

SORROWING FRIENDS PAY THEIR LAST TRIBUTE TO GENERAL J. S. CASEMENT

His Casket Draped in the Flag He Loved Old Soldier Goes
to His Last Resting Place—Judge J. B. Burrows

Delivers Address Heeding a Request

Friday

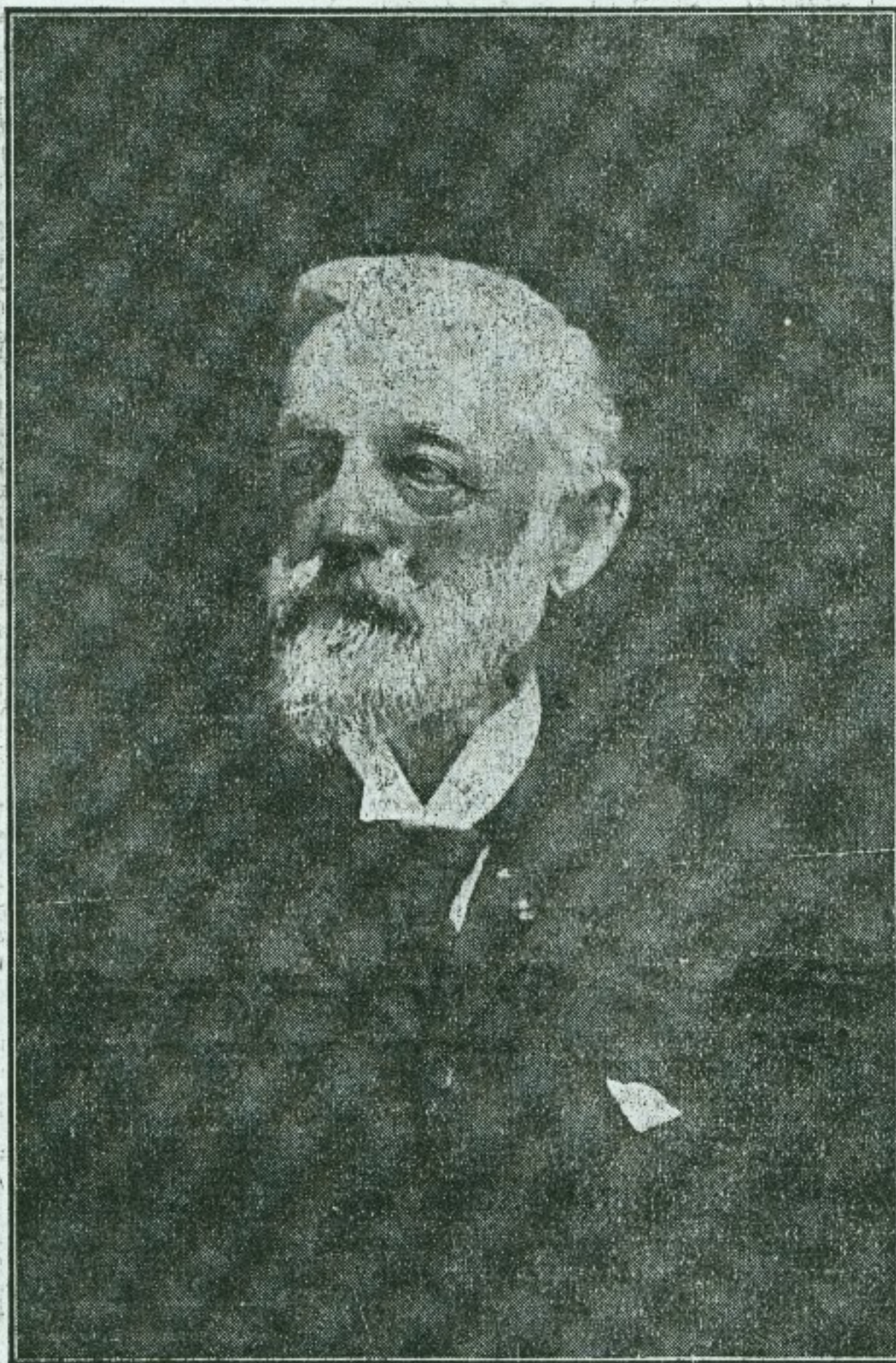
Made Months Ago.

(B-C266)

Dec 17th 1909

The spacious rooms and halls of the Casement residence at Jennings Place were filled to overflowing, Friday afternoon, with the many relatives, friends and former comrades of General Casement, who gathered to look their last upon the face of the loved one and, by their presence, to testify to their regret and sorrow

contracts involving millions of dollars in building bridges, tunnels, street railways and especially steam railroads which in the aggregate would span half the continent, and then, when past the age at which most men retire from active, responsible work, taking and completing a job of building a railroad in Costa



GEN. JOHN S. CASEMENT.

