

[Editorial Correspondence.]

Indian Expedition.

CAMP WINN, on the Tuolumne River,
Monday, Feb. 24th, 1851.

The hostile Indians have not yet come in, but information has been received that they are *en route*. It was derived from one of Cypriano's Indians. Three of his men came into camp to-day, but they could give no very definite information from the "hostiles." It has been thought by a portion of the powers that be that they have come down to sound and act as spies, and that Cypriano has failed to fulfil his pledge to the commissioners. It was announced to-day that we should resume our line of march for the Frizneau, a river about forty miles from this point, running parallel with the Tuolumne, but the order has been countermanded. The probability is that no move will be made before the middle of the week. It has been reported that a good deal of dissatisfaction exists in the districts where the Indians have been committing their depredations, because the commissioners and troops have not before this come up there. I believe myself that it would have been a more politic measure to have pushed on at once to the immediate region of the hostile tribes, rather than have solicited a meeting with their representatives at that place. It is a matter of very great doubt, now, whether Cypriano will succeed in carrying out the project of the commissioners. Old Cornelius, with about twenty of his men and squaws, came up from the rancho yesterday, to visit the commissioners.

They were fed from the commissariat, and the principal men, two of them I believe, had the honor of dining with the Commissioners. They handled the knife and fork very cleverly and to very good purpose. After hanging about camp all day they retired to their rancho. With the exception of Cornelius and one or two others, they were dirty, squalid and miserable looking objects, reminding me of the Penobscot Indians or those who hang about the outskirts of New Orleans. They are said to be industrious, however, and to desire to cultivate the lands for a livelihood—they certainly possess no warlike qualities.

Major Savage and party are still in camp and will probably remain here until some move is made by the main party.

An express came in to-night but there was only one San Francisco paper brought—one of the 22d inst.

The health of all the command is excellent, and the weather has been unexpectedly fine. We have had but very few hours rain since I last wrote, but the clouds in the heavens have rather a dirty appearance.

There is a party of miners about 12 miles from here, on the Tuolumne, who have met with considerable success lately. They take out from \$3 to \$8 per day a man. A party of amateur diggers from our camp, found gold in small quantities within half a mile of us a few days since. I will apprise you of any news which may transpire before we leave this camp.

J. E. D.