

Weekly Butte Record

6-13-1868

MORE INDIAN MURDERS.—A letter from John C. Shepherd, of Beckwourth Valley to Joseph Lee, of Thompson's Flat, states that a man named Bronson, his wife and daughter, were recently killed by the Indians near Buffalo Springs. The same letter also states that Dave Patterson, formerly of Oroville, had been killed by the Indians. Patterson will be remembered by many of our citizens. We have not seen the letter, and Mr. Lee did not remember the dates and places distinctly. It is high time that the military authorities afforded protection to the people of that section by a total annihilation of the Indians, if it cannot be done short of that.

The Butte Record.

PUBLISHED EVERY

SATURDAY MORNING,

BY WM. DE KOTT.

SATURDAY,.....JUNE 20th.

Cherokee Flat Correspondence.

CHEROKEE FLAT, June 15th.

ERRON RECORD: In my last letter I mentioned the singular circumstance of a horse bringing a strange saddle into town. A Kanaka offered to testify that he had seen said horse along with some others in the possession of a Spaniard in Oregon Gulch. The Spaniard was brought into Cherokee on Tuesday last, but the owners of the horses could not, under such evidence, swear to any specific charge, so the man went his way, and the saddle remains here awaiting an owner. I do not suppose that every Spaniard is a horse thief, or that every Chinaman is a chicken thief, but both have a hankering after that species of stock. There is no doubt there is a band of horse thieves somewhere in this neighborhood, for a number of horses have been missed within a year or so, and it is pity but what some of them cannot be caught and made an example of.

A rich musical treat was given to the people of this place on the 5th inst. The Philharmonic Society of Cherokee gave a public rehearsal, inviting their friends and the public to attend. The building was crowded to overflowing, and a number of distant friends were present. The programme was in two parts, and to particularize would occupy too much space in your paper; the pieces were of choice selections, and were well executed both by the Society, as well as by the private members in their different parts; all gave great satisfaction, and each piece was greeted by the audience with well merited applause. The "Laughing Trio," by three gentlemen, caused much merriment, particularly with "Young America; the whole house was convulsed with laughter, and how many buttons and hooks and eyes gave way I am unable to say. Taking everything into consideration, the short time the company has been organized, their first appearance, and the crowded room, it was a great success, and did great credit to all concerned in it. There was not one in the large audience but was well pleased and highly entertained by the night's performance. During the evening Mr. Goodday astonished himself as well as the audience by delivering a very appropriate speech, and in behalf of the society presented Mr. Ramage, their director, with a beautiful and costly flute, as a tribute of esteem and regard for his attention and time bestowed on the society in their several exercises. Unfortunately I could not hear the gentleman's speech in returning thanks, but it must have been both humorous and pathetic, for it caused much applause and merriment, and I think it must have been pathetic, for I saw more than one of the male members of the society take out their pocket handkerchiefs, but whether they used them for a legitimate purpose, or to wipe away a tear I cannot say, (I have learned that Mr. Ramage is going to reside at Chico—that accounts for the handkerchiefs). After the concert a largo number retired to Union Hall where a splendid ball was held, which was kept up until a late hour in the morning; good music and fair partners will always ensure an enjoyable ball. Taken all together it is the biggest thing we have had this season.

6-20-1868

The Blue Gravel Company have had attached to their engine a whistle—none of your two-bit whistles, but one that can be heard "over the hills and far away." This has been a great accommodation to all the people of the neighborhood, and I think every one will join me in hearty thanks to the company for the time of day.

I wonder whether the great convulsions of nature that have happened lately had any effect on the atmosphere, for the weather is still unaccountable. On Friday night the windows of heaven were opened tolerable wide, and for a short time the rain poured down in a perfect deluge. On Saturday night a thunder storm set in about five o'clock, and for an hour there was one continuous peal of thunder, more in the space of time than I recollect since I have been in California.

As to politics, all is as quiet as mice stealing cream, and will be until the ides of July. I deeply sympathize with my Democratic neighbors because they have no candidate; but cheer up, gentlemen, don't be despondent, we have a good candidate—suppose you let your election go by default this year and vote for Grant, and some time when we have a poor candidate, or none at all, some of us may vote your ticket; besides, you have so many candidates in the field it will be impossible to please all. I would not be surprised if two are nominated next July; I know some of you will swallow the nominee but will not eat the platform, and some will gobble down the platform and will go hungry to bed before they will eat the nominee; and some will not take a bite of either, but will fall back on the letter of acceptance; as to California, judging from last year's election, betting is about even; if the Chinese Embassadors should return by next Fall, the odds would be five to four in our favor, and if the Emperor of China should come himself, it would be two to one, because San Francisco would be lost; in fact, I would not be surprised if they made a citizen of him against his will. I am beginning to feel a little uneasy about these Democrats; the talk is now of running Chase and putting in a universal suffrage plank in their platform. Well, they have a perfect right to do that, but for heaven's sake, gentlemen, don't steal our thunder.

Marysville Daily Appeal
11-29-1868

THE Quartz Mill at Yankee Hill, Butte county, was burned on the 20th instant. Insured for \$8,000.