

Letter from Fort Anderson.

FORT ANDERSON, CAL.

Aug. 12th, 1862.

FRIEND WILEY:—I am glad to learn that once again you have assumed the chair editorial. Amid the multiplicity of the duties, cares and responsibilities of that position, I hope to behold you before many days. During some of my transitory migrations to the saw-dust precincts of the Times office, I hope to extend my hand and give you a brotherly grasp of congratulatory welcome, as the once again presiding genius of the columns of the organ of the free, enlightened and Indian persecuted residents of Humboldt county.

I promised you a letter. But I did not promise you a news letter. "Once upon a time" my good pen would have been able to spin out a column of interesting news. Then it traversed paper in a different region from this; then it was used in a region replete with items dear to the heart of the local and correspondent. Now it is devoted to the monotony of filling out blanks and signing papers until my arm aches, and its very diamond points turn black as they witness the generous flow of my Uncle's ink. Way up here on this forsaken creek we do not indulge in the luxury of news. To be sure, in over four months, twice the Indians have created considerable excitement in camp. Save these instances the daily monotony of life at this post is only varied by the occasional pass-

post is only varied by the occasional passage of a pack train and the weekly visits of that noisiest of all noisy mail carriers and news men, Eli, who is generally heard coming half an hour before he reaches our camp.

Redwood creek is now virtually deserted. The only remaining inhabitants being J. P. Albee, who returned alone the other day to his place to harvest his crop, swearing that he would live or die in his house; and Jack Saf, with his clerk, Mr. Dart, has moved into the old Ferrel house and are now virtually in the midst of our camp, having entirely deserted his place some three-quarters of a mile away.

Travelers now have to do the best they can, as far as eating and sleeping goes, between Arcata and Hoopa Valley. There is no place on Redwood where they can find accommodations for "man and beast."

The troops at this point are now busily engaged in building a temporary log storehouse and quarters, with the view of staying here (which God forbid!) all winter. Private Osgood of the cavalry, who was shot through, near Albee's two weeks ago, is doing finely, and will soon be able to join his company now on the road to Red Bluffs.

The troops from Elk Camp are at Whitney's old place to-night, on their way to Salt Lake. I fear that they will make sad havoc among the chickens, hogs and vegetables on the place.

Send us a copy of your sheet and I'll try your compositors' skill in deciphering chi-ro-graphy weekly. If you get short of hands, just ship your material to this post, and there are two or three of us here that will cheerfully edit, set up and strike off the Times for you, as a variation to our usual routine of duties.

May success attend you, and your monthly balance sheet be as much in your favor as a clean proof sheet is to a new hand. May you always have a large

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hand. May you always have a large
subscription list and the *Devil* a well
filled copy hook; your scissors remain
sharp, and your paste good; and may you
never complain that

"The Times are out of joint."

ORONOGA

UMBOLDT TIMES.

UMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1862.

long.	Letter from Fort Anderson: FORT ANDERSON, CALIF. Aug. 19th, 1862.	LOSS OF THE GOLDEN GATE.	The beach was strewn with various por- tions of the wreck. Some kegs of ale were picked up, and suffering as we all were from thirst and exhaustion, it be- lieved many who were too weak to stand. Among our number we recognized	had received years. My or- to do my duty angers; I nei- wanted to be paper of my
K. broos.		Full Statement of Capt. E. H. Pearson.		
old strain	Parents Wilkey:—I am glad to learn that once again you have assumed the	Further Particulars of the Wreck.		
ter days.				