

Narrow Escape from Indians.

Red Bluff Beacon, March 21, 1862.
Red Bluff Beacon, Tex. This morning, Mr. Flood, Mr. Graham, and myself, went over on Antelope, (a distance of about four miles) to have a hunt. I separated from the other two, at Salt creek, and we were to meet on the bluff of Antelope. I got ahead of my companions and seeing two persons at the place of meeting, I naturally supposed it to be them. Soon after, I saw two others, and then five or six more. I still thought that my friends were there, and that the others were hunters, as they had several large, fine, white dogs. With this belief I went on till within one hundred yards, when I saw to my dismay that they were Indians. I then turned at right angles, and made for the direction that I knew my friends would come from. As soon as I changed my course, they all turned and walked in a direction to intercept me, and as I passed about 30 yards ahead of three of them, (one of whom had a gun,) I said how do you do? one of them said, "stop, I wish to speak with you," I said "no." He said again, "stop," at the same time taking his gun from his shoulder, and made for a rock to lay it on. You can rest assured; I did not stay to see all he did. I did some of my best running, and looking back occasionally, I saw the whole band was in hot pursuit of me. I think I distanced them the first quarter, and held my own on the second, but on the last quarter, they were rapidly gaining on me, when I made myself heard by my friends. As soon as the Indians saw them, they stopped, to my great relief. The Diggers were all well clad with shirts, pants and hats; had some three or four guns in the crowd; others had bows and quivers.

There is not the least doubt in my mind, that they belong to some Rancheria, or at some ranch in the vicinity. I do not accuse any person's Indians, but would suggest that all the Rancheria Indians, be sent to the Reservation, taken into private families, or sent to their long home.

So far as I am concerned, I feel perfectly safe, but there will be others traveling over the country alone, that may not be so fortunate as I have been.

M. MEADOR.

Red Bluff Beacon

Journal, devoted to Politics, Literature, Education, Agriculture, General Intelligence

RED BLUFF, THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1862.