

COW CREEK WAR.—The war waged on the Indians of Cow Creek, in this county, of which we gave an account in our last, has been terminated. No Indians have been killed since our last. Some of the families who had fled for safety to our town, have returned to their homes.

We have been informed that the Indians have established a temporary rendezvous in a small valley, about twelve miles East of Maj. Reading's residence on the Sacramento river. To this place they have removed all the squaws and children. It is probable that they will be allowed to remain here without further molestation.

It is said that the late difficulty which terminated in the death of over thirty Indians and in the slight wounding of some whites, was occasioned by a single evil disposed Indian. The report which was circulated and believed last week, that the Indians in a body had threatened to burn Mr. Harrill's mill, or take the flour from it, was erroneous. A single Indian told the mischievous tale, which has occasioned the slaughter of so many of his fellows.

It is not probable that we will hear of any more difficulties with the Indians of this county for some time. They are too weak to do much damage, and they dare not attempt it. They are all well assured of the bloody fate that awaits them should depredations be committed upon any of the sparsely settled sections of our county.—*Shasta Republican.*

# THE HUMBOLDT TIMES.

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### The Lay of the Poor Man.

BY ANON SMITH.

I may not from patrician stock  
A noble scion be;  
My father kept his little flock,  
And I'm of low degree.  
Cherish, ye lords, your pride of birth,  
All through life's little span,  
I prize me in a flock worth  
The dignity of man.  
I may not own, at my command,  
Fine serving men so tall,  
Rich acres of paternal land,  
Deck'd with a marble hall;  
But I can hold the plough or spade  
Throughout the summer's day,  
And when I'm in the quarryyard dug,  
Prizes, what more are they?  
I may not wear the polished air  
Of gentlemen polite;

over the darkest scope; it is a pleasure as last-  
ing as it is great—it may be deferred but it  
never dies. To me, at times, its rays were  
bright as the beams of a noon-day sun, and  
as obscure as the faint and uncertain glim-  
mering of a dim and distant light.

Our appetites, having again been sharpen-  
ed by more than two days fasting, soon awak-  
ened us from our pleasing reveries, and re-  
minded us of the necessity of immediately re-  
turning to the search for food. Not long after we had  
separated for that purpose, Van Duzee shot  
a bald eagle, and Southard a raven, which  
was devouring a dead fish thrown upon the  
beach by the surf. These they brought into  
camp, and all eagle, raven, and half-devoiced  
fish, were stowed together for our supper, af-  
ter partaking of which we retired to our  
blankets and enjoyed a good night's rest.

Our prospects for a meal the next day were  
anything but flattering. Dr. Gregg thereupon  
requested me to return to my mule which had  
fallen down the day before and been left to  
die, and take out his heart and liver and bring  
them to camp. I accordingly went, but judge  
of my surprise, when approaching the spot  
where I had left him, to find him quietly feed-  
ing. I determined at once not to obey my  
orders, and, instead thereof, drove him into  
camp.

The point at which we struck the coast was  
at the mouth of a small stream now known by  
the name of Little River. From this point  
we pushed on northward, following the coast  
about eleven miles, where a small lake or  
lagoon arrested our progress. Finding it  
impossible to proceed further without again

to the arrangement, and  
I should not persist in  
such determination, that when all together  
we were not sufficiently strong to pass through  
this Indian country in safety, should they see  
fit to oppose us, and that to remain with them  
would be to abandon myself to certain de-  
struction, while at the same time it would les-  
sen the probability of any of them reaching  
the settlements in safety. I told them I had  
no horse that could travel, that I was not able  
to walk, and that I would as soon be killed  
by the Indians as again to incur the risk of  
starvation; or, perhaps, that which was worse,  
fall a victim to cannibalism.

Truedell, who had two animals left, offered  
to sell me one of them for one hundred dol-  
lars, if I would continue with them. I final-  
ly accepted the offer and proceeded with them.  
Little River was soon recrossed, after which  
nothing occurred to interrupt our progress  
until we reached another stream, which was  
then a large river, being swollen by the hea-  
vy rains. Its banks ran fall, and its waters,  
near the mouth, appeared deep and moved so  
slowly and gently that we concluded it must  
be a navigable stream. Our next difficulty  
was to cross this river. Here the harmony  
that had existed for so short a time was again  
disturbed.

