

"Editor *Bulletin* :—Having seen, in Thursday's *Bulletin* extracts from the *Humboldt Times*, in regard to the recent Indian disturbances in Humboldt county, which I think tell an incorrect tale, I take the liberty of sending you extracts from a private letter which has just reached me, bearing on the same subject."

Then follows an account of the attack on Daby's, essentially as we gave it at the time, with two exceptions. First—Mr. Daby is accused of dastardly cowardice by the writer. Those best acquainted with the circumstances acquit him of the charge.

The second error occurs in the following paragraph:

The Indians, the next morning after the attack upon Daby's, proceeded about two miles down the river and attacked another house. The owner and his wife escaped across the river. While they were burning the house, a portion of the force sent out under Lieut. Davis, of the 2d Cavalry, came upon them on the opposite side of the river, which is here about

300 yards wide. Firing immediately commenced, the Indians having the advantage of position, on a high bluff. After an action of half an hour, two of the soldiers being wounded, the Lieutenant, without waiting for reinforcements, dashed across the river with his 12 men, in the face of the fire of some 50 of the foe, and reached the opposite bank, upon which the Indians broke and fled, Davis following in hot pursuit. It is thought that on account of recent orders issued from headquarters, the Indians have been cut off, and can't escape.

This sounds splendid but unfortunately there is but little truth in it. Lieut. Davis returned from that scout without being able to get sight of an Indian, according to his own report. In the "action of half an hour" blood was not drawn on either side. Lieut. Davis is capable of leading a brilliant charge when the opportunity presents itself. Company E of the 2d Cavalry, C. V., is composed of as gallant a set of fellows as ever drew sabre, but they had no opportunity to distinguish themselves "the next morning after the attack on Daby's."

Following this romantic story occurs this paragraph:

"It appears to me that the citizens of Arcata only wish to bleed Uncle Sam's pocket. Indeed I know this, having been in that country myself."

This is infamous. The man who wrote it, wrote malicious falsehood. He not only lied, but he lied deliberately and basely, with the intention of injuring honest men that he might thereby wreak a pitiful revenge upon some personal enemy, or he lied meanly, in the hope of pleasing some one in authority.

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Arcata is suffering more severely from the present Indian war than any other portion of this digger-ridden district:— the trails leading to the interior are blocked by the savages—suspending trade and communication—farmers from the adjacent country are driven off or murdered; fields are laid waste and buildings destroyed by fire, flocks and herds are slaughtered and the town itself hourly menaced with an attack by blood-thirsty savages, flushed with repeated successful forays. A sense of danger pervades every mind in the community. The citizens are loyal and law-abiding men who ask nothing but what they are justly entitled to, protection to life and property. This is the condition of the people the *Bulletin's* correspondent so gratuitously slanders.

"H. B." encloses a copy of the orders issued by Lt. Col. Olney immediately upon the receipt of the news of the attack at Daby's, closing his letter as follows:

"Whoever casts a slur upon Col. Lippitt as a commander must have some bad object in view. If anything is wanting on his part, it can only arise from the want of a sufficient number of troops for which he is not responsible."

Colonel Lippitt may well exclaim, "Save me from my friends!"

Fourth of July!

On Friday of next week occurs once more that day which is so full of grand associations for every American patriot. To him it is indeed a day of jubilee.

Upon that day we have been wont to listen to the story of our nation's birth, of its struggles, its sufferings and its triumphs. And now while that nation is

# HUMBOLDT TIMES

TRUKA, HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1862.

## The Playmate.

BY JOHN W. BARR.

The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,  
Their song was soft and low;  
The blossoms in the sweet May wind

## After the Battle.

The Reverend Robert Collyer, of Chicago, was the pastor of many a brave man who marched to the battle field of Fort Donelson, and was brought home only to be buried. On the day after the victory Mr. Collyer was one of the "Sons

of the South" who lay silently a little while, and as the nurse wet his lips said: "Oh, I should so like a drink out of my father's well!" and in a moment he had gone where angels gather for immortality.

"By life's fair stream, fast by the throne of

## Inhumanity of the

The gallant Sprague of Rhode Island, recently before the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War, and fortifies some of the statements of former