

THE CALIFORNIA INDIANS AND THE RESER-

VATION SYSTEM.—Thomas J. Henley, Superintendent of Indian Affairs in this State, has addressed the following note to our State Legislature in reference to the Indians under his jurisdiction, and in regard to the experiment, now going on, of colonizing the same within Reservations:

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Jan. 9, 1858.

The government of the United States has authorized the establishment within the limits of California, of five military reservations, for the purpose of colonizing and sustaining the Indians of this State by means of their own labor.—This is an experiment in the Indian policy of our government. The roving habits of the Indian, deriving his subsistence mainly from the chase, or the spontaneous products of the earth, has created the almost universal belief that he could not be induced to adopt the systematic pursuits of industry, which provide for the support of human life.

The success, however, which attended the missions established in California, in colonizing the Indians and instructing them in the arts of labor, was deemed sufficiently encouraging to justify the adoption of the present reservation system. The California Indians, who but recently were the undisputed owners of the soil, are slow, miserable, starving mendicants. To give way and recede before the approach of civilization, seems to be their destiny. To occupy their lands, and convert them to useful purposes, is the destiny of the white race. Whilst we cannot reproach ourselves with a moral wrong, in depriving the Indian of his country and his home, we could not be acquitted of the charge of flagrant injustice, should we neglect to provide suitable means of support for the once rightful owners of our now prosperous and happy country.

To do justice to the Indian, while we are at the same time dispossessing him of his lands, has been the anxious desire and effort of our government. As the tide of emigration has continued to roll westward, the Indian has been kept in the advance. As our own settlements progressed, it has been our policy to send him to the "west," until at length we have reached the western boundary of the continent, the ocean-bound limits of the Republic.—To the Indian there is no longer a "west." He is surrounded and en-

...selves with it. ... Indian of his country and his home. ... we could not be acquitted of the charge of flagrant injustice, should we neglect to provide suitable means of support for the once rightful owners of our now prosperous and happy country. To do justice to the Indian, while we are at the same time dispossessing him of his lands, has been the anxious desire and effort

of our government. As the tide of emigration has continued to roll westward, the Indian has been kept in the advance. As our own settlements progressed, it has been our policy to send him to the "west," until at length we have reached the western boundary of the continent, the ocean-bound limits of the Republic. To the Indian there is no longer a "west." He is surrounded and encompassed by a superior race, to whom he yields an unconditional surrender.

The Indians thus situated and circumstanced are residing in your midst, to provide for them, as a faithful guardian amply endowed with means, provides for the support and comfort of his ward, is demanded alike by justice and humanity.

The appropriations for the Indian service are made by the general government, and the officers in charge of it derive their authority from the same source. But the jurisdiction in part belongs to the State. You are required to pass laws for the protection of the Reservation property, for the preservation of the peace within the limits and in the vicinity of the Reserves.

The success or failure, therefore, of the Reservation system is a question of sufficient importance to merit the careful attention and examination of the authorities of the State.

The Reservations are located at points remote from the settlement or thoroughfares. They are seldom visited by our citizens. But little is therefore, known of their condition, prospects or management.

I, therefore, solicit the appointment of a joint committee to visit during the present session one of the Reservations, with power to report on its management, the condition of the Indians, and the prospect of the system to answer the humane purposes for which it is intended. The Nome Lacke Reservation, located in the foot hills of the eastern slope of the coast range of mountains, twenty miles west of Tehama, can be visited by your committee without the loss of more than one week's time from their legislative duties.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,
THOS. J. HENLEY.

THE HUMBOLDT TIMES.

UNION, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1858.

HUMBOLDT TIMES.
 WEEKLY PUBLISHED BY
 W. WILKEY,
 at the office of the Plaza.
 TERMS.
 In advance for one year, \$5;
 for a less time, one dollar per
 One square, (ten lines or less)
 each subsequent insertion \$1.
 For fifty-two insertions, we will
 alterations are made; the adver-
 charged for each alteration.
 price will be charged for special
 notices, required by law to be pub-
 after he accompanied by the Cash-
 and Enter-
 vorse clifford.
 re ble as summer shies,
 by night of grief or care,
 hen it to mine replies)
 at upon breeze are
 full on my eye
 balance, just and free,
 will my soul with fear,
 If I know thou'rt false to me,
 slonious as the fawn's,
 dot minute in the shade,
 faintly beams of dawn,
 in light thy lip by chance,
 at the ray and proud
 be all the throng but dice;
 is not, thy brow,

The Lawyer's Bride—Judge Remsen's First Client.
 A THIRDLING SEARCH.
 Old Judge Remsen, of Cowan, was fond of telling his early experience at the bar. Mr. first case, he would say, came upon me unexpectedly, after I had waited a considerable time for a client. The way I came to get it was this:
 A young girl, Helen Montessor, was to be tried at our County Court for stealing a breast-pin, valued at four dollars, and twenty dollars in gold, from the trunk of her employer, James Wesley, merchant, in the town of Bedford. The theft, which was detected five weeks before, occasioned quite a talk at the time, as the girl was beautiful, and Wesley said his wife had been generally detected that, and besides being generally detected, it by her mistress, who was jealous of her; and it was even hinted that there had been foul play in the prosecution for theft. The subsequent trial of a gang of counterfeiters and horse-thieves had so absorbed public attention that the case of Helen Montessor was forgotten, and no one seemed to care for her fate. But when placed in the prisoner's box, her beauty riveted every eye, and when the Judge asked her who was her counsel, and she modestly replied she had none, and no money to pay a lawyer, there was not a number present who would not willingly have undertaken her case. The Judge, after looking round for a moment, fixed his eye on me and said, "Mr. Remsen, you will please act as the young lady's counsel." I started as though I had been shot. Luckily a juror was taken ill, and the court adjourned till ten next morning, or I am afraid I should have made sad work with my client's cause.
 As I left the court room, I looked at my watch; it was eleven, so I had but twenty-

