

Letter from Neely.

FORT GASTON, July 18th, 1863.

DEAR EDITOR TIMES:—I find myself, at this date, with a blank sheet before me, and with but little material for writing a letter. I am certain the only redeeming point in this communication, will be its brevity. Nothing since the late desperate battle on Redwood has taken place in this vicinity worthy of particular notice. 'Tis true, the glorious news of the fall of Vicksburg and the certain overthrow of Lee's army has caused much rejoicing among us, but a soldier's manifestation of joy is not generally very boisterous, being all expressed in the emphatic word "bully." Captain Ousley left us yesterday to take command of Sergt. Overlander's detachment in person; he takes a few fresh men to exchange with those most worn out; the length of his stay is indefinite, but will be for ten days at least. I am not able to give you the result of Overlander's scout, further than he had at last dates captured some fire-arms. I will here state for the benefit of those who maintain that the Indians of Hoopa are "innocent and peaceable creatures," that one of the Indians killed by the brave boys of Co. C. was recognized at once by two of our men, Sam Mills and Tom Moore—as being a Hoopa Indian. Mills and Moore are old residents of this valley, and certainly cannot be mistaken. The war here among the Indians is still waged in all the heat of savage fury, and burning revenge. A few days since the chief of the weaker contending bands sought a "wow wow" with Captain Ousley. He expressed his opinion that it was a bad affair for the Indians to "plenty pite" and desired Capt. Ousley to interfere and end the strife. His mission was a total failure. Having read much in innocent boyhood days of the lofty and thrilling eloquence of Indian orators, I was no little pleased, a few evenings ago, to test the truth of the matter. The speaker was a "Mow-we-ma" of great note here, and has a marked estimation of his own ability. Placing himself in an affecting attitude he spoke in "deep tones of thunder" about as follows: "Yes! me too much good Injon, me no fight 'em white man, no, yes, me no run away, al le time, me plenty set down— you got ter-backer?" I was transfixed, charmed, confused, amazed, and could only murmur, "nary-ter-backer," then wandered onward along the banks of the swift-flowing Trinity, calling to mind the many "eloquent speeches" made by "Black Hawks" and "War Eagles," that in happy days past I had read in school books.

We held our Convention this morning

of this valley, and certainly cannot be mistaken. The war here among the Indians is still waged in all the heat of savage fury, and burning revenge. A few days since the chief of the weaker contending hands sought a "wow wow" with Captain Ousley. He expressed his opinion that it was a bad affair for the Indians to "plenty pito" and desired Capt. Ousley to interere and end the strife. His mission was a total failure.—Having read much in innocent boyhood days of the lofty and thrilling eloquence of Indian orators, I was no little pleased, a few evenings ago, to test the truth of the matter. The speaker was a "Mow-we-ma" of great note here, and has a marked estimation of his own ability. Placing himself in an affecting attitude he spoke in "deep tones of thunder" about as follows: "Yes! me too much good Injon, me no fight 'em white man, no, yes, me no run away, al le time, me plenty set down— you got ter-backer?" I was transfixed, charmed, confused, amazed, and could only murmur, "nary-ter-backer," then wandered onward along the banks of the swift-flowing Trinity, calling to mind the many "eloquent speeches" made by "Black Hawks" and "War Eagles," that in happy days past I had read in school books.

We held our Convention this morning to elect two Delegates to attend your Union County Convention of the 22d which resulted in the election of John S. Hughes and John W. Jones. Mr. P. Devault, mail carrier, met with a painful accident yesterday, while passing down the valley on his way to Arcata. His mule became unmanageable in consequence of a farmer's dog snapping at its legs, and Devault was thrown with great violence directly on the sharp points of a picket fence. A frightful gash was cut just above his right eye. The painful wound was dressed by Dr. Phelps, and he seems to be suffering but little to-day. In this connection I wish to say a word about a false report that seems to have been spread no little by some busy ones, while attending the wounded of Company C, at Redwood. The authors of the slanderous falsehood are well known, and their statements are totally unworthy the notice of any honest man. Dr. Phelps has shown himself here, to be a perfect gentleman, and of undoubted professional ability. Before closing this, I must, in the name of Company "B," thank good Mother Nixon of Arcata, for a present of twenty pounds fresh butter. May the richest blessings of Heaven attend her and reward her goodness of heart! Ladies— dear ladies of Arcata! your modesty is well known, doubtless you have many fine presents for us; but in your gentle natures you feel too bashful to act; to relieve you I hereby resolve myself into a Committee to receive all the "nice things" you may be pleased to forward; and in the end be assured that I am ever your most Faithful

THE HUMBOLDT TIMES.
EUREKA, HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1863. NO. 49.
Published weekly, except on Sundays and Public Holidays. Price, per Annum, in Advance, \$3.00. Single Copies, 10 Cents.
Published by J. W. BAKER, at the "Humboldt Times" Office, No. 101 Broadway, New York.