United States Senate, Washington, D.C.

April 15, 1901.

Hen. Cyrus H. Walker,

Albany, Oregon.

My dear Mr. Walker:

I have been confined to my bed here for over two weeks with a severe attack of la grippe; am still in bed, and my mail of the 27th of March was only brought to me to-day. Among others, I find yours of March 27th, in regard to your claim as 1st Lieutenant Company B 1st Oregon Infantry. I will look into this matter, as soon as able, and advise you.

Yours very sincerely.

P. S. Spril 15th Per. M. A. Prochee:

My dever Anh. Irasher:
Seince dictative the above I have your head accorded your tack paper, propers etc. Is I there up the

letter to the audience bluste bleak. mo leacirely Jalu A Sheleve Pur. M. M. M. dribute of Hon. george t Williams meman Hon John Hoto Serator of Oregon "Senator Mitchell is now beyond the praise of friends or the malice of ene-mies. When winter comes the flowers of summer fade, the leaves fall to the ground, the storm clouds gather and there is gloom instead of sunshine, and so with Senator Mitchell; he had passed into the winter of life. All the summer flowers of his career had fadedthe joyous fruits of his labor had perished—a storm cloud gathered over his head and in its shadow he laid down and peacefully passed to where winter and storm can never disturb the serenity of God's eternal years. Senator Mitchell sleeps in the bosom of the state in which he lived so long and served so well, and if I were to erect a tombstone at the head of his grave, I would have no inscription upon it but the name, "John H. Mitchell," and underneath, in large and lasting letters, that beautiful, consoling, comforting word, "Rest."