

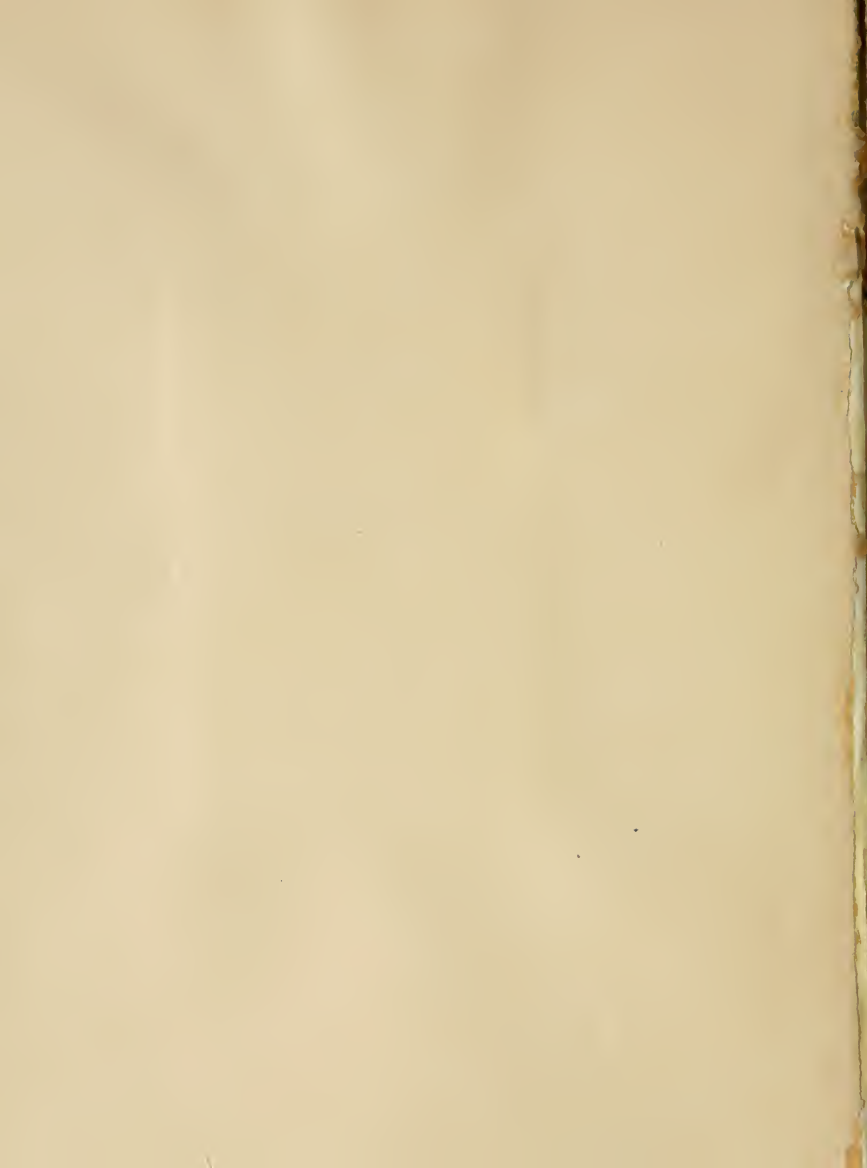
John Roach.



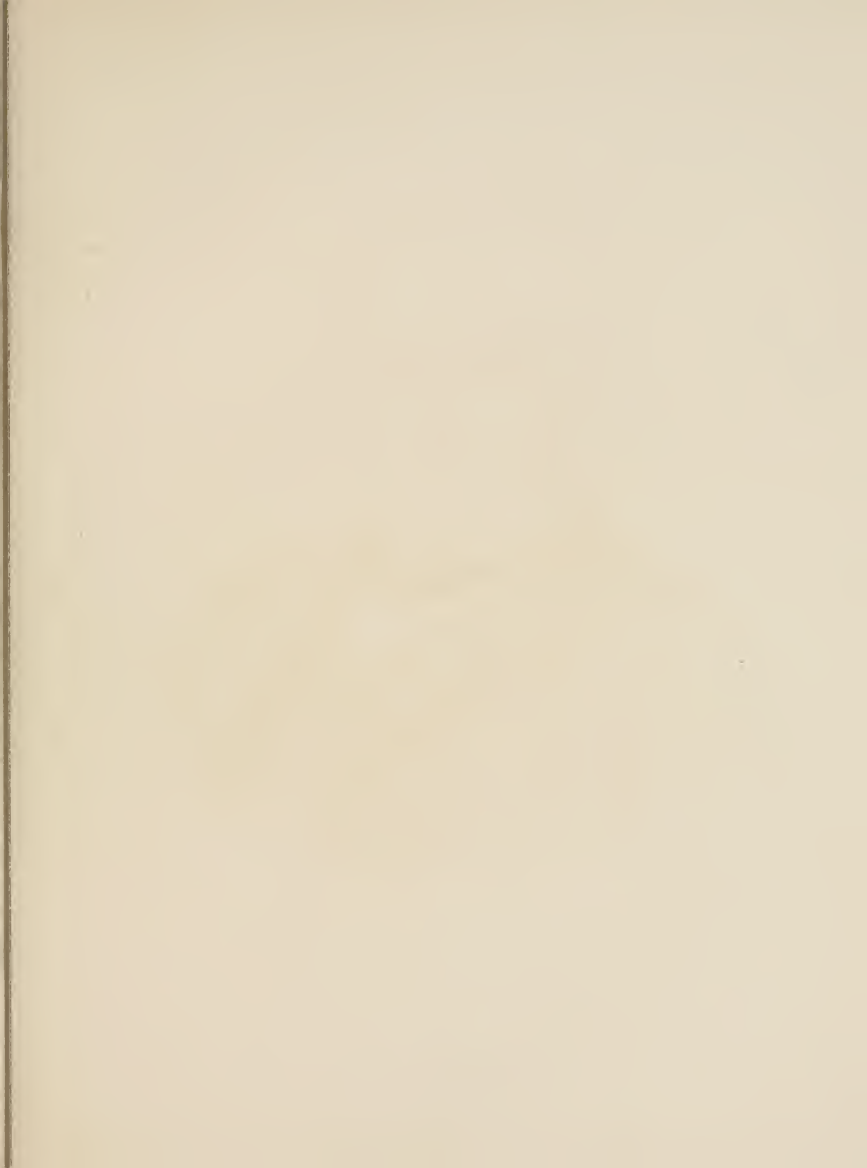


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John Roach

John Roach.

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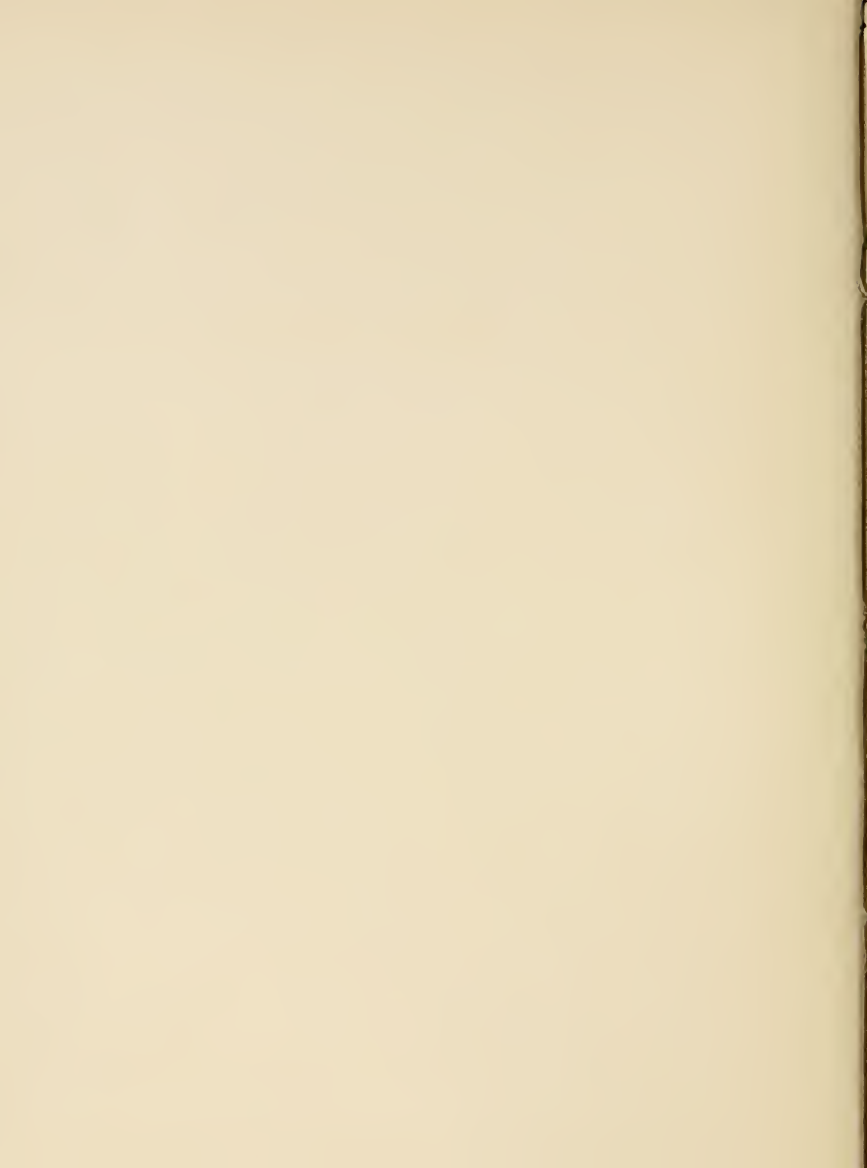
Born December 25, 1813.

Died January 10, 1887.

ATLANTIC PUBLISHING AND ENGRAVING CO.,
NEW YORK.

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THIS MEMORIAL
OF
John Roach,
WHO EARNED THE PROUD TITLE,
THE FATHER OF AMERICAN IRON SHIPBUILDING,
AND WHO BELONGED TO THE
TRUE NOBILITY OF PATRIOTIC MANHOOD,
CONFERRING ENDURING BENEFITS ON HIS
COUNTRY AND HIS FELLOW-MEN,
IS DEDICATED
TO THOSE WHO KNEW AND LOVED HIM BEST,
WHOM HE LOVED MORE THAN LIFE,
HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.



John Roach.

THIS is a memorial, not a biography. A life like his could not be told within the limits of these pages. The richest part of that life—its spirit—can never be told at all; for the spirit of man cannot be prisoned in any province of the pen. The sunny atmosphere he created, the power of his personality, that which we call magnetism—to know these one must have known him.

Here in this tribute of affection I shall set down only so much as seems necessary to preserve in outline the eventful career, and to anticipate and explain the long last days,—the days of pain and waiting and heroism,—followed by that break of day in which he “fell on sleep.” Even this cannot be done without touching on those business troubles which cast the shadow of sorrow over the close of a memorable life. Nothing is written in anger or malice—qualities that were so foreign to the great-hearted man in whose honor I write. But truth cannot be concealed. The policy of the Government—as represented by the Secretary of the Navy, Wm. C. Whitney—in regard to its naval contracts

with Mr. Roach was the cause of his assignment. The assignment broke his heart. Mental distress induced physical prostration. Protracted nervous depression and exhaustion left him an easy prey to cancer. The date of the Dolphin's non-acceptance, and the printing in partisan newspapers of articles inspired and sent from Washington with plain intent to defame his reputation and destroy his credit—this was the beginning of the end for the man who had fought his way from nothing to the eminence of one of the greatest "captains of industry" of this country and century. And those who loved him, who knew his grief and torture, who felt with him the injustice and petty tyranny, who shared his sleepless nights, who heard his own convictions and feelings so often expressed, surely cannot be harshly censured for adopting his view, and holding the Government's representative morally responsible for those sufferings which were ended only by death. But from all this the thought turns with gladness to brighter and better things, of which this life was full.

John Roach was born in Ireland, December 25, 1813, and died in New York, January 10, 1887. Left an orphan at thirteen years of age, at sixteen he came to America to seek his fortune. Beginning without education or friends, by his indomitable will, untiring industry, mental capacity, and upright character he made his way from apprentice to master-mechanic, from master-mechanic to proprietor; and from proprietorship of a small foundry

extended his business until he became owner of the greatest ship-building yards in this country, with a plant in its completeness unequalled in the world. He earned the proud title of "The Father of American Iron Ship-building." His iron steamships were unsurpassed in strength and finish by any built. He rescued the ship-building interests of America from extinction.

In a business record of nearly fifty years he was never compelled to sue a customer, nor was he sued by one. His name for business integrity was spotless. His adopted country was his pride. Patriotism, not profit, made him a builder of ships; because he believed that a suitable merchant marine and navy were essential to the safety and prosperity of the nation. He demonstrated that America could build ships. He advocated the building of a navy. He first pointed out the manner in which a merchant marine could be made auxiliary to the navy, a "militia of the sea"—a defence in war, a promoter of commerce in peace. He opposed free trade and free ships, as hostile to the development of natural resources and fatal to national progress. He urged upon Congress wise plans of commercial extension through increased mail and passenger and freight facilities, and the opening of new markets to our products, especially the South American markets. Dependence upon foreigners as carriers of our commerce or builders of our ships, or in any wise, he believed to be dangerous, unnecessary, un-American.

In all this he manifested the spirit and foresight of a patriot and a statesman. Men everywhere recognized his ability, respected his judgment, and admired his determination. He was publicly honored by the merchants of New York and other cities. He gained high place among public men as a man of keen insight, large grasp of affairs, lofty spirit, and pure purpose. The friendless emigrant boy had made himself one of the most useful and influential and eminent citizens of his adopted land. He had achieved by native merit a rare record and triumph.

It was at the height of such a career that misfortune befell him. Largely through his exposures of our contemptible weakness as a naval power, Congress was impelled to appropriate moneys for the construction of four steel vessels—the beginning of a new navy. Secretary Chandler had plans carefully drawn, and public proposals made for the work. Of the four ship-building firms which entered bids, Mr. Roach's was the lowest bidder in each case, and the lowest by a large total amount. Under the law this gave the contracts to him, and the construction of the vessels was begun at his yards in Chester and New York. The work was wholly under supervision of the Government's officers. The first vessel, the *Dolphin*, smallest of the four, was completed, tried, and accepted by the Naval Advisory Board who designed and supervised her, just as the change in administration occurred. The *Dolphin* was offered to the new Secretary of

the Navy, as accepted in accordance with the law and the contract. But Mr. Whitney refused to receive as satisfactory the report of the duly constituted Naval Advisory Board. He appointed an Examining Board of three persons, only one of whom had any practical knowledge of ship construction ; gave newspaper interviews which showed his political aim to injure Mr. Roach by condemning his work in advance, if possible ; and so threw the question of all the other contracts into uncertainty. The amounts involved were large. Bondsmen held in sums running above two millions of dollars had to be protected. Mr. Roach saw the power of a great Government turned against him. From what was done he had no faith in the integrity of the Secretary. He had no means of redress. A private citizen he could have forced to deal justly with him. Here he was helpless. There seemed to him to be the plainest purpose to ruin him.

Worn in body and mind by the terrible strain to which he was subjected, for weeks he did everything in his power to satisfy the Secretary and save his business. He offered to make any changes desired, regardless of cost, to give the Government the Dolphin or the money paid for her, and thus secure release from the contract, But it was in vain. And as a final blow, when even his own Examining Board could not show just reason for rejecting the Dolphin, the Secretary of the Navy published an opinion from the Attorney-General,

declaring that Mr. Roach had no valid contracts with the Government at all, and was liable for all the moneys already paid on all the vessels.

