

STEAMER GOES OVER THE FALLS.

water-falls, slimy-green mill races, swimming holes and fishing pools. When the waters fell into the river below, the Indians and whites as well, caught salmon in dip nets and with spears and gig-hooks. The big boys swam in the streams above, and we kids there sailed miniature boats, waded, fished rocks, dreamed dreams and lived in Paradise.

From the Smith foundry, from bluff to river to the "jump-off" at the old Congregational church, the town was as thickly built as now. Previous to the flood, the fire had swept away a block of buildings on the site of the present wooden mills, destroying the Titus hotel, the proprietor of which was a colored man of that name, and who subsequently lived and probably died, on a river farm in the vicinity of Oswego; the Dr. Steele drug store, in which George Harding rolled his first pills; the Governor Abernethy store, which was in the old Hudson Bay Co.'s brick building; the Dement Bros. hardware and agricultural store, which had previously supplied the state with hardware and farm implements.

Up to this time Oregon City had never seen a steam railway and locks had not been dreamed of. Linn City, across the river, had a population of probably one hundred and fifty souls. The pride of that place was in the Judge Pratt residence, a beautiful, snow-white cream-shuttered house, surrounded by fine lawns, choice shrubbery and splendid trees. Judge Pratt after the flood came to California, where for many years he was prominent in the affair of state. The Price hotel was Linn City's only hostelry, and it stood near the ferry landing, a landmark for river travel. Senator John H. Mitchell married a daughter of the proprietor—Miss Mattie Price I think was her name. Besides residences there was a school house, several saloons, a livery stable and several saloons in Linn City. At the falls, on the Linn City side, was a portage for river passengers and freight, a grist mill, wharf and warehouse. The river boats from below landed at the wharf in the pocket under the island. Above the falls was a basin into which the upper river boats came about as they do now into the locks. The struggle of lower river boats to reach this portage during high water was certainly a sight worth seeing. "Bucking the current" the rivermen called it. I used to watch the black smoke pouring out of the funnels, the red wheels making their rapid revolutions and throwing up the white water, while the boats seemingly stood still for minutes at a time, but my joyful imagination refused to be satisfied. My disappointment was due to a discrepancy between a "bucking" boat and one on a level keel. When my pony bucked, one end or the other of him was in the air, when he was not going up stiff-legged and coming down like a "thousand of brick," and I looked to do something of that kind—but nary a cavort did they do for me and hence the indignation.

In the year 1857 on a trip from the basin at the head of the Linn City portage to Canemah, the steamer Portland, in command of Captain Archibald Jamison, from some cause or other was unable to stem the current, and she was carried over the falls, resulting in the loss of lives on board excepting one. It was supposed that the disaster was due to the boat not carrying the usual head of steam. At any rate the wheel continued to revolve during the valiant effort, the boat made to save herself and crew. How long the fight lasted I do not know, but I guess from twenty minutes to a half hour. When it was seen that the current was master of the situation, men from the basin's rock embankment shouted to those on board to jump into the water and try to save themselves. They cast lines toward the steamboat as an earnest of eagerness to afford all possible help. But one of the men took the chance. He jumped, grasped a line and the swift current swung him to the embankment. The others took too long a time to consider and were lost. While the boat was vainly struggling to regain control the alarm went out, and soon above and below the falls and on either side of the river, people gathered at points of vantage and witnessed the plunge. Those on shore were almost insane from the prolonged suspense during the time the boat was slowly but surely yielding to the resistless current, and it is safe to say that those aboard the ill-fated craft must have undergone awful tortures of mind as they felt themselves being drawn to certain death.

During the little shake-up here in California a few years since, I stood on the sixth floor of a brick building expecting each moment to be my last. The ordeal lasted, but about one-third of a minute, and if the people on the "Port-

land" suffered in proportion to the time their suspense lasted, their agonies must have been awful. No matter how tired of life one may be he instinctively recoils from an unsought, violent death.

It seems to me that the half hour of those men on the boat must have stunned them into semi-disparing indifference, and that they experienced a thrill of relief as the suspense was ended by the boat going over. The impact upon striking the water below and the tearing asunder of the vessel by the crush of the waters from above, must have shocked them into unconsciousness so quickly that their actual deaths were painless. Their sufferings were during those awful minutes when they were helpless and facing certain annihilation.

Immediately after the boat had made the fatal plunge, wreckage began to drift down stream. The pilot house was apparently undamaged, and floated away intact. Accompanying it was a lot of light woodwork, broken boards and furniture from the cabin, etc. The hull of the vessel is said to have never come to the surface. The opinion was freely expressed that had Captain Jamison stuck to the pilot house he might have saved his life, but this is problematical, for no one can say what the shock would have done. The wrench necessary to tear the house loose from its fastenings, it seems to me, would kill anyone, and there was the fall besides.

A few years previous to the flood Linn City, portage, warehouse, wharf, grist mill and the steamer Clinton were destroyed by fire and prior to this, either in 1855 or '56 the steamer "Gazelle" in command of Captain Robert Hereford, exploded her boilers at Canemah, with a large loss of lives, twenty people having been killed, and twelve wounded and scalded.

