

### Letter from Hoopa Valley.

*Editors Journal:*—Believing that you feel anxious to lay before your readers every item of information in regard to the growth, character and prosperity of the county, I take the liberty to intrude a few lines in reference to this little isolated valley, hoping that the same may be interesting to your readers.

This Valley is situated on the lower portion of Trinity River, eight miles from its junction with the Klamath, and on the nearest route from Uniontown to Salmon River. It is about six miles long, and will average a mile and a quarter in width.—

The soil equals any in California for its productiveness. There has been no species of crop tilled that did not come to perfection, and afford an extraordinary yield. Wheat does remarkably well, and may be considered the staple crop. The yield in this product seldom falls below twenty-five or thirty bushels.—Wheat must always be the most profitable crop in this valley, because there is always a ready cash market for flour.—

Barley, potatoes, &c., also do well, and mature quickly. On the 12th inst. I saw two year old peach trees in full bloom, which promise to yield from a half to a bushel each. I have also seen apple trees, but two years old, which, I think, will bear some apples this year. The grape flourishes, although it has not been extensively tested as yet. It is generally conceded by every one who has lived in the mountainous regions of northern California, that the winter just past exceeded in severity any that we have had in six years; but, notwithstanding all this, Hoopa Valley was a field of mild, pleasant sun-shine.— Though the ground was frequently covered with snow, it passed off as quickly as it came. Stock done well all through the winter season, without any feed but the grass in the Valley and upon the surrounding hills.

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done well all through the winter season, without any feed but the grass in the Valley and upon the surrounding hills.

The Indians of this section, it will be recollected, were a few years ago, rather hostile to the whites, and even in times of peace they were a great nuisance; but of late a decided change has taken place. They are now, apparently, disposed to do something for themselves, and improve their own condition. They are learning to work at the various occupations, under the tuition and in the employment of the whites. The young men can be hired for one dollar per day. There are many young Indians who will do as much as a white man, at either farming or mining.

This Valley, though sparse in population at present, will, no doubt, be thickly settled before another year. There are many advantages and inducements offered to the agriculturalist to locate here. There are some improvements going on, which will make it still more advantageous to the farmer. A splendid flouring mill is now in operation, which manufactures a superfine article of flour. This mill was erected by J. A. Kleiser, Esq. D. J. Snyder keeps a good hotel, so that there are accommodations for travellers.

The great desideratum is female society, as there is but one young lady in the Valley. She is an amiable lady, and is, as she should be, worshipped. I remember to have read in some of the poets, the case of a lady who was immortalized in the following lines:

'She blooms in the valley.

She blooms in the valley,

She blooms in the valley,

The valley below.'

FIBRE.



WEAVERLY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1857.

HOUSE.  
 TRINITY RIVER.  
 SUBSCRIBER having en-  
 ably House will on  
 be prepared to accom-  
 modate and transient

THE TRINITY JOURNAL.

To Correspondents.

We are anxious to collect all the mining and  
 news items from the different localities of our  
 county, and publish them weekly for the benefit

locking on the placid bosom of the stream upon  
 which we had hoped to gather the golden treas-  
 ure: The tolls of the day had fatigued us much,  
 but the fact of nearing by a few miles the actual  
 scene of our labors, made us light-hearted and  
 cheerful. "A fire" was soon made and the supper

The Dying Californian.

The following beautiful lines, written by Chas.  
 Chase, on the death of his brother-in-law, who  
 died on the passage to this country, we take from  
 the Middletown (N.Y.) Whig Press.  
 For my nearer brother, nearer