

FIGHT WITH THE INDIANS.—A dispatch dated at Tehama, October 21st, says:

Clark, special Indian Agent, arrived from Nome Lackee to-day. He says information arrived to-day, by Short, an employee of Nome Cult Indian Farm, that the settlers of Round Valley had a battle about three miles northwest of Nome Cult farm, with a band of Indians and Mexicans who had stolen stock from the Valley. They killed about 108 Indians, and two or three Spaniards. They found 28 horses and a lot of hogs. None of the whites were injured in the fight. None of the Reservation Indians were engaged in the robbery.

PLACER HERALD.

AUBURN, PLACER COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER 26, 1861.

CENSUS TAKER.

THE SNAKE.

the Marshal said over the Rhine; her flaxen head, and "NIXE!"

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to I am Yr in the rear,

the fearful badge and

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of it. I have heard my

Interesting from the East.

The Sacramento Bee's St. Louis correspondent, on the 1st instant wrote as follows: Affairs begin to assume a more threatening aspect, both in the West and in Kentucky. The reported movement of Pillow on Paducah with 30,000 to 40,000 men, occasions great fears for the safety of that point. We had been lulled into the belief that no immediate movement would be made in that direction, and, indeed, it probably would not, so long as a formidable force was in St. Louis, that might take advantage of it to move down the river and attack Memphis and other points which would be left exposed. But no sooner is Fremont in the field, with all his available force drawn off from St. Louis, than the rebels taking advantage of it, assumed the aggressive in Western Kentucky.

We have now at Paducah, probably not more than 12,000 men; a portion of whom are our good troops as ever took the field, but far too many of them are in a very bad and inefficient state of drill and discipline to go into battle. The point can be reinforced, however, to the extent of about 4,000 or 5,000; but even that will leave us less than half the number of the rebels, and the issue at such odds must be doubtful.

At Cape Girardeau, in Southeast Missouri, apprehensions of an attack from Jeff Thompson are felt by the citizens. His picket approached very close to the town on Sunday last, and the general belief was that a large force was on the way to attack the Federal garrison there. Our force there, though small it is believed here will be able to defend the post, and maintain their position.

Great apprehension is felt for St. Joseph. Last night the telegraph informed us a rebel force of 10,000 would encamp within four or five miles of the town, and that the whole Federal force, at St. Joe, does not exceed 700. This has a bad look. St. Joe has been captured and retaken twice during the war, and if it be doomed to fall again, she will experience more of the ups and downs of the conflict than any other place in the country.

The Successionists in this city feel confident that St. Louis will fall into their hands before Christmas, and the timid Unionists fear it will be much sooner. It was given out yesterday that there were 10,000 troops in the city, but upon closer inquiry it will be found that not more than two-thirds of these are armed, and not more than half of those armed are in any degree drilled. Fremont complains that he has been badly treated in the matter of providing arms for his troops, and with some show of reason too. On Saturday a regiment was fired at for the first time, that had been in camp here more than six weeks. Not a man of them knew how to "shoot a musket." Now what kind of a fight would such men make should an engagement be forced upon us soon? Fully

The expertness of Chinese Thieves

We make the following extract, showing the expertness of Chinese thieves, from "Life Among the Chinese," a recent work by Rev. H. S. Mowley, a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church:

"A foreign ship captain was once dining at the table of a foreign merchant in China when the conversation turned on this subject, and a number of illustrative anecdotes were related by the members of the company. Among the incidents related was one in which it happened that the burglar had entered the room when the occupant was sleeping, and had stolen the laid off clothing of the sleeper without disturbing his slumbers. The Captain related this story with staunch incredulity, and declared with emphasis that he defied any person to enter a room where he was sleeping without awakening him.

"Why," said the gentleman at whose table he was dining, "there is a Chinese thief in this city who can steal the sheet on which you are sleeping, without awakening you."

