's broad, generous, and liberal policy that the McSherry Manufacturing Company has been so substantially and permanently founded and maintained; therefore, be it

Resolved, That as a tribute to his memory, the officers and directors of this company hereby express their most high regard and sincere gratitude for his untiring zeal, wise counsel, and most valued services, while serving as a director and president of this company. Be it further

Resolved, That we hereby tender our sympathy to the bereaved family, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to them, and that these resolutions be spread upon the officers' and directors' records of the affairs of this company.

Passed this twenty-third day of June, 1902.

WILLIAM FETZER,
Secretary and Treasurer.

W. L. DECHANT,
Vice-President.

Middletown, Ohio, June 23, 1902.

The Paul A. Sorg Paper Company

WHEREAS, The hand of Divine Providence has removed from our midst our honored and beloved Vice-President and business associate, Hon. Paul J. Sorg, and

WHEREAS, Through his death we have lost a man of preëminent business ability, whose wisdom, judgment, and foresight led him to build up this great concern, along with the many others in this city, which to-day stand as a monument to his thrift and industry; therefore, be it

Resolved, That as a tribute to his memory, the officers and directors of this company hereby express their most high regard and sincere gratitude for his untiring zeal and wise counsel while serving as a director and vice-president of this company. Be it further

Resolved, That we hereby tender our sympathy to the bereaved family, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to them, and that these resolutions be spread upon the officers' and directors' records of the affairs of this company.

Passed this twenty-fourth day of July, 1902.

M. F. HARTLEY,
Secretary and Treasurer.

W. L. DECHANT,
Vice-President.

Middletown, Ohio, July 24, 1902.

The Middletown Gas and Electric Light Company

WHEREAS, Our beloved adviser and coworker of the Middletown Gas & Electric Company, Hon. Paul J. Sorg, has been called from his earthly cares and toils to his own loving reward, and the hand and mind that have been so powerful as our strength in the past is now stilled in death, and

WHEREAS, It was through Mr. Sorg's broad, generous, and liberal policy that the Middletown Gas & Electric Light Company has been so substantially and permanently founded and maintained; therefore, be it

Resolved, That, as a tribute to his memory, that the officers and directors of this company hereby express their most high regard and sincere gratitude for his untiring zeal, wise counsel, and most valued services. Be it further

Resolved, That we hereby tender our sympathy to the bereaved family, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to them, and that these

resolutions be spread upon the officers' and directors' records of the affairs of this company.

Passed this 18th day of July, 1902.

G. R. CLAPP,
Secretary and Treasurer.

W. L. DECHANT,
President.

Middletown, Ohio, July 18, 1902.

Merchant's National Bank, Middletown, Ohio

WHEREAS, The All-wise and Almighty God has seen fit to take away from our midst our beloved president, the public-spirited, generous, patriotic, and honored citizen, Paul J. Sorg, and

WHEREAS, No one knowing so well as the Board of Directors of this bank of his great worth to our city and community, and what he has done for them; how he came to the village of Middletown a comparatively poor man and by his superior business qualifications, his energy, enterprise, and pluck built up the large manufacturing industries that have made the village a city; how through his generosity he has afforded us a magnificent opera house and a commodious hotel; how he has displayed his patriotism and repaid the honor bestowed upon him by his fellow-citizens in electing him to Congress by devoting a large portion of his time in looking after the comfort and welfare of the old soldiers that were living, and by giving a beautiful monument to be erected in memory of those that were dead; and how he saved us from a financial disaster that would have ruined a great many people and stopped our city's progress for years by taking hold of this bank when it was virtually a wreck, and at the sacrifice of his time, money, yes, and his health, saved it and built it up, until to-day we have a financial institution the solidity and strength of which we are willing to compare with any in our State, and possessing one of the most magnificently-equipped banking-rooms and best vaults in our State; therefore, in consideration of the facts we have stated, and the many more that could have been stated, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Paul J. Sorg the city of Middletown has lost its most enterprising citizen, the Merchants National Bank has lost a very able official, a wise counselor, and a great benefactor, and as individuals we have lost an intimate and a dear friend. Be it further

Resolved, That as a mark of the respect and esteem in which Paul J. Sorg was held by all who knew him, and to show in some manner our

appreciation and gratitude for his great service, that the vice-president and cashier be authorized, and are hereby instructed, to purchase a life-sized portrait of him and have it hung in the front office of the bank; and be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes, and that a copy of them be sent to each member of the family.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK.

Middletown, Ohio, July 26, 1902.

We hereby certify that the above is a true and correct copy of the resolutions that were unanimously adopted at the meeting of the Board of Directors held this day, W. L. Dechant, J. C. Holloway, J. F. Gallaher, and J. W. Boyd being present.

C. B. NIEDERLANDER,
Cashier.

J. W. BOYD,
Vice-President.

Middletown, Ohio, July 26, 1902.

The Middletown & Cincinnati Railroad Company

WHEREAS, God in his wisdom hath seen fit to remove from our associations and counsels our most loved and honored member, Hon. Paul J. Sorg, having called upon him to pay the great debt of nature, which he bravely liquidated, as was his custom in all commercial affairs; feeling our loss deeply and desiring to express to his lovable family our sincere sympathy, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the officers and directors of the Middletown & Cincinnati Railroad Company, duly assembled as a tribute to his memory, hereby express our high regard and unbounded love for his untiring zeal and valuable counsel in the shaping and maturing of matters which led to the present high standing of our company. Be it further

Resolved, That we hereby tender our sympathy to the bereaved family, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to them, and that these resolutions be spread upon the officers' and directors' records of the affairs of this company.

Passed this 22d day of June, 1902.

