

A MAN SHOT BY INDIANS DOWN THE COAST.
A man by the name of Charles Hicks, of Bear River, one day last week, was attacked by five or six Indians, and in the struggle they wrested his rifle from him, and as he started to run they fired it at him; the ball striking the left shoulder blade and, glancing, lodged in the left arm. He was, at the time, some ways from the settlement, on Bear River, down towards the coast, and near a small Indian rancheria. The Indians at first appeared very friendly, and walked along with him some distance, when one behind him suddenly snatched his gun from him and attempted to shoot him, but could not get the gun off; they all closed in on him then, and he defended himself with a pistol and knife, and as soon as he could free himself he started to run, and was shot as above mentioned. He succeeded, however, in escaping from them, and secreted himself in the brush. The wound

weakened him so much that he remained in
concealment for some time, and was finally
discovered by some squaws and taken to a
ranch where he was found by his friends, who,
becoming alarmed at his stay, went in search
of him. The Indians had a pow-wow over
him when he was taken in by the squaws as
to the disposition to be made of him, but
those in favor of sparing him prevailed. The
friendly Indians got the rifle taken from Mr.
Hicks, and brought it into the settlement,
supposing, perhaps, that this would appease
the whites somewhat, but we understand that
a party from the river will visit the offenders
soon, and settle accounts with them.

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Struck with the voiceless solitude of this unbroken desert, I rode slowly along, lazily musing on the strange vicissitudes which so suddenly translated me from college halls to this wild scene, and had almost imperceptibly placed some seven or eight miles between me and camp, when, far in the distance, directly in front of me, I discovered a column of dust, which, as I approached, betokened the long-expected buffalo. A way went; romance and reflection. The order of the hunter took possession of me, and hastily loosening my pistols and glancing at my rifle's lock, I struck spurs and galloped forward, never doubting that the opportunity so ardently coveted was now at hand.

Charging down the hill and across the intervening valley, I rose another peak, swelling roll of the prairie, and, as I gained the summit, again the moving cloud of dust met my gaze, and this time considerably nearer, and, as I closely regarded it, I perceived that it was rapidly approaching, and I began to discern the flashing of bright objects gleaming from out its obscurity. This looked less like buffalo. As the object, whatever it might be, continued to approach, I halted for a better view, and was not long in making out a band of mounted Indians, their snow-white shields and burnished lance heads glancing brightly in the morning sun.

Still, however, I scarcely thought of my own presence, but supposed it might be some hunting party of friendly *Potawatamies* or *Sioux*, and, at all events, knowing the gentle and power of my horse, and having a great risk by waiting for a more satisfactory inspection. Gradually across the broad expanse of the prairie, they drew nearer and nearer, now disappearing from view in a soothing, some concealed hollow, and again, displaying in bold relief against the sky as they surmounted some prominent ridge.

At length their distance was diminished to

time in the hand of promise, came thronging in wild confusion through my telescopic vision. There was one hope left, desperate as it seems; but there was no time for deliberation, no opportunity for choice. Resistance was madness. I was hurled in on every side, but one straight ahead was my only chance. I might founder through, and yet all events, sufficient cause for the destruction where I was.

Dashing the reins into the trembling animal, I manly urged him forward. The soldier through covered with grass and apparently firm, gave way at every step. Plowing his way by gigantic efforts, now for an instant raising himself on some harder spot, then sinking to his saddle girths, urged by my frantic exertions, terrified to purple by the appalling yells of the rapidly approaching enemy, and the shots which began to whistle around us, the noble animal tottered *agonizingly* on and gained the firm bank just as the dusky forms of my pursuers, infuriated at the possible loss of their prey, were chattering on the opposite side, seeking a favorable spot for an

Their deliberation saved me. Acquired a strong control of reason to walk my halting horse slowly up the hill while the Indians were pondering after me through the swamp. But I rightly judged that a little breathing space would not be wasted on him. I turned the summit of the hill just as the discomfited Indians were beginning to crawl out from the bog, and again, pushing spurs to my jaded horse, once more we rushed forward in that mad race for life or death. Across streams and over hill and valley, across streams and ravines, in headlong flight, pursuers and pursued.

