

# The Daily Astorian.

Vol. XVIII.

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No. 109.

## THE WRECKED TACOMA.

### Ten Lives Lost.

An Empire City dispatch of the 3d says: The steam tug Fearless, arrived from the Tacoma, reports that nine of the crew were lost, and First Assistant Engineer Grant died after getting ashore. The ship is completely broken up. Nothing can be saved from the wreck. Five bodies were recovered. Nothing can be seen of the wreck but the top of the cylinder at low water. Seven men were lost off the fore yard when the mast went overboard.

Capt. Hill reports that he, with the tug, lay in twenty-eight feet of water and could hear the men on the wreck calling to them, but could render them no assistance, as they had no boat that could live in such a sea as was running at that time. He saw a boat put off from the beach, but it was captured before they got to the wreck and after being washed ashore they righted the boat and made the attempt the second time, with like result. The sea was so heavy that no boat such as was there could do any good. As he could do nothing to render any assistance with the tug he then went into the Umpqua river; and on the next morning he started to go to the life saving station at Cape Gregory for the life boat and gun for throwing lines on board the wreck; but when he got out of Umpqua river and in sight of the wreck, the foremost on the Tacoma with the men on the fore yard had gone overboard and all were lost. As there was nothing more to be done, he returned to the Umpqua river.

When the first news of the wreck of the Tacoma was received here, requiring the assistance of the life-boat to rescue the men then on the wreck, a crew of eight men volunteered their services and proceeded that night, after dark, to the life-saving station at Cape Gregory, a distance from here of about nine miles, where they arrived at about eleven o'clock that night and informed the keeper of the station of the wreck; that they came as a volunteer crew; that the tug Escort No. 2, would be off the station at daylight to take them to the wreck, and they were under the direction of said keeper of the life station. They proceeded to put the boat in condition for the trip and launched her, and with the keeper in charge, went about two miles to sea, to practice the crew in pulling the boat, and then pulled the boat back to the station; and when a short time after, the tug Escort arrived off the station to take them to the wreck, the keeper of the station refused to go or allow the men to take the boat. Three of the men then got a small boat from the lighthouse keeper and went off to the tug Escort, and informed Captain Magee that the keeper would not go, or let the boat go. His only excuse for such conduct was that he would not go without an experienced crew. As the tug would not be able to render any assistance without the life-boat, Captain Magee came back to Empire.

Captain Hill, of the tug Fearless, thinks that if the lifeboat and the gun for throwing lines had been at the place of disaster on the day that the volunteer crew went to the station for the boat, all those lost on the ill-fated Tacoma would have been saved.

### Cows Should be Provided with Tin Horns.

"Gentlemen of the jury!" exclaimed an Indianapolis lawyer, summing up a cow case, "you have heard the testimony of my client, and you have heard the evi-

dence of this red-headed railroad. Now, gentlemen, which do you believe? Do you believe my client's cow walked on the defendant's track and allowed him to run over her, and with no other motive than to be run over? Do you believe that any cow is going to do such a thing as that while a humane government stands ready to protect us and our rights? Do you believe that a cow brought up in this country, as this cow was, with every facility for knowing the character of this bloody-minded railroad, its locks dripping with the gore of your property and mine, gentlemen, will willfully go upon its reeking track and stand there while one of this defendant's carriage-stained engines rushes upon her with its mouth watering for warm blood? I tell you no, gentlemen, you will not! As well ask you to believe that a smiling Jehovah looks down approvingly and bids the work proceed while this gore-stained railroad rushes headlong upon the dearest rights of man and clatters up the very gate of sweet heaven with the bones and pelts of the best cow that ever straddled a milk pail." The jury were unanimously for the plaintiff.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

### WHAT IS YOUR HOODOO?

Every person, we repeat, has his individual hoodoo. Some high-foreheaded philosopher has said that his life is like a game of cards, success not so much in winning the game as in playing a poor hand well. But like the other sciences, that of philosophy advances, and the thoughtful student of natural effects has at length dimly learned to suspect that success in anything, humanly speaking, is only to be really obtained by escaping from one's hoodoo. This fact has been virtually admitted, though in a blind, dumb way, by all peoples and all classes since the existence of the world. Whether it presents itself in the fetish of the savages, the incantation of the gypsy or the restless promptings of fatality that impel the Caucasian gambler to destroy the precise pack of cards with which his losses have been made, the primary cause remains the same, and at the bottom lies that most withdrawn of nature's secrets—the hoodoo.

Let the lip of our supposed superior intelligence of our day curl never so superciliously at the popular fancies regarding what is vaguely called "luck," there is still something to be said for the defendant. The sailor's abhorrence of sailing on Friday; the housewife's caution against getting out of the wrong side of the bed; the old country distaste for meeting a black cat; the world-wide avoidance of spilling the salt at the table—may be lightly put down as "superstitious," "relics of barbarism," and all that; yet that great regulator and originator of all theories—experience, the slow-acquired certainty of centuries—remains unchanged and unaffected, as all natural results will be to all time. The cold fact is that all these so-called "superstitions" are but the outcropping of that great, mysterious force of negation in nature, which, always for want of a better word, be it understood, we shall call the "hoodoo."

The cleverest paper ever written by Gail Hamilton was devoted to "The total Depravity of Inanimate Things," in which she particularly instances the "intelligent malice and aforethought with which a dropped article of small size, a collar button say, instantly rolls into the most secret and inaccessible

nook in the whole floor. In said article she was unconsciously formulating a phase of the hoodoo. We have known men to be hoodooed by a pair of boots, a watch, a cane, a horse—anything, in fact, may be the medium for the transmission of this contrary current of negation from the great outside reservoir where it is stored by nature so to speak. The great art, therefore, is to discover one's hoodoo, and remove or destroy it, and a most important part of the writer's patent hoodoo theory is that all persons can discover their hoodoos if they will. We do not use the comparison "evil genius" in this connection, for it is now at least evident that this quality of negation is purely natural, passive and normal influence, which never varies, but acts with automatic and impartial constancy. The writer remembers a man in the southern part of the state who was hoodooed by his revolver, a certain ornate weapon presented him by a friend in the east. The scrapes and troubles that pistol got its actually well-meaning owner into were something incredible. Finally, by an inscrutable inspiration he recognized his hoodoo, and wrote to his friend, its giver, that he would return the weapon by the same mail, of course recognizing the fact the hoodoo of one person was not necessarily that of another. Before packing the pistol he drew the cartridges and placed it upon the mantelpiece. While momentarily absent from the room the thrifty China boy entered and replaced the loads. His employer returned, and picking up the revolver, playfully pointed it at his own temple and pulled the trigger. His hoodoo was buried with him by order of the coroner.—Derriek Dodd.

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