

**MEMORIAL ADDRESSES ON THE LIFE AND
CHARACTER OF JOHN W. SHACKELFORD, (A
REPRESENTATIVE FROM NORTH
CAROLINA) DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF
REPRESENTATIVES
AND IN THE SENATE, FORTY-SEVENTH
CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION**

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Memorial addresses on the life and character of John W. Shackelford, (a representative from North Carolina) delivered in the House of representatives and in the Senate, Forty-seventh Congress, second session by Various

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ON THE

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OF

JOHN W. SHACKELFORD,

(A REPRESENTATIVE FROM NORTH CAROLINA),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FORTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION.

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1883.

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1883-1884

JOINT RESOLUTION to provide for the publication of the memorial addresses delivered in Congress upon the late John W. Shackelford.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there be printed twelve thousand copies of the memorial addresses delivered in the Senate and House of Representatives upon the life and character of Hon. John W. Shackelford, late a Representative from the State of North Carolina, together with a portrait of the deceased; nine thousand copies thereof for the use of the House of Representatives and three thousand copies for the use of the Senate. And a sum sufficient to defray the expense of preparing and printing the portrait of the deceased for the publication herein provided for is hereby appropriated out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Approved March 2, 1883.



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ADDRESSES
ON THE
DEATH OF JOHN W. SHACKELFORD.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

January 18, 1883.

Mr. VANCE. I rise, Mr. Speaker, to the discharge of a painful duty. With sincere grief I announce that Hon. JOHN W. SHACKELFORD, a Representative from the State of North Carolina, died at his residence in this city to-day, of pneumonia, at forty-five minutes after 11 o'clock. Mr. SHACKELFORD, by reason of sickness, has not been able to occupy his seat in the House during the present session of Congress. He arrived in this city some thirteen days ago, since which time he has been growing worse until to-day, when he died.

On a future occasion the House will be asked to pause in its regular business to pay honor to the memory of a worthy and noble man.

I move the adoption of the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. JOHN W. SHACKELFORD, late a Representative from the State of North Carolina.

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

Resolved, That as a token of respect for the memory of the deceased the House do now adjourn.

The SPEAKER. Before submitting the question on these resolutions the Chair announces as the committee of escort on the part of

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the House to accompany the remains of the deceased member to the place of burial Mr. Latham of North Carolina, Mr. Hubbs of North Carolina, Mr. Leedom of Ohio, Mr. McKenzie of Kentucky, and Mr. De Motte of Indiana.

The resolutions submitted by Mr. Vance were then adopted unanimously ; and in accordance with the last resolution the House adjourned.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

February 17, 1883.

Mr. VANCE. The hour having arrived fixed by the House as the time for delivering appropriate tributes to the memory of Hon. JOHN W. SHACKELFORD, late a member of this House from the State of North Carolina, I submit the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will read the resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows :

Resolved, That the regular business of the House be suspended that proper honors may be paid to the memory of Hon. JOHN W. SHACKELFORD, late a Representative from North Carolina.

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. SHACKELFORD the country has lost a good man, a patriotic citizen, and a faithful Representative.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect for his memory the House, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, shall adjourn.

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

The SPEAKER. One of the resolutions provides that at the conclusion of these ceremonies the House shall adjourn. The question is upon agreeing to the resolutions just read.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Address of Mr. LATHAM, of North Carolina.

Mr. SPEAKER: The mortality among the members of the Forty-seventh Congress has been frightfully great. Eight times since we were chosen as the Representatives of the people the angel of death has poised its wings over the magnificent dome that crowns this structure. Seven times the grim reaper that garners for eternity has entered this Hall, and at each visit he has left behind him a vacant seat draped in the drear and solemn emblems of grief and mourning. With stern impartiality he has spared no section, no age, no condition. Northern, Southern, and Western firesides have alike been made desolate.