In the year 1858 the steamer "Eik" blew up at Davidson's landing, opposite the mouth of the Yamhill river. If I remember aright no lives were lost upon this occasion, but it was said that the captain, Geo. Jerome, was blown two hundred feet up in the air, and that he came down safe and sound and friskier than ever.

The steamer "Senator's" explosion at Portland, in which Capt. Dan McGill, Purser J. D. Lacey, Fireman George Warner and others lost their lives was not until the year 1857, I believe but it merits inclusion in the account of early river tragedies.

Up to the time of the flood all the freight of the Willamette valley passed over the Linn City portage, but afterwards was transported over the mule tramway between Oregon City and Canemah, until the present basin went into operation.

Fifty years ago Oregon City had begun to decline in prestige and business. Up to then it had been the metropolis of the IF of the northwest, but the shallow water at the Clackamas rapids, combined with the opening up of the upper Columbia regions turned the wholesale business into Portland, and the result was inevitable. Oregon City at that time was built as now, in the narrow gorge, with scattering houses on the hill back of the bluff, and on the flat reaching to the Clackamas river. The court house, quite a pretentious structure, burned a few years before, had stood on the first rising ground back of the bluff, in line with the street on which you have lately placed the old McLaughlin house. Canemah was much as I understand it is yet, with the exception that a large number of warehouses lined the river bank.

In Oregon City's high-day the street from Main to the river, passing the Pope and Selling corners, was solidly built up in the Swiss style of architecture, and here the small business flourished. It was too early for me to see, but I've heard that in the early 50's Oregon City's night life was so vivid, if not lurid, that in this vicinity the lights were never extinguished until after old Sol's rays came over the hill in the mornings.

At the foot of this street stood the Oregon House, then the best known and best conducted hotel on the Pacific coast. The good folks of Oregon City made it a practice to take their Sunday dinners there. From the spacious verandas of the hotel one could view the busy steamboats passing up and down the river, and be close enough to them to talk to the passengers, and from here one could also keep track of the Linn City folks, and yell at them if he disliked their style.

Does old Washington Hall, adjoining the Moss residence, still stand? It was in this the pioneers sought entertainment—theatricals, dancing, social parties, etc. And here flourished the Oregon City minstrel troupe, an amateur organization of home talent. A large proportion of the troupe played in the band, so when the music outside ceased there was always a seamy to get behind the scenes to "black up" before the "rag" was hoisted. You may still have a brass band in Oregon City, and also amateur theatricals, but I'll bet you your youngsters today don't enjoy them as we did

ours fifty years ago. We didn't have so many things to enjoy in those days that we could afford to pass any of them up.

Steam railways and electric lines were unknown to us at that period, and Oregon City placed its dependence for freight, mail and passenger traffic upon stage coaches and river steamers. How well I remember those six horse coaches rolling into town twice a day, unloading passengers and mail, driving up to the barn to change horses, and with a snap of the whip driving away again into the what to me was "terra incognita."

Among the old time drivers I recall but one by name—Ned Paine. And what a fine looking man he was, and how the angle at which he used to chew his cigar appealed to the envy of the small boy. And cuss? He could make the air sizzle. I used to think if I could pick a fly from the leader's ear with a whip snapper as he could, I would ask for nothing more in this wide, wide world. If I am not mistaken Paine married a miss Faucett who lived out on the road which spoiled my red-topped boots.

Presume one now could hardly recognize the landmarks on the Clackamas bottom—I mean the section from the "jump-off" to the Clackamas river. Moss lake, upon which we used to skate and shoot ducks, is probably filled in. Of course the small boy still swims on warm summer days in the Abernethy creek, and the last one out of the water has to pay the usual penalty. And the trout still bite at the mouth of that stream, as well as at the Clackamas?

(Next week's article will be in-

GLAD TIDINGS

Those whose duties required their staying home, and did not attend the Mt. Angel Horse Show, surely missed a great deal, there being a large crowd, the best of behavior and everybody and his neighbor appearing to enjoy them selves.

The horse parade, to the writer was simply a wonder, and then the many hundreds of interested people and the interest manifested by them. And as I looked at those noble horses, and those beautiful draft and driving teams my mind traveled back 36 years or more when the present city of Mt. Angel was known as the little town of Roy. Among the first buildings put up being the Cleaver Bros. warehouse. A few years afterwards the name was changed to Filmore, then about the year 1880 the land around the little village belonging principally to Uncle John Palmer and Benjamin Cleaver, where now stands the large brick college, conducted by the Sisters, was sold to the Benedictine order, who changed the name to Mt. Angel, and started in to change the sleepy little town into a city of thrift and enterprise as you see it today. And as I looked out toward that grand architectural structure standing proudly on the top of what was once called Palmer Butte, the changes, step by step passed through my mind like the rapid changing of pictures in a panorama, for 35 years ago this month I was plowing where now stands that great educational institution, the sisters college, or seminary, and perchance I, as a youth, had my day

THE NON-PRODUCERS.

