

Hood River Glacier.

FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1907.

The expenditures of the present congress foot up far past the billion dollar point. Every where is heard the cry for more revenue through tariff taxation, but seldom is a voice raised asking for the cutting down of expenses, or in protest against such a reckless expenditure of the public money. The late administration dispensed with a few unnecessary pension agencies, and up went a howl from the office-holders denouncing the action of the president. The Louisville Courier-Journal fits remarks, "If this is not a government of office-holders, by the office-holders, for the office-holders, we might as well hang out the red flag and set the auctioneer's bell going."

Yesterday President McKinley was inaugurated, and we are now living under a new administration. Outside of Washington City, where the ceremonies attending the inauguration were on a grand scale, there was no excitement and the change was not noticeable except probably in the sale of a few more newspapers on that day. The change is really felt only by the outgoing officials of the government, who are now relieved from the cares of office, and the new officials who have assumed the responsibilities of office and will shape the destinies of the republic for the next four years.

LINCOLN AND HIS ERA.

Address Delivered by H. K. Hines, D.D., at the Lincoln Day Celebration in Hood River, Feb. 12, 1897.

Comrades of Canby Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, Ladies of the Relief Corps of Canby Post, and Fellow Citizens: There are, in human history days for which other days seem made. They are lifted out of the sea-level of common time by great events, or signalized by the birth of those who became dominating personal factors in the history of ages. Such a day, in our great republic, was the 22d day of February, 1782, which gave George Washington to the world's history. Such a day was the 12th day of February, 1809, which, in a lowly Kentucky home, gave to humanity a personality who, take him for all in all, when he passed out of this mortal life 56 years, two months and three days thereafter, history must record was the most potential and beneficent personal force of a thousand years: ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

We are met, on this western verge of our republic, on the 88th anniversary of that day, in glad and patriotic commemoration of what he was and what he did for us and for all humanity. As incident and narrative are to follow by those who have personally looked upon his form and into his face, I have chosen to spend a little time with you in the study of some of the facts and principles that account for and interpret Abraham Lincoln to the world.

The human race has furnished but few ideal characters. It has furnished great numbers of men of single qualities with a wonderful growth and wide development, which have given their fortunate possessors eminence, and even fame; but they have not become ideal men. Many have become great as warriors, legislators, orators, financiers, and yet have been very far from being ideal characters. It is proper to write their names in the almost numberless list of great men, but impossible to hold them up before the gaze of the world of humanity as fit models after which to fashion the hopes and mould the destinies of the race. Such a character is a growth out of the profoundest essence of humanity as well as out of the richest substance of the individual soul. It matures like fruit from the vital fluids of the tree. It requires time—years, and perhaps ages—for its development and crystallization. It is never achieved but by the slow processes of purification—meeting in the fires of trial, resolving by the chemistry of love and tears, hardening under the pressure of responsibility, kindling under the fierce light and heat that beat upon the fused and flowing nature until it is changed, "born again," into its new and higher life. The distinctively and commonly human seems to melt away towards the divine as the culmination of these lengthened testings and refinings, until the character takes on ideal form, and the man is forever pedestaled as an Ideal Life, one of God's men; not more, not even so much, that that God has chosen him, but that he has chosen God, and his choice of God has determined God's use of him in His infinite ministries to the human race. Such men—to use the beautiful and impressive language of Lord Brougham, of England's Iron Duke—"never advance except to cover their arms with glory and never retreat except to eclipse the glory of their advance." Only such growing out of a whole humanity, and embodying and expressing the highest and wisest excellences of humanity in all the virtues that idealize that humanity, produces "ideal men." Such men are the special product of republican sentiment and life. A republic is a government founded on abstract theories of human equality, and demands that idealism as a first requisite for her citizenship. Its authority and excellence flow from this wide, deep and pure fountain. The purity of that fountain is shown by the characters which it lifts to the highest pinnacles of its love and honor, which it recognizes and proclaims as the highest expression of its citizenship.

