

not lightly hazard the giving us provocation, when we may choose peace or war, as our interest guided by justice shall counsel.

Why forgo the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice?

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliance with any portion of the foreign world—so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it, for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. (I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy)—I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But in my opinion, it is unnecessary, and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand: neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce but forcing nothing; establishing with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course—in order to give to trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view, that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another—that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character—that by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish—that they will control the usual current of the passions or prevent our nation from run-

ning the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good, that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism—this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare by which they have been dictated.

How far in the discharge of my official duties, I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and to the world. To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have, at least, believed myself to be guided by them.

In relation to the still subsisting war in Europe, my proclamation of the 22d of April 1793 is the index to my plan. Sanctioned by your approving voice and by that of your representatives in both houses of Congress, the spirit of that measure has continually governed me, uninfluenced by any attempts to deter or divert me from it.

After deliberate examination with the aid of the best lights I could obtain, I was well satisfied that our country, under all the circumstances of the case, had a right to take, and was bound in duty and interest to take—a neutral position. Having taken it, I determined, as far as should depend upon me, to maintain it with moderation, perseverance and firmness.

The considerations which respect the right to hold this conduct it is not necessary on this occasion to detail. I will only observe that, according to my understanding of the matter, that right, so far from being denied by any of the belligerent powers, has been virtually admitted by all.

The duty of holding a neutral conduct may be inferred, without anything more, from the obligation which justice and humanity impose on every nation, in cases in which it is free to act, to maintain inviolate the relations of peace and amity toward other nations.

The inducements of interest for observing that conduct will best be referred to your own reflections and experience. With me, a predominant motive has been to endeavor to gain time to our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions and to progress, without interruption to that degree of strength and consistency which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes.

Though in reviewing the incidents of my administration I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which

they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love toward it which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize without alloy the sweet enjoyment of partaking in the midst of my fellow citizens the benign influence of good laws under a free government—the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors and dangers.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

UNITED STATES,

17th September, 1796.

Mr. THURMOND addressed the Chair. The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. BURNS). The Senator from South Carolina.

COMMENDING SENATOR VOINOVICH

Mr. THURMOND. Mr. President, I wish to commend the able Senator for the excellent manner in which he just presented Washington's Farewell Address.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from South Carolina is recognized.

Mr. THURMOND. I thank the Chair.

(The remarks of Mr. THURMOND pertaining to the introduction of S. 431, S. 432, and S. 433 are located in today's RECORD under "Statements on Introduced Bills and Joint Resolutions.")

Mr. THURMOND. Mr. President, I yield the floor.

MORNING BUSINESS

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Under the previous order, there will now be a period for the transaction of morning business not to extend beyond the hour of 3 p.m., with the time being divided between the majority leader and the Senator from Illinois, Mr. DURBIN, or their designee.

In my capacity as a Senator from Montana, I suggest the absence of a quorum. The clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, is the Senate now in morning business?

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator is correct.

Mr. BYRD. What is the length of time Senators are permitted to speak? The PRESIDING OFFICER. There is no time limit.

Mr. BYRD. I thank the Chair.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. KYL). The Chair advises the Senator from West Virginia that the Senator from Illinois controls the time for 1 hour.

Mr. BYRD. Very well. I thank the Chair.

RAYMOND SCOTT BATES

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, today I speak in memory of Raymond Scott Bates, one of the dear members of our own Senate family who recently departed this life.

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot
destroy;

Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and
care,

And bring back the features that joy used to
wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories
filled,

Like the vase in which roses have once been
distilled,

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if
you will,

But the scent of the roses will hang round it
still.

These words, written by Thomas Moore, are so fitting this afternoon, as I, in my limited and feeble way, attempt to pay honor and tribute to the life of Scott Bates, a man whom we all admired and respected, and who was taken from our midst, virtually in the twinkle of an eye, and without warning.

It was on the evening of February 5 that the pallid messenger beckoned Scott to depart this life. We can believe that he awakened to see a more glorious sunrise with unimaginable splendor above a celestial horizon, and that he yet remembers us as we remember him, for we have the consolation that has come down to us from the lips of that ancient man of Uz, whose name was Job, "Oh that my words were written in a book and engraved with an iron pen, and lead in the rock forever, for I know that my Redeemer liveth and that in the latter day He shall stand upon the earth."

