The Daily Crescent.

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THE DAILY CRESCENT.

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NEW ORLEANS:

MONDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 24.

☞ Mr. Balie Peyton, U. S. Minister to Chili, has arrived in Washington City.

☞ Among the passengers to Europe in the Caledonia, was T. J. Carroll, bearer of dispatches to the U. S. Legation at London. The Caledonia has $20,000 in specie on board.

☞ M. Potier, Catholic Bishop of Mobile, has returned to Paris, from Gaeta, where he has submitted for the sanction of the Pope, the acts of the Catholic Convention at Baltimore.

THE NEW MINISTER TO ENGLAND.—The merchants of Boston are about to offer a dinner to Abbott Lawrence previous to his departure as Minister of this Government to Great Britain.

VIRGINIA.—A special election will be held on the 8th of November, for a member of Congress in the Wheeling district, in place of Mr. Newman, deceased.

PASSAGE TO MEMPHIS.—The Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel announces that Delegates to the St. Louis and Memphis Conventions will be passed over the South Carolina, Georgia, and Western and Atlantic Railroads free of charge, going and returning.

GEN. TAYLOR AT ERIE.—The account of Gen. Taylor's public reception at Erie, and the speech extensively published as having been delivered by him in that city, are said in the Erie Observer to be fabrications. Gen. Taylor was sick, made no address at all, and had only a very few visiters at his lodgings.

THE NEW YORK STATE FAIR.—The grand agricultural display at Syracuse closed on the 13th. The annual address was delivered by Professor Johnson. There was a grand military parade, in which the troops were reviewed by Gen. Wool and Gov. Fish. Mr. Clay left Syracuse, homeward, on the 13th.

NEW LINE OF STEAMERS.—The steamer Rhode Island of New York, is to be started as the pioneer on a new enterprise, viz: that of forming a steam communication between Philadelphia and Norfolk, Petersburg and Richmond, Va. Should the line justify it another boat will be added to run in company with the Rhode Island.

GOLD FEVER IN NEW YORK.—The gold news from California by the Empire City caused all the other excitements in New York to sink into insignificance. The rage for emigration thither was renewed on a small scale, and there was a bundling up of traps, picks and gold washing machines, preparatory for a trip on the steamer Empire City, which was to start again on the 15th.

HEALTH AT FORTS TOWSON AND WASHITA.—A letter from Fort Towson, Arkansas, dated August 21st, says: "It may be interesting to those having friends at this post, and at Fort Washita, (commanded by Col. D. S. Miles, your gallant townsman,) to learn that they have not been visited by the cholera or any other fatal disease—the health of both posts is remarkably good. The thermometer has ranged from 94 to 100° for the past ten days in the coolest part of the garrison."

BARNBURNER CONVENTION—*Union of the Democrats.*—The Convention of the free soil division of the democrats of New York, assembled at Utica, have adopted the proposals for a union tendered to them by the Syracuse Convention, and henceforward they will again move together as one body. The convention then nominated the following candidates: For Judge of Appeals, Freeborn C. Jewett; for Secretary of State, Henry J. Randall; for State Treasurer, Benjamin Welch, editor of the Buffalo Republic; and for State Engineer, Alexander Campbell, of Albany. The remainder of the ticket is that already nominated by the old hunkers.

LOUISIANA.—The Baton Rouge Advocate of last Wednesday has the following paragraphs:

"At a meeting of the Board of Directors on Saturday last, Mr. Oscar Barbee was elected Clerk of Louisiana Penitentiary, and Dr. F. M. Hereford, Physician to said Institution. The Rev. Wm. H. Crenshaw was also reëlected Chaplain."

"We are happy to learn that J. P. Benjamin, of New Orleans, and Col. Sparks, of Lafourche, have purchased from H. S. Thorpe the large tract of land in this Parish known as the Mount Pleasant plantation, and have already completed the necessary arrangements for opening one of the finest sugar plantations in the State. The highlands are rapidly coming into notice, and in a few years will command a premium over the best low land plantations."

FROM INDIAN RIVER—*More Depredations.*—A correspondence of the Savannah Republican, dated San Augustine, the 13th inst., says: "The steamer Nina, Captain Magee, arrived here yesterday from the Southern coast, whither she had gone to convey three companies of U. S. troops. By her we learn that the Indians had returned to the settlements on Indian River, and burned several more of the houses. Messrs. J. H. Gattis, Lavana, and others, who made their escape in July last, on the first outbreak, had returned to Indian River, to look after their property, and with the intention of endeavoring to maintain their position. They have now, the second time, been compelled to flee for their lives, and have now gone to Key West. They discovered the approach of the Indians in time to make their escape. One or two companies of troops are now stationed at Indian River, and if the Indians again make their appearance, it is to be hoped they will meet with a warm reception....The steamer Nina proceeds this day to Palatka, for the purpose of conveying Major Rowland's company down the Southern coast. The three-masted schr. Andrew Mitchell, from Philadelphia, is now in port, and will sail first wind. The schr. Three Sisters, Capt. Lovitt, arrived here on Sunday last from Charleston, and is now discharging. The schr. Del Norte, Capt. Pinckham, arrived here last week, from New York, after a passage of 38 days. The schr. Josephine, Capt. Burnham, arrived here on Sunday last, from Jacksonville, Fla."

☞ No success at New York on the 13th in getting a jury for the Astor trials.

Overland Journey from Corpus Christi to San Francisco.

Correspondence of the Crescent.

SAN FRANCISCO, Upper California, July 25, 1849.

Eds. Crescent: After many weeks of overland travel, I am once more quietly seated at my desk, with sufficient breathing time to indite a few lines to my friends on the far-off Atlantic side of the continent, and to record somewhat of my travel's history; to give them facts that I have seen, and to attempt a true delineation of the country through which I have passed.