The timber which marked the camp grew more and more distinct; now for a moment more concealed by an intervening hill, and again as we flew over its summit, rising never and clearer to view. My horse was rapidly falling, great flakes of foam flew from his

Navigation of the Upper Sacramento. This river has been heretofore deemed impracticable for vessels of any considerable draft, further up than Marysville. This is in consequence of the snags, rapids and shoals that abound higher up. The last difficulty has been overcome. It is measured by the use of barges, towed by steamers of light draft. These carry about one hundred tons, and are able to pass where a steamer freighted with one fifth the amount could not pass.

Large surfaces they possess to the water. Steam Navigation Co. have spent large sums within the past year in improving the navigation on this part of the river. The steamer *Redwood* has lately been sent up, supplied with every requisite for conveying the snags and building wing-dams, for the purpose of deepening the channel at the shallow points. By this means the barges can pass readily at all seasons of the year. The company have now employed clearing the river between Red Bluffs and McLarry's Ferry; they being satisfied their boats can run up to the latter point, as soon as the stream rises from the falling of the rains.

W. Brown for a section of an immense trunk taken from the tunnel of the *Monterey* Tunnel Company, about a half a mile from Monterey, and the same distance from *Montezuma*. It was found at a depth of five feet from the surface, and was probably five feet in length, but containing the same amount of gravel it was imbedded among the boulders and cemented gravel. It could not be referred to any of the present or past geological formations. It is another relic of the stages of *Pleistocene* animals once inhabiting the Western world, the evidence of whose existence has been found in almost every part of California, with few exceptions.

They were not long before, during sleep, but the poor woman, perhaps from fatigue, or from thought of meeting her further on, fell next day, lay awake, and hours might have passed, when she awoke, and, looking up, perceived a person sitting at her side, holding a light, which he screened with his hand. She instantly recognized in him one of the same men who had been seen on some object to the northward. He advanced with a friendly smile, and, looking at her, said, "You are a good state of preservation. I have not seen you for some time." She looked at him for a few seconds. He then went out, and returned with a large bundle, which he placed on the bed. She looked at it, and, finding it was a bundle of clothes, she opened it, and found it was a bundle of clothes, which she had seen on some object to the northward. He advanced with a friendly smile, and, looking at her, said, "You are a good state of preservation. I have not seen you for some time." She looked at him for a few seconds. He then went out, and returned with a large bundle, which he placed on the bed. She looked at it, and, finding it was a bundle of clothes, she opened it, and found it was a bundle of clothes, which she had seen on some object to the northward.

The Soldier's Wife. One of the most striking cases of presence of mind and self-possession of which we have any recollection, came to light on a trail, which took place some years since in Ireland. The story looks like a fiction, but we have reason to believe it is true. A woman travelling along a road, to join her husband, who was a soldier, came to a ford, where she was joined by a gentleman, who was going the same way. They entered a boat, and, as they were about to start, she observed that the gentleman was carrying a bundle of clothes, which she had seen on some object to the northward. He advanced with a friendly smile, and, looking at her, said, "You are a good state of preservation. I have not seen you for some time." She looked at him for a few seconds. He then went out, and returned with a large bundle, which he placed on the bed. She looked at it, and, finding it was a bundle of clothes, she opened it, and found it was a bundle of clothes, which she had seen on some object to the northward.

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They bid the wandering canons cease To tell her's dreadful story.

The battle's o'er—the wrong of peace Succeeded the notes of glory.

O, thou upon the bloody plain, Her many a fallen brother, And sons whose dear lips never again Can greet the tearful mother.

And husband, whose protecting arm Can be no shield again from harm, The wife forever parted.

That where is she who closed their eyes, That maiden, brave and noble? They sought their sympathies

With her who closed their eyes, That maiden, brave and noble? They sought their sympathies