

Klamath Correspondence.

ORLEANS BAR, May 11th.

Editor Humboldt Times.—As some of our citizens leave to-morrow on a visit to your place, I have thought a few lines from here would not be without interest.

We were pleased to receive, this morning, through Hart's Express, a copy of your paper of the 3d inst., being the first we have received for some time in anything like a reasonable time after publication. Our facilities for obtaining news are very limited, and when we receive a copy of a late date, it is hailed with delight by the news readers of the community. I see from your list, that you have a couple of new correspondents from the Salmon. I like the spirit of "McCauley's" communication, but I think he takes a little too much latitude. I hardly know what to think of all those saw mills spoken of by him; however, do not understand me as denying it; not being acquainted with the place, I could not think of it. As regards the "hundreds of acres of ground that will pay an ounce to the hand a day," that is reasonable enough; there are many such places in Klamath county—over the left—and I believe, with McCauley, that it is the place for the mining population to congregate. Your correspondent from the mouth of Salmon gives a very different, and I think a very incorrect account of the result of the labor of the miners in this section. He says, with a few exceptions, they are barely making a subsistence. My experience teaches me differently. With few exceptions, the miners are making money. I have conversed with several on this subject, and without one single exception, have been informed that they are doing better than they have done at any previous time. It is true that we have none of this vast extent of acres, paying an ounce a day, but speaking soberly, I believe the Klamath river affords a better opportuni-

single exception, have been informed that they are doing better than they have done at any previous time. It is true that we have none of this vast extent of acres, paying at ounce a day, but speaking soberly, I believe the Klamath river affords a better opportunity to miners than any other stream in California. Our town is improving; we have more competition in trade, and goods are retailing at lower prices than I ever expected to see, so far from navigation.

Mr. Ellsworth, a gentleman from your town, is having a capacious building erected. I understand he intends bringing his family to this place, and we intend to give them a hearty welcome. We need society only, to make this as desirable a point as one could wish. Send on some of your newly married folks, or tell those who are contemplating such a step, that after the matter is consummated, Orleans is the place for enterprise to prosper—make this their starting point, and by the time they are surrounded by a supply of the little plagues, they will have also around them a plenty of the comforts of this life. Indian matters are all quiet, and I believe will continue so unless provoked to hostilities by outrages that may be perpetrated by some vagabond whites. These, however, I am happy to say, are few in our midst, and any misconduct on their part will be closely watched, and they, made answerable. Our crops and gardens are in a healthy and flourishing condition, and, in fine, everything here is calculated to induce a healthy and prosperous state of affairs. I must ask your pardon for continuing this to such a length, and must conclude by saying come and see us.

Yours, truly,

CLAMPS PETRIX.

We cannot part with any of our fair population, Mr. "Clamps Petrix,"—it may be selfishness on our part, but we can't help it.—Would do anything else to help improve your flourishing place except to consent to lose our ladies.—Ed. Times.

# THE HUMBOLDT TIMES.

HUMBOLDT TIMES.

DEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY

AS DRICK & WILEY.

North side of the Plaza, TB

TERMS.

One year, for one dollar.

Six months, for one dollar.

Three months, for one dollar.

One month, for one dollar.

Advertisements, as usual.

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Over the darkest snow; 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

light as the beams of a noon day sun, and

soon 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 we

indulged us of the necessity of immediately go-

ing in search for food. Not long after we had

separated for that purpose, Van Puzos shot

a bold eagle, and Scotland 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-dead

fish, were secured 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 therefore

requested me to return to my mate which had

fallen down the day before and been left to

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

points of bread. The mate had placed a

compass in the boat, but his wife, in keeping

from the ship, had broken it.

Cast this helplessly upon the open sea,

Among the logs and mats of the banks of

and being ice, their prospect could hardly

have been more gloomy. Soon after the boat

broke adrift, night came on—how it passed

may be imagined. From what we could

learn, hunting was said by some to be

probably all of them soon came to a resolu-

tion of their deathful 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.—We got

only two or three sips, the rest was drunk

by her self and the boatman. What her

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

Atkinson; but the passengers for the most

part, were very scantily attired, and suf-

fered keenly from the cold. Day after day

hopes of success which the fog and dreary

nights turned to the bitterness of despair.

—This time passed about the third day, when

of the little band, a man, whose clothes

were quite thin to shield him, from

the black 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 doubt-

ed, that her corpse was also silently dropped

into the sea. The fourth day came, and with

it the same hope was, the same keen star-

vation, and the same agony which 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. A manna nature could not bear up

much longer against this oppressive priva-

tion, when, that as they were about to give up

all hope, the wind walked, and let a big bore

in sight. "She was not very far off,"

they called for her water, and

Signals were also made. For some time

they seemed to gain upon her, but she did not

see them, and the wind freshening she was

lost.

—The other boats of the John Rodgers

had been rescued, and we think that any

of them would have been long before

observed, only the Captain's boat was re-

covered, and the rest were probably

all perished. The survivors, provided with food

and shelter, were sent to the anchorage, and

the rest of the party were sent to the anchorage

of the John Rodgers. The German kept

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—This time passed about the third day, when

cabins already set gone in decomposition, were

thrown into the sea. The boat was half full

of water, and the bodies washing about in it,

and covered the seats and sides with blood.

After being thoroughly cleaned it was aban-

doned on board and brought into port.

Under any other treatment than that

which he received on board the Germania,

young Aye would not have lived to see his

home again. —The Capt. W. Porter and his wife

took him into the cabin, and treated him with

utmost tenderness. His feet were washed

with salt water, and so badly frost-bitten

to his knees, that they were mortified, and

would come off. Fortunately, they were saved

by the timely arrival of the doctor, who

put them on board, and he was able to

remain on board, and he was able to

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