On the 19th day of February, our party consisting of seventeen men, with their wagons and some thirty five mules and horses, struck their tents and took up their line of march from the beautiful town of Corpus Christi, to wind their way to the far-famed Dorado of America. With light hearts and joyous mirth they moved steadily forward, each congratulating the other that they were now fairly on the road to the land of their day and night dreams; the land whose rich treasures must ere long be unfolded to their eager sight, and the golden sands of its rivulets, plains and mountains reward the dangers and toils of the dauntless adventurer. But few of the party had ever seen the rough side of life's picture, therefore had but a vague idea of the many difficulties which must present themselves on an overland route of more than two thousand miles;* those of us who had seen service were doubly fortified against the casualties of travel, having the experience of the past with a philosophic pride that bore us above the petty trials of the uninitiated.

This party had fallen into the very common error of almost all who have chosen the land route—the encumbering themselves with a superfluity of baggage, and not heeding the advice of more experienced travellers; some had as much as 500 lbs. weight of articles entirely useless, either here in California, or on the road; this, however, was an error which in a few days corrected itself; for as each day brought its quantum of toil and vexation, and mental and physical endurance began to head before it, little by little, some cherished article either of ornament or fancied luxury was neglected, then listlessly pushed aside or thrown upon the ground—walked over—kicked out of the way, and finally thrown as far as arm's strength could hurl it, with the common expression of those who are getting their "eye teeth cut," and learning a *little* Spanish, that "none but a consummate *burro* would think of starting with so useless an article." At first, affection for wagons waxed warm, inasmuch as it saved an immense deal of labor, as compared to packing and unpacking mules, and when I was called upon to take command of the party, and made one of the conditions the disposal of all the wagons and reduction of baggage to 150 lbs. a pack, I received for answer that the subject would require farther consideration. I knew, however, that every hour in the day would but serve to convince them of the utter folly of retaining a train of overladen wagons, and had the satisfaction to find the party, on the fifth day, unanimous in agreeing to my conditions. I however declined command until the necessary alterations had been made in each man's outfit, and I was satisfied of his being fully prepared to pursue the journey with comfort and speed: this could only be done at Laredo, a town founded by the Catholic missionaries some two hundred years since, and beautifully situated on the American side of the Rio Grande.

From Corpus Christi to Laredo there is a most excellent road, in the best possible travelling condition; an abundance of wood, water and grass the year round. Distance 128½ miles by actual measurement. I believe the above mentioned road was made practicable for wagons by the firm of Cazneau & Co., (Col. Kinney,) and with a very trifling expenditure it can be made equal to the best roads in the oldest state in the Union. Wagons, not over laden, can make the travel from Corpus to Laredo, touching at all the good watering points, in five days. The face of the country is unbroken, and from the immense droves of wild horses, beef cattle, hogs and deer; flocks of geese, ducks, turkies, and many other species of the feathered tribes, one can scarcely dispel the illusion that he is winding his way over the cultivated fields of a thickly peopled country; but the foot of civilized man treads with cautious step upon this soil, and his senses of sight and hearing become doubly acute to guard against surprise, as he knows not when or where the red man may intercept his course to dispute with him his right of way. I believe no Indians were seen, although one gentleman of the party averred, most religiously, that he saw two *live* ones; but on examination it was found that the red gentlemen had most miraculously transformed themselves into a cactus with a *real* mule behind it, whose motion had given the appearance of life. Travelling time from Corpus to Laredo by our party—Agua Dulce, a beautiful lake of fresh water, 21st; Lake Trinidad, good water, abundance of game, geese, ducks, deer, 22d; several standing pools, water not very palatable, owing to mustangs' range, geese, ducks, deer, and immense herds of wild horses, 23d; Agua Pocito—properly named—there was so *little* water as to be entirely invisible—two and a half miles beyond, water hole, muddy, 24th; Los Angelos, a deserted rancho, broken up some years since by the incursions of the Camanches; it is now called "the wells," and these are the only remains of what was once a fine stock rancho; the water here is excellent, being slightly impregnated with sulphur—noon, camped at "the springs," excellent water, 25th; Laredo, 26th.

Comfortably quartered in this quiet but ancient specimen of Spanish architecture and the first dust of the overland route to California brushed from our garments and prospective moustaches, our party began, collectively and individually, to rearrange their goods and chattels preparatory for more speedy progress, and a more difficult and perplexing piece of business cannot well be imagined. No one had as yet had sufficient experience to know what to take or what to leave behind; few understood the management of a mule, which is a science by itself, and requires much study of mule nature, inasmuch as a mule is like unto nothing but a mule; individuality is the characteristic of this remarkable quadruped, no matter in what light you view it: under all circumstances it stands forth in bold relief—*per se*, a mule. Such articles as had been purchased on joint stock account were divided, and each individual received his proportion, to dispose of as best suited him; this being, as I thought, the best method of enforcing an equal proportion of the necessary labors and duties incident to the road, no man being called on to perform any duty that was not of absolute benefit to the whole. The wagons and harness were disposed of at nearly first cost, and an additional number of mules procured, and a few days labor put our little party into a shape for speedy and comfortable travel, unsurpassed by any, even the most experienced of land travellers; each man knew that his comfort and success depended mainly on his individual exertion, and that there was no joint stock interest to throw himself upon, for a shield between himself and the performance of his duty, therefore all was harmony, with a cheerful spirit of mutual accommodation. There were some twenty of Col. Abbott's party here, who had separated from their companions on the Nueces, intending to take the route to Mazatlan; but seeing the advantages of our organization, they united with us, thus swelling our numbers even more than could have been desired; however, they were most agreeable gentlemanly companions, and added much to our enjoyments on the road. During our stay in this place we were most hospitably entertained by the citizens, both Mexican and American; and the clear, dark-eyed señoritas put an extra braid in their glossy, black hair, took from its long hiding place their most elegant rebosa, warmed their souls into a few extra sparks of amor por los Americanos, darted a few unsurpassed glances of Cupid's lightning from the corners of their bewitching eyes, as none save las señoritas Mejicanas can, waltzed with additional grace and spirit, and vied with each other as to who should extend the warmest welcome.

