

up the river and took refuge in a dense thicket of brushwood. Here one of the pursuing party, Mr. Millet, while creeping in the bushes, was shot in the shoulder by an Indian with a rifle. There are some hopes entertained of the shot not proving mortal. A number of Indians were killed, and eleven of their horses captured.

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HOW THE CASE STANDS.—Two waggish miners of opposite political opinions happened in our sanctum last Saturday, and after reading over the Democratic and Whig tickets, delivered themselves as follows:

DEMOCRAT.—It's no use talking, old fel, Justice compels me to say the cause of Democracy is all *Well(s)*! Even now I hear the clear tones of her *Bell* as they *Ring* victoriously through these hills. Her triumphal car is rolling along up to the *Hubbs* in slaughtered Whiggery. Her (Mc) *Means* are ample—and all her friends have to do is to play her *Jack* well, *Ward* off the blows of Whiggery, and she is bound to make a *Good-win*!

WHIG.—*Wal-do*, now, if you can. But let me tell you, if you do *Rob-i-son* of Sacramento of the Chief Justiceship, you will have to get up before *Day* and keep a strict watch over the doings of the *Knight*—otherwise we will *Bate(s)* you like a knife. But, *Eno*, (enough) I have not a *Whi'-more* to add.

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INDIAN MURDER.—We are sorry to learn that Mr. M. Nicholson, formerly a resident of this place and proprietor of the City Hotel, was killed by the Indians on Monday last, at the foot of Potato Hill on the Sacramento trail to Yreka. He was engaged with a companion, commonly known by the name of Jo, in packing provisions

and goods to the mines on Dog Creek, and in the surrounding diggings, and when attacked and murdered was not more than two or three miles from his trading post. The party of Indians numbered some 20 or 25. Jo in scuffling with an Indian, fell over a precipice, and by means of a long and hard run, made his escape with but two arrow wounds, one in the shoulder and the other in the thigh. Mr. Martin S. Wheelock, our informant, says a party of whites pursued the Indians over to the Trinity river and killed one of their number. The Indians after shooting Mr. Nicholson dead with arrows, beat out his brains with a club.

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THE POLITICAL CANVAS.—At present political stock in this county ranges decidedly above par. Each and every individual candidate seems to have an "abiding confidence" in his own strength, or his opponents weakness, and that on the first Wednesday in September next he is "bound to go in and win." Hence they are, individually and collectively, as liberal with imbibables as Father Mathew is of water, which accounts for the fact that many of our acquaintance go to bed regularly every night with well filled skins.

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