"Impossible!" cried the indignant captain. The merchant, however, was in earnest about the matter, and it was finally agreed that the captain should spend a few nights in a designated room of the merchant's house, just to test the matter.

In accordance with the arrangement, the thief was informed of the circumstances, and was assured of safety if caught on the premises during the time specified. The captain occupied the room one or two nights, and nothing transpired to disturb his repose. The succeeding night about two hours past midnight, the thief approached the window of the room in which the captain slept, and finding all quiet within, cautiously made his entrance. It was a hot summer night, and the sleeper in his night clothes lay about the middle of the bed, having his person only partially covered with a thin counterpane. Softly approaching the bed, side the thief removed the counterpane, and then addressed himself to the sheet on which the sleeper was lying, he began in the gentlest manner to fold it up in narrow plus lengthwise. In a few minutes the last fold of the sheet came close to the foot of the sleeper. And now came the most dexterous part of the performance. It was comparatively easy to fold up that part of the sheet not in immediate contact with the captain's person, but he must remove that part beneath him without disturbing his repose. Taking a straw in his hand, the thief passes round to the other side of the bed, and softly uncovering the sleeper's side, proceeded gently to tie the straw to the sheet. Instantly the sleeper began to squirm and shrink, and in a few seconds he had heavily come away from the pursuing straw, and quite off the covered sheet, thus leaving the prize to be gathered up and carried off in triumph by the thief. Next morning the captain awakes from his refreshing sleep, to his utter surprise to find his man, behind the sheet was

BAD FOR THE COO.—When Geo. Stephenson, the celebrated engineer, had completed his model of a locomotive, he presented himself before the British Parliament, and asked for the attention of that body. The M. P.'s looking sneeringly at his invention, asked:

"So you have made a carriage to run by steam, have you?"

"Yes, my lords."

"Well, now, Mr. Stephenson, let us show you how absurd your claim is. Suppose, when your carriage is running upon those rails at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour (if you are unreasonable enough to suppose that such a thing is possible) a cow should get in its way. You can't turn out for her—what then?"

"Then it will be but for the cow, my lords."

THE GEEK FOR A SOLDIER.—Mrs. PARTINGTON MAKES A FAREWELL ADDRESS.—"Ike, my son, stand up while I bless you—hold thy helmet and specks." "Follow soldiers! It is the abandoned duty of all to be patriotic in these times, and to hand down unrepented the glorious flag to all succeeding generations. [Here Ike commenced counting off the old-fashioned cheer, swinging the old bonnet up and down as he went in, one, two, three—rage.] "March hesitating into the contended field, and if a rebel demands your quarters, tell him you had but three, and the last one is spent; then, if he won't quit and leave, quit yourself like a man, and may you have a glorious and praiseworthy end of it." [Here Ike commenced Zouaveing in French, and breaking into a double quick time, was soon out of sight, bonnet, specks and all.]

HORSES FIGHT.—Some persons, perhaps are not aware, that in a change of cavalry, the horses fight more bitterly than the men; tramping down footmen, tearing them with their teeth, and making fierce battle. One can easily fancy what terrible slaughter a body of these horses make, when the dash into the ranks of an enemy, and with wild excitement, and reckless of danger. The worst of it is, they necessarily maim rather than kill, and then victims are torn, crushed, and broken, and made to suffer intense agony.

THE "RETIRED GENTLEMAN."—The Philadelphia Bulletin makes the following charges against the "retired gentleman" who has, during the war, been of such immense service to the reporters:

He has reported negative instructions that never took place. He killed hundreds of men at Fort Monroe who were still in the land of the living. He slew at Monaca the General Johnston who is now leading an army threatening Washington. He killed Ben McCulloch at Springfield. He murdered Jeff. Davis at Richmond. He killed Beauregard once at Charleston, and now says him on a mound at New Orleans.

FRANK R. ROSSUM. A KNOWING ANIMAL

EPITAPH.—found upon a "Hero" lies The wife of She died Anny Don

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