

INDIAN AGENT.—Major John Drieble-  
his, Indian Agent for the northern part  
of the State, was in town on Tuesday.  
The Major came up the coast by land  
from Mendocino, and was bound for the  
Klamath reservation. He intends visit-  
ing this county again soon, when he will  
stop several days, as he is aware there  
are matters here which require his atten-  
tion.

# THE HUMBOLDT TIMES.

EUREKA, HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1866.

Indian Agent, Weekly, Hum

**Integrity Rewarded.**  
 The Annals of the American War record the following:  
 A slain fanatic Richard Jackson by according to his own account, during the Revolutionary War, under such circumstances as proved beyond all doubt, his personal valor in the king's forces, as in the year 1780, he was ordered to lead a company of 100 men in the attack on Fort Mifflin. He was taken prisoner, but was delivered over to the British, and committed to the common jail. The prison was in such a state, that he might have found it difficult to escape, but he considered himself in the hands of the authority, such as it was, and he made the best of it. He was obliged to take arms, made the requisite apology to endure the consequences. After lying there a few days, he applied to the sheriff for leave to go out and work in the day, promising that he would return regularly at night. His character for simple integrity was so well known, that permission was given without hesitation, and for eight months he worked out every day to his work, and as daily came back to prison at night. In the month of May the sheriff prepared to send him to Springfield, where he was to be tried for high treason. Jackson patient and uncomplainingly consented to this, but he would be satisfied if he could be allowed to visit his wife and children. His wife was once more taken to Springfield, and he was allowed to accompany her. On the way he was overtaken by the words of Mr. Edwards, a member of the council of Massachusetts, that there was the same man in the States. The gentlemen asked him whether he was going to Springfield, Mr. Edwards said, "Yes, for my life." To this statement Jackson owned his guilt, and confessed to being a traitor, and was sentenced to death. Application was made to the council for mercy. The evidence and the sentence were stated, and the President put the question whether a pardon should be granted. It was opposed by the first speaker, the case, he said, was perfectly clear; the act, he questioned was high treason, and the proof complete, and if mercy was shown in this case, he should cause why it should not be granted in every other. Few governments have understood how just and politic it is to be merciful: this hard-hearted opinion ascended with the temper of the times, and was acquiesced in.

**The Fall of Table Rock.**  
 George Wilkes writes from Nigah to his Spirit: I saw I had something to do with the falling of Table Rock, that bread shell on the Canada side, which in 1850 jutted over the very cauldron of the boiling water, just which tumbled into it on a certain day in the month of June of that year, well remembered year. About noon on that day, I accompanied a lady from the Clifton House to the Falls. Arriving at Table Rock, we left our carriage, and saw a person walking on a platform I pointed out to my companion a vast crack on the rock, remarking that it looked wider than it had ever before appeared to me. The lady almost shrieked as she looked at it, and thinking back declared that it did not care about going to the edge. At the instant taking her hand, you might as well come on now that you are here. I heard if that the rock will take a notion to fall merely because we are on it. The platform jutted from the main land some sixty feet, but to give the visitor still more fearful prophecies, the raging waters a wooden bridge or a plaited bark had been thrust beyond the extreme edge for some ten feet. This terminated in a small box for visitors to stand in, and was kept in its position and enabled to bear weight by a ponderous head of stone. Heated upon the interior. The day was very bright and hot, and it being almost high time at the hotels, but few visitors were out, so we occupied the thirty perch alone. We gazed fearfully up upon the awful waters, which stretched our heads timidly over the frightful depth below, and we felt our natures quailed in every fibre by the deafening roar that seemed to saturate us as it were, with an indestructible dread. "This is a terrible place," said I. "I look under there, and see of what a nature they are!" For years and years the wench of the torrent, in that fearful fall, and some day this place must fall. My companion shuddered, and drew herself together in alarm. Our eyes swept the rearing circle of the waters once again; we gazed about in fearful fascination, when suddenly turning our backs upon each other, we found

