
KILLED THE RIGHT MAN.—We are most reliably informed of the following thrilling incident of the recent war upon the Indians in Butte: On Friday of last week, Capt. Hunt, with fourteen of the Oroville Guards, in their hunt for Indians, arrived, about sunset, at a butcher's shop, near Hupp & Co.'s mills. They found there three "red-skins"—two men, known to be bad ones, and a boy of about 14, who had long worked with and for the butcher. They captured all three, and requested of the butcher a rope to bind them. He inquired their intent, and was promptly informed they were all to be taken out, bound and shot to death. He interceded for the boy, as being well-known, honest, industrious and peaceable. Capt. Hunt informed him that the Guards were out to hunt and kill bad Indians, and as the two men were known to be "no good," the killing of them was imperative, and the boy taken with them: that letting

and shot to death. He interceded for the boy, as being well-known, honest, industrious and peaceable. Capt. Hunt informed him that the Guards were out to hunt and kill bad Indians, and as the two men were known to be "no good," the killing of them was imperative, and the boy taken with them; that letting him go would imperil the Guards and the butcher too; and, though he might be good, under the circumstances of the case, the boy, too, *must* be killed. He yielded, and all three were taken out, bound and shot. The butcher owned a valuable watch-dog, with which no one, except himself and the Indian boy, could have any friendship. As soon as the shooting was done the Guards moved on to the Forks of Butte. Very soon after they left, the butcher missed his dog, then his big butcher-knives. He instituted search, and soon found his knives, hid away; then, continuing to hunt, he after a while found his dog—shut up in a large cupboard, nearly dead from *poisoning*. All this, he knew, could have been done by no one except the boy; and at once he understood the whole plot, which was, the Indians, with the aid of the boy, to murder him that night, with his own butcher-knives. He took the alarm and fled. During the night, numerous Indians visited his house. He says himself, now, that the cool determination of Capt. Hunt saved his life from being sacrificed by the very Indian in whom he placed implicit confidence, and whose life he unavailingly plead for. Thus, it is. If we trust Indians, we are as apt to do so with the worst as the best.

THE OROVILLE WEEKLY UNION

OROVILLE, BUTTE CO., CAL., SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 1, 1863.

UNION.

HOTELS.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL.

The Gipsy Camp.

BY MARY ANN CHIEF.

Skinkles and headlin' out of old-timers

The gipsy looked at our interested faces,
and in a low voice said:

"Forewarned, forearmed."

"Who belleres a fortune teller's word?"

asked Vie with a sneer.

How He Came to Be Married.

It may be funny, but I have done it. I've
got a rib and a baby. Shadows departed—
oyster stews, brandy cocktails, cigar boxes,
backbone, absconding shirt buttons, what