

ADDRESS

AT THE

FUNERAL SERVICES

OF

FRANK STEUNENBERG

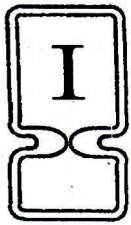
DELIVERED BY

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CALDWELL, IDAHO

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IDAHO consecrates her soil today with all that is mortal of her first martyr. In humiliation and anguish our young State lingers for a time beside his open grave, not alone that honor may be given to the dead, but also that the citizenship and courage of the living may catch the parting inspiration of his steadfast soul. Those who count the cost when duty calls will never know his worth; but those who, in this world of self-interest and expediency, hear, amid it all, duty's commanding voice and hasten at all hazards to obey, will realize that Idaho puts beneath the sod today her most illustrious son.

Frank Steunenberg was of the rarest type of manhood. Open, sincere, modest and unassuming, he was in his purposes and plans as inflexible as honor itself. Rugged in body, resolute in mind, almost massive in the strength of his convictions—he was of the granite hewn. In all my acquaintance I have never known one more unusually gifted in

moral will power. In moments when he seemed to yield he had simply ceased to argue, that all his silent, invincible force might be gathered for the final struggle. By these splendid qualities he endeared himself to his adopted State and spread her fame and standing abroad. There is no place in Idaho today where affection protects the home, where love and thrift shield life and property, but will recount his strong and manly virtues, his fearless and incorruptible manhood, his singularly brave and upright heart.

But there was another side to his nature—the one which makes our grief so unspeakable now. How full and rich, how unselfish and complete his friendship, of which he gave so generously to all! This man of unbending will, of iron determination, was in the quiet of his friends as faithful and considerate as a woman. His countless acts of friendship, his devotion to the richest passion which sheds its perfume in the human heart, are testified to by the grief and tears of those gathered from

every part of the State. His was that gentle affection, that kindness of heart, which like an angel on an errand of mercy touches the suffering soul with the saving balm and is gone—fled before are seen the tears of coming joy, waiting not for reward, lingering not for praise. The world at large, the State, has lost a splendid, manly man, a patriot, a civic soldier without a stain upon his armor. But there are those who feel that they have lost even more, a friend—perhaps never to be replaced.

But in the midst of this awful tragedy let us strive to be just. This crime, when fastened upon its author, will place him or them beyond the pale of human forgiveness or pity. Therefore let us not place it unjustly or upon suspicion. Let us not believe it is the crime of any class or any portion of our citizens, or that it finds sympathy with anyone other than the actual perpetrator. Let us hope that when mystery yields up her secret it will be found that it is some one irresponsible toward all

others, actuated by that strange fanaticism and fiendishness which the lawbreaker bears toward the brave and upright and loyal, who has alone committed the crime. Oh, if men, high and low, rich and poor, would only learn obedience to the law, if they could only measure the worth of this, the rarest jewel in the crown of liberty!

But let it not be forgotten in a day or a year that the demands of the law must be satisfied—violated with impunity never. Wherever the offense is surely located, whomever it may affect and be fastened upon, there will be neither compromise nor cowardice. Idaho will not permit this humiliation to be ameliorated by time nor wiped out by influence. The citizen who from this hour does not become the untiring searcher for the author of this crime carries already in his heart the germs of treason. He is not a part of us—the commonwealth disowns him. Idaho today offers to the nation the inspiring character of her great governor, and from this hour will claim recog-

dition whenever fame gathers to her scroll the names of those who sacrificed all for the civic integrity of our institutions. But in the months or years to come she will also give to her sister States the proof that his example was not in vain—justice will bring to bar the cowardly assassin and Idaho will in part pay to the memory of the dead her immeasurable debt of gratitude. No man wending his way to his home and loved ones, peering through darkness and storm into the lighted windows where cheer and welcome await his coming, will dare to forget that Idaho's standing and manhood's safety are yet in question and will so remain until the law shall have written the merciless sentence for those who bring us to this unspeakable sorrow. Neither suspicion nor rumor nor passion shall have sway, but justice nevertheless will be done. The manhood of Idaho is behind it.

And now to those who would expect a detailed statement of the life and public services of the dead, I must disappoint you. The bur-

public servant can—an unsullied public career—and I doubt not last Saturday night he paid the highest debt one can pay for his country. I candidly believe that had he known years before the debt which would be demanded, still he would have paid; recreancy to duty was a stranger to his nature. Not unmindful at the time, of the awful task before him and the sacrifice possibly entailed, unflinchingly he pursued his high purpose to the end. Rather than see law and order trampled beneath the feet of crime and the name of his State a byword and a jest, he assumed all, and never in his life thereafter wavered. Idaho perhaps has no conception today of what she owes him.

Self-contained, self-poised, silent, forcible, formidable—a figure of the heroic mould—there was in his nature something of that strength and virtue, that plainness and excellence which we associate with those of the olden days. In the work he did, the sacrifice which he made, his unswerving devotion to every trust re-

posed in him by the State, we find the exalted example to which public servants may go in all the future trials of the commonwealth for light and precedent. When time shall have mellowed from the hearts of men the unrequited passions of this hour and the bitterness of the day has wholly departed and the calm judgment of men is taken, still will his character measure to the full stature of the patriot.

I know how inadequately I have spoken, but could the unreplying dead but speak again his modest soul would say, it is enough. At each going of a loved and loving friend the last word must be said. So, fondly trusting that somewhere and in some way we will know our noble friend again—farewell.