This new blow of bad faith and bad law together was too much to be endured. The Secretary had threatened to seize not only the partially built ships, but Mr. Roach's shipyards. There was no reason, judging from what he had done, to believe that he would hesitate at any step. Mr. Roach saw his business swept away. But far more than this, to a man of his sensitive nature, was the exposure of his bondsmen and creditors to heavy loss. Had he alone been involved, he would have fought his enemy to the end, ruin or no. But to protect his good name and those who had trusted him, he was forced through this rank wrong to make an assignment. How this political injustice was looked upon by public and business men will appear in the letters of sympathy given later on—the three or four showing the tenor of the many others.

But sympathy could not sustain Mr. Roach in this trial. The fact of assignment was to him in truth a death-stroke. He sank under it. It was an honest and honorable assignment. There was no withholding of property. Everything was given up. Mr. Roach felt that he no longer had even a home which he could call his own. He saw his family involved in his ruin. Worse than all was what to him seemed the stigma upon the credit and name which during half a century he had struggled,

against such difficulties as few men encounter, to build up, and with so signal success. To be thus stricken down in his old age; to see his cherished projects for a merchant marine and navy worthy of so great a nation brought to naught; and to have all this come through no fault of his, but as the result of a petty politician's ambition used in the prostitution of high position and power—surely this was enough to break the heart of such a man.

For many weeks after his tears blotted the assignment paper Mr. Roach was utterly unlike his former self. His days were weariness, the nights sleepless and full of both mental and bodily torture. Disease then fastened itself upon him, and he never recovered from it. The last year and a half of his life witnessed a ceaseless and unequal contest with death. All that family and friends could do was done and keenly appreciated. The satisfaction was given of seeing the schemes of his assailants react upon themselves. The Secretary of the Navy found he had made a political blunder as well as done irreparable injury to a citizen, and would gladly have escaped the consequences of his own cruel and unworthy acts. But nothing could save his victim from the encroachments of the fatal disease developed if not induced by the terrible distress of the period of injustice and torture that culminated in the assignment.

In December, 1885, cancer disclosed itself in the roof of the mouth. An operation for relief, in the hope of eradication, was performed March 10,

1886. The summer of that year he spent at Mount McGregor, where General Grant had died of the same dread disease. Mr. Roach had been benefited by the quiet and the healthful air of the mountain in the summer preceding, and it was hoped that the change might again be beneficial. The cancer had reappeared, however, and the physicians gave no hope of recovery. Medical skill was unavailing, and could only partially alleviate pain.

Returning to New York in September, the closing period of invalidism began. During this he was faithfully attended, as previously, by Dr. E. B. Belden, long his family physician and friend. It is not needful to record here the scenes of suffering, of agony beyond description, and without cessation day or night. Truly did he say, "The world can never know the agonies endured in this room." Unendurable would they have been to the devoted wife and children, but for the service love could render. But beautiful is it to recall, amid such torture, the heroic endurance of the sufferer himself; his submission to the Divine will; his forgiving spirit; his tender appreciation of every loving attention; his sublime facing of death without fear; his consciousness of a lifelong purpose to help his fellow-men and leave the world the better for having lived in it; his simple faith in God his Saviour; his undying affection for his family. These things will not fade from the memory of those who for long and trying months had no thought for other than the dying husband and

father ; no work other than to minister in whatever way was possible to his comfort and cheer.

When the seventy-third birthday came with Christmas of 1886, the end was plainly drawing near. Yet the sufferer did not forget that it was the holiday which had been a peculiarly honored and happy one in the family observance. To each member he gave a parting Christmas gift, and his parting counsel. On the first day of the New Year, 1887, he expressed his desire to receive the communion, which was administered to him, and to his family gathered around his bedside, by Rev. E. McChesney, D.D., pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, of which Mrs. Roach has for many years been a member. This expression of his faith was a comfort to the dying man. Conscious of approaching death, he longed for it as a relief from agony. Prepared for the change, peaceful in the assurance of a blessed immortality, pained only at the separation from loved ones, with fortitude and resignation given of God's grace, he awaited the end.

The end came with the early light of January 10.

It is not easy to tell of that last day—the Sabbath-day. All knew that the light of life was flickering, fast going out. And life so precious ! Children have not known a kinder father, fathers rarely have had more devoted children ; loving husband has not been blessed with truer helpmeet in a wife and mother. His home was his refuge. There was his heart centre. And there he was the

central figure. Everything there revolved around his wishes, was made minister to his comfort. "Father" was the sacred word to wife, to sons and daughters. It was beautiful to see the tender relations existing in this home. But harder hence the moment of their rude severing by a ruthless hand. And that moment was now so near. Only a few more markings on the dial of the clock that had told off for him, the sufferer, so many heavy hours—then rest!

The strong frame had literally worn out. The mind was unnaturally clear. The old thoughtfulness for others was ever manifest. The power of speech was almost gone; the arm had no longer power to write. His last messages, however, had been given. He could do no more, only look for day.

As the evening wore on and the usual hour for retirement came, he noticed the presence of the unusual number of persons in the room, and signified his desire that they should not lose rest, but retire as usual. He could not bear to feel that he was causing anxiety and grief to his loved ones.

I was sitting by his side, in answer to his call. Suddenly drawing me to him, he asked, "How much longer?" "Only a little longer," I replied; "you have been very patient, and the long struggle is almost over; and are you glad?" "Yes, oh yes," he said, and a smile gave pathetic emphasis. His only further expression was one of his entire trust in the Saviour. Then it seemed as though he

had done with earth. Only the spasms of pain recalled him to the fact of life. Dr. J. B. Taylor, for many years a devoted friend, remained with him during the night, and all the family were within a moment's call.

At five o'clock the first great change came. He passed then into unconsciousness and painlessness. Breath remained, but the long struggle was over. And even those most sorely stricken, could not but thank God that the agony was forever past. Gathered about his bedside were the wife, the sons and daughters, the grandchildren, with others, some relatives, all bound by ties of tenderest affection to the departing spirit. Silently we watched, while the gray light of a chill and gloomy morning stole into the chamber of death, and the world without woke to its busy life. The clock was pointing six minutes past eight when the second and last change came, and without moan or gasp the spirit passed, freed from its fleshly prison; the silver cord was snapped; we knelt in presence of the sainted dead! Then prayer—praise for his release, his rest; petition for grace and help for those left to grief—and the long watch of love was done.

My pen lingers in loving memory of the place which for ten years he had given me in his large heart. Honored with his confidence, privileged in intimate relationship, my admiration of his great qualities, my esteem for his character, grew with the years. He was at once the largest-brained, the clearest-headed, and the simplest-hearted man I have known. "High thoughts seated in a heart of

courtesy" were his. Never to me did a harsh word pass his lips. Charity and kindness were native to him, as were wit and eloquence. His thoughtfulness was conspicuous. In all the years I never met him, no matter under what pressure of business or in what scenes of distraction, when he failed to inquire, first of all, after the health of my family and self. This is a trifle, but one of those trifles significant of the entire character of the man. He forgot no interest, however small. He lost no opportunity to put a bit of sunshine into other lives. His hand was always open. His heart was too large, his life too busy, to cherish ill-will. He bound friends to him with cords of steel. His word was as his bond. Even the men who opposed him liked him—they could not withstand his geniality and generosity. Bitterness was not in him. Helpfulness flowed from him. His enthusiasm was irresistible. Young men ever found in him a friend. Quick to detect talent, he was as ready to encourage it and find chance for its development. Hundreds there are who well felt that when he died they lost their best and truest friend. He could say, what few men truly can : "I never lied in my business career ; I never sued or was sued ; I never knowingly injured a rival business ; I never permitted a customer to leave me dissatisfied with my work ; I never committed an act of oppression in my life ; but with a clear conscience I can declare that I have always rendered the best service to God and my fellow-man of which I was capable."

Nor would he speak thus in boasting, but with utmost modesty.

Of his religious nature and views I have elsewhere spoken. Here let me give only his characteristic reply to an eminent minister who visited him at Mount McGregor in 1885, and after expressing sympathy for his misfortunes, asked him if he was a Christian. "Yes, sir," was his answer, "and I always have been, though I don't believe all the preachers tell me." I can imagine the twinkle of his eye at this turn on his friend. He continued, "I think there are two things a man must accept in order to be happy after death. These are the fatherhood of God and the divine mission of Christ. I am not interested in doctrinal discussions. I put my trust in the God whose handiwork these mountains reveal, whose beneficence is shown in the good gifts with which he has stored man's residence, the earth. I am satisfied that if a man accepts Christ as his Saviour and lives a just life, dealing honestly with all men and generously with the unfortunate, he will be blessed after death."

He lived his creed. He blessed his kind. He won toil's triumphs. Great men honor him. His workmen praise him. Widows and orphans bless his memory. The world is bereft when such men die.

" His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest,
 His name a great example stands, to show
 How strangely high endeavors may be blest,
 Where piety and valor jointly go."

One day last spring an incident occurred in Greenwood that tells touchingly how Mr. Roach is known and remembered. In a Greenwood omnibus a party had been taking the regular route through the famed cemetery, the driver pointing out the places of chief interest. Coming at length to Mr. Roach's plot, he said, "There is the grave of John Roach." "And where is his monument?" asked a lady. Looking out the driver saw, lying at anchor in the East River, one of the splendid steamships of the Mallory Line, and instantly replied, "Do you see that steamer, ma'am, with the stars and stripes at the mast? That's his monument!"

Yes, husband, father, friend,—in thy life so lovable and beloved, in thy death so mourned and missed,—thy character and thy works live on, imperishable. Thou art not far from those who love thee. Thou hast lost no interest in thy family circle. In the home on high thou waitest to welcome thine own. Thou canst not return to us, but we shall go to thee. And in that celestial city where thou dwellest they strive not, nor sorrow, nor separate any more. Surely thou wilt bid us Godspeed till we shall meet thee there. Here we shall not see thy like again.

HOWARD B. GROSE.

John Roach.

Great man ! One cast in generous mould,
 Too large for petty things : I hold
 True greatness his—this modest man,
 Who, breaking through the bars of birth,
 By his own sturdy brain and worth
 Wrought out in deeds his patriot plan,
 Till swift his steel-shod sea-steeds ran,
 O'er every ocean bore his fame,
 High enterprise, and honored name !

His the proud part to prove our power
 To win new triumphs ; in peace's hour
 To build a navy for defence,
 And merchant fleet to carry hence
 To every port our wares, and be
 Merchant militia of the sea.

Great mind ! With rare prophetic sight
 He viewed his country's future bright—
 Her power, her perils too, and needs ;
 And this inspired his earnest deeds.
 A patriot passed from earth on high,
 When it was his, worn out, to die.

Great heart ! Alive to every woe ;
Friend to all men, he knew no foe ;
Too noble e'er to harbor wrong,
His grace to suffer and be strong ;
Upright in dealing as in thought,
His life with charity was fraught,
He lived the truth the Saviour taught.

So won he honestly his place
With those who benefit their race,
Who build what Time can not efface.
The ships he launched, the help he lent,
The life in useful service spent,
These rise, his chiefest monument !

HOWARD B. GROSE.

The Funeral Services.

Two services were held—one private, at the family residence at Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street; the other public, in St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street. The services were in charge of Rev. E. McChesney, D.D., pastor of the church, and Rev. Howard B. Grose, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Poughkeepsie. Bishop William F. Harris, of New York, was invited to deliver one of the addresses, and did so.

The service at the house was on Wednesday evening, and was restricted to the family and relatives, and a few intimate friends. Dr. McChesney read comforting passages of Scripture and offered prayer; and Rev. Mr. Grose spoke to the family of their loved one departed, as long intimacy enabled him to do, drawing lessons of inspiration and consolation from the beautiful life that had shone at its brightest in the sanctuary of the home, and that had so long been spared to bless them. It was a solemn and sacred hour.

The public service was held at eleven o'clock on Thursday morning, January 13th. It testified in the most impressive way to the affection and esteem in which he was held. The following extracts from

the New York press reports give some idea of the memorable scene. It is not known that any private citizen, holding no public station and having no claim save his worth and work, ever before received in New York such recognition.

The *World* says: The throng which gathered at the funeral of the great ship-builder was of a character seldom seen at the obsequies of any man. Two thousand people filled the church and several hundred stood reverently outside during the funeral services. In the body of the church were seated many men of advanced years, personal friends of John Roach, who had known him through the period of his struggles and triumphs and heart-breaking and death. The galleries were filled with employés from the Morgan Iron Works and from Chester. Scattered through the congregation were men of prominence in public life, and many ladies.

The *Times* says: There was a remarkable assembly of people within the walls of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church yesterday during the funeral services over John Roach. It included men of substantial wealth and social prominence, and hard-handed and begrimed workmen; women in silks, and those whose station could afford only alpaca. These social extremes met, and for hours remained under the same roof; evinced like interest in the solemn services, and were equally reverent and sorrowful. When the black hearse drove to the front entrance at eleven o'clock the throng on the walk outside uncovered. Enough men stood there

to fill half the pews in the church. The appearance of some denoted wealth, but the majority were fresh from the foundry. There was an intermingling of women like that within, sharers of a common grief. No one could doubt that it was the funeral of a man who inspired real affection, which had long outlasted his active connection with affairs.

Bishop Harris, the Rev. Dr. E. McChesney, pastor of the church, and Rev. H. B. Grose of Poughkeepsie, led the procession into the church, the pastor reciting "I am the resurrection and the life." The pall-bearers followed: George W. Quintard, George E. Weed, C. H. Mallory, James E. Ward, C. H. Delamater, Andrew Fletcher, William Rowland, and William Parker of Chester, Pa. The coffin-bearers laid their burden among flowers. At the back, immediately below the pulpit desk, stood the steamer *City of Pekin* in flowers, with outspread sails and graceful prow. The yards were trimmed with immortelles; ivy and smilax climbed over the deck and buried the keel in a rich green bed, and white roses and chrysanthemums shone in almost solid surface against the hull and masts. The ship was nearly as long as the coffin, and was almost as high as the preacher's desk. Near by stood an open sheaf, beautifully edged with white flowers. A cross of lilies, roses, and immortelles, into which smilax was woven, completed this striking group of floral pieces. The ship was the tribute of the men employed at the Morgan Iron Works;

the sheaf came from William Rowland and George E. Weed; the cross from the Chalmers Spence Company. These pieces were flanked both on the pulpit and chancel sides with crosses, pillows, wreaths, and other designs. A bound sheaf and two wreaths rested on the coffin.

The *Tribune* says: The galleries were filled with large delegations of employ es, 400 from the Morgan Iron Works, sixty-six from the great yards at Chester, Pa., and others from the Delamater Iron Works and the Navy Yard. In the body of the church sat groups from the American Yacht Club, from the Society of Architectural Iron Manufacturers, and many members of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, the Maritime Exchange, and the Chamber of Commerce. In one of the front pews were ex-Secretary of the Navy Wm. E. Chandler, Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, and Controller Loew. Others present were Hon. Wm. H. Robertson, J. B. Cornell, Chamberlain Ivins, George H. Hall, Captain J. M. Lachlan, C. P. Huntington, Jordan L. Mott, Commissioner Starr, Dr. J. E. King, E. A. Quintard, John Englis, William P. Clyde, Vernon H. Brown, Elmer McKay, E. Spicer, Jr., John Elliot, G. J. Burnett, S. M. Wright, Dr. E. B. Belden, Dr. J. B. Taylor, President Alexander Knox of the Institute of Reward, George F. Robinson, ex-Mayor Grace, Peter W. Gallaudet, Judge E. L. Fancher, ex-Collector Thomas Murphy, George Pierce of the Old Colony Iron Works, Boston; United States

Naval Constructor Wilson, Richard Poillon, Commodore Van Santvoord, W. H. Lane, Stephen Taylor, John Baird, ex-Congressman Brompton, Charles R. Flint, and J. J. Alexander.

