

twenty-five miles, and at an elevation above tide water, as shown by the barometer, of 1,650 feet. On the next day, following down the South Fork of the Merced about five miles—keeping thence to the right, crossing a number of high divides, and as often descending into deep valleys, over a difficult and often times dangerous trail, we arrived at the top of the mountain overlooking the valley. At 4 o'clock P. M. descended about half way. A point destitute of trees revealed the object of our journey, lying far below us, embosomed in green. A wall of circumvallation enclosed the whole valley, and, rising perpendicularly to the height of thousands of feet, a waterfall in the distance, flowing over an abrupt precipice of more than seven hundred feet, presented a view at once awfully grand and beautiful, unsurpassed we believe on earth.

We descended to the valley and encamped, weary and worn, after a fatiguing day's travel of about twenty miles. The valley is about eight miles in length, and lies east and west, and from three-fourths of a mile to a mile in width. It is covered by a heavy growth of pines and oaks. Grass is luxuriant in all parts of the valley. The first fall is upon the south side of the valley, one mile from the entrance. It was judged to fall seven hundred feet. The volume of water is small at this season, compared to what it must be

in the season of melting snows; but there is now quite a stream running. The water comes over the fall in a broad sheet; but immediately forms itself into large bunches of globules, which come wavering through the air, leaving behind a train of mist which follows like the train of a rocket. About three miles further up the valley there is a fall upon the north side, which is much higher than the one spoken of. A small amount of water is now running, but swelled by melting snows it must be a sight beyond description.

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FORT YUMAS.—The San Joaquin *Republican* publishes the subjoined extract, from a letter of an officer, stationed at Fort Yumas, on the Colorado :

For the last ten days I may say we have been in a state of siege—some 200 or 400 of the Mohave Indians have been down to the Yumas and Cocopas holding a grand council to go to war with the Marricopas—so they say—but that the Cocopas being old friends of the Marricopas (and at present in peace with the Yumas by treaty) will not join in the expedition. The Mohaves are great villians, and are on a foraging expedition. The Yumas are obliged to be on good terms with them. We have been in readiness to receive them in case they should jump us in the night. We are only about 70 men strong (of all classes) on the hill. The Indians talked the other day of having 1,000 to go and fight the Marricopas. It would be a good thing, for the Marricopas would give these rascals a good thinning. It is said the Mohaves are going home in four companies—one started yesterday, the other to-day. The Colonel gave them four barrels of bread and some tobacco a few days ago; also some of the troops, which start to-day. These Indians invent all sorts of lies to get “grub;” they are always begging, and are the most ungrateful thieves in existence. One good point with the Yumas, they respect property in the camp.

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The old man is somewhat frightened with such numbers of Indians, and will be until we are strengthened in military force, which is very necessary. In consequence of the dryness of the season, nearly the whole tribe are around the camp for from a half to three or four miles. I expect to hear of the Mohaves driving some cattle off the flat. The country is too poor for them all to go in a body home.

There are four vessels down the river with stores and materials for a new steamer of 150 tons and 150 horse power. The steamer running at present has been making five and six day trips, but can only bring thirty or forty tons.

Four vessels are lying up at the mouth of the river, to be discharged by teaspoonfuls every five or six days.

**FATAL AFFRAY ON GREENHORN.**—On Friday afternoon of last week two miners named Pas-