When Erma and I lost our dear grandson, Michael, now almost 17 years ago, I felt that Michael was resting and at peace in the arms of God, and deep within my soul I was aware that Michael knew of my grief. He, too, was taken from us suddenly and without warning, and he left us without a wave of a hand or without saying goodbye, and so Erma and I know what this family is going through. We, too, have walked through the valley of the shadow of death. And Erma and I join in saying to Scott's family today, Scott knows of your grief.

I have known Scott Bates since the very first day that he became a mem-

ber of the Senate family. I watched him grow. I watched him as he increased in knowledge and in his love for the Senate. Often, when I was the Democratic Leader in the Senate, and many times since, I had the occasion to call upon Scott for help. He was always ready, always courteous, always accommodating. From time to time, we talked about the Senate and how it was different from what it used to be. He was a Senate employee whose time in the Senate extended beyond the tenure of many of the Members of this body, and, like many of the men and women who have toiled here in the Senate over the years, Scott appreciated the Senate, loved it, and understood it, better even than many of its own Members loved and understood it. His contributions to the Senate have been many and notable.

Although public service in general and careers in Washington have, in some quarters, fallen out of favor, I believe that Scott Bates' life and work experience present a compelling case against the current cynicism about the many fine people who serve in the Senate in various capacities. Their names are never in the newspapers, they experience few public kudos, and yet they work as long hours, probably longer, than we do. They are dedicated, they are capable, they are patriotic individuals who represent the best that America has to offer from all over this Nation.

Scott was one of those rare individuals about whom no unkind and ungenerous word was ever, ever spoken by anyone who knew him.

He personified what we politicians like to refer to as "family values." He lived them. He was active in his church, and he loved his wife, Ricki, and their three lovely children—Lisa, Lori, and Paul.

As all of us know, one of Scott's official duties as legislative clerk was to call the roll of the Senate during votes and during quorum calls. Thousands of times—thousands of times, I have heard him call my name: "Mr. Byrd". Now the thread of life is cut; the immortal is separated from the mortal; and that rich voice which was wont to fill the walls of the Senate Chamber, is hushed in eternal silence. But while the portals of the tomb have closed upon the remains of a gifted member of the Senate family, the grave is powerless to hold in its bosom the spirit of man.

In the words of William Jennings Bryan, "if the Father stoops to give to the rose bush, whose withered blossoms float upon the autumn breeze, the sweet assurance of another springtime, will he refuse the words of hope to the sons of men when the frosts of winter come? If matter, mute and inanimate, though changed into a multitude of forms can never be destroyed, will the imperial spirit of man suffer annihila-

tion when it has paid a brief visit like a royal guest to this tenement of clay? No, I am sure that He who, notwithstanding His apparent prodigality, created nothing without a purpose, and wasted not a single atom in all His creation, has made provision for a future life in which man's universal longing for immortality will find its realization. I am sure that we shall live again," as sure as I am that we live today, and I am also sure that someday I shall hear the voice of a new angel, calling my name again, this time on the heavenly rolls: "Mr. Byrd."

To Lisa, to Lori and to Paul, I think your father would have wanted me to say, live as he taught you to live and strive always to make him proud, because he knows.

On Saturday afternoon, we gathered in a church in Vienna. It was a large church, a Presbyterian Church. Our Senate Chaplain was there. He had arranged the program, and he did a marvelous job. The Vice President came, the President of the Senate, the head of our Senate family. Senator BYRON DORGAN was there. Senator CHUCK ROBB was there. Senator GREGG was there. Former Senator Robert Dole was there. And there was a host of friends. The church was filled. The balcony was filled. It was a great outpouring of generous tribute and love for Scott Bates.

Although I had known Scott for 30 years, I had never known him as I came to know him last Saturday afternoon when I heard Lisa and Lori and Paul speak of their father. Then and only then did I realize what a truly great family this was. Only then did I realize what a father's love could be for his two daughters and his son. And only then did I realize what a deep and abiding and living love Scott's children had for him. His wife Ricki was there. She had been brought in, and she lay there on a cot, she having not yet recovered from the injuries she sustained when the accident occurred.

It was evident that this was a family in which there was real love and in which the presence of God made itself manifest, because this was not something that just came about overnight. I will never forget the sight of those children speaking about their father and their mother and then seeing them, after they had spoken to the audience, go to their mother and kiss her on the cheek. Scott must have been pleased with it all.

I count it as a great honor to have been invited by Scott's family to speak during that hour. To Lisa and Lori and Paul, I think your father would want me to say to you, live as he taught you to live and strive always to make him proud. He knows.

To his legion of friends, I say that Scott's life was a blessing, a blessing to each of us who knew him. May we strive to be like him that we may be more worthy for, indeed, here was a man. When comes such another?