

Help for the Settlers--Indian Outrages in Northern California.

We wish to represent, says the *Trinity Journal*, to Governor Weller the deplorable condition of the unprotected settlers in Humboldt, and to demand immediate relief in the name of that justice which pioneers advancing civilization may claim. One after another of these enterprising men is shot down, some in sight of their own doors, some on the lonesome trail by which they are leading commerce to more distant outposts. They are every day menaced by marauders whom Government protects and breeds on Reservations--bestials, worm-eaten wretches, incapable of anything but treachery, theft and murder, while the white settler has no reservation but what he can preserve in range of his rifle. The country from the Trinity to the head of Russian river--about one hundred miles in length and fifty broad--is swarming with savages, many of them supplied with effective arms and instigated by more than savage avarice by vagabond white men, who plunder with their women, and share in the spoils stripped from the settlements. Six or seven of these brave-hearted pioneers have been assassinated, at intervals, since the first of June, their cattle have been driven off, their houses burned, their fields devastated, while the individuals to whom they have appealed have been lingering in the shady groves of Sacramento, in a state of patriarchal placidity. Orders were given and a person was sent to inquire into the condition of the settlers; the answer to that inquisition is the sharp crack of an Indian rifle, the death-cry of the adventurous settler, and the wail of his children as they fly in the night from their desolate home.

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There is no need of further inquiry; the settlers surrounded by powerful hostile tribes, demand instant and powerful aid. They are in the midst of an appalling Indian war, which is a strife of extermination, or abandonment of a country. They have petitioned the Commander of the United States forces, who has sent a few lazy troops to camp at a distance from the scene of devastation, and less protective than the boys and women of the settlers—the trails are still unprotected, and the settlements at the mercy of the savages, who are banding and strengthening every day. They have Reservations on three sides with Indian Agents less influential than superannated squaws, and who, they say, have employed their time in writing sentimental reports, detailing the reports of Indian innocents, while predatory bands are murdering, stealing and burning. They have now sent a courier to the Executive mansion to implore an order for volunteer protection, while they, in the meantime, by extra taxation and voluntary contribution, keep the Indians at bay.

Governor Weller is an officer of quick purpose and instant execution, and not to be deterred from justice by technical difficulties, and we hope that he will instantly order relief. There is no use in longer paltering with those ferocious brutes who know nothing of the sacredness of promise or treaty. They or the white settlers must be exterminated or abandon rich valleys where standing grain had begun to promise the pioneer gratitude for his labor. Let no overstrained sentiment of humanity protect the marauders who respect no arbitrating but the rifle and the knife, and let every white rascal found with them suffer the penalty of treason to his race.

RECORD.

TOBER 9, 1858.

The Romance.
It had the scene of nearly
Shakespeare. The curtain
of Jackson and Martin
after's bell is three pistol
young lawyer, who repre-

The September Gale.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I'm not a chicken; I have seen
Full many a chill September,
And though I was a youngster then,

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