

MORE DIFFICULTIES WITH THE INDIANS.—Mr. Geo. Woodman, of Woodman & Co's Express, called upon us yesterday morning, and from a conversation with him, we learned some particulars of another of those Indian disturbances, which seem to grow more common every day. A few days ago, a company of traders encamped at Kelly's Bar, on the North Fork, and left their wagon, which was heavily laden with goods and provisions, near by the tent in which they slept. During the night, the Indians robbed this wagon; and what articles of value they could not carry off with them, they scattered over the earth and ruined. This affair caused a party to leave Barnes' Bar for the purpose of punishing the offenders. They killed seven of the Indians before their return to the Bar. Last Tuesday evening, a party of the Indians secretly came upon a tent on Barnes' Bar, and the first intimation the inmates had of the presence of the savage foe, an arrow pierced the heart of one of their number, killing him instantly. Simultaneously with this, another of the party received two arrows in the leg. The Indians then fled. The same night they stole a bag of flour from near a tent a few miles farther down the North Fork, after which they discharged their arrows at the tent and fled.—*Ib.*

Latest from Sacramento.

We are indebted to the courtesies of the officers of steamer Senator for the prompt delivery of our despatches last evening.

No further apprehensions are entertained by the Sacramentoites of freshet—all fears have subsided with the water.

The District Court of the Sixth Judicial District commenced its first session on Monday, Judge Thomas presiding.

The Placer Times furnished the following in its yesterday's issue :

Bold Robberies.—On Monday afternoon several of the lodging rooms over the auction store of J. B. Starr & Co. were opened by some thieving rascals, who broke into a number of trunks, and carried off all their valuable contents.

Still Another.—The third victim to the bogus operations, presented himself yesterday. Two hundred and twenty-four dollars was the amount of his misplaced confidence.

Hot for Trinity.—The net steamer A Jack