
Blood for Blood.—A correspondent of the Humboldt Times, writing from the mountain Cottage, Redwood, Creek, on the 17th August, says:

Last Wednesday there was an Indian killed by some white man, on the old Trinity trail, about four or five miles above this place. The Indian was in company with two squaws and one little Indian boy gathering some grass seeds near the trail. The boy says the man was concealed among the rocks, and when he shot the Indian he ran. The boy describes him as being tall, wearing a grey over-shirt and white hat, and the pistol which the Indian was killed to be one of Colt's largest sized revolvers. The Indians seemed determined to kill one man at least, and I think some innocent stranger will be killed as he is passing alone in these mountains, unconscious of danger. I suppose those fellows who delight in skulking amongst the rocks to shoot Indians, and to abuse them in their ranches, never once think they are the murderers of innocent men travelling alone on the trails, or of women and children living exposed in the mountains.

The Humboldt Times says the Indian, above mentioned, was shot by a brother Indian, and not by a white man. However, it cautions white travellers to be on their guard in passing through the Indian country. It says:

As for the permanent safety for straggling white men on these trails, we need never look for it until these Diggers—are removed from every hiding place between the coast and the Trinity, and our people should never let the matter rest till this is accomplished.
The Placer Herald

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The Beacons of the Republic

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It is well, occasionally, to call the Philadel-