In the American republic—the greatest the sun ever shone upon—but two names have been lifted to such a mountain height that their light can be seen by the voyagers on every sea and the dwellers in every land: WASHINGTON and LINCOLN.

In studying the history of the American nation the thought of the philosophic student is arrested by the fact that, amidst the moving chaos of events and personalities, the two great epochs of that history accented at last around these two colossal personalities, each of whom, if he did make, embodied and dominated it. The epoch of the Revolution—the birth of the nation—was personified in Washington. The epoch of the Renovation—the second and higher birth of the nation—was personified and embodied in Lincoln. In all history, preceding epochal events there have been periods of agitation, of indecision, of subtleties, of evasions and compromises, delaying or accelerating ultimate issues. So it was in the

opening of the era of Washington; so it was in the era of Lincoln. Limited, passionate, low-visioned men, comprehending neither the issues nor their philosophy, stepped in the subterfuges and evasions. These two great, calm, introspective men, whose souls touched God in deepest and highest points of contact, saw what others did not see, knew far beyond the thoughts of others, and so became God's prophets and priests of the two transcendent epochs of the history of the American republic.

It seems as well to contemplate, for a moment, the ideas and sentiments that based and inspired the first epoch, before we advance to our broader study of the last. They were parts of a whole, not yet, perhaps, completed. Without this careful study of these master men and master times of national construction, we cannot take up and worthily complete what they so masterfully began.

The Puritans were the patriarchs of liberty. They opened a new world on the earth. They cleared a new path for the human conscience. The heaven of their free, brave thought wrought in the whole lump and heart of the English commonwealth until British royalty clearly saw that, to save its toppling dynasty in the old world, freedom in the new must be destroyed.

Relentless right and relentless wrong always have met, and always will meet, upon a battle field. Freedom is the highest instinct of man; slavery his profoundest abhorrence. The first victory of Freedom that fell before the rifle shots of tyranny at Concord, on the 19th day of April, 1775, was John Jack, an honest African, whom death thus freed from slavery. Here was issued the first emancipation proclamation. Its opening lines on the Concord monument tell the whole story of the era of 1775-84, as well as that of 1860-65:

"God wills us free; man wills us slaves. I will as God wills; God's will be done."

Let us linger a moment, brothers and comrades, among these older memories, for they will relume the later recollections of many of those who stand before me today. Emerson, celebrating, in epic strain, the deeds of that 19th day of April, 1775, sang:

"By this rude bridge that arched the flood, Their flag to April's breeze unfurled; Here the embattled farmers stood, And fired the shot heard round the world."

From Concord to Bunker Hill, from Bunker Hill to Saratoga, from Saratoga to Monmouth, from Monmouth to Yorktown we pass as with an eagle's flight of thought. Then came independence achieved, freedom secured, nationality established. In all this Washington was the presiding and directing embodiment of the hopes, purposes and achievements of this, his own era. In the calm, judicial estimate of a century of study of his place and work, the nation has long since accepted the eloquent and comprehensive words of Richard Henry Lee, as descriptive of his place in that era: "The man first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

When Washington died his spirit went abroad, unimpeded and free, to mould the best heart and highest thought of the nation he had created. Perhaps he was more our guardian and guide and defender than he had been in all his life. Who may say that the poetic prophecy of Robert Treat Paine was not fulfilled in many a perilous hour when the surge of battle dashed against the portals of Freedom's temple in the later era:

"Should the tempest of war overshadow our land, Its bolts can ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder; For, unmoved, at its portals will Washington stand And repulse with his breast the assaults of the bander. His sword from the scabbard will leap, And conduct with its point every bolt to the deep."

The republic of Freedom, based on the declaration "all men are created equal" triumphed, but, strange anomaly, slavery remained. Opposed to it, even denouncing it, the Fathers of the Republic could not destroy it. Franklin said that Virginians could not ignore the name of God retaining slavery. Jay said that all the prayers that America sent up to heaven while slavery remained, were blasphemous. Mason mourned over the payment that his descendants must make for this great crime of their fathers. Jefferson traced the geographical line where the black wave of slavery should be stayed—as though eternal right and eternal wrong could be divided by legislative enactment along a degree of latitude. Slavery still remained, still grew, reaching out everywhere for conquest. Armed, defiant, entrenched in law, supported by wealth, sustained by intellect and oratory unequalled, oh! how the banded forces of slavery were hurled against the bare bosom of liberty.

