

Wherever the white man has come in contact with the red, with a few exceptions, discord has been engendered and blood has been poured out like water. Could all the human gore that the discovery of America has cost the poor aborigines be rolled into one collected stream, Heaven itself would blush to look upon it. The Spaniard commenced the extermination in the West Indies, and a few years were sufficient to obliterate from the face of their native isles all trace of the most harmless and inoffensive race that ever roamed the earth. They were reduced to slavery, hunted down with bloodhounds, their spirits broken with abuse and degradation, and their bodies worn out and crushed under a conscienceless servitude.

Our own puritan ancestors treated them but little if any better. On the very beach of Plymouth their blood was shed at their first meeting, and their granaries subsequently rifled, for which, if they dared show any resentment, all means of punishment and revenge were held justifiable. So it has been ever since. — The whole country has been gradually wrested from them, by one plan or another, by conquest or by treaties which they have been induced to enter into through the influence of rum. Not that all treaties have been thus contracted, for they have not. But when the treaty transactions have been fair and honorable, the funds have too often fell into the hands of harpies who have hung upon the flanks of the Commissioners, and the poor Indian has been robbed and fleeced of the price of his birthright.

Thus he has faded or fled away like a dissipating mist before the morning sun, from the presence of the Saxon—that race which General Hamilton, of South Carolina, designated as par excellence “land stealers.” All of these things have so been, but the history has all been upon one side. The Indian has none written, except the tradition of his former broad dominion and the partial testimonies against him by the prejudiced chroniclers who served against him and always represent him in the wrong. His history is a fading dream, full of horrors, of a large portion of which he is guiltless although made the scapegoat generally to bear the blame and condemnation for all the evils of all the Indian disturbances which our

the evils of all the Indian disturbances which our continent has experienced for the last three hundred years.

We are no advocates for Indian barbarities. But the same feeling which prompts their condemnation obliges as thorough expression of repugnance to the high-handed measures of oppression which have marked and are still marking the conduct of the whites. It is true that there is little in the character of the Indian which commands our respect. He is generally a cumberer of the ground, adds but little or nothing to the happiness of the world, and positively nothing to its wealth. But then it should be remembered that he is master of his own actions, and in the view of the God of Nature has a better title to at least a portion of the soil than they who have despoiled him of it. In our own State the same course has been pursued as at the east. Generally we have found the Indian here peaceable and disposed to live on friendly terms with us. He is too indolent to desire warfare; too improvident to be in a situation to pursue it; too void of ambition to follow it as a means of some much-desired end.

From all that we have seen and known of the Indians of this country, we fully believe there has been no necessity for warfare with them. And the position taken by the *Placer Times*, which avers that the recent ridiculous attempt to get up an Indian war in El Dorado County had its origin in a desire on the part of a few provision dealers to supply the troops with their "grab," is to our mind a fair indication of the patriotism of the plotters in the whole matter. Doubtless many of the officers and privates were actuated by high and generous impulses. But that this farce, which will probably cost the state a hundred thousand dollars, was got up by speculators there can be but little question. And the necessity for all this expenditure of patriotism and military ardor may be estimated by the fact of the total inability of the troops to find the poor frightened Indians, who had been represented as blood-thirsty and anxious for war.

The fact is, our occupation of the country has driven them to the utmost straits. Their fisheries, one of their previously chief sources of supply,

have been broken up or occupied by our people. The game, their other great resource, has been driven off or destroyed by the white man's greater skill and more efficient means of death. They have thus been driven to the brink of starvation, besides all the lawless and outrageous acts of personal oppression and abuse which they have received from a set of accursed villains who infest our State, and who, totally regardless of their own countrymen's rights and property and lives, cannot be expected to be conservators of those of the Indians. Oppression, abuse and hunger have driven these miserable beings to acts of robbery and murder, we doubt not, but it does not necessarily follow that they are alone to blame. It is our own settled opinion, founded upon experience and other sources of information, that there have been no necessities for Indian wars in this State, and that a just and honorable course by the whites would have ensured lasting and unbroken peace between the two races.