

## PORT ORFORD POST.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1880.

### PORT ORFORD AND GENERAL STONEMAN.

**Reminiscences of the Early Struggles, Hardships, Sacrifices, Trials and Triumphs of the Pioneers of Curry County, Which Were Participated in by Lieut. Stoneman—Since Major-General U. S. A.**

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

They utterly routed the Indians, destroyed their provisions stored up for Winter, and secured peace with the Coquille Indians forever afterward. Two white men were killed two years after, by three Indians, who were hung, and that was their last act against the whites.

The command returned to Port Orford; the weather then being very stormy, Stoneman erected the Winter quarters, working in the storm. In January all was quite comfortable; the Winter passed off pleasantly. Stoneman remained with Company C, the balance of the command returning to San Francisco, in the last of December, on the steamship Columbia. Stanton was to have returned on the Quartermaster's schooner Lincoln which was wrecked opposite to where Empire City now stands. The men on board of her, together with Lieut. Stanton, forced their way over Cape Gregory, thence down the Coast to Port Orford. The Winter was pleasantly spent, time much occupied in rendering the men and animals comfortable; and fishing and hunting when the weather permitted. Elk, deer and bear were in close proximity. In early Spring preparations were made to examine the country lying between Port Orford and the "Oregon Trail," as the present-traveled stage route leading from Roseburg to Jacksonville was then called. In the expedition, Stoneman was the leader, or acting mountaineer, which was a seemingly natural role for him. A camp was established on the South Fork of the Coquille, called Depot Camp. A few men were left in charge of the camp, and in June the main expedition started, followed the Indian trail over Johnson's mountain to the Big bend of Rogue river, (I should have stated that Lieut. R. Williamson was the engineer, one mule packing his instruments.) They ascended the river, following the right bank to the mouth of John Mule creek, which received its name from the following circumstances: In passing one spur called John Mule mountain which breaks off abruptly at the river's verge and has an altitude of over two thousand feet, the mule carrying Lieut. Williamson's instruments, strayed from the trail or was stolen by the Indians lying in wait for an opportunity to kill a straggling man or animal. This mule was named "John;" from this circumstance, the mountain as well as the creek was named. Immediately at the eastern base of the hill, from the mouth of this creek they ascended

the long spur leading up to the Big Meadows; a part of the expedition returned to Camp Depot. Stoneman with a few men pushed on and reached the Oregon and California trail at Grave creek near the residence of James Toogood. Of course they could not spend time in selecting the most practicable route. Stoneman returned without delay to camp. Another expedition was made, which gave rise to the excitement a few years back of the "lost cabin" or of rich gold deposits; and many a foolish search was made for the myth, as there was not in fact any gold found, save at the crossing of Johnson's creek, which did not assume its present importance until the Spring of 1854, at which time gold was discovered, the mountain and creek receiving the name of "Johnson," in compliment to the discoverer of gold upon that creek, he receiving the prefix of "coarse gold" to his name during the time of the expedition named. Maj. A. J. Smith, the Capt. of Co. C, joined his command in 1852. Camp Depot was broken up and all returned to Port Orford. In August, preparations were made for another expedition, and upon the 1st of September, Stoneman started with twelve men of Co. C, and the writer as a volunteer, to examine as to the practicability of a road leading directly east from Port Orford. Kept the beach to the mouth of Brush's creek, which received its name from a young Texan, one of the survivors of the TeValt massacre. Stoneman and the writer ascended to the summit of Hungbug Mountain, to secure a proper departure by observing the trend of the divide. Returning to the men encamped on the creek at dark, started early the following morning ascending the creek—had advanced but a short distance when Stoneman felled a fine elk; cut a supply off without delay, and that night camped on the south-east side to Pilot Knob.

The day having been excessively warm all were wet with perspiration, and having gained an altitude of eighteen hundred feet, were chilled as night approached. Our camp was by the side of a beautiful stream in a grove of timber. The men built good fires, and we had a prospect of an excellent night's rest after the fatigues of the day. A grand failure. We had lain down, just yielding ourselves to blissful slumber, when lo! all were aroused by the fire which commenced to spread with great rapidity, calling forth our every effort to save our supplies and animals. We fought the fire the whole of the night. The men in their efforts to save the supplies and extinguish the fire, forgot all about our poor mules, and had it not been for the cool, good judgment of our commander, we would have lost every animal. He had them forced through to the weather side of the flames, and through the deep ravine to a place of safety. It being extremely dry, there having been no rain since early Spring, every twig and bush was ready for the advancing and

spreading flames. We suffered terribly with the smoke, and at early dawn packed up and made but a short day's travel to a beautiful camp which was named "Sal-lal Springs." Arrived early, recuperated in strength after our mishaps of the previous night; started the following morning and ascending a low ridge; from our position we counted seven black bears. No person can imagine the difficulties in traveling through brush and timber in the Coast range of mountains, the skill and judgment required to keep the real divide, and how very slow an advance is made. Our commander would be gone from us for two hours at a time searching for the divide. No person offered to ride; all fared alike. Stoneman knew when his men required rest, and would not risk finding a better camp, when he had a passable one at the time or near it. On the afternoon of the 6th we reached "Iron Mountain" which was named by Stoneman on account of the blood red color of the earth. We camped on the south side on an extensive bench about five hundred feet from the summit, having good grass and water; there were several springs, some of them forming the source of Rock creek.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

Clemetshaw, Kallock's perjured witness was sent up for fourteen years. Clemetshaw's wife, known among the "rounders" as "Roaring Gimlet" was sentenced the next day to ten years for grand larceny.

A Chicago dispatch says: The Times this morning publishes a letter from Senator David Davis to a gentleman in Washington, in which he says:

"The training and habits of my life naturally lead me to prefer civilians to soldiers for great civil trusts, but as parties are organized the voter must choose between the candidates or must stand aloof, indifferent or neutral, which no good citizen ought to do at a Presidential election. I have no hesitation in supporting Hancock for the best of all reasons, because his election will put an end to sectional strife and sectional parties, and will revive patriotic sentiments all over the land which political leaders and factions for sinister ends have sought to prevent. There can be no permanent prosperity without pacification. Great as were the achievements of Gen Hancock in the war, his conduct in peace when in command of Louisiana and Texas in 1867 is still grander, and justly commend him to the confidence of the country. His letter to Gen. Sherman, recently brought to light, lists Gen. Hancock far above the past appreciation of his civility. It marks him as one of the wisest of his time, with statesman grasp of mind and integrity of a patriot whom no sense of expediency could swerve from his honest convictions."

At Happy Camp last Thursday, L. P. Smith shot and killed Ah Lim, a Chinaman, charging the Chinaman with robbing his sluice boxes. Smith delivered himself to the authorities after the killing, and was sent to this place where he is now awaiting trial. We have not learned the particulars of the affair sufficient for publication.—Crescent City Courier.

## THE PORT ORFORD POST.

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