

INDIAN DISTURBANCES.—Since our last number we have conversed with a gentleman of the highest respectability, just down from the Mariposa mines, who has kindly favored us with the facts of the case to which we referred on Wednesday last, respecting a new Indian war rumor. There can be no doubt that trouble exists in that region between the two races, and although we are not posted up in all the causes which have contributed to the present state of feeling and condition of things, we fear that our own race is not quite free from blame. We hope that the presence of our full commission of Indian agents will have an effect of the most beneficial kind, and soon place the relations existing between the white men and aborigines on such a basis as the wants of the country and the rights of the respective parties demand. The poor Indian has rights—one, at least—the right of existence and subsistence.

[COMMUNICATED.]

Gentlemen—I arrived here yesterday, directly from the seat of war—that is, from Mariposa; and having read in your paper a leading article about the difficulty with the Indians, I will abstain from making a remark on it, but lay the simple facts before you. Some day about two or three weeks ago, Mr. Savage was in Agua Frio, his tribe being about a mile from it encamped, an Indian came in towards evening, requesting Mr. Savage to come out to them, there having happened something. Mr. Savage being engaged, replied that he would be out as soon as he got through with the business. Mr. S. had at that time a boy and a girl as hostages with him; he forgot the matter for a while, but remembering it about 8 o'clock, he hurried to the tent where he had left his hostages, but not finding them, he apprehended something wrong. Collecting, I believe, five white men, he hurried to the Indian camp, but they were "*non est inventus*." He followed their trail, and came up after midnight to where he thought they must be. He cautiously approached, but the Indians were gone, except an old squaw and the very young boy, his hostage, son of the chief. He asked the boy what had happened; the boy cried, but did not dare to tell. He told the boy to lead the way, and after marching some miles they came to the foot of a mountain, on the top of which the Indians were encamped. Arriving there, and the Indians having perceived them, the chief came down. Mr. Savage, hurrying to meet him, the Indians beckoned to him not to come near him, and relating to him then that the Indians where he had his store tent had killed three of his clerks, only one escaping, (there being four of them,) and then robbed and plundered the tent. The chief told him then that the rest of the tribes had united, and determined war against the whites; and that he himself had better never come among them any more, but if he chose to go alone, unarmed, to his tent, the Indians, on account of old acquaintance sake, would have only the few white

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more, but if he chose to go alone, unarmed, to his tent,
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not molest him. Mr. Savage, having only the few white
men with him, thought best to return to the settlements
and urge the people to prevent the contemplated attack
at once by collecting a sufficient force to drive the Indians
farther into the interior, but not succeeding, collected
about seventeen old mountaineers, and started to bury
the dead. His tent is about twenty miles from Mariposa.

Arriving there, he found the body of one of his clerks
about 100 yards from the tent, a perfect skeleton, with a
slight exception, the flesh having been torn off by wolves
and cayotes; another near the tent and a third inside, the
two latter being dead, full of arrows, and stones around
them, showing the mode in which they had been killed.
They buried their dead and returned, but not without
getting the news by one of the Indians who remained
with the whites and acted as a spy, that they (the In-
dians) intended to attack Mariposa and Agua Frio.
I myself do not believe that the Indians will dare
do it, but I think using the term a down-easter made
a few days after the affair, saying with considerable na-
sal twang, "Darned be his stockings, but them 'ere
Inguns be purty considerable tiresome." And the say-
ing, I believe, will become true. On the evening I left,
it was Thursday, a Mr. Owen was attacked suddenly by
some Indians who came unawares upon him, and before
he knew that they were there had his rifle wrenched
from him from behind, and one getting hold of the lariat.
But Mr. Owen had presence of mind to cut the lariat with
his bowie knife; the mule being a fiery animal and
frightened dashed away. They fired a lot of arrows at
him, only one taking effect on his side, and some more
sticking to his clothing. This is a short outline of the
late events in the Mariposa. I make no comments, but
relate them to you, which you can rely upon as most true.

Yours,

ARPAD.