

An Indian Warrior and Sagamore.

For several days past our city has been honored by the presence of the most distinguished warrior and sachem of Northern California. Sixty winters have left their frosts upon the head of the wise and valiant Oppee-Gow-Mow-e-Mah, or the "Great House Chief" of the Hoopa Valley tribe; but the old man is as erect and his eye as bright now as when in the full vigor of life he took the war path, and decorated his belt with the scalps of his enemies. No chief among the tribes of Northern California exercises anything like the influence and power wielded by Oppee-Gow-Mow-e-Mah. His nation numbers five hundred warriors, well armed with rifles, and skillful in the use of their weapons. The hostile mountain tribes stand in awe of the "Great House Chief," and the red men of the valleys are obedient to his voice. Sage in council, eloquent in speech, and valiant in the field, the old sagamore dictates to several thousands of his race, and his words are laws. Owing to his vast influence, the Indian Agent, Major Heintzleman, wisely adopted the policy of bringing him to San Francisco and Sacramento, to give him some clear idea of the numbers, wealth and power of the whites, and also that he might have an interview with Col. Henley and Gov. Weller, for the purpose of coming to some understanding by which to obviate any further difficulties between his people and the whites. Accordingly, the "Great House Chief" arrived here a few days since, accompanied by Major Heintzleman; one of his regular body guard, a stalwart, athletic Indian, named Tan-is-tah-ayé, or the "Giant," a young warrior of the Mad River tribe named Dru-gar-Wah-ayé, or the "Flint Rock," and a Klamath squaw named No-once, or the "Wild One." The warriors are clad in buckskin hunting suits, with large and rich looking cloaks made of fox-skins, with the tails still attached, and presenting a very picturesque appearance. The grim old sagamore could not control his wonder when our city burst upon his sight as the steamer rounded the point, and he very anxiously inquired, "How long it took to build it," expressing a strong doubt of the statement when told that it had all been done in ten years. He said that his people had never seen many whites, and they believed our numbers to be few, and thought that by killing five or six at one time, and as many at another, in a short while they could have killed them all off. But he now felt how greatly they had deceived themselves, and for his part, he should tell all the tribes when he got back, although he did not ex-

have killed them all out. But how great-ly they had deceived themselves, and for his part, he should tell all the tribes when he got back, although he did not expect to live long enough to relate all the wonders he had seen, of the mighty power and countless numbers of the whites. — He had determined that his people should forever keep faith with the whites, and he would readily assist them to clean out the hostile Indians. Although of medium stature, the old man's frame seems to be strung with wires of steel, and there is scarcely a spot on his body that does not bear the scars of numberless encounters. Some years ago, while in his manly prime, he was attacked by a huge grizzly, and, after a desperate conflict, in which he lost a large mouthful of flesh from his left shoulder, and received severe injuries, he dispatched his formidable antagonist with his scalping-knife. The sagamore says it was ten moons before he recovered from the effects of that fight. On Thursday night, the whole party attended the Lyceum, when "Pizarro" was performed. They manifested the deepest interest in the fate of "Rolla," whom they recognized as a "Hyas Skookum Tyee," and appeared to be mightily amused at the talkative propensities of Elvira. A sardonic grin stole over the old warrior's features when Rolla, instead of stabbing the sleeping Pizarro, awoke, collared and dragged him to the foot-lights, at the same time throwing away his upraised dagger. The sagamore evidently thought it a consummate piece of folly on the part of Rolla. But his excitement became too great for even Indian self control, in the combat scene. It was a fair stand-up fight, man to man; and, as the swords clashed and rang against each other, the sagamore raised from his seat, his frame braced and rigid as iron, the pupils of his eyes dilated and glittering as those of a basuillisk, his right arm outstretched and pointing to the combatants, and his whole attitude eminently expressive of the well-known decision and energy of his character. The "Great House Chief" has been a firm friend to the whites for a long time, and it was owing to his interposition that the Indian war of 1843, in Northern California, was brought to a quick conclusion. As soon as he learned that Robert Walker's ranch had been burned, and other ravages committed, he went to Walker and held a talk, inquiring into all the facts, and, on finding that the Indians were in the wrong, he immediately put a stop to further hostilities. All the neighboring tribes are afraid of the Hoopas, and the influence of the sagamore is unlimited. He is very desirous that a company of regular troops should be

hostilities. All the neighboring tribes are afraid of the Hoopis, and the influence of the sagamore is unlimited. He is very desirous that a company of regular troops should be stationed in his country, as the Mountain Indians are hostile to the whites, who in return, do not discriminate sufficiently between them and the Hoopa Valley tribe, but are too apt to shoot an Indian, because he is an Indian, and without paying particular attention to his nationality. This visit of the "Great House Chief" is of the greatest importance, and will doubtless exercise a most salutary influence over all the Northern tribes, when he shall have related his experiences by their council-fires. The squaw, No-once, is quite good looking, and wears her bonnet, shawl, and crinoline with a very civilized air of stylishness and vanity. It is only about a year since she could be induced to enter a house, and her natural disposition is well expressed by her name, "the Wild One."—S. F. Herald.