After eleven days delay in Laredo we crossed the Rio Grande to what has been christened, since the signing of the Treaty of Peace, New Laredo; and here we passed another most agreeable night, all of us being invited to a fandango, gotten up by the daughters of the Alcalde, and attended by the *élite* of the place. The entertainment was of a truly refined character, and passed off with many agreeable *looks*: words were scarce, as very few of our number could speak Spanish, and fewer still of the señoritas could speak English. At 2 o'clock on the evening of the 9th our entire cavalcade was formed in the Plaza, and shortly after took up the line of march for Lampasas. From the acquisition to our party at Laredo, we now numbered forty-seven men and one hundred and ten horses and mules. The prospect of accomplishing the journey with speed and comfort inspired every one with fresh energy; the wagons could no longer retard us, and as the advance guard moved forward in fine style and complete order, followed by the main guard and pack mules, covered by a rear guard of eight men, an involuntary shout of joy burst forth from our little band of adventurers. I have seen many an encampment of soldiers broken up and the troops put on march, but never have I seen them display more uniformity of movement or preserve better order.

From New Laredo to the first water is a distance of fifteen miles, but there is not a sufficiency for any number of animals; we were therefore obliged to make a forced march of seventy miles to the Rio Salado. This river is one of the tributaries of the Rio Grande, (slightly saline); is a bold stream, and contributes largely to swelling the waters of that river. We remained here twelve hours, and then started at 2 P. M. Another long march of fifty miles without water; but as the distance was mostly travelled at night, no inconvenience was felt by either man or beast. On the 11th we reached Lampasas, a very ancient and a beautifully situated town, at the foot of the first mountain belonging to the family of the Sierra Madre. On entering the Plaza, our party was completely surrounded by the curious of both sexes, and it was with difficulty I made my way into the office of the Presidente, to report myself and command, and explain the pacific character of our expedition. We were received with great politeness, and treated in the most hospitable manner. Our quarters were assigned us with the Padre; but at the same time we were informed that it would be judicious to remain at this place until an express could be sent to Monterey and return with a general passport for myself and whole command. The peculiar position of affairs at this time decided us on the policy of remaining; as the Sierra Madre and Buffalo hunt agitation was still fresh in the minds of the authorities, together with the Cadenas robbery. Armed as we were, and moving more like troops than a mere band of adventurers, the people and authorities would have been fully justified in attempting our arrest did we not furnish good evidence of our pacific character; but more than this, we were on Mexican soil, and for the honor of our country felt ourselves bound to comply with Mexican laws—and that, too, while the church, municipal authorities, citizens and military were extending to us the hospitality of the town. A party numbering some twenty, who were some ten hours in advance of us, under command of Capt. Jordan, were surrounded by a company of Lanceros, and escorted in as prisoners. Some Arrieros had seen them the night previous, and rode express into town and reported to the Commandante that two hundred American robbers were on their way to pillage the town, which led to the temporary arrest of Capt. Jordan's party; but on their explaining the nature of their expedition, and exhibiting their passports, they were released, furnished with excellent quarters by the Señor Presidente, and told that they could pursue their journey, but at the same time advised to wait until the express should return from Monterey with a general passport from the Governor.

The architectural features of Lampasas are much the same as all the lesser pueblos of Mexico; it is nearly all adobe work—the houses are of the old Spanish style, and when viewed at a distance, forcibly remind one of regular rows of dry goods boxes, and an occasional pile of cotton bales surmounted with molasses barrels. The real comfort and beauty of these pueblos consist in their judicious location for water and fine shade trees. I have passed through nearly a hundred of the pueblos and cities in Mexico, and, in all, have found one but the counterpart of another. The Padre with whom we were quartered may well be termed the "jolly Padre of Lampasas"—fond of company, fond of good wine, and when comfortably elevated, fond of talk and an exciting little game of monte. He lives like a prince in his casa, and makes every one comfortable who make his house their temporary home. While here, I was shown several specimens of very rich silver and lead ore, taken from the side of an adjacent mountain, not over a league distant. There is also an abundance of stone coal, several specimens of which were also shown me; and when I asked the Padre why they were not worked, he replied that the Mexican population there were drones, with scarce industry enough to eat their food after it was prepared for them; that the mountains of Lampasas were set on solid silver, but no one would work.

After a delay of nine days—four for the express from Monterey, and five for the recovery of two of our party, who were somewhat indisposed—we started for Monclova at an early hour in the morning, taking what is called the Encinas road. The Padre advised us to take this route, as he said the other road had bad water and no grass; that the first forty miles on the Encinas road had no water, but the remainder of the distance good water was abundant. I therefore determined to make a night march, resting four hours in midnight, that we might reach the water before the heat of the ensuing day. The march was accordingly continued from three o'clock until ten, when camp was made and sentinels posted. Being on duty myself, I was wakened about one o'clock, and while in the act of belting my revolver to my side, one of our party who was sleeping some ten feet from me, accidentally hit the lock of his gun which he had placed along side of him in bed, discharging one of the barrels charged with fourteen buck-shot. My first impression was that the Indians were upon us, and as I immediately felt the sting of wounds in four places, my first impulse was to return the fire on the instant; but before I could draw my pistol from the holster, the shot was proclaimed accidental. Had not one of the shot struck me in the right arm and for a moment rendered it useless, I should have most likely killed a gentleman for whom I shall ever cherish the highest regard. A fire was immediately kindled, and Dr. Marsh, one of our company, very kindly visited me to see if his surgical services were necessary. On examination, the wounds were found not to be dangerous. Four balls had struck me; one in the right arm, passing through the fleshy part, touching no bone; another in the right side, two inches from the pit of the stomach and half an inch below the ribs. This shot passed through a plug of tobacco which was in my watch fob, and was completely flattened, and buried itself in the flesh. From this wound I felt considerable pain, but of only an hour's duration. Another struck on the outer and lower part of the right knee-joint, and, after tearing an ill shaped hole in my pantaloons and drawers, and rather an ugly looking hole in the skin and flesh, quietly deposited itself in my boot. The fourth shot insinuated itself very kindly in the inner and upper fleshy part of the left thigh. From not one of these wounds did I experience sufficient inconvenience to retard our onward march, nor did I find it necessary to forego my due proportion of duty on the road. In an hour and a half after this accident we were again on the march.

