

Correspondence of the Union.

CAMP UNION, July 17th, 1851.

MESSRS EDITORS:—In order that you may duly appreciate the information I shall give, I will state in the outset what and who I am.— Know then that it has been my good fortune (and I have written to that effect to the folks at home) to secure the post of Deputy Wagonmaster in the service of the United States government. So you see I'm no common "jack-ass driver." Tother fellow having been discharged, and whose place I've taken, *listed*, and you know that the *sojer* like the wind, "goeth where the listeth," or at least so it has been here in California since the "mines broke out."

Although I occupy, individually, a very important position, having command of six mules and a wagon; yet I am not one of those who sit in high places, and therefore cannot speak as one having authority—consequently, I shall confine myself to a simple statements of facts, which from my observation are sometimes stranger than fiction, and not venture upon any thing like criticism or strictures in regard to the policy or course pursued by my superiors.

On our arrival here, July 16th, we found that the Indians had betaken themselves to the hill tops, and depths of the ravines, but gradually, and one by one, they come in, until their number amounted to 150 or thereabouts, all men. They represented themselves to be the chiefs and principal men of the different rancheries in the vicinity, and appeared disposed to have a talk. We were all much disappointed in not

ber amounted to 150 or thereabouts, all men. They represented themselves to be the chiefs and principal men of the different rancheries in the vicinity, and appeared disposed to have a talk. We were all much disappointed in not being allowed the pleasure of paying our respects to the bow-legged and big-dugged *fair*.— The cause of their not coming in, is the bad character the Americans have acquired among them as gallants. Their own native modesty, keeping them from the prying gaze of vulgar and curious eyes, and the jealous disposition of their liege lords and masters.

During the whole of to-day, the Indian Commissioner, (who, by the way, ~~is~~ one of the most indefatigable of peace-makers,) has been honored by the presence at his hospitable board, of about 200 half starved, root and bug eating red legs; who did ample justice to his splendid collation, consisting of four fine tough taroons, a portion of the Indians supplies, brought from Norris' rancho, near the city of Sacramento. They continued to eat until apparently satisfied, and nought but bones remained, from which no smell of putrefaction will ever arise, and after having done which, they all with upturned eyes said *ugh*, which being interpreted, means *good*. This being done, they retired to their respective couches, prepared for them by the hand of nature, to dream of fat-bulls and red blankets.

To-morrow, is agreed upon as the day for the Pow-wow, the result of which I will give you in my next, so for the present, I decline any farther correspondence, and remain

Yours, truly, JEHU.

# DAILY UNION

SACRAMENTO, TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 22, 1851.