SHERIFF NEBLETT returned last night from Hoopa Valley. He says the Indians have returned and entered into a sort of treaty with the whites, agreeing not to fight. "Sheriff Neblett returned last night..." Weekly Trinity Journal, April 5, 1856: p. 2, col. 4.



Some the blood of his adversaries fell damp upon

hope; perhaps they have his face. He made no pause he stopped

Giva me my old seat, mother, With my head upon thy kace; I've passed through many a changin Since thus I sat by thee.

osure or anxiety.