The Indian Expedition.—From a letter in the Alta, dated Camp near Little Mariposa, March 16th, we learn that a treaty had been nearly completed with the Indians. On the 17th, the correspondent writes:

"The cry is still they come." A portion of the company of State troops who have been stationed on the San Joaquin, arrived at Savage's camp this morning, and report having had an engagement with the Indians a few days since. The Indians made a descent upon their camp at Casserty's on the San Joaquin, and stole seven mules. The next day, their commander (Capt. Kirkland) started in pursuit, and proceeded about thirty or forty miles, with some forty odd men, after the Indians, who fled "for safety and for succor." They were pursued for thirty or forty miles, to a rancheria in the mountains, where a large body of Indians were assembled. The volunteers attacked them, drove them from their position, burned their rancheria, and killed a number of Indians. The fight was maintained for some time, when the Indians sent in a runner, asking for a cessation of hostilities, and permission to take their dead to burn their bodies. A parley was held, when they were informed of the desire of the whites to make peace, and enable them to provide for themselves without plundering the whites for a subsistence. How many of the Indians were killed, I cannot find out, nor more minute particulars than those I have given, for almost every man has a different version of the affair.

On the 18th, it is stated that a treaty "will be signed to-day, without fail."