

acter for an imaginary candidate they can testify to anything but the truth. While the American press on matters senatorial, is preposing in conscious security and strength, the opposition is indulging in turgid declamation and pompous attitudes, realizing the expression "acting for grandeur." Undoubtedly it is very amusing to themselves as it certainly is to others, but it is about as useless as their attempts to organize on the heels of defeat. Organize! organize!! resounds through the scattered ranks of the phalanxers. All the spare ammunition of the disordered troop will be expended on parade before the battle comes. They will hang out all the old flaunting colors, and get up an artificial enthusiasm which will terminate in froth and effervescence six months before the next campaign, while we Americans will bide our time, "trust in God and keep our powder dry."

INDIAN AFFAIRS.—Day by day the danger of a general Indian war grows more imminent. The mail from the south brings the startling intelligence, that the aborigines in the lower part of the state are beginning to show unmistakable signs of hostility. It is feared that a secret understanding exists between the Indians now committing atrocities in Northern California and Oregon, and the race generally on the Pacific coast. Indeed, if reports are true, there is a preconcerted movement, on the part of the Indians, to rise simultaneously in arms and by one sudden and bold stroke endeavor to regain their power which has of late so rapidly paled before the march of the Anglo Sax-

on. But all such efforts will only hasten the fatal moment of their final extermination. They may destroy the lives of thousands in the sparsely settled districts of the State ere their doom is sealed, but the inevitable fate of the Indian is to vanish like mist before the all-powerful blaze of civilization.

The first signal of open undisguised hostility, by the tribes of the coast, is the death knell of them all. They see themselves dying by disease, their lands stolen and themselves driven gradually back into the worthless recesses of the mountains, and even the effeminate, unreasoning tribes of California, see that they are destined ere long to disappear ingloriously and by piecemeal, and more in consonance with an Indians spirit is it to die as a brave, in regaining rights of which he is as tenacious as the whites, than tamely to submit to slow extermination without an effort to repel his fate. To the philanthropist the fate of the Indian is a sad one, but the seal is set, and the irrevocable fiat has gone forth that the land that now knows him, shall know him no more forever.

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