

From Hoopa.—Before our article published last week had time to reach Hoopa, we received a communication from that place on the same subject—that of the management, or rather mismanagement, of military affairs there. The writer is a soldier, but seems to be a man of common sense, which is all that any man requires to see what is to come of the bungling and timid means employed by Lt.-Col. Olney; to keep those Indians in due subjection. So little confidence do the settlers there have in his ability to discharge, properly, the duties of his position, that many of them are living in constant fear of an outbreak.

The idea of making treaties with Indians who have no more regard for their stipulations than they have for the life of their natural enemy, the white man, is a humbug, and no one except a superannuated old granny would resort to such an absurd method to protect citizens from diggers, whose hands are already steeped in the blood of white men. But it is useless to speak of these matters now, as the evil can only be remedied by placing an officer who is qualified for the position, in command. The Indians know full well how to deal with Colonel Olney, ~~if he must be changed~~ for a man who will inaugurate a new system in that department—one whom the Indians will fear, and in whom the whites can confide. Col. Olney may have fine military abilities, but the management of Indians is not the best field for him to display them.

A Voice from Hoopa.

FORT GASTON, HOOPA VALLEY,
CAL., May 16th, 1863.

On the heel of the last demonstration of the Indians, near the former site of Fort Anderson, which proved fatal to one of the soldiers, by which one was wounded, and from which the other two escaped by a miracle, we are to have a treaty of peace with these marauders. Astonishing as this news may appear to your readers, and though some of them, in military circles may wish to deny the truth of this assertion, it is nevertheless a fact. In a late communication to District Headquarters, with the purport of which I became accidentally acquainted, it was stated that these Redwood Indians, so lately the murderers of one of our

ing as this news may appear to your readers, and though some of them, in military circles may wish to deny the truth of this assertion, it is nevertheless a fact. In a late communication to District Headquarters, with the purport of which I became accidentally acquainted, it was stated "that these Redwood Indians, so lately the murderers of one of our comrades, have, through the kind (?) intervention of the Hoopas condescended to sue for peace, on condition that they may retain their present abode near Redwood Creek, to be forgiven their past acts, and to be protected from the just vengeance and punishment they have so richly deserved. They would now settle in this valley for protection, should it be conducive to their personal safety."

That Colonel Olney, an officer endowed with sense and the faculties of reasoning, could even listen to such overtures, much less connive at a project of so absurd a nature, must be a matter of surprise to every thinking man. That the Diggers themselves are wishing for peace, that they are now willing to cease hostilities is not at all to be wondered at, for none better than they know the cause for raising the "Mountaineer battalion," and none are better aware of the consequences. "War to the knife" is becoming unpalatable to them and visions of future midnight attacks and slaughter have frightened them into taking military steps for peace and protection. But they reason further: a sort of peace once patched up, a few months of docility on their part, and the fear of them would apparently vanish, the suspicion of their want of good faith would be effectually lulled. The Mountaineers disbanded; the U. S. troops withdrawn from the district; and the sites of former ranches rebuilt; and the now desolate hills re-stocked with cattle, they will have another splendid continuation of unmolested excursions, to burb, murder and pillage: the scenes of former years will be re-acted with more audacity, with greater impunity than ever. Again, should they have actually settled in this valley, would that prevent them from making flying trips to their old haunts to indulge in their thieving propensities? Does any one believe that their cupidity will be so readily satisfied with the products of uncultivated nature, when they have so long known the value of the more refined possessions of the white settlers?

But these are but minor considerations with the "powers that be." Did they not fear "to draw upon their heads the anathemas of the warriors of Eureka and Arcata, for stealing their thunder," this pitiable, contemptible piece of diplomacy would ever this have been consummated.

THE HUMBOLDT TIMES.

EUREKA, HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1863.

NO. 40.