

mitted to monopolize the mines of Shasta? Or shall they be driven out of the county, *vi et armis*? To the first and third questions we do not propose to give an answer. To the second, however, we answer emphatically *No.* With our correspondent, we most earnestly hope that the next Legislature will take hold of this matter, and relieve us, in part at least, from the evil of the presence of this disgusting population.

— We took occasion, several weeks since, to express the opinion that unless the Cow Creek and Pitt River Indians were furnished with food, the dreadful scenes of previous winters would be renewed. Already has this prediction been verified, and the whites and Indians of those sections are now at war. A large number of men, with eight or ten days supplies, started in the early part of the week on the war path.— Loss of life on both sides will, of course, be the result.

A CHRISTMAS TREE.—Three beautiful little fairies, with blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and pouting lips, that said just as plain as could be, “come kiss me,” glided into our sanctum, two or three days ago, and handed us a beautiful little note running thus:—

MR. EDITORS:—You are respectfully invited to participate in the festivities of a “Christmas Tree,” at the Church, Christmas Evening, Dec. 25, 1854.

N. B. All presents must be sent in by the 19th Dec.

And then away they glided, merrily laughing because we failed to get a kiss from even one of them. Well, this is just like our luck—always in the “vocative.” However, little la-