J. L. RONEY,
Superintendent.

W. L. DECHANT,
Vice-President and Secretary.

Middletown, Ohio, June 22, 1902.

Columbia Insurance Company

At a meeting of the Board of Directors, held this day, June 9, 1902, the announcement was made of the death of the Hon. Paul J. Sorg, a director of the Columbia Insurance Company, and the following was ordered spread on the minutes of the meeting and a copy sent to the bereaved family:

WHEREAS, The Hon. Paul J. Sorg, a director of the company, has been removed by the hand of death, we desire to place on record our high appreciation of his worth as a valued associate and an honest, just, and upright citizen and esteemed friend, and in this hour of common bereavement we desire to assure his wife and family of our heartfelt sympathy.

O. F. GUNCKEL,
Secretary.

S. W. DAVIES,
Vice-President.

Dayton, Ohio, June 9, 1902.



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT MIDDLETOWN, OHIO

Dedication of Soldiers' Monument

The unveiling and dedication of the soldiers' monument, built in Woodside Cemetery at Middletown, Ohio, December 17, 1902, was the formal consummation of a public project suggested by Mr. Sorg. Observing some time before his death that the school children of his home city had conducted an entertainment, the fund derived to be applied to the erection of a soldiers' monument, a patriotic plan of the little ones' initiative, Mr. Sorg suggested that, in addition to that method of promoting the movement, every child in Middletown and in Lemon Township, if possible, bring or have brought to a spot to be chosen for the erection of the monument a stone suitable for use in the work of construction. His idea, both ingenious and strong in its appeal to propriety and patriotism, was that by this combination of units ample raw material would be at once available and every child would have a sense of proprietary interest in it—a pleasure to themselves and a nice inheritance for their posterity. Mr. Sorg's second suggestion was that when the stone work was complete he would secure from the best artistic talent in the country a bronze pedestal.

He did not live to see the completion of the monument, within whose shadow he now sleeps. The dedicatory services were largely attended by citizens and soldiers of the county. The reception committee was J. R. Allen, Harry Knight, and C. B. Palmer. Mr. Palmer also served as grand marshal of the parade, which was made up of the local Company L of the State militia, members of the Grand Army posts, guard from the National Military Home at Dayton, Ohio, and

pupils in the public and parochial schools. The unveiling was performed by the only daughter, Miss Ada Sorg.

The services were opened with prayer by Dr. J. H. Paine, an old soldier citizen of Middletown. The invocation follows:

O thou great and glorious Divine, the sovereign of all wisdom, not only the Creator, but the Preserver of the universe. Thou art so closely united to us that we cannot do without thee. We would come with our hearts to thee, with confession of our sins to thee, with an acknowledgment of our dependence upon thee, for we cannot live a moment without thee.

Oh, we would thank thee for our lives. We want to thank thee for our citizenship in America; we want to thank thee for our Government in the United States. O good Lord, how much thou has done for us, thou who art the God of Abraham, the God of Washington, the God of Lincoln, the God of all, the God of our nation. We adore thee, Holy Father, blessed God, our only hope. We would be rendered helpless without thy help. Come and bless us to-day. Bless those of our brethren who are here assembled, and those who are representative of our brethren who are dead, but who in reality are not dead, only sleeping. We thank thee for their precious lives, for the great sacrifice they made. We mourn over their loss to us; but they are not lost; they have only gone before us.

We pray for the beautiful hand that shall withdraw the veil from the artistic statue of the American soldier to-day. Give, O Lord, our brethren power to speak with that wisdom which they possess. May we learn a lesson here this afternoon that shall be illustrated in our after lives. The inhabitants of this great Government need thee; the children of our dear public schools, bless them, O God. Give the speakers here this afternoon the power to instill into their hearts the great lesson this teaches; make them loyal patriots, blessed fathers and mothers, and affectionate children.

We thank thee for what thou hast done for us, and now we want our children to take up the opportunities that come to them, fostering them, strengthening them, and blessing them. Our country is now in danger, but perhaps this is for our good. We need capital on one hand; we cannot do without it. We need labor on the other; we cannot do without it. They are great factors in the lives of thy creatures. Father, help us to untangle our troubles, and may exact justice be shown to all.

Bless, O Father, the family of him who has given us this grand statue, which many of us will behold for the first time this afternoon. Bless our sister cities, bless our counties, bless our dear Ohio, and all the world. We pray thee to keep us faithful to our vows, to our duties, to our country; and on that great day, when we shall stand before the court of justice, may the Judge, the great and wise and good Judge, say, "Father, these are mine which thou hast given me." And we thank thee and love thee for ever and ever.

Joseph R. Allen, on behalf of the people, presented W. H. Todhunter as chairman. Mr. Allen said:

Never in the history of Middletown has its people had greater cause for gratitude than to-day.

At a memorial meeting only a year or two ago our lamented citizen, Mr. Sorg, publicly stated that if the people would build a soldiers' monument he would give a suitable statue to adorn and complete it. How remarkably soon have these words been fulfilled!

We meet here to-day to unveil that beautiful statue and to dedicate that unique monument given by the people, who commemorate the valor and services of the soldiers, sailors, and pioneers of Butler County.

In order to carry out, according to the committee's arrangements, these pleasant ceremonies, we have present with us to-day able speakers to address us. I now have the pleasure to say that the presentation of this monument to the people will be made by our Mr. W. H. Todhunter, to be followed in response by an acceptance address, in behalf of the people, by Judge Belden, of Hamilton.

W. H. Todhunter, chairman of the Monument Committee, in the presentation of the monument, said:

I think it will not be amiss if I extend to the stranger within our gates a word of welcome.

