

Condition of California Indians.

Nothing can be more destitute and miserable than the condition of the California Indians now among us. It is true that a very few of them go moderately well dressed, and ~~perhaps moderately well fed~~, but the great majority of them are almost entirely destitute of clothing by day—or covering by night. They have nothing to protect them from the chilly frosts of winter, or from the scorching heat of the meridian sun of summer. It is an undisputed fact that they go, days and weeks without any other food than that of roots and withered herbs, and perhaps at times the refuse of slaughtered beasts, or the putrid carcasses of overworked cattle and horses. Thus passes away their miserable and uneventful existence—and yet, they are human beings, possessed of high natural endowments and only requiring the civilizing influences of education and labor to polish them up as useful citizens. It is true that the obstacles to be met with in effecting this change are very great—and perhaps under existing circumstances, they are unsurmountable. It would appear so from the failure of our Indian Agent, Mr. Bealle, in effecting the desired object, we say the failure, and to speak of the Indians as a body, it is a failure, although through the activity of Mr. Bealle, he has succeeded in settling about 2000 of them in one of the most beautiful valleys in California, & we hope that the settlement is a permanent one. The great difficulty however, consists in their collection, and while a few are brought under the influences of civilization, the greater portion will remain scattered over the country, without homes, clothing, or any of the necessaries of life, until the successive waves of American progression shall bury them beneath the rolling billows of time.

GRASS VALLEY

GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1854

GRAPH

& MOORE,
J. K. MOORE
East of Church Street.

IS
\$1.00
4.00
5.00
5.00
5.00

POTHECARY,
1, Main St., Grass Valley,
1853.

LAMB,
J. D. JEWELLER,
Grass Valley,
24 1/2

TER & SMITH,
AT LAW,
Building, Broad Street,
57, Mill Street.

AGESS,
Attorney at Law,
TOWN TOWNSHIP,
22 1/2

BROTHER,
Boston Dealers.

(By special request.)
The Fiddler's Song,
ON HIS RETURN FROM CALIFORNIA.

Tune—"O! Suannah."
I have been to California with my wash-bowl on my
knee,
And seen the tallest elephant that mortal ever see,
And measures from one tip to top, the critter can't be beat.
And from this other tip to top, the critter can't be beat.
O! California you are not the land for me,
I had been and broken the wash-bowl
I had upon my knee.

He said the Warrens were, on San Diego's shore,
And he had a great big shanty, and then he washed more
And he never stop'd to talk the folks a quarter what he
knew.
O! California, &c.

We jumped from off the Warren ship, and travelled up
the river,
I caught the fever and the shakes, the shakes mean
when you shiver.
I shoot my teeth from out my head, but then I didn't
need 'em,
I didn't have 'em filled with gold, and so I couldn't
feed 'em.

O! California, &c.
I see a right smart chance of hills, as full as they
could hold
Of pecks and pecks of silver, and cords and cords of
gold.
I filled my wash bowl with it, but a Sidney man from
prison,
Took the bowl, and shot at me, because the claim was
his.

O! California, &c.
The folks in California, they drink a dreadful sight,
Some times you see a fellow loobe, some times you see
him tight.
A loobe one shoots a tight one, and then they write the
folks,
That a Grizzly Bear devoured him, a very large faced
ape.

by die. The smile upon her lips was
fainter, the purple veins upon her cheeks grew
visible, and the cadences of her voice became
daily more weak and tremulous.

On a quiet evening in the depth of June, I
wandered forth with her, a little distance from the
open air. It was then that she first sang me
the tale of her passion, and of the bright days
had borne down like mildew upon her life.
Love had been as portion of her existence; its
tendrils had been twined around her heart in
its earliest years, and when they were rent
away, they left a wound which never filled all
the springs of her young life.

"I can't describe to you," she said, "and I
should be so. The things have gone on
The great beams of passion are scattered down
and he withering in the dust, or rotting away
upon the chill-walkers of memory. And yet I
cannot go down among the tombs without a
tear. It is hard to take leave of the friends
who love me, it is very hard to bid farewell
to those scenes, with which I have held com-
munion from childhood, and which, from day
to day, have taught the color of my life, and
sympathized with its joys and sorrows. That
little grove, where I have so often stayed
with my buried love, and where, at times,
even now, the sweet tones of his voice seem
to come stealing around me till the whole air
becomes one intense and mournful melody;
that pensive star, which we used to watch in
its early rising, and on which my fancy can
still picture his form looking down upon me,
and beckoning me to his bright home; every
flower and tree, and rivulet, on which the
memory of our early love has set its undying
seal, have become dear to me, and I cannot
without a sigh, close my eyes upon them for-
ever."

