

**MURDERED BY INDIANS.**—The Red Bluff Independent learns that a hunter, name unknown, was shot by Indians last Thursday, forty miles north-west of that place, while in the act of lighting his pipe at the camp fire, having just finished dinner. His two partners were in town purchasing goods from Mr. Boarman, and on their return found that their comrade had been cruelly murdered. Two men, living in the same neighborhood have been missing for two or three days, and fears are entertained for their safety. A party are out in search of them.

# BUTTE RECORD.

MORNING, AUGUST 10, 1861.

[Golden Era.]

## ESCAPE.

THE MEXICAN WAR.

G. W.

to so early," asked a

placed in such situations as I then was. I thought that my time had come. I bitterly regretted my fool-hardiness in venturing so far away from the city alone. The ridiculous is often nearly blended with the sublime; for, while regretting my unpleasant position there.

My friend then turned to the command the force—who by this time had lost all sang froid and was standing, looking and apparently bewildered—and asked him what he was going to do with me. "I had just ordered him to be shot,"