

INDIAN FIGHTING.—The Humboldt *Times* of the 20th March, says John Rher came in from Van Duzen Fork Tuesday morning—~~from him we learn that the detachment of United States troops under Lieutenant J. B. Collins, from Fort Humboldt, have had two engagements with hostile Indians, each of which resulted in damage to the enemy.~~

On Sunday morning last, Lieut. Collins, with twenty-three men, attacked a ranch of Indians, ~~and in a brief but brisk fight, killed twenty and wounded three others.~~

~~On the next morning an attack was made, also led by Lieut. Collins, on a large village, when five Indians were killed and three badly wounded. The number of warriors in this rancheria were estimated at near 150, but they fled after the first charge, leaving the troops in possession. Several articles were found here that were taken from Carabee's at the time the white-woman was killed, and the house burned, plainly showing where the murderous wretches came from. In this brush a soldier by the name of Casey was dangerously wounded by an arrow.~~

The following short note to Capt. Lovell is the only official information yet received at Fort Humboldt from the seat of war.

NEIL'S RANCH, VAN DUZEN CREEK. }  
April 15th, 1861. }

~~Captain~~ Private Casey of your company was badly wounded this morning, in an engagement with the Indians, near Mad River, about two hundred miles from here. He was shot with an arrow, about two

# The Visalia Delta

VISALIA, TULARE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, MAY 4, 1861.

**Notice.**  
**TO PROSPECTORS.**  
HENNETT, of Visalia, has just received a large and well assorted stock of

**Declaration as Solo Trader.**  
STATE OF CALIFORNIA, ss.  
County of Tulare, ss.  
**KNOW**—All men by these presents: that I, **Carolina Tally**, of said County, wife of John Tally, residing in said County of Tulare, and

**The Two Aprils.**  
Young April treads light in the woodland,  
And smiles through her tears in the lane,  
And the sun of the old, old-spring tide  
Falls warm on the cheek again.

day of dissolution—standing up with unabated strength and with the flag of our Union in her hand—standing upon her conquered fields like the last abductor of a brave and and gallant band—and Alton—when the

**An Unfortunate Widow.**  
Between Calba Swamp and Lake  
in the Cherokee nation, we saw a noble crowd gathered near a sparkling