Well Dressed Bums, who Toil not, Make Living Cost High.

Maple Lane, Ore. Editor Courier—The high cost of living has been pushed to the center of the stage recently. While it is very important, it is by no means new.

In my childhood I heard how a young married couple tried to solve that problem by living largely on fruit, which seemed to work all right until they took some very select stuff, which had been reserved for "the push." Then the trouble began, and it is far from ended, in fact seems to spread with the onward march of time.

I was told every time I had a toothache or belly ache it was a punishment sent down to me, though I could prove an alibi. Not long ago the president sent a message to congress to urge the appointment of a commission, found no doubt in the image of their Creator, the Hon. W. Howard Taft, "sleek, fat-headed men who sleep well o' nights. You lean Cassius, with his hungry looks, he thinks too much, such men are dangerous."

Grand idea! These large waist bands could go Paris and study the situation in the red-light districts, also the harems of Turkey would offer a fine field for investigation, then the peace conference could hold a session at The Hague, where the investigations could be carried on nicely at the numerous banquets, drink champagne with the Czar of Russia, as did that distinguished gentleman who is so busy begging votes at present. By all means

tively these by every county seat, in fact every city in the land.

Now let us look higher up and perhaps we can see from whence other blessings flow: A gabbling congress is now in session. Many members are chasing about the broad land "on leave," perhaps pleading a law case for a fat fee, a lecture for a nice sum, or out begging votes to "save the country" of course. As for the senate, that bulwark of special privilege, and grand old fraud, piling expense on the producer, perhaps could be more fittingly described in the words of the Duke of Morocco "Oh hell, what have we here, a carrion death?"

In our federal courts the granaries are trying to unscrutinable eggs—witness the outcome of the so-called prosecution of the Lee' trust, which was played up for about nine years. Did the learned council not know the outcome? Then indeed were they fit for jury duty, as any soap-boxer in the land could have and did foretell. But then we need clogs upon the wheels of time" even if we pay dear for them.

Just take a peep in Statistical Abstract of the U. S. No 33 (the latest that I have) page 623: Expenses for war department \$158,172,957; navy \$123,974,208. Add it up yourself. Are these figures a charge upon the producer? The same condition obtains in the whole "civilized" world. So the president tells us therefore a nice juicy commission is in order.

Now for a change of scene: Take a look at the large number of gambling dens of which Wall street is a shining example, the dividend-takers in the industrial enterprises "who toil not, neither do they spin," except spinning about Europe in their autos, or taking in Monto Carlo—all eating their bread in the sweat of other people's faces.

I do not attempt to tabulate the long list of non-producers—if you have eyes you can see enough without any honorable commission, that the high cost of living is due to the loafer, not the poor, break-beam hobo, who costs very little, but the well-dressed and well-housed bum, among which I will include (just to save space and useless words) the useless occupations or "professions" as they are called, when "pretensions" would be better English. Perhaps you will say that all are necessary, or at least most are, or the wheels of progress would stop. Well, stop and see how many are of benefit to you, my red-necked friend.

When you have solved the problem as to where the high cost of living lies I will point you to the ballot box as the proper place to put your answer.

JOHN F. STARK.

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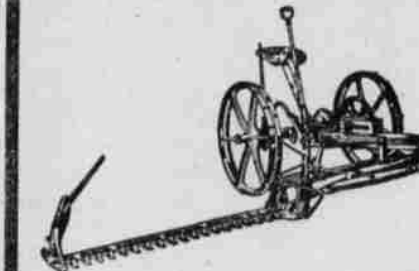
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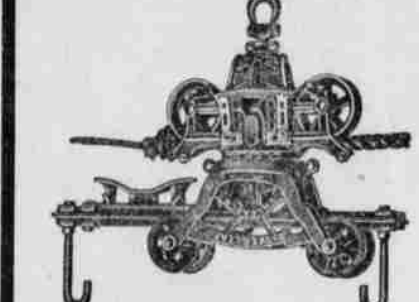
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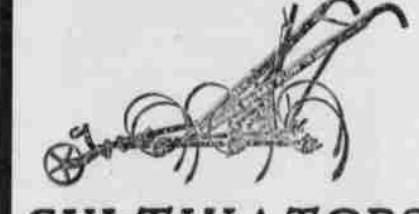
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let's have the commission. With the commission in working order no more will a poor woman sink in despair as at Salem recently, or many others since, for that precious commission will report by and by—maybe. Then just wait for the commission, all you hungry, just be patient!

Is it necessary to go through all this humbug to find the chief cause, exploitation, or is anyone so dense they cannot see its manifestations in a score of ways, right here in Oregon City? Just lean against the Weinhard block and look across the street, the parade going up and down those broad steps; walk down Main street and read the real estate signs until your eyes are sore; count the array of gin mills and you will perhaps see the number corresponds closely to that of the churches. Then the rattle of the many competing delivery wagons ought to jar you, possibly two chiefs of police will order you to march on. These are a few items of local observation. Then mul-