

there taking care of it, we sent a word
 to them, and received one in return,
 which they would not allow the
 other Indians to carry them, but insisted
 upon being honor himself. He seemed
 anxious to arrive at the secret of this
 mode of communication, and would
 watch to see what effect the piece of pa-
 per would have on the one to whom he
 delivered it. This old man's name we
 learned was K-wu-lut-lah. He is still
 living on the Bay, and has always been
 known as a quiet and friendly Indian.

It had been our intention at the out-
 set, if we succeeded in discovering the
 Bay, and provided the surrounding coun-
 try was adapted to agricultural purposes,
 and was sufficiently extensive to locate
 claims for ourselves and lay out a town;
 but the deplorable condition in which we
 found our selves rendered it a matter of
 health impaired, our ammunition nearly
 exhausted—upon which we were entirely
 dependent, as well for the little food we
 could obtain, as for our defense and pro-
 tection—and, destitute of either farming
 or mechanical implements, induced us to
 abandon such intention, at least for the
 present, and use all possible dispatch in
 making our way to the settlements.

Accordingly, having remained at this
 camping place one day, we turned our
 faces toward the south. Our progress
 was extremely slow, as the rain was fall-
 ing almost incessantly, rendering travel-
 ing difficult and fatiguing.

The third day after leaving the Bay
 we reached another river, which arrested
 our advance in that direction. Upon ap-
 proaching the river we came suddenly
 upon two very old Indians, who, at see-
 ing us fell to the ground as if they had
 been shot. We dismounted and made
 them get up, giving them to understand
 that we were their friends; but it was
 with much difficulty that we succeeded
 in quieting their fears. They were load-
 ed with eels, which they informed us
 they obtained from this river. Our ap-
 petite being in just such a condition, that
 anything, not absolutely poisonous, upon
 which a meal could be made, was palat-
 able, without asking many questions, we
 helped ourselves to nearly the whole of
 their load. Near where we met these
 Indians we got them with their eels
 to set us across the river, which was at
 this time a large stream, the water being
 high. We swam our animals as usual.
 The point where we crossed was just be-
 low the junction of Van Duzon's Fork,
 which latter stream takes its name from
 one of our party. Here we remained
 two days, during which time we lived
 upon eels obtained from the Indians. In
 exchange for these we gave them a few
 beads and some small pieces of iron.
 They seemed to value these pieces of iron
 more highly than anything else we had
 to dispose of. I took an old frying pan,
 that had been rendered comparatively
 useless, having lost its handle and being
 otherwise considerably damaged, and
 broke it into very small pieces. With
 these I kept the company supplied with
 eels during our stay, often obtaining as
 many as three dozen for one piece. We
 gave to this stream the name of Nez-
 River.

At this camp a controversy arose among
 us in relation to the course now to be
 pursued. Some contended that we should
 follow the coast down to San Francisco.
 Others again, urged, as the shortest and
 most advantageous route, to proceed up
 this river as far as its course seemed to
 suit, and then leave it and strike anath-
 erly for the nearest settlement. Neither
 party seemed inclined to yield to the oth-
 er. Not all the arguments that the most
 sagacious disposed members of the com-
 pany could adduce could quell the storm.

situation now was indeed deplorable. At
 no time before had we been so complet-
 ly destitute, and never had our prospects
 been so gloomy and disheartening. Fast
 being "hemmed in" with snow, without
 food either for ourselves or our animals,
 it seemed to us inevitable that our only
 alternative was to apply to that resource
 which we had with so much trouble and
 care preserved and kept with us, namel-
 y, our mules. We had for some time
 past thought that a misfortune like that
 which now seemed imminent might over-
 take us, and therefore looked upon them
 as serving us in the additional capacity
 of food when necessity might compel us
 to resort to them.

