

### The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

The only Republican Daily Newspaper in Wasco County.

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MONDAY, - - - AUGUST 9, 1897.

#### PIONEER STEAMBOATING.

Recollections of a Man Who Ran on One of the First Vessels.

Mr. James H. Elgin recalls to mind early experiences of steamboating on the Columbia that are amusing as well as interesting, and illustrate how matters were managed in early times. In August, 1855, he was assisting in building the steamer Wasco, the third that was built above the Cascades. The Fashion, built in 1851, was first, but was taken down to work the lower river. The Mary was next, built in 1853, by the Bradfords, who, he says, were as brave as enterprising and not afraid to face the tomahawk of the savage. They kept men employed at good wages, were easy bosses, and the money was ready every Saturday night. No man was ever heard to growl about work or treatment.

In August, 1855, the Wasco was launched; the owners were F. G. Imans, Capt. McFarland and son, Neil McFarland. Capt. McFarland was a whole-souled man, who made every man with him feel good. I made many trips up and down the Columbia with the fast sailing steamer Wasco, says Mr. Elgin, for she carried sail as well as steam. It then took from early morning until late at night to go from the Cascades to The Dalles. She carried from five to twenty passengers. They were Hudson's Bay company men, government officials, prospectors or adventurers.

#### STEAMBOATING UNDER FIRE.

In the fall of 1855, when boats went up and down the river, they had to keep as close to the Oregon shore as they could. The Indians would secrete themselves in the rocks along the river, below the Klickitat and White Salmon, and would fire into passing boats. I don't think anybody was ever hit with their leaden messengers, but the hatter of the bullets on the pilot house and other parts of the boat made captains careful, and passengers would hide their heads in the safest place they could find. None of us cared to stand on deck to take observations when passing one of those rocky points, known as Indian fortresses. The beautiful scenery along the river had not sufficient attraction to induce sight-seeing under those difficulties.

The waters were often so turbulent that the little steamer of that day had to hunt some small harbor along the rocky shores, and lie there until the storm abated. I have known a steamer to lie for twenty-four hours before it was safe to resume the voyage. While thus waiting the turn of events there was danger of a night attack from savages, and continual watch and guard had to be kept. I remember one trip, when one of the oldest pioneers at The Dalles—Mr. Laughlin and his daughter, now Mrs. Lord—took passage. They had never been west of the Cascades, and intended to visit Portland and have a steamboat ride, never having had one. But before the Wasco reached Crate's Point the wind rose, white caps flew, and the boat began to roll and pitch in a formidable way. Father and daughter both became very sea sick. The perpendicular wall of rock on the shore was lashed by a heavy sea, and occasionally the waves would roll entirely over the little Wasco, making the timbers and the boat to quiver with the continued shocks. We had to keep up headway until we reached one of the little coves to be found between Mosier's and Hood river, where the Wasco ran in and anchored near shore. We were twenty miles from The Dalles, and the only road was a rude trail along the shore, brushy and rocky by turns, and very rough to travel in the best of weather. But Mr. and Miss Laughlin had all they wanted of steamboating, and resolved to leave the boat and make their way back through the savage wilderness, with all the chances of savage men besides, rather than take the risk of finishing the trip on the steamer Wasco. They had learned that no place was like home, and home they went, afoot and alone. The danger from hostile Indians was great, but it did not deter them.

#### STEAMBOAT RACING ON THE MIDDLE RIVER.

With the McFarlands, father and son, at the wheel and engine, I always felt safe, except once when they were bound to beat the Mary in a trip from the Cascades to The Dalles. The two boats lay at the Upper Cascades, and the captain of the Mary had been bragging of his intention to beat the Wasco to The Dalles. He had gone to the length of promising his passengers a free ride if they came into The Dalles after the Wasco did. It

was generally known that the two boats were to race from the Cascades to The Dalles.

We left our landing just above the falls, a few minutes before the Mary did, with thirty passengers on board. When we pushed out we found that the two tiller ropes had been cut and the man at the wheel had no control of the boat. This happened just above the falls, and the unmanageable boat was drifting down to the edge of the rapids without means to handle her. There was cause for alarm and all hands were anxious. We had no yawl boat to carry a line to the shore, and there was only one pole that would reach bottom. The wind came down stream strongly, and made our situation more perilous. After some hard work we got near enough to shore to get a line out and make fast. While in this predicament Capt. Dan Baughman passed us with all hands on board his boat yelling and groaning at the poor Wasco, and jeering us with "When will you be at The Dalles?"

#### NIP AND TUCK, BUT TUCK AHEAD.

In half an hour we had our rudder ropes all right, and when the Mary was three miles or so up the river we made our second start. And now for the race. The Wasco was fired up fiercely: the cook was down splitting wood; our passengers were aroused by the trick that endangered their lives, and all were ready to lend a hand. Half an hour showed we were gaining ground and closing the long gap. The passengers were much excited, and their excitement ran so high that men went wild—at least so a stranger would have thought if he could have dropped in on the same unawares. When the Mary found we were gaining so rapidly the officers and passengers on board her became equally excited and commenced firing up and heating their boiler to the danger point. But in spite of their efforts the Wasco went by them, and the shrieking of steam whistles was drowned by the wildest yells imaginable. We ran close alongside, and all the throats on board the Wasco grew hoarse with the strain put on, the yells we gave being accompanied by groans unutterable from the passengers and crew of the opposing boat. We passed them before reaching Wind river mountain, a distance of twelve miles. Then the Mary fired up afresh and passed us again. This made Neal McFarland hotter than his boiler. He ordered the old darkey cook to bring the resin barrel, and into the furnace it went. Then came the soap-fat barrel, and in it went. Things were getting hot and hotter. The old darkey was hunting his pantry for fat things, while we were running by the Mary. Even the side of bacon went into the fire. But by this time the Mary was far behind, and fortunately for us they felt so discouraged that they gave up the trial and went along at a steady speed. Fortunately for us, I say, because we had strained matters, and could not have kept up our pace. Already a rivet had started, and escaping steam hissed out a fierce warning of danger.

