

In another column of to-day's TIMES is published a communication from the Indian Agent for the Northern District of California, Mr. George M. Hanson. We give place to the letter that our readers may be advised of the sentiments entertained by this official, and be prepared to place a true estimate upon the services he is rendering to the people of this portion of his district, and the Government.

Mr. Hanson is truly "pained to see an account of so much trouble in this country with the Indians still remaining."

This short sentence would lead one unacquainted with affairs in this portion of the State to suppose Indian "troubles" here of but rare occurrence, and that a majority of the Indians had been removed; neither of which approach the fact. He "had hoped that the troops under the command of Col. Lippitt would succeed, in a peaceful manner," in collecting and removing the Indians to Smith River Valley where temporary provision has been made for them; and he still "has some hopes that it will not be necessary to resort to absolute bloodshed." The idea of *absolutely shedding the blood* of any of the savage murderers of our citizens is horrifying to this sensitive officer, and he forthwith apologizes for the indiscre-

horrifying to this sensitive officer, and he forthwith apologizes for the indiscretions of these "unfortunate creatures" and in a very pathetic manner exhorts an application of the Golden Rule, &c. The statement that white men rob the Indians of their fisheries and hunting grounds is particularly cool, coming from an officer of the U. S. Government. Robbed of their fisheries and hunting grounds! Why, sir, these lands have been surveyed, advertised, and sold by the Government of the United States to her own citizens;—in advance of the survey settlement upon the public domain has been encouraged by the Federal and State Governments. More than this: our Government has never recognized the smallest title in the Indians of California to the soil of the State: it has been gravely discussed and decided in the Senate of the United States that the Indians possess no ownership in the public lands acquired by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. Our citizens have fairly bought the lands they are occupying and building homes upon, in the enjoyment of which they have a right to protection, even to the "absolute shedding of blood" of the murderous savages that lurk about the frontiers.

Mr. Hanson hopes still that the Indians may be gathered peaceably. This is a matter which rests entirely with the Indians themselves. They have repeatedly been informed that if they will submit they shall be kindly dealt with and provided for by Government. This they fully understand; they as perfectly comprehend the alternative, that if they reject the offer extended and remain in the mountains, they will be regarded as enemies and treated as such. This is the only course which a humane and intelligent officer could pursue, and we are

mountains, they will be regarded as enemies and treated as such. This is the only course which a humane and intelligent officer could pursue, and we are pleased to be able to state that we believe it will be continued until the savages cease to make war upon our citizens, notwithstanding the lachrymose exhortations of incompetent Indian Agents and the plaintive protests of sickly sentimentalists.

It may suit Mr. Hanson's views that his purchase of several farms in Smith River Valley, for an aggregate sum of sixty thousand dollars, should be approved by the Indian Commissioner and sanctioned by Government, and this may be well. That locality is well adapted to the purposes of an Indian Reserve, if the present inefficient system be continued, and if the Indians to be placed thereon are from a remote portion of the State. But every day demonstrates that the Indians of this region must be removed to some place so distant that they never can return. The transference of the Indians of this county to Smith River would be but a slender safeguard against future depredations; the distance is less than 50 miles, but few inhabitants in the intervening territory, with the topography of which the natives are perfectly familiar. Once safely established on the Reserve, their families provided for, the young warriors could and would return to their old haunts in small parties, burning with feelings of revenge against those who "robbed them of their fisheries and hunting grounds" and again lay in smoldering ruins the fair homes of the industrious pioneer settlers, re-enacting, in the most bitter hatred of the pale faces, the terrible scenes which, in the year 1811, have carried desolation to many households in this community.

HUMBOLDT TIMES.

HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1862.

The First of April.

BY MARY CLARKE.

"Yes," said Aunt Hetty, laying aside her knitting, and folding her hands for a quiet chat with sister Elsie and myself, "I know it was the first of April. I never told you about the first of April thirty-five years ago, when we entered my brother's

meats and many cakes which Meyersville demanded, and, under pretence of buying some cake for tea, went in. There was Tom, eating poundcake and playing the agreeable to the shopkeeper while both eyes were fixed on the door. He looked vexed when I came in, but as it was no part of our scheme to allow him to join the fair widow, I stood my ground. In a

A Risky Business.

WITH SOME ILLUSTRATIONS OF
The following touching incident related by John B. Gough. We can give it to some people we know of to whom it may afford a timely hint.
I tell you, sir, it is a risky business.