Among those present from Chester were C. E. Weed, President of the Combination Steel and Iron Company; John A. Wallace of the *Chester Times*; Samuel O. Dyer, President of the Chester National Bank; C. B. Houston, President of the Chester Rolling Mills; Wm. Appleby, C. Price, J. T. Black, H. B. Black, Richard Peters, President of the Chester City Railway; R. E. Ross, Dr. Samuel Starr, John Fountain, and others.

Not the least touching sight was at the close of the services, when the casket was opened and the thousands were permitted a last look at the familiar face. As the employés filed past, tears streamed from the eyes of many of them, and few there were that did not show emotion. More than 6,600 persons passed through the church. This man attached others to him as few men do, and he was surrounded by affection in these last earthly honors.

In the afternoon of a chill January day, as the sun was reddening the western sky, the body of John Roach was laid in its last resting-place in Greenwood.

Life's race well run,
 Life's work all done,
 Life's victory won,
 Now cometh rest.

Sorrows are o'er,
Trials no more,
Ship reacheth shore,
Now cometh rest.

Faith yields to sight,
Day follows night,
Jesus gives light,
Now cometh rest.

We a while wait,
But, soon or late,
Death opes the gate,
Then cometh rest.

THE SERVICES AND ADDRESSES.

[Stenographically Reported.]

Bishop W. F. Harris, D.D.; the Rev. E. McChesney, D.D., pastor of the church; and the Rev. H. B. Grose, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Poughkeepsie, led the procession into the church, the pastor reciting the following passages of Scripture:

“I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die” (John xi. 25, 26).

“I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another” (Job xix. 25-27).

“We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.” “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord” (1 Tim. vi. 7; Job i. 21).

The choir then sang the anthem, “Blessed are the departed, who in the Lord are sleeping.”

Bishop Harris read the first Scripture lesson, the 90th Psalm :

“ Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction ; and sayest, Return, ye children of men. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood ; they are as a sleep : in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up ; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth. For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled. Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance. For all our days are passed away in thy wrath ; we spend our years as a tale that is told. The days of our years are threescore years and ten ; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow ; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away. Who knoweth the power of thine anger ? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Return, O Lord, how long ? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants. O satisfy us early with thy mercy ; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have

seen evil. Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it."

The second lesson is taken from the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, beginning with the 41st verse:

"There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in

the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump : for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin ; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." Here endeth the reading of God's holy Word.

Dr. McChesney offered prayer :

Lord, to whom shall we go but unto thee, for thou hast the words of eternal life. We come into thy presence in response to the call of thy providence and of thy Spirit, and gladly would open our hearts to thee. We would hallow this hour with the remembrance of thy name, by the aid of thy gracious Spirit ; fill our hearts with thoughts and sentiments that are becoming to us at this time. We bless thee, O Lord, that thou hast taught us to know thee as our Father in heaven ; that thou hast revealed to us thine own self ; that thou hast made known to us the greatness of thy providence and

the mystery of thy love. Thy love passeth knowledge; thou dost teach us to fly for refuge to thee, knowing that thou art a strong tower of defence, a very present help in time of trouble.

We bless thee, O God, for the revelation that thou hast given. We thank thee that life and immortality are brought to light through Jesus Christ our Lord; we thank thee that to us have come the glad tidings of the glorious Gospel of the Blessed Son of God, and when we sorrow, we sorrow not as those who have no hope, but in the midst of our grief are enabled to lift our struggling hearts to thee. We bless thee, O Lord, for the care that thou hast had over us during the years that are past; we bless thee for that grace which is vouchsafed to us at the present moment; we thank thee for the encouragements that come to us as now we kneel in thy presence, helping us to come with boldness to thy gracious Throne, that we may find grace to help in this time of need. Help us, O Lord, in this our sorrow that we may rightly remember thee; that we may find in thee comfort, and the illumination that our present needs require. Help us, O Lord, that in our sorrow we cherish gratitude to thee for all that thou hast been to us and for all that thou hast done for us.

We bless thee, O Lord, for the special circumstances of comfort of which we may remind ourselves as we are gathered together here for this solemn service. We rejoice in the goodness of God shown to thy servant whom thou hast taken from

our midst. We would bless thee with humble and thankful hearts, for the kindly presence which watched over him during the early years of his life, and during all the history that he made. We bless thee, O Lord, that thou didst give to him the ministrations of thy Holy Spirit; that thou didst add to his strength; that through him thou didst bless many who were about him. We rejoice, O Lord, in the influence for good that he exercised on the minds of the people; for the services that he was enabled to render to our land. We bless thee, O Lord, for the kindly associations that bound him to those who were gathered about him. We rejoice, O Lord, at this time that we who have come here to this place have come simply with hearts that are touched with keenest sorrow and truest love. We humbly ask thee, O Lord, as we are here in thy presence, that our thoughts may be toward thee, and that as we lift our hearts to thee we may receive from thee such instruction and help as shall make this hour becomingly profitable to us all.

Help us, O Lord, that the words of our mouths and the meditations of our hearts may be acceptable in thy sight. Let thy blessing come to each soul in thy presence, according to the needs of each one. Let the solemn lessons of thy providence be impressed by thy Holy Spirit upon each one before thee, and especially do we commend to thy care and to thy great love these who are bereaved of one so near to them. We ask, O Lord, that the widowed heart may receive the comfort that only God can

give. Let the whole family feel that the Lord himself is here, to administer his own divine solace. Let the great realities that have been made known to us through Jesus Christ our Saviour come to them with comfort and healing power at this time. Help them to feel that Heaven is not far away; help them to realize how great and how constant thou art in thy goodness, and help them in this hour, when their hearts are so sorely stricken, to say, The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.

Thou dost teach us, O Lord, that he whom thou lovest thou chastenest, and scourgest every son whom thou receivest. Thou dost teach us that out of this sorrow thou wilt bring forth blessings at the last. O Lord, may these sorrows be so received by these before thee at this time, with afflicted spirits, that out of them shall come forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Let thy Spirit be upon them, not only during this hour of service, but during the days of loneliness which are to follow after, that they, in all the years that are to come and whenever they think of the loved one whom Thou hast taken, may find their hearts drawn heavenward and drawn towards thee.

Let thy grace, O Lord, rest upon all before thee. Pour thy blessing, O Lord, upon our country, and give us wise men to rule over us—men who shall fear thee, men who shall honor thy truth, and work righteousness; and at the last bring thy glorious

kingdom in, for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

The choir sang the 724th hymn, "Nearer, my God, to thee."

ADDRESS BY BISHOP W. F. HARRIS, D.D.

This large concourse of people, made up from all classes in the community and from all conditions in society, shows to the most superficial observer that he was no ordinary man who has just closed his earthly life and whose death calls this assembly to this house of mourning to-day. We come here to pay a tribute, slight indeed it may be, compared with the merits of the case, but to pay our tribute to the memory and the virtues of the dead, and from his life to draw useful lessons for the living.

Mr. Roach was born in the County of Cork, in Ireland, on Christmas Day of the year 1813, so that he had passed beyond the allotted period of

human life—the threescore and ten—by more than three years. He had a good father and a good mother—an invaluable boon to any man. His father was a merchant, a merchant of high character and respectability; and from his father Mr. Roach inherited his business sagacity and thrift. But he inherited more—he inherited that nice and sensitive honesty and that high sense of honor which could not brook a stain on his business reputation. From his mother, whose name and memory he always revered, and of whom he always spoke in terms of tenderness and love—from her he inherited a nature somewhat poetic and somewhat religious in its turn, a nature with an admirable admixture of gentleness and of strength; and both these characteristics were manifest in his life and career.

The early advantages for education, at the time and place where his youth was passed, were of the most meagre character, and these, such as they were, were terminated abruptly when he was but about thirteen years of age; for when he had reached that period in life, his father, who had suffered very serious, and indeed ruinous, reverses in his financial affairs, died, and left a dependent widow and family without any means of support. To the care of his mother the first attention of this young man was turned, and finding no opportunity open to him for profitable or remunerative employment in his own land, he came to America, when he was about sixteen years of age, to seek his for-

tune in this country. But fortune did not come to him at his bidding, and after spending a season here, disappointed and discouraged, he determined to return to his native land, and by dint of industry and of the most rigid economy he earned and saved sufficient money to pay his passage back to Ireland. But when he came in possession of the means by which he could return, through some influence, whatever it may be, he changed his mind and determined to make America his future home ; and it was this decision that gave to him, ultimately, American citizenship and all the history and life which he has connected with the interests of this nation. After he had formed this purpose to remain in this country he determined to learn a trade, some branch of industry by which he could secure greater income than he could hope for from unskilled labor; and so he devoted himself to learning a trade. But at the same time he made efforts to supplement, by diligent study, the deficiency which he felt he suffered from the want of education in early days ; and so, while he worked hard by day he studied as hard by night, that he might not only be a skilled laborer, but that he might be an intelligent one also. And as was characteristic of him, as I gather from what I have learned and from what I know, he made thorough work of all that he undertook. Indeed, thoroughness seems to me to have been characteristic of this man, in his work and in his study, and he learned all or the whole of everything that he undertook.

It was his good fortune to marry a very excellent lady, who was in truest sympathy with him in his purposes and aims and ambitions, and who became, in thrift and in everything else, a true helper—a help meet for such a man as he. He not only learned his trade and labored with his own hands, but he soon became an employer of others. His business grew so that he could not compass it by his own arm or his own muscle, and so he became an employer of others, beginning, as I am informed, with the employment of three men; but as his business grew the number of employés increased until he became the employer not of three men alone, but of three thousand men, whose weekly pay-roll required thirty thousand dollars to be disbursed in wages to those who were his workmen. As an employer, Mr. Roach enjoyed the confidence and respect and love of those whom he employed, and for good reason: he was to them exceedingly benevolent; thousands and thousands of dollars were bestowed, by his own hand, in benefactions to those who were needy and unfortunate. The widows of faithful men in his service were put upon the pay-roll by Mr. Roach, and were kept there until their growing children should be able to do something for the support of their parents; and indeed his whole life, his whole active and industrial life, seems to be full of charities and benefactions to his employés. And very naturally, of course, a man who treated his workmen as he treated his, received in return the love and esteem

and devotion of those who served him, and they became his faithful friends, faithful to him and faithful to his interests; and it is said that through his whole business career but once or twice in it all was he disturbed or troubled by any agitations among his workmen or by a threatened strike. Indeed, the business career of Mr. Roach and his business record are such, it seems to me, as but few men attain. I read in a paper, not long since, perhaps a month or a year ago I read it, a remarkable fact, in connection with so large a business and so long a period of business as Mr. Roach engaged in and enjoyed (for he was in business for nearly fifty years); and this statement was that during a business of fifty years, or nearly fifty years, a business involving large transactions, a business involving the collection and disbursement of millions of money, in no single instance was this man ever sued by another, nor did he ever have occasion to sue a customer himself. I think that is a very remarkable statement. Very few business men have such a record as that.

He has been singularly honored by the business men of this city and of other cities; and of this I need not speak in this presence, for you know it all.

In his family relations Mr. Roach was unusually happy—unusually so. A loving and an indulgent husband and father, he received in return the love and devotion of his wife and children, and to him his home was a sanctuary. Amid all the pressure

of his great business he fled to his home as a place of refuge, as a rest; and he always found it there. His wife, with three sons and two daughters, survive him, and a company of grandchildren, in whose presence and society he always took great delight.

Mr. Roach was a man of strong religious feeling and conviction. He had, especially, a very great reverence for the Bible—a reverence for the Bible as the Word of God, a reverence for the Bible as containing the teachings of Our Father in heaven, sent down to guide his erring children into the truth; a love for the Bible, because it was so intimately associated with the history of his mother, for whom it had been a stay and a staff in the hours of her trouble and conflict; and he never permitted in his presence that Word to be criticised; he never allowed its teachings to be spoken lightly of, without a rebuke. One who knew him better than I, said to me that his creed was faith and good works, with an emphasis on good works; that he hated shams, but loved the truth, and especially did he love the living of the truth.

Now, in regard to his own personal religious experience, you will hear from others; but I rejoice, before I sit down, to say that he has left a testimony behind him that he had conscious peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and that in the paroxysms of his pain and suffering, while he was patient in it all, he desired to fly away and be at rest. And he has gone, we trust, to the House

of many Mansions, to the House of our Father above, the palace of angels and of God.

ADDRESS BY REV. E. McCHESNEY, D.D.

There are some things which almost insist upon crowding their remembrance upon our minds at this time, of which we are scarcely permitted to speak. There are times when to say all that we know and deeply feel to be true would be like introducing a discordant note into a strain of tender and solemn music. There are times when justice, even, must stand with sealed lips lest its utterances would be untimely and inharmonious with feelings that then hold rightful sway.

We are brought together here at this time by the death of a great man. But we have come not to speak nor to hear of the wrongs he suffered. We are here, as has been said, to remember his virtues and his achievements, the magnificent deeds, the deeds of righteousness that he did to others. We are here to fashion before our minds, for a time, some true picture of his character. And still more than this, we are here to hallow this day and hour of sadness by remembering God and the great truths that God has spoken. There are times when the most familiar things are also the most precious. God reigns; God exercises care over us and over

all mankind constantly. He has created us for this world ; and, in a higher sense, for that world which is to come. All of our actions and all of our experiences are at last to be submitted to his righteous judgment ; all of our imperfections are within the scope of His great mercy. How naturally, how instinctively, we turn at this time to truths like these : for here and here only can we find the comfort that we need ; here and here only can we find the light, without which life and death must forever remain appalling and heart-crushing mysteries.

I have spoken of Mr. Roach as a great man. In saying that, I have, as you know, simply echoed public opinion. That was the title that was accorded him not simply by the multitude, not simply by the great masses of society (and they did give him that title), but also by the most thoughtful and intelligent throughout our whole country. As has been said, the presence of so large a number of people, representing different sections of society, on this occasion, shows the interest, the affection and the interest, that gather about the death of this man. It is the fate of most mortals to live and to pass out of this world comparatively unnoticed. Few there are, indeed, who die without leaving some hearts to ache when they are gone. But few there are whose death has excited so wide-spread attention as has the death of this man ; few there are who go out from our midst who are so widely lamented. We may well remind ourselves that to be great—and that is the word we have used—is

something more than to be prominent ; something more than to be widely known or widely successful. Indeed, prominence is sometimes achieved without special greatness. It is reached often without obvious merit. It seems to be reached sometimes through influences that are purely accidental. Prominence, in some instances, in our own country as well as in others, is one of those trying and perplexing facts that we find it hard to reconcile with our faith in God's providence. Men are inclined to ask and to puzzle themselves over the question : " How is it that such an individual becomes prominent or so widely successful ? " But no one ever asked the question concerning this man who is taken from our midst. For more than a quarter of a century he stood forth conspicuous before the public gaze, to all who looked upon him, standing in the place where he naturally and rightfully belonged. Aside from his success the man himself was great. Prominence, therefore, was his becoming position. Success was the natural outcome of the character that he possessed. Nature cast him in a great mould. His mind, his whole character, seemed to be fashioned upon a large scale.

It has been said that he was not an educated man. In one sense of the word it is true. It is also true that no amount of what is commonly called education could have furnished the world such a man as was he. Education is often a vain attempt to get out of a man what is not in him ; sometimes it is an attempt to put into a man what he cannot contain.