The Dr. wished to ascertain the latitude of  
the mouth of the river, in order hereafter to  
know where it was. This was of course op-  
posed by the rest of the company. Regard-  
less of this opposition, he proceeded to take  
his observation. We were, however, equally  
obstinate in adhering to the determination of

with a party by water,  
discovered it and gave it the name of "Humboldt Bay," the name which it still retains.  
The next morning, by day light, we were up  
and moved our camp over to the Bay, and  
layed over there during the day. This was  
opposite of the point where Backsport now  
stands. We encamped, the night previous,  
under a group of small trees in the sand hills  
lying between the Bay and the ocean, on the  
strip of land now known as the "Peninsula,"  
or "North Beach." The reason we had not  
discovered the Bay the day previous, in tra-  
veling down from the mouth of Mad River,  
was because we followed the beach—it being  
hard sand and easy traveling—and the low  
hills and timber on the strip of land, lying be-  
tween the ocean and the Bay, shot out the lat-  
ter entirely from our view.

During the day that we remained here, the  
Indians came to our camp, and we learned  
from them that we could not follow down the  
beach on account of the entrance to the Bay,  
which was just below us. Mr. Boes, how-  
ever, to satisfy ourselves, took an Indian with  
him and started down to the entrance. When  
he returned, he reported quite a large number  
of Indians deep stream connecting the Bay with  
the ocean; and considerable swell setting in,  
which he thought would make it dangerous  
to attempt to cross. The Indians also repre-  
sented that it was deeper than the stream, grow-  
ing on the Peninsula, were tall, so we aban-  
doned the idea of attempting to cross it.  
Where we were camped, was the narrow-  
est part of the Bay, being the channel abreast  
Backsport, and the Indians assured us that

the mate had placed a  
compass in the boat, but his wife, in keeping  
from the ship, had broken it.  
Cast thus helplessly upon the open sea,  
among the fogs and mists of the banks of  
Newfoundland, and surrounded by drift  
iceberg ice, their prospect could hardly  
have been more gloomy. Soon after the boat  
broke adrift, light came on—how it passed  
may be imagined. From what we could  
learn, the mate was said by any one, and  
probably all of them soon came to a resolu-  
tion of their dreadful situation, for, as soon  
as Mrs. Atkinson entered the boat she seized  
the vessel containing the water, and being a  
large robust woman, fought off all who at-  
tempted to obtain a drink from it. No gov-  
ernment, only two or three gallons, the rest was  
drank by herself and the bookstain. What  
disposition was made of the bread does not  
appear. The probability is that there was  
no organization whatever among the little  
party, but every one looked out for himself.  
Having no compass, nor sign by which to  
steer, they did not exert themselves, other  
than to keep the boat before the sea. The  
sailors were warmly clothed, as was also Mrs.  
Atkinson; but the passengers for the most  
part were very scantily attired, and suf-  
fered keenly from the cold. Day after day  
only damped to raise their spirits anew with  
hopes of success, which the long and dreary  
spirits turned to the bitterness of despair.

Thus time passed until the third day, when  
one of the little band, a man, whose clothes  
were quite to this to assist him from  
the bleak weather, sank under the combined  
effects of cold and hunger, and his body was  
committed to the deep. Then a woman died  
in the arms of her husband, and little dugh-  
ter, and her corpse was also silently dropped  
into the sea. The fourth day came, and with  
it the same angry sea, the same fabled sky,  
no ray of hope any where visible. The cold  
was so intense that it almost froze the mar-  
row, and not a drop of water could be ob-  
tained, while only a small quantity of food  
remained. Alarming nature could not bear up  
much longer against this exposure and priva-

tion of the other boat  
ridings have been re-  
those were as bad  
of them, would be  
observed, only the  
which with a compe-  
all of them were in  
and water. The  
pleasantry of these the-  
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