I have lately heard that the beautiful girl
of whom I have spoken, is dead. The close of
her life was calm as the falling of a quiet
stream, gentle as the sinking of the breeze,
that lingers for a time around a bed of with-
ered roses, and then dies, as 'twere from very
sweetness. It cannot be that earth is man's
only abiding place. It cannot be that our
life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity,
to float a moment upon its waves and sink in-

"Be still!" The solemn hour of the soul's
departure is at hand; earth is fading from
vision, time is ceasing, and the presence
Hopes, that prosper worldly young life, had
from a world of grief and sorrow have fallen
from a world of grief and sorrow have fallen
fronts of suffering have clustered them into death
in Applaud, which hollow promises, and pride
wishes, that have never been fulfilled. The
is a glory, the certain hopes, and a life
in another world, of all that time promises
it makes.

"Make no noise! Let the tumult of life
cease! Let no sound break the soul's oppor-
tunity ere with itself it starts on fearless
fight. Trouble it not with the accents of sor-
row. Let the tear stand still on the cheek of
affliction, and let not the wailing of grief break
the gleam of silence that come from within the
gather the accents that come from within the
dark shadows of eternity, saying to it, come
home. The whispering of angels are in its
ear; obstruct not their silvery voices by
grosser sounds. A far off music comes float-
ing to it by the air. 'Tis the sound of the
heavenly harps touched by the viewless an-
gels—mar not the harmony by the discords
of the earth.

"Let me die quietly!" The commotion of
life, the struggles of ambition, the strife and
warring with human destiny are over. Wealth
accumulated must be scattered, honors won
must be resigned, and all the triumphs that
come within the reach of human achievement
be thrown away. The past, with its trials, its
transgressions, its accumulating responsibil-
ties, its clinging memories, its vanished hopes,
is rendered up to the future, its long so-
litude; disturb not the quiet of that awful
reckoning. Speak not of fading memories, of
affections whose objects perish in their love-
ness, like the flowers of spring, or wither in
slow decay. Talk not of an earthly home
where loved ones linger, where a seat will
soon be vacant, cherished voice hushed fore-
er, or of the desolation that will seat itself on

The model husband.
The model husband
loves his wife as well after as before mar-
riage. Her slightest wish is his law. He
never smokes cigars and abominates the very
smoke of a club. He esteems it the happiest
day of his life when Betsy—whenever her
name is mentioned to become his, and when
ever that terrible anniversary comes round,
he is empowered by a throng of pleasant
maiden, which generally result in a present
to Betsy, as a reward.

Never hints that the night be a lit-
tle less extravagant. On the contrary when
the milliner's bill comes in, he runs over the
bill, and says, "My dear Betsy, I never
remembered to tell you, that I had never
before seen with an ecstasy of joy. He never
feels jealous of his wife's phoebes to flirt with
Miss Poodle, who has such a magnificent
moustache," or Major B., who "dances so di-
vinely."

He does not discourage his wife's frequent
ing balls and places of amusement. On the
contrary, he often volunteers to stay at home
and take care of the baby, that she may go.
He thinks woman the decided superior of man
in every respect, and is a stout advocate of
"Woman's Rights."

He invites all his wife's relations to come
and stop at his house as long as they please,
and never suggests, after a visit of two months,
that a change of air would be beneficial to
their health.

When his wife's mother tells him what a
treasure he has in "her dear child," he never
thinks of doubting her word.

He never grumbles if his shirt is discov-
ered to be minus a button, or his stockings
plus a hole.—He frequently takes the oppor-
tunity, during his wife's absence, to gather his
children about him and expatiates on the vir-
tues of their dear mamma, and tells them how
much they owe her. If Mary Jane enquires
how much she owes her mother, he asks for
palling her ears, he is very much shocked,
and commands her to go to bed directly.

Such is the model husband. There are not
many such, I am afraid, and those few are as
often styled "Temperance."—Waverly.

Success in Life.—The following, said to
be the

of distress
I regretted
religious
together w
actor out b
ly.

Sheridan.
try to ren
appreciate
the milliner's bill
never remem
feels jealous of
Miss Poodle, who
moustache," or
Major B., who
"dances so di-
vinely."

He does not discourage his wife's frequent
ing balls and places of amusement. On the
contrary, he often volunteers to stay at home
and take care of the baby, that she may go.
He thinks woman the decided superior of man
in every respect, and is a stout advocate of
"Woman's Rights."

He invites all his wife's relations to come
and stop at his house as long as they please,
and never suggests, after a visit of two months,
that a change of air would be beneficial to
their health.

When his wife's mother tells him what a
treasure he has in "her dear child," he never
thinks of doubting her word.

He never grumbles if his shirt is discov-
ered to be minus a button, or his stockings
plus a hole.—He frequently takes the oppor-
tunity, during his wife's absence, to gather his
children about him and expatiates on the vir-
tues of their dear mamma, and tells them how
much they owe her. If Mary Jane enquires
how much she owes her mother, he asks for
palling her ears, he is very much shocked,
and commands her to go to bed directly.

Such is the model husband. There are not
many such, I am afraid, and those few are as
often styled "Temperance."—Waverly.

Success in Life.—The following, said to
be the