As chairman of the local committee having charge of the erection of the monument which we are about to dedicate to-day, I wish to say that we have sought through the press to invite all the people of the county, and have endeavored by special invitation to secure the presence of every soldier and Grand Army Post in the county and the adjacent cities and towns, at these dedicatory services. We are glad so large a number of

the veterans are with us, that the people are so generally present to assist in the exercises of the hour, and we are especially glad to greet the Guards of Honor from the Soldiers' Home. To all these, and to the strangers here assembled, we extend a warm and hearty welcome. We trust that all can remain until the hour when the statue that graces the monument we dedicate to-day shall be unveiled at Monument Place.

This day marks an epoch in the history of Butler County and of our own city. To-day we exalt patriotism and set up an altar at her shrine, before which we burn incense and sing anthems of praise to the heroes who have so bravely stood for home and native land. The shaft and bronze statue stand as the first work of art of a public kind ever erected in our county. A splendid testimonial of like kind and purpose will soon be completed on the site of Old Fort Hamilton.

The monument we dedicate to-day is voiceless, yet it speaks to every eye and ear and soul of the deeds of the brave men in whose memory and in whose honor it has been erected, of men who were as firm as its foundation, as immovable as its granite, and as stable as the bronze that crowns its summit.

This memorial is a silent teacher, and will throughout all the days to come quietly and certainly impress upon the hearts of the thousands who look upon it a lesson of heroic sacrifice for the land of the noble free and the flag of the brave.

The press announced a day or two ago that Mrs. General Grant had been called to her reward. When I read the lines giving an account of her death, in fancy I passed up the silver-like thread of the classic Hudson, out from the metropolis of the nation, passing her hundreds of industries and laden ships as they floated on the bosom of the river and bay, passing the palatial homes that adorn the banks of this historic stream, until I stood before the splendid mausoleum at Riverside, builded by the people as the last resting-place of the great but silent commander. I knew as I looked at this wonderful and imposing memorial that provision had been made to receive the wife of his youth, the companion and associate of his crowded and eventful life. I said, "When she shall rest here beside him, then will the mausoleum be completed, and sealed it will be until the resurrection morning, when they who sleep therein shall stand forth together in the same true love and affection that adorned their lives." In my fancy I could almost discern the meeting of these two great souls, and, when the greetings were over, hear her say to him who has been so long away that the awful strife and terrible bit-

terness of the great Civil War are almost gone; that the swords of the Blue and the Gray are twined with the holly of peace at this Christmas-time; that their own son had fought with the sons of the Lees, the Jacksons, and the Johnsons to make Cuba free, and had marched with them under the old flag to world-wide victories; that their grandson was now a student at West Point, training himself for the service of his country. Then, in imagination, I stood on the top of Mount McGregor beside the cottage where the brave commander was sick so long, and I recalled how, when voice was gone, he held the pen in an iron hand while he wrote the story of his own life, with the pale horse and his rider in sight every hour. I could see the lines of his face as he bent to his work and drove back the merciless rider and bade him wait until his story was done. I think this grand and silent soldier was never braver than when he wrote the story of his life amid terrible sufferings and with death in close touch. Love moved his great heart, and he wrote for mother and children, that they might from this history derive a legacy and every creditor satisfaction. The world looked in upon this race with death in wonder and admiration; and when this heroic life took its way to the great beyond the people bowed their heads, while they chanted peans of praise in their hearts to the brave man who thus held death at bay until he finished his story.

This is an example of the heroism that abides in the breast of every true American soldier. Scores of men who hear these words are moved and animated by the same high purposes. It is not alone among the great commanders that these sterling virtues are found. By these high motives the men in the rank and file of the armies were moved to deeds of valor and patriotism.

Our friend and neighbor, Captain Schaffer, a member of our committee, is to-day at home in his sick chamber thinking of you brave boys of '61; he longs to be with you and have a share in these exercises; he is sorely disappointed. He is one of the gallant boys who with you fought in the great battles of the South, walked over the long march with Sherman to the sea, found Johnson in the Carolinas, and marched with you in the grand review at Washington when the war was over. This courageous man has been fighting the grim reaper for seven long months, sitting upright in his bed, unable to lie down. He has made the fight with fortitude and the greatest self-control.

The shaft we dedicate to-day has been erected by the bounty of the people of our own county. The granite used therein is largely from

her own fields and townships adjacent in Preble County. It is the monument of the people in memory of the soldiers, sailors, and pioneers who have formed and shaped the destinies of the Republic and the great Northwest, of which we are a part. The monument is unique in design and material, and would not be complete without a statue representing an American soldier.

We had a man in our city who, while busy with large affairs and crowded with public duties, found leisure to think of these things and to suggest the erection of the monument, coupling with the suggestion the promise that when the shaft was completed he would crown it with a figure of an American soldier in bronze. Our friend and neighbor, Mr. Paul J. Sorg, had learned to love and revere the soldiers and desired to make this generous contribution to their memory, that the lessons of their heroic deeds and patriotic achievements might not be lost to the young, who must soon take the places of those now active in the world's business and social life. To-day this unique granite shaft is surmounted by a striking figure of a private soldier, the gift of Mr. Sorg and his family. This figure will shortly be unveiled at Monument Place by his only daughter.

The committee has so far completed its work as to be ready to present to the people the shaft and the statue. Who can so fittingly receive these memorials from the committee, on behalf of the people, as our friend, Judge Belden, who was recently chosen by the people to the highest position of trust within the gift of the citizens of his native county, and to him, on behalf of the committee, I now present this testimonial of granite and bronze.

