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THE NATIONAL ERA. WASHINGTON, SEPTEMBER 16, 1850.

"ERREKA"—I HAVE FOUND IT. (THE SEAL MOTTO OF CALIFORNIA.)

Long years ago, when the New World lay unexplored in its wild grandeur, an Indian king held rule but firm way over the tribes beyond the golden mountains.

One moment more, and the savage band reached a broad, flat rock, where a novel sight filled them with awe and fear.

There stood a group of pale men, in Spanish dress, with outstretched arms and beaming faces, as if far away upon the Pacific, that lay in majestic grandeur below them.

With threatening vengeance flew the swift-footed Kinnalu in pursuit of his timid Montis. One by one he reached the mountain heights he bounded in unwearied strength.

He was avenged; and in mournful silence the dead and stricken warrior returned to his people.

Years have numbered those Indian hosts with the dead. Their heavy slumbers are unbroken by the din of the hammer, the busy strife, and the solid march of the white man.

At the funeral of General Taylor, one of the officiating clergymen expressed the hope that Congress might be induced, at some not distant day, to purchase Mount Vernon, and convert it into a Congressional cemetery.

And what a place of interest it would be, not only to all friends of the interested visiting Washington, but to all others.

G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1850.

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