To say that the man was great, and to say that he was also uneducated, it seems to me, is the highest compliment that we can pay to him; it implies, especially, his inherent, his original greatness. It is simply saying that he overcame great disadvantages, that he achieved great victories, and did it alone and single-handed. But in the true sense of the word Mr. Roach was an educated man. It has been said that the peculiarity of an educated man is that he knows where to find things. He understands the means of acquiring knowledge. He knows the avenues that lead into the great field of human knowledge. Taking this as a proper definition of an educated man I think I may repeat what I said a moment ago, that in the truest sense of the word this man, who has been taken from our midst was truly educated. No one who knew anything concerning him could doubt that such knowledge as he desired to possess—and he desired much—he knew how to gain. Any one who contemplated the vast and successful enterprises that he built up, and saw the large amount of intelligence, the large amount of definite and wide information, that the successful carrying forward of those enterprises must have involved, could have any doubt upon this point. No one who listened to his arguments, or read the pamphlets and books that were the production of his pen, could be in any doubt as to his power to readily acquire such knowledge as he wished to gain. It is a rare thing to find a man whose education, whose position,

whose memory, whose reflection and judgment, and whose will were more thoroughly disciplined and trained than were his. He did it by his own untiring industry. His courage, his patience, his indomitable will, led him to these mighty successes.

I am strongly impressed with the fact, as are doubtless all of you, that the life that has come to a close sets before us a model, in many respects, that we may well study and copy. It is very true that the world has never seen but one perfect life, and the best man that walked this earth can only say, "Follow me as I follow Christ." And yet there were many things in the history of this man that are worthy of our emulation and worthy of our imitation. When the record of his life is made up, when it is fully given to the public, I think it will read very much like a romance. I have reason for saying that. It will be an exceedingly interesting story, as well as one that is exceedingly instructive. We shall see a record of struggle; we shall see a record of reverses, a record of great toils and of great and unnecessary sufferings, a record of victory at the last! It will be the story of one who bore, throughout his life, a spotless reputation. The relations of his life to his fellow-men were exceedingly manifold, and oftentimes very trying and perplexing; but he, throughout all his work, suffered no stain upon the character that he bore. His record is that of a man to whom honor and self respect were more valuable than all earthly good; a record of a man whose heart was broken at the

last, because something that might seem a shadow was cast in a rude way across the path that he was following. It is not often that before the young of this nation a record like that can be placed. It is certainly full of the most wholesome instruction.

We find in him an illustration of public-spirited enterprise. We know how vast his undertakings were. Some of you can appreciate the fact fully, that no man could be a business man, in the broad sense in which Mr. Roach was a business man, without having his attention drawn to public affairs. He saw very plainly and felt very deeply this fact, that public and private welfare are very closely related. It was not at all strange that he became deeply interested in the public policy of the nation. It was not at all strange that he became a politician in the best sense of the word. It is not at all strange that he carried statesmanlike views into the conduct of his enterprises, nor is it strange that he found himself brought into business relations with the Government. There is one point that needs special study here, and that is the unselfishness of the man in all of these relations to which I have alluded. You have seen it stated how, in the years that are gone, in the early days of the war, when he went to Washington and waited upon the President, Mr. Lincoln, in his peculiar way, said, "What do you want of me?" Mr. Roach replied: "Nothing. I thought you might want something of me." It was indeed true that he wanted "nothing." He needed nothing from the Government. Those were

times when many wanted something, and were eager to get something for themselves. But there were others who wanted nothing, thank God; who sought nothing for themselves, and who found it in their hearts, under the promptings of true patriotism, to do something, to give something, themselves, to a Government which was at that time sorely and greatly needing help. And of those who were under the promptings of true patriotism was the man whose death has now drawn us together. He wanted nothing; he asked for "nothing." I am almost ready to say it would have been well for him, happy for him in relation to his peace of mind, in relation to his personal prosperity, if he had received precisely what he asked—if he had received nothing. We cannot erase this fact from our memory, that he received at the last, worse than nothing. And it is also true, I believe, that if, at that moment, when those words fell from his lips, there could have been given to him something of prophetic foresight of what the coming years would have brought him, his patriotism would have been equal to the demand of the occasion, for he was a man who sought not his own. He asked nothing for himself; but he recognized the beneficent character of our institutions, the great interests of the country, and the great need that was then pressing. And he was ready to do what was needed. Is it not true, then, that we have before us an example worthy of our study and imitation?

There is one other point to which I must refer,

which has already received some reference. There is a great question before our people at the present day: it is called the question of "Capital and Labor," the relations between employer and employés. Does not the life that has come to a close throw some light upon this question? Do we not see the most instructive light thrown upon this question of "Capital and Labor"? It is a remarkable spectacle that we have before us at this time. Look upon the hundreds of men here at my left, filling the galleries. Who are they? Call them "employés"? They are mourners now. They have come here to pay the last tribute that they can pay to their friend, to their benefactor; they are here with loyal hearts. Never did a captain find greater loyalty in the soldiers who were ready to follow him to the battle, than beats in the hearts of these men of hard hands who are here with us at this time. Mr. Roach never forgot that he was a working-man. He never ceased to be a working-man. There was never a period in his life, until at last disease compelled him to rest, when he ceased to toil. There was no man who served him who wrought more hours in a day and more days in the year than did this man. Unflagging industry, untiring zeal—these seemed to be the elements of his life; and his sympathies never ceased to be with those who toiled with him. It has been said that wealth oftentimes makes men avaricious, or if it does not make them avaricious, it makes them luxurious. It was not the case in this instance; wealth did not

close up his heart against need; wealth did not make him luxurious, and forgetful of the needs of others. He remained ever with open hand. There were no barriers between him and those who were about him; and while his vast enterprises grew about him, the comforts of those who were in his employ also grew.

Some mention has been made of his creed. I have understood that his creed was in particular this: Equity, equity; justice between men in all of their relations. And in addition to that he held another item, a tender and beautiful one—that of benevolence. Where did he get that creed? From what source did he draw these beautiful practical ideas of living? There is only one answer. Who can doubt that he found them in the New Testament?

Of his religious life I shall say but little, but leave that, as a pleasant duty, to one who is to follow me, one who stood intimately connected with the deceased for long years, and knew his life; one who enjoyed the confidence of his heart, and is therefore better able to speak than I, who am almost a stranger to this man. I never met this man but once during his lifetime. I never shall forget that occasion. It is vivid still before my memory. I shall never forget it as long as I can remember anything. It was on the first day of the present year. The year 1887 had come, and it had found John Roach lying wasted almost to a skeleton, and with heart crushed with sorrows. Not

only the imprint of years was upon him, but a great load of suffering had been upon him for many months. He felt that his life was growing short. There was a question that naturally pressed itself upon his mind: "Is there anything else for me to do"? His life was a life of toil and devotion and duty. "Is there anything else for me to do?" He believed there was, and he proposed to do it. He desired to receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; he desired to receive that rite of the church which speaks most tenderly and most beautifully of all the ceremonies of Christendom, of faith and hope in a crucified and risen Redeemer. It was my privilege and my duty to administer that rite. It was only a few days ago. The picture is very plain before my memory at this moment. Again I see the kneeling group; again I remember the solemn silence; again I look upon the couch and see the form of this venerable sufferer; again I hear the words of the solemn and beautiful service, reminding us of the body that was broken for us and the blood that was shed in our behalf; again I remember how he, when the words of the ritual were being read, opened his lips, and whispered his own prayers to Christ, the friend and Saviour of sinful men. Do you wonder that I remember this? Those who were there will never forget it. It is that scene that stands before my mind naturally most prominent in connection with my remembrance of this man; it is that scene which throws a glorified light over his whole history; it is that

scene which leads those who are gathered here together at this time to sorrow not as those who have no hope.

ADDRESS BY REV. H. B. GROSE.

It is but fitting I should say that it is in obedience to the expressed wish of one who treated me with the tenderness of a father, and one to whom my heart could not have been more fully given had he sustained to me that relation—it is in obedience to his own desire that I add my simple tribute to his memory and to his worth. How great a man was lost to it when John Roach died the world does not yet know, but some time will, I believe, fully recognize. Time will yield him an increased recognition and respect for what he was and for what he did. Greatness cannot permanently be hid ; sooner or later men give honor to whom honor is due. And as has been said, and as I must repeat, this was a great man ; great, not in public station, but great in public service, great in intellect, in purpose, in achievement ; great, yes, greatest of all, in heart. It is said that some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. He achieved greatness.

Two pictures rise before me. I see, more than half a century ago, an emigrant boy, walking to and fro the streets of this city, seeking for employment

—anything that he might gain his daily bread, anything that was honest, and seeking in vain. This city then had no place for John Roach; nobody wanted him. But he was made of stuff that, if nobody wanted him, he wanted everything from somebody. And if in this city he could not find place, elsewhere would he seek it till he found it. The word “fail” was not written for him. He had in him the spirit and will of the old Norseman: “Either I will find a way or I will make one.” My thought turns away from that picture to another; to a time when the most eminent business men and public men of this city and of other cities were gathered together in a notable assembly to do honor to a man who had done honor to his land,—to call him then by the title he had earned, “the father of Iron Ship-building in America,” and a title of which he was prouder than if he had been called king or president. The emigrant boy and the man who was thus honored by his fellow-citizens and given such testimonial of their esteem and affection were the same. But there never would have been John Roach, the ship-builder honored by the nation, but for the will, the persistency, the integrity, the mighty purpose that beat in the breast of the friendless boy who came here a stranger to seek his fortunes in this new world.

There is a single incident which, it seems to me, illustrates in many respects the essential characteristics of John Roach. It was an incident that occurred in the early part of the war, when among

the perplexing problems that met the Government was this: "Can we equip a navy?" And I wish to say that in that hour the work this man had done, in building up the facilities for doing just the thing that in its extremity the Government most needed, told, as you will see, and should bring him honor. All the prominent builders had been consulted. There was a vessel in the navy, but without boilers, and that vessel was in great demand for immediate service, and the question was: "How soon can you put boilers into this ship?" One after another answered. The best answers that could be made, with the facilities they had, were made, and at last Mr. Roach was asked the same question, and he said: "Within a fortnight it shall be done." How could he do it? Could he build the boilers in that time? No. No facilities could do the work if that had to be done. But with that quick perception of the situation and of all the possibilities that was a marked feature of his success and his greatness, he remembered that he had already built and placed in the hull of a vessel of about the same size, boilers that could be transferred to this naval ship; and the moment the word was given to him he telegraphed that the preparations should be instantly begun to take these boilers out of the ship in which they were and transfer them to the Government's vessel. And the work was done and the vessel sent out in less than a fortnight to aid the Government in its emergency. I say that is characteristic of the man; it illustrates him in many ways.

He was a man who could face an emergency and could meet it. He could always find some expedient or some way to satisfy any demand that was made upon him. And in a demand made upon him by the Government, at such a time as that, it has been well said there was no service he could render that he would not have rendered at any sacrifice. He did not think of contract; he did not stop to question whether the owner of that ship would be willing to have that change made. The Government needed the vessel. He was a patriot; he was an American citizen; his heart was bound up in the issue of that conflict; and his order was to do it, and "I will take the consequences." I say that a man who in emergency can rise to meet it, is a great man.

He was great in intellect. I am glad that some common errors have already been corrected here to-day. He had no college education, it is true. His school life was of the most meagre sort; and yet he was an educated man: educated by experience, yes, and educated by books, too. It has been said that he was an illiterate man. Nothing less true could be said of him. He was a man of so rare intellect and keen insight that he seemed to absorb knowledge wherever he met it, and a man with a memory that retained tenaciously all he read. He was a man who confined his study and his intelligence to no special line. He knew his business; he knew it from beginning to end; he was proud to say that there was not, in all his great

workshops, a single thing that he could not do, down to the last years of his life. He knew it all, he kept his oversight over it all. Yet he was a man whose intelligence was far-reaching on almost any topic you could name. I shall never forget the surprise that came over me one day when, somehow or other, the subject of theology and the Bible happened to come up between Mr. Roach and myself, and he told me an incident in his life of how once he had been approached with reference to his belief in the Bible, and then he told me the answer that he made; and I say to you that I have never read, I have never heard given, by any theologian, by any man whose special study is such a topic as God's Word—I have never heard given a more powerful argument for the inspiration of the Bible than he recited there to me. It showed me to my utter amazement, that somehow or other in the course of his reading he had gathered together information that was true and accurate on that subject. I found, after that, that when any topic came up that seemed to be foreign to his life and work, it was not foreign to his intellect. He absorbed knowledge; he loved knowledge; and he was an educated, a widely read, a widely informed man.

He always regretted that his early advantages had not been greater. He would say, repeatedly, "Oh, if I had had the chances for an early education that our young men have in this country to-day, what might I not have done with it?" And I always made one reply, believing it from the bottom of my

heart. I said to him : " Mr. Roach, if you had had the facilities for education that your sons possess, I doubt very much if this nation would ever have had the John Roach that it honors and admires to-day." God makes men to carry out his purposes. God puts men in the place and in the conditions where they can best be fitted to carry out his purposes ; and I see, in all the wonderful record, thrilling as it is, which he has made, the providence of God leading him on from step to step, from the earliest days of struggle to the proudest days of triumph ; yes, and to the last days of suffering and of death. The same hand of God that put him in the starting-place and kept him all through the pilgrimage of life, the same hand of the wise, beneficent, and loving God, was upon him still ; and I think he felt it and knew it, and was peaceful in the thought.

He was a great man in principle. I cannot weary your patience by dwelling as I ought to dwell upon these characteristics, but it must be said that he was greater in nothing than in his devotion to principle—to Christian principle. I need not speak of his care for his personal honor, for his business integrity, because it has been spoken of ; but it was true. The man who wanted to strike a deadly blow at the great heart of John Roach had but to place him where there seemed, to his own view, to be something wrong, some stain upon the business name and the business fame that he had given all his life to build up. For with that strength of heart, with that strength of purpose that led him on to the achievement of what-

ever he undertook, he united an extreme sensitiveness. No man ever spoke ill of him that it did not cut him like a knife. It did not stop him in the prosecution of his purposes, for he was panoplied with the consciousness that he had only pure purposes, and that he was doing right; but every stroke of pen or word cut him to the heart. He could stand that, but he could not stand the blow that he himself thought was inflicted upon his honor. We know it was not true; we know that here, if you call it failure—here was a failure that was an honest failure, a failure that came through no fault of his own. I have no apologies to make at this time; I have only to say that here was what seemed to him a failure that broke his heart, because it touched his name; but a failure that, in the verdict of all those in this nation whose opinion he would have esteemed, or which those dear to him need care for, was in every way honorable, and without spot. There has come no tarnish yet; there never can come tarnish upon the fair name of him who stood for justice; yes, more than justice—for a dealing that was always one, on his part, of perfect satisfaction with every one who gave him work to do. It was one of his principles not only, but it was one of his instructions, given throughout all his works, to every foreman, that every piece of work that was put into his hands should be done better and should give forth more than the contract called for. That shows the man. He was doing business not simply for the dollars and cents that he got out of it, but

he was doing business as a great man does his work, knowing that all his work should have its influence on his fellow-men.

