

PORT ORFORD POST.

THURSDAY, JAN. 13, 1881.

LEFT-HANDED LOGIC.

The Willamette Farmer fulminates a lengthy article in favor of a protective tariff, in which it makes the point that "protection" in the United States has made it possible for American manufacturers of cutlery to sell their wares in Sheffield! The Farmer did not see that, in this admission, it sat down on its own position. For instance, that paper contends that everybody in America ought to pay a large price for the manufactured articles they consume, in order to keep out of the country, goods manufactured by the "pauper labor of England." To keep out such goods we must maintain a protective tariff to the end that American manufacturers shall have the monopoly of the sale of all such. But if American manufacturers can go into Sheffield, the very seat of cutlery manufacture in England, and sell their wares in competition with "pauper labor," what sort of labor must such cutlery have been produced by in this country? But the Farmer conceals from its readers the point that such cutlery is sold by American manufacturers in England at a figure far below that at which the same class of goods can be had for of the same manufacturers by American merchants. And if we can compete in the European markets with our wares, where is the sense in a tariff? Why oppress home consumers with extortionate prices in the face of such evidence that such goods can be and are afforded at so much less when shipped abroad? A tariff craze is the craziest craze of all the crazes. And that's what's the matter of the Farmer.

The clause in the new treaty between the United States and China, relative to immigration is as follows: "The Emperor of China consents that whenever in the opinion of the United States the coming hither of Chinese laborers or their residence in this country affect or threatens to affect injuriously the interests of the United States, then the United States Government may regulate, limit or suspend such coming or residence in such manner as the United States may deem proper."

The N. Y. Sun says Mark Twain has become daft. At times he imagines himself editor of the Courant, and at other times fancies himself a church deacon. A short time since he was found in his back yard standing on an empty dry goods box trying to palm himself off for an Egyptian obelisk.

Sixteen offenders were sent up from Portland at the late term of the Circuit Court from Multnomah county. Their several sentences aggregated forty-three and a half years' service in the Penitentiary.

Philadelphia has raised \$100,000 for General Grant.

Written for THE POST.
NIGHT THOUGHTS.

'Tis music to the weary soul
To hear the ocean's roar,
And watch the moon majestic roll
Through darkness' solemn hour,—
And through the broken clouds to see,
The stars look softly down,
Like Angel eyes, that bid us flee,
To more exalted ground.
Ah! there's a thought I cannot quell,
That's upward, onward sped,—
As Memory weaves her gentle spell
Round days forever fled:
And in the mystic fold of night
Comes up life's sweetest dream.—
Till stars in their angelic light,
Fling down a softer beam.
For other eyes have looked on mine
In Youth's bewitching bloom,
Whose rays were pure as vestal shrine
Within the temple's gloom;
But now I wander long the shore,
With weary steps alone,—
Those vestal eyes shall shine no more,
Their earthly rays have flown:
But in the weird-like realm of night,
I seem to see their spirit light.

GYSOL.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND NEWS.

The small pox has reached Walla Walla.

The United States spend \$100,000,000 annually for sugar.

An Indian burying ground has been unearthed near the mouth of the Coquille.

The Sioux Indians demand \$7,000,000 for the privilege of running a railroad through their lands.

The Times says the late frosts have occasioned considerable damage to vegetables in Jackson county.

Navigation is almost entirely suspended on the Columbia, the river being frozen over from The Dalles up.

Gen. O. O. Howard has been placed in command at West Point, General Wheaton taking command of the Department of the Columbia.

The Winter thus far has proved very disastrous to sheep owners in the Klickitat country; over one thousand head of sheep having frozen to death.

An unusually cold wave has swept over Northwestern Oregon; in Portland the ice weighs down trees, telegraph wires, awnings, and makes havoc among things generally.

Chas. Crocker who purchased from the Company the lands embraced in the Coos Bay Wagon Road swag, has decided that part of the road lying in Douglas county to the said county for its own use and "behoof" forever.

A prominent dry-goods merchant in Boston worked half an hour on the following proposition, and failed to give an answer:—"If four men can build a stone wall in nine days, how long will it take five men to build a like wall in six days?"

The population of Oregon is 174,767. Males, 103,388; females, 71,379, native, 144,327; Foreign, 30,450; white, 163,087; colored, 11,680, including in the State, 9,506 Chinese, 2 Japanese, 1,679 Indians and half breeds.

EAST OF THE MOUNTAINS.
Interesting Letter from George Junkin.

