

## MORE ABOUT INDIANS.

In the early part of last week the Indians stole six head of cattle from the ranch of Mr. Bacon, on Antelope Creek, and afterwards, in the middle of the week, helped themselves to two of Major Bradley's horses. A company was soon formed, and on their tracks, in hot pursuit. When in Antelope Canyon, a few miles this side of the Mill, they came upon a party of seven Indians, but were unable to get near enough to shoot them for some time. The red rascals took care to keep themselves on the highest points, and to tantalise their pursuers by telling them, in good plain English, that they were no fighters, and to go home and send their women after them. They also informed the white men that they had their horses, and intended to keep them, to drive wild cattle on. After considerable manoeuvring in order to bring them within the range of their guns, Jack Wiatt fired, and his ball took effect in the hip of one of the Indians, which brought him to the ground, and made him a prisoner. From him the party learned that there were a great many Indians concerned in the stealing that has become so common of late, and that Mr. Kelley's and Dr. Inskeep's Indians were taking a very active part in the matter. He was himself one of Inskeep's Indians, and had learned to speak English at Cold Spring Valley. As soon as he was shot his companions fled for life, and in their flight left Major Bradley's fine black mare behind, where she was recaptured and brought home by the white men, but in a very crippled

by the white men, but in a very crippled condition. They were unable to get any more stock or to kill any more Indians, but Mr. Yokum fired twelve buckshot into one, from the effects of which they saw him lie down, but afterwards he got up and went on after his tribe. Before they returned, they found that the wounded Indian was too badly injured to live, and they killed him. This seems hard, and, indeed, is bordering almost on to barbarity, and would be inexcusable if the Indian department would perform any part of its duty in connection with the matter; but as long as men are appointed to preside over Indian affairs in California, who don't care a continental whether the Indians starve to death or kill all the people on the frontier, so they continue to receive a fat salary, and are allowed to figure in conventions at the cities, and to make political speeches through the country, instead of staying at the Reservations, and trying to get the Indians to come in, as they should do, we must expect an exasperated people to take summary vengeance, whenever they get an opportunity.

We hope Lieutenant Deyer, who is now encamped in the neighborhood, with a small detachment of troops, will be able, before the summer is out, to subdue the refractory tribes, and render a recurrence of the scene of killing a wounded and helpless Indian prisoner unnecessary.

Captain Storms, of Num Cult, is the only exception we know of in this connection.

Another Indian was killed on Battle Creek, yesterday.

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