The acceptance on the part of the people was made by Judge E. A. Belden, of Hamilton. He spoke as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In the name and behalf of the people of Butler County, whom, upon this occasion I have the honor to represent, this monument is accepted.

The citizens of this county, in grateful recognition of the services of the soldiers and sailors of America, have recently provided for the erection of two monuments, one at Hamilton, the other at Middletown. The most pleasant relations have existed between the two committees having the work in charge; and the members of your local committee, them-

selves veteran soldiers of the best type, have exhibited a spirit of wisdom and harmony which has resulted in the complete success of the project.

This should be a proud day for you, gentlemen of the committee, for it brings to you the satisfaction of work well done, of duty most worthily performed. It is not, however, a day of unmixed joy, for we regret the absence of Mr. Schaffer, a member of the committee, who is prevented by illness from attending these services. And we remember the donor of the bronze figure this afternoon to be unveiled, who calmly rests in yonder cemetery. Our words of praise cannot reach his ears, but it is due to the memory of Paul J. Sorg to acknowledge the generosity which prompted him to donate to the people of this county the beautiful and impressive statue which so fitly represents and typifies the American soldier.

This monument will have a twofold mission—it will commemorate the services of the dead and will inspire the living to emulate their valor and their patriotism.

The dead require not the granite shaft nor bronze figure. Garfield said, "They are past our help and past our praise. We cannot add more glory and we can give them no immortality. They do not need us, but forever and forevermore we need them." Aye, we need them, for how prone we are to enjoy the blessings of our Union without reflecting upon the sacrifices of those who established and preserved it.

Too often we quaff the air of liberty as we drink the atmosphere of God's world without thought of those to whom we are indebted for the precious gift.

*"We sit here in the promised land
That flows with freedom's honey and milk;
But 't was they won it, sword in hand,
Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk."*

The sacrifices of blood and treasure are not forgotten by a grateful people. Here to-day are gray-haired fathers and mothers who gave their sons that this Union might endure. Here are widows who for two score years have mourned the husbands who died on the field of battle in defense of their country's honor. Here are those who grieve for dear ones who offered their lives that Cuba might be freed from Spanish tyranny. Butler County cherishes the memory of her heroes. All their bodies do not lie in the cemeteries within her territorial limits. Many of them died far away from home, in the fierce charges at Gettysburg, or the

terrific onslaughts at Chickamauga, or on the lonely picket line; some hailed death as a welcome release from the unspeakable horrors of Libby Prison or Andersonville, and many now lie in the fair Southland who gave name as well as life to their country and rest in graves marked "Unknown."

"'T is not their graves, but their deeds that live."

*"They sleep well who sleep,
Be they crowned or uncrowned,
And death is kind to the brave."*

As Pericles said of the Greeks who had fallen in defense of their country, so can we say of our departed heroes, "The world is their sepulcher, and wherever there is speech of noble deeds there they will be remembered."

The monument we dedicate to-day is erected in honor of American soldiers and sailors. It will abide for generations to come, a memorial of the dead and an inspiration to the living.

The sun of earthly life is setting in the west for many of you, O soldiers of the great Republic, but its rays are mellow and golden, and they illumine your past deeds; and as you with us pay tribute to your noble comrades gone before, we seem to hear above the dirge the sound of a mighty chorus singing the anthem of the free:

*"Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King."*

This was followed by a grand demonstration, "America" being rendered by the Third Regiment Band and the assemblage of people.

The address of the day was delivered by Hon. Lewis B. Gunckel, of Dayton, Ohio. It follows:

Forty-two years have come and gone since Abraham Lincoln was elected President. Nobody questioned the fairness of the election; everybody admitted its regularity and legality; and yet it was made the

pretext for secession, rebellion, and war. The misguided people of the South regarded the new President as their worst enemy; he was really their best friend. They found it out afterward, but too late.

The real cause of the war was slavery. It is instructive to note that in the early days of the Republic Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and all the great men of the South deprecated the existence of slavery, freely admitted that it was wrong in principle and deleterious in its influence, and so earnestly prayed for the good time coming when the slaves could be gradually emancipated and under the auspices of the Colonization Society, then popular among all philanthropic people, returned to their old homes in Africa.

But, unfortunately, their descendants became enamored with an institution which gave them social importance and personal and political power and enabled them to become rich and live luxuriously by the sweat of other men's brows. So they soon convinced themselves that slavery was really best for the negroes themselves, who were divinely taught to be "obedient to their masters." It is easy to believe what one wants to believe, so the slave-holders finally reached the conclusion that slavery was a beneficent institution, ordained of God and sanctioned by the Bible, and one which ought, therefore, to be extended and perpetuated; and from this grew a new political dogma, popular in the South, but regarded as a dangerous heresy in the North, to wit, that "the constitution, of its own force, carries slavery into all the territories of the United States."

These things led Lincoln in his debate with Douglas to declare that "the Union cannot permanently endure half slave and half free." It was the irrepressible conflict of which William H. Seward had previously spoken, and which led the Republican National Convention to declare "in favor of the principles announced in the Declaration of Independence, the maintenance of the Union, the total and final suppression of the African slave trade, and the absolute prohibition of slavery in all the territories of the United States."

Upon these issues the hot heads of the South forced the war, and hoped thereby to extend and perpetuate slavery. It ended in the total abolition of slavery, the emancipation of four million human beings theretofore held in servitude. Verily God rules and enforces his immutable law, applicable alike to communities and individuals.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Good came out of evil; perhaps it was the only way. Revolution and war are awful

remedies, but history seems to show that for many governmental evils there is none other effectual, none other possible.