Mr. Roach was never a selfish man. He showed his greatness in that he always identified himself in his purposes with something broader than himself. That is where men differ. Some men pursue wealth: their ambition is to accumulate money, hoard wealth. This was not his: he had no ambition to be rich, for it was within his reach; he could have figured as one of the rich men of America, if that had been his ambition. Not that at all. He was actuated by lofty and patriotic motives; and in that great work which became the chief work of his life, that of building ships, that work with which he wished his name forever linked, I gladly bear him witness, as one he admitted to his secret thought, that ship-building never stood to him as a business out of which he could make so much profit. He never would have entered it had that been it: all men know that. When he invested all his earnings in extending his works, so that he might become a builder of ships, he had nothing but failure before him. There were in this city of New York men who knew him well, who would not give him a word of encouragement looking in that direction. What difficulties he found in getting his enterprise under way! Why did he do it? He was rich enough in money; he might have retired from business at that time with money enough to keep himself and his family. He

did it because for years it had been his study—the merchant marine of our country, its condition, its loss, and the absolute necessity, as he saw it, that it should be revived—necessity, not to John Roach, but to this nation. He was a man who looked out at the things that are to be; a man whose mind took in this nation, not as it is to-day, as if it were forever to remain as it is to-day, but looking ahead and seeing the possibilities of our land. And he said to himself, “In these closing years of my life, is there anything that I can do that will tell for the future of my country?” And he found his work in the attempt to restore the merchant marine, to prove that Americans could build ships, and as good ships as could be built in the world, and to restore to us those facilities that are absolutely essential to the safety of the nation. That was the reason that he went into what many men considered a mad undertaking. They would not have been surprised to have seen him go under. But he achieved what he set out to achieve. He put upon the waters a fleet of iron ships. He needs no other monument than that to tell the country what he did when, following out principle, actuated by the purest motives, he engaged in that great enterprise with which his name shall be forever honorably linked.

It was because he was a great man that he could not keep out of a great many things that little men can keep out of easily enough. It was because his mind was too broad to be confined to a single pur-

suit that he could not have avoided, had he tried, being sought out by other men. I believe it to be true that in the last twenty years there has been no man in this country whose calm judgment on any question of business or of statecraft has been more sought for and regarded than the judgment of John Roach. When leaders were in doubt, they sought his counsel. They recognized the genius that could pierce to the centre of a question and always strike at its vital point. It was because he was great that he became associated with the great, and could not be kept from their counsels, nor from their friendship and their love. I have in my pocket a letter from a Senator of the United States, in which, after speaking of the irreparable loss to this country through the death of Mr. Roach, he says: "I sat at his feet a scholar, and he my teacher in questions of national concern; I never knew a man who could impart so much and so accurate information as he on the lines in which we were concerned." That was true.

He would have been a great man anywhere. Put a man like John Roach in any condition when he starts, let his life be turned in any direction, and he would have been great. If he had been a general, he would have been a general great, like the one whose name this nation reveres. If he had been a statesman, if his life had been cast in that line, he would have been among our mighty statesmen. He was great where he was. He was great, best of all, in heart. That tells the man.

His relations to his employés have been sufficiently spoken of, and yet they do deserve most careful thought. His relations to those with whom he came in contact in business were of a character that could be testified to by many and many who sit before me, and who have sustained these relations to him through long years.

But it was in the intimate relationships of the home that John Roach was himself in his truest character: there he revealed the real greatness of his heart. He was a good friend, but a poor hater. God made him so that he could not carry revenge. He might be imposed upon, but he would rather be wronged or suffer than do anything wrong in return. I honor the man who has the strength of character and the greatness of heart to be able to forgive an enemy, for the man who can do that has in him the Spirit of my Lord. That he did. He would not believe bad of a man until he had to, and then he would doubt himself, and want to give the man another chance. His charity covered all. Sometimes his friends have thought he was too charitable. If he had a fault, it was on that side, and not on any other.

He was envied: a great man is always envied by petty men. He was traduced—traduced by men who in their own selfishness and on their own low level could never rise high enough to understand a man whose purposes were patriotic and pure, and who was unselfish; who could not see that a man might be great enough to overlook himself and to

have wider interests than his own, that were absorbing his own life: and those men found it in their heart to misrepresent him; they lied about him and it hurt him, but he never answered them in their own language; he could not stoop to their level; he could overlook it and go on; he had no time and no heart to go down and engage in anything that was unworthy of him, of his character, of his manhood. And when the names of all those who have found it in their interest or their pleasure to defame him—when their names shall have forever been forgotten, the name of John Roach will live—live in the esteem and in the affections of his countrymen.

I cannot speak of those sacred family relationships beyond this: it ought to be said that in the eighteen months or more of physical prostration, and in the year of almost indescribable suffering, so that he himself said of it, "The world could never know the agonies that have been witnessed in this room of mine,"—in all those months he received from his family such devoted care, such assiduous attention, such supplying of every want, even before it found expression, as I have never before witnessed; such a care and devotion as sustained his own heart, and proved to him the only balm that he could know.

The end came to him under a shadow. He felt it. He could not be brought to see that he was not passing away under a cloud, because what he saw was the vanishing of the dearest purpose of his

mature life; and yet to those who knew him, and to the world as it will appreciate him, there will never be a cloud, for one instant, hovering over that grand, great-hearted man. And it is good to know that the end was peace. It was a beautiful close to a toilsome, worthy, high, and honorable life. The ways of anguish through which God led him won him from all the scenes of his activities. He grew in patience; he grew in sweetness of submission; and his trust was fixed firmly upon his Saviour and his God. It was no death-bed repentance: I want to emphasize that. If any one should say, as sometimes men do, a man may be engrossed in business all through his active life, and then, when he knows its close is coming, he will turn his thoughts to God,—that was not true of John Roach. I have known for many years of his religious convictions and of the intensity of his religious feeling and principle. He was not emotional in religion or in business, but the principles of righteousness and faith in God and in His Son, they were his; and when, at the beginning of his illness, knowing that it must be fatal, I said to him, "Are you sustained, in the face of certain death, by your trust in God? Can you rest in Him and know that He does all things well?" his answer was like him. He said, "Do you think I could have done what I have done in my life—do you think I could have been what I am if I had not trusted God and had help from Him?" And he faced death without apprehension, without dread.

How many of us, taken to-day, just as we are, knowing that we had but a few more days or weeks of life, and that our life must ebb away in anguish—how many of us could face it with that heroic trust, with that calmness of spirit? So I say it was beautiful to see the close of his life, not because he found his Saviour at the close, but because his Saviour gave him peace. He is at rest. His name lives. The man who does great deeds, which have in them the element of helpfulness to other men, needs nothing that human praise can say. His future is secure; and in the generations to come, this man, whose life has opened wider before every plucky American boy the possibilities of development, of manhood, of great achievement, shall find an increased and ever increasing honor.

Dr. McChesney then announced the 979th hymn, "Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep," in which the choir and congregation joined.

Bishop Harris pronounced the benediction: "May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all, evermore. Amen."

LETTERS OF SYMPATHY.

RECEIVED AT THE TIME OF BUSINESS ASSIGNMENT.

At the time of Mr. Roach's assignment many expressions of sympathy were received, showing how men of both political parties regarded his treatment by the Government. These expressions gave much comfort to the stricken man, always so quickly susceptible to kindness. Peculiarly touched he was by a letter from the Northwestern Literary and Historical Society, announcing his election as an honorary member, with the esteem and sympathy of the membership in his unmerited trials. A few of the letters are here given.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12, 1886.

DEAR MR. ROACH: You must not infer from my silence that I have forgotten you, nor that you have not my entire sympathy in your misfortune. When the blow fell I was in the woods of Canada, and heard nothing of it for months; but on my return to Maine I defended you on one or two occasions in public speeches, and even at Brooklyn at the Pilgrim dinner I brought down the house by an attack on the Administra-

tion for its course towards you. I have a profounder respect for you than for any other man living, and would be glad to testify in any way my affectionate interest in you. It seems to me that no man was ever more unjustly treated, and no man ever less deserving of such treatment. Please accept assurances of my warmest friendship and highest esteem.

Very truly,

WM. P. FRYE.

NEW YORK, July 20, 1885.

John Roach, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: It is with the deepest feeling of sorrow and regret that I now write you. I sympathize with you in the fullest manner, and if I can be of any service to you in any way I shall be most happy to render it. It seems to me that the people of the United States cannot but feel indignant at the unfair and unjust treatment you have received. That a man who has done more for the commercial marine of the United States than any other ten or one hundred men in the United States should be dragged down, credit ruined, health injured, because a pack of free-trade papers are regardless of fairness or justice, is a thing that the people of this country, when it comes to be

thoroughly understood, will resent. Now, my dear sir, I do hope you will not allow this sorrow to depress you so much as to injure your health. You have hosts of friends ; and after this, when it comes to be thoroughly understood, their number will be increased an hundredfold. Therefore do try and bear up against this great blow and affliction. Such is the earnest wish of thousands of your friends.

Yours truly,

H. K. THURBER.

BALTIMORE, MD., July 21, 1885.

John Roach, Esq., New York.

MY DEAR SIR: I beg you to accept the sincere sympathy of myself and partner in your present troubles. I am a pretty strong Democrat, but must confess that, as I understand your case, I look upon you as having been very unfairly treated.

A man who has done as much as yourself for the industrial interests of the country deserves to be encouraged and sustained by the Government to the utmost verge of propriety, and should not be crushed, as you have been.

With the sincere hope that you may be speedily relieved of all embarrassment, I am,

Yours truly,

GERMAN H. HUNT.

UNION LEAGUE,

PHILADELPHIA, July 20, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR: I have never had the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, although I have long known you as one of the ablest and most influential advocates of protection to American manufactures, and consequently of the best interests of our country.

To say that I sympathize with you in your present trouble, caused, as I believe, by unscrupulous Democratic politicians for partisan purposes only, would be but feebly to express my feelings.

I sincerely hope that your financial difficulties may soon be so adjusted as to enable you to resume business; but whether this may be so or not, I beg leave to say that, though you may be robbed of your purse in your old age, the *good name* gained by years of business enterprise, integrity, courage, and honesty cannot be *filched* from you by any new-fledged "statesmen" (?) accidentally elevated to high places.

Yours very respectfully,
W. HASTINGS,
Wilmington, Del.

To the Honorable JOHN ROACH.

THE PHENIX IRON CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, July 20, 1885.

MY DEAR MR. ROACH: While we are unable to give adequate expression to the deep regret we feel on learning that, through the difficulties you have experienced with the Navy Department, you have been forced to make an assignment of your business, yet we assure you that among the wide circle of your friends none can feel it more than we do.

We have had large and important dealings with you, covering all the years of your operations at Chester. We have furnished you with materials aggregating hundreds of thousands of dollars. Through this intercourse we have come to know you well, and the confidence and respect inspired by your prompt and straightforward treatment of all your engagements with us are only excelled by our admiration of your ability, and the sterling qualities of your manhood.

We regard your misfortune as a national one, but feel, however, that in some manner the right will yet assert itself. With expression of our utmost sympathy and deepest respect, and with our best wishes for you personally, we desire to say that if at any time we can be of service to you, we are yours to command.

Very truly yours,
GEO. GERRY WHITE, *Sec'y.*

JOHN ROACH, Esq.

NEW YORK, July 28, 1885.

MY DEAR MR. ROACH: I have felt all along, since the news of your trouble became public, that you would feel sure of the regrets and sympathy of my firm, along with all of your numerous friends. I am sure that you have a great many friends whom you do not know and who do not know you, who are made so by the action of the Navy Department; and in addition to this, you have the proud distinction of having done more than any other man to build up the ship-building interest in this country; and in my opinion the day is not far distant when the public will begin to realize the fact that when such men as yourself are ground down by technicalities (as it is my belief that such is the cause of your present position), it becomes in a measure a national calamity, and will react eventually upon those who are responsible for such a state of affairs.

I trust that you will soon recover from your illness and be about again, the same as before this blow struck you; when I believe that the energy and attention you have always given to business will make good the conviction of your friends, that what you have gone through the past few weeks cannot conquer the courage of John Roach.

With best hopes and wishes for you in the future, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

DAN'L W. RICHARDS.

RONDOUT, N. Y., July 20, 1885.

John Roach, Esq.

DEAR SIR: Keep up your courage: you have more friends to-day than all the cabinet officers in Cleveland's cabinet. Secretary Whitney's conduct towards you is the most high-handed piece of petty tyranny ever practised on a citizen of the United States. People of all parties and conditions in life sympathize with you, and now see your true, manly course. You could raise \$3,000,000 to-day in these United States, if necessary.

Truly yours,

JOHN H. SIMPSON.

Tributes.

No sooner was the news of Mr. Roach's death flashed over the country by the Associated Press dispatches, than telegrams of sympathy began to come, followed by letters. A selection from these is here made, and in this form preserved for all the members of the family. In this connection it is to be borne in mind that this Memorial is not printed for public circulation, but for the family. Such letters are rightly held sacred, and not written for the public eye.

Memorials were presented by the employés of the Morgan Iron Works, the Chester Shipyard, and the Chalmers-Spence Company; also by public bodies such as the Chamber of Commerce, of which Mr. Roach was a member; the Board of Trade, the New York Republican Club, the American Industrial League, and the Literary and Historical Society of the Northwest. The tribute of the Chamber of Commerce, as embossed, is a unique work of art. The tributes of the New York and Chester employés were also beautifully embossed and richly framed, testifying their affection for one who was indeed "their friend."

MEMORIALS.

TRIBUTE OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE TO THE
MEMORY OF JOHN ROACH.

In Monthly Meeting, Thursday, February 3, 1887.

REMARKS OF MR. GEORGE H. ROBINSON.

MR. PRESIDENT: I ask the attention of this honorable body to join in a proper mark of respect to the memory of John Roach, who died January 10, 1887. As he was for many years one of our members, it is becoming in this Chamber to manifest a just pride in bearing testimony to his merits, and honoring his memory. An Irishman by birth, an American by adoption, there were blended in his career the best types of both, affording a striking example of individual success and the possibilities of American citizenship. From the humblest beginning, by his industry and perseverance and capacity, he rose step by step to the summit of commercial success, and became THE GREATEST AMERICAN SHIP-BUILDER. He advocated and be-

lied in an American-built navy and an American merchant marine. How well, how industriously, and how enterprisingly he worked, your harbor every week bears noble testimony. His character was stainless. A man of tenderest sympathies and strongest feelings, in the fulness of years—when his highest ambition seemed attained—he met with unjust reverses, and died a broken-hearted man in a land that should have crowned him with honors. Be it therefore

Resolved, That we deeply deplore the death of John Roach, and feel that this body has lost a valued member, the country a patriotic citizen, the laboring man a true friend, industry a brave defender, and the world, in its true sense, a Knight of Labor.

Resolved, That the Secretary record these expressions of our esteem and sympathy in the Minutes of this body, and transmit a copy of the same to the family of Mr. Roach.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

JAMES M. BROWN, *President*.

[SEAL.]

GEORGE WILSON, *Secretary*.

FROM THE MORGAN IRON-WORKS EMPLOYÉS.

At a meeting of the employés of "The Morgan Iron-works," held January 12, 1887, the following were unanimously adopted

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father, in His inscrutable wisdom, has seen fit to remove from his earthly labors our beloved employer, Mr. John Roach ; therefore be it

Resolved, That in his death we have suffered the loss of a kind and considerate friend, whose honest heart was always open to our complaints, and his purse to the wants of those amongst us who were in distress. Very many of us to-day remember with deepest gratitude his benevolence when death entered our homes and found us unprepared for the occasion.

Resolved, That to his family who are now bereaved, and to whom he was always the most loving and affectionate husband and father, we tender our heartfelt sympathy in this hour of their sad affliction.

Resolved, That the working-men of this country have lost a wise counsellor, and a noble defender of American industries and American labor.

Resolved, That, as a last tribute of our love and respect for his memory we attend his funeral in a body, and that a copy of these resolutions properly engrossed be presented to his family.