Arriving at an early hour in the morning at Encinas (rancho), we bivouacked for a nooning near a fine stream of clear, cool water, which gushes from the side of a mountain, and is led off by canals for irrigating purposes to the adjacent fields. This rancho is most admirably situated for agricultural and grazing purposes, but owing to Indian incursions it has been in a great measure deserted; the fields remain uncultivated, but a few cattle can be seen grazing around; and the few inhabitants who have the courage to remain feel themselves in a state of siege, posting sentinels on the lookout day and night; but even with this precaution the Camanches now and then surprise some heedless straggler and carry off his scalp. It is a rare thing for a Camanche to kill a Mexican woman or child—they say they can make good slaves of them. From this place to Monclova we found the road excellent, with an abundance of water and good grass; we could also procure corn in abundance at the numerous ranchos along the road—in fact good subsistence for man and beast.

On the 25th, early in the morning, we entered Monclova, a city familiar to all American news readers, inasmuch as it was occupied by our troops during the Mexican war. We found several Americans resident of the place, and a large party *en route* for California, who had come by the way of Matamoros, Monterey and Saltillo. Their object in coming this route was to cross the Bolson de Mapimi; this, however, proved to be an injudicious move, as the Bolson is destitute of water, and is in conformation a succession of rugged mountains and trackless defiles. There is an abundance of grass, but for ninety miles no road or water. After a short stay at Monclova we started for Parras. We were now fairly in the far-famed Sierra Madre, where the lover of mountain scenery must find endless subjects for admiration, that mock description or the painter's art—language or coloring would convey but a feeble idea of the sublime beauty by which the traveller is here surrounded; the eye has scarcely taken in one enchanting picture, and the senses recovered from its thrilling effect, when another, even more deep and glowing, gradually unfolds itself, moves by, and is succeeded by another. Mountain streams leap from the overhanging cliffs, and plunge for hundreds of feet, dashing their cooling spray upon the small warm valleys below, and then run off in rippling streams until swallowed by some thirsty plain. The stratification of this entire range dip considerably to the south. I found but one exception, and that was in a close pass, one day's ride from Monclova to Parras, and here the stratification was vertical. After debouching from this pass the traveller enters upon a dry, dusty plain, of thirty miles in extent. The road lays along the base of a high mountain range on the north, and distant views are had of isolated sierras on the south and west. The soil in this plain is white as chalk, with a considerable mixture of nitre, and when pulverized in the road becomes a great source of discomfort, as it is lifted in columns by whirlwinds. I think it is no exaggeration to say that I have seen fifty at a time. They resemble in appearance immense water-spouts at sea, differing only in color, being as white as snow, large at the base, of spiral form, the apex shooting up to the height of many hundreds of feet, and now and then one up to the clouds. They remind one of "the cloud by day" followed by the children of Israel. So forcible was the illusion on first seeing these columns of dust, that, to make the picture more perfect, I rode out upon the side of the road to get a full view of my companions—each riding according to his own peculiar fancy, and having long beards withal, pack mules interspersed here and there, and an occasional pedestrian—I fancied I saw a tribe of wandering Jews *en route* for the Land of Promise. The mirage on this plain was the most perfect and illusive I have ever beheld; the isolated mountains on the south and west seemed to float in lakes of water that reflected their tall peakens in a mirror. So complete was the deception that, although these sights were familiar to me, having witnessed them on the table lands between Perote and the City of Mexico, I was half persuaded that it was reality; the more the powers of vision were strained the more perfect it became, until some of our party offered heavy bets that it was a *bona fide* lake; some saw sail-boats and ships at anchor and under way; and one, whose imagination had completely mastered all his reason, averred most positively that he saw a steamer. An elderly gentleman of our party, who boasted much about his extensive travel, censured me strongly because I did not lead the advance in the direction of the water, declaring that no man was fit to lead a party over a thirsty plain who would pass such a fine lake of water, and trust to the chances for more. He was, however, considerably chagrined when I taxed him with his improvidence in not providing himself with water from the lake through which we had just waded; he turned and looked to the rear, and there beheld the same appearance of water as in the advance. At first he declared that we were on an island, and wanted to know if any one had seen him asleep on his mule, as under no other circumstances could he have crossed that water without being aware of it. After explaining to him the cause and nature of this, to him, remarkable phenomena, he declared that he would never again complain of any occurrences on the road, or pretend to criticise the mode and time of camping and marching, nor assume a familiarity with all the remarkable sights in the world. One more day's ride from this plain brought us to Parras.

