

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 inches below the right shoulder blade, and near the back bone. I pulled the arrow out, but the stone head was so deeply embedded that it broke short off, and of course yet remains in him. He was carried from the ranch, where the fight took place to where he now is on a litter; complains of suffering much pain, and is really so bad that I could not move him here. Will you please send medical attendance for him?

I had a fight with the Indians yesterday not far from where I again attacked them this month, and killed between fifteen and twenty; today five were killed and three wounded. The Indians are very troublesome and almost continually killing cattle.

Respectfully

J. B. COLLINS.

~~Lieut. 1th Infantry Com. Detachment.~~

The Visalia Delta

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

Notice.
TO PROSPECTORS.
 S. DENNETT, of Visalia, has just received a large and well-selected stock of
**GENTLE SADDLE AND PACK
 MULES AND HORSES,**
 which he offers for sale at his Yard in Visalia, at prices to suit the times; and all persons wishing to go South, will do well to call and examine his

Declaration as Sole Trader.
 STATE OF CALIFORNIA,) ss.
 COUNTY OF TULARE,)
 I, **KNOW** all men by these presents: that E. L. HARRIS, residing in said County of Tulare, and State aforesaid, do hereby declare and make known my intention to carry on business on my own account, and in my own name as Sole Trader, in pursuance of an Act of the Legislature of the State of California, entitled, "An Act to authorize married women to transact business in their own name, as Sole Traders," approved April 12, 1859. And I further declare that said business

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 tides,
 Falls warm on the cheek again.
 The breath of the old, dead breezes
 That blew in the face of the boy,
 Creeps back from my life's faded meadows
 With whiskers of hope and of joy.
 The lark that I heard in my childhood,

day of dissolution—standing up with unabated strength and with the flag of our Union in his hand—standing upon her conquered fields like the last soldier of a brave and gallant band;—and then, when the Union is no more, and she stands then the image of patriotism, honor, heroism and duty to the Union to the last, that she will not fill then, I would have her consider what may be done for herself. My

An Unfortunate Widow
 Between Caloba Swamp and I
 in the Cherokee nation, we saw a
 bleached and faded man, and
 most of them seized and almost
 stopped to see what was there
 was Sunday, and there had been
 rain for a gallon of whisky. My
 I noticed on alighting was the air