W. H. RODMAN, *Chairman*.

JOHN E. FINCH, *Secretary*.

| | | |
|----------------|---|--|
| JAMES MOONEY, | } | <i>Committee</i> <i>on</i> <i>Resolutions.</i> |
| THOMAS COLVIN, | | |
| DANIEL QUINN, | | |

NEW YORK, March 15, 1887.

Mrs. John Roach and Family:

As the chosen representatives of the employés of "The Morgan Iron-works" we respectfully tender and ask your acceptance of the accompanying engrossed copy of the resolutions of respect to the memory of our late beloved employer, as adopted by them.

It is with feelings of mingled sadness and pleasure that we present them, for while we mourn with you the irreparable loss of our benefactor and friend, we rejoice that all through his long life of usefulness, amid his prosperity and triumphs, amid the prominence which his work as the foremost American ship-builder brought him, he always took pride in saying that he, too, was an American working-man. His heart beat for us. His sympathies were always with us. Of his life's labor it can be truthfully said, "It was well done." Again asking your acceptance of the Resolutions, we are, with best wishes,

Yours very respectfully,

WM. H. RODMAN, *Chairman.*

JOHN E. FINCH, *Secretary.*

JAMES MOONEY,
THOMAS COLVIN,
DANIEL QUINN,

FRANK J. ALLEN,
BERNARD MULLEN,
ALEX. McARTHUR,

Committee.

FROM THE EMPLOYÉS OF THE CHESTER SHIPYARD.

Resolutions of Respect to the Memory of JOHN ROACH.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to take from our midst our late esteemed employer, yet our friend, John Roach, with whom most of us have been so closely and pleasantly connected for a number of years, we deem it fitting that we express our sincere regret at the great loss we have sustained, and give voice to our sympathy with those who were nearer and dearer to him. Therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of John Roach this country has lost one of its best and most patriotic citizens, who spent the best years of his life in his efforts to build up its merchant marine, and so establish the commerce of our country that it would reach and benefit the people of the whole world.

Resolved, That in his death we, his employés, have lost one who was ever ready with a kind word, a friendly grasp of the hand, and a cheering smile to encourage and help us on life's pathway. He was one of the best and kindest hearted of employers, who always had a ready ear to listen to the wants of his fellow-men, and, as many of us can testify, was a firm friend in times of need. While he was our employer in fact, yet he was always one with us, and ever ready to advise, comfort, or assist; hence our loss is a severe one. *He was our Friend.*

Resolved, That in the death of John Roach the family of the deceased have lost one whose pride was his family. A good husband and a kind father,

they have lost their best friend ; and we desire to tender them our profound and most sincere sympathy in their great bereavement. Words fail to comfort or satisfy in such a loss as they have sustained, and we therefore commend them to the care of Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be engrossed and forwarded to the family, and be published in the daily papers.

JOHN FOUNTAIN, *Chairman*.

JOHN GRIFFIN, *Secretary*.

JOHN GRIFFIN, } *Committee*
 JOSIAH C. ROSS, } *on*
 RICHARD WOOD, } *Resolutions.*

WILLIAM PARKER,
 EDWARD FARON,
 JAMES GUILER,
 DAVID J. LEWIS,
 WILLIAM K. SCOTT,
 JAMES S. ABRAMS,
 WILLIAM CLARK,
 JOSEPH MILLS, Sr.,
 JOSHUA LONG,
 WILLIAM GREEN,
 GEORGE RODGERS,
 ROBERT BRADLEY,
 GEORGE COURTNEY,
 GEORGE DAVIS,
 JOSEPH BLAND,
 GEORGE TURNER,
 JOSEPH MAGOWAN,
 WILLIAM MITCHELL, Sr.,

JOSEPH H. MILLS,
 WILLIAM F. MITCHELL,
 GEORGE NESSENTHALER,
 JOHN McDOWELL,
 J. B. SMITH,
 JAMES BARR,
 WILLIAM J. COWAN,
 JAMES GARDNER,
 L. D. HASTINGS,
 JOSEPH McDADE,
 ANDREW ROWLAND,
 R. T. DICKINSON,
 HARRY C. SHOCK,
 JOHN W. HARRISON,
 HARRY G. PARKER,
 JOHN P. McENERY,
 JAMES DONLEVIE,
 JAMES McBRIDE.

FROM THE CHALMERS-SPENCE CO.

Feb. 28, 1887.

Mrs. John Roach.

MADAM : We, the Trustees of the Chalmers-Spence Company, acting on behalf of the Company, earnestly desire to express to you the great sorrow we feel in the loss of our esteemed associate, your late husband ; and we hereby tender you our sincere sympathy in this your time of trouble and bereavement.

It is useless for us to declare our estimate of Mr. Roach. His character and life are not hid, his deeds speak for him, his works do follow him.

This Company, which, it might be said, owes its birth and first years to his fostering care, stands as a sign and emblem of his worth.

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE E. WEED,
 JAMES V. CHALMERS,
 ROBERT H. MARTIN,
 JOHN B. ROACH,
 CHARLES H. VAN NOSTRAND,

Trustees.

FROM THE NATIONAL MARINE ENGINEERS' BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES

At a meeting held in New York, Jan. 11, 1887, the Committee on Resolutions presented the following Resolutions of respect to the late John Roach, which were adopted :

Whereas, The building of American ships has at all times called forth the talents of the most skilled and learned mechanics in the country ; and *whereas*, no man has made a reputation more profound than John Roach, the late distinguished boat-builder ; and *whereas*, The ranks of American mechanics were ennobled by having the companionship of a man of such distinguished ability ; and *whereas*, the Marine Engineers were necessarily identified in the same vocation as the late eminent boat-builder ; therefore be it

Resolved, That the army of American Marine Engineers has lost one of its most distinguished members, and America one of its most enterprising citizens.

Resolved, That the National Association in its Twelfth Annual Session extend to the sorrowing family its heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the Journal of this session, and a copy given to the press for publication.

Respectfully submitted,

JAMES H. HARRIS, *Chairman.*

E. D. BATEMAN,

GEO. R. McCUTCHEON,

Committee.

FROM NEW YORK BUSINESS MEN.

[A Tribute presented during his Illness.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 27, 1886.

Mr. John Roach.

DEAR SIR: Your prolonged illness and enforced absence from your usual haunts have deprived us of your cheering presence in our midst. We desire to express to you our heartfelt sympathy in your sufferings and misfortunes, and to assure you of our esteem and appreciation of your sterling and manly qualities, your indomitable perseverance against obstacles seemingly insurmountable, and greater than all these—your undoubted and unimpeachable integrity.

Those of us who have had contracts and dealings with you have a greater appreciation of your sterling qualities than others, and regret more your enforced retirement from business.

The steamships you have built, and which are a credit to their owners and the flag they fly, are mute witnesses to the thorough workmanship and knowledge of their builder; and we venture to prophesy that in future generations, when the commercial marine will be fully recognized and appreciated, the name of John Roach will be handed to posterity as the symbol of perseverance, honesty, and a well-

spent life, having always in his mind those good old maxims, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," and "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

With our very best wishes for your speedy recovery, we remain, dear sir, yours very truly,

JAMES E. WARD & Co., New York and Cuba
Mail S. S. Co.

J. B. HOUSTON, President Pacific Mail S. S.
Co.

J. M. LOCKLAND, Jr., Sec. United States
and Brazil Mail S. S. Co.

F. A. ALEXANDER & SONS.

C. H. MALLORY & Co., Agents New York
and Texas S. S. Co.

H. YOUNGE, Agent Ocean S. S. Co. of
Savannah.

WILLIAM H. WALLACE.

BORDEN & LOVELL, Agents Old Colony
Steamboat Co.

MANNING, MAXWELL & MOORE.

E. H. COLE, Treasurer Eaton, Cole &
Burnham Co.

VAN VICKLE, STOUT & Co.

SAMUEL H. SEAMAN.

JAMES WILLIAMSON & Co.

W. H. BAILEY, Agent American Tube
Works.

A. R. WHITING & Co.

N. I. MCCREADY, President Old Dominion
S. S. Co.

JAMES W. QUINTARD & Co., New York and
Charleston S. S. Co.

GEO. H. STOVER, Gen. Manager Geo. F.
Blake Manufacturing Co.

HENDRICKS BROTHERS.

LETTERS.

POTTER BUILDING, N. Y. CITY,
Jan. 7, 1887.

John Roach, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: I hear with the greatest sorrow and sympathy of your present illness. I have watched your course for many years. It has been distinguished by public spirit and patriotic devotion to the interests of the country and to the advancement of the interests of the industrial class within your influence. Your fellow-citizens throughout the country who are acquainted with the real facts which led to your recent embarrassment, condemn and deplore the use of the National power for the overthrow of a citizen who has so long and so conspicuously labored in support of our commerce and our flag, by resort to technicalities and strict construction, in disregard of substantial justice. Be assured that so long as our commerce shall be maintained and our flag shall be honored, your name will be cherished with pride by your countrymen.

In the earnest hope for your early and complete recovery, I remain,

Most truly your friend,

O. B. POTTER.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. ROACH: You are so well aware of the almost inexpressible grief I feel, and the irreparable loss we all have sustained in the death of your dear husband, that it would appear unnecessary for me again to express it, together with the sympathy you have from me at this time. I cannot refrain, however, from adding my tribute of esteem for one who for twenty-five years has been like a father to me. Our relations have been so close and intimate, and I have been so accustomed to look to him for counsel and advice, that the only consolation I have is that I believe my regard and affection for him were reciprocated. I especially have the comfort to remember that during all these years, amidst the cares and annoyances of business with which you are somewhat familiar, he never had an unkind word for me, and I trust he had no unexpressed ill-feeling. He frequently remarked that this was an exceptional coincidence.

Be assured, my dear Mrs. Roach, that my regard for you and respect for his memory will always lead me to serve you when in my power to do so, and I trust you will never hesitate to call upon me. With renewed expressions of sympathy, I am,

Very truly,

GEO. E. WEED.

UNITED STATES SENATE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 11, 1887.

MY DEAR SIR: Death has been busy for the past two years touching with his icy hand the great men of the Republic, but your father, in all the essentials of true greatness, was the peer of any of them. His life was a struggle from the beginning, but every attempt was a victory. His death touched me very closely, for he was my personal friend. We were, too, in political accord, agreed as to the tariff, as to the policy of keeping our registry closed against foreign-built ships, as to the duty of this Government to undertake vigorously the revival of the American merchant marine; and on all of these subjects he was the wise teacher, I the willing scholar. I never met the man who could impart so much and so exact information in these directions as he.

During the last ten years he has done more to awaken and maintain an interest in Congress, in our marine, than all others combined.

His loss to the country is irreparable. And yet his last days were embittered, his spirit broken, by the gross injustice of men in official position, clothed with temporary power—men not worthy to unloose the latchet of his shoes.

That he, now in Paradise, is happy, at peace, in eternal rest, from my knowledge of his life I cannot doubt. Please accept and convey to the mem-

bers of his family assurances of my profound sympathy. I am, with great respect,

Sincerely yours,

WM. P. FRYE.

Mr. GARRETT ROACH.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10, 1887.

Mrs. John Roach.

DEAR MADAM: I was shocked this morning to hear of the death of your late esteemed husband. I feel that I have lost an old and dear friend. For many years I have been intimately connected with Mr. Roach in business matters, and take great pleasure in saying that I have never known a more fair and honorable business man.

He will be a great loss to all with whom he has had any dealings, and to the country at large. I sympathize with you and your family in this great bereavement, and trust that you all may be comforted in this great affliction.

Yours very truly,

C. H. MALLORY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 12, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. ROACH: No words of mine can express the sorrow I feel over the loss that you, as well as the entire country, have met with in the death of your father.

He was never appreciated by the Government, by the merchants, or by the people. It is not more than once in a century that it is given for a man to do the Herculean work that he has wrought out. Now that he has gone, the void his departure has left is seen by all men

Yours very truly,

U. H. PAINTER.

GARRETT ROACH, Esq.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. ROACH: Please accept my sincere sympathy in your distress.

Our country can no more spare than can his family the one who has been taken. His life will ever be a landmark to those who strive to achieve great things, and every ship that carries our flag a monument of his patriotism.

Yours truly,

J. B. HOUSTON.

Mrs. JOHN ROACH.

CHESTER, PA., Jan. 10, 1887.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I have just received your despatch of this date, announcing the death of your dear father, and although that sad event was anticipated, it yet comes to me with a shock that tells how dear he was to me.

It is nearly thirty years since I first knew your father, and never in all that time has there been a cloud between us, nor even a shadow upon our friendship; and I rejoice to believe in this sad hour that in his last days upon earth he was conscious that my love for him was unchanged.

“None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise.”

And it is not surprising—indeed it could not be otherwise—that he won so many hearts; for it was impossible to know him and not be brought under the influence of his great and captivating personality.

If your lamented father won such love from those to whom he was only united by the ties of a common humanity, how much greater was the love—and loss—of his own kindred, of his own cherished and beloved family, the wife of fifty years, sharer of his trials and his triumphs, and the children for whom no labor nor sacrifice on his part was too great.

When I think of the loss you have all sustained,

and the bitterly aggravated circumstances of that loss, I have no words of condolence or sympathy which can afford you any consolation. Such grief is beyond the power of words to relieve, but you have the consciousness that nothing possible was omitted on your part to soothe the sufferings of that martyred husband and father that your unwearied care and love could suggest. And you have also the assurance that he is now in that "better land," where there is no pain nor sorrow, but where all is happiness and peace. That you may all rejoin him there, "when life's fitful fever is over," to be no more separated forever, is the sincere prayer of your sympathizing friend,

WM. PARKER.

Mr. JOHN B. ROACH.

BALTIMORE, MD., Jan. 11, 1887.

MY DEAR SIR: Although personally unacquainted with you, I presume to offer to yourself and the family of your late lamented father my sincere condolence in this time of affliction and bereavement.

I became acquainted with Mr. Roach in the year 1862, and have long entertained for him the highest respect and regard. I consider him to have been one of the most useful men of his day, that the country is largely his debtor, and that he has been a true benefactor of his race.

Deploring the unfair treatment which no doubt hastened if it was not the immediate cause of his death, and repeating the assurances of my regret at his decease, I remain,

Yours truly,

GERMAN H. HUNT.

Mr. JOHN B. ROACH.

THE PHENIX IRON COMPANY,
PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 11, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. ROACH: We desire to express to you the profound sorrow that the news of your father's death brings to us, and to extend to you our cordial sympathy.

It is not needful that we should attempt to express the respect in which he was always held by us; this you understand full well.

His death has come to us as a personal bereavement, and we desire thus to place upon record our appreciation of the lofty qualities which distinguished his life and character.

Very truly yours,

GEO. GERRY WHITE, *Sec'y.*

JOHN B. ROACH, Esq.

PROVIDENCE AND STONINGTON STEAMSHIP CO.,
NEW YORK, Jan. 15, 1887.

Mrs. John Roach.

DEAR MADAM: It was my mournful privilege, with others, to represent this Company at the funeral services of your beloved husband, and I esteem it a privilege to be able to verify some of the remarks made by the clergymen on that occasion.

My personal acquaintance with Mr. Roach was slight, but my business relations with him, covering a period of some years, afforded opportunity of obtaining an insight into his character, and of his *greatness*, so eloquently referred to by Rev. Dr. McChesney. A more unselfish man I never knew. His aim seemed to be to mete out to his fellows strict and exact justice and equity on all occasions. I have known him to concede a very large sum, in a business transaction, which he was under *no* obligation to do, simply at the request of a friend in whose honor and intelligence he had implicit faith.

The "gates of hell shall not prevail" against the memory of John Roach, and his name will stand high in the annals of American history, representing virtues and achievements which our youth will be called upon to emulate, I trust, to all time. With deep sympathy in your bereavement, I am,

Respectfully yours,

W. F. HERBERT.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 11, 1887.

Mrs. John Roach.

