

Battle with Indians!

CHARLEY HUESTIS' KILLED!

On the 16th inst. C. A. D. Huestis, with ten men and Lieut. Warren with five men, left Thief Camp and struck the trail of the diggers and came upon a small body of them packed with beef between Thief Camp and Redwood Creek. These dropped their packs and fled, the troops following close on them. On the morning of the 17th inst. at about half past seven o'clock, an attack was planned by Huestis, upon a rancheria consisting of about 100 bucks and some squaws, which was immediately carried into execution. The Indians, contrary to expectation, made a firm stand and returned the fire of our volunteers with great steadiness. The fight continued in this manner for about an hour when the Indians took to their ranch and fired at our men from port holes. About this time a reinforcement of Indians arrived, consisting of about 100 more, who had been notified and brought up by a squaw who escaped in the commencement of the action. About this time Charley Huestis fell, shot thro' the heart. The fight was maintained by our men for an hour and a-half longer, when their ammunition being spent and six of the remaining force being wounded they were obliged to retreat and abandon the dead body of Huestis. The rifle belonging to Stuart, who was so shockingly murdered a few days before, was recognized among the Indians. Mills and Donahue were severely wounded: Lieut. Warren, Pansley, Bosqui and Watson, slightly. About 20 Indians were killed. As soon as the news arrived, a large number of citizens volunteered to go out and

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~~recover the body of Huestis and avenge~~
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When the volunteers arrived at the battle ground, on Wednesday morning, there were no Indians to be seen—the indications being that they had left very soon after the volunteers were forced to fall back. The body of Huestis was found about two rods from the spot where he first fell; somewhat mutilated, though not so much so as was feared. A party of thirty-five or forty pushed on in pursuit of the Indians, but there is very little probability of coming up with them, as they doubtless scattered in different directions after the fight, knowing they would be pursued.

Poor Charley! he died in the flush of early manhood while fighting in defense of the lives and homes of his fellow citizens. His untimely fate, is sincerely mourned by a large circle of friends who had learned to love him well during the ten years he lived in this county. In company with his father he left Iowa for California in 1850, being but 15 years of age. The year following his father died in San Francisco, on the way home to bring the remainder of the family to this State. Since that time Charley had lived in this county, making his home at the house of his uncle, Judge A. J. Huestis. His death at this time and in this manner is rendered peculiarly painful, from the fact that his mother and some younger children are on their way to this State and constantly expected. Upon their arrival instead of meeting the warm reception which he had contemplated preparing for them, and that almost paternal care which they relied upon from him as the eldest of the family, they will be met by the painful news of his untimely death. He has one younger brother left

the eldest of the family, they will be met by the painful news of his untimely DEATH. He has one younger brother left in this county, George W., who was wounded last spring in a similar Indian campaign. This is the only one of deceased's immediate family to follow his remains to the grave.

The body was escorted to Arcata by a small party of friends, and arrived here last evening. The burial will be from the M. E. Church, this morning at 10 o'clock;—the funeral sermon will be preached to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock, by Rev. Mr. Leiby, at the same place.

Pets.—Mr. James Clark informs us of this circumstance, which occurred a few days ago near Shelter Cove. Messrs. Brizantine and Ilcox had two pet Indian boys living with them as servants.— They were obedient and apparently honest, giving every evidence of contentment and industry, up to the time of their disappearance one fine morning. One of the men had gone a short distance from the house with some travelers, who were temporarily stopping with them, the other remaining at the house with the boys.— Not feeling well the man had lain down and fallen asleep, but not but a few minutes before his partner and the travelers returned. One of the party requiring some ammunition, the discovery was made that two rifles, three Colt's revolvers, and the ammunition on hand, were missing, as were also the boys. The boys were traced a short distance to where numerous Indian tracks were seen, when it was deemed prudent to return and leave for the settlements.

THE HUMBOLDT TIMES.

EUREKA, HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1861.

Business Directory.

E. L. WALLACE,
DEALER IN WINES, LIQUORS, &c, East side the Plaza, Arcade, 2nd street.

For public assessment, he has two of Plo. and fitted up the Phoenix Exchange, as a Lady's Parrot Combination Cushion Billiard Table.

PHENIX EXCHANGE,
No. 107.

H. S. SOUTH, Proprietor.

Thankful for past favors, the Proprietor would respectfully suggest that he has thoroughly renovated and fitted up the Phoenix Exchange, as a Lady's Parrot Combination Cushion Billiard Table.

His rooms are well ventilated, and fitted up in the most commodious style.

TERMS, TO SUIT THE TIMES.
Breakfast from half past five to seven. Dinner, at twelve.
Supper, from half past five to seven.