**The Following Thrilling Narrative of the actual occurrence is from the pen of the famous Ned Eustalin, who has probably met with more adventures than any other man:**  
 Proud as I am of beautiful Nashville, the capital of my State, much as I admire its capital, standing palace-like on Cedar Hill, appreciating as I do the beauty, wealth of mind, and taste of many of the citizens of either sex, I have seen much in that city to regret and deplore. A stranger may not land there but he has to pass through a most unrefined locality in Water street. At the hotel he will find the well known blackjack and ro-leader, associating with gentlemen; and if he be a stranger in their way, he is likely to become the victim of his own ignorance and weakness as of their skill and cunning.  
 One evening shortly after the close of the Mexican war, I found myself at the old "inn," once kept by the noble Ferguson, in company with Frank C. Hill, N and two or three other friends who had with me faced death on the plains of Mexico, and afterwards "reverted in the balls of the Montezumas." We had dined together, and the wine had not been abated, therefore, we felt inclined for any kind of fun which might present itself. A young man of very plausible address and most general appearance, but in some way got into the company, and he from some words which dropped I knew he was a gambler. I consented with him, with avoiding any conversation with him, letting the rest do as they please in regard to him. I heard them call him Morford, and afterwards learned that he came from a respectable stock.  
 After we had drunk a few glasses at the bar, to "top off" with a walk was proposed; Morford volunteering to show the boys some fun, was selected as pilot. This did not please me overmuch, but I would not let any whim of mine break up the party, and so I went along.  
 We visited various saloons in Union and other streets; and Morford, thinking he had got matters in the right track, started at the head of the party, for the faro room of Sam R., one of the busiest gamblers in the city, situated in Water street. We were passing a long brick building,

**Integrity Rewarded.**  
 The Annals of the American War record the following:  
 A slain fanatic Richard Jackson by according to his own account, during the Revolutionary War, under such circumstances as proved beyond all doubt, his personal valor in the king's forces, as in the year 1780, he was ordered to lead a company of 100 men in the attack on Fort Mifflin. He was taken prisoner, but was delivered over to the British, and committed to the common jail. The prison was in such a state, that he might have found it difficult to escape, but he considered himself in the hands of the authority, such as it was, and he made the best of it. He was obliged to take arms, made the requisite apology to endure the consequences. After lying there a few days, he applied to the sheriff for leave to go out and work in the day, promising that he would return regularly at night. His character for simple integrity was so well known, that permission was given without hesitation, and for eight months he worked out every day to his work, and as daily came back to prison at night. In the month of May the sheriff prepared to send him to Springfield, where he was to be tried for high treason. Jackson patient and uncomplainingly consented to this, but he would be satisfied if he could be allowed to visit his wife and children. His wife was once more taken to Springfield, and he was allowed to accompany her. On the way he was overtaken by the words of Mr. Edwards, a member of the council of Massachusetts, that there was the same man in the States. The gentlemen asked him whether he was going to Springfield, Mr. Edwards said, "Yes, for my life." To this statement Jackson owned his guilt, and confessed to being a traitor, and was sentenced to death. Application was made to the council for mercy. The evidence and the sentence were stated, and the President put the question whether a pardon should be granted. It was opposed by the first speaker, the case, he said, was perfectly clear; the act, he questioned was high treason, and the proof complete, and if mercy was shown in this case, he should cause why it should not be granted in every other. Few governments have understood how just and politic it is to be merciful: this hard-hearted opinion ascended with the temper of the times, and was acquiesced in.

**The Following Thrilling Narrative of the actual occurrence is from the pen of the famous Ned Eustalin, who has probably met with more adventures than any other man:**  
 Proud as I am of beautiful Nashville, the capital of my State, much as I admire its capital, standing palace-like on Cedar Hill, appreciating as I do the beauty, wealth of mind, and taste of many of the citizens of either sex, I have seen much in that city to regret and deplore. A stranger may not land there but he has to pass through a most unrefined locality in Water street. At the hotel he will find the well known blackjack and ro-leader, associating with gentlemen; and if he be a stranger in their way, he is likely to become the victim of his own ignorance and weakness as of their skill and cunning.  
 One evening shortly after the close of the Mexican war, I found myself at the old "inn," once kept by the noble Ferguson, in company with Frank C. Hill, N and two or three other friends who had with me faced death on the plains of Mexico, and afterwards "reverted in the balls of the Montezumas." We had dined together, and the wine had not been abated, therefore, we felt inclined for any kind of fun which might present itself. A young man of very plausible address and most general appearance, but in some way got into the company, and he from some words which dropped I knew he was a gambler. I consented with him, with avoiding any conversation with him, letting the rest do as they please in regard to him. I heard them call him Morford, and afterwards learned that he came from a respectable stock.  
 After we had drunk a few glasses at the bar, to "top off" with a walk was proposed; Morford volunteering to show the boys some fun, was selected as pilot. This did not please me overmuch, but I would not let any whim of mine break up the party, and so I went along.  
 We visited various saloons in Union and other streets; and Morford, thinking he had got matters in the right track, started at the head of the party, for the faro room of Sam R., one of the busiest gamblers in the city, situated in Water street. We were passing a long brick building,