Past services and promises of future usefulness have alike pleaded in vain for a short respite. The statesman grown old and gray in the constant service of his country; the orator whose eloquence has captivated the fancy and enchained the senses; the soldier who, "seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth," has exposed and endangered his life on a hundred battlefields; the suave diplomat who has represented us at foreign courts; the old who have almost lived out in the service of their country the span of life allotted by the Psalmist, and the young who have just entered upon the political arena with burnished armor and sharpened spear, whose agile footsteps have but mounted the hill of life, and whose eagle eyes see spread out before them a bright and glorious future, rich in promise, have alike bowed to the inexorable decree and learned that universal truth that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave." They have passed to their last silent resting-places in mother earth, and the grief that filled their far distant homes in every quarter of this Union has found its fitting echo within these marble walls. "Man goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets."

Amid this great mortality the State that I have the honor in part to represent has not escaped. She, too, is called upon to place

flowers upon the tomb of one of her favorite sons, a son that in prosperity and adversity, in peace and in war, in public and in private life, never for one single moment deviated from the straight line of duty or faltered in the discharge of a single obligation. Bending to-day in mute sorrow above the mound that marks his last resting-place, she points with pride to the history of his life and bids us emulate it.

JOHN WILLIAMS SHACKELFORD, representing in the present Congress the third district of North Carolina, died in the city of Washington on the 18th day of January last at mid-day. He was comparatively a young man. He would have reached his thirtieth birthday on the 16th of November next, had he been spared so long. Immediately before the reassembling of Congress after the Christmas holidays he started, accompanied by his devoted wife, from his home to the national capital. He was then suffering acutely from a complication of diseases. The journey did not improve him and he reached his destination in a condition that absolutely prevented his attending to his public duties. He was unable to be in his seat at any time afterward. He grew weaker day by day.

The best medical talent in Washington was employed, and his family physician, then and now a distinguished member of the legislature of his native State, was summoned to his bedside. His loving and devoted wife outwatched the hours as she kept her tireless vigil by his couch. But medical science and the care of friends were alike in vain. His constitution gradually succumbed, and after an illness of two weeks he passed beyond the ken of human vision to that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns." How long he stood upon the shore of that boundless sea that marks the division between this and another life, listening to the billows of eternity as they broke ceaselessly at his feet, no man can tell. But this I know—for I stood by his bedside at that supreme and solemn hour when his spirit was pluming its wings for its flight into eternal space—no misgivings haunted him, no terrors shook his constant soul. Calmly, peaceably, quietly, like a child lulled to sleep on its mother's breast, he breathed his last. "Sus-

tained and soothed by an unfaltering trust" he passed to his eternal rest—

Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

As his sorrowing colleagues and those appointed to attend his remains stood around his bier, I am sure there was not one but marked the air of calm repose and peace his features had assumed, unmarked by a single sign of disease, or doubt, or dread, or fear.

Mr. SHACKELFORD was the only child of Dr. John Shackelford by his first wife. When he was but a few months old he suffered that greatest of all misfortunes—the loss of his mother. He was raised and educated by his maternal grandfather, Williams Humphreys, from whom he took in part his name.

When the bugle-blast of war sounded its call to arms, when its echo reverberated from every hill-top and filled every valley, when our citizen-soldiery from the Potomac to the Gulf rallied to the standard of the Confederacy and rushed to that conflict which was destined to fill so many untimely graves, carry desolation and mourning to so many homes, and cost so many millions of treasure, Mr. SHACKELFORD was a mere youth of sixteen. With that devotion to what he conceived to be his duty, with that constancy that was one of his marked characteristics, with that intrepidity that was inborn, he shouldered his musket, joined the ranks of his countrymen, and marched to the front.

From the hour that the first shot was fired at Charleston and the iron messenger of war and death went speeding its fateful way across the broad expanse of waters, crashing against the granite wall of Sumter, to the day when the Southern cross faded before the tear-dimmed eyes of its faithful followers at Appomattox, his life was passed on the "tented field," "amid the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." When the struggle was over, when the arbitrament of the sword had been declared, when the soldiers of either army who had survived that terrible conflict were returning to their homes, Mr. SHACKELFORD had not attained his majority.

More than four years, the best years of a man's life, the years that ought to have been spent within the walls of a school-house