CENTERVILLE, Umatilla Co., Or. }
December 12, 1880. }

EDITOR POST--We left Sixes on the 27th of October, and came as far as Floras creek that night. The next morning it was raining a little and rather bad traveling. On the 29th we went on board the steamer Ceres, and went to Coquille City; there laid over for my horses, which got in Saturday night. The boys brought word that we could not get over the road as it was filled with fallen trees. We had to go by steamer to Myrtle Point, and concluded to try the Coos Bay Wagon Road. Left Myrtle Point Monday morning, and traveled over as bad a road as I ever saw; it hadn't been worked on this year. The old road was fenced up in some places and turned on the side hill; was full of stumps and short turns that could hardly be made with one span of horses. We droye until dark, and only got about 15 miles. The next morning we hitched up and made about three miles to Mr. Hunt's, on the East fork of the Coquille; it commenced raining and rained pretty hard all day. We laid over until noon the next day, then started and made one mile beyond Mr. Laird's. There the road ran out, and we had to unload our wagon and pack our things for about seven miles. Thursday evening the folks camped in an old shed; we started out bright and early, and managed by hard work to get about three miles, and went back to camp, Friday. We started out again and made a mile the next day; got to where we could put my wagon together and load up and try the wagon again; then went back after the women and children; brought them out horseback; (James Mc-Aboy and wife being with us). Some places the mud was up to the axle and the road just barely wide enough for the wagon and by hugging the bank just as close as possible, we managed to make across the mountains. From there we had pretty good roads, till we got to Flurnoy valley where a tire ran off and we had to camp and go into Looking Glass to get it put on. Then on Tuesday we made Cole's valley; Wednesday we traveled within six miles of Oakland; Thursday we traveled until about noon, when the same fire ran off again, the wheel broke down and I had to take it back to Oakland and get it filled. The weather was clear and frosty. Friday we started about noon and traveled within eight miles of the Calipooa mountains; on Saturday we crossed the mountains to the Coast fork; from there, we started Sunday morning and traveled within three miles of Springfield. Monday we made Shedd's Station; Tuesday we traveled four miles to Mr. Walks; laid over there until Thursday morning. They told us there that the road was open across the Cascade Mountains. We started and got within ten miles of the toll gate on the Santiam road and it commenced raining in the valley and snowing in the

mountains; and that scared us out and we turned and started for Portland. Traveled Jefferson on the Santiam; from there we traveled twelve miles below Salem; Sunday morning it was clear and cold; traveled one mile below Oregon City Monday; made Portland by 2 o'clock the next morning; went on board the Thompson at 5 o'clock and started out for The Dalles, where we arrived at 5 o'clock in the evening; laid over in The Dalles two days waiting for Sam to bring the horses. It was very cold and frosty, ground froze hard; left The Dalles about 10 o'clock the 26th of Nov; traveled over hills and table lands to the other Deshutes. On the 27th started early; could hardly keep from freezing; traveled up the Columbia for about three miles and then had a rocky canyon for about four miles; then came out on table lands covered with bunch grass; this land is being settled up very fast; there is where we left Mc-Aboy and wife. There has been a great many houses put up this Fall and a great many more places taken that there is no houses on, but patches plowed on them. There is chances for a great many places yet, but the great drawback is timber, which has to be hauled from ten to forty miles. We got to John Days a little after dark; could not get any wood; went across the river and made a raid on sage brush; managed to get enough to cook supper and breakfast with, but nearly froze in the meantime. The next morning we started out about sunrise, taking the old emigrant road; had a long hill to climb; got upon high table lands—very fine—covered with bunch grass. There were no houses along the road, but off the road five or six miles it is thickly settled. The stage road runs up Rock creek, and through Hepner, which is situated on the head of Willow Creek; there is quite a large settlement on this creek; got to Willow creek about sundown; plenty of wood; started early the next morning and traveled over thousands of acres of as fine land as ever laid out of doors. This land is fast being settled up. Each man can take up 480 acres, a homestead, timber culture, and railroad quarter. It is about thirty five miles from Willow to Butter creek; it was after night when got to camp; next morning had a sandy sage brush country to go through for about ten miles to Umatilla, then went upon table lands again. Off to our left it was one wheat field after another to the Blue mountains, about fifty miles. We got to Pendleton that night; the next day started about noon and came to Wild Horse creek, the end of our journey. It commenced snowing the 2d of December, and snowed about six inches, which laid on for three days, then the Chinook winds came and took it off. It has been very pleasant since.

G. W. JUNKIN.

George Elliot, (Mrs. Cross) the famous English novelist, died in London on the 27th ult.

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