

A Scotchman named Adams, an old California miner, and a party of three sailors, are said to have been the only white persons at the mines during the last winter. Early in the spring, the San-Francisco papers began to publish rumors of remarkable successes in surface-diggings on this remote and almost unknown river. The rumors grew; a few old miners hanging about San-Francisco, and a hundred or two from Oregon and Washington Territories, who had experience but no capital, made their way thither, and found very rich surface-diggings. Their success reached the ears of others, who, like them, had experience, but no capital to build the machines without which mining is unprofitable, now that the surface-diggings are removed, in California. Presently the crowd of emigrants began to swell to larger numbers; a line of steamers to Victoria, the capital of Vancouver's Island, was started, other lines were speedily added, and then every available ship or boat, new, or cast aside as too poor for other lines, was chartered for the same purpose. Emigrants from all the towns and counties in California came pouring down to San-Francisco by hundreds and thousands; property fell, and labor rose in value; San-Francisco alone profited, and all other places in California suffered seriously; and still the emigration went on, each week doubling the number of the week before. From April first to June twenty-first, over fifteen thousand people left California; up to July fifth, twenty-five thousand had left, each at an average expense of two hundred dollars a head. During this brief period, ten steamers, making the round trip between San-Francisco and Victoria in ten days, had been plying back and forth at their best speed, taking five hundred passengers and full freights up, with only thirty passengers and no freight down. Clipper-ships, and ships that were not clipper-built, in scores, were crowded alike — the Custom-House sometimes clearing seven in a day. Many of the steamers and vessels went up with men huddled together like sheep — so full that all could not sit or lie down together, and had to take turns at the feeding-tables and at the soft six-feet-by-two bed of pine-plank on deck. All this went on for months, the California papers, especially those of the interior, meanwhile decrying the value of the new diggings, and describing the country as cold, barren, and inhospitable, and the persons who went as poor deluded fools. But the mania possessed all classes. Nothing else was discussed in the prints, nothing else talked of on the street; all the merchants labelled their goods 'for Fraser River;' there were Fraser River clothes and Fraser River hats, Fraser River shovels and crowbars, Fraser River tents and provisions, Fraser River clocks, watches, and fish-lines, and Fraser River bedsteads, literature, and soda-water. Nothing was salable except it was labelled 'Fraser River.' Late in July, the reaction came, and the tide turned; but not

Walla. Who can wonder that, seeing an engineering party making a road through the heart of their territory, these Indians concluded they were to be cheated out of their lands, and driven away as their fathers had been before them?