

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) Wegmar 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 California, 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 conditions were interpreted by Mr. Storms, (who by the way, speaks their language with great fluency,) they all, collectively and individually, responded, Ugh, *good*.

Everything having been arranged to the satisfaction 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.

DAILY UNION

SACRAMENTO, MONDAY MORNING, JULY 28, 1851.

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Business Cards.

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