Parras is distant from Monclova 150 miles, and, as the road is excellent between the two places, we made the distance in less than four days, with no inconvenience to our pack-mules. All arrived in improved condition and spirits, so much so indeed, that a halt at this point was deemed unnecessary. Here we received news of a most unfavorable character from Mazatlan, giving a most discouraging picture of the state of affairs with the California emigrants who had gone to that port for shipping to San Francisco, which had the effect to determine most of our party to adopt the route by way of Chihuahua, thence to the Rio Gila. After setting a few horse and mule shoes, we again started, April 4th, on the high road to Chihuahua. As we were now entering the Apache range, it was not a difficult matter to preserve the necessary vigilance. Two days' travel over an excellent road brought us to the Alamo de Parras, a fine flourishing pueblo of about 4000 inhabitants. On the 6th we camped at Concepcion, on the Rio Nezas, a tributary to the Rio Grande. At this place we were informed that the Apaches had killed some Mexicans on the road the day previous, and that a large party of Indians had been seen near the pueblo on the same morning. At 2 o'clock next morning, 7th, we were all in the saddle. The road lay through the heavily timbered bottom of the Nezas, and all eyes were intently scanning the openings, or peering into the dense undergrowth, each one being anxious to see the first Indian; all, however, were disappointed, and no evidence of Indians could be traced, other than a few rude crosses to tell that some luckless Mexicans had seen them once too often. We watered and nooned at a silver mine, and at 3 o'clock P. M. pushed on to the mining town of Mapimi, which place we entered after dark, and quartered in an old copper and silver smelting establishment. The mines are in the town, and afford to it its principal support, agriculture being limited, for want of a market, and from fear of Indians. We remained a day and a half in Mapimi to repair a slight accident that befel one of the mules of our party, and then moved on. We nooned at a large stock rancho and mescal distillery, the estate belonging to an old Spaniard of fine appearance and unsurpassed politeness; but the old gentleman unfortunately had a young wife. Some of our young men immediately opened the jewelry trade, and rings, breast-pins and gold watches were once more permitted to reflect the light. Young C., understanding the most vulnerable point, attacked the old gentleman's purse through a breach in the young and handsome wife's vanity, and succeeded in fingering some of the old gentleman's *dinero*. She took a particular fancy to a ring, and of course the dear, delightful little sugar-plumb must have it. I was amused at the great familiarity of the jacks and jennets of this rancho; they make themselves perfectly at home, entering, with the utmost *sang froid*, any apartment of the establishment, even the ladies' sitting-room. After a comfortable nooning, we moved on, and that night camped on a mountain. Our next day's travel brought us to a large rancho, at which we passed the night. From this we made the frontier town of Cerro Gordo, where we found a station of 500 Lanceros, and a most rascally population, all except the women. While nooning at a fine stream, the señoritas were refreshing themselves with a midday bath. They exhibited no *false* modesty, having on bathing garments, and when they leave the water they will change their wet garments for dry ones, and in so dexterous a manner, that the most fastidious gentleman would have no cause to blush. My modesty had at first serious misgivings, but soon regained confidence, and boldly looked on.

On the 15th we reached the Pueblo of Refugio, on the Rio Florida. There our quarters were completely besieged, and so great was the crowd in our quartel and outside, that it was by force alone we could protect our property. This rascally rabble soon found our determination to have our own way, and after ejecting some of the most bold from our premises, the crowd soon made way before our guard. We started from here early on the morning of the 16th, and the same day reached Santa Rosalia. At this place I was again the subject of a most vexatious mishap. While watering and washing my horse, he conceived a very sudden idea that his presence was more important at the feed trough, and starting on a full run drew the coil of his lariat so tightly around my right hand as to render it impossible for me to extricate myself. This unexpected movement threw me on my left side on the hard graveled street, over which he dragged me for nearly fifty yards. The lariat continued to run round my hand until it finally came to a knot, the end of which passed through with an interesting jerk; this being relieved I was permitted to regain an erect position, to find the flesh entirely torn to pieces in the palm and on the back of my hand, my fingers stripped of skin, my left hand and arm completely skinned up to the elbow, and a deep wound three inches long in my left side, and several large pieces of sharp gravel forced into other parts of my body; all the contusions large and small, each bringing blood, were *fifty-seven*. My gun shot wounds were not all healed as yet, but they at no time were so painful or annoying as my new stock of comforters. For fifteen days I could neither dress nor undress myself nor saddle my horse, and in riding I was obliged to hold my rein over my right shoulder. The day after this accident we again moved forward, passing through Machinpa, having but three days' ride to make Chihuahua, where a halt was to be called and preparations made for passing the sparsely settled road to the Rio Gila. We entered Chihuahua on the 21st, and right glad was I to see her tall spires and glittering domes, for here I could take the necessary repose and procure the proper appliances for my bruised limbs and lacerated flesh.

From Parras to Chihuahua the road is in the best possible condition, and wagons can move as rapidly over it as pack mules; grass is abundant, and the traveller need suffer nothing for want of water; while at the ranchos and pueblos even the luxuries of life can be obtained. On nearing Cerro Gordo, owing to the elevation which is gradually obtained, the atmosphere becomes cool and bracing. The nights are cold enough to render a heavy covering necessary to comfort, and our messes drew close round their camp fires, giving quite a wintry aspect to the picturesque groups. There are no mountains to be crossed, the Sierras being isolated and the valleys hard and level. The road is an old one and bears the evidences of considerable travel.

It was Sunday when we arrived in Chihuahua, and of course we received our impressions of the populace in their best attire and gayest mood. The first thing that attracted my attention was the bustling crowd around the Arena procuring tickets for the bull fight, a species of amusement the Chihuahuanians are very fond of. Here was assembled the fashion and beauty of this goodly city; and the señoritas seemed more delighted with the sport than even the señors, for every new species of torment administered to the infuriated animal was hailed with fresh delight, and when the espador plunged his keen weapon into the animal, the deeper the thrust the greater was their enthusiastic applause.

Two weeks were here spent in preparations for the Gila, and did I undertake to record the various incidents of our sojourn in this beautiful city, I would swell my journal to an inconvenient bulk. I have notes of this and other points which will hereafter form subjects for other communications and I promise to send them to you.

