

## Shasta Courier, Volume 3, Number 23, 12 August 1854 — The Indian\* mid.the Indian Agent. [ARTICLE]

[Back](#)

### **The Indians and the Indian Agent.**

Have we an Indian Agent here? Who is he? or of what use? I have been living around in this section of country for three or four years, and have mixed with the Indian population occasionally if not frequently, and yet have never heard or known of a single instance where the Agent has identified himself with the interests of the Indians. Who has?

One has but to raise the cry of mad dog against the Diggers, and enough bad and irresponsible white men can always be found to hunt them to death.

White men have driven them from their old homes and hunting grounds—seduced their *mo-helas*, and even forced the squaws from their natural lords. It is sorrowful to admit that practices so degrading to both are so ordinarily common as scarce to elicit any remark. I have known Indians shot down for nothing, and as wantonly as the sportsman would take down a turkey-buzzard. But what shall we say of the cold blooded spirits of hell who would barbarously scalp an Indian after having killed him?

These things have happened and are now going on. We all know it—we all believe it.—Surely it is enough to provoke the hostile feelings of an angel from heaven—much more a poor ignorant Indian. I firmly believe that with a good Agent, and good management, much of the sacrifice of human life that has occurred heretofore might have been avoided.

But the Indians know nothing of our laws or government. They have neither justice nor

protection from us. They know nothing at all of these things. All that they know respecting us is from the point of the knife or muzzle of the revolver—truly a forbidding point of view for the uncivilized Indian to view our conduct from. Who is in great part to blame for these things?

Does the Indian Agent receive any compensation from Government? or do these subjects lie in the province of his jurisdiction? If we have no agent in this district, we should have one

J. J. T.

Shasta, August, 1854.

[We will state for the information of the author of the above communication, that V. E. Geiger, Esq., has recently been appointed sub-agent for Northern California. He arrived in the county several days since, and we presume will proceed at once to make himself familiar with the position, wants, &c., of the various tribes in this portion of the State, with a view to render them such relief and protection as their condition may demand.—EDS. COURIER.]

REMARKABLE FEAT.—Among the numerous extraordinary things that are daily recorded in the newspapers, none has struck us with such astonishment as the following performance of a Massachusetts gentleman, a friend of the *Essex Banner* of that State. He has evidently a touch of the Shanghai, and might by emigrating to this region, where eggs are worth two or three dollars per dozen, speedily acquire a handsome competency. His maiden effort is thus chronicled:—

“A friend has laid on our table two common hen’s eggs, one of which measures 8 inches in circumference the longest way, and  $5\frac{3}{4}$  inches in the opposite direction—the other measures  $7\frac{1}{2}$  in circumference the longest way, and 6 inches in the opposite direction, and weigh  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ounces