

~~Indian War in Klamath County~~—The
Marysville *Express* contains a letter stating
that a scouting and prospecting party on In-
dian Creek met a troop of Indians on the
20th ult. The Indians killed two of the mi-
ners, and the miners killed seven Indians.—
On a subsequent day several other red men
of the same party were killed. The miners
found the vicinity too hot for them and con-
cluded to leave the stream.—*S. F. Ex.*

The Indian Creek alluded to empties into
the Klamath at Happy Camp, and has its
source in the Siskiyou range, near the head
waters of Illinois river, one of the Southern
tributaries of Rogue River.—The Indians
towards the head of the creek—at which
place the miners are located—are the same as
those on Illinois and Rogue Rivers.

The *Chronicle* of the 6th inst., says that a
road is being opened from Russian River to
Weaverville.

THE HUMBOLDT TIMES.

OL. 2. UNION, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1856. NO. 3

of the highest importance, because upon them
we depended for the packing of our blankets
and provisions, which fortunate enough to find
any of the latter.

During the succeeding day, a halt was se-
cured by some to return; but as often as
it was made it was overruled upon the belief
that the coast could certainly be reached in
much less time than it would require to re-
turn to the river. After picking our way the
whole of this day through a almost impos-
sible forest, we came to a small prairie—
This we reached about sunset, worn down
with fatigue, and feeling but too acutely the
painful sensations occasioned by a long ab-
sence from food. Here we determined to re-
main awhile, to hunt for something upon which
to subsist.

On leaving the South Fork of the Trinity,
we had hoped by this time to have gained the
sea shore, but in this expectation we were
deceived to disappointment. The thin outlines
of distant mountains still marked the horizon,
the same as when our first glance was cast in
the direction of our route, upon reaching the
summit of the first mountain.

In the morning all the party save a guard
for the camp, started out in search for food,
and after a short hunt succeeded in killing
several deer. A quantity of venison steak
broiled or cooked in the ashes, soon appeased
the extreme hunger with which we were suf-
fering. Here we remained several days for
the purpose of recovering our vital exhausted
strength. During our stay at this place, we
secured a quantity of venison with which upon
resuming our journey, we packed the animals
and proceeded on foot ourselves, thinking that
by so doing we could certainly take sufficient

of which, the animals were directed upon the
log and forced to jump off on the opposite
side. There was not the least sign indicative
of the presence of any of the animal creation;
indeed, it was almost as impenetrable for them
as for us, and doubtless was never resorted to
save for purposes of shelter.

(To be continued.)

The story of Olive Oatman.
The Los Angeles war gives the following
description of the Indian adventures of this
young woman, an account of whose captivity
and release we have already published. Her
brother went to the Colorado for her and ac-
companied her from Fort Yuma to Los An-
geles, at which place she is stopping with an
acquaintance of the family.

So much interest has been manifested in the
story of the captivity of Olive Oatman, that
we visited her a few days since, when she
gave us an interesting account of her adven-
tures, which is here embodied.

By the account we obtained only by asking
questions as her timidity and want of confi-
dence prevented her from giving the details
requested. Her faculties have been some-
what impaired by her way of life, but her
friends assured us that in the short time she
has been among them she has made very con-
ceptible improvement. Olive has several good
friends at the Mission in the families of the
Thompson and David Lewis, and is regarded
and treated as a member of their families.

The Oatman started from Iowa some five
or six years ago, in company with the family
of Mr. Thompson with whom they traveled
together as far as Union, in Sparta, where
Mr. T. resolved to buy a horse for his cattle,
and wait for other arrangements to be made
in regard to the safety of the road by numbers.
But Mr. Oatman pushed on, impatient to get
through, and was taken by the Oatman
while at Union, the Thompsons had many
opportunities of noticing the terror which
the Oatman exhibited in the presence of the
Indians.

Her days had thus far been dark, and she was
almost ready to despair. Not an act of
kindness, not a word of sympathy or hope
had been addressed to her, by her captors,
who treated her as their sister as she were.
Arrived among the Mohaves, the chief,
whom she calls *Parumey*, took them into his
own family and they were treated in every
respect as his own children. Two blankets
were given to them as covering; food was af-
forded them; they were not obliged to
labor, but did pretty much as they pleased.
Lands were allotted to them, and they were
furnished with seeds and raised their own
corn and melons, and beans, as the Indians
did.

