

STARVED OUT.—A party of the hostile Indians recently came to fish in a creek on the ground hunted by Messac's men. They besought a neighboring ranchman to permit them to catch some fish, for they and their people were starving, not daring to hunt, fish or make a fire. Word was, however, sent to camp, and it was designed to take them prisoners, to be sent to the Reservation. Prisoners at camp are not anxious to run away—they are rather pleased by improved diet. Cruel as it may seem to pursue these naked, starving devils, it is a necessity.



WEAVERVILLE, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1858.

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THE TRINITY JOURNAL
 Calvin B. McDonald, Editor

Old Gentleman Paralyzed.—Difficulties seem
 to swarm round Mr. Buchanan, like moths at a
 candle. No sooner does the old gentleman get
 one exploring thorn extracted from the cushion
 of his easy chair, than another is thrust in by the

Our Representatives.—We have, surely, the
 most contemptible federal representation of any
 State in the Union. Gwin, a huckstering old
 man, who trades in steamships, and fraudulent
 land grants—an ex-prosecutor sloughed off from a

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