Now followed a half century of change, and drift, and commotion. Parties contended. Opinion battled. Partisans struggled for ascendancy. Sections wrangled for advantage. Ambitions roared about the capital. But still the republic grew. It stretched out northward, westward and southward. Its trackless prairies became cultured fields and fruited vineyards. Its frontier posts became great cities. Its three millions of people became thirty millions. Its primitive rusticity became a great civilization, an advanced culture. States were founded, capitals were built, homes were erected, mines were opened, churches were reared, school-houses were planted, commerce was established, and still the nation grew—and still slavery grew.

In all this growth all-forgotten seers discovered the separating and marshaling of forces, intellectual and moral, that must, at last, on some field, meet to decide supremacy and test dominion. Should it be the field of peaceful argument or should it be that other field where arguments are cast into cannon balls, and principles are ground into the sharpness of rapier and bayonet. As the history of the nation from 1800 to 1850 wore more and more stormily on, these separations became more and more clearly defined. The lines of battle were drawn, but the skirmishers between the lines hesitated to bring on the fight. Flags of truce, with suggestions of compromise, passed to and fro from camp to camp. Both sides were determined, but neither side was ready for the battle. A million lives—a changed history—a new nation and a new world, were suspended on a word—somebody's word—but who that somebody should be who would speak that word only God knew.

These of us here today whose memory goes back and takes in the pain, and yet the thrill, of those days of waiting, of expectancy, will recall how the eyes of a nation of freemen wan-

dered over the land from shore to shore in search of the Hero who should lead the epoch now clearly dawning on the land. New York, New England, Pennsylvania, Ohio, indeed all the land was brought under the strong search light of the burning eye of Freedom. The old epoch had passed; the new was at hand; but it seemed an epoch without a ruler. The Man had not come.

At that date the prairies of Illinois were wrapped in the mysteries of their illimitable distances. Scarce more than a single name had risen high enough above their far and low horizon to fix the eye of the nation. I need not tell my countrymen that that was the name of Stephen A. Douglas. He was consequently the most brilliant debater, the most versatile politician, the most powerful individual personality in political life in the United States at that time. He lacked nothing in ability for leadership, nothing in personal power, nothing in opportunity. He stood at the very gate of an unrivaled kingdom of power, and fame, and glory. The gate was flung wide open before him, and the genius of Freedom besought him to enter in and assume the kingdom. God never before nor since gave a man the chance He gave Stephen A. Douglas; but he turned away to paltering compromises—and the gate of the kingdom was shut in his face.

We have come now to where we can date an epoch, where we can identify a crisis in history, where we can recognize the man of history. The date is June 17, 1858; the place the city of Springfield, the capital of Illinois. The Man is ABRAHAM LINCOLN. The words with which he identified and defined, though he did not make, the issue of his epoch were these:

"A house divided against itself cannot stand; I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect that it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. If we spread of it and place it where the public mind will rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate destruction, I will push it forward until it shall become all lawful in all the states, old as well as new, North as well as South."

No words so startling, so daring, so unequivocal, had ever been uttered by any man in America since Thomas Jefferson's pronouncement in the Declaration of Independence the eternal truth that "All men are created equal." These words of Jefferson were a noble recognition of an abstract truth, hurled into the face of tyranny in the body of a revolutionary document. These of Lincoln were the reduction of that abstract truth into concrete political action and statesmanship. They embodied a supreme idea, vitalizing a party and making it heroic.

Here the issues were joined, never to be changed, but to be fought out to the end. Thus was introduced the Era of Lincoln—the Epoch of the Renovation. All that followed, all that is following yet, was and is the unfolding and ripening of itself.

