



## Shasta Courier, Volume 2, Number 3, 26 March 1853 — The Indimin of Xorthrra California. [ARTICLE]

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### **The Indians of Northern California.**

The question, What course shall the whites

The question, What course shall the whites pursue toward the Indians of Northern California? has now become of the most serious moment. Involving, as it does, the preservation of both life and property, it demands a prompt and speedy solution.

By reference to other portions of to-day's paper, the distant reader will learn that the savages are every day becoming more daring in their attacks upon the property as well as the lives of our people. Throughout Colusa and Shasta, and in portions of Trinity and Siskiyou, they are waging a most active and ruthless warfare against us. No longer confining themselves to the perpetration of mere acts of theft, they are boldly and at every opportunity slaying our citizens. Indeed so daring have they become that it is absolutely unsafe to travel over any exposed portion of this section of country unarmed. Those tribes inhabiting that portion of the Coast Range forming the western boundary of Shasta and Colusa counties, have become a perfect scourge to the inhabitants of the Upper Sacramento Valley. While the Pitt River tribe, the most warlike Indians in California, are infesting the Sacramento trail leading from this point to Yreka, in such numbers and with such determined fierceness, as to render it almost certain death to pass over that road, unless with a large and well armed party. They have also recently been observed lurking upon the trail leading from this place to Weaverville. In a word in

...in a word, im-  
pelled by hunger, and that hate which the sav-  
age ever bears the white man, they are hang-  
ing upon every trail north of this point, and  
fighting for food with a fury unparalleled in the  
history of our intercourse with them. But not-  
withstanding appearances are favorable to the  
supposition that the present state of hostilities  
is the result of preconcert on the part of the bel-  
ligerent tribes, we are persuaded that this is not  
the case, but that hunger is the great cause of  
their recent attacks. It is known that their  
winter's supply of acorns has been completely  
exhausted, so that they are now contending  
more for the mule and cargo than for the life of  
the owner. This being the case then, the pre-  
sent state of things must inevitably become ag-  
gravated every day, unless some act of terrible  
retribution be inflicted upon them at once.

And now the question arises, How shall this  
be done? The plan heretofore pursued to-  
ward the Indians has failed in every instance to  
effect any permanent good. California Indians  
look upon treaties, as soon as they grow incon-  
venient, just in the same light as do the rulers of  
more civilized and enlightened nations—as so  
much waste paper.

The only sure way then of accomplishing this  
desirable result is by means of force. They  
must be whipped—if needs be, exterminated.  
It is a contemptible, sickly, mawkish feeling of  
philanthropy that urges, by way of palliating  
the offences of these miserable devils, that we  
have despoiled them of their fishing and hunt-  
ing grounds. Would such exquisitely sensitive  
souls have Americans abandon the country?  
The miner and packer are willing to live on  
terms of amity with the savages, but the savages  
will not. We repeat then, they must be whip-

ped—terribly whipped—hunted through the mountains and shot down without mercy. They must be struck where the blows will be most felt. They must be pursued to their homes—their ranches must be burned—their squaws and children must be taken and brought in as hostages—and then after the retributive hand of justice has swept over them, and the greater number of their warriors are beneath the ground, we may hope to make a treaty with the survivors that will effect a lasting peace.

The Indian race in the course of a few years is bound to become extinct. They wither away before the breath of the white man like leaves before the frosts of autumn. Their total annihilation is certain, and it is now but a question of time—whether that event shall not be hastened by a war of extermination waged by the whites. Unless our people can speedily whip a peace out of them, such a war will and should ensue. And if the United States troops are not authorized to prosecute such a war, our own people must pay a number of men to do it for them. What are the lives of a hundred of these savages to the life of a single American citizen?

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