SORROWING FRIENDS PAY THEIR LAST TRIBUTE TO GENERAL J. S. CASEMENT

His Casket Draped in the Flag He Loved Old Soldier Goes
to His Last Resting Place—Judge J. B. Burrows

Delivers Address Heeding a Request

Made Months Ago.

Friday

Dec 17/1909

(B-C 266j)

The spacious rooms and halls of the Casement residence at Jennings Place were filled to overflowing, Friday afternoon, with the many relatives, friends and former comrades of General Casement, who gathered to look their last upon the face of the loved one and, by their presence, to testify to their regret and sorrow

contracts involving millions of dollars in building bridges, tunnels, street railways and especially steam railroads which in the aggregate would span half the continent, and then, when past the age at which most men retire from active, responsible work, taking and completing a job of building a railroad in Costa

n his death and the honored remembrance in which he ever will be held.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Robert J. Freeborn, rector of St. James Episcopal church and the music was by the Pratt-Smith quartet. The quartet sang "Nearer My God to Thee" after which Rev. Mr. Freeborn with most impressive manner read the solemn funeral service of the Episcopal ritual.

"Lead Kindly Light" was beautifully sung, and Judge J. B. Burrows, who has been a close friend of General Casement for many years, then spoke with great feeling of the life and character of his departed friend. The funeral address was made in fulfillment of a promise made several months previous when General Casement, perhaps feeling that he might not survive the winter, requested Judge Burrows to speak a few words at his funeral if the judge should survive him.

Judge Burrows' Address.

Judge Burrows' address was as follows:

In the death of General Casement we have lost our most conspicuous citizen. Probably more people in the United States knew him or knew of him than know that there is such a town as Painesville on the map, and what is more important all who knew him or knew of him rated him as a first-class man. He was a born leader of men who never assumed to be superior to the least among them, and whose masterfulness was shown by doing things, while others were busy considering when and how such things should be done.

He had a long, arduous, somewhat checkered, but on the whole successful business career. A man's burden was put upon his shoulders while a mere boy, and he carried it without a whimper till the last day of his mortal life.

If panoramic views could be unrolled of his career from boyhood until the frosts of eighty winters had left their tracery upon his head, what an interesting and instructive series of pictures would be disclosed!

How our wonder and admiration would grow as we saw the boy, without other equipment for the battle of life than a sturdy, resolute manhood, seeking work in this and the other subordinate employment and making good all the time, until he assumed and successfully executed

Rica costing other millions.

Other pictures of this panorama would show him in a score of battles in defense of his government and always in the thick of the fray. In an address made in Painesville on July 4th, 1880, General Cox, who was not given to flattery, speaking in commendation of the 7th Regiment of Ohio Infantry, said that General Casement was more than a half of that regiment. A faithful picture of the affair at Cross Lanes would show this statement to be no oratorical exaggeration.

In the three months' service General Casement was major of the 7th Ohio. When it was surprised by an overwhelming force of the enemy at Cross Lanes the commanding officer and other officers sought immediate safety in flight, while the major regardless of personal peril rallied the scattering and demoralized soldiers and, putting up a bold bluff, succeeded in getting half or nearly half of the regiment up the side of the adjacent mountain and, after a journey of three or four days in the mountains, reported to General Cox at Charleston with the 400 men, whom the commanding officer had already reported as having been captured.

In this instance at least, General Casement in the execution of this daring maneuver, was worth a whole regiment of fleeing officers.

At the battle of Franklin he not only held his own brigade in line, but aided in holding the men of another brigade up to the line of frightful carnage. Like the fancied blast upon the bugle horn of Roderick Dhu, his rallying cry in battle, "Come on boys, we can lick 'em to a standstill," "was worth a thousand men."

But not wholly or mainly by his pre-eminence as a man of affairs or as a gallant soldier has he so endeared himself to the people of this city and county that his name is honored in every household, and his departure universally deplored as a personal bereavement. It is the loss of the hearty greeting, the wholesome counsel, the kind words and helping hand of such a friend that causes the general regret and sorrow.

Making no pretence to lofty motives, no one could come nearer to living up to the noble maxim of having "charity for all and malice

(Continued on page 5.)

3

8. Casement case
acc. no. 308

SORROWING FRIENDS PAY THEIR LAST TRIBUTE TO GEN. CASEMENT

(2665)

(Continued from Page 2)

toward none." While he condemned wrong-doing fearlessly, and sometimes in lurid terms, he always had some excuse to offer for the wrong-doer. The only explanation of this seeming inconsistency is found in the fact of his abounding love for his fellow men.

