For the Morning Post.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS FAIR.

BY JOHN E. HOLMES.

O light heart and free
Be happy while you may!
The fickle smile, Joy sends to thee,
May linger but a day!
Form lonely ways unknown
Foreboding clouds may sweep,
And eyes once bright with smiles alone
May learn indeed to weep.

There's phantom pools at eve
The desert pilgrim sees;
Hope often doth a mirage weave
As fair, yet false as these:
There's bubbles on the brine
Some ocean pulse awakes;
Hope hath a thousand just as fine
Some errant zephyr breaks.

How much of all that's fair—
Once held by hearts in trust,
Has changed like camphor into air,
Or passed like Thebes to dust!
O'er many a face of Eld
The ready winds have blown;
And hands like Cleopatra held
Are trodden and unknown.

O light heart and free
Be happy while you may,
The syren songs now sung for thee,
Will die with Autumn's day!
O light heart and free
Be happy while you may,
Time sings his chorus thus for thee,
"Away! away! away!"

PITTSBURGH, 1853.

[Written for the Morning Post.]

ADVENTURES IN CALIFORNIA.

BY CAPT. THOMAS S. HART

ALLEGHENY COUNTY, July 5, 1853

MESSRS. HARPER & PHILLIPS—

Gentlemen:—You requested me some time since to give a sketch of some of my adventures with the California Indians, &c., &c. I feel rather a reluctance in doing so, as I know there are people in this region of country who have hardly ever been out of sight of the smoke of their own chimneys, who are skeptical, and can hardly be made to believe anything that they do not actually see; but as I am under promise to you, and some of the incidents I shall mention, may be amusing to some of your readers, I will place them in your hands, and leave it to your option and good judgment whether to publish them or not.

I had occasion during last fall to visit the Los Angeles Valley; which, by-the-by, is one of the most fertile and finest regions of country that I ever seen in my life, settled principally by native Californians, who I found to be a much better class of people than I expected, at least they treated me very kindly. On my way down I had followed the coast, via San Hora or San Jose, to Monterey, Santa Barbara, thence to Los Angeles. On my return I concluded I would cross the coast range of mountains, or a spur of the Nevada, rather to the Tulare Valley, and through the Southern mines to the North or Sacramento Valley, to Natonia, the place where I had been located. My mode of traveling was on foot, and there were few men in California that could beat me at walking. I provided myself with about one week's provisions, consisting of jerked beef and bread, or pan, as the natives called it; I got the best direction I could, relative to the route. I was informed that the distance across the mountain was not more than from 15 to 20 miles, about half-a-day's walk, for me.—Unfortunately for me, the whole mountain range in that section of the country abounds in wild horses or mustangs, and other wild animals; and, wherever a drove of the wild horses go, they make a trail or path equal to the one I was following. I finally got upon a wrong trail and got bewildered. It had become cloudy, and I had not the sun to guide me; I traveled the whole day up one mountain after another until I came to a spot that I thought would be favorable for encamping for the night. It was along side of a ledge of rocks which stood some 8 or 10 feet high. I collected sufficient fuel to keep me warm through the night, up to this time I had seen no wild animals, although I had seen considerable signs; I built a fire so that I would have the rocks for a protection. I then broiled some of my beef, and ate my supper. I examined my revolvers, having 2 of them with me; I then spread my blankets (a luxury that I always carried with me in California,) and laid down, feeling rather gloomy at the position I was in. I had laid probably a couple of hours, when all at once a pack of wolves and coyotes (an animal between a wolf and a fox) set up a terrible howling; it seemed to me that there were 500 of them, although I suppose there were not over 25 or 30; I laid and listened to them, and their serenade was anything but agreeable, although I did not mind them much, as I had frequently heard the same music before. They were some 50 or 60 yards from me. After annoying me for at least an hour and a half, they suddenly ceased their noise, and put off in a hurry. I lay some 10 or 15 minutes congratulating myself that I would have quietness the rest of the night, when, to my horror, some animal let out a most terrific yell, apparently not more than 30 yards from me. I sprang to my feet in a hurry, clutching my revolver in one hand and my knife in the other. I stood expecting every moment to be attacked. I was looking about in dread, when I discovered the glaring eyes of some animal.—I had heard it remarked by an old Hunter that there was hardly any animal that would stand fire when it would come close to it. A thought struck me to try the experiment. I caught up a fire brand, and threw it with full force at the animal. It fell close beside the animal, and I think, struck it, for it attacked the fire, and made the sparks fly at least 10 feet high. In a few moments it went off, yelling and making a considerable noise, until it got clear out of hearing—and I felt greatly relieved, I assure you.—I aroused up my fire, and seated myself by it, not venturing to lay down again. I sat there in a very gloomy mood; my feelings were any thing but enviable—knowing full well that I was lost, and that I might travel for weeks in that wild range, and not find my way out. I blamed myself for my rashness in attempting to pass the mountain range alone. Thus I sat for some 3 hours, studying what I had best to do, when the approach of some animals again aroused me. The animal I threw fire at, I took to be a California lion, or what we call here a Panther. I think they are the same animal, only those in California are much larger. But I am digressing. The animals came up to within some 40 or 50 yards of me, and stopped. I thought at first they were horses; there appeared to be 2 of them; I could just perceive them. I concluded I would try the effects of fire again. They did not make battle at it, but they put off in haste.

