

READING'S RANCHO, July 20.

EDITORS OF THE DAILY UNION;

Gents. :—A short account of an expedition, which, at this time, is looked to with much interest by a large portion of the community, and a few notes of the journey from your city to this point, may not be uninteresting to the many readers of your journal: and if you will excuse the liberty I have taken in thus rendering a voluntary correspondence, I will give you, as far as possible, notes of the movements of the "peaceful expeditions" with the Indians.

The Quarter-master to the escort, with the Indian Commissioner, Dr. Wozencraft, was ordered to join the Rifles at this place. On arriving here, they learned that the rifles had left for Benicia. However, we found Lieut. W. of the Topographical Engineers, who had just returned from an exploration in the mountains as to the practicability of a military road between Oregon and California—with what success it is not known. We also learned of the escape of Lieut. J——n from the Indians of Shasta. He was acting as quarter-master to the rifles, and was necessarily compelled to absent himself from camp for the purpose of procuring supplies. On one of these occasions, after having left Shasta city for camp, he had forgotten something of importance, and was obliged to return to the city, his only companion, "Mustang," riding slowly on. On retracing his steps to camp, when about two miles from the city, he was seized from behind by two Indians and a Frenchman, who tied his hands, also tying him to his horse, and in this way was taken to their camp, some miles distant. The two Indians were then sent off to apprise the neighboring tribes that they had captured a "white chief." After the Indians left, the Frenchman commenc-

tribes that they had captured a white chief. After the Indians left, the Frenchman commenced running bullets, only a few feet from Lieut. J. In so doing, the sun's rays forced him to turn his back to his prisoner, who at this time discovered that he could release one hand; doing which, he took his knife, cut his thongs, and seizing an old *line lead* buried it in the Frenchman's skull, mounted his horse and left.

The above is what was told us here: but the above has little to do with the expedition. In as few words as possible, but little if anything has been done since the three Commissioners separated. One or two important or unimportant (as the case may be) treaties with small rancherias have been made, but not in this section. The Commissioners with their escort are expected here to-morrow. The Indians are still committing their depredations. Three men were killed a few days since near Ides' Rancho. They seem to fear the long knives of the Dragoons; at least such was the case on the Cosumnes, spying us from the hills by which we were surrounded, and breaking up their homes near our encampment.

The weather is intensely warm, the thermometer standing as high as 110 degrees in the shade. We have traveled through what is said to be of the most beautiful portions of the State, and certainly the soil in many places bears evidence that, ere long, it will be an agricultural district, notwithstanding its vast resources of the ore.

During our marches we came across the ranchos of many old Californians, by all of whom we were treated with much courtesy. I must not omit mentioning one who is known for his hospitality throughout the country, Capt. J. A. Sutter. It will be long ere the recollections of the day passed with himself and family, can be, if ever, forgotten.

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There have been many regrets expressed by the officers and gentlemen of the quarter-master's department, and those traveling with them, that they should have been ordered away from "Norris" just at a time that so many fair Sacramentans were gracing our camp with their presence, and making it ring with their joyous laughter and lively conversation. To use the words of an old Californian,

"Twas ever thus since childhood's hour."

All of us have to do many things for duty, which our inclinations are far from sanctioning. I heard one of the officials of your city, who is traveling with us, complaining that he had lost much pleasure by his absence from the many fair ladies of Sacramento, and wound up by saying, that among other things he had lost was \$10 worth of theatre.

It would give all much pleasure to be able to return to your city shortly, but 'tis impossible to tell how long we may be out. Bear to the ladies of it, the remembrances of their friends in the mountains.

Yours, C.

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