DEAR MADAM: Allow me to tender to you and your family my heartfelt sympathy in this hour of your great affliction, in the death of your most excellent husband, who was one of the most remarkable men of this or of any age. May God comfort you and those you love, in your great sorrow.

This declaration of Mr. Roach should be printed in letters of gold, and put in every house in our land: "With a clear conscience I can declare that I have always rendered the best service to God and my fellow-man of which I was capable."

Yours truly,

JAMES A. BRIGGS.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 12, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. ROACH: Permit me, as one of your husband's warmest friends, to extend to you and your family my deepest sympathy in your sad bereavement.

Very truly yours,

W. E. ROBINSON.

OFFICE OF DE LAMATER IRON WORKS,
NEW YORK, Jan. 12, 1887.

Mrs. John Roach and Family.

RESPECTED MADAM : Will you permit me to add my testimonial to the many you receive upon the character of your lamented husband. Having known him intimately, in social and business relations, nearly all of his business life, having been in the same way of business (oftentimes in rivalry and competition), I have a right to judgment, and to express that he was, "take him all in all," the best American citizen I have ever known, deserving the gratitude of the whole nation.

Very respectfully and in sympathy,
C. H. DE LAMATER.

P. S.—All the employés of our works cease work to attend funeral.

THURLOW, Jan. 10, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. ROACH : The deep sorrow which the death of your noble husband gives me can only be exceeded by your own and that of your family. When he passed to his home beyond I lost a true friend and wise counsellor, whose friendship I shall ever hold dear. Mrs. Houston joins me in heartfelt sympathy in your great bereavement.

Yours truly,

C. B. HOUSTON.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Jan. 11, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. ROACH: When the news came of Mr. Roach's having gone, a feeling of envy came for the beautiful rest he has gone to enjoy. Accept my sympathy, dear Mrs. Roach, in your sorrow. Words are not of much value, I think, at such times; but great appreciation of Mr. Roach's friendship and care for us impels me to send you a word of love.

CARRIE B. GROSE.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 16, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. ROACH: Although personally a stranger to you, yet we are by recent events sisters in sorrow, and this must be my excuse for writing you at this time, to try to say something to comfort you in your loss; for though, alas! I am not comforted myself, yet by doing my duty to my children and friends I am enabled to bear up under my great sorrow, and be a comfort to others; and this is really all that is left for us to do. The great friendship which for so many years existed between our late husbands impels me to write this, to hope that you also may be sustained and comforted by the loving care and

affection of your children and grandchildren, until the time comes for you to join him in that land "where all tears are wiped away." With great sympathy and respect, I remain sincerely your friend,

MRS. D. S. BABCOCK.

BOSTON, Jan. 12, 1887.

Mrs. John Roach:

DEAR MADAM: I have just heard of the death of your estimable husband, and do so wish I could in some way minister to your comfort in this very great affliction.

. . . Your husband had earned the esteem of all good men, and will long be remembered as one of the best types of self-reliant, courageous, kind, and honorable American citizens. His life and work have brought honor to the land of his adoption. He has left a name and a record for which you and your sons and daughters may well be grateful. All lovers of the good and noble, and all true patriots and generous helpers of men, have been afflicted by his adverse conditions and his sore sickness; and you and yours share their sympathy and love. . .

Truly yours,

JOHN PARKER.

CHESTER, PA., Jan. 10, 1887.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Roach.

DEAR FRIENDS: It was sad news that came to us to-day, and the papers are now full of eulogy of your father. Well might they say of him that he was one of the most remarkable men of his time; and well may Chester feel that it has lost its best friend.

Many flags are now at half-mast, and every one has a kind word for him. Why should such men have to endure such suffering? That is a question I have often asked myself, but can only make a guess at the solution. It the more prominently brings out their true greatness, and draws the hearts of the people more towards them. I entirely agree with one of the writers who says, "The better he is known the better he is respected and appreciated." But it was in his family that his best traits of character were shown, and the same writer says, "a better husband or more affectionate father could not be found." But I need not say this to you, and I would not, only that I feel that comparatively few know what a great, noble heart it was that ceased to beat this morning.

We cannot express to you the sadness we feel, nor the sympathy we would like to offer you; but none can tender you friendship more earnestly and sincerely.

Yours very truly,

DR. AND MRS. S. STARR.

AUBURN, N. Y., Jan. 13, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. ROACH: As I sit here, offering you and your dear family my sympathy, I am reminded that the funeral services are being conducted and the last offices of loving affection are being rendered over the cherished remains of your dear husband.

It was only last Summer, at Mount McGregor, where I was spending part of my vacation, that I first met your husband. My sympathies had been profoundly stirred in his behalf long before this our first meeting; but when I came to see how his treatment and bitter disappointments were telling upon his health, how visibly he was descending into his grave; and when, too, I came to see the lovable character of the man, all his vast resources of mind and heart, his intellectual and moral gifts, his executive power, and at the same time see all these excellences combined with such gentleness and meekness—I felt that I had made one of the most valuable acquaintances of my life and it was my hope that he might, by the blessing of God, still for many years bless his family and home by the light and cheer of his presence, and add to the reputation of the land of his adoption by his brilliant industries. But, my dear friend, this does not seem to be our Heavenly Father's will; and I trust you will not deem it an intrusion if, with our short acquaintance, I venture to address you at this time, and assure you and your loving family of the deep

and earnest sympathy felt for you all by Mrs. Brainard and myself.

God has indeed taken from you your dearest earthly possession; but if you are to be deprived of his dear companionship during the few days that remain, you can have, if you will, the closer intimacy and affection of Him who will never leave us nor forsake us—who will walk by our side when other friends have vanished, and other comforts have failed. God bless you in these days of darkened skies; and as this world loses its chief attraction, let heaven be more dear and more real, as you draw more closely to your Saviour and your God. Remember me, and Mrs. Brainard also, to every member of your family, and believe me to be,

Sincerely yours,

JOHN BRAINARD.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. ROACH: We desire to assure you and your family of our tenderest sympathy in your great affliction. We have read with deep and sorrowful interest such accounts as the newspapers have given us during the last few weeks of your dear husband's condition. We should have been glad to render him any service in our power; but we knew that he had no need of anything we could

do, as all that affection and medical skill could suggest would be invoked to comfort him. Now that all is over, we desire to be counted among the many who sincerely condole with you.

Mr. Roach was one of Mr. Ketcham's truest and best friends, and his overflowing kindness endeared him to each of our family. Mr. Ketcham regrets that an important engagement here will prevent his being present to-morrow at the funeral. Praying that God may bless and comfort you, I remain, with kindest regards, in which Mr. Ketcham joins, to each of your sorrowing circle,

Very sincerely yours,

A. A. KETCHAM.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21, 1887.

Mr. Stephen W. Roach.

MY DEAR SIR: Please convey to your mother and to the members of her stricken household, and to all her children who have gone out from the maternal home, my sincere sympathy for them in the great sorrow which has thrown its long dark shadow over you all.

May you find comfort in the divine promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM F. HARRIS.

SYRACUSE, Jan. 11, 1887.

DEAR MRS. ROACH : The blow has at last fallen, and how desolate you must be ! I scarcely know what words to use—they seem so cold and expressionless. But how much you have to comfort you in your grief ! I think that no one outside of your family could think more highly of your dear husband than I do. He was so good, and kind, and true, and strong. He leaves you and all the children and grandchildren what is far more desirable and abiding than riches—a good name and a spotless character. But you know him as I never could or did. Now, in the midst of your overwhelming grief, what will you do ? There is but one chief thing—lean heavily on our dear Lord and Saviour, and let the Father comfort you as He alone can. God will somehow help you through this fiery trial, for He loves you, for you are His.

And the children—how keenly I feel for them ! Since we have known of the critical condition of Mr. Roach, both Mrs. Backman and I have felt sad and lonely, and we would like you to think of us as partners in your family grief. Receive my Christian sympathy and love, and believe me,

Always yours,

C. BACKMAN.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, Jan. 12, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. ROACH: I was inexpressibly shocked and grieved to hear this morning of the death of your husband, Mr. Roach. I beg to assure you that our deepest sympathy goes out to you in this your irreparable loss. A grand man, a true, warm-hearted friend, a noble patriot, has gone from among us. There were few like him. For ourselves, we are indeed bereaved of a friend—the truest and the best; and we recognize the fact that we will not find his like again in all the world.

May God in His mercy console and comfort you in this your hour of affliction.

“After life’s fitful fever, he sleeps well.”

I remain, as ever, yours sincerely,

SALLIE F. TISDEL.

HOLY TRINITY MISSION, NEW YORK, Jan. 12, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. ROACH: I saw the notice in this morning’s paper, and hasten to send you my sympathy in this your hour of bereavement. How little can I say to you at this time!—but at least I can say that which many others can, and that is, that I have always found your husband a warm-hearted friend and helper. I look back over all the years in which I have known him, and in all our connec-

tions I find only words of helpful kindness from him. He has always been to me an inspiration. In my business life I looked up to him and recognized his true greatness, his sturdy uprightness, his sterling ability. In my present life he has been no less an inspiration to me, for in him, as in few men, I see one who has ever lived up to his inner light. I think that every one who came in contact with your husband must have felt the force of his true virtue and spirit, speaking to them not in words, but in his life. That, after all, is the true and effective preaching. Can I say anything more comforting to you at this time, my dear Mrs. Roach, than this—that I am a better man to-day than I would have been, just because I knew and loved and revered your husband. I thank God that He ordered my life so that it came in contact with your husband's life. I thank God for his good example of honesty and Christian kindness which has made it easier for me and for others to lead a better life. I thank God that your husband is now at rest in the Paradise of God, free from all the harm and misconceptions and weariness of this mortal life. It will not be long before we too shall go. God grant us all grace so to live uprightly and lovingly that we too may receive the benediction which I am sure he has heard, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Yours in affectionate sympathy,

JAMES V. CHALMERS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. ROACH: I am greatly grieved at the death of your father. He was greatly endeared to me. He had so much confidence in humanity. He said to me once when he intrusted an important commission to me, and remarked my surprise, "No one cheats me." I said to myself, "I don't see how any one could have the heart to do so." I never saw him but he seemed anxious to in some way benefit me. And this was the way he treated a great many others, to my certain knowledge. You have lost a kind father, but the world has lost a friend of humanity.

Very truly yours,

Mr. GARRETT ROACH.

M. A. RULAND.

HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS, Jan. 7, 1887.

Dr. J. H. Douglas, in grateful remembrance of kindnesses received from Mr. John Roach a year ago, sends him this assurance of his profound sympathy in his present distress.

It may gratify Mr. Roach to know that in this far-off portion of our country the expressions I hear are full of tenderness toward him, and that his sterling qualities as a man and his unswerving patriotism as a citizen are well known and appreciated.

Mrs. Douglas joins me in most fervent expressions of kindly feeling to the whole family.

TELEGRAMS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10, 1887.

MRS. JOHN ROACH: We have learned with deep sorrow of the death of John Roach, who exemplified in himself in so great a degree the possibilities open to every workingman of the United States. From our long-time knowledge of him and his work we can truly say that our country has suffered a great loss. You and your family have our sincere sympathy.

W. & A. FLETCHER.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10, 1887.

MRS. JOHN ROACH: We tender you our sympathy in your great bereavement. America has lost one of her greatest citizens, and we one of our best friends. We mourn his loss.

JAMES E. WARD & CO.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10, 1887.

MRS. JOHN ROACH: Please accept the sympathy of the officers and employés of this corporation in your great grief.

J. W. MILLER, General Manager,
Providence and Stonington Steamship Co.

CHESTER, PA., Jan. 10, 1887.

JOHN B. ROACH: You all have my deepest sympathy in your great affliction. I mourn the loss of a true friend and noble man. Universal sorrow among foremen and employés.

WM. PARKER.

THE PRESS.

Through the reports of the Associated Press the news of Mr. Roach's fatal illness and death was carried to all parts of the country and throughout the civilized world. For many weeks interest was everywhere manifested that indicated in high degree the public esteem and sympathy. The editorial comments at his death were in most cases worthy of the man and his achievements. We can give here only extracts from leading journals in the principal cities. These speak for themselves. Few men in our nation have thus received larger recognition and higher honor from the press. None have better deserved it.

New York Tribune, Jan. 11, 1887.

If the death of John Roach had occurred at any time since his assignment in 1885 it would have occasioned no surprise to those who knew him. His was the finely sensitive Irish nature, which is incapable of dull emotions. His moods were intense and deep. They affected every fibre of his body; and when he found himself, through no fault of his own, ruined in business, injured in credit and reputation, with the magnificent enterprise that had taken a lifetime to develop swept down in a day, overwhelmed by the blindly partisan government of a country which had found in him a loyal patriot and a faithful son, even his buoyant courage and superb constitution were not proof against the blow. From that day John Roach walked in the shadow of death.

Of such a life this is a pitiful end. He was born in as humble a position as could obtain among people who were honest and industrious. When he landed, a mere child, at Castle Garden, the only being he knew in America was a man, somewhere in New Jersey, who had once worked with his father. He became an apprentice in a machine-shop, and in the face of misfortunes almost unnatural he rose to become the possessor of the largest machine-works in America, from which he has paid out in wages about \$45,000,000. A splendid squadron of nearly one hundred iron merchant vessels bears the imprint of his name; and a trade

essential to the Nation's safety, not to speak of its commercial prosperity, which had languished almost to extinction, was by him placed upon a solid foundation.

The world is busy these days, and it does not pause long to mourn or to avenge other people's misfortunes. But if the responsibility for this crime—there is no other name for it—is not visited by the people upon this Administration, it will sooner or later be visited upon the people themselves. Governments cannot afford to strike down the men to whom in times of danger they must turn for aid. Though John Roach's life ended in misfortune, it is not without its inspirations to young men of courage and purpose. It is not to be anticipated that organized cruelty will often be practised by a government as the reward of enterprise and public spirit, and the lessons of indomitable nerve, of consistent aim, of ready resource, and of irreproachable character, which are to be read in the life of John Roach, are well worth knowing.

New York Mail and Express, Jan. 10, 1887.

John Roach, the greatest of American ship-builders and the most conspicuous victim of the injustice of the present national Administration, died this morning. The history of the rise of the poor

Irish schoolboy to national fame and large fortune as a shipbuilder reads like a romance. But there was no "luck" in the steady ascent of the plucky, tenacious, courageous, industrious, inventive, and manly "Captain of Industry," who became such a great power, and who did so much to develop a great American industry. John Roach's character and practical abilities were the secrets of his immense achievements and brilliant successes. . . . It seems a national disgrace that an adopted citizen, who had advanced and defended American interests with such ability, persistence, and success, should have finally died broken-hearted, by reason of the treatment he experienced at the hands of his own government. But his memory will long be honored by Americans, and especially by the intelligent mechanics of the country, of whom he was a most successful and distinguished specimen.

New York Times, Jan. 11, 1887.