I seated myself again, wondering what would come next, as the night, so far, had been a night of horrors. Just before daylight the wolves opened their serenade again, and kept it up until it began to get light. It seemed to me as if I had got into a den of animals, as I heard several that seemed a distance from me during the night. As soon as it was light, I eat some bread and meat, and prepared to start again. Before starting I went and looked for the tracks of the animals that had annoyed me during the night.—The first I took to be a panther and the other two were grizzly bears.

I started on my journey, determined not to spend such another night, if I could possibly help it. I travelled almost incessantly the whole day. There was one thing I almost forgot to mention: I had seen several coyotes and wolves at a distance during the day. About noon I came to a mass of rocks surrounded by chaparral, and, to my surprise, I discovered two grizzlies lying asleep. I quickly took the back track, and gave them a wide berth. They are an animal that is not easily disturbed, as I frequently heard of people coming upon them asleep and retiring without awakening them.—They are a terrible animal to come in contest with.

But, to continue: after travelling all day, about sunset I ascended quite a high mountain, from whence I discovered the valley which I had been so anxiously looking for, about two and a half miles distant. Never did any poor mortal feel greater relief from danger than I did. I seemed to be infused with new life, although a few minutes previous I felt so jaded and worn out that I could hardly drag one foot after the other, yet now I felt as vigorous as if I had not traveled more than a mile that day. I started down, determined to get out of the mountain by the time daylight was gone, if possible; but the road I had to travel—over rocks and through bushes—was so difficult, that I had not got more than half way down when darkness closed me in, and I began to make preparation for encamping again. I had nearly completed my arrangements when I happened to cast my eyes down into the valley and discovered a fire. I came to the conclusion that there must be a settlement there, and I was determined to reach it if possible, as I did not wish to spend such another night of horrors in the mountain. I started, and had a terrible time to get down. I had the fire as a guide, although it began to get quite low. About 8 o'clock I reached where the fire was, about a quarter of a mile from the base of the mountain. I stopped, and when I came to look around, the first thing that I discovered was that I was in the midst of an Indian Ranchoree, or settlement, which was quite unexpected to me, as I had forgotten about the Indians, and I had expected to come out into a white settlement that was reported to lie upon the opposite side of the range from where I started into the mountain.

I stood astounded for a few moments, for I had always been informed that the Indians in this region of country were hostile, and had a deadly hatred to the whites. I studied for some minutes what I had best do. It then threatened rain very much, I hardly knew what to do.—There I was, alone, far from the haunts of civilization. Surrounded on the one side by the wild animals of nature, on the other by the wild savages of the desert, almost as ferocious and savage as the beast. You may judge and imagine my feelings as in this trying position. Expecting every moment that the flood gates of heaven would be poured out upon me, I finally came to the conclusion that it was but death any how, that I would take my chance with the Indians. I knew full well that every lodge contained a dog, which take after their master and are quite as savage in disposition. I therefore hunted around and found a good sized club or pole. I had disincumbered myself of my blankets, provision, &c. Then approached the nearest lodge and sung out Wallah, Wallah, which is in Indian, how do you do, my salute was hardly given when the dogs as I expected rushed from every lodge, and if I had not been prepared would have torn me to pieces. I kept them at bay with my club, finally the Indians approached and drove the dogs away, when I walked boldly up to the nearest Indian, and took him by the hand and said Wallah, Wallah, and so passed around and saluted some fifteen or twenty that had come out. My boldness took them by surprise, I was afterwards informed that they were under the impression that there was a party of white Indians, or I should not venture in amongst them alone. They consulted amongst themselves for several minutes. Finally one of them approached me, took me by the hand and made signs for me to go with him to one of the lodges. I accordingly went, the rest of the Indians following. These lodges are built in the shape of a large bowl inverted. They are quite small, being generally not more than five feet in the clear in the highest place inside, and about eight feet in diameter at the bottom inside. There is a passage left in one side, and their fire is generally right in this entrance. To get in you have to go over one side of the fire. The fire is generally small. I passed into one of these lodges with the Indian. He stirred up the fire and caused it to blaze brightly, which discovered my features to them plainly, when, to my surprise, there was an Indian stepped in from the outside, took hold of my hand and said, "How do you do, Englishman." He spoke very low, but I had not the slightest recollection of him, until he told me where he had seen me. What I am now going to relate goes to show how highly they appreciate a kindness, and also goes to show how a slight act of kindness towards one of them, may in time, benefit a person when he least expects it. I had always, invariably, made it a practice to treat them kindly wherever I met them, and during last summer I was upon an excursion out to Mariposa, in the southern mines. On my way, I stopped at a California hotel to get my dinner. While I was eating there was an Indian came in, who had been murdering from his tribe for some months. He had been at the City of Stockton, working there for a white man, where he had learned a little English. He was then on his way to his tribe, which was the Tularre tribe, at the head of the Tularre Valley. He had no money, and wanted something to eat. The proprietor of the house ordered him off, telling him they did not give people to eat without money. I called him back, and told the landlord to [illegible] this summer, and I would pay for it. From the manner in which the poor fellow eat, I should judge that he had fasted for five days; and I thought what he stowed away would do him until he got to his tribe, if they were not too remote; he was on his way to them then. He returned me thanks as well as he knew how, and left. There are very few of them that ever show any signs of feeling or thanks for favors or kindness that may bestow upon them; I suppose their gratitude is treasured up in their minds. This was the Indian who now stepped forth and saluted me. He remembered me, and related to the rest how I had treated him, when they came forward and shook hands again, which made me feel comfortable, knowing I was in their strongraces. That night the rainy season commenced in earnest, and it rained in torrents. This was in November. It does not, during the rainy season, rain incessantly all the time, as a great many here think, and I was under the same impression, previous to going there. The rainy season is generally a mere succession of heavy showers. I concluded to remain in present quarters for a few days, and recruit. The Indians continued to treat me kindly. They had a kind of bread made of pounded acorns; I did not admire the taste of it; the Indians seemed to esteem it very highly. They also make bread from a seed they collect in the early part of the fall. The plant from which they collect, grows about the heighth of flax, and branches in the same manner.

