

Hillsboro Independent.

HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY FEBRUARY 8, 1901

No. 38

Vol. XXVIII.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

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GOVERNOR, J. T. Gross.
VICE-GOVERNOR, J. H. Brown.
COMMISSIONER OF LANDS, J. H. Brown.
COMMISSIONER OF INDUSTRIES, J. H. Brown.
COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE, J. H. Brown.
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CLERK, J. H. Brown.
DEPUTY CLERK, J. H. Brown.
SHERIFF, J. H. Brown.
DEPUTY SHERIFF, J. H. Brown.
JUDGE, J. H. Brown.
DEPUTY JUDGE, J. H. Brown.
PROSECUTOR, J. H. Brown.
DEFENSE COUNSEL, J. H. Brown.
JURY, J. H. Brown.
WITNESSES, J. H. Brown.
JUDGES, J. H. Brown.
JURY, J. H. Brown.
WITNESSES, J. H. Brown.

OREGON CITY LAND OFFICE.
CLERK, J. H. Brown.
DEPUTY CLERK, J. H. Brown.
SHERIFF, J. H. Brown.
DEPUTY SHERIFF, J. H. Brown.
JUDGE, J. H. Brown.
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PROSECUTOR, J. H. Brown.
DEFENSE COUNSEL, J. H. Brown.
JURY, J. H. Brown.
WITNESSES, J. H. Brown.
JUDGES, J. H. Brown.
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WITNESSES, J. H. Brown.

CITY OFFICERS.
CLERK, J. H. Brown.
DEPUTY CLERK, J. H. Brown.
SHERIFF, J. H. Brown.
DEPUTY SHERIFF, J. H. Brown.
JUDGE, J. H. Brown.
DEPUTY JUDGE, J. H. Brown.
PROSECUTOR, J. H. Brown.
DEFENSE COUNSEL, J. H. Brown.
JURY, J. H. Brown.
WITNESSES, J. H. Brown.
JUDGES, J. H. Brown.
JURY, J. H. Brown.
WITNESSES, J. H. Brown.

POST OFFICE INFORMATION.
The mails close at the Hillsboro Post Office, daily, at 7:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The morning mail goes to Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, and other points. The afternoon mail goes to Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, and other points. The evening mail goes to Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, and other points.

CHURCH AND SOCIETY NOTICES.
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, corner Main and Fifth streets. Preaching every Sunday, morning and evening. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. All services will be held at the church.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH.—Corner Fifth and Fir. Preaching every Sunday, morning and evening. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. All services will be held at the church.

M. W. A.—Meeting every Saturday morning and evening at 10 o'clock a. m. and 7:30 p. m. All services will be held at the church.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.—Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. All services will be held at the church.

Daughters of Rebekah.—Hillsboro Branch, No. 10. Meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 p. m. All services will be held at the church.

HILLSBORO LODGE, O. O. F.—No. 10. Meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 p. m. All services will be held at the church.

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Gems of Lincoln's Humor.

Personal Reminiscences of
H. C. Whitney.

MY ESTEEMED friend, General Lew Wallace, wrote me thus in 1891: "The first time I ever saw Mr. Lincoln was at the Danville (Ills.) circuit court. I sat up nearly all night listening to him. Ned Hannigan, John Pettit, Linder and Dan Mace telling stories. Lincoln beat them all. Altogether it was the best show I ever attended."

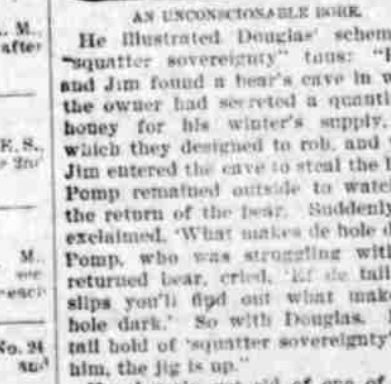


"Where did Lincoln get all his funny stories from?" was a conundrum often asked. He introduced me to Mr. Hacker of Union county and added, "This is the man who taught me all my funny stories." This gentleman was a popular politician who used frequently to go to the legislature from his county. Judge Treat of the United States court told me that Lincoln once borrowed a copy of "Jo Miller's Jokebook" and kept it for a month, and after that he used to relate jokes taken from that book, but with additions and alterations, evidently made by Lincoln himself, to adapt them to the local situation.