The death of Mr. John Roach will be very generally regretted, and by none more deeply and sincerely than by the large number of workingmen who have been in his employ, and for whom he has always shown manly sympathy and generous regard. Mr. Roach was in many respects a remarkable man, and his long and brilliant career in busi-

ness would have hardly been possible in any other country or under other institutions than our own. He came to America from Ireland a mere boy, scarcely sixteen, without friends, without money, and with no special education. He began life as a mechanic, and from that humble station he rose to be the greatest ship-builder and one of the greatest iron-founders of the country. The qualities to which this success was due are recognized by those familiar with his career to have been in every way honorable to him. He had, of course, unbounded energy and self-reliance; he was not only industrious and painstaking, but full of resource—shrewd, long-headed, a manager of men, broad in his views, tireless in the pursuit of his aims, honest of purpose, and not only sanguine and zealous, but capable of inspiring confidence and zeal in those with whom he had to deal. His conduct toward his workmen was at once sagacious and kindly. He used to take a just pride in the fact that no man who worked for him—and at times they numbered three thousand—had ever failed to receive his pay when it was due. But he did not stop at this. He aided his men in every way to get on in life, to secure homes of their own, and to enter as far as they were fitted to enter the field in which he himself made such an ample harvest. Such service may properly be remembered by his fellow-citizens, not only with respect, but with a certain degree of pride.

New York World, Jan. 11, 1887.

The death of John Roach ends a busy, energetic, and prosperous career. It will occasion widespread regret, because the deceased was a kind employer, a warm friend, a genial, generous man, and was possessed in no ordinary degree of those qualities which win popularity.

New York Star, Jan. 11, 1887.

John Roach was a typical product of American institutions and opportunities. In spite of deficient education, and with no other backing than personal energy, a quick wit, and good judgment, he acquired a foremost position as a master mechanic and manufacturer. . . . In private business Mr. Roach's reputation as a ship-builder and an employer stood high. He built many of the largest and finest of our river and sound steamboats, and some of the stanchest and swiftest of our sea-going passenger and freight steamers. He firmly held the confidence and esteem of the men he employed, and he liberally aided those he thought worthy in acquiring homes for their families.

New York Evening Post, Jan. 10, 1887.

As a ship-builder Mr. Roach stood without an equal in this country. His shipyard at Chester was probably the most complete in the world, and was the only one where the iron could be received in the ore and converted into a finished ship . . . Mr. Roach was greatly liked by his employés. No man could be kinder or a better friend to workmen. Thousands of dollars were given by him in charity. . . . He was remarkable for his shrewdness, indomitable will, and honesty of purpose. In a business career of nearly fifty years he had never been sued, nor had he ever found it necessary to sue a customer. He was honored by the business men of New York on many occasions.

New York Sun, Jan. 11.

John Roach made his own way in the world by force of native pluck, shrewd industry, and the in-born capacity to deal with large affairs. He had many of those qualities that win friends and keep them. He was warm-hearted, loyal, interesting. To the thousands of workingmen to whom for years his various enterprises gave employment he was a just and often a generous master. He knew how to build good ships, and his perseverance under

discouraging conditions, his unconquerable self-assertion in a department of industry in which he believed himself the only thoroughly representative man, did much to keep the American flag upon the seas. There is no doubt about that.

New York Morning Journal, Jan. 11.

The lesson of John Roach's noble, persevering, hard-working life will be learned and taken to heart by generations of Americans yet to be. He was a credit to Ireland, and an honor to the land of his adoption.

New York Herald, Jan. 11.

A man who accomplished so much must have been either a very lucky man, or exceedingly talented, persevering, and businesslike. It will be seen that John Roach did not owe much to Dame Fortune, but that his purpose in life was achieved by fortitude, by courage, and by perseverance. It is impossible to read the story of his early struggles without admiration. His sturdiest opponent on the question of protection, now that he has passed away, will fain admit that he did much for the development of the iron industry of his adopted country, and that his efforts to foster that of ship-building were earnest. It has been estimated that

ninety per cent of all the iron vessels flying the American flag have been turned out from Mr. Roach's yards.

Philadelphia Evening Call, Jan. 10.

The greatest shipbuilder of the age died this morning from the effects of a lingering disease. In our news columns will be found a sketch of his long and useful life and the service he has done to this country. It has been a long series of triumphs. It is sad to chronicle that his death was hastened by political hatred and misrepresentation, but it is pleasant to add that he goes to his grave with his reputation untarnished and his probity placed beyond reproach.

Philadelphia North American, Jan. 11.

The lesson of such lives as John Roach lived, though not wholly lost on the contemporary generation, is seldom effective. How mean and objectless in comparison seem the lives of men who create nothing and assist to build nothing. The passage of John Roach from poverty to the high position he occupied among the chiefs of great enterprise when death laid him low constitutes one of the most notable examples of self-help to be found anywhere. And though the last days of his life were overcast, his was a successful life and a

grand example. There can be none greater than he who deserves success, and none will deny that John Roach achieved no mean measure of success, while he deserved the utmost.

Philadelphia Press, Jan. 11.

John Roach is one of the best examples of the self-made man which this country has produced. His pluck, energy, business capacity, and natural genius served him better than any family or friends could have done to build up an enormous business from small beginnings, and create a great fortune by labor, skill, and thrift. . . . His life is a most striking example of the rare opportunities which this country offers to fortuneless youths who have the genius to perceive and make the most of them.

Philadelphia Inquirer, Jan. 11.

By the death of John Roach a prominent figure is removed from American industry and politics, for the great ship-builder, if not a politician, which he was not in the general sense, was a vigorous partisan, and the near associate of all the leading Republicans of the country. What his life was most typical of was the exhibition of the opportunity which is offered to every man in this country, to rise from the humblest to the foremost place, to achieve both wealth and power.

His ships were upon every sea, in the navy of the United States and in its merchant marine. He sailed ships as well as built them, and his enterprise was one of his most remarkable characteristics. The death of a man of such extraordinary force of mind, of such sturdy worth, such marvellous energy and public spirit, is a national loss, a great and common calamity. John Roach was not only an example to all poor men having the ambition to rise to wealth and influence, but he exercised a distinctive force upon the country's industry, which he extended in one direction at least further than any other American had done.

If it be true that peace has victories as war has, then must it be conceded that he was one of the greatest captains of peace. His weapons were only the saw and hammer, but with them he created whole fleets and navies, thereby adding to the greatness and wealth of his country.

Chester (Pa.) Times, Jan. 13.

John Roach is dead. How solemn, how mournful the intelligence comes to the hundreds of his late employés, to the millions of his countrymen. The stout heart is forever stilled. The hand that was so strong in its friendly grasp lies cold across the breast. The kindly eye has looked its last on earth, and what was known as John Roach will

hereafter live only in the memory of those who honor manly worth, who prize noble endeavor, and who realize that such as he are the glory of Republican institutions.

Loved, honored, and revered as John Roach was in every part of this broad land, nowhere was he so near and dear to so large a proportion of a population as to the citizens of Chester. A just employer, a kind friend to all who merited his counsel, a generous patron to every man who manfully strove to help himself, his death is mourned in Chester homes as deeply almost as if death had visited the family-circle.

His enterprise was equalled only by his boundless generosity, and now that John Roach stands in the presence of his God, a thousand deeds of kindness will plead in his behalf. John Roach is dead, but the memory of what he was, the memory of what he did, will never die. The good men will follow them, and the blessings which this man during a life of usefulness strewed like fragrant flowers along his pathway will cause his name to be remembered when the accidental creatures who made his last few days so weary are forgotten. As for them, we say, in the presence of our beloved dead, "Father, forgive them, for they knew not what they did."

Chicago Tribune, Jan. 11.

In nearly every respect the career of John Roach was a remarkable one. He came from Ireland to this country in his early years, with no other capital than a pair of stout hands and indomitable will, with an extraordinary capacity for industry. He became known as one of the greatest ironmasters of this country and one of the greatest ship-builders of the world.

In many respects Gen. Grant and John Roach were alike. They were both men of a bluff and rugged mould, strong in will, and conspicuous for hard, practical common-sense. Both had great constructive power—the one in the manipulation of machinery, the other in the manipulation of men. Both had the somewhat rare faculty of inspiring friendships, of strong attachment to their friends, and of exposure to imposition by those whom they called friends. Both in their old age were visited by reverses of fortune which swept away all their accumulations under circumstances which unjustly reflected upon their personal honesty. Both were attacked by and died of the same disease. Both have left a life record worthy of study, as showing how much can be accomplished by good sense, strong will, and hard labor. It can never be anything but a national regret, however, that the end of two such careers should have come in disaster and defeat through no fault of their own.

Chicago Inter-Ocean, Jan. 11.

John Roach was a fine character, and a sturdy one. His success in life, through high personal qualities and clean business methods, was a teaching by example that will do more to stimulate proper ambition and shape character than years of lecturing. The country never needed such men more than now; and it could ill afford to lose so true a patriot, so earnest a worker, so firm a believer in American institutions, and one so closely identified with the Nation's material progress.

It is not pleasant to remember that this self-made man, this loyal, kind-hearted gentleman, who had done so much for the working-man and for the country, went down to his grave staggering under a blow delivered by those who pretended to believe that bad faith on the part of a government was not a crime.

Pittsburg Daily Times, Jan. 11.

It cannot be doubted that John Roach was a remarkable man of the class who are of the greatest value to the country and society. And he had corresponding success, which, it is said, was owing

largely to his consideration for his workmen, and the justness of all his dealings. Thousands of dollars were given by him in charity, and the widows of faithful employés were invariably kept on the pay-roll until their children were able to support them. The improvements of the homes of his workmen was one of his special studies, and he made it easy for them to own their homes by paying for them on instalments. He sought earnestly to improve their condition and circumstances, and surround their children with advantages greater than their own.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph, Jan. 10.

News comes to-day of the death of John Roach, foremost of American ship-builders, and one of the highest types of the class designated as self-made men. Humble of birth, he started in life at the very foot of the ladder, with no capital save good health, strength, correct habits, a thorough knowledge of the craft he had selected by which to win bread for him and his, industry, energy, and frugality. Step by step he advanced, adding slowly to his possessions and increasing his facilities, until, arrived at the prime of life, he stood at the head of

the ship-building industry of the country, and was possessed of a large fortune. He introduced many marked improvements in naval architecture, and sent out some of the best and fleetest ships ever floated. Although misfortune came upon him in his old age, sweeping away the results of a lifetime's hard work, no dishonorable action clouded his record, and he leaves his family an untarnished name. There is little doubt that Mr. Roach's death was hastened by the ill-fortune which fell upon him through no fault or shortcoming of his own, but came rather from the unwarranted interference with his affairs of political opponents. He will occupy a prominent place in the history of American progress and industry, and have more honorable mention than those who were the cause of his downfall.

San Francisco Morning Call, Jan. 11.

In the death of John Roach the country loses a man who has been its greatest ship-builder, and one who has, perhaps, done more to keep that industry from becoming a lost art in the United States than any other man. He was eminently a self-made man, and advanced by gradual stages from a hard-working mechanic to the head of the great establishment

which has produced so many vessels for the Government, and particularly for our merchant marine. For a quarter of a century he has been the most prominent figure among our marine constructors, and the results he has achieved in the face of the great competition of the English ship-yards have been of great value to our shipping interests.

Cleveland News and Herald, Jan. 10.

John Roach was one of the most useful and valuable natives of Ireland that ever landed in America. He was a striking instance of what the Celtic race is capable of in the way of business thrift and persevering enterprise.

Boston Advertiser, Jan. 11.

Shortly after eight o'clock yesterday morning, John Roach died. Who he was and what he did for American ship-building and commerce all Americans know. They know that he began life as a destitute Irish immigrant lad in the city of New York, and gradually built up, by his indomitable pluck, industry, and talent, the greatest iron

ship-yards in this country. He made American ships with American labor from American materials. He mined the ore, smelted the iron, converted the bars to steel, and forged the plates for his vessels from keel to rail. American stokers fed his furnaces, American smiths guided his rolls and hammers, and American mechanics cut and riveted his plates. Ninety per cent of the iron ships now sailing under the American flag were built by him. His works gave employment to thousands. He never wronged a laborer who worked for him. It might have been thought that he deserved well of his country.

He was guilty, however, of harboring the prejudice of patriotism. He wanted to see his country independent, and not reliant upon foreigners for the necessities of transport and defence. He sought to keep American labor from grinding competition. For this offence he was especially singled out as a target for free-trade slings. All kinds of missiles were used, and one of the last stones was thoughtlessly hurled by a Secretary of the Navy who wanted to figure as a reformer. To gratify this petty ambition the foremost ship-builder was struck.

Evening Express, Portland, Me., Jan. 11.

The death of John Roach, announced in our telegraphic columns yesterday, removes a prominent figure from among the ranks of those self-made men who have achieved eminence in building up great industries. Mr. Roach came to this country at the age of sixteen, and by energy and sagacity became the owner and director of the largest private ship-yard in the United States. Although compelled by stress of circumstances beyond his control, and as unexpected as they were discreditable to the present Administration, to suspend payment, this misfortune served to bring out in strongest relief the sturdy honesty and straightforwardness of his character. He was a man of strong common-sense, unswerving integrity, and wonderful business and mechanical capacity.

Baltimore American, Jan. 11.

John Roach was the greatest ship-builder in the country. His sickness drew forth the sympathy of all who knew him. His old employés almost worshipped him, and his death will be sincerely and widely deplored. In his career he showed what pluck and enterprise can do. He labored for success, and got it.

Baltimore Sun, Jan. 11.

By the death of John Roach the United States loses its largest and most famous builder of iron ships, and of the machinery by which they are driven. No stronger example could be given of what a self-made man can accomplish by dint of sheer industry and natural capacity than may be learned from the story of John Roach.

Providence Journal, Jan. 11.

His life, indeed, was conspicuous, even in a country happily full of such histories, of the possibilities stretching before the poorest youth who possesses integrity, thrift, energy, patience, and indomitable purpose. John Roach rose from the very bottom: there was no poverty, hardship, or discouragement which he did not face; and he rose to a position of national influence and national helpfulness because he willed it so, and would not be kept down.

Brooklyn Union, Jan. 10.

John Roach's career is one of the most inspiring that can be found in the long list of men who have risen by their own industry and patriotism from poverty to wealth and influence as citizens of the republic. . . . He was not one of our rich men who by reason of mere wealth become known throughout the world. But he did what few of the possessors of vast properties ever do—he gave employment to thousands of skilled workmen; the products of his industry and good management were substantial additions to the wealth of the world, and he used his influence to uphold the policy of the loftiest patriotism and the party which saved the Union. Although not born on our shores, John Roach was an American of the Americans. Every impulse was patriotic, and every action of the man loyal.

Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, Jan. 10.

John Roach, the veteran ship-builder, died this morning. We do not envy the feelings with which William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy, must contemplate the complete success of his efforts to break down this old man in pursuance of his ambitious plans for discrediting the Republican adminis-

stration of the Navy Department. His fortune and his good name were involved in the contracts for building the four cruisers; and he broke down in mind and body under the persecuting policy adopted by Secretary Whitney.

Dry Goods Chronicle (New York), Jan. 14.

The death of that good man and citizen, John Roach, is directly traceable to the injustice of our Government. . . . Worse, far worse than the money losses was the fact that it broke down his spirit. He prided himself on his successful and honest career. He had always paid every dollar of indebtedness at maturity. He thought because he had failed to pay his debts at maturity it was a disgrace; it ruined his health; and the result is that we are mourning the death of one of our noblest citizens, a self-made man—one who has done more to build up our commercial marine than any man in this country. We, in common with thousands of citizens in every rank of life, mourn his loss.

Marine Journal (New York), Jan. 15.

It is a beautiful sight to see capital and labor, rich and poor, drop silent tears over the grave of the distinguished deceased. It is a rare event, but

the incident has been chronicled in history the present week in the demise of the great ship-builder, Christian gentleman, and earnest citizen, Mr. John Roach.

Industrial World (Chicago), Jan. 12.

Mr. Roach was not merely a successful business man. He was a big-brained statesman, without ever having held or aspired to hold an office of state. He demonstrated this throughout a whole lifetime in his advocacy by tongue and pen of the doctrine of protection to American labor.

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