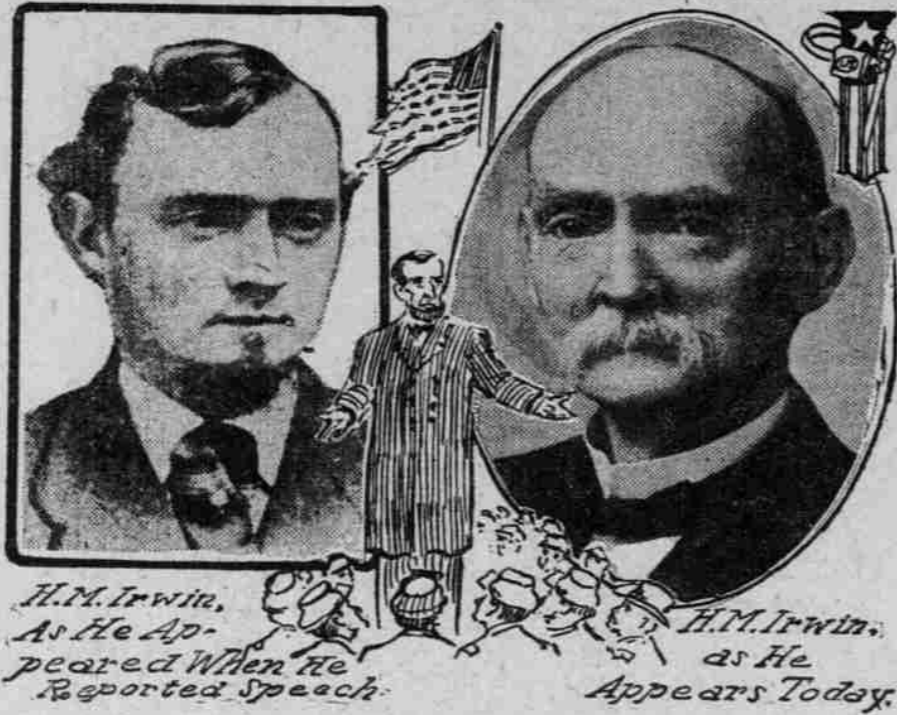


NEWSPAPERMAN WHO HEARD LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG RECOUNTS EVENT

H. M. Irwin, of Salem, Or., Present at Historic Ceremony as Reporter for Harrisburg, Pa., Paper, Gives Heretofore Unprinted Sidelights on Memorable Occasion, November 19, 1863.

SALEM, Or., Feb. 7.—(Special.)—With recollection clear, of scenes and events of that memorable November 19, 1863, when Abraham Lincoln gave to the world his imperishable address...



Without long premeditation. From what I saw at the time or heard afterwards, I have an idea of its formative process that is satisfactory to myself. On the run of the train from Washington Mr. Lincoln was observed to be looking at the landscape in an abstract way, and occasionally penciling a note on what seemed to be a large envelope...

Hypotheses Held Wrong. "I do not hesitate in saying that neither of the theories which were advanced on fact, I say this on the strength of personal observation, for I was present at the dedication of the Gettysburg National Cemetery, and sat within 39 feet of President Lincoln while he was speaking."

Speaker Never in Doubt. "Be sure the speaker never was in doubt or distrust about his utterance that day. Lincoln was a genius, a seer—one of the order of the mighty ones of the foreworld—original, ungenerally, powerful, and self-contained, self-confident in all serious problems he knew what ought to be said and how to say it."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

FOUR SCORE AND SEVEN YEARS ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

Leaving Washington for my home in 1862 I stopped at Harrisburg, Pa., and obtained employment as a printer and reporter on The Patriot and Union. It was a daily paper and for it I reported the same address.

Artist Freezes to Death. PARIS, Feb. 5.—(Special.)—Wenceslas Polyzynski, a Polish Futurist artist, whose exhibits at the Autumn Salon and the Salon des Independents this year attracted some attention, was found frozen to death in his studio in the Rue de Valenciennes recently.

Hog Has Two Good Hearts. GASTONIA, N. C., Feb. 1.—When a hog, butchered by L. E. Turner, was dressed it was discovered that the animal had two hearts, both perfectly formed, although one was a sort of auxiliary to the other.

BOTH LUCK AND GRIT FIGURE IN ALL SUCCESSFUL SEARCHES FOR GOLD

Peter Hume Retells Romantic Stories of Prospectors and Miners in Rich Field of Northwest in the Early Sixties When He Bought Interest in Claim on Williams Creek.

