

For the Beacon.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THOMAS' CREEK, JAN. 13, '69.

I see, by your paper, that you have correspondents in various parts of the county, and why not have one hereabouts, to let the world know what is going on in this "interesting locality," as the newspapers say. The farmers here are nearly done seeding, so favorable has been the season for plowing, in fact, the seed time has been so dry that the harvest will not be very abundant, unless we have longer and heavier rains than we have yet had. Snow in the foot hills, in full view of us here, reminds one of the old block hills in winter time, at the East. We have had snow some two inches deep, as low down as the Nome-Lackoo Reservation. This snow has the effect to drive the deer near to our doors. I shot two within half an hour's walk of Charley Coolman's, which is on the Reservation grounds, called "Thomas' Creek Camp." Great numbers of this species of game are being killed, as they keep on the borders of the snow which has this season driven them into the valley.

Every little nook and corner capable of subsisting a cow, sheep, or goat, is

done, &c., and charges preferred against Col. Henley of great enormity. This has, no doubt, been originated by some malicious opponents for the purpose of ousting the Superintendent, but those who know best, are perfectly well satisfied that the old veteran and war-horse, Col. Henley, will come out with flying colors, as he will show as clear a record as any honest man could wish. I am told that he will, or has, demanded an investigation of his official acts.

All the Christmas jollification that I have seen, on the holidays, was a sumptuous old-fashioned dinner at the residence of Mr. Geiger, the Agent. A number of his friends and neighbors called and were treated with that good cheer and hospitality so characteristic of the resident Agent at Nome-Lackoo. His generosity has no bounds, and his friends are a host. He had a long table spread for his working Indians, and some 200 of them sat down to a luxurious dinner, probably the first Christmas dinner in their lives. Every thing moves along smoothly at that place, with Capt. Martin, the gentlemanly and efficient Clerk, at the head of the Indian bureau. You are, of course, aware that a vein of coal is being worked near that place, with what prospect of success I am not informed.

The Beacon is a welcome visitor in these parts, please send me a copy regularly.

Respectfully yours,

GLEANER.

being taken up in this neighborhood and marks of improvement are visible in all directions, so great is the desire to obtain farms. The Reservation, under the agency of Col. Geiger, has an immense quantity of land sown to grain. Should we have a fair season, on this enormous farm alone will be raised at least 40,000 bushels of grain. It is a novel and interesting sight to see from ten to fifteen plows running all done by Indians, and well done to.

Business is made to march forward here at a regular industrious farmers' pace. Rev. Mr. Gridley was here on Sunday, and preached to the whites and Indians, in the "Chapel." The Indians seemed delighted, and manifested their appreciation of the Word Divine in raptures of applause, similar to their antics in the circus. In fact they evidently thought that Col. Henley had sent them up a show, and they mustered accordingly. They were very orderly, however. I was at the Nomo-Lackee on Saturday, just in time to see them turn out in full force at a fire. One of the largest rancherins caught fire, and was, with its entire contents, totally consumed—no insurance. 'Twas a time of the wildest excitement, men, women, and half-naked children, ran to and fro. Firemen, hook and ladder companies, with their rude implements, were early on the ground. Old Wakio-ta put the first water on, and after a gallant struggle of an hour, the devouring element was subdued. It was thought to be the work of an incendiary.

George White came over from Num-Cult, on Thursday. He reports a great depth of snow, being next to impossible to travel over. The Indians were very troublesome, having killed a great deal of stock, and in some many of them had

an hour, the devouring element was subdued. It was thought to be the work of an incendiary.

George White came over from Num-Cult, on Thursday. He reports a great depth of snow, being next to impossible to travel over. The Indians were very troublesome, having killed a great deal of stock, and in turn many of them had been shot. A company of 90 U. S. troops had arrived there, and the pompous commandant informed the inhabitants that his orders from his Uncle Sam were, to charge bayonets on them in case they killed any more Indians. The probabilities are, that West Point cadets will not prove very efficient bush-whackers and Indian fighters, and if they are not careful, we mistake the men over there if they don't make the regulars move to other quarters. It is reported that a grand rupture is brewing in the Indian Department, and that the Reservations will be abandoned, &c., and charges preferred against Col. Henley of great enormity. This has, no doubt, been originated by some malicious opponents for the purpose of ousting the Superintendent, but those who know best, are perfectly well satisfied that the old veteran and war-horse, Col. Henley, will come out with flying colors, as he will show as clear a record as any honest man could wish. I am told that he will, or has demanded an investigation of his official acts.

All the Christmas jollification that I have seen, on the holidays, was a sumptuous old-fashioned dinner at the residence of Mr. Geiger, the Agent. A number of his friends and neighbors called and were treated with that good cheer and hospitality so characteristic of the resident Agent at Name-Lacked. His generosity has no bounds, and his friends are a host. He had a long table spread for his working Indians, and some 200 of them sat down to a luxurious dinner, probably the first Christmas dinner in their lives. Every thing moves along smoothly at that place, with Capt. Martin, the gentle-

been shot. A company of 90 U. S. troops had arrived there, and the pompous commandant informed the inhabitants that his orders from his Uncle Sam were, to charge bayonets on them in case they killed any more Indians. The probabilities are, that West Point cadets will not prove very efficient bush-whackers and Indian fighters, and if they are not careful, we mistake the men over there if they don't make the regulars move to other quarters. It is reported that a grand rupture is brewing in the Indian Department, and that the Reservations will be abandoned, &c., and charges preferred against Col. Henley of great enormity. This has, no doubt, been originated by some malicious opponents for the purpose of ousting the Superintendent, but those who know best, are perfectly well satisfied that the old veteran and war-horse, Col. Henley, will come out with flying colors, as he will show as clear a record as any honest man could wish. I am told that he will, or has, demanded an investigation of his official acts.

All the Christmas jollification that I have seen, on the holidays, was a sumptuous old-fashioned dinner at the residence of Mr. Geiger, the Agent. A number of his friends and neighbors called and were treated with that good cheer and hospitality so characteristic of the resident Agent at Nemo-Lackee. His generosity has no bounds, and his friends are a host. He had a long table spread for his working Indians, and some 200 of them sat down to a luxurious dinner, probably the first Christmas dinner in their lives. Every thing moves along smoothly at that place, with Capt. Martin, the gentlemanly and efficient Clerk, at the head of the Indian bureau. You are, of course, aware that a vein of coal is being worked near that place, with what prospect of success I am not informed.

The Beacon is a welcome visitor in these parts; please send me a copy regularly.

Respectfully yours,

THE BEACON.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 26, 1859. NO. 45.