

TULERIES, April 12th, 1847.

Number 14 of your excellent journal has just reached us. Number 13 did not come to hand. Here, away, alone as it were, it is with unusual interest that I peruse its contents; its name being most appropriate—truly is it a STAR, whose rays become most cheering in this region of mental darkness; let us then hope that it will continue a fixed luminary, shedding its light abroad—"shining for all."

You have, I perceive, given credit to a rumor, for you publish the massacre of some settlers on the San Joaquin river by the Indians. Probably you allude to the settlement forming on the "Stanislaus," called New Hope; and who knows but it may be my little party to which you have reference. At any rate, you may assure your readers that such is not the case; that the Indians, though indulging in their natural propensity to thieve on all occasions, have made no attempt (and I am correctly informed,) to either kill the settlers, or destroy the settlements. I visited, and made a noonday halt at New Hope, on my way hither. The settlers (some 10 or 12 in number,) appear contented and energetic—have three or four houses completed, and as many more under way. About eight miles this side, I fell in with the renowned Felipe, of horse thief notoriety, at the head of about 30 Indians, all well armed (in their way,) and mounted, and no doubt then on an expedition of plunder. They did not molest us, however.

This letter leaves me encamped upon the banks of a small stream, called by our Indian guides "Tallalomes." Thus far have I passed "on without impediment." The Indians about the Joaquin seem actively employed in fishery, catching and drying vast quantities of salmon, with which the streams at this time abound. Occasionally we meet with a wild, wicked looking party of warriors, with horses and arrows innumerable, who never fail to express their wonderment at the ungovernable roving propensities of "los Americanos." With such a set about me, it requires all attention to the packs, and notwithstanding our vigilance, they contrived to make away with a serappa, or Spanish blanket, owned by one of my men, and a pair of "inexpressibles" belonging

to myself.

Our journey thus far has been fraught with adventure. The excitement of the hunt is on several occasions courted. Countless herds of elk feed almost undisturbed upon the river bottom. The grizzly Bruin of the mountains is always at hand when wanted.

Imagine now, ye sea-coast sufferers, and more particularly, residents of San Francisco, driven into your dwellings by "old Boréas, blustering railer," on the approach of 2 P M, the beauties of a Spring season in the enchanting Valley of the Joaquin. One continuance of most heavenly weather—one never-failing succession of glorious landscape! Oh! 'tis a fairy land—but you would spoil the picture by associating the "Diggers" with the sublime, and I will desist, remarking nevertheless, that the portion of the valley through which I have travelled, in point of beauty, fertility, &c, has exceeded my most sanguine expectations.

After a halt of a few days, I shall continue on to the River Mercy. The Indians tell me of a stream, lying directly on my route thither, which has lately overflowed, and deluged the country thereabouts. I have heard too many exaggerated accounts of this stream to place any confidence whatever in the report; notwithstanding, the Joaquin itself has for the last few weeks continued to rise slowly, until it has attained its more than usual height, it is now, however, on the decrease.

I have nothing more to add. I am endeavoring to journalize the events of my travels, and on my return, I shall be able to furnish you with

something interesting for publication. By the time this reaches you, I hope to be many miles from this, on my way to the "great lake" which to answer accounts, must be a choice portion of California. Meanwhile, may your STAR become the star of our country, proclaiming far and wide the virtues of our adopted home.

I remain as ever, yours.

TULE ROVER.