All things in readiness, we bade adieu to Chihuahua friends, and the señoritas in particular, who had given us warm testimonials of regard, and again proceeded on our westward course. From acquisitions from various small parties, the number of our party was swelled to 57; besides other companies, all within a day's march of each other, making an aggregate of 180 men, well armed, provisioned, and clothed. Five wagons (eight mules to a wagon) were also taken up by a party of thirty two. Eighty mules were set aside for the exclusive use of these wagons, and when the various parties all came together and were in march across the plains, it resembled very much the appearance of a full regiment of cavalry on escort duty. We had determined to follow the trail of Major Graham, who it will be recollected took this route for California the previous winter.

J. S. Robb, ("Solitaire" of the Reveille,) J. E. Durivage, (N. O. Picayune,) Dr. Brent, of New Orleans, and myself, started on the 2d May, at 6 P. M., one day after our party; camped at Sacramento, near the battle ground on which Col. Doniphan and his wild Missourians entertained the Mexican troops much to their discomfort. On the 3d, we reached Sans and nooned at a fine spring of water, then pushed on to a large rancho, owned by Gov. Trias, where we quartered for the night. Morning of the 4th, reached Lake Bonita. This lake is some thirty miles long and ten wide. We here found names and date, with time of day, inscribed on a tree, and ascertained that we were but two and a half hours ride behind our party: we consequently pushed forward and, at 8 o'clock in the evening, had the satisfaction to be hailed by a sentinel on post. "Who goes there?" was music to us, as our forced marches from Chihuahua to catch up, had made us both tired and hungry. We found a hearty welcome, hot coffee and beefsteak. The camp to-night was in a prairie, and without water or wood. Making an early start on the succeeding morning, we reached a place called Carmen, a pueblo and large hacienda. The water here is excellent, good grass and an abundance of wood; we also procured corn for our animals.

From Carmen we were obliged to make a forced march to Las Animas (deserted rancho) of forty miles, as no water could be had before reaching this point. The road here was somewhat mountainous, and the wagons which were now a portion of our transportation moved at rather a slow pace, consequently we did not reach the water until a late hour at the night. Lighter wagons—what are called Jersey wagons—with a team of four good mules, can move over the entire route travelled by us, with as much facility and speed as men on horseback with pack mules.

On the 7th we reached Galliana, a pueblo founded by the Spaniards some hundred years since, and which bears the evidences of a once flourishing condition: many descendants of the old Castilians still reside here, and show no appearance of mixed blood. We saw here as purely blood beauties as can be found in any part of the world. The 8th, 9th and 10th, were easy stages, on the banks of a beautiful stream of water, passing through Galliana, Birasco and Casalios. At the latter place we found a party of Texans, numbering about thirty, who had come from San Antonio de Bexar direct to Paso del Norte, and thence direct west 150 miles to this place. Those with whom I conversed, told me they found no serious impediment in the route, and all confidently asserted that the distance can be made from Bexar to the Paso in eighteen days.

From Corralitos we took the road for Yanos, a small pueblo some twenty miles distant, and situated on what the inhabitants call the Rio Yanos. We found here about forty Apache warriors, who seemed to be more the owners of the town than the inhabitants. However, soon after our entrance into the place, they decamped, telling us that they would go to their village and in two days meet us on the road with mules to trade. This was only an excuse for their sudden departure, and they did not again show themselves to us. There is a good road from Chihuahua to this point, and thence to the "Copper Mines," to the head waters of the Gila. The road was opened for the purpose of transporting supplies and metal by persons interested in the mines and used until the Indians broke up their establishments and killed the miners.

We were still ascending, and the atmosphere became more and more wintry. The bluish outline of the Sonora mountains, a continuation of the Sierra Nevada range, forming the dividing line between the States of Chihuahua and Sonora, were now distinctly marked, and westward to their cloud-topped peaks we again pushed eagerly forward. Our animals were in the best possible condition, and not a sick man in the party. In two days from Yanos we entered the first pass—Puerto de San Luis. We had been travelling up an inclined plane during this time, and when we had gained the utmost summit, over the back bones of a series of folding sierras, we suddenly came in view of a rich warm valley of unsurpassed beauty and verdure, in whose bosom slumbered a glassy lake of fresh water, some miles in circumference. Our camp was made on the margin of this lake, which we christened the Lake of Como. All we wanted to complete the picture, was each one with a laughing Pauline to hang upon his arm and drink the honey of his lips.

From San Luis Pass the Guadalupe Pass is plainly visible. A narrow strip of rich ground some hundred yards wide and three leagues in length, having an elevation above the valley and table of about twenty feet, forms the only causeway over the otherwise damp and boggy plain, which extends north and south between two parallel lines of mountains as far as the eye can see. After crossing this causeway we struck Col. Cook's trail, which comes in at the base of the western range, uniting with the more recent trail of Major Graham entering the pass. Through this pass we made but slow progress, as the wagons were dead weight and could make but a short distance each day, so rugged and declivitous was the road; in fact it is a matter of surprise that wagons as cumbrous as these should be drawn through at all. Persons without wagons can go through in one day, whereas we were five.

On the 21st we reached the deserted rancho of San Bernardino, having crossed the head waters of the Rio Yaqui. On the 23d we crossed the San Pedro, and for the two succeeding days our road lay over a plain abundantly supplied with running streams, all of which empty their waters into the San Pedro and through that channel into the Rio Gila.

The soil in this plain is of unsurpassed richness and is covered with wild oats and clover, with here and there a small patch of wheat and barley. Timber is also abundant, the adjacent mountains being covered with a thick growth of pine and post oak. We were now in the range of numerous herds of wild cattle, and the monotony of our journey was broken by the excitement of the chase.

The next place we came to bearing a name was Santa Cruz. We had now gained the highest point of elevation on the dividing line between the eastern and western slopes of North America, and it required all our blankets to keep us warm at night. Ice was formed in my cup over an inch thick in one night. The Apaches keep the inhabitants here in continual dread, as it was with difficulty they can muster up courage enough to work a few small patches of ground; it is, however, but a choice between starvation and the Apaches. This pueblo once contained an industrious and wealthy population, as the many fields and evidences of a high state of cultivation give ample evidence; but the wealthy have long since abandoned it, leaving only the poorer classes, who are unable to remove elsewhere. In this neighborhood are rich gold and silver mines which were once extensively worked, but the Indians proved too much for the miners and they were forced to abandon them.