BAY HOTEL,
Eureka.

The Proprietor of the BAY HOTEL, corner of 11 and First streets, having had the same newly furnished, hard finished, painted and papered, would announce to the Public, generally, that he will be prepared to receive a large number of their patronage on Monday the 11th inst.

Board and Lodging per week \$7.00
do do do do do do do do 1.50
P. MANNING, Proprietor,
Eureka, Jan. 12, 1861.

Real Courage.

A STORY FOR THE BOYS.

GEORGE SANDERS was the "huller," of the school. A great, burly, blustering fellow as he was, nothing suited him so well as a fight. Henry Wellman was a new scholar—a quiet boy; but you couldn't look into his honest, hearty face without wanting to give him your hand and call him a grand fellow right off.

The boys all eyed him; and they eyed him. He wanted to be the greatest of the school himself. Well, what do you think he did at it? He tried to pick a quarrel with Henry; and that's the only way you should have never in your life seen a fight.

He seized the first chance, when the school was out for noon recess, to provoke a quarrel. First he bristled roughly against Henry as he went by him on the hall-errand—almost pushed him over. Then he knocked off his hat. Then, when Henry asked him to behave himself, he bristled up to him, packed up a clap, and put it on his own shoulder and growled between his teeth: "There, you snooking coward! It is time for us to have it out. Knock that chip off my shoulder, if you dare!"

The boys, of course, now began to gather about the two. Henry stood up with his hands folded, with no notion of fighting. His blood boiled, his heart beat like a trip-hammer; and his face was flushed with rage; for it was *awfully* hard work to stand still, and he radiated a glow.

"Fight him!" whispered the devil in Henry's ear. "Fight him, like a man!" shouted the boys. "Stand up to him! Give it to him!" N. Y. Henry was no braver at a card game than he was in a school. He turned as if he had been struck with a lead ball, and he radiated a glow.

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Prayer of the two—George or Henry?

And on the prayer, and was Henry really a coward? There was something he said afterwards that I want you to remember. It was that he found it ten times easier to go up the ladder than to let that chip lie on George's shoulder. Can you see why?

A Case of Supposition.

A Texan who was returning home after the battle of Buena Vista, looking back at a distance from his companions, and in his opinion was the best of them, was always to make it a rule. Walking alone one day, he was making some gain to make a breakfast for, and just as he was what day in the week it was, he came to a small stream, took a stick and laid in his pocket, and putting a worm on a faral, he drove it in the stream, and then say, "I win on the bank, why? In a bright moment thinking of his little farm at home when a preacher who was on the stream took suddenly up and bellowed at him:

"Hallo, stranger, what are you doing with that stick?"

"Nothing for my breakfast," replied the tempter, "I'm with my dog."

"Well, do you know that you are violating the Sabbath?" said the preacher in a peevish tone.

"No," returned the Texan, turning and looking up at the preacher with surprise, "with the preacher's stick, I never at all think I must be some one to have a little more than that."

"You are right," replied the preacher, "but you will have to answer to heaven, in the day of judgment."

"Then I will," said the Texan, "and I will do it in your presence."

"That's all right," said the preacher, "and I will do it in your presence."

Gen. Fremont Superseded.

(BY TELEGRAPH TO THE SACRAMENTO EXAMINER.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Mo. N. Y., 3d.

Yesterday small bodies of the enemy were within twelve miles of us; news was received of the approach of their advance, 2,000 strong. Preparations were making to go out and attack them when General Fremont received an order from Washington preventing further action from his command. Scarcely 48 hours after the news of the order had been received, the army, and a small body of regulars, were ordered to leave the city, and to proceed by rail to the Missouri and Nebraska railroads, to be ready to march back to their homes, to be ready to march back to their homes, to be ready to march back to their homes.

Washington, Nov. 17, 1861.

General Fremont, you are ordered to leave the city, and to proceed by rail to the Missouri and Nebraska railroads, to be ready to march back to their homes, to be ready to march back to their homes, to be ready to march back to their homes.

Duel Between Pickets.

A Washington correspondent of the Pacific tells the following yarn: One of the Michigan regiments being on duty a few days ago, came in sight of a South Carolina rebel, also on similar duty, when the following dialogue ensued:—

A. How do you do?
B. How do you do?
A. How do you do?
B. How do you do?
A. How do you do?
B. How do you do?
A. How do you do?
B. How do you do?

Advertisement

HUMBOLDT HOUSES,
Opposite the city wharf. The undersigned would respectfully inform their friends and the traveling public, that he is prepared to accommodate them with comfortable and desirable accommodations, with the best of the country.

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