

sweetest havens of rest that God ever provided for life's weary pilgrim. We travelled on until we reached another valley, equally as rich in nature's adornments; but its verdant soil had been recently saturated with the blood of three prospecting miners. Their bodies had been found pierced with arrows, besides being cut and mangled in a horrible manner. Some Indians near by were suspected of committing the murder. Consequently a number of miners had assembled, and, in order to intimidate the tribe, had taken three Indians, and hung them on the limb of a tree near by the scene of the murder. As we approached, we noticed with some anxiety the unusual collection of so many miners. Very soon the occasion of such an assemblage became apparent. There, on a single limb, were suspended the dead bodies of three Indians. One glimpse was sufficient. I can see them now, their swarthy, distorted visages emblematic of revenge and treachery.

Finally we came to a little mountain town called Bridgeport. It consisted of three little shanties and a toll-bridge, which spanned the Yuba River. The setting sun was just gilding the tops of the surrounding mountains, as we halted in front of one of the dwellings to inquire the distance to