The victory for the Union, freedom, and established government was won, but at a fearful cost. The war commenced with the firing upon Sumter, April 12, 1861, thirty-nine days after the inauguration of President Lincoln. It ended upon the surrender of the Confederate forces under General Kirby Smith on May 26, 1865, having lasted—Heaven only knows with what fearful suffering on both sides—four years, one month, and fourteen days. The soldiers in the Union army numbered 2,778,304, nine times as many as were engaged in the Revolutionary War. Of this grand army, one of the greatest and grandest that the world has ever seen, 300,000 were killed or died from wounds or sickness during the war, and 400,000 more died since the war from wounds received or sickness contracted in the service, making a sad total of 700,000 as good and true men as ever lived who gave their lives for us and our children, gave their lives that the Union might be saved and freedom made universal. But this is not all. Of those who returned and are still living, how many are sound and well to-day? Many thought themselves so when they returned, but they have since, to their great sorrow, found themselves wrecked in health and hurried toward a premature grave. Thousands who deserve pensions never applied. Tens of thousands applied, but for want of proof caused by death or absence of officers were refused. Of the 40,000 disabled veterans in the National and State soldiers' homes only about one-third receive pensions. Add all these to the 293,186 now on the pension rolls because of disability incurred during the Civil War and what an appalling record is shown. But who can tabulate or even estimate the suffering and pain of the sick and disabled upon the battlefields and in army hospitals, and the anxiety and mental anguish of their wives, children, and relatives at home. And what an awful expenditure of money, what a terrible destruction of property! The latter will never be known, but touching the former we have a report of the Secretary of the Treasury in response to a resolution of the Senate, in which the total expenditure of the government necessarily growing out of the war is given as \$6,844,571,421.93, more than twice as much as was expended in the Franco-German War.

And this awful record is of one side only. Presumably there were about as many soldiers in the field on the Confederate side, as many killed, as many disabled by wounds and sickness, as many wives made widows, as many children made orphans, as much pain, suffering, and

anguish, making the totals—I will spare you the figures—the most terrible and appalling fact in all history.

And this is war, "grim-visaged war." Douglas Jerrold called it murder in uniform; Lord Broughman, "the greatest of crimes"; Napoleon, who certainly knew what it was, "organized barbarism"; and General Sherman, in terms less polite but more expressive, said, "War is hell." In God's name let us have no more of it, except for defense or for serious and justifiable cause. Let us never commence it for so trivial a cause as that which is made the pretext for the attack of England and Germany upon Venezuela. Dr. Franklin a hundred years ago said, "There never was a good war or a bad peace."

But we are told that war is always popular, and the party sustaining war always successful at the polls. This is unfortunately true, and it leads party managers to encourage the war spirit. No wonder young America grows insolent in his boast of our country's greatness, power, and invincibility, and of our readiness to fight and whip all creation. As against such demagogism, such foolish brag, bluster, and bravado, how timely, how solemn the admonition of General Grant, who showed his real greatness by the memorable words, "Let us have peace." He said at another time that the happiest day of his life was the one which ended the war. In the same Christian spirit was the recommendation of international arbitration. Blessed be the memory of the man who could be a great commander and at the same time a great peacemaker.

It would seem that the details of such a war would never be forgotten; and yet it is so easy to forget, especially in this age of railroads, telegraph, telephone, and newspapers, when life is so earnest, so strenuous, so fast, the demands of the present so exacting; and more recent wars and other exciting events have absorbed attention and crowded out the recollection of what young people are ready to term "ancient history." We may recall the generous enthusiasm and patriotic ardor of the people in their response to the first call for 75,000 men, but we have almost forgotten Bull Run, the early reverses of the army, and those first painful experiences of the stern, awful realities of actual war. We may remember the subsequent calls, when our gallant boys—that was forty years ago—responded, "We are coming, Father Abraham, 300,000 strong," but we have conveniently forgotten the pledges given to induce enlistments and the promises made to the soldiers that we, who remained at home, would support their families while they were absent and tenderly care for them if they became disabled and for their widows and children if

they chanced to fall in battle. Once familiar as household words were Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Antietam, Gettysburg, Fair Oaks, the Wilderness, Richmond, and Petersburg, but the names of these and the other great battlefields of the war have gone off of our flags and so far out of our memories as to leave but a slight recollection of the bloodshed, precious lives lost, and the suffering and distress caused both to the soldiers engaged and their families at home. We all remember Appomatox Court House, but we have almost forgotten whether under that historic apple-tree Grant surrendered to Lee or Lee to Grant, and to which of these great commanders belongs the credit for the extraordinary moderation and magnanimity shown upon that memorable occasion. For four years soldiers and civilians, women and children, sang themselves hoarse in declaring that they would "hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple-tree," but when the final victory was won, and the Confederates at their feet, they forgot all their animosity and in a spirit truly Christian cheerfully acquiesced in the amnesty given Jefferson Davis and his Confederates; and the generous terms of peace granted by General Grant, the liberality of which can only be appreciated when contrasted with those within recent years given by the powers to China, by England to the Boers, and by the United States to the Filipinos. Once we were deeply impressed with the great political and moral issues submitted to and supposed to have been forever settled by the arbitrament of war, but recent legislation in the South, both constitutional and statutory, and the new party platforms of the Lily White Republicans, makes one wonder whether, after all, slavery was really abolished and all men really made free and equal before the law.