To illustrate Douglas' claim of consistency in his advocacy of popular sovereignty he said: "That's like Johnny Giles' wife, who used to attend a little store. She told a customer they lost money on everything they sold. 'How do you keep up?' queried the customer. 'Cause we sell so much,' was the reply.

Dr. Scroggs of Champaign had a suit in court, and the peculiarity of the name at once reminded Lincoln, as usual, of something. "That's like the advertisement, Smith & Huggs, classical school for boys and girls. Smith teaches the boys and Huggs the girls."

There came to the president during the war three conceited individuals with some sort of new device for human slaughter which they desired the government to adopt. He sent them to the war department, from whence they were referred to the navy department, and, being disappointed at the slow progress they were making, they returned to the White House and informed the president, ex cathedra, that it was his duty to attend to it. "That," said Lincoln, "is like the Sunday school boy who had for his lesson the incident of the three Hebrew children in the fiery furnace—Mishach, Shadrach and Abednego—but when he came to recite his lesson he couldn't for the life of him remember their names, so he was told to study hard and recite on the next Sabbath. Well, he tried it the next Sabbath and got along well till he came to the stumbling block—the names—when he exclaimed with vexation, 'Tarnation, there come them three old boys again.'"



That ended their mission. They had no reply to this, and deciding it useless to prolong the struggle with a man of such infinite resources to meet emergencies, they folded their tents, like the Arabs, and stole silently away.

"That's like Bill Dogan and his soon dog," and he commenced a droll story, which the astonished auditor heard through and took it as an emphatic hint to retire, which he immediately did. Returning to his neighbor, the secretary, he indignantly asked, "What use was such a story at that time?" The secretary laughed loud and long and then explained, "You see, he wanted to get rid of you and get down to his work, and according to your own story he has done it effectively."

At the Danville court a lawyer was addressing a jury and, getting excited, waved his arms so vigorously as to cause his centrals to fly up, revealing an unseemly rent in his pantaloons. The boys deemed it a sufficient basis for a joke, so a subscription paper was got up to buy a patch for —'s pants. It was circulated within the bar, and we each subscribed a cent till it reached Lincoln, who wrote, "Can't subscribe anything to the end in view."

In order to enforce a plain truth on the clergymen who came to him in September, 1862, to urge him to issue an emancipation proclamation, he quietly asked, "How many legs will a sheep have if you call his tail a leg?" The answer was naturally five. "You are mistaken," said Lincoln, "for calling the tail a leg doesn't make it so." And thus he refuted their position that to merely proclaim emancipation did, as they claimed, of necessity emancipate. Again, in the same strain, he asked, "If there are three birds sitting on a fence and you fire and kill one of them, how many will there be left?" The obvious answer would be two. "No, there wouldn't," said this modern Pilgrimage, "for the other two would fly away." And the most ordinary experience attests that there could be no logical reply to this assertion.

Of an unaccountable bore, who had hemmed him up in a railroad car seat and bored him for an hour, he said, "That fellow can crowd the most words into the fewest ideas of any one I ever knew."

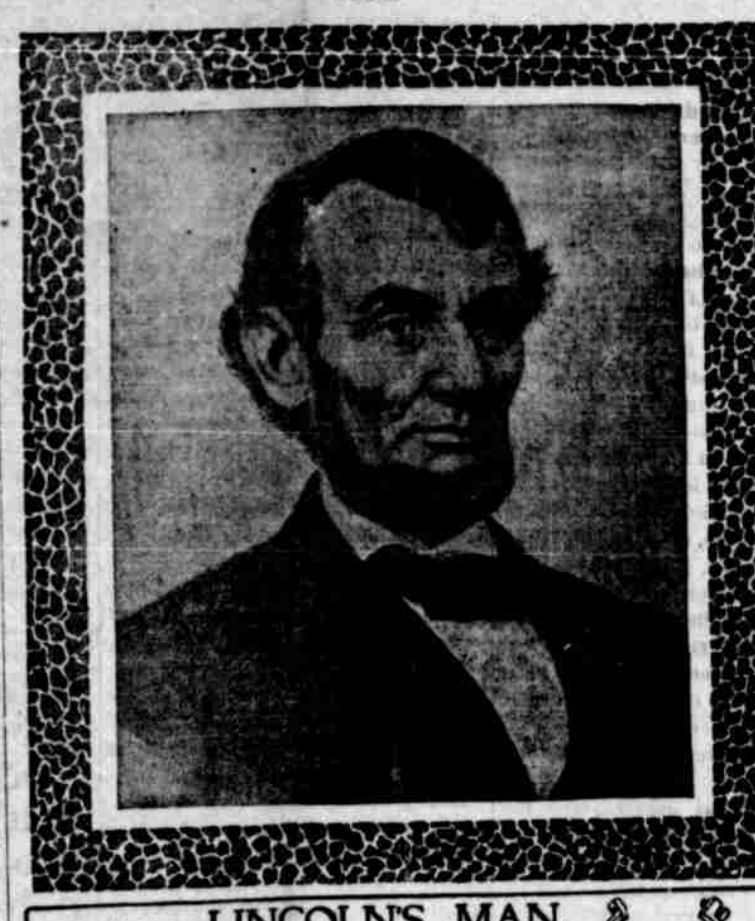
In July, 1861, just after the battle of Bull Run, I was regaling him with the local news of our country in the time, and among other matters I informed him of the death of an old Whig friend who had turned "copperhead" and made himself so obnoxious as to endanger his life, and he died largely of fright caused by that circumstance. This amused Lincoln. "He died to save his life," was the remark over the memory of this one time friend.