His special mission seemed to be to put forth his best efforts to accumulate and then to scatter his accumulations with both hands. To tender assistance to those needing help, or seeming to need it, was his delight. He gave and served for the pleasure of giving and serving, with little discrimination or care as to the worthiness of the objects of his bounty. It was enough for him to learn that help was needed. He lived up to the precept that the greatest should be the servant of all. Nor was he content to square his conduct with even-handed justice or even with the golden rule, but habitually did for others more than he desired, or would allow, others to do for him.

And we must not forget that these habitual acts of kindness and generosity were done without ostentation and, as far as possible, without publicity.

It is not necessary in this presence to speak of his social qualities; his hospitality, cleverness and geniality. His wide experience and keen insight made him a most delightful comrade. He had a seemingly inexhaustible supply of pertinent anecdotes and illustrative stories at his command with which he often enforced his views and embellished his conversation. And when in a reminiscent mood to listen to his recital of incidents of his career, given in his forceful manner and trenchant and often somewhat picturesque language, was a rare treat. When urged, as he often was, to give out the story of his life for publication, he disclaimed having done anything particularly meritorious, saying that more credit was due to others than to himself for the success of his enterprises, and he always declared with emphasis that he had done nothing at all that could not have been done as well or better by any ordinary man under the same circumstances. In this we all know he was mistaken.

It is said in song that opportunity knocks once at every man's door, and that unless the knock is then heeded it is never repeated. When opportunity knocked at the door of General Casement, it always found him awake, ready to welcome it on the threshold, and ready to grapple any task however herculean.

We may expect some detailed account of his achievements in the forthcoming history of the Western Reserve; for no history of his time can claim title to completeness that omits his name.

Some years since in one of our many conferences as to the things of this life and the anticipated life beyond this life, the general asked me to make a few truthful remarks at his burial, if I should chance to survive him. This I promised, and am here to undertake today, under permission of those who were to him the nearest and dearest. The reason assigned by him for this request was, that I, who knew him, would speak of him as a common man who had done the work he found to do fairly well.

I have endeavored to respect his wishes in this respect but must nevertheless declare in all sincerity, that measured by any standard of greatness known among men, he cannot with truthfulness be classed with those who have done only fairly well.

If we judge him by the things accomplished he was an extraordinary man; if by the consensus of opinion among his contemporaries, he takes high rank. But if we judge him by the standard suggested by an eminent philosopher, that the greatness of a man is measured by the extent of his unselfish interest in and sympathy with his fellows, surely our friend may be easily classed among the great; for he could not enjoy or endure the comforts of his own fire-side so long as he knew a neighbor was in need of a helping hand. And his neighborhood was as wide as his knowledge of the unfortunate.

And, after all, my friends, is not this the final test of nobility? The world may applaud the names of those who, moved by inordinate ambition, have reached the summit of earthly power, but it ever has reserved its supreme affection for the self-forgetting souls whose ambition has been to lighten the burdens that oppressed those unable to bear them.

Although not large of stature, in physical strength and power of endurance he was a giant. With abounding health and vigor he met

the duties of life cheerfully and joyously. Under all circumstances he was the same forceful, genial, generous gentleman. Neither honors nor affluence made any whit of change in his feelings or conduct. He stood in awe of no mortal man and had a continuous and wholesome contempt for all sham, hypocrisy and false pretense.

No considerable abatement of his vigor was noticeable till he was injured in the California earthquake. There had been only the unsteady hand, the forgetfulness of names, the duller hearing and dimmer vision that usually come upon all approaching the four score milestone. He retained, however, his customary interest in current events and his marvelous power to get at the root and marrow of things down to a few hours before his demise. This inevitable event he at times contemplated, but without a shadow of a quiver of the lip or tremor of the heart. He dreaded rather the prolongation of his life and a possible condition of helplessness, although he was well aware that there were those to whom his care in such condition would be a pleasure rather than a duty.

His work was done. An added ten or twenty years might have been for him a misfortune and not a blessing. I am thinking that no friend of his would wish to have had his life extended until the grasshopper should become a burden.

The message announcing his death came as a shock to me, as I had not known that he was seriously ill. My next feeling was that of self-pity for the loss of his companionship. And then this verse which I had learned as a schoolboy came ringing in my ears:

"And I am glad that he has lived
thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his
reward;
Nor deem that kindly nature did him
wrong

Gently to disengage the vital cord,
For when his hand grew palsied, and
his eye
Dim, with the mist of age, it was his
time to die.