It is well, therefore, for the people occasionally to forget all distinctions and differences of party, religion, or nationality, and meet together, as we do to-day, upon a common platform of civic brotherhood and recall the half-forgotten truths of our country's history, revive the generous enthusiasm and lofty patriotism of our soldiers, and refresh our memories with the heroic deeds of the gallant men who cheerfully submitted to what Edward Everett called "the last dread test of patriotism" and laid down their lives for their country, and so in lovingly cherishing their memories learn to imitate their virtues, revive our patriotism, purify and exalt our public life, and prepare ourselves to take up and perpetuate their beneficent work. In such spirit and with such purpose the patriotic people of Middletown have builded and are ready to dedicate a grand monument to the memory of their neighbors who left home

and friends to defend their country in its hour of great need and died martyrs to union and liberty. An English critic said the Americans have resolved to build more monuments which they never commenced, and commenced more monuments which they never finished than any other people in the world." Happily this criticism does not apply to Middletown. To your great honor be it said, Yours is built, finished, and paid for.

For one, I am glad that your monument, beautiful and artistic as it is, was built of Ohio stone and is surmounted with a bronze figure of a private soldier. Bronze is the most durable of metals, as shown in the preservation of some of the oldest monuments in the world. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been contributed by the Government, States, cities, and individuals for equestrian and other monuments of Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, McPherson, Logan, and other distinguished officers of the army; and millions of dollars more have been or are to be expended for grand monuments to Presidents Grant, Garfield, and McKinley. All this is well; but should not some honor be also shown to the rank and file of the army, to the privates who had no officer's rank or pay to induce their enlistment, nothing but love of country and loyalty to the flag, and who, while in the service, always took the place of danger, got little pay and hard usage, and suffered most from hardship and exposure? As to what they did, who is better qualified to tell than General Grant? In his general order, addressed to the soldiers of the armies of the United States, formally announcing the termination of hostilities, he said: "By your patriotic devotion to your country in the hour of danger and your magnificent fighting, bravery, and endurance you have maintained the supremacy of the Union and the constitution and overthrown all armed opposition to the enforcement of the laws and of the proclamation forever abolishing slavery. . . . Your marches, sieges, and battles in distance, duration, resolution, and brilliancy of results dim the luster of the world's past military achievements, and will be the patriots precedent in defense of liberty and right in all time to come."

With such a proud record, who is better entitled to the honor you have so fitly paid them? May we not hope that those who lie buried within the shadow of the monument are conscious of these efforts to do them honor; but, after all, we do not, as Abraham Lincoln said at Gettysburg, "so much honor them as honor ourselves." It does not help them; it will help us; it will help our children, and our grandchildren. It is not needful to them, but it is needful to us and to our posterity.

It was your privilege to have known many, if not all, of the patriotic men, 385 in number, who enlisted in the Civil War from Lemon Township, as also those who were killed or died from wounds received or sickness contracted in the services and are buried in your cemetery. Some of them came from Warren and Montgomery counties, a few of them were schoolmates and others pupils of mine, while a number were friends and acquaintances. Some of them served in the Thirty-fifth Regiment, O. V. I., in which my brother was captain and afterward major. Others served in the Ninety-third Regiment, O. V. I., the colonel of which, at the time of his death, was Hiram Strong, my partner and closest friend. You see I have a personal interest in this monument. Others served in the Twelfth and Sixty-Seventh regiments, and in the Fourth Ohio Cavalry. Some died or were wounded at Chickamauga, others at Mission Ridge or Orchard Knob, and others still at South Mountain, Corinth, Nashville, Murfreesboro, Gallatin, Scary Creek, Key West, or Andersonville. We all knew, admired, and loved General Ferdinand Vandiveer, and many of you knew, admired, and loved Colonel Daniel Bowman, Captain Joseph L. Hitt, Lieutenant L. Lambright, Lieutenant Joel Dearduff, Lieutenant Joseph Brock, Captain Timothy Regan, Captain Frank Helwig, and Captain P. P. Reed; and no less brave and patriotic, and no less worthy of honor, were McLane, Mench, Hannerford, Bailey, Jacoby, Mitchell, Bonnell, Barnet Shafer, and forty or fifty others whom I know but cannot name to you as men as good and true as ever fought under our flag, or any flag in the world.

In Paris gentlemen take off their hats and ladies step aside to give the walk to veterans of the Hotel des Invalides. Germany gives her meritorious soldiers the Iron Cross; France honors hers with a decoration of the Legion of Honor. The United States gives no decoration of iron or silk, but seeks to honor her loyal veterans in a more practical and substantial way. Her badge of distinction is a pension certificate; her legion of honor the veterans of the National Soldiers' Home.

Now it has become the fashion with some of the great newspapers in the East to speak disparagingly of both classes. Pensioners are spoken of as frauds and members of soldiers' homes as loafers. Chance has given me exceptional opportunities to know the soldiers of the Civil War, especially those in the national homes, and therefore I speak of what I know when I say that the charge is wickedly false. I have found them a noble set of men, the equals in every respect of those outside the homes. They are not all saints; no more are their slanderers. Occa-

sionally a poor fellow suffering from a wound or sickness shows weakness and yields to temptation; but are the outsiders, who are so ready to throw stones without sin themselves? But if "charity covereth a multitude of sins," shall not patriotism cover human frailty and blot out from remembrance the little faults of their lifetime, and from which the best of us are not wholly free, and leave us only the grateful recollection of the one great fact that they suffered that others might enjoy and bled that their country might live?

Now, it is quite possible that a few soldiers get pensions who under a strict construction of the law are not entitled to them. They were obtained for them, in most cases, by special acts of Congress, and given them by their political friends as a reward for party work; but for every one such there are a hundred who are justly entitled to pensions who have been refused upon technical grounds. The United States has been liberal in granting pensions, more liberal than any European nation. Last year our pension list amounted to \$138,531,483.84. Since the Civil War the total amount paid in pensions is over \$2,700,000,000. The sum is almost above comprehension, but it is an unavoidable incident of war. Besides, it is only what we promised. It is only paying an honest debt. And there are some debts we honestly owe that have not been paid. We promised bounties, and made their full and prompt payment a part of the contract under which our soldiers enlisted. We paid many, but not all; several thousand remain, in whole or in part, unpaid. These, our creditors, ask no gratuity, no charity, but simply that they be paid what is honestly due them; but the government has paid millions already, and is not that enough? Not enough if one soldier remains unpaid; not enough if one obligation remains unperformed.