Leaving Santa Cruz, we passed through the deserted pueblo of [illegible], a mining town, from which the Apaches had driven the inhabitants some six weeks previous. They attacked the place with a thousand warriors, killed many of the men, women and children, and destroyed and carried off all the moveables thereabout. Then San Favier, another pueblo and Indian village. There were two Indian villages here—one of Apache Tontos and another of Pimos.

Ten miles from San Favier brought us to Tuson, and so considerable had been the descent from Santa Cruz to this place that we found ourselves in the *tierra caliente* of the Pacific. Then we were told that we had to cross a desert of ninety miles, without grass or water, before reaching the Pimo village. We consequently remained at this place for three days to rest our animals, the better to accomplish so severe a march, which we commenced at 4 P. M. on the 1st of June, and after travelling the greater part of the night, halted for two hours. After this short rest we again moved on, halting at midday for three hours, then putting ourselves in motion, travelled [illegible] until morning, when we were cheered with a sight of the Gila. We struck the river two miles above the Pimo village and rested there until evening. We moved down to the village on the ensuing morning. Some of the party who had very imprudently neglected their canteens, suffered somewhat from thirst in crossing the jornada; but their sufferings were nothing compared to our poor animals, who neither tasted water or food during the time we were on the road. I think there is no more distressing sight in the world than to see the faithful animal who has borne you for hundreds of miles over plains and mountains, gradually sinking beneath his burthen for want of food and water; whose look appeals to you stronger than words for that assistance which you are unable to give. I was never more moved than when my horse, after searching fruitlessly on the desert for even a withered shrub to eat, came and rubbed his head against my hand and followed me every step, and when I took the little sack in which I always fed him, he seized it with his teeth, but, finding it empty, dropped it upon the ground, then looking me in the face, seemed to say—"Dear master, can you not give me food?" Poor Rowdy, there is now no more, but never will I forget him.

The second day after our arrival at the Pimo village, Juan Antonio, head chief, visited our camp and in the warmest terms bade us welcome to his little principality. He is a man of the middle stature, possessing a benevolent physiognomy. He declared to us that should any of his people molest or take our property, that he would see that it be restored to us and the offender punished; but we had no occasion to call on him to redeem his pledge, as I do not believe the value of a pin was stolen from us during our stay among the Pimos. Every thing about them betokened habits of industry, and an approach to civilization nearer than the Mexicans, whom they excel in industry, honesty, truth and virtue. Juan Antonio is very desirous that his people should imitate the Americans, as he says they are the rulers of the world and the noblest men he has ever seen, and able to teach his people great wisdom. Among this peculiar people we found several men and women who spoke the Spanish language sufficiently well to be understood. Some professed to be Christians, but were most woefully deficient in their catechisms. While contemplating this people, I could but reflect on this opening field for missionary labor, where the seeds of a pious faith could be sown in a virgin soil, unencumbered by the foul weeds of [illegible] prejudices or worldly-mindedness. Those who deal with them as friends the Pimos admit to their hospitality and treat with good faith and tenderness; but to those who exhibit hostility they are warriors; and whenever the Apaches molest them they are quick to follow and revenge themselves. As for instance, a few days previous to our arrival, a settlement of Pimos and Coco Maricopas [illegible] had been surprised by the Apaches, and sixty killed. The Pimos immediately set out in pursuit, but did not succeed [illegible]. I am told, however, that they are always successful when they encounter any of the hostile tribes by whom they are surrounded. But why this settlement should be called a village I cannot understand; it is rather a number of villages in close proximity to one another, extending along the south bank of the Rio Gila for 15 miles. According to the conditions of the treaty of peace between the U. S. and Mexico, it is on neutral ground; as the only possible line for a road must run through this settlement. These Indians live somewhat on the Fourier system, being divided into bands, each with a chief, who is responsible to the head chief and his council. Each has a community field, which is worked according to the directions of its respective head. They have also war chiefs, and it is not always that the administrators of their domestic powers is also their military director. Their form of government is republican with a representative head [illegible] as that of the Pimos, with this exception—abuse of power among the latter is instantly punished by the popular will. War is deplored and troops raised somewhat upon our volunteer system, and the head chief has a body-guard upon the principle of Queen Victoria's household troops.

After a halt of three days, most agreeably spent in contemplating this remarkable people, we again set forward on the road for another rapid night march across a second jornada of [illegible] miles, without grass or water. This to our animals, was a severe trial, as the grass about the Pimo settlement was of an indifferent quality and by no means calculated to recruit them. Many already gave forth unmistakable symptoms of disease and weakness, and some had become completely unserviceable. A portion of the road lay along the base of an isolated Sierra, which gives the Gila a considerable bend to the north. We passed through a forest of the Cereus Giganteus, very many of which were over forty feet in height and as large round as a flour barrel.

Our next night's encampment was on the bank of the river, and from this time we travelled in sight of its banks until its waters are swallowed up by the more turbulent Colorado.

At the Pimo settlement, and fifty miles below the Coco-Maricopa village, are the only points at which I had an opportunity of judging of the quantity of water flowing down the Gila. At the former place it is confined to its channel by an abrupt range of mountains on the north, and high banks on the south. The depth of water here was four feet, with a current of about three and a half miles an hour, and its width about fifty yards. At the latter it has forced its way through a high plain, covered with volcanic rock, and the banks of the river are completely walled in by high banks of boulders of a purely volcanic nature. The appearance of this plain was to us a subject of great curiosity, as were also the precipitous ledges immediately in the vicinity. Its width here was about 100 yards, and depth 10 feet. I account for the supply of water to make up the difference between the width and depth here and at the former place, by the fact that the Rio Salado and the San Francisco, contribute sufficiently to make up the discrepancy.