He has gone from among us. His
lips are dumb and his generous hand
is nerveless and cold.

What is this wondrous change
which we call death? Is it the gate-
way to a fuller and nobler life, or
is it the last scene in a drama end-
ing in darkness and silence?

Our heroic brother believed that
this life was but an opening chap-
ter in the great book of endless life,
and he sometimes fancied that he

4
caught a glimmer of light coming
across the border line between this
world and the next. In that com-
forting faith he lived and died.

He has now, we trust, found this
faith verified in a joyous greeting
and welcome to that better land; but
if this faith turns out to be only a
delusive dream, he will sleep in the
bosom of Mother Earth with the en-
tire race of mankind, and under the
loving guardianship of that Omnipot-
ent Power that we must believe
doeth all things well.

It is a vain thing for us in our ig-
norance to attempt to solve the mys-
tery of life and death. It is enough
if we prize the great gift of this
present life and try as best we can
to make it useful and worthy of the
Giver.

The highest praise we can bestow
upon our departed friend is to say,
as we most sincerely can, that he
lived a manly, honorable, useful life.
We are all glad to learn that the clos-
ing scene came as serenely and
peacefully as the summer twilight
melts into darkness or the darkness
vanishes at the coming dawn.

"Time laid his hand
Upon his heart, gently, not smiting
it;
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibra-
tions."

At the conclusion of the address
the quartet sang "Abide With Me,"
and Rev. Mr. Freeborn read the clos-
ing prayers. The friends who wish-
ed to do so were then given oppor-
tunity to once more look upon the
kindly features of General Casement,
as his mortal remains lay in the
drawing room surrounded by lovely
and fragrant flowers, the tributes of
loving friends, and with the flag of
his country, for which he fought so
bravely in the days of the Civil War,
draped over the casket.

At the head of the casket rested the
tattered battle flag of the 103rd Ohio
Volunteer Infantry of which regiment
General Casement was colonel. This
flag was presented to the regiment
by the citizens of Cleveland in 1865.
It was brought to this city to pay
its mute tribute to the former com-
manding officer of the 103rd by vet-
erans of the 103rd Regiment associ-
ation, and those veterans, gray with
advancing years and a number of
them bearing the honorable scars of
battle, insisted upon joining the fun-
eral cortege and, bearing the old bat-

the flag, they marched to the cemetery.

The procession to the cemetery was headed by the Citizens' Band, of which organization General Casement was always a friend, and a solemn dirge was played as the cortege wended its way from Jennings Place to Evergreen cemetery where the last words were said and the mortal remains of Painesville's most honored citizen were consigned to their last resting place.

The pall bearers were; Charles A. Otis, Harry R. Edwards, Charles Hitchcock, Lawrence Hitchcock and William Martin of Cleveland; James R. Garfield of Mentor; and George P. Steele and Edward B. George of Painesville.

Among the profusion of floral remembrances should be mentioned a beautiful star, the design of the army corps to which the 7th Ohio Infantry belonged, a tribute from the veterans of the 7th Ohio of which regiment General Casement was a major in the early days of the Civil War. A number of comrades of the 7th Ohio were present, as also was Mrs. Creighton, widow of Colonel Creighton, the commanding officer of the 7th when General Casement was major.

There was also a handsome pillow of roses from the 103rd Regimental association. Many veterans of the 103rd were also present at the funeral, together with the widow and daughters of Newton B. Cotton, late chaplain of this association who passed away during the past year and at whose funeral General Casement read the G. A. R. funeral service and made the funeral address.

There were floral offerings from the association of wives of the veterans of the 103rd; from the sons and daughters of veterans of the 103rd; from Dyer Post, G. A. R.; from Casement Camp, Sons of Veterans; from Eagle commandery; from the faculty and students of Lake Erie college; from the trustees of Lake Erie college; from the hospital trustees; from the Painesville Y. M. C. A. and from the Ladies' society of the Congregational church. The Ohio Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, of which General Casement was a member, sent the flag which draped the casket and a committee from the commandery was present. There was also a beautiful floral tribute from the class of 1909, Lake Erie college of which General Casement was honorary president.

A large number of friends of the general were present from Cleveland and other places; men who have been identified with railroad work and men who were at some time associated with General Casement in railroad work. Peter Shelby of Omaha, Neb., a life-long friend who has for many years been connected with the Union Pacific railroad, was one of the number who came from a distance to attend the funeral, and W. H. Silverthorn came from New York City to be present at the obsequies. The presence of so many friends and business associates was a touching tribute to the high regard universally felt for Painesville's most prominent citizen, for whom all Painesvillians mourn.