

Correspondence of the Union.

CAMP ON READING'S RANCHO,  
July 20, 1851.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Camping on Cottonwood creek late in the morning of the 18th, after a fatiguing march of thirty-five miles, enabled us to reach our destination early yesterday morning. Passing the residence of our popular candidate for Governor, Maj. Reading, we skirted an immense wheat field, rapidly being harvested by crowds of Indians, and encountered the Major busily engaged in superintending his laborers, who moved forward to their work apparently chattering a chorus to the songs of a flock of crows perched upon the oak trees that fringe the Sacramento river close at hand.—The Major welcomed our arrival with that bland politeness which is the secret of his great popularity, and immediately extended to our party the hospitality of his rancho. Whilst discussing the merits of a fine, large water-melon, I managed to draw the Major into a very interesting narrative of his career in California, the particulars of which I will relate when we meet.

The second day out of your city, our party dined with Capt. Sutter, at his farm, and though his conversation was principally confined to topics having reference to the profession of arms, I was deeply interested, for the polished old soldier is a man of fine attainments—is an old traveller, and has probably encountered greater vicissitudes in life than any man living within the State. His hospitality, devoid of ostentation, is as unbounded as proverbial. In camp that night, it was the general theme of conversation. A Government official, resident in your city, who avails himself of our escort to look over his district and spot all contrabandists, fell desperately in love with Hock Farm and all its appointments. His devotion to the wine cellar was commendable; and whilst engaged in giving a bottle of old Port *particular Jessie*, he did not forget to express his regret at the approaching nuptials of the fair young lady who graces the proprietor's table, now that there is a prospect of our being absent from the festivi-

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The quiet beauty of the country around about us, is of such a nature as to make me regret the necessity that exists for our wresting it from the Indians. I can well imagine with what feverish anxiety they are viewing the approach of the white man, and as they find themselves gradually driven from the resting places of their dead, and forced back into the barren and inhospitable range of the Sierra Nevada, they cannot but entertain a deadly hostility towards a people, who in pursuit of gold, bestow not even a thought upon thousands of God's creatures whose hearthstones they have made desolate, and whose mourning retreat is encumbered with broken ties and saddening associations. Hope, that great faculty that enables us to ever paint the future bright, is dead to them. Hemmed in on all sides by their ancient enemy, their watch-fires lighted on the snow-crested Nevada will gleam for a while, only as signals of the unerring destiny that awaits them—*annihilation*. The frontier-man will rejoice over their graves, and witness with joy the extinc-

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The people of Oregon will have much to answer for, when called upon to examine the records of their dealings with the poor Indian. I could tell you tales of cold-blooded atrocity (derived here on the spot from unquestionable sources,) that would pall your face with horror and almost make you curse the race from which you sprung. They have no doubt been abundantly tempted to wrong, and revenge is sweet to all uneducated minds, but in many instances they have wilfully sought temptation—and is it not dreadful to contemplate the human heart thus abandoning itself to the guidance of its own evil impulses.

Rumor says that the troops at Benicia and Camp Far West have been ordered into the field, and will concentrate at this point preparatory to a campaign against the Indians; if so, a hard summer's work is before us. I crave no honors derived from a war of this nature, and anticipate none for any one concerned; and I need not tell you, that if the Indians are once forced to combine by active operations on our part, the mines of the entire State will not suffice to meet the debt the government will be forced into. War at all times and under all circumstances is an expensive game to play at. One edition of the work published in Florida, made the people cry out from Maine to Georgia; the second, at this distance from a required base and under an inflation of prices that has already alarmed the Government, will swamp any Administration that undertakes it.

Dr. Wozencraft and escort are anxiously looked for. The officers with him are great favorites in our camp, and the loss of their society is daily made the source of regret.

Buckskin, the "Official" and myself are contemplating an attack upon the "Grizzlies." After the campaign I will report, and if the "Official" meets my expectations, I will recommend the "Bricks" to brevet him.

Yours, M.

Health Report.

**DAILY UNION**  
**SACRAMENTO, THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 31, 1851.**