While this snow was yet not too deep,
 the animals, with their feet, pawed the
 grass bare, and thus obtained a little
 food. We, of course, were fortunate enough to
 kill a deer. Five days elapsed before we
 were able to move from this camping
 place, and then not in the direction we
 desired for the great quantity of snow
 that had fallen, presented an impassable
 barrier to our progress—consequently we
 were compelled to return to the river.

The small supply which the deer afford-
 ed us was no more than sufficient to
 soothe the hunger pains with which we
 had, with little interruption, been suffer-
 ing—and by the time we had exhausted
 ourselves from our unfortunate situation
 in the snow, nothing remained of the
 deer but the skin.

We continued our course up the river
 as best we could, sometimes aided by an
 Indian or elk trail, at others literally cut-
 ting our way along. Upon passing from the
 forest to a small opening we came sud-
 denly upon two grizzly bears. Wilson
 and myself immediately went in pursuit
 of them, but unfortunately met with no
 further success than to wound one of
 them severely. The day following this,
 while traveling over a piece of mountain
 prairie, and passing a small ravine or
 gulch, we espied a group of no less than
 eight more of these animals. Although
 exhausted from fatigue and so reduced in
 strength that we were scarcely able to
 drag ourselves along, yet we determined
 to attack these grim customers.

For several days that we had or
 could obtain to subsist upon, was the
 deer skin which we had saved and a few
 buckeyes. The former we cut up and
 boiled in water and afterwards drank the
 water and ate the lumps.

Wilson, Seabring and myself prepared
 for the conflict, which it was altogether
 probable would have before the moun-
 tain was reached, and advanced toward
 them. While yet a long distance from
 them, Seabring sought shelter for him-
 self by climbing a tree, not wishing to
 hazard the chances of a hand-to-hand
 contest with them. Wilson and myself
 advanced until within about three hun-
 dred yards of the nearest of them, when a
 consultation was again held in relation to
 the mode of making an attack. It was
 arranged that I should approach as near
 as possible, and fire, and then make the
 best of my way to some tree for safety.
 The latter part of the arrangement I did
 not assent to, for one very good reason—
 I was so completely prostrated by ex-
 auro and starvation, that had I the will to
 run, my limbs would scarcely have been
 able to execute their functions. We con-
 tinued to approach our antagonists until
 within about fifteen paces, when I level-
 ed my rifle at the one nearest me, and
 after a careful aim fired. The shot was
 to all appearances a fatal one; for the
 huge monster fell, biting and tearing the
 earth with all the force of one struggling
 in death. So soon as I had fired, Wilson
 said to me in a low tone of voice—"run,
 run!" Instead, however, of yielding to
 his advice, I immediately commenced re-

The first spring also made upon the tree
 broke it down. I had the good fortune
 to gain my feet before they could get hold
 of me, and ran down the mountain in
 the direction of a small tree standing
 about thirty yards distant. Every jump
 I made thought must be my last, as I
 could distinctly feel the breath of the
 wounded bear as she grabbed at my heels.
 I kept clear of her while running, but
 the race was a short one. On reaching
 the tree, or rather bush, I seized hold of
 the trunk of it and swung my body
 around, so as to afford the bear room to
 pass me, which she did, and went head-
 long down the hill about twenty paces
 before she could turn back. I exerted
 all my energies to climb this tree, but be-
 fore I could get six feet from the ground,
 the hindmost bear caught me by my
 right ankle and dragged me down again.
 By this time the wounded bear had re-
 turned, and as I fell grabbed at my face.
 I however dodged, and she caught me by
 the left shoulder. The moments that
 followed were the most critical and peri-
 cular of my life. Here, then, thought I,
 was the end of all things to me! That I
 must perish—be mangled and torn in pie-
 ces—seemed inevitable. During all the
 time I was thus situated, my presence of
 mind, however, did not forsake me.

(To be continued.)

THE HUMBOLDT TIMES.

Business Directory. | ... duty & Choice. | Here taking care of it, we sent a note [illegible] - At The [illegible]