

THE INDIAN TROUBLES IN BUTTE.—We learn from the Oroville *Union* that the citizens of Butte county met at Pence's Ranch, July 27th, to devise some plan for removing all the Indians from the county. Resolutions were adopted to the effect that the Indians should be given thirty days time and full notice to surrender themselves at designated points in the settlements, for removal to the Reservations, and all failing to come in shall be shot on sight. Committees were appointed to notify and collect the savages, and to collect funds to defray expenses of collecting and removing the Indians to Chico Landing. Meanwhile a company of volunteers is out scouring the mountains. The *Union* gives this specimen of their work:

On Friday of last week Captain Hunt, with fourteen of the Oroville Guards, in their hunt for Indians, arrived, about sunset, at a butcher's shop, near Hupp & Co.'s mills. They found there three "red skins"—two men, known to be bad ones, and a boy of about fourteen, who had long worked with and for the butcher. They captured all three, and requested of the butcher a rope to bind them. He required their intent, and was promptly informed they were all to be taken out, bound and shot to death. He interceded for the boy, as being well known, honest, industrious and peaceable. Captain Hunt informed him that the Guards were out to hunt and kill bad Indians, and as the two men were known to be "no good," the killing of them was imperative, and the boy taken with them; that letting him go would imperil the Guards and the butcher too; and, though he might be good, under the circumstances of the case, the boy, too, must be killed. He yielded, and all three were taken out, bound and shot. The butcher owned a valuable watch-dog, with which no one, except himself and the Indian boy, could have any friendship. As soon as the shooting was done the Guards moved on to the forks of the Butte. Very soon after they left, the butcher missed his dog, then his big butcher knives. He instituted search, and soon found his knives, hid away; then, continuing to hunt, he after awhile found his dog—shut up in a large cupboard, nearly dead from poisoning. All this, he knew, could have been done by no one except the boy; and, at once he understood the whole plot, which was, the Indians, with the aid of the boy, to murder him that night with his own butcher knives. He took the alarm and fled. During the night, numerous Indians visited his house. He says himself, now, that the cool determination of Captain Hunt saved his life from being sacrificed by the very Indian in whom he placed implicit confidence, and whose life he unavailingly plead for.

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while walled sheeting house of your friend, the Methodist. There all is white and brilliant—never a shutter closed, every pew doorless. Brother Jones, whose principles are excellent, but who is deficient in grammar, having originally been a shoemaker, is in the pulpit, and brothers White and Black, assist him, while

outer walls, and miss the wailing of thy brazen-band as we passed through the Park.

The Central Park.

If there be any in New York who love posterity, let them offer thanks for the Central Park. Even to us it is a blessing; but what will

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