

Letter from Fort Gaston

FORT GASTON, July 6, 1863.

EDITOR TIMES—Dear Sir—As Lieutenant Hale is on the eve of departure on a flying trip to Fort Humboldt, I embrace the favored opportunity to trouble you and your readers once more.

Nothing of any considerable importance has transpired here, in a military point of view, that you are not already apprised of, since my last. The Indians of the Valley are very quiet, having settled down and again resumed the occupation of doing field labor for the farmers; before our arrival they told the settlers here that working was "played out," and intimated that they had a "better thing." Their every movement is closely watched; their limits have been fairly marked out, the consequences of crossing the boundaries of the same having lately been taught them in no very mild manner. They freely admit that they were caught in bad company, and promise most earnestly that in the future they will "pleny set down in Hoopa." It is the opinion of your humble correspondent—an opinion based upon the best of evidence—that if they ever attempt to rejoin their brothers of Redwood, they will "set down" down no more to rise up. Such strict measures may seem tinged with cruelty to those at a distance who do not and can not understand the desperate state of affairs into which we are plunged in consequence of this murderous Indian war.

I speak not in haste—I cast aside all prejudice and guess-work—and from conclusions drawn from the most undoubted proof, I must state it as a fixed fact that this is, or has been, the hot bed of the South Carolina of all our Indian troubles. True it is, they have at times had provocation for holding a burning hatred toward the white race, for there is among us a set of beasts, that are wrongly called white men, who are a disgrace to the lowest digger that prowls the forest wilds—brutes that by right ought to be lissed out of civilized society. It is by their infernal deeds that many lives are sacrificed. But why moralize? Where now is the remedy?—Shall we, Vallandigham like, "stop fighting," while our friends are being shot down, their homes plundered and given to the destroying flames? All reasonable answers, "No, never!"

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~~Much excitement prevails on New~~
~~River because of the hostility of the In-~~
~~dians there. The settlers are leaving in~~
~~all haste, abandoning their stock, their~~
~~homes, their all. Mr. B. Luck passed~~
~~here on his way to a place of safety a few~~
~~days since, having been driven from his~~
~~home on Willow Creek. Between mak-~~
~~ing improvements and feeding Indians~~
~~he has expended seventeen thousand dol-~~
~~lars in gold—money he had earned by~~
~~nearly years’ weary labor, and now for~~
~~all this he receives the pitiful sum of~~
~~two hundred and eighty dollars!~~

~~We enjoyed ourselves hugely on the~~
~~glorious old Fourth. Space, your pa-~~
~~tience, my time, will not admit of my~~
~~telling all we did. I will only mention~~
~~the leading feature of the day, and that~~
~~was the firing a salute with shell.~~

~~Our Captain is still, as ever, very ac-~~
~~tive. Two detachments from our compa-~~
~~ny are now out—they have gone with~~
~~secret orders, so the place of their opera-~~
~~tions must remain mum. One of these~~
~~detachments, thirty men—will not be in~~
~~before the 10th, and probably not so soon;~~
~~it is commanded by Sergeant Overlander,~~
~~and from his well-known ability on the~~
~~“war path” I expect to be able, in my~~
~~next, to give you the news of his landing~~
~~over some of the enemy.~~

~~Shall we wait in anxious hope and ex-~~
~~pectation for orders to make a backward~~
~~movement. Shall our “hearts grow sick~~
~~through hope deferred?” We shall see.~~

~~Most earnestly yours,~~

~~NEELY.~~

THE HUMBOLDT TIMES.

EUREKA, HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1863.

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