

with the name of J. G. MARVIN, and —
nobody else!

CAPT. YATES, OF YATESTOWN.—In a recent trip up country, on the west bank of Feather River, we pulled up at the Captain's *casa*, alighted, got down, went in, took a drink, and staid all night. The Captain was "at home," and amused us with portions of his "life yarn," and particularly of some of his experiences during his long stay in California. The Captain has a pet "grizzly" at his house, but we would rather listen to the pleasant stories the Captain tells, than to trust ourselves too near the "grappling hooks" of his bear-ship. We also visited, in the evening, the large *rancheria* of Indians, in the neighbourhood, and were introduced by the Captain, into some of the wigwams, one of which was a gambling house, and although not quite like the El Dorado here, we were highly amused. The Indians were gambling for beads, and the whole affair appeared very grotesque, as we, among the Indians, were sitting, *a la Turk*, watching the game. We tried to talk *Indian* with the Chiefs, but they could not *sabe our* version of the language, although Capt. Yates speaks it like a *native*. We left the *rancheria* at early bed-time, and went to the Captain's to sleep, but were visited during the night with dreams of tomahawks, bows and arrows, whoops, *pioches*, acorn bread, squashes, glass beads and *papooses*.

We left, for the bars on Feather River, early next morning, wishing to Capt. Yates, "a long life and a merry one."

AN INCIDENT.—Coming down from Ophir City, on Tuesday last, we rode down to the Ferry about three miles below that town, in company with McDonald, a good natured fellow, who had been up country disposing of a load of fresh beef, and was returning to his home, at Hamilton City. Mac said he *reckoned* we could all go *over* together, (there were three horsemen of us, be-