Nothing can be more destitute and miserable than the condition of the California Indians, now among us. It is true that a very few of them go moderately well dressed, and perhaps moderately well fed, but the great majority of them are almost entirely destitute of clothing by day—or covering by night. They have nothing to protect them from the chilly frosts of winter, or from the scorching heat of the meridian sun of summer. It is an undisputed fact that they go, day and week without any other food than that of roots and withered herbs, and perhaps at times the refuse of slaughtered beasts, or the putrid carcases of overworked cattle and horses. Thus pass away their miserable and unhopeful existence—and yet, they are human beings, possessed of high natural endowments and only requiring the civilizing influences of education and labor to polish them up as useful citizens. It is true that the obstacles to be met with in effecting this change are very great—and perhaps under existing circumstances, they are insurmountable. It would appear so from the failure of our Indian Agent, Mr. Bealle, in effecting the desired object. We say “the failure,” and to speak of the Indians as “a body,” it is “a failure,” although through the activity of Mr. Bealle, he has succeeded in settling about 2000 of them in one of the most beautiful valleys in California, & we hope that the settlement is a permanent one. The great difficulty, however, consists in their collection, and while a few are brought under the influences of civilization, the greater portion will remain scattered over the country, without homes, clothing, or any of the necessaries of life, until the successive waves of American progression shall bury them beneath the rolling billows of time.
GRASS VALLEY TELEGRAPH
GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1854.

GRAPH.

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I have been in California with my whale boat on my own, and I have been in the midst of the great events that have taken place here since the gold rush. I have seen the settlers moving in from all directions, building their homes and founding communities. I have witnessed the rapid growth of the town of Grass Valley, which has become a bustling center of commerce and industry.

The condition of the California Indians has been one of hardship and struggle. They have been forced to leave their ancestral homes and live in camps on the outskirts of the towns. Many of them have lost their lands and their way of life.

I have also been struck by the beauty of the landscape here. The mountains are majestic and the valleys are fertile. The rivers run clear and the air is pure.

In conclusion, California is a land of opportunity and promise. It is a place where dreams can come true. But it is also a place where one must work hard and be prepared to face challenges. The future of California is bright, but it will require the effort and dedication of all its citizens.