Abraham Lincoln said there was one debt the government had not paid and could never fully pay, the debt it owes its soldiers. I assume that he did not confine his statement to money debts, but included moral obligations and debts of honor.

We got the beautiful custom of decorating soldiers' graves on the 30th of May from ancient Greece, but even then it was not regarded as an empty ceremony. Said one of her great men: "We can most effectually honor the dead by giving help and hearty brotherly sympathy to their surviving comrades." Said another: "We shall best honor the dead by befriending the living. We must assist and defend their widows, protect and honor their parents, embrace and cherish their orphans."

These truths were taught three hundred years before the birth of

Christ; and, as we are about to dedicate a monument to the soldier dead, let us ask each other, Have we, who have been enlightened with His teaching and example, recognized these obligations, performed these duties? Have we given help and brotherly sympathy to the surviving comrades of these fallen heroes? Have we honored the dead by befriending the living? Have we assisted and befriended their widows, protected and honored their parents, cherished and cared for their orphans?

These are pertinent questions. We cannot, dare not, at such a time as this evade them. Let us meet them fairly and answer them honestly.

But while honoring our own dead we would not crush a single flower that grows upon the graves of the Confederate dead. We are not here to gloat over victories so dearly won or to rekindle the angry passions of that terrible conflict. God forbid. We recognize the fact that our Southern brethren were honest and brave, as honest and brave as we were ourselves. They were misguided, mistaken. They know it now. What a pity they did not know it before the war! But we cherish no ill will, encourage no sectional animosity; while we cannot forget, we freely forgive and are ready to meet our late enemies as friends and give them kindness and brotherly love. Are we not Americans, one and all? And may we not unite in rejoicing that out of the late war with Spain there came the final obliteration of the few remaining vestiges of the old sectional animosity between the North and the South and the complete unification of the national spirit.

But do I hear some one ask, What is the use of spending so much money for a monument? Why not give it to the poor? The same objection seems to have been made when they built the Bunker Hill Monument. In his great speech at Faneuil Hall, Edward Everett said: "I am asked what good will the monument do? And I answer, What good does anything do? . . . I say that generous and patriotic sentiments, which prepare us to serve our country, to live for our country, to die for our country, feelings like those which carried Prescott and Warren and Putnam to the battle-field, are good, humanly speaking, of the highest order. It is good to have them, good to encourage them, good to honor them, good to commemorate them, and whatever tends to animate and strengthen such feelings does as much good, as much right down practical good, as digging canals or building railroads."

And when the Bunker Hill Monument was completed, Daniel Webster, in his great oration, thus eloquently declared its use:

"At the rising of the sun and at the setting of the sun, in the blaze

of noonday and beneath the milder effulgence of lunar light, it looks, it speaks, it acts, to the full comprehension of every American mind and the awakening of glowing enthusiasm in every American heart. . . . To-day it speaks to us. Its future authorities will be the successive generations of men as they rise up before it and gather around it. Its speech will be of patriotism and courage, of civil and religious liberty, of free government, of the moral improvement and elevation of mankind, and of the immortal memory of those who, with heroic devotion, have sacrificed their lives for their country."

But the objection is older than Bunker Hill Monument. When the grateful woman of Bethany, whose brother had been raised from the dead, came to Jesus with an alabaster box and poured the precious ointment upon his head, it was asked, "To what purpose is this waste, for this ointment might have been sold for much and given to the poor." The sacred writer tells us that "when Jesus understood it, he said unto them, Why trouble ye the woman, for she hath wrought a good work upon us?" and then, seemingly to emphasize the rebuke, he added, "Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her." And who was the objector? Who so careful lest the money be wasted? Who so anxious for the poor? It was Judas Iscariot. He was the treasurer of the disciples and wanted to handle and probably keep the money himself.

As it was then so it is now. It is not the liberal, the generous, the patriotic who object, but the selfish, the mean, the avaricious, who, like Judas, seek to excuse themselves by asking, "What 's the use? Why not give to the poor?" and hope under such thin disguise to hide their indisposition to give at all. The noble, broad-minded men who projected this grand monument, and the hundreds of patriotic men and women who helped to carry it to its completion, have made no such objection, nor did the simple-minded, kind-hearted children who gave their nickles and pennies to the same beneficent purpose, and yet they gave more according to their means than the richest man or woman in Butler County. To the honor and credit of your flourishing city, be it said, no objection was made, paid cheerfully, but none more cheerfully than Paul J. Sorg. He was one of the first to suggest such a monument, and although one of the largest tax-payers in the county, one of the most ardent and influential supporters of the scheme of taxation. But he was not content with the simple performance of his public duty; he volunteered to add, at his

own expense, a bronze figure of a private soldiers, which should be original in design and of the best material and workmanship. His untimely death prevented its consummation; but the family did not stop to quibble over the validity of such a promise; they were only too glad to carry out his wishes and make good his promise and at the same time show their own appreciation of this patriotic movement and this splendid beginning in artistic municipal improvement.