The first story I ever heard him tell was in open court at Urbana upon the occasion of the judge commenting on a long and verbose bill in chancery, written by an excellent but extremely lazy lawyer, when Lincoln said (and I think he improvised it on the moment): "That's like the lazy preacher who used, in spite of his laziness, to write very long and tedious sermons. One of the deacons explained it thus: 'He got to writing and was too lazy to stop.'"

Looking down the vista of time and through the bright retrospect of bygone years, it would seem that the great president had the moral support of congress in the trying emergency. He had constantly the rosate fact. I have myself heard him roundly abused by members who professed to sustain his general policy, and it was not uncommon. He thus hit off this propensity: "Your application," said he to a congressman, "puts me in mind of the difference between the abstract and the concrete. When the bill to increase the army was before congress you opposed it, but when it passed congress and became a law you came here and want appointments under it. Your opposition to the bill was in the abstract, and your wanting favors under this same law you opposed is the concrete application."

A superserviceable member of the committee on the inauguration asked him on the day preceding the 4th of March if he would prefer to ride alone to the capitol or by Buchanan. "That reminds me," said he, "of the man dressed like a Quaker who was in court as a witness and, being asked whether he would swear or affirm, replied, 'I don't care a — which!'"

He had more cares and perplexities during his official term, more than ever will be known, but he glided over what to others might have been serious difficulties, aided by the lubricating solvent of his humor. Thus when some secretary of war had refused to honor his order and had said besides that the president was a — fool he said, "Well, then, I reckon I must be one, for Stanton is generally right," thus throwing the laugh back on Stanton.



LINCOLN'S MAN.
A True Tale of the Great Emancipator.

Condemned to death the soldier lay.
No pitying eye his sorrow wept.
Even he for mercy would not pray—
The sentry that on duty slept.

He scarcely marked the hours that passed.
He closed his eyes in sullen pride.
Waiting his doom, until at last
The guard stood gruffly at his side.

"Some one to see you." Well he knew
That face that every soldier lined!
And as he met his startled view
The eyes with sudden pity dimmed.

"Your fault was great, and yet men say
You took a weaker brother's place:
Two nights you watched and marched by day—
The soldier turned away his face.

"And yet you slept, and for that sin
A soldier dies. Have you no plea?"
"A pardon I've no wish to win!
A life disgraced is not for me!"

Then Lincoln stooped and loosed his bands.
And when at length they all were riven,
He raised him with a father's hands.
"My boy," he said, "your sin's forgiven."

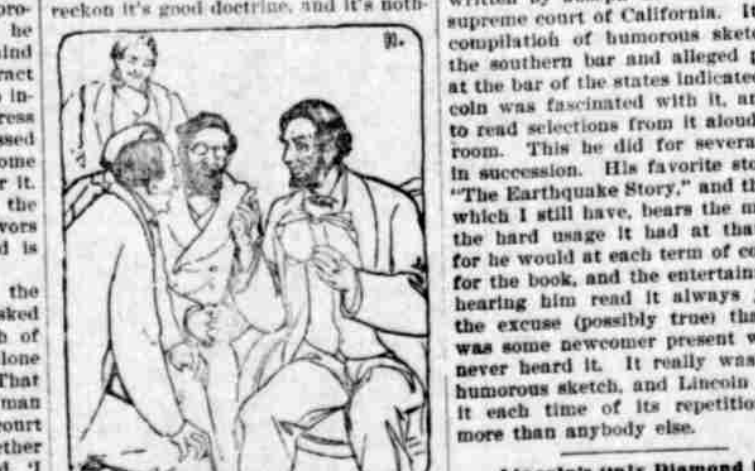
"I need true soldiers in the fight;
Be thou my soldier from this day:
Go forth and battle for the right
And think of me when in the fray."

