

THE BALD MOUNTAIN DIGGERS.—Messrs. Johnson & Bremer, of Angel's Ranch, having missed some of their cattle last week, after searching for them ascertained that some had been killed and others wounded by the diggers, with arrows. The cattle at the time were ranging three or four miles south-east of Angel's Ranch, in the neighborhood of Hempfield's Ranch. They raised a party of ten men at Hempfield's Ranch, on Monday night, and went in pursuit of the offenders. They came upon a camp which they supposed contained the ones who shot the cattle, in a thicket to the east of Hempfield's on the divide towards Redwood Creek, and, just at day light, made an attack upon them, killing three or four diggers, and wounding others. They think they killed more, but owing to the brush they were unable to see them distinctly. Hempfield received a flesh wound from an arrow, through the left thigh. Dr. Baldwin having been sent for, went out and dressed it. The arrow passed entirely through the thigh, but no nerves or vessels of importance were injured.

There are so many contradictory reports in regard to the skirmish, the number of Indians engaged, as well as the number killed, that we are unable to know which is correct, and which incorrect.

Since writing the above, we have received from Mr. Ludington, one of the party that went from this place on Thursday to join the one at Hempfield's, the following statement of facts in regard to the affair, as he has been able to gather them. We have heard other causes assigned for the shooting of the cattle than those given by Mr. Ludington, to wit: the ill treatment of Indians by certain white men; but as those belonging to the party just mentioned will be able to learn the particu-

the ill treatment of Indian by certain white men; but as those belonging to the party just mentioned will be able to learn the particulars, we prefer to await their return. It is proper to remark; however, that there need be no apprehension of anything like a serious Indian outbreak, for the reason that the diggers implicated are not numerous, and are so much scattered as to prevent any combination to effect anything. They live in small ranches in the gulches of Redwood Creek and Mad River, and are similar to the miserable scamps at the head of Yager Creek and in the neighborhood of the Buttés.

BALD MOUNTAIN, Oct. 2d, '56.

Editor Times:—As you probably have not heard the particulars of the late Indian difficulty, and thinking you might wish a communication from some one here, I herewith send you the particulars as I have gathered them from those engaged in the fight. The cause of the Indians commencing hostilities of course is not known; but it is the opinion of nearly every one here that the Indians are opposed to the white men occupying this part of the country. I have been informed that the Indians here have said several times that they did not want the white men here, and if they did not leave they would kill their stock, which threat they commenced executing four or five days since. They have killed four or five head of cattle already, which was the cause of the white men making an attack on them a few days ago, of which you have doubtless heard. However, they attacked a ranch of forty or fifty Indians and killed ten that they know of, but they think they killed 12 or 15. Mr. Hempfield was shot with an arrow through the thigh, but is getting along very well; he says that he feels no pain from it. The Indians fired no guns in the fight, but they were seen to have two or three guns. There was one can of powder found in their camp after they had left it.

The Indians have left the camp where they had the fight. There are now about twenty-five men of us here each armed with a rifle and revolver. We think of starting this evening for Red Wood creek, and attacking a ranch to-morrow morning.

There is a man waiting for this, and I am in a great hurry, which you will make allowances for.

Yours, in haste

H. Y. J.

THE HUMBOLDT TIMES.

UNION, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1856.

ment, and it takes so long to make up to a
back and see the old folks, and get somebody
that I know'd bar to come back with me."
"And had you no choice made among your
acquaintance? was there no one person of
whom you thought more than another?" said I.
"Yes, there was a gal I used to know that
was stouter and bigger than this one. I
should a got her if I could, but zeeed got
married and gone off over the Mississippi,
somehow."

The cold-hearted fellow! it was a perfectly
business matter with him.
"Did you select this one solely on account
of her size?" said I.
"Why, pretty much," he replied; "I reckon
women are some like horses and oxen, the big-
gest can do the most work, and that's what
want one for."

"And is that all?" I asked, more disgusted
at every word. "Do you care nothing about
a pleasant face to meet you when you go
home from the field, or a soft voice to speak
kind words when you are sick, or a gentle
friend to converse with you in your leisure
hours?"

"Why, as to that," he said, "I reckon a wo-
man ain't hong the worse for talk because
she's stout and able to work. I calculate
she'll mind her own business pretty much,
and if she sees she won't talk a great deal to
me; that ain't what I got her for."
"But suppose when you get home she should
be rilly happy, and want to see her parents and
other friends?"
"Why, I don't allow she will; I didn't get

a version than ever, and I turned away, say-
ing that I trusted his wife would agree with
him in these opinions, or they might lead to
some unpleasant differences.
"Oh, as to that," said he, "I reckon her
opinions won't go far any how; she'll think
pretty much as I do, or not at all."
"Thou boast! I exclaimed mentally, and sat
down in the cabin pondering on the incred-
ible brutality of such opinions in a civilized
man, when the wife came in. She had just
returned from her visit to the "big chist."
There was no longer a doubt, from the expres-
sion of her face, that she had heard the con-
versation, and understood some part of it too.
I left her to her own choice, whether to speak
of it or not.
After a few minutes she said, "I reckon
you'll think John talks hard about women."
I replied, that it was quite unusual to find
persons who thought as he did.
"Well," said the faithful creature, "I reckon
on he don't think as bad as he says," but her
sufficed eyes more than half contradicted her
tongue.
There's too much of the true woman in her
for this brute, notwithstanding her ignorance
and stialness, thought I. It's an absolute
waste of some of the fairest materials that
compose human nature to throw her away,
with this selfish animal.
"How long have you been married?" I
asked.
"Two weeks yesterday," she replied, "the
blood mantling through her dark cheek and
brow.
"Had you been long acquainted?"

REFINEMENTS OF L
P. 2, col. 3.