

ORLEANS BAR, May 4, 1856.

FRIEND TIMES.—Our little village during the past week has presented a scene of unusual activity. Hundreds of pack mules have passed through this place within the last few days, destined for the upper Klamath and Salmon, and business and trade of every description are increasing wonderfully. Travel is increasing every day to Orleans, and some few families have settled among us intending to make a permanent abode. We are an exception to any community I have ever seen in this country, for among our whole population not an idler is to be seen, and although a great number of strangers are coming in and settling among us every day, there is actually a greater demand for labor than can be supplied. I have not seen a man in the last month who has stoppèd here over a day, but has obtained work at good wages. Traders are driving a brisk business, miners are all receiving a fair compensation for their wages, and although they are not all making an ounce a day, as they do at the Forks of Salmon, (as says your correspondent from that place,) still they are satisfied, and once in a while you see a "teller" sack up and leave. Several new buildings are in course of erection. Competition among the traders runs high: goods plenty and cheap, and good living at a lower rate than at any place on the coast. Our old friend, J. W. H., is building and improving extensively. Should you call this way, you will always find him at home, abounding in the hospitality so characteristic of the true Virginia gentleman. Col. K. still "keeps sloshin about," attending to the wants of his many customers. He looks well, feels well, and is well. He fully deserves the reputation he holds among us of being an honest, upright and high-minded man.

Our old friend Squire D. has his new gold-washing machine in operation, and he tells me it works admirably. He has had many obstacles to encounter, and has never had an opportunity until now of fairly testing the merits of his washer, but has now every confidence that it will answer the purpose for which it was intended. The District Court has adjourned until the June Term. Judge Peters took his departure for Yreka yesterday morning.

Everything is quiet, and no more fears entertained of Indian difficulties. A company called the "Klamath Guards," consisting of 50 men, has been organized for the defence of

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Everything is quiet, and no more fears entertained of Indian difficulties. A company called the "Klamath Guards," consisting of 50 men, has been organized for the defence of this place in case of an outbreak. Mr. Jno. Carey was elected Captain, and Mr. A. K. Ward 1st Lieutenant.

By the way, if you know of any young ladies in your section who are desirous of entering into a matrimonial alliance, you may advise them to come up this way, as I have lately heard some young gents express a desire to engage in a speculation of the kind—that I am not one of the number, however, need not deter them from coming up.

Fearing I may intrude too much upon your patience, I will close, with

Yours, respectfully. NEKTIA.

Our "Junior," who is posted in regard to the young ladies in this section "desirous of entering into a matrimonial alliance," says there are none of the description required excepting those already engaged and upon to be married. So your young gentlemen at Orleans are too late, Mr. "Nektia."

THE HUMBOLDT TIMES.

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

of which, the animals were driven upon the
leg as if forest 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 Star 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 revisited her a few days since, when she
gave us an interesting account of her adven-
tures, which is here embodied.

The account we obtained only by asking
questions as her fidelity and want of confi-
dence prevented her from giving the details
solicited. 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 per-
ceptible improvement. Olive has found good
friends at the Mouth, in the families of the
Thompson and David Lewis and is recorded
and treated as a member of their families.

The Oatman started from Yuma some five
or six years ago, in company with the family
of Mr. Thompson, with whom they traveled
together as far as Tucson, in Sonora, where
Mr. T. resolved to lay by to recruit his cattle,
and wait for other business to come up so as to
maintain the safety of the rest by numbers.

But Olive Oatman pushed on, impatient to get
brother and sister safe and secure—the Oat-
man family had about two hundred miles from the Colorado,
while at Tucson the Thompsons had many
opportunities of polling the terror which
the Apache evoked in the people. One eve-

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 ex-
actly times called to consider the proposition
submitted 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 re-
sult to the river. After picking our way the
whole of this day through so almost impen-
etrable 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 Yuma, we
we had hoped by this time to have gained the
sea shore, but in this expectation we were
doomed to disappointment. The dim outline
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 montanal.

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 upon
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 full exhausted
strength. During our stay at this place, we re-
ceived a quantity of venison with which upon
recommencing our journey, we packed the animals
and proceeded on foot ourselves, thinking that
by so doing we could certainly take sufficient

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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 her sister as slave.

Arrived among the Mohave, the chief
whom she calls *Eumawag*, 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 di-
vided with them; they were not subjected
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
germinate and ripen their harvest. Some-
times there is no overflow of the river, and
much suffering follows. The Indians are too
indolent to plant more than what is suffi-
cient for their actual necessities. Three years ago
there happened to be no overflow, and so
famine was the consequence, in which many
perished. It was in this famine that Olive
suffered her greatest grief. Her little sister,
Mary Ann, had sold all her captivity with
her family; they had suffered together the
cruelties of the savages, but they had not
been separated. They could sympathize with
and cheer each other in their distresses, and
sometimes they would whisper together
of some way of future redemption. But now
came the trial. The child wanted away by
force—the news that she was to die, and
her father's entreaty of death to Olive. She had no
disease, but there was no food, and the weak-
ness of her fatherly love, which she had
suffered miserably in the famine that desolated the
tribe. Olive herself was near perishing, but
the strength of her constitution saved her
life. She speaks of the chief's wife in terms
of the highest respect. At another point
she not have expressed more kind feelings sym-
pathy than she did this good woman, whose gentle
treatment saved her life. This woman had
laid up some corn for plant, and which she
had given to Olive for her own people could not
make her bring back. When she discovered
Olive's distress, she found that she could not re-
luctance to let her go, and set it to her, not re-