

Correspondence.

KLAMATH Co., Sept. 13th, 1864.

FRIEND TIMES:—Our kaleidoscope has been quiet for quite a time; we will shake it again and arrange the little bits and waifs of Klamath life and scenery and give you another picture; sombre, gloomy perhaps, but I trust nevertheless, truthful. We will leave the fruitful, peaceful and beautiful valley from where my first letter was written; it has been given to the diggers by their "good father," probably as a reward for their success in the art of murder and we must not trespass longer upon their holy ground.

A ride of ten very long unchained miles brings us to Weitchpeck, where the marriage of Klamath and Trinity takes place, being as decided a case of aqueous miscegenation as is known of. The Trinity is perfectly thick with the sand and red clay from the mining region, the Klamath is comparatively clear, and like the Rhone and Garonne so well described by Macaulay, there they mingle together and carry their joint burden of muddy impurity onward to the sea. Here we suddenly emerge from the woods and stumble on a village of diggers and dogs of every age, size and hue. We hear periodically of starvation among the Indians; but the little pot-bellied, sleek, sooty children, like overgrown acorns, with pipe-stem legs, who pop out of the most impossible hiding places, and stare at a stranger with their big black eyes, would seem to belie the report. You will see old, wise looking bucks, basking in the hot sand, whose teeth, worn to the gums, would lead one to believe that they were perambulating acorn mills of at least a century's growth. You will see the dusky beauties of the mountains coming in troops with true feminine curiosity to see the strange *waugie*; nor do they neglect the little blandishments and trickeries of adornments so successfully practiced by their pale-faced sisters. The apparent native modesty of one young damsel, whom I took to be a princess, or at least

The daughter of a great chief, pleased me much. She was caught rather at a disadvantage, that is, to say, *en dishabille*, having literally "nothing to wear" but an old flour sack branded "Newkirk & Norton," which was certainly not a very voluminous dress pattern. She retired hastily, blushing deeply beneath the coating of soot and salmon oil, through the portals of the paternal mansion, when, judge my astonishment to see her emerge again surrounded by a brand new set of empty hoops, only (start not gentle reader, the flour sack was still there) feeling doubtless like an F. F. V., that ancient lineage and pure American blood was a mantle sufficient to cover any imperfections. We will leave the diggers now. I don't believe my heroine was a princess at all; the romance has vanished and the air is redolent of salmon grease and bad odors; our tobacco is nearly gone, and the numerous skinny hands, stretched forth in supplication for the morsel that is yet left, admonish us that if we don't hurry we will have nary toothful of the weed wherewith to moisten our lips for many an hour.

On for eight or ten miles over a pleasant but lonely road, and we reach Big Bar, the residence of Mr. Wm. F. Shelton, which is the only resting place short of Orleans, an ardent and successful disciple of Walton, and a capital hunter. Mr. Shelton's table is always supplied with delicious trout, and venison steak, or parry that would have made the mouth of 'Friar Tuck' water with delight. One generally leaves this place with the conviction that he has met with a very genial and hospitable entertainer, and one who shows excellent judgment in purveying for his bar.

Onward still, over a trail, O, how rocky! with the broiling sun pouring down into the bare canon, the heated atmosphere rising in waves such as we read of in books of African travel; then over a hill with the trail zigzagging and doubling in

proved much for some years, until a short time since, when a very diminutive barber shop was erected where you could have a "love of God" shave for the accustomed two bits. The climate of this place and the variety of delicious fruit to be had from May to January are the theme of every sojourner. The apples do not resemble the little tasteless apples of Humboldt [Slightly out here Mr. Stranger—Ed. Times.] and the coast generally, but grow even larger than the same varieties do in the East. I saw one a few days since that weighed 1½ pounds. The vineyard of Mr. Henry Wilder contains alone nearly 1,000 vines of different varieties just commencing to bear well. His crop is estimated this year at about one and a half tons, every pound of which he will probably sell at fair prices.