Of course, it will be impossible for me here and now to measure, step by step, the growth of our national history through that epoch. You, comrades, some in one place, and some in another, saw it all, lived for it all, were a part of it all. Your memories will read it better than my tongue can speak it. Lincoln grew as his epoch unfolded. Had he not, his era would have overwhelmed him. He had that rare capacity, that genius of greatness, that is capable of rising to any demand that human events can make upon it. The insubstantial foundations of his character were abstract, if not mystical, more moral and spiritual than of any man's in history. Out of them all radiated a prophetic insight and intuition that comprehended causes and issues that were beyond the scope of the comprehension of one in ten thousand of the great actors of history. This raised him through the commonest average of life to a peerless exaltation of character and power. The mists of warring opinions, the clouds of prejudice and passion, could never rise so high that Lincoln's brow did not lift into the clear light above them. It was the intuitions of right and righteousness as making for universal weal, not the egotistic selfishness of the individual, that faithful to his truest faith, even against the fearful solicitations of his most trusted friendships, as well as against the bitterest malignings of his foes. This required the highest moral courage, sustained and fed by the eternal truth on which it grips. Without this he could not have been the Lincoln of 1858-65. He might have been any one, or like any one of a thousand we could name, who were almost but not altogether great; but he could not have been the synonym of his epoch, the immeasurable, the incomparable man. It was impossible to tell how Lincoln's soul marched on, keeping even step with the providence of God and the hearts of the American people, through these years in which God's providence was bringing the struggle between freedom and slavery to the decisive arbitrament of war. It breathed its beseeching tendencies in inaugurals, in proclamations, and in his almost infinite wooings of the estranged and embattled men of the Southland to return to the embrace and fellowship of the Union. Father never pleaded with a prodigal son more tenderly. "We are not enemies but friends," he said. "We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break the bonds that bind us together. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." A great hero's prophetic hope was never set to more tender syllables when a lover spoke than these. At the same time that his love for his misguided countrymen so intensely prayed them to reconciliation, his godlike justice sent the tramp of his country's conquering power through the land, as the hosts of the Grand Army of the Republic marched through the revolted South. He incarnated himself in that matchless volunteer army, the like of which the world had never seen and may never see again. He and that army deprecated the war, yet accepted it and fought it out, not that the South might be conquered, but that the Union might not be destroyed. They met on a thousand battlefields the armies of rebellion as brave as themselves. They also deprecated the war, but yet accepted it and fought it out that the Union should live. Once the issue was joined, nothing remained for either side but to end the argument of right, and solve the question of destiny on the battlefield. How it was

fought, how it was finished, all the world knows; but from that 17th day of April, 1861, when the devouring fire of treason smote against the iron walls of Sumter, to that 14th day of April, 1865, when the soul of this Matchless Man went to the bosom of his God, Abraham Lincoln was the type and incarnation of American nationality and universal freedom.

I know, comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic and fellow citizens, that I need not remind you today that it was not alone the masterful statesmanship of Lincoln and his great counselors in the cabinet, nor yet, added to that, the unrivaled military genius of Grant and his great lieutenants, like Sherman and Mead, Sheridan and Thomas and Logan in the field, that saved and consolidated the nation for its thousand years of increasing greatness and glory. These could only carry out their great and patriotic devisings, and become what they did become in the council and on the battlefield, because, behind them and around them were the millions of hardy yeomanry, each with a freeman's ballot in his hand, on the oaken hill slopes of New England, on the verdured prairies of Illinois and Iowa, and among the white and golden mountains of Oregon and California. Nor must we forget that they were fanned, too, on the green-swarded hills of Kentucky, and beneath the laurels and magnolias of Tennessee and Georgia. They became what their epoch made them, and what they made their epoch, because of the millions of freedom-loving hearts that beat behind the bayonets and throbbed under the banners that flared and thrust at Donelson, at Shiloh, at Vicksburg, at Gettysburg, at Chattanooga, at Atlanta, down through the bloody wilderness, at Petersburg, at Richmond, and at Appomattox. That splendid yeomanry of America, those magnificent soldiers of Freedom, those who lived and those who died, alike, are the great, even if unnamed, heroes on whose deeds of valor and of duty rests the imperishable structure of our nation's glory. Lincoln was but the incarnation of their universal spirit of freedom, the personification of the true democracy of the Universal Brotherhood of Man.

