

INDIANS OF THE NORTH.—As will be seen elsewhere in our columns, another battle has taken place on Rogue River, and the Indians are again victorious. We have been informed that Lieut. Garber, the officer in command of the detachment of U. S. Troops, at the Klamath Reservation, becoming somewhat alarmed in consequence of recent developments, respecting the Indians in that quarter, has sent an express to Fort Humboldt, for further reinforcements.

A gentleman of our acquaintance, who understands several of the dialects of these Northern Indians and is well acquainted with the various tribes in this section of the State gives it as his opinion that the Indians on the Klamath and its tributaries, are now conceiving measures to follow the example of their Northern brethren and also wage war on the whites. It is but natural for Indians to sympathise with others of their own race, as between them and their known foe—the whiteman—and every one knows, that these Indians mentioned, are well aware of the war now going on between the Northern tribes and the whites, and they are perfectly posted in regard to every movement and result and generally in advance of our own people. It is also well known that the Indians have been steadily accumulating ammunition and increasing the number of their fire arms, notwithstanding there is a law making it a misdemeanor for white men to engage in this traffic. There are always men to be found, who will sell their soul for money, as well as contraband articles to Indians. We do not allude to this matter for the purpose of creating a panic, but it would do no harm for travelers and packers and our citizens also to be circumspect and not indulge in a careless security, thereby giving to these treacherous foes of our race, that advantage which they are perhaps now only waiting for. Hidden danger is the most to be dreaded; let us therefor suppose there is already danger and by proper management avoid it.

THE HUMBOLDT TIMES.

UNION, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1856.

FRIENDS OF THE FAMILY.

"There, mother, I won't stand it any longer! He tried to kiss me just now, the impudent conceited 'old fool'!" exclaimed Helen Littleton, a pretty-miss of seventeen summers, as she rushed into the room and threw herself upon the sofa.

"The 'conceited-old-fool' referred to in this port speech, was Adolphus Dillenburg, Esq., a bachelor of forty who had resided with the Littletons for the past ten years.

"The tenant, no harm, Helen, it was only a little pleasurable."

"I don't care what it was; if he does it again I will slap his face for him; that I will."

"You must not offend him, Helen."

"Yes, I will. I mean to offend him on purpose. Perhaps he will let me alone then."

"But you must remember, child, he is the friend of the family."

"Humph! I should think he was! I wish father would drive him out of the house."

"What should we have been without him!"

"Faugh!—right better off than we are now. He is a nuisance, a regular blood-sucker. He is a great black-spider—that builds pretty houses for little flies, and then sucks the life out of them."

"You don't understand it, Helen, or you would not talk so."

"Yes, I do understand it," replied the wilful girl, "and I mean to drive him out of the house, too."

"Don't be rash, Helen; you must treat him with a little more respect. He has threatened to leave us once or twice you know."

"I wish he would."

"What would become of your father then?"

"He would be a great deal better off than he is now."

"He has lent him very large sums of money."

she had a lover, we cannot pretend to say; but no sooner had he interfered in the affair, than the latter was fully-realized. He had from her childhood, made her his pet, and as she grew older, his familiarities became repulsive to her. But she endured them until he expressed a doubt of Charles Brook's bonesty, and then he was perseveringly-repulsed.

Mr. Dillenburg entered the room. He looked as cold and reserved as an iceberg, and as intractable as a grizzly bear.

"You owe me some five hundred dollars, Mr. Littleton. The time has expired. I want the money."

The debtor stood aghast.

"I shall expect the money in three days, if you know it is impossible for me to pay your repaid-bitterness promptly."

"I know nothing about it. The money, or I shall take possession of your goods."

"You would not take the furniture out of my house?"

"I will try, if you do not pay me in three days."

"I consider, sir."

"I will consider nothing. I have been insulted, Mr. Littleton, grossly, insulted," and this excited bachelor rushed furiously up and down the room.

"Helen is a mere child, and you—"

"She is old enough to know better, sir, and all I have done for you and your family, sir, I have a right to expect better treatment."

"Yes, sir, after all I have done and what I propose to do, sir,—mind that, sir,—what I propose to do, sir."

"I am very sorry for what has happened," answered Mr. Littleton.

"What I proposed to do, sir," repeated Mr. Dillenburg, "by my will, sir, I had given five hundred dollars to that vixen daughter of yours—five hundred dollars, sir."

Mr. Littleton was confounded, and his face

of the family, provided by the nearly tone of his debtor—a tone to which, albeit, he was wholly unaccustomed—as my money ready?"

"If, sir."

Mr. Dillenburg started.

"There it is, principal and interest," continued Mr. Littleton.

"You have raised it then?" added the discomfited friend of the family, as he cast a look of hate at Charles Brooks.

"I have, sir."

"The note and mortgage were given up and the money changed hands."

Mr. Dillenburg kept calm as long as could be, but finally his rage broke forth.

"I suppose you think you have fully discharged your obligation to me?" said he.

"I do, sir."

"The debt of gratitude as well as the debt in money."

"I loved you none."

"For ten years I have suckled the life out of me," added Mr. Littleton, indignantly; "you had me in your power, and you scrupled not to tyrannize over me and my family."

"By heavens!—is this the return for ten years of kindness after that must I be driven from the house at the beck of a vixen?"

"To whom do you apply that word, sir?" said Charles Brooks, raising indignantly.

"To that girl by your side, who But the hand of the vixen youth was upon his throat, and the words were choked off.

"Speak respectfully of her, or I will smash every bone in your foul carcass," said Charles, as he hurled the rascal back into his chair.

"By heavens! must I endure this?" roared he.

"As you please, sir," said Mr. Littleton; "you have got your money, and you know the way to the door."

"I have got my money—the note of the time of Cromwell would have been a most profitable

hesitated for some weeks, and had his lodgings fixed upon a small tavern towards the lower part of the town. Gen. Jackson feared of it, sought for a large house, and found one in the principal street, saying, "your father's dog should not stay in a tavern where I have a house."

This was heart; and I had it from the young lady after a long search. He was a State Senator of the General Assembly of Missouri, and as such nominated me for the United States Senate in my day selected in 1819.

My name was Benton Boone, and so named after my father.

Ahorrence of debt, public and private, distinguished of parties and love of hard money over of justice and love of country, were things certain of passion with Jackson of these he gave confidence in all the situations of his life. Of private debts he contracted none of his own, and made any sacrifices to get out of them. These incurred for others. Of this he gave a signal instance not long before the war of 1812, when he sold the improved part of his estate, with the best buildings of the country upon it, to pay a debt incurred in a mercantile adventure to assist a young relative, and going into log houses in the forest part to begin a new settlement. He was attached to his friends and can dwell in this country, and never believed any report to the discredit of either, until compelled by a proof. He would not believe in the first report of the surrender of General Hull, and he came sad and oppressed when he returned to the chair. It never gave up a friend in a doubtful case, or from policy or calculation. He was a firm believer in the goodness of superintending Providence, and in the sovereignty of judgment and justice of the people. I have seen him at the most desperate part of his fortune, and never saw him waver in the belief that all would come right in the end. In the time of Cromwell would have been a most profitable