There is little or no rain on the Colorado,
and the Mohaves depend upon the overflow
of the river for the irrigation necessary to
reanimate and ripen their harvest. Some-
times there is no overflow of the river, and
much suffering follows. The irrigation is
indolent to plant more than a few seeds for
their actual necessities. Three years ago
this happened to be no overflow, and the
famine was the consequence. In such a time
perished. It was in this famine that Olive
suffered her greatest trial. Her little sister,
Mary Ann, had secured all her captivity with
her. They supposed that they were alone of
their family; they had suffered together the
evils of the season; but they had not
been separated. They could sympathize with
each other, and cheer each other in their
distresses, and cheer each other in their
sorrow. Sometimes they would whisper to-
gether in the tops of trees redemption. But
when the trial came, Olive wanted away by
herself. She knew that she was to die, and
that the certainty of death to Olive. She had no
disease, but there was no food, and she was
famishing in the family that desolated the
tribe. Olive herself was near perishing, but
the strength of her constitution saved her.
She spoke of this chief's wife in terms
of the warmest affection. She said she
not have expressed more kind feelings sym-
pathy than did this good woman. When Olive
treated her as her sister. This woman had
widely spread corn for plant, and which was
the dying ground of her own people could not
make her bring forth. When she discovered
Olive's distress she ground this corn between
her hands in fact or fifty thousand, and re-

was not implemented with the best of civi-
lization. She is very ambitious to learn
French, and her time is daily
Honey. A green light of great
was sent to a druggist's store to procure
her, but when he arrived there he had for
himself. Being somewhat of a
et, he looked about him to discover what
with be might refresh his memory. He
Pat. Sure and so I do, but I'm
in how to speak it now I do not
Drug. Can you think of something
scarcely like it or looks like it?
Pat. Ay, and that I can, and I
know them as little, varmint, but I
their fathers' children, what bites so
with their tails.

Puk was pleased and so the life of a
called for him, what Pukly wanted
Honey said he was to be able to find
—Odey, said Pat, interposing a
just what I've afloat wanted.

A gentleman wanting a pair of boots
went to a German shoemaker in that line,
and was pleased. He called in
for his boots, but the shoemaker
his wife was very sick, and he must wait
the boots. Again he called, but the
for a wife, but the boots had not
overseas, and he could not think
of boots. He was to be able to find
Pukly, said Pat, interposing a
—Well, my friend, are my boots
again, thinking that the boots must be
done by that time.

"No, my boots are not, mine wife is
ill, I have done nothing but take care of
all the boots, but, roomed to be
my boots, I best look to my wife,
Pukly, said Pat, interposing a
—Well, my friend, are my boots
not have expressed more kind feelings sym-
pathy than did this good woman. When Olive
treated her as her sister. This woman had
widely spread corn for plant, and which was
the dying ground of her own people could not
make her bring forth. When she discovered
Olive's distress she ground this corn between
her hands in fact or fifty thousand, and re-

THE HUMBOLOTT TIMES,
AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER,
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY
YAN DUZEN & WILKEY,
—Office, North side of the State St.
TERMS: In Advance, for one year, \$8;
six months, \$5; for a single paper,
one cent. One square, (ten lines or less)
insertion, \$1; each subsequent insertion, 50¢.
As an inducement to advertisers, we will
give, for the year, for \$1000.00. A
rate, where no alterations are made, the adver-
tiser's name shall be inserted in the paper
sent a line extra charged for it, and from the time
of advertisement to the end of the year.
No transient advertisements discontinued
at half price. Advertisements not
legal advertisements, required by law to be pub-
lished, must be accompanied by the Cash,
and must be accompanied by the Cash.

The Motherless.
God bless and shield the motherless,
For whom there's neither riches, fount,
Of deep and deathless forest,
The saddest, un-faded confers—
For who so soon as they,
Upon whose path a mother's love,
Sheds not its boldest ray.
No gentle form above them bends
To soothe the weeping pain,
Nor voice to bid them weep,
To calm the feverish brain,
Oh—other—dear—may whisper love,
In accents soft and mild;
But none of earth, at home, as that
A mother's love—
Judge kindly of the motherless—
—Weary—
And on the back the extent seem,
A load of sorrow bears.
No faltering voice directs their steps,
—Or bids them onward drive,
—And if they sang a knell, woe,