When the rivet-head jumped off, the passengers concluded to walk at and give the steam a fair chance. Neal McFarland stood up to his work, and watched the steam hissing from many a seam, but he was not scared by a little sound. It was only when it was evident that the Mary had given up the race that he came down to ordinary steam; but he was not sorry when it was possible to do so. He was a man destitute of fear; even on the battlefield he had proved superior to it.

The next boat built was the Hassa, which was considered a very fine boat, and was launched in July, 1856. Almost every year thereafter until the railroad went down the river, a new boat was built for the middle river.

#### THE FIRST PORTAGE RAILROAD.

The first car track over the portage was made in 1851. It was two feet wide, with four-inch fir scantling for rails. The cars were hauled by mules, had wooden wheels made of fir planks, and with wooden axles. In fact, there was no iron in the construction of either cars or road, except the nails used. The steamer Bell ran from Portland to the Lower Cascades, to connect with the portage railroad, and the steamer Mary ran above to The Dalles. A staunch-built schooner took the freight from the Bell to the middle landing, when the wind was up stream, which was usually the case for six months, from October to April. When the wind was down stream the Cascade Indians were employed to tow the schooner. Any number of them were usually obtainable at short notice. The railroad terminus was below the big eddy, where the Hudson Bay men had always hauled out their boats. The place was known to old navigators as Cleutchman's rock. With a fair wind the schooner would sail up in a few hours, but with wind and weather unfavorable one or two days were required to cordell up to the landing, requiring the services of thirty to forty Indians. That was why freight was \$80 a ton from Portland to The Dalles in early days.—From an old copy of the Oregonian.

The highest claim for other tobaccos is "Just as good as Durham." Every old smoker knows there is none just as good as

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The poet unquestionably had reference to the

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### Sheriff's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution and order of sale issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon on the 11th day of July, 1897, and a judgment and decree in said Court made and rendered on the 24th day of May, 1897, in favor of James Lake, plaintiff, and against William A. Miller and Lydia S. Miller, defendants, I did on the 6th day of July, 1897, duly levy upon and will sell, at the front door of the county courthouse in Dalles City, Wasco county, Or., on Monday, the 16th day of August, 1897, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, all of the real estate described in said execution and order of sale, and described as follows, to-wit: commencing at a point thirty feet east and ninety-two and twenty-hundredths rods south of the northwest corner of John A. Simms' Donation Land Claim in township one (1) north of range thirteen (13), east of the Willamette Meridian, Wasco County, Oregon; thence south sixteen rods one foot, thence east ten rods, thence north sixteen rods and one foot, and thence west ten rods to the place of beginning, containing one acre and a fraction of land, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the sums due under said writ, to-wit, the sum of \$300, with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent per annum since September 24, 1894, to the date of said sale, and also the further sum of \$50 as a reasonable attorney's fee, and the further sum of \$10, accruing costs and expenses of said sale.

Dated the 9th day of July, 1897.

F. J. DRIVER,  
 374-1 Sheriff of Wasco County, Oregon.

### Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of Silas W. Davis, late of Wasco County, and now deceased. All persons having claims against said estate or against the estate of Corum and Davis of Wapinitia, Oregon, of which said firm said deceased was a partner, will present the same, duly verified, to me at The Dalles, Oregon, or to my attorneys, Butler & Menefee, of Dalles City, Wasco County, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated at Dalles City, Oregon, this 22d day of May, 1897.

B. F. LAUGHLIN,  
 Administrator of the estate of Silas W. Davis, deceased.

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If so, save money and enjoy a beautiful trip on the Columbia. The west-bound train arrives at The Dalles in ample time for passengers to take the steamer, arriving in Portland in time for the outgoing Southern and Northern trains; East-bound passengers arriving in The Dalles in time to take the East-bound train.

For further information apply to

J. N. HARNEY, Agent,  
 Oak Street Dock, Portland, Oregon.  
 Or W. C. ALLAWAY, Gen. Agt.,  
 The Dalles, Oregon.

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 Portland, Oregon  
 A. L. MOHLER, Vice President.

### TIME CARD.

No. 4, to Spokane and Great Northern arrives at 6 p. m., leaves at 6:30 p. m. No. 2, to Pendleton, Baker City and Union Pacific, arrives at 1:15 a. m., departs at 1:20 a. m.

No. 3, from Spokane and Great Northern, arrives at 8:30 a. m., departs at 9:35 a. m. No. 1, from Baker City and Union Pacific, arrives at 8:55 a. m., departs at 9:00 a. m.

No. 23 and 24, moving east of The Dalles, will carry passengers. No. 23 arrives at 6:30 p. m., departs at 12:45 p. m.

Passengers for Heppner will take train leaving here at 6:05 p. m.

## DOORS, WINDOWS, SHINGLES, FIRE BRICK, FIRE CLAY, LIME, CEMENT, Window-Glass and Picture Moulding.

# H. GLENN.

### Notice.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,  
 OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF CURRENCY,  
 WASHINGTON, D. C., June 5, 1897.

Notice is hereby given to all persons who may have claims against "The Dalles National Bank" of the city of The Dalles, Oregon, that the same must be presented to H. S. Wilson, receiver, with the legal proof thereof, within three months from this date, or they may be disallowed.

JAMES H. ECKELS,  
 Comptroller.

June 16-97m-1