February 12, 1860, and April 14, 1865, between which dates the earthly life of Abraham Lincoln run its unparalleled career of being and doing, must ever remain, in the memory of mankind, as monumental as the days that celebrate the birth or monument the death of Washington. If one, under God, was the revered Father, the other, under the same God, was the beloved and no less revered Renovator and Savior of what the other created. And forever their names and work will be thus blended and intertwined in the orations of patriotism and the songs of Freedom.

As it belonged to Lincoln, by the call of God, to initiate the epoch of the Renovation, and embody it, both in speech and personality, so it belonged to him to lead that epoch to its coronation in making the whole land free. Who could have thought, could he have believed, on that 17th day of June, 1858, when he uttered that prophetic sentence at Springfield, that in a little more than four years, his own name, as the most potent magisterate and ruler of the world, would be signed to that Emancipation Proclamation that broke the shattered manacles of slavery from 3,000,000 human souls and bade them stand forth in their new, self-owned manhood, free as God had made them free? "And, upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice warranted by the constitution," said the great Emancipator, "I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God." Surely, that invocation has had marvelous answer both from "mankind" and "God." And this new Moses, born in the solitude of the desert, where he forged all great and obstinate thoughts; monotonous like the desert, and like the desert sublime, reading scarcely any book but the Bible, the book of great sorrows and of great hopes, dictated often by prophets to the sound of fetters they dragged through Nineveh and Babylon; this child of Nature, by one of those miracles possible and comprehensible only among free people, ascends the capitol, the greatest moral height of our time, and that nothing might be wanting in the forces and achievements and providences that should lift him to the lofty and lonely pinnacle of unrivaled triumph, dies at the very moment the whole world was proclaiming him victor.

Lincoln's death was a translation. When his providential task in nation-building was done, so far as his material hand was to fashion and pile the blocks that were to construct and cement our nationality, there was little need that his bodily presence should linger on earth. His spiritual dominion could not be thoroughly inaugurated over the hearts of his countrymen until the bodily limitations were severed, and his soul had been freed from their narrow boundaries. Then he was no longer the head of a party, the leader of a theory of politics, however lofty that theory might have been. He was an all-pervading spirit of patriotism that touched the hearts of all parties and all politics from rim to rim and from center to border of the nation he had saved. This was his translation, and here he became the ever-living and omnipresent representative and type of the men and spirit and purpose that dominated the era of the Revolution. And, in the married calm of this duality these two names, Washington and Lincoln, are forever enshrined as "first in the hearts of their countrymen." Of him it might well have been said, as, perhaps, in the poet's instinctive prophecy of the Lincoln to be, it was said:

"O iron nerve to true occasion true; O fallen at length that tower of strength Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!"

His work is done. But while the races of mankind endure, Let his great example stand Colossal seen of every land. And keep soldier firm, the statesman pure; Till in all lands, and through all human story, The path of Duty be the way to glory." Comrades and fellow citizens: We celebrate, but we cannot consecrate this day. It is consecrated by that for which we celebrate it. It is rather for us, on this day, to be dedicated anew to that great cause for which Lincoln lived, and for which he died—the "new birth of Freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth." Let us, then,

"Unite heart and hand, 'Tike Leonidas' band, And swear to face the ocean and land That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves While the earth bears a plant or the sea roars its waves."

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, Feb. 25, 1897.—Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at The Dalles, Oregon, on April 10, 1897, viz:

Paper Hanging.
E. L. Rood, who has had 8 years' experience in the business of painting and paper hanging, is now prepared to do this kind of work for citizens of Hood River. He can furnish the paper and put it on your walls at Portland prices.

Lessons in Piano Music.
Miss Anna Smith has resumed the teaching of Music. Her prices are 50 cents a lesson. 110