
MOUNTAIN COTTAGE, Redwood Creek.
August 17th, 1857.

ERROR TIMES: I think it would be right to inform the public that might wish to pass through these mountains, of the present excitement among the Indians in this vicinity. The cause, of their excitement, is, they say, that on last Wednesday, there was an Indian killed, by some white man, on the old Trinity trail, about four or five miles above this place. This Indian was in company with two squaws and one little Indian boy, gathering some grass seeds near the trail. The boy says the man was concealed among the rocks, and when he shot the Indian he ran. The boy describes the man as being tall, wearing a gray over-shirt and white hat, and the pistol with which the Indian was killed, to be one of Colt's largest size revolvers. The Indians seem determined to kill one man at least, and I think some innocent stranger will be killed as he is passing alone in these mountains, unconscious of danger.

I suppose these fellows that delight in skulking amongst the rocks, to shoot Indians, and to abuse them in their ranches, never think they are the murderers of innocent men traveling alone on the trails, or of women and children living exposed in the mountains.

Yours truly,

J. J. Ferrill.

We understand that Mr. Ferrill has been misinformed in regard to the shooting of the Indian; he was shot by another Indian in the employ of Madden & Hartin, of South Fork, and belongs to the Trinity at or above that point. He was with their train at the time, and when he shot the Indian he left for up country. In view of the feeling manifested by the Indians on Redwood Creek, it would be well, however, for parties passing over the trails to Hope or the Trinity, to be on their guard for the present. It would also be well if a small detachment of troops, from Fort Humboldt, could be sent out on the trails for a few weeks until the excitement blows over a little—it might save the life of some traveler. As for permanent safety for straggling white men on these trails, we never need look for, it, until those Diggers are removed from every hillock place between the coast and the Trinity, and our people should never let the matter rest till this is accomplished.
Caution Against Indians.


Little Eagles and Great Owls.

By an Unknown.

When the sun is high above the hill,
And you stand in the cool of the yew.

Under the shadow where the leaves are blue,
Those little eagles know where the game is due.

To the east and to the west,
Over the woods and over the trees.

But how the great owls do sleep,
In their old nest in the attic of the steep.

The little eagles, they know the game,
And the owls, they know the moon's wan.

The little eagles, they catch the fowl,
And the owls, they catch the stoat.

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