I need not in this presence try to tell who and what Paul J. Sorg was. You have been his neighbors and friends for ten, twenty, thirty, and some of you for forty or more years. You knew him in youth, in early manhood, in advanced age. You knew him as a poor mechanic, a struggling manufacturer, a successful banker, a millionaire, but always the same plain, modest, unassuming gentleman. You saw him in his everyday life and work; you knew him as people cannot know each other in a larger city. His life was an open book, known and read by you all. You differed in politics, in religion, in matters of local concern; you sometimes competed in business and, possibly, there were conflicts and irritations, but I am glad to find that, notwithstanding, you are in substantial agreement in estimating his character, in lamenting his death, and in doing honor to his memory. While you may differ as to minor details, you are united in pronouncing him an honorable gentleman, a fair-minded business man, a faithful husband, a kind father, a good neighbor, a useful, public-spirited citizen; and you agree in bearing testimony to the fact that he was a square man in business, true to his word, honest in all his dealings, generous to his associates, fair to his competitors, magnanimous to his enemies.

I knew him well myself. We chanced to have cottages at the same place and to live for a couple of months each summer for ten years within a stone's throw of each other. Seeing him every day, I had unusual opportunities to know him, and to appreciate him, not only for the high qualities already named, but also for his genial nature, kindly disposition, broad-mindedness, large-heartedness.

He was not a soldier, but none the less a patriot. In those times that tried men's souls it often required more moral courage to stay at home than to go into the army. It was not necessary or desirable that everybody should go. Men were needed to till the soil, run the shops, and do the business. The government required food, clothing, medicine, arms and ammunition, and the money to pay for them. Thousands of women and children were left without means, and the stay-at-homes, often

spoken of in derision, had to support them and also to pay for nurses, surgical and medical appliances sent to army hospitals. Horace Greeley estimated that the free-will offerings of the loyal people, largely contributed to and used by the sanitary and Christian commissions during the Civil War, amounted to five hundred million dollars.

Mr. Sorg's education and business life did not fit him for public speaking or congressional work; and yet while he talked less he did more useful work for his constituents than most of his illustrious predecessors or successors. Having the largest constituency of disabled soldiers in the country, he was called upon to do an amount of detail work at the departments of which few people have any conception. He gave their innumerable requests and wants careful attention, and, with the aid of his intelligent and efficient secretary, James M. Cox, was successful in doing them much good and so earning their lasting gratitude and friendship.

One act of his congressional career should commend itself to the people of Middletown—his success in getting from the War Department the cannon which so fitly adorns the soldiers' monument. As one generous deed easily leads to another, this act doubtless led up to the offer of the bronze statue. They will be monuments to him as well as to the soldiers buried by his side.

With a restored Union and an assured peace came new stimulus to business, a wonderful advance in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, marvelous growth, unexampled prosperity. Andrew Carnegie says the United States has grown to be the richest nation in the world; but with riches, as he has found out for himself, come new responsibilities, new dangers. As I said in a recent address at Miami University, forty years' progress has brought us a higher and better civilization. We have now, thank God, no slavery, less intemperance, less party animosity, less sectarian prejudice and jealousy, and a more practical recognition of the brotherhood of man. Taken as a whole, society has grown better, more hopeful, more Christian; and yet with it all how much discontent, how much unhappiness, how much real misery! What sad stories of foolish extravagance and luxury on the one side and of destitution and suffering on the other! What fearful contrasts between fabulous wealth and abject poverty! What dangerous conflicts between capital and labor, between overgrown trusts and a long-suffering people! What distress among the poor this winter because of the insolence, stubbornness, and unjust treatment of coal operators; what constant complaints of individual wrong and corporate injustice; what persistent charges of mis-

government, bribery, and corruption; what distrust because of socialism, communism, and anarchism; what new dangers from threatened infringements of the Monroe doctrine and from seeming departure from the faith and policy of Washington and the fathers of the Republic; what apprehension because of persistent schemes of territorial extension leading to European complications; what honest fears on the part of the wisest and best for the safety and the perpetuity of our free institutions!

Now I ask you as serious-minded men and women, Is there ground for these fears, reason for this alarm? Are the evils real, the danger imminent. President Roosevelt seems to think them "real and menacing." If so, can the evils be cured, the danger averted? Who is wise enough to say? While we may not here and now solve the problem, we may help toward its final solution by giving it serious and careful consideration. And the time is appropriate. Freshly reminded of the valorous deeds and tried patriotism of the heroic dead, and grateful for the goodly heritage of a restored union and established peace, let us in this solemn presence resolve that their blood shall not have been shed in vain, but the nation as our fathers established it shall be maintained, that the principles of the Declaration of Independence, for which Jefferson and his associates pledged their lives, fortunes, and sacred honor, shall be perpetuated, that the solemn warnings of Washington in his farewell address shall not be forgotten, that the constitution and the laws made in pursuance thereof shall be respected and enforced as the supreme law of the land, and that freedom, not in name merely, but in its very essence, not for a favored few, but for all, whatever their color, politics, religion, or nationality, shall be established, extended, and perpetuated; and as the great lesson of the day, the supreme duty of the hour, let us one and all carry home with us the solemn, eloquent words, which it was my very great privilege to hear, of Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg. Referring to the contest then pending, he said:

"We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. . . . But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. . . . It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great work remaining before us, that from these honored

dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

After the conclusion of the services at the opera house the multitude that participated therein formed in line and proceeded to the cemetery, where the final exercises took place. In the line of march the following order was maintained, with Mr. C. B. Palmer as grand marshal:

Band.
Company L.
Grand Army.
Orators of the Day, Reception and Monument Committees, and Guard
from Soldiers' Home.
Public and Parochial Schools.
Citizens.

Miss Ada Sorg, the daughter of the donor of the statue, then unveiled the monument amid the applause of an enthusiastic audience.