

**DIGGER VISITORS—A REAL "LITTLE EVA."**

A company of Indians, chiefly squaws and children, about thirty-five in number, were taken off in the Queen City yesterday, on their way to the Nome, Lackee Reservation. They come from Mendocino by the schooner S. F. Blount on Thursday, under the directions of the Indian Agent. Yesterday afternoon, previous to the departure of the steamer, they marched along the water-front from Folsom to Jackson street wharf, dressed in the scant garb of their native haunts, and attracting a great deal of public attention. They were all tattooed in the most extravagant manner on their faces, arms, and other portions of their bodies. One or two braves in the company wore a Peruvian hat and cast-off clothes; the other, a cap, white breeches stuck in his boots, and frock coat too small for him, and buttoned tight. The only dress of one of the squaws was a deer skin wrapped about her, while others had blankets, red and gray, which they bore in all possible ways of carriage. The children were nearly naked, and the whole troupe more or less ragged. A filthier or dirtier set of beings were never seen—in other words, they were genuine Diggers.

A pleasing incident connected with the presence of these Indians took place yesterday; one well worthy of being remembered, as it exhibited a beautiful trait of character in the warm, susceptible heart of a child. While the Indians were stopping on Steuart street, a fine looking little girl, ten or eleven years of age, affected by the destitute condition of the Indian children, hastened to make a collection of clothing among the neighbors, and succeeded in gathering a huge bundle, almost more than she could carry. These she bore without fear or hesitation in her hands, with a happy smile upon her face, and distributed among the naked children, in a manner remarkable for its discrimination. We are sorry we are not able to give the name of the little benefactress. Such acts of disinterested charity, coming spontaneously from the heart of a child, deserve to be recorded and remembered in after years. People who weep over the imaginary "Little Eva," here have an indication of a real one.  
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