

port. Bartelemey lent it to him. Soule fled to London, and thence to the United States, where he is now the first lawyer of New Orleans, and makes by his practice one hundred thousand francs per year."

**THE DISPUTED TERRITORY.**—From a map of the "Disputed Territory," furnished by the *N. Y. Courier & Enquirer*, the *Charleston Courier* gathers the following facts concerning the limits and *local* of that region, which, from Gov. Lane's recent doings, is attracting attention:

Gov. Lane's line is on the parallel of 31.52, and extends westwardly from the Rio Grande at 106 deg. 45 min., to the point 109 deg. 45 min. W. longitude.

The treaty line, the line agreed upon by the Joint Commission according to Disturnell's map, referred to and incorporated into the treaty of Gaudalupe Hidalgo, is on the parallel of 32 deg. 22 min., running due west from the Rio Grande at about 106 deg. 50 min. to the point 109 deg. 50 min. W. longitude. The line claimed by Gen. Conde, the Mexican Commissioner, diverges northward from the treaty line above described, at or near 107 deg. 45 min. W., runs north for 40 min. of latitude, and thence in a northwestern direction to the Rio Gila.

The territory which forms the subject of the issue between Gov. Lane and the Commission, is about thirty miles in breadth, from north to south.

The line position of El Paso, which in the treaty map was placed at 32 deg. 15 min., is now ascertained, it is said, to be at 31 deg. 45 min. north latitude.

**THE INDIAN FIGHT.**—We have not been able to get full particulars of the Indian battle, says the *Marysville Herald*, which was announced to come off three miles north of the Tennessee House, on Saturday last. In many respects it was a failure. Balaca, the chief of the mountain tribes, found his foes inferior in number, and worse armed than his foes from the valley, and, like Falstaff, he wisely came to the conclusion that "discretion is the better part of valor." A skirmish took place, however, between our Yuba City Indians, under our friend Wa-ca-tah,

their chief, and a small band of mountain Indians, in which four of the latter were killed. At least so Wa-ca-tah reported the affair to us, as we met him last Sunday, returning with some fifteen of his braves from the field of battle. A happy man was Wa-ca-tah. A feudal baron, fresh from the sack of his neighbor's castle and the massacre of its garrison, could not have felt in better humor.

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