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Removing the Indians

The Oroville papers state that the Indian Agents have been corralling the Diggers in that vicinity and sending them to the Nome Lackee Reservation. The removal is no doubt a relief to the citizens of that place, and will prove a benefit to the Indians. We hope the agents will next turn their attention this way, and rid Auburn and its vicinity of a number of these creatures, who are acquiring habits that will prove disastrous to themselves and injurious to the whites. Without doubt it is better the Indians should be upon the Reservation and cared for by the Government than to be uncontrolled in their actions, and become loiterers about mining towns and camps, acquiring vices and diseases, that become incurable.

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AUBURN, PLACER COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SEPTEMBER 12, 1857.

A Singular Story.

A REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

Mr. Silas Deane, our secret minister to Paris during the Revolution, related the following story of John, the Painter:

While Dr. Deane was in Paris, a stranger, rather advanced in years, called to see him, and requested to talk with him in private. Deane, surprised at such a request was rather on his guard and interrogated the stranger as to his business; but he could get nothing from him until they should go into a private room. Deane suspected him as an emissary from the British Ministry, but at length determined to gratify him. When alone, he made many excuses for his errand, but finally told him that he was an American citizen, though a Scotchman by birth; that he had lived in Amboy, New Jersey, where he had a comfortable house; that while the British were in possession of Amboy, they had suspected his principles, and treated him very ill, in various ways, and finally burnt down his house and gave him much personal insult; that he had determined on killing King George, for which purpose he had come to Europe; that he had been to England and laid his plan, and was now ready to execute it; but thought it his duty to make Mr. Deane acquainted with it, as the minister from his country, and to take his advice; that he passed by the name of John, the Painter. Mr. Deane was much surprised at his committal manner, and at first thought him deranged. He then suspected he might have been sent as a spy by the British Minister. After talking with him a little, and finding him determined, he desired him to call again. The next day he returned, displaying as determined a resolution as ever. Mr. Deane reasoned with him that it was mean and cowardly to assassinate a man in cold blood, who had never injured him personally. He declared that his servants had insulted

the tin-man, and sent to London, where he was examined by the privy council. He candidly told them the whole story, declaring that he would certainly have killed the King had not Mr. Deane dissuaded him from it, and convinced him that it was unlawful to lift his hand against the Lord's anointed. That he was ready to die, and no matter how soon. He denied having any accomplice, and said he rejoiced for having obtained revenge for the cruelty with which he had been treated by the British army. He was tried, condemned and hanged. A very unfair and false account of his examination was published at the time, and no notice taken of Mr. Deane's having saved the King's life.

Free Negroes in Ohio.

There is a remarkable and very suggestive fact in regard to the negro emigration into this State. It is this: Of the twenty five thousand free negroes in this State, the vast majority reside in counties where there are very few abolitionists, and which have been chiefly settled by emigrants from the Southern States. These negroes appear to have a great dread for the Abolition counties—they give them a wide berth. Thus, for example, Ashtabula has a negro population of forty-three—Geauga of seven—Trumbull sixty-five. The other counties on the lake shore have a proportionate number of negroes. These counties are settled almost exclusively by emigrants from New England. On the other hand, Ross county, a Virginia settlement has one thousand nine hundred and six free negroes; Gallia has one thousand one hundred and ninety eight, and Hamilton county over four thousand. In those counties the negro is regarded as an inferior society and politically, and the Abolitionist has but a slight hold. What is the cause of this striking discrepancy? Is it that the negro feels and knows his inferiority, and naturally attaches himself to the population which is disposed to regard him as an inferior?

Morals of Stockholm.

Bayard Taylor, writing to the New York Tribune, from Stockholm on the 1st of May last, says:

Stockholm has been called the most licentious city in Europe, and I have no doubt, with the most perfect justice. Vienna may surpass it in the amount of general incontinence. Very nearly half the registered births are illegitimate children born in wedlock. Of the servant-girls, shop girls and seamstresses in the city, it is very safe to say that scarcely one out of a hundred is chaste, while, as rakish young Swedes have informed me, a large proportion of girls of respectable parentage, belonging to the middle class, are not much better. The men, of course, are much worse than the women, and even in Paris one sees fewer physical signs of excessive debauchery. Here, the number of broken-down young men, and bleared, heavy-sinners, is astonishing. I have never been in any place where licentiousness was so open and avowed—and yet, where the abneg of a slum morality was so prevalent. There are no houses of prostitution in Stockholm, and the city would be scandalized at the idea of allowing such a thing. A few years ago two were established, and the fact was no sooner known than a virtuous mob arose and violently pulled them down. At the restaurants young ladies order their dinners of the female waiters, with an arm around their waists, while the old men place their hands unobtrusively upon their bosoms. All the baths in Stockholm are tended by women (generally middle-aged and hideous I must confess) who perform the usual scrubbing and shampooing with the greatest nonchalance. One does not wonder when he is told of young men who have passed safely through the streets of Berlin and Paris, and have come at last to Stockholm to be turned.

This, the most vital of all social problems, is strangely neglected. The diseases and ex-

"Died Yesterday."

Every day is written this bit—"Died yesterday," so and so, a flower is plucked from some bush, a branch is made in some happy jewel stolen from some treasure. Each day from the sunning some harvester disappears—yet some sentinel falls from his post, thrown from the ramparts of the surging waters of eternity, we write, the funeral of one "yesterday" winds like a winter storm down the street.

"Died yesterday." Who died? It was a gentle babe, sinless as pure as the zephyr's hymn—high was as the gush of summering in the bowers of roses—who was a perpetual funny, a Maypole with the passion of flowers. Or mayhap it was a good and generous—whose path was by flowers, with not a serpent beneath—one whose soul patience munched with the great and good ed birth with earnest struggle to don in the instance. But the still now: he "died yesterday."

"Died yesterday." A young, as the orange flowers that clasp head, was stricken down as at the altar; and from the dim temple, she was borne to the girl with the halo of victory, a day's close, under his own tree, fell to dust even as the lily upon his lip; and he "died yesterday." An angel patriarch, age and care, even as he led the distant hills for the young, got lost, sank into a dream, and on his dusty path he was "died yesterday."