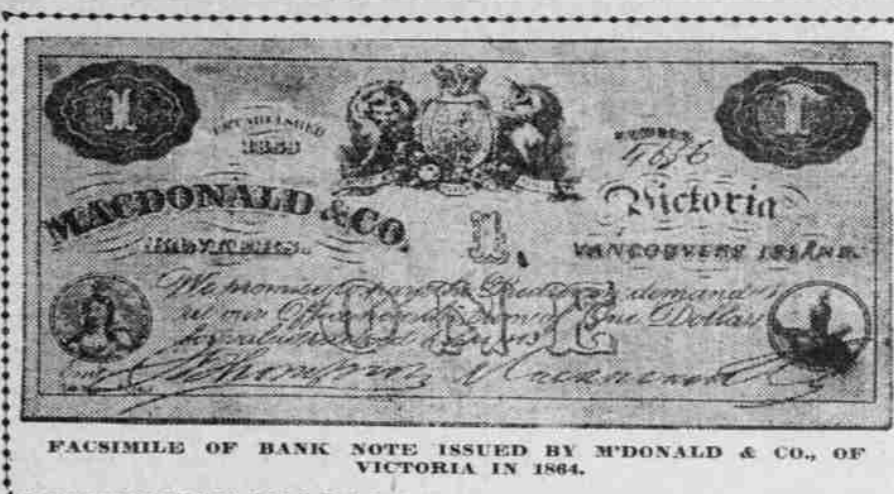
BY PETER HUME. (President Bank of Salem.) "Gentlemen, the gold is where you find it, and the lucky man gets it."

"In the winter of 1863, with a friend, I purchased an interest in a claim on the upper part of the celebrated Williams Creek. Cariboo, in the State of British Columbia, Canada, was then adjoining a very good claim which had been opened up by an old California man named Major Dwyall, and who had taken out of it a good deal of gold before he had sold it to some Englishmen."

First Year's Return Low. "We did not get enough out of the claim that season to pay the expense of the winter, and so we had to borrow a day, and flour and beans, bacon, sugar, nails and other supplies \$1 to \$2.50 per pound. At the end of the season I was in debt \$200. I managed to work my way out of the debt by the summer, and went to Nanaimo, where I worked that winter, and made enough to take up to the claim the next season. This summer we did some better, getting out gold enough to pay off all our debts and something over."

Stage in Taken. "In due time we reached Clinton without further adventure. You know that few of the residents of Victoria knew there was anything being done in that matter. The Sheriff, however, kept near the broker's store room. A short time after they had been made known to him, he came to the door and opened his door and stepped out. On looking around he seemed somewhat surprised, and passing his hand over his face he started for the other side of the door, and there he met the Sheriff, who arrested him as an absconder. By this time he realized he was in Victoria, and instead of being in the United States territory, as he intended, and he broke down completely."

Real Money in Demand. "As Victoria was somewhat on the boom then, money was in demand and a broker there then, who had an office in the west side of Government street. He seemed to be doing a good deal of business, and after carrying my gold for a day or two, I stepped into his place of business. On inquiring if he could tell me of a good, safe place where a thousand dollars could be placed, Mr. Broker kindly told me that he had a place on the Bank of British Columbia, depositing the money there."



par for it, less 50 cents per ounce, the export duty then in force. As I had about 70 ounces, and would be traveling with a very nice thing to have, yet, its weight would make it a trouble to carry about 20 or 25 days, and I started to empty his dust into the banker's large sack, but he stopped me and said that "luck" would be "grit" if it were not for the man who seemed to have the most to say there, what the trouble was. "Trouble," one man, who stood near, said, "that's a scoundrel! He has been absconding, taking my money with the rest. I felt about as miserable as a man could for a few moments, and then I started for the other man I was in the same fix myself, showing him the receipt for my dust."

All Grow Impatient. "We had all got pretty impatient by this time, and some were in bad humor. However we rowed about half-way down the river, and then went on until daylight, then went on and reached the other end of the lake early next morning."

Plan of Action Mapped Out. "All of this was done so quietly that the usual custom house formalities, was ready to get in the morning on the plan. The captain, however, was on shore enjoying himself as seemed usual to do. Our captain soon located him and they went off in a boat with its two stout leather satchels, besides other luggage, so no doubt he had with him the most money he had accumulated in. For a suitable consideration we arranged that our boat was to swing out at once into the stream, without the formalities of a custom house. The other boat would get up steam as soon as possible. Our boat would quietly pass a line to her and pull her out too. Then both boats would make a straight run for Victoria. All of which worked to a charm and before 7 o'clock the next morning both vessels were tied up at the Ross Bay Company's wharf in Victoria."

Grit Wins in End. "He did so at once and told the Sheriff to examine the baggage himself. Sure enough there was a tidy lot of gold in buckskin sacks, besides some coin and greenbacks, though not very many as they were much below par then. There was enough gold to make San Francisco exchange to cost fully. He declared that what was over belonged to his wife. Which no doubt was correct, as it was reported that she had brought him a tidy sum at the time of their marriage, in San Francisco, a few years before this, and whether she had gone a few weeks before, or each take equal to the amount shown in his book, and also to pay all the expenses incurred in the matter. So there being no legal papers to complicate matters, he was let go free. I got my sack of dust back then and in a very short time sold it to the Bank of British Columbia, depositing the money there."

Well I did the broker which the bank would buy gold for \$1000, and I took the broker's receipt, thinking I was quite fortunate in the matter. "The next morning, however, as I was strolling up the street I saw a crowd of men on the sidewalk apparently where the broker's office was located. Sure enough that was the place. Several persons were in the office, some were quite excited and everything was topsy-turvy. I began to feel a little uneasy by this time, and inquired of the man who seemed to have the most to say there, what the trouble was. "Trouble," one man, who stood near, said, "that's a scoundrel! He has been absconding, taking my money with the rest. I felt about as miserable as a man could for a few moments, and then I started for the other man I was in the same fix myself, showing him the receipt for my dust."

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