

Horrible Indian Outrages!—The Savages becoming Bolder!

The following letter from our correct and obliging Arcata correspondent contains the details of Indian depredations, within a few miles of Arcata, during the past week. The information contained in the communication was obtained by the writer directly from George Zehendner and Mrs. Bates, and may be relied upon as strictly true:

ARCATA, March 27, 1862.

EDITOR TIMES.—DEAR SIR:—Our usually quiet and peaceful town has been under a state of considerable excitement this week in consequence of the recent depredations by the Indians, and our citizens are really alarmed at the extent of their evil deeds and the increased boldness and daring that their late achievements exhibit. It has been usual for them after committing one hellish deed to remain quiet until the excitement had passed away before attempting another, but now they follow one deed in quick succession by a still worse one.

Saturday they shot Zehendner and burned his house; Sunday, burned his other buildings; Monday, burned Goodman's house; Tuesday, Mrs. Brehmer's; and yesterday, killed Mr. Bates and burned his house;—what they will do tomorrow, or to what extent they will carry their work of destruction, none can tell. The circumstances of their late deeds are as follows:

Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock, as Geo. Zehendner, who lives at Angel's Ranch, 11 miles from town, was working in his field about 500 yards from the house, he

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Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock, as Geo. Zehendner, — who lives at Angel's Ranch, 11 miles from town, — was working in his field about 500 yards from the house, he was shot at and wounded twice by the Indians, one shot entering his right side and passing around to the left of the back bone, from whence it has since been extracted, and the other passing through his hand; he saw that a part of the Indians were between him and his house, thus cutting off escape in that direction, so he ran to the redwood timber near by, closely pursued by the Indians. His escape seems almost miraculous when the circumstances are considered; but he succeeded by taking a circuitous route in reaching the next house, half a mile distant from his own, this house belonging to Mrs. Brehmer, but was then occupied by Mr. R. Hanlon and family.

Mr. Jacob Zehendner was plowing in the field adjoining the one where his brother was shot, and upon hearing the report of the guns and seeing his brother pursued by the Indians toward the woods, ran in another direction and reached Mrs. Brehmer's in half an hour after his brother. Mrs. Brehmer was in Zehendner's house and heard the guns, and also saw the Indians, counting ten; she ran for the brush and escaped to Mr. Hanlon's. The Indians then plundered the house of all that was valuable, getting three good guns, after which they fired it.

Mr. Jacob Zehendner came immediately to town for the Doctor, who reached there about 8 o'clock Sunday morning. Zehendner rode to town and his wounds are now doing well. Mr. Hanlon and family and Mrs. Brehmer also came in.

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Sunday a small party went to the ranch and found everything in ruins; dwelling house, barn, milk house and all other out buildings burned. This was one of the finest farms and most comfortable homes in the country, now desolate and forsaken, because of the dealings of "Lo! the poor Indian!"

Monday a party went to Goodman's and brought his family to Bates'; they had left the house but a short time when it was burned. Tuesday the house vacated by Mr. Hanlon was burned.

But yesterday occurred the deed that startled our community and came home to us all. Mr. A. S. Bates, whose ranch is about seven miles from this place, and who has never been considered in danger was killed within three hundred yards of his house. It was 10 o'clock in the morning, and he had gone out to look for a cow, when the report of two guns was heard at his house, and soon after his dog that was with him returned wounded. There were at the house, Mr. Goodman—who was sick—his wife and five children, Mrs. Bates and three children, and Mr. B. Croghan. The Indians then began shooting into the back of the house and as soon as possible its inmates left and fled toward the river amidst a shower of bullets that fortunately harmed no one.

Mrs. Simmons, living near by joined them with three children, carrying three guns with her. She had seen the Indians and counted fifty; she fired the guns as a signal to Mr. Simmons—who had started shortly before for town—and reloaded them. They succeeded in reaching the river where they met Mr. Simmons and Mr. Aiden, who took them across to the log house of Mr. John Wilson, where they

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Mr. Aiden, who took them across to the
log house of Mr. John Wilson, where they
remained a long time and then came
down the river, with Mr. Dady's in a canoe.
They remained there last night and this
morning came into town. As soon as Mr.
Croghan had seen the Indians cross the

river he came to Dady's for help. A
messenger came in town and a company
of fifteen or twenty men left immedi-
ately. They found the house of Bates
ruined to the ground. The Indians came in
possession of two double-barreled shot
guns and three rifles from the house.

The body was found undisturbed and
brought to Dady's last night. The fatal
shot was in the neck, besides which there
was an arrow through his body.

A portion of the party went to Limon's

Hill to inform the family there of the danger, and the remainder stopped at Daby's.

Mr. Puter and Mr. Wilson, who live on this side of the river brought their families to town last night.

The funeral of Mr. Bates takes place to-morrow afternoon. His loss will be severely felt by his many friends, and especially by the traveling community. His house was one of the best in the county; he had resided on the ranch since 1854, and all the property he had acquired had been expended upon the farm, until he had surrounded himself with a home that for beauty and comfort deservedly attracted much attention. The loss to his widow of a kind husband and a loved home at one fell stroke, is really heart-rending.

What a sudden reverse—peace and fancied security one day—death and destruction the next. Surely, human life is mutable, and occurrences like this bring the fact impressively to our mind.

This is a gloomy letter, and ours is a gloomy town. I can think or write of nothing else. Yours, &c., Q. K.

HUMBOLDT TIMES.

HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1862.

EIGHT BELLS;
OR
"Ice of Torres Strait.—A
our Night Adventure.

TENANT H. C. FOSTER.
ward of the island conti-
ally generating it from the

the vicinity of the bell, but none of them were very near it. All were gazing upon it, or up in the air over the bows of the vessel, with countenances expressive of mingled wonder and alarm. They made no reply, and once again the officer re-peated his question.

"None on us, sir—none on us struck

"There is some mystery in this," said the captain. "The men generally are guiltless. Either some one among them is by some means playing on the superstitious fears of the rest, by some trick, or else there must be a ship near us."

"But the bell sounded from the quarter deck like ours," said the second lieuten-

and the officer in command threatened if they did not deliver up their weapons to exterminate every man woman and child on the island.

This threat, when they found it was in earnest, had its effect. They fled; if they would be injured if they fired upon the white men.