[CONTINUED TO-MORROW.]

From the Sacramento Journal, May 28th.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE.

Attempted Assassination of the Deputy U. S. Marshal!!

Some days since we published a decision of the United States District Court for the Northern District of California, granting a perpetual injunction upon the application of a party interested in the Jemeno, or Larkin grant, in Colusi county, to stay waste in the cutting of timber upon the same. This grant was confirmed by the United States Land Commissioners in January last, and the Court, in the absence of any exceptions to the decision, took jurisdiction over the case, and interposed in behalf of the claimants. Recently other applications have been made for similar purposes, and the Deputy Marshal, Douglas, passed up the river on Saturday for the purpose of summoning the parties to show cause why a perpetual injunction should not be issued against them. Upon his arrival at Colusi he learned that a meeting had been held and resolutions passed to prevent by force his serving the summons. After several repeated messages, in which he explained his mission, and that he simply desired to discharge his duty as a ministerial officer, without effect, he determined on Monday to appear among them, and reason face to face with them upon the folly of their course. He accordingly, against the advice of friends, did so, and entered among them in their deliberations. He found some 40 or 50 of the settlers carousing together and making merry with liquor, and upon a fatted calf, which they had appropriated from the herd of a [illegible]-n-d speculator. His attempts to reason with them were of no avail, and he was positively assured that if he attempted to serve any papers, he would be lynched. Feeling that it would be risking his life to do anything of the kind, he determined to leave, which he did.—On coming down in the boat, it stopped at a wood-yard to take in wood. The proprietor, Holliday, was one of the parties against whom he had a summons. He therefore delivered the writ to him enveloped, and at the same time commenced reading the summons.

Holliday, upon his discovered the design, jumped upon the wood and seizing a pledgeon told the Marshal that he would have to be killed, and at the same time leveled a blow at his head, which was received by him on his hand, hat and shoulder. Such was the force that he was knocked down the bank of the river, and had it not been that the blow was broken as it was, it must inevitably have crushed his skull. Being without arms he entered the boat, and Holliday immediately retired to his house, procured a revolver, and again approached for a renewed and more effectual assault. Upon the remonstrance, however, of the Captain, he desisted, and so the matter terminated. Mr. Douglass went to San Francisco yesterday, and warrants will be immediately issued for the arrest of some five or six of the ringleaders of this most gross and outrageous defiance of the laws of the United States. The issue has at last been distinctly made, and it remains to be seen whether the laws are to be set at defiance, and Mr. Douglass and the United States commissioned in the discharge of their duty. The next process will, no doubt, be backed by United States troops, and the violators of the law be brought to summary justice.

Daily Morning Post.

LECKY HARPER, THOMAS PHILLIPS

Harper & Phillips, Editors & Proprietors.

PITTSBURGH:

THURSDAY MORNING.....JULY 7.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

CANAL COMMISSIONER,
THOMAS H. FORSYTH,
of Philadelphia County.

AUDITOR GENERAL,
EPHRAIM BANKS,
of Mifflin County.

FOR SURVEYOR GENERAL,
J. PORTER BRAWLEY,
of Crawford County.

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