

BATTLE WITH THE INDIANS.

SEVENTEEN KILLED!!

SIX WOUNDED!

The Band at last Dispersed!

On Tuesday evening Captain Harman Good made a hurried visit to town, and from him we have gathered the following particulars of the surprise by his party of a large band of Indians. The company of Captain Good, consisting of fifteen men besides the Captain, as the public has been informed, have been in the field for about two weeks on the scout for the Indians, whose predatory incursions and murderous attacks have recently caused so much consternation amongst the settlements near the line dividing this county from Butte.

On Sunday Capt. G's company, while on Little Antelope creek, was fired upon by a numerous band of Indians, who immediately made for the hills. The whites took a direction which caused the Indians to believe that they had left the vicinity, but as soon as they were fit enough to escape the observation of the Indians, a retrograde movement was made by Capt. Good which enabled him to command the trail of the Indians, which was in the direction of Big Antelope. Here, on Sunday evening, they discovered an Indian going towards camp with a large quantity of beef. This fellow, who was well known for his enormous size and ferocity, but whose name is unpronounceable, was immediately shot, and the direction he was pursuing followed by the whites. When approaching the Indians, early the next morning, it was found that the encampment numbered over 100 "bucks."

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The whites commenced the attack by a full volley, followed up by continuous firing, which, as the Indians were completely surprised, proved entirely successful. Seventeen of the Indians were killed, six wounded, and a number of children captured. The remainder of the band effected its escape. In the camp were found guns, ammunition, a large quantity of wheat, clothing and other articles, stolen from the whites, and the carcass of an American horse recently killed. Captain Good's little company has again left in pursuit of these marauders, who are known as the Mill Creek Indians, one of the Pitt River tribes, so celebrated for their courage, enterprise and hatred to the whites.

The severe punishment inflicted by Capt. G. will, it is hoped, have the effect of driving to their distant haunts these dangerous foes.

The scene of the conflict we have described is on Big Antelope creek, about twenty miles from Red Bluff, in a direction nearly east from the town.

Bluff Beacon

Literature, Education, Agriculture, General Intelligence, &c., &c.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1862.