

*Battle with Indians.*—A party of whites under Capt. Best, of the brig Orbit, now lying at our levee, and an old California adventurer, Mr. Van Deuzen, had a severe engagement with a party of Indians at the mouth of Salmon river, on the Klamath, about the middle of August. The Indians, it appears, had taken nine white men whom they were holding as quasi prisoners, having robbed them of their clothes, provisions, horses, &c. some time before this party of whites arrived at Salmon river. Best and his company of course demanded the instant restoration of the goods to the robbed party, but the demand was not complied with. The whites collected their forces and measures were concerted for a general fight. All told, some fifty white men appeared, with some three hundred Indians arrayed against them. The fight was kept up for some hours, the Salmon river dividing the combatants. During the battle twenty-four of the Indians were killed, and several white men severely though not mortally wounded. The huts of the Indians, with their wives and children, were on that side of the river where the whites had stationed themselves, and as the Indians, contrary to their expectations, had failed to whip Capt. Best's party, they sent in a proposition for peace. As the whites had been revenged, they consented to "bury the tomahawk."

At least five hundred Indians were in the vicinity at the time, being there for the purpose of taking supplies of Salmon for winter consumption.

[Sac. Transcript]

# MARYSVILLE HERALD

MARYSVILLE, YUBA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1850.

**THE HERALD.**  
 Every TUESDAY and  
**FOR**  
 NEAR G STREET.  
 In advance) \$10.  
 per " " " 10.  
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 19 Issues (Non-journal)  
 per " " " Four Dollars.  
 per " " " 5 Dollars.  
**Books.**  
 Arranged assortment  
 of Cuts, we are pro-  
 viders of styles, and of  
**Land Bills,**  
**Posters,**  
**Labels,**  
**Cards,**  
**Circulars, &c.**  
 must be accompanied  
 by some responsible

**Song of the Wayfarer.**  
 BY STACY G. FOTTS.  
 Oh, on! there is no end of life!  
 The knowledge gained to-day,  
 Will live among our cherished things,  
 When worlds have passed away.  
 Oh, on! in duty's forward path!  
 The task accomplished now,  
 Will add some pleasant memory  
 In heaven of hours below.  
 Relieve the aching heart of grief,  
 Assuage the brow of pain;  
 The good we do on earth shall yet  
 Be done to us again.  
 Oh, on! there is no end of life!  
 Time scatters as he flies,  
 Only the spirit's dust away  
 Whose course is to the skies.  
 Oh, on! for duty waits us there,  
 Our work will not be done;  
 When the stars perish from the sky,  
 And God puts out the sun!  
 We'll brush our soil encumbered wings  
 At the grave's gateway soon,  
 We're passing through earth's evening  
 To Heaven's eternal noon. (now

smooth their path through life, for the person who wishes to adopt it is rich and benevolent, and with her the child will receive a good and religious education."  
 The woman was surprised at Augustin's proposal, but, as it seemed, not disagreeably so. She nodded in assent to his remarks, and, at last, interrupted him with the words—"Oh, I know that, sir. Before I was married I lived at service with Madame N—. She had been an adopted child, and married a very-rich man; she often rode in a carriage to see her parents, and took the most beautiful presents with her. Ah, she was an angel of a woman! One does not like to part with one's children, it is true; but if they could be so fortunate as she was—"  
 "All that remains to be done then, my good mother," said Augustin, "is to decide which of your children you will give up to my friend." And as he observed that the woman turned a little pale, he added—"The child can remain with you until the good lady comes to see you, and you can convince yourself what an excellent woman she is. In my opinion, your eldest is a pretty maiden, and would look nicely in long dresses."  
 "How! Margaret, doctor?" replied the woman, anxiously. "I can spare her least of all. She has to take care of the house, when I go out to work. And then, besides, she can help me in a great many ways."  
 "After all, perhaps the lady would prefer a boy," said Regina.  
 "Perhaps so. So then, Andrew! come here, my little fellow! Shake hands with me. Will you go with me, and have cake every day to eat?"  
 The lady laughed in embarrassment

**Yankee Caution.**—A Yankee is at all times very cautious, more so than even a Scotchman. It is amusing often to see the dexterity with which he will avoid giving a direct answer to a question, where he suspects it may be not altogether safe to speak positively; and as to answering an abrupt query, without knowing why it is put, catch him there if you can. It is no small undertaking, at times, to extract evidence from a witness in court. "Did you ever see the man drunk?" asked a counsel of a fellow the other day. "Why, I've seen him jolly." "But did you ever see him drunk?" "I've seen him when I thought he had full enough." "But was he drunk or was he not?" "Why, he might have been drunk, and then, again, he might not. I can't say he wasn't and I can't say he was."

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**MATERNAL LOVE.**  
 FROM THE GERMAN.—BY MRS. ST. SIMON.  
 A young physician, Augustin by name, had received a commission from a lady, who had no children, to procure her a child of poor and honest parents, that she might adopt and educate it, as her own. Augustin informed his sister Regina, of this, and she told him of a poor widow, who lived in a neighboring village, and who had five children.  
 "The mother has applied to us to obtain work in our garden," said Regina. "She is an active, cheerful woman, still quite pretty, and the children are the picture of health, and all like the mother."  
 As, upon inquiry, it was found that there was no hereditary disease in the

The Militia officers are not the proudest men in the world, we always believed, and the following argument goes far to prove that their humility is occasionally imitated, as well in its practical as in its perceptive sense:  
 "Cuff," said one of these dignitaries to a negro at his side, as he prepared to swallow his fifth invoice of "hardware."—"Cuff, you're a good, honest fellow, and I like to compliment a man wats lived an honest life, if he is black—you shall take a glass o'sumthin to drink with me, eh?"  
 "Well captain," replied Cuff, wiping his mouth with the nether end of his shining coat-sleeve, "I see bery dry, so I won't be ugly 'bout it. Some niggers is too proud to drink wid a milishy ossifer—but, I tink a milishy ossifer—when he's sober—is jis as good as a nigger—specially if de nigger's dry"

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