not say, although she rather thought he did, because he looked guilty when his wife was opening the trunk.
 "Telling the poor girl to cheer up, I went to the Sheriff's sitting-room; where I found Mrs. Mace. I at once informed her that in my opinion Miss Montessor was a persecuted girl; and hoped she would try to clear her up, so that she could enter the court-room with a good heart on the morrow; this the kind-hearted woman promised to do, and I hastened to my office. My brain was a whirl: Gregory—grandma—the packet which was to make her a rich young lady—its mysterious disappearance! What could all this mean? Was old Mr. Gregory really Helen's grand-father? Was the packet his last will and testament, bequeathing his property to her? And had Eunice Nacsmith, poor Wesley, stolen it from the child as she slept, that she might clutch the property by virtue of a former will which had been forced from the old man? He asked, and said he had let Eunice have her own way too much." Her way about what? I felt certain that I was on the track of a great villainy, and thought I could understand the reason for Eunice Wesley's hatred of Helen, and her desire to blast the poor girl's character. After spending a half-hour to arranging my plans, I ordered a carriage and drove to Bedford.
 It was two when I reached the village. I wished first to see Hannegan, Wesley's serving man. By making a few cautious inquiries at the tavern, and disbursing a half dollar to the ostler, Hannegan was soon in my room. He was pleased to find I was Helen's friend, and on my promising never to let what he had treated the poor girl like a dog, that he had seen her strike Helen, and heard her threaten to ruin her reputation; and that he believed the breast-pin and money had been

examined. I elicited the fact that Helen had just come home from an errand, on which she had been sent over an hour, when her trunk was searched, and had on her bonnet and shawl; that she looked quite innocent and unperplexed, until the things were found, and that she seemed astonished. On dismissing the witness, I gazed at the jury, but they sat with stern faces, as though resolved that nothing should make them clear the culprit. I called Miss Boyce back, saying I had forgotten a very important point, and when I asked her if Mrs. Wesley was in the habit of treating the prisoner everybody cracked under their ears. The girl hesitated and stammered, and finally said she was.
 "And why do you think so?" I asked.
 "Because Mrs. Wesley beat her once with a large club, and threatened to kill her, and when questions she suddenly exclaimed, 'or I shall lose my place!'"
 I glanced at Mrs. Wesley, and saw that she was regarding her servant with a look of intense malignity, and to annoy her, I appealed to the Court to protect the witness against the threatening looks of her mistress. "This brought all eyes to a focus on Mrs. Wesley's ugly countenance, and she turned fairly white with indignation. The Judge told the witness to speak without fear, and if she lost her piece by telling the truth, she would have plenty of better ones. Being satisfied with the impression made, I left her she might go, and the District Attorney, permitted her to pass without questioning.
 "The next witness was Miss Sarah Brown, the seamstress—a nut-eyed, butch-faced, sharp-little creature. "She was at work for Mrs. Wesley, at the time the theft was discovered. She met Helen the day before the trunk was searched coming out of her mis-

As the villain turned ghastly pale, staggered and clutched at the railing of the witness box for support, I felt sure of my map and stand.
 "Answer me, Bob Harrison, how came that scar on your forehead?"
 At the mention of the name, "Bob Harrison," the wretch fell back upon the seat and groaned. "Oh don't do it—bring that sign down!"
 "I shall bring that up and more too, unless you answer me truly about this pretended theft. Now, tell me—did not Eunice Gregory put those things in Miss Montessor's trunk?"
 "Yes—she did—let the girl go and don't ask me any more questions."
 The excitement had now become overwhelming, and the witness was beginning to fear for his bodily safety—a fact I determined to use as an additional service. "I shall ask for a little more," I replied. "as I do not wish to expose you to the rage of the audience, if you'll answer promptly. Where is the will that old Mr. Gregory executed, in which he made his grandchild, Helen Montessor, his heir, and which he gave her to give to his lawyer when he returned—the will your wife stole from the child as she lay sleeping?"
 "Oh, Lord! It's come at last—just as I told her it would."
 "Where is the will?" I inquired.
 "It is burnt," he exclaimed—but Helen is his only surviving relation, and the will by which my wife got her property is a forged one."
 Having achieved everything, and not caring to prolong the painful scene, I asked the District Attorney if it would not be best to dismiss the case. He cheerfully assented, and Miss Montessor, who in her flush of agitation and thankfulness, looked more lovely than ever, was released from the custody of

Engraving by P. get to which one been exposed, in a appearance, prejudicial one great—but has been so a better day and danger. We have loving rule, which nally adopted in a upon her Constable, that a voter, write to be a squa The Committee exclusive has been partical particular led to the people The first question ing, that every r able to read and This amendment, plo, and was ado all the contrite, by the ignorant, igitant mind men people with pre England will feel remember that, amply be the daughter. She intelligent that, whether at home, best-intended, the sings of her inst eriment, and in laws shall be in We sincerely, soon heretofore, rity of the talk tentations free burcesters to web