

### The Attack at Upper Mad River Ford.

In last Saturday's Times we stated that news had just arrived of the murder, by Indians, of Wm. T. Olmstead and Hiram Lyon, at the crossing of Upper Mad river, on the Hydesville and Trinity trail. Subsequent advices from there confirm the melancholy intelligence of the death of Mr. Lyon. While in common with his other friends we mourn his untimely fate, it is with joy we make record that Mr. Olmstead, though badly wounded, is still alive, and there is every reason to hope he will recover in a few weeks. The circumstances of this savage onslaught are as follows:

A party of our citizens, consisting of the two gentlemen named above, with Stephen Adams and ——— Ground, were on route to Trinity county with a drove of beef cattle, and on Thursday evening, the 10th instant, stopped for the night at the usual camping place, some three hundred yards from the river. Soon after coming into camp—all being busy with preparations for the night—a dog owned by one of the party gave warning, and Mr. Olmstead cast his eyes around, when, on the ridge back of the camp, they fell upon a band of some forty armed savages; he involuntarily exclaimed, "My God boys, see the Indians!" The Indians were within easy rifle shot, and at this moment a number of them fired.— Mr. Lyon sprang up and fell dead without saying a word, having received five or six bullet wounds, any one of which would have proved fatal. Olmstead was hit several times, though but two shots took serious effect. Instinctively the sur-

hit several times, though but two shots took serious effect. Instinctively the survivors sought a less exposed spot. Adams remained however a short time to search for his revolver, which was covered up with blankets; he waited as long as he thought it was "any good thing," the balls in the mean time playing a lively tune about his ears, but left without finding it and joined Olmstead, who said, "Adams, let's fight 'em." Adams replied, "it's no use to try that; they wouldn't give me time to find my pistol, so I've nothing to fight the damned hounds with." Fighting being out of the case, it was now each to save himself if possible.

Adams struck out by a circuitous route for the settlements, arriving at Large's ranch, back on the trail, at daylight. Ground secreted himself several hours, and found he was near the place of attack next morning. He arrived at Large's in the course of the day.

Finding he could not escape by flight, Olmstead directed his course to a drift pile in the river, the Indians in pursuit. One of the savages getting too near, Olmstead threw his pistol back and shot the redskin dead. He then plunged into the river and swam under the driftwood where he was out of sight, standing to his armpits in water. The Indians howled and raged around him for several hours like so many incarnate fiends, but did not succeed in hitting him or making him break cover. At about midnight the Indians left, and Olmstead crawled out on to the bank where, being unable to travel, he remained until the next evening, quietly ruminating upon the pleasures of frontier life in general, while with particular force his mind would dwell upon his slim chance of escape, in case the enemy should return before the

with particular force his mind would dwell upon his slim chance of escape, in case the enemy should return before the arrival of friends.

As quickly as possible after his arrival at Large's, Adams raised a few settlers who returned with him to the camp. They found the body of Lyon horribly mutilated—the throat cut, apparently with a dull edged knife, from ear to ear, the body ripped open and the heart taken out; the body had been dragged near the fire so that one arm had fallen in and consumed. Their horses were found killed and the saddles and camp equipage were destroyed, but, strange to say, none of the cattle were killed; a few of them were near by grazing, the balance having returned to the settlements. Mr. Olmstead was taken to Large's ranch, and Dr. Felt summoned from Hydesville, who promptly responded. The news of the attack was not broken to Mrs. Olmstead until the result was known, upon hearing which she immediately rejoined her husband.

A gentleman familiar with the locality informs us that the place where the attack was made is distant from Fort Baker about four miles. This explains, probably, why the savages did not longer remain in the vicinity.

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# HUMBOLDT TIME

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Y, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1862.

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the Homestead Bill.

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persons who may have filed their appli-

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