On many a fierce and bloody field
That soldier ever sought the van;
Too brave to fear, too proud to yield—
His comrades called him "Lincoln's man."

And once when others turned to fly
He saw the colors stoop and fall—
He seized and flung them to the sky
And gave again the battle call.

But ere they reached him where he fought
The cruel steel had pierced his side,
And as he fell these words he caught:
"Tell Lincoln how his soldier died!"

ran on metempsychosis, or the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, or that when a man dies a new body is born, into which the parting soul enters and revivifies. The conversation then turned to a study of a very mean lawyer whom we all knew and hated, then back to metempsychosis again, when Lincoln was asked for his opinion. "I reckon it's good doctrine, and it's nothing more."



Lincoln's Only Diamond Pin.
Colonel W. N. Cave of Barnwell, S. C., is in possession of a unique relic in the shape of a diamond pin which was at one time the property of Abraham Lincoln, and which is the only piece of jewelry of the kind that he ever wore. The pin is of the old-fashioned style of cluster brooches, with a clasp at the back for the purpose of securing it to the frock shirt front. It was worn by Lincoln 60 years ago. The center diamond is a large, particularly white one, and it is surrounded by a number of smaller brilliants.

Lincoln's European Envoy.

Personal Reminiscences of
Colonel Charles P. Button.

AT THE suggestion of the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, member of congress and chairman of the house committee on postoffices and post roads, I applied soon after the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln for the position of special mail agent, to work in connection with Mr. Holbrook of New York under the direction of the chairman of the committee aforesaid. By help of Mr. Colfax and other friends my application was backed by a petition signed by a majority of the active governors, United States senators and members of congress. Mr. Colfax himself presented me to Montgomery Blair, the new postmaster general. My petition was duly filed, and my friends were confident that I should receive the appointment, but we had reckoned all along without Senator Lyman Trumbull. As soon as he found out what was going on he filed a protest against me, and Judge Douglas advised me to withdraw. Before doing that I went to see Trumbull, who met me quite genially, saying he had no personal rancor—individually he would rather do me a good turn than not—but it seemed to him mighty poor party policy for the new administration to recognize thus officially the friends and henchmen of Douglas to the exclusion of its own.

When Colfax heard of that, he was very angry. "Come with me. We will submit the matter to the president himself," he said. It was congressmen's day at the White House, so a nod to the messenger sufficed. We went straight into the executive chamber and waited our turn. Mr. Lincoln sat at his desk throughout the transaction of business instead of going the rounds, as is now the presidential habit. As soon as he saw Mr. Colfax he beckoned him forward and after a few low words with him led us both to a room adjoining, where he said: "Colfax, I think we have something else besides postoffices and post roads to look after. If you will leave this matter to me, I think we can provide for our young friend so as not to make any disturbance." We were turning away, but Mr. Lincoln said: "Wait a moment," and stepped into one of the family rooms, from which he returned, hat in hand. "We will go over to the department of state," he said, leading us down the stairway that leads to the east room, thence out by a side door through the White House grounds. We found Mr. Seward's anteroom crowded, but Mr. Lincoln neither glanced at nor spoke to any person there. "Gentlemen, be seated," he said to us, then strode into the secretary's private office. In about ten minutes he himself came to the door of it and nodded to us in sign that we should enter. As we went in he said: "This is the young man, Mr. Secretary, of whom I have been speaking. Mr. Colfax you already know, I believe." Before we could speak he hurried on to me, "Are you ready to go to Europe on a 30 days' trip, starting next Saturday morning?" I said I was. Mr. Lincoln turned to Seward, saying, "We had better give him to the end of the fiscal year to make his report." Then to me, "When you have finished your business with the secretary, come back to me."



"Come on with me and wait for Mr. Button," he said, taking Colfax by the arm; then to Mr. Seward, "It won't be very long, I presume." "No," said Mr. Seward.

