

## **Fight with Indians near Arcata!**

### **Thirty Citizens and Sixteen Soldiers Engaged.**

**SIX INDIANS KILLED, AND SEVERAL WOUNDED.**

**JAMES BROCK KILLED IN THE FIGHT.**

**TWO WHITE MEN SUPPOSED TO BE WITH THE INDIANS.**

On Monday last two white men were seen in the woods, near Arcata, under suspicious circumstances, and late in the afternoon on the same day their camp was found by a party of citizens, near Titlow's mill. The two broke for the woods on the approach of the citizens, and an examination of their camp proved that they had been there for several days. Their baggage, which was left behind in their flight, was brought into town, and found to contain evidence of Indian associations. Among other things, two articles of wearing apparel said to have been in Bates' house when it was robbed and burned. A party of citizens immediately turned out and went in search of them, but up to yesterday evening they had not been taken.

On Wednesday afternoon a party from Arcata, consisting of George Ousley, C. A. Murdock, J. M. Short, Alex Brizard and three others whose names we did not learn, were in search of the two white men in the vicinity of Dow's Prairie, when they struck a fresh Indian trail,

On Wednesday afternoon a party from Arcata, consisting of George Ousley, C. A. Murdock, J. M. Short, Alex Brizard and three others whose names we did not learn, were in search of the two white men in the vicinity of Dow's Prairie, when they struck a fresh Indian trail, which they at once took, and followed till near night when they came upon the Indians, in a small prairie called Light's Prairie, about five miles from Arcata.— They had formed their camp, butchered a steer that happened to be at hand, and were busy preparing their evening's repast. Ousley and his party crept up within fifty yards of their camp and remained there until dark. They ascertained that the Indians were about twenty-five in number, and all well armed. When they had their supper ready, the whites left their hiding places and made their way to town.

About 12 o'clock that night a party consisting of thirty citizens and seventeen soldiers, including Lieutenants Johnson and Anderson, left town for the Indian camp, which they reached about 4 o'clock. The whole party, citizens and soldiers, were under the general direction of George Ousley, he having a better knowledge of the locality, and the situation of the camp, than any other man. When they arrived on the ground he formed the men into three parties, stationed at different points, himself taking charge of the attacking party and was to fire the signal gun. The Indians had three fires burning, were sleeping on their arms, but had no sentinel out. About twenty minutes before the attack was made, some thirty or forty guns were discharged in the direction of Dow's Prairie. These guns were evidently fired by Indians, and was a signal for a general stir in the camp now surrounded by whites. They stirred up their fires,

by Indians, and was a signal for a general stir in the camp now surrounded by whites. They stirred up their fires, talked and laughed very loud for a short time, when they suddenly found themselves "stirred up," by a discharge of buckshot and balls from the attacking party. It was scarcely day-light, the fern was very high and every advantage in favor of the Indians. Six were left dead on the ground, and it is considered certain that but very few escaped without being wounded. To a person who knows what a quantity of lead an Indian can carry away, or how little regard they have for bullets, except through the head or heart—this will not appear surprising. After the first fire, as Lieutenant Johnson remarked, "it was like shooting jack-snipe to catch one."

James Brock was killed. He very imprudently rushed upon a wounded Indian, gathered him by the hair and was in the act of finishing him, when the Indian threw his arm around and pierced Brock through the heart with a six-shooter ball. He fell back at the report of the pistol, exclaiming, "Jim's gone," and died instantly. He was a young man who has had much experience among the Indians in this section. He had been acting in the capacity of a guide to Capt. Douglas up to a short time since, and had but recently recovered from a severe wound in the hand, accidentally inflicted by a comrade in an Indian fight last winter. He leaves no relatives in this country that we know of, except the family of J. D. Ferrill, of Arcata. He was buried yesterday at 2 o'clock. The funeral took place from the Presbyterian Church, and was attended by a large concourse of people.

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On the whole the thing was well managed. It is only to be regretted that a party could not have been left in ambush to watch for the Indians when they came back, as they always do when any of their number are killed.

# HUMBOLDT TIMES

EUREKA, HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1862

<p><b>The Old Song.</b> BY MRS. L. A. K. BROSS.</p> <p>Oh, sing again that dear old strain My mother sang to me, When holy rays, of earlier days, Gleamed through our threshold</p>	<p><b>Letter from Fort Anderson.</b> FORT ANDERSON, CAL. } Aug. 12th, 1862. }</p> <p>"FRIEND WILEY:—I am glad to learn that once again you have assumed the chair editorial. Amid the multitality</p>	<p><b>LOSS OF THE GOLDEN GATE.</b></p> <p>Full Statement of Capt. E. H. Pearson. <b>Further Particulars of the Wreck.</b> The following is a copy of a letter</p>	<p>The ben- tions of were pic were fro rived ma Among Capt. W</p>
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