The mines in the vicinity are productive and the damage inflicted by the great freshet of 1862 is fast being repaired by industry and enterprise. Mr. J. H. Wilson & Steve Maxwell, both well known in Eureka, have just completed a large flume and ditch, from Camp creek, costing probably \$2,000, which will give employment to forty or fifty Chinamen for many years. Altogether this is one of the pleasantest places I have sojourned in for some time, one which cannot be left without more or less of regret.

STRANGER.

the bare canon, the heated atmosphere rising in waves such as we read of in books of African travel, then over a hill with the trail zigzagging and doubling in a very tiresome way, then a couple of miles along the river and we come in sight of Orleans Bar, the county seat of Klamath, famous for nothing that I know of, except, perhaps, of being the home of the immortal nine—who were so terribly belabored in the Times a few years since. Situated in a basin containing perhaps four hundred acres, and fronting on the river, with its pretty white buildings and clean street, at a short distance it looks quite cheerful, and raises expectations which alas, are not to be realized. Ride along the street with me and we will find, however, that it is not yet like Goldsmith's deserted village,

"Where all is still,

And nothing breathes the humid air."

We will probably see a lean and hungry-looking deputy clerk, and a forlorn limb of the law prowling about town, their palms itching, Cassius like, for the fee that seems determined never to come; we will, without a chance, see the pleasant and gentlemanly landlord of the "Orleans" who appears to have grown fat upon his own good nature and good viands, reclining on two or more chairs in front of the hotel, contemplating with the greatest placidity the approaching strangers; we will see the barkeeper taking, as the case may be, his morning or afternoon siesta on the counter, guarding like the Genii of old, the treasures contained in the suspicious-looking black bottle behind him. Walk in with me and smile; watch the twinkle of his eye as the nectar gurgles from the long-necked bottle, for he well knows that the barkeeper is always considered in. Look closer and we may perhaps see the honest, high-hearted County Judge, whose proverbial urbanity divests the law of half its terrors, playing with the little children, begging a chew of tobacco with the grace and dignity of a gentleman of the old school, or seated on a fence whittling in abstraction, apparently careless whether county scrip ever appreciates or not, and thinking little of the cares of this life or of those of the life to come. This is not quite all the population; with whites, and their children, diggers and dogs, it will reach eighteen or twenty, but nothing short of a dog-fight brings them all in sight at once. The county seat contains the court-house

reclining on two or more chairs in front of the hotel, contemplating with the greatest placidity the approaching strangers; peep into the saloon and we will doubtless see the barkeeper taking, as the case may be, his morning or afternoon siesta on the counter, guarding, like the Genii of old, the treasures contained in the suspicious-looking black bottle behind him. Walk in with me and smile; watch the twinkle of his eye as the nectar gurgles from the long-necked bottle, for he well knows that the barkeeper is always considered in. Look closer and we may perhaps see the honest, high-hearted County Judge, whose proverbial urbanity divests the law of half its terrors, playing with the little children, begging a chew of tobacco with the grace and dignity of a gentleman of the old school, or seated on a fence whittling in abstraction, apparently careless whether county scrip ever appreciates or not, and thinking little of the cares of this life or of those of the life to come. This is not quite all the population; with whites, and their children, diggers and dogs, it will reach eighteen or twenty, but nothing short of a dog-fight brings them all in sight at once. The county seat contains the court-house and usual county officers, a good substantial jail, which is generally topless, two well-stocked stores, and a Blacksmith shop, a livery stable where there are never any animals to let, and as an end of all subunary things, a graveyard, with twenty-one graves, the tenants of three only of which have died natural deaths. There is no school—no church; indeed, the latter were useless as the inhabitants don't appear to be of a very religious turn of mind. The amusements of the place are varied and interesting; there is "pitch seven-up, and "smouge," a very suspicious game they call "draw poker," where a man goes in with the best hand and draws out with nary red. Whisky drinking, crib and cassino are popular, but the chief enjoyment of the county officers and loafers generally, appears to be the transmutation of every unfortunate our that strays into town, into a canine tin peddler, which feat is accomplished by affixing the stock in trade to the caudal extremity and then raising a yell at which an Apache would start aghast. I will add that the "dorg" generally makes good traveling time to his master's house. The town does not appear to have im-

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