"COLFAX, WE MUST LOOK AFTER THIS MAN." Seward said. "I can give him all necessary instructions in a few minutes." I looked at the two men closely. Lincoln seemed under strong though suppressed excitement, Seward cool and collected. I found him, however, most urbane, though very businesslike. "The matter is very simple," he said to me when Lincoln and Colfax had left us. "You have only to deliver these dispatches to the parties to whom you will find them addressed—then your mission ends. In case accident or illness shall incapacitate you, we authorize you to use your own discretion in securing a proxy. In case of emergency, you are further authorized to break the seals and read the contents of the packets, or to destroy them, as you may think best. Since the president vouches for your fidelity, we feel quite sure in trusting these instructions to your hands. They are brief and have been written out conjointly by the president and myself. They are not in cipher. The president may or may not give you the gist of their subject matter. All I can say is that it is important—quite important—yet I think the president is unduly agitated over what I believe to be mere rumors. Our conversation is of course confidential—except with the president. Now I have only to wish you a pleasant journey."

I left the state department and found Mr. Colfax in the general waiting room

of the White House. Mr. Lincoln, he said, was very busy, but had left word that he must be notified of my return, as he wished then to see us both. We waited, I think, some half hour before he summoned us to him. He was waiting for us in the same room, adjoining the library, where he had talked to us first. "What did Seward say?" Did he give you any general or special instructions?" he asked. I told him what had passed, and showed him the documents—two sealed packets, one addressed to Mr. Adams, minister at the court of St. James, the other to Mr. Dayton at Paris.



"DO YOU KNOW THE CONTENTS?" "Good!" he said. "We intended, when we wrote out those instructions last night, to send them by one of our attaches, but I had rather send them by you. It is lucky all around that Mr. Colfax brought you over this morning. I want to say to you both our salvation depends on our diplomats in Europe. If they make a mistake now, we are gone sure. No earthly power can save us. I have instructed Mr. Seward to say to Mr. Adams, also to Mr. Dayton, that they must not only protest against but prevent the recognition of the Confederacy at any situation. I would as soon have England and France issue a proclamation of war against us, and done with it. Then at least we should know how we stood. If the English and French give us a reason for such recognition our ineffective blockade, our ministers must say to them we will either make it effective or raise it; that we will protect foreign commerce if it takes every penny of our resources. We only want to protect ourselves against the privateers who will soon swarm over the ocean under their letters of marque. Our navy yard and ships at Norfolk have been destroyed. This cripples us, but only for the moment."

"The main point is this, that we wish to receive through the regular channels of diplomacy assurances not only that the Confederacy will not be recognized, but that England and France will sustain this administration in the enforcement of the laws. You go not merely as a messenger of the state department—you are my personal envoy, commissioned to give to those gentlemen, as best you can, my ideas of how important it is that they shall act promptly and with decision. I will put Mr. Colfax in communication with Judge Douglas. You must come back to London from Paris, loaf around there and pick up all the information you think in any way reliable. That you will report to Judge Douglas, and he in turn will report it to me, through the medium of Mr. Colfax. This, I think, will be better and much safer than to have it come through ordinary channels."

"But this is immaterial. The thing is, get information, get all the information you can, and let me have it as quickly and as safely as possible. As to money, I shall have your account transferred to the executive emergency fund and shall myself act as voucher. Your present mission ends upon June 30. You can either come back then and report to me in person or any other way, if you find you can be of use. Either way, we will make it all right with you. Indeed," turning to Mr. Colfax, "Colfax, we must look after this young man if he is as faithful to us as I know he has been to Judge Douglas."

Then he said good-by—a last good-by, little as I then thought it to be. I meant to come back in three months at most. On my arrival in London I drove directly to our embassy. Minister Adams was in. He glanced at the envelope I had brought and gave me a cordial greeting, then broke the seals and read the instructions, after which he looked up, saying, "Do you know the contents?" "I do not," I said, but the president kindly gave me his views regarding certain matters which I am at liberty to repeat to you." With that preface I told him as exactly as I could, and very earnestly, all that Mr. Lincoln had said. He listened most attentively, and evidently felt that I spoke truthfully. When I had finished he said: "While I receive you simply as a bearer of dispatches which require no answer through you, either sealed or verbal, I take pleasure in recognizing you as a personal friend of the president, and on your return from Paris I wish you would call on me; then I may have something to say." On my arrival at Paris I found Minister Dayton was absent, so I was compelled to give my packet into the hands of the undersecretary of legation and keep my verbal instructions for a more convenient season. On my return to London all news awaited me. Judge Douglas was dead, and with him all ambition on my part for either a military or political career.