

Our Indian Troubles.—A Hint to the Superintendent.

Indian hostilities in this section of our State having assumed such a serious aspect of late, and our repeated appeals to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs having been entirely disregarded, the citizens of this county and Klamath have finally concluded to send a messenger, at private expense, to San Francisco, to condescendingly ask the permission of Col. Henley to place the Indians on the Reservation. Capt. D. H. Snyder, of Hoopa Valley, is now here, waiting passage to San Francisco, for the purpose above mentioned. The Capt. has with him two Chiefs from Hoopa, which he intends to present to Col. Henley, as living witnesses that there are such beings as live Indians in this section.

Time and sad experience having fully established the impossibility of Indians and whites living peaceably together, people are becoming aroused to a proper sense of the danger incurred by experimenting with them any longer in that capacity. The loss of several valuable lives, damage to property, and stagnation of business, this season has awakened a sense of danger in the people, and with one universal voice they exclaim; "something must be done." Persons whose residence have been among the Indians for years past, and whose knowledge of their nature and passions qualify them to judge correctly, have foreseen the past and impending danger, and repeatedly sounded the alarm. But our people, knowing the ability and intention of our Government to afford us protection, have been duped by the false promises of the Indian Superintendent and his friends, that the Indians would be attended to by the proper authorities. And so, from time to time, have we grasped at the shadow of broken promises for protection, till the "last reed is broken," and as a final application for aid, Col. Henley will be visited in person by one whose knowledge of our

shadow of broken promises for protection, till the "last reed is broken," and as a final application for aid, Col. Henley will be visited in person, by one whose knowledge of our Indians entitles him to be heard in our behalf.

~~But it may be asked, what shall be done with the Indians.~~ We answer, put them on the Reservations. All of the trails leading across the country between the upper crossing of Mad River and the Klamath are infested with hostile savages. They are surrounded on all sides by Indians who live among us under the garb of friendship. From these friendly allies the mountain patrols receive their means of subsistence and destruction. If a murder is committed in the mountains, we usually receive our earliest intelligence of it through the Indians. If certain friendly Indians are missing for a few weeks, their absence is accounted for by fishing, gathering berries, or some ruse of the sort.

In view of these facts it has become a settled thing that these Indians *must* go on the Reservations. We are aware that it will be no easy task to accomplish this, but the necessity of the case demands it, and it must be done. It will be impossible to clear the mountains of Indians until this is accomplished. For instance, if a force sufficient to route the hostile Indians who are now at war with us should be sent out, the Indians, finding themselves unable to stand their ground, would scatter out, and seek shelter among the friendly Indians, in the very door yards of the whites, to again resume their work of death as soon as the forces should be drawn off.

There is but one way to place these Indians on the Reservations. A force of armed men must be sent among them sufficiently strong to hold a rod over them. They must be informed that they will be provided for and protected on the Reservations, and that a war of extermination will be waged against all who are caught off of it.

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will be accomplished by the officers in com-
mand of the Reservations adjacent to us, so
long as the lives and property of our citizens
are made subservient to the wire-workings of
political tricksters. That such has been the
case so far, we are fully prepared to prove.

We are prepared to show that no attempt has
ever been made by the officers in charge of
the Klamath Reservation to look after, or care
for any other Indians than those on the Res-
ervation at the time it was established, and
that out of four different sub-Agents who
have been in command of it, but one of them
was a resident of the county when he receiv-
ed his commission, and possessed no other qual-
ifications for the position than being loyal to

the cause of the Administration. The folly,
and palpable absurdity of placing a man in
charge of Indians who is a stranger to them,
—who they neither fear nor respect—is so
glaring, and has been exposed so often, that

it scarcely needs to be mentioned. But a day
of retribution will come. The time is not far
distant when another United States Senator
will have to be elected, and the people of
Klamath county will be slow to forget the
impositions that have been heaped upon them
by one who holds his appointment through a
Senator now in office, and the people in this
county will certainly instruct their candidate

not to go for the man who will retain the Su-
perintendent that has been so ardent in his
desires to relieve the citizens of this county
of a portion of Mattole Valley.