**Integrity Rewarded.**  
 The Annals of the American War record the following:  
 A slain fanatic Richard Jackson by according to his own account, during the Revolutionary War, under such circumstances as proved beyond all doubt, his personal valor in the king's forces, as in the year 1780, he was ordered to lead a company of 100 men in the attack on Fort Mifflin. He was taken prisoner, but was delivered over to the British, and committed to the common jail. The prison was in such a state, that he might have found it difficult to escape, but he considered himself in the hands of the authority, such as it was, and he made the best of it. He was obliged to take arms, made the requisite apology to endure the consequences. After lying there a few days, he applied to the sheriff for leave to go out and work in the day, promising that he would return regularly at night. His character for simple integrity was so well known, that permission was given without hesitation, and for eight months he worked out every day to his work, and as daily came back to prison at night. In the month of May the sheriff prepared to send him to Springfield, where he was to be tried for high treason. Jackson patient and uncomplainingly consented to this, but he would be satisfied if he could be allowed to visit his wife and children. His wife was once more taken to Springfield, and he was allowed to accompany her. On the way he was overtaken by the words of Mr. Edwards, a member of the council of Massachusetts, that there was the same man in the States. The gentlemen asked him whether he was going to Springfield, Mr. Edwards said, "Yes, for my life." To this statement Jackson owned his guilt, and confessed to being a traitor, and was sentenced to death. Application was made to the council for mercy. The evidence and the sentence were stated, and the President put the question whether a pardon should be granted. It was opposed by the first speaker, the case, he said, was perfectly clear; the act, he questioned was high treason, and the proof complete, and if mercy was shown in this case, he should cause why it should not be granted in every other. Few governments have understood how just and politic it is to be merciful: this hard-hearted opinion ascended with the temper of the times, and was acquiesced in.

**Archib. Bairdson.**  
 W. M. CODINGTON & CO.,  
 LECCOLESORS OF HONOLULU, CONSULS,  
 Honolulu, and Forwarders, North-west,  
 corner Plaza, Arcata. 47-1/2

**A. J. VAUGHN & CO.**  
 STORE WARE HOUSE, KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND THE LATEST AND MOST SELECTED NORTH OF SAN FRANCISCO. CUTLERY, BRONZE, SHOE, HERRING, CROCKERY, GLASS, AND ALL THE GOODS OF THE TRADE. CHAMBERLAIN'S MEDICINE, BARKER'S PILLS AND BATH, CHARLES' FOOTING OIL, BARKER'S PILLS AND BATH, SEE. H. AND SOH. STREET, PLAZA, ARCAT. 47-1/2

**E. B. GILKEY,**  
 EXPRESS AGENT AND GENERAL COLLECTOR in the Counties of Humboldt, Colusa, and Yuba. Office in Post-Office Building. Bartlett's Public Square, Arcata, Humboldt Co., Cal. 47-1/2

**E. WYMAN,**  
 ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office, North side Plaza, Arcata, Humboldt County. 47-1/2

**H. W. HAVENS,**  
 ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office, North side of 9th street, between H and J. Arcata, Humboldt County. 47-1/2

**DR. HENRY GRAS,**  
 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. East side Plaza, Arcata. 47-1/2

**F. DAMOUR,**  
 DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY, North side of the Plaza, Arcata. 47-1/2

**MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,**  
 ROOMS OPEN EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, South side the Plaza, Arcata. J. E. WYMAN, Pres. C. A. MERRISON, Sec.

**W. W. GIBSON & COMPANY,**  
 DEALERS IN HORSES, MULES, BEEF CATTLE AND RANGE STOCK at theirivery Stable on I street, Arcata. 47-1/2

**S. SHURNELL,**  
 WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER, South East corner Plaza, Arcata. 47-1/2

**TITLOW & BARNES,**  
 DEALERS IN FURS, FURS OF ALL KINDS, which they offer for sale at the lowest market price, for cash, at the Arcata, 47-1/2

**C. SHUMWAY,**  
 GUNSMITH AND DEALER IN RIFLES, Shot Guns, Pistols, powder, Lead, Caps, &c. Building next to Wallace, East side the Plaza, Arcata. 47-1/2

**E. W. WALEACE,**  
 DEALER IN WINES, LIQUORS, &c., East