Camp Yuba, July 20th, 1851.

Dear Sir:—I didn't get time to write you yesterday as I intended, about the treaty, as my team occupied my attention during the day. Some of the mules were absent over night without leave, but we apprehended them in the morning and got a late start for this place, some distance above Marysville, where we are at present encamped.

The treaty was conducted with that decorum and solemnity which ever characterises all communications between the whites and their red brethren. About the crowing of the cock, (or perhaps I should say rooster) or to speak more military, "at reveille," the Indians began to make their appearance, roused from their couches by the shrill and uncommon sound of the dragoon bugle. They all appeared as though they had passed a very pleasant night, and still more pleasant day. After all the duties incumbent upon a life in the tented field were over, such as bathing, eating, drinking, &c., the commander gave the signal to assemble. Upon the signal being given, the head boots (or rather the head legs, as they had no boots) Wegman began in a most unchristian way to call together the chosen of his flock. Here they come, as the Psalmist hath it, "some in rags and some in tags, and some in silver gowns."

Upon being assembled, the Peace-maker commenced, by telling them who he was and who they were; what was his mission and what they had to hope for or expect; and in fine, gave them to understand who was who, and what was what.

As a prophet is without honor in his own country, therefore had he been sent from afar off to teach them; if not the way to everlasting life, at least the way in which they should go, in order to find favor in the eyes of the Great Father who is in Washington. They were to
country, therefore had he been sent from afar
off to teach them; if not the way to everlasting
life, at least the way in which they should go,
in order to find favor in the eyes of the Great
Father who is in Washington. They were to
come into the fold, between the Yuba and Bear
rivers, embracing a portion of the land of Cali-
fornia, twelve miles by twelve in extent, and
cornering at Camp Far West, to live at peace
with all mankind, to acknowledge their uncle
as their father, &c. &c.; in consideration of
which, they were to receive annually, so many
fat bulls, so many yards of mantu, dozens of
knives, grosses of looking-glasses, and other
things too numerous to mention, including a
preacher and a school master. When these con-
ditions were interpreted by Mr. Storms, (who
by the way, speaks their language with great
flueney,) they all, collectively and individually,
responded, Ugh, good.

Everything having been arranged to the sat-
isfaction of all parties concerned, the treaty,
three yards, seven inches and three quarters
long, was then signed; first by the Peace-maker,
and then by the "chiefs and head men" in the
order of rank. This having been done, jackets
(of state) lined with scarlet, and trimmed with
copper lace, and buff cloth, were then presented
with all due ceremony to the signers. After
this, three fat bulls were immolated, when they
all went on their way rejoicing.

Yours, truly,        JEHU.
"[Dear Sir: -- I Didn't Get Time to Write You Yesterday As I Intended about the Treaty...]
Sacramento Daily Union, p. 2, col. 3.