

From Arcata to Weaver, each Monday morning.

Three More Victims.

We are called upon again to record the death of more of our citizens at the hands of the savages—a duty imposed upon us about every week.

Joseph Bashow, Lewis Cash, and Mann, on their way to Trinity county, with a drove of hogs, were shot by the Indians a week ago Tuesday, at the Upper Crossing of Mad river, on the trail from Hydenville.

These three camped the night before with several others, also bound for Trinity county—Cook and Robinson of Mattole, with a train loaded with butter, and two or three, whose names we have not learned, driving cattle out. It was understood they would all keep as near together as they could while passing through that section, on account of danger from Indians. The pack train and these men with their drove of hogs left camp about the same time, but they fell behind a little by the time they reached the ford. The Indians, it seems, had prepared for their victims, concealing themselves behind some rocks near the crossing. Cook and Robinson, for some reason passed on without being molested, unconscious of the risk they had run and ignorant of the fate of their former companions. When the men with the cattle came up, they found the hogs running about and soon discovered the men all three shot dead—the body of one lying in the river, the other two near the opposite banks. They immediately started for Fort Walker and got a small detach-

in the river, the other two near the opposite banks. They immediately started for Fort Baker and got a small detachment of troops to escort them through. It is supposed the men were killed by simultaneous shots upon a preconcerted signal, and then the red devils left.

This is the same place where Hiram Lyon was killed and Mr. Olmstead and Ground were wounded, in June last. It is known to be one of the most dangerous places in the whole Indian country, and it seems fool-hardiness for small parties to pass there. Yet, what will our people do?—they must drive stock and pack produce to the mines, and let them take any trail either to the Trinity, Klamath or Salmon, and it is at present like running the gauntlet. The chances are against getting through alive.

Indians Leaving the Reservation.

The expressman from Crescent City informed us that some two hundred of the Indians recently taken from this county to the Smith River Reservation—left in a body on Sunday week, and made good their escape. Instead of following down the coast by the mouth of the Klamath, as anticipated by the Agent, if they left at all, which he did not think they would do, they struck over the mountains easterly, by what is known as the Kelsey trail. This trail strikes the Klamath some ways above the mouth of the Salmon, from which point they would have no difficulty in following down to Weitchpeck, and thence they can push at once into the Bald Hill country, in our rear, from whence they have been taken, some of them, for the third time. From other sources we learn that the number having recently escaped is near three hundred, mostly bucks; we are also told that Maj. Curtis, in command of the troops up there,

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Curtis, in command of the troops up there,
on being applied to by the gentleman in
charge of the Reservation, refused to send
in pursuit of the fugitives. There must
surely be some mistake about this. For
what other purpose are the troops station-
ed there but to prevent the Indians leav-
ing the Reservation, so as to renew their
depredations upon the whites.

We give the above as the same has
reached us from various sources; the
steamer, on her return from Crescent
City, will doubtless bring a reliable ac-
count of the affair.

Since the above was in type we have
received the following from a gentleman
at Arcata, which shows that the Indians,
after leaving the Reservation, changed
their course towards the coast and cross-
ed the Lower Klamath, notwithstanding
"notice" was given to the Indians there
not to allow them to do so:

Arcata, Oct. 10, 1862.

To Times:—A gentleman from Gold
Bluff came in last evening, and says that
on Tuesday the 7th inst., 200 buck Indi-
ans crossed the Klamath river on their
way to Humboldt county, having escaped
from the Smith River Reservation. At
the crossing of the Klamath, they stole
from Indians there all their effects and
burnt their ranches. The Klamath In-
dians came down to the Bluff, to get as-
sistance from the whites. I trust these
"quiet, innocent diggers" will all be re-
captured again by the time the Panama
arrives on her next trip, that they may
have an other sea trip, and be returned
to the Reservation. D.

HUMBOLDT TIME

UREKA, HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1862.

The Voice of Loyal California.

We speak once more for the Union,
For the Union bought with blood,
And our loyal voice has risen
From mountain, field and flood.
We speak for the good old Union,
And claim our loyal share,
The Stars, and the Field of azure,
And the Stars of glory there.

A War Incident—An Unnamed Hero.

During the seven-day's fighting on McClellan's retreat to James river, when the army had reached Glendale, a stand was made by Gen. Sumner's divisions, which were to cover the retreat of the retiring force. After some hours desperate fighting it was found that they were encountering the whole force of Stonewall Jackson, who

The Shepherd's Dog and Child.

One day a shepherd, on going to his flock, which were feeding on the higher parts of the Grampian Mountains, took his little boy with him as well as his dog. The child was only three years old. The father left him alone while he looked after some sheep, when suddenly a thick fog came on. The father instantly has-

Brilliant and Audacious

(From Memphis Correspondent)
The telegraphic line between Memphis and Corinth is excellent. Gen. Halleck's message to Gen. Curtis, and the report, have all passed