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Our Indian Tiih«». [ARTICLE]

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 13, 1850.

Our Indian Tribes.

It is usual to associate with preconceptions naturally formed in the mind of the emigrant about to start for California, an indefinable dread of savage terrors, such as saucy Indians and prowling wild beasts are apt to inspire. In the fancies of every adventurer from civilized and enlightened scenes there are always pictured many unreal dangers attendant on their trip into these remote *wilds*, and let him be ever so well informed concerning the history of his future home, and the character of its inhabitants, deriving his knowledge from the best accredited testimony, there will still be a vast deal of unnecessary apprehensions nurtured. Every one supposes that in coming to California there are certain dangers to be encountered, which eastward of the Rocky mountains are believed inseparable from the toils and and trials of the western pioneer. This all-prevalent impression is carried around Cape Horn, and comes across the country in the tangible shape of bowie-knives and five barrelled revolving fire arms. Even on arriving here, in the hurry of landing the Californian does not forget his weapons of defence, and we not unfrequently encounter one in the streets of San Francisco, armed as if for a desperate hand to

armed cap-a-pie as if for a desperate hand-to-hand encounter with a California "savage." It would be somewhat difficult to find such an enemy under a copper skin, were we to search the country through. As much may not be said of other complexions, however. All these fears are idle, though such preconceptions are perfectly natural, and we are willing that as a peculiarity of the present California emigration it should regulate and adapt itself to the spirit of the times until at length overcome by the march of improvement.

The early pioneers of the Anglo Saxon race found a different state of things existing on the Pacific coast than from experience and knowledge of other parts of the continent, quite as uncultivated, they were led to presume. At no time since the occupation of this country by Americans have the settlers had serious cause of complaint against the Indians who occupied the broad lands upon which they have chosen to reside. They were viewed as a vagabond, thriftless and degraded people, depraved by the influence of Spanish missions rather than vicious in the pursuit of their natural inclinations. The depredatory incursions of the roving and more mischievous tribes, amounted to nothing more than the theft of horses from their Spanish masters, and which they possibly considered but reclaimed property. The ranchories in turn would pursue the robbers and in almost every instance would be the first to shed blood. In this manner the Indians of Tulare valley were dealt with, and they were considered the most hostile of all the tribes around. Our countrymen found little difficulty in reconciling these brutish beings

to a change of masters. Although the names of Jose and Jesus were identified with the most daring deeds performed by the horse thief Indians, these influential chiefs readily rendered their assistance to Col. Fremont in the subjugation of the country, and evinced by their subsequent conduct a desire to be at peace with Americans. Since the discovery of gold, and the more sudden innovation of Yankee greediness in all parts of California, very little opposition from Indians has been encountered, and sections of country have been penetrated by small parties where two years ago it would have been believed impracticable for a large number of armed men to sustain themselves against the Indians. Feather river, King's river, Clear Lake and the southern tributaries of the San Joaquin, were no longer ago than this infested by Indians, wild and warlike. Yet our people have subdued them without a blow—without scarce a manifestation of strength. This certainly proves the Indians of this country tractable, if it does not clearly establish their inoffensiveness and desire to live at peace with the whites.

But the blood of white and red man has been spilled, and not one hundred miles from the earliest established Anglo-Saxon trading post in California. The Indians of Columa, among whom the kindly deeds of the veteran pioneer Captain Sutter had for many years been warmly cherished, were the first to reap the evil of intercourse with their white masters. Last year they were forced to flee the mountains and become vagrants in the valley settlements.

This, as we stated a day or two since, was one of the fruits of intercourse with an inhuman...

of the fruits of intercourse with an inhuman, unprincipled, ignorant and grasping class of miners, who outraged the Indians in their early teachings of *civilization*, and were afterward made the special objects of Indian hatred and revenge. And the work of blood has not yet ended. The innocent are again the sufferers. Vengeance has been heavily visited upon those whose crime is but their color, and by men who we blush to be-

lieve are Americans. Let the question then be considered who are most culpable in creating dangerous feuds at this advanced period, between the Indian tribes and white settlers of California? And finally, have we reason for acts of violence or aggression? Is such a course consistent with humane policy or to be countenanced by a Christian people?