After near two weeks of slow progress down the Gila we reached the Colorado. We found here several other parties busily employed in constructing boats to cross their effects in, as the river was high and barely confined to its banks. Hundreds of naked Indians were to be seen in every direction swimming the river, lazily lounging on its banks, or prowling about the various camps, watching a favorable opportunity to steal.

My last day's march on the Gila I will long remember, for here I was obliged to abandon my once splendid horse Rowdy. The fatigues and privations of the road for the last three hundred miles had proven too severe for him, and notwithstanding he evinced every disposition to move forward his feeble condition rendered the task too great. Leading him, as best I could, to a patch of grass near a large pond of fresh water, I divested him of his trappings and bade him a final adieu. Poor fellow, he was too weak to follow me, but from the time I left him until I was out of sight, he did not take his eyes from off me, and when I finally disappeared, he burst forth into a loud, long neigh as though he could not part from me without a last farewell. Poor Rowdy! he deserved a better fate.

After constructing a boat of willow branches and India Rubber, we crossed the Colorado, and commenced our journey over the last desert that lay between us and the Pacific. We were, however, agreeably disappointed on finding more water and subsistence than we at first counted upon. The first eight hours brought us to three wells, one of which contained palatable water, sufficient for ourselves and animals. Some twenty miles farther we found wells and an abundance of water, but no grass; and fifteen miles farther we found a running stream, no doubt thrown over by the high stage of the Colorado. This brought us to more than half-way over this much dreaded journada. Starting from this stream, we travelled some forty miles farther, reaching Carise Creek, with some considerable suffering for water.

We now looked upon our overland trip as completed, as from this point we could make San Diego in four days. Some continued the land route to San Francisco, but those who had been so unfortunate as to lose their animals chose the port of San Diego, as the best route—at which place many of us arrived in good health, July 5th, and found no difficulty in procuring passage to this place. The steamer California touched at this port on the 15th, and I took passage on her. Two days run brought us into the beautiful bay of San Francisco, and here must end my brief sketch—but a bird's eye view—of our overland trip to California.

Yours, etc., HIRAM F——O.

* Overland distance to San Francisco [illegible] miles.

Mexico.

The following is a list of the passengers from Vera Cruz, by the Severn, at Mobile: Nathan Clifford, U. S. Minister, and family; Messrs. A. N. Andrea, J. Keymolin, J. H. Fink, A. J. Atocha, R. Ajura, J. Depont, V. Aleman, and six on deck.

The Round Islanders make a good deal of noise in Mexico. They think all along the coast, that they are to be attacked and overwhelmed by the Yankees.

Gen. Vega has sent to the federal government for succor. Gov. Barbachano, had drawn together imposing forces in Yucatan. He fears for Laguna, which he recommends with solicitude to the Mexican Government.

The Mexican Consul at New Orleans has advised the Commandant General of Tamaulipas, of the intended departure of 500 armed Americans with two steamers for the island of Lobos, which is about 25 or 30 miles from Tampico. It is supposed, in Mexico, to be a movement in concert with the friends of Santa Anna on the borders of the Rio Grande.

The government, up to the last advices, was making extensive preparations of defence in the cities along the coast. They have evidently got a "big scare" down in these regions.

The Severn had on board 952 bales of cochineal for England, and $1,131,144 in specie, of which all but $50,000, intended for Mobile and New Orleans, are for England. Of the former sum, $85,275 are on account of the Mexican dividend.

The only American vessels in port at Vera Cruz when the Severn left, were the brig Nenuford, which was to leave for New York on the 16th inst., and the pilot schooner Hitchcock, seized on suspicion of being engaged in smuggling.

MURDER ON THE HIGH SEAS.—We find in the correspondence from Key West of the Savannah Republican the report of a case for salvage in the Admiralty Court, which involves an account of a dreadful murder and mutiny on board of a Belgian vessel—the brig Maria Antoinette—which sailed from Antwerp, in May last, with a Captain, 1st Mate, Boatswain and four seamen. On the 4th of July, the Captain, Leopold Laurvere, and the Mate, Louis De Gonge, were murdered by the crew, under the lead of a man named Loy. The Captain's throat was cut in his birth by Loy; and the Mate's on deck, by a sailor named Vandegavan. The Boatswain, whose name is Kesen, was spared, in order that he might navigate the vessel. He run her on the Florida Reef, where she was boarded by Reson Duke, a wrecker, with five others, who bargained with them, to get her off for six hundred dollars. The story they told him was that the Captain and Mate had been killed by lightning. They got her off, and left on board one Cole, and a son of Duke's, to take the vessel into Key West. After they left, information was communicated to Cole of the intent of the crew to murder him and young Duke in their sleep, and run away with the vessel. He requested to be put on shore, and two of the crew unsuspectingly landed him in the ship's boat. The story being communicated, the whole party went on board, confined the two principal murderers and took the vessel to Key West, where she has been libelled for salvage, and recovered *nine hundred dollars*, instead of the *six hundred* dollars first agreed upon, on the ground of a concealment of material facts. The accused have been delivered to the Vice Consul of Belgium, and will be sent to the Belgian Consul at Havana, to be sent back home for trial.

MORE TROOPS FOR FLORIDA.—In addition to the force already stationed in the peninsula of Florida, the following companies have, as we understand from the National Intelligencer, been ordered by the Secretary of War to Pilatka: "Of the First Artillery, one field officer and four companies—three from the harbor of New York and one from Fort Washington. Of the Second Artillery, two companies—one from Fort Mason and one from Fort Johnson, North Carolina. Of the Third Artillery, one field officer and four companies—all from Fort Adams, Rhode Island." After these troops shall have reached Florida, the entire military force collected there for the protection of the inhabitants of the State will amount to 32 companies, or about 1600 men.