

Correspondence of the Union.

Santa Clara County Aug. 22, 1851.

EDITORS OF THE UNION:—More than one philosopher has it down as an indisputable proposition, almost amounting to an axiom, that "it is but the actual cultivator of the soil, and the indisputable right to property arising from actual labor, which lays the foundation of States and Empires, as it furnishes, perhaps, the only legitimate title to the possession of a country." On this principle, (and it is certainly the one the U. S. have ever acted upon,) no one can complain of the Whites in driving the Indians from "the soil of their fathers." The earth, air and the water are alike common to the Indians. No fixed abode or cultivation of the earth has ever given them a distinct, definite title arising from actual labor; and we find that, in common with the wild beasts of the forests, they have roamed over the North America seeking their prey—consumers but not producers. The advent of civilization on this Continent was but the signal for their destruction and final extinction. They are a doomed people, chanting their own requiem at the foot of our mighty mountains; and whilst their fate cannot but excite the tear of pity, the attempt to rescue them will never prove successful. The prejudice of color that has existed for three thousand years, is against them, and they dwindle and disappear, as must ever be the case when the weak, intellectually and physically, attempt to combat the strong; in all that assimilates man to his Creator.

The arts necessary to a civilized life, they have no aptitude for, and without them a residence among the Whites must not only prove irksome but ruinous to them, either as a distinct or amalgamated people. The few great men that have arisen among them since our occupancy of the Continent clearly saw this, and their prophetic eloquence, exercised in council, but pointed to the path over which their people must travel—ruin and destruction. Mr. Jefferson says that Red Jacket, in his reply to the missionaries, observed that, "God had created the white and red faces for very different purposes. To you, he has given the arts; to these, he has forever closed our eyes. Why should he not have given you another religion also?"

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It is not "barbarous cruelty" in the Whites to take possession of territory that for a long series of years has been rendered unproductive by the idle vagabonds; but one degree removed from the beasts, who now roam over our valleys and mountains. In a few short years these same valleys and mountain sides will teem with a population of thriving and industrious Americans, cultivating the arts and sciences; extending the area of liberty, civilization and Christianity, and obeying the law of God—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Let no sickly sentiment for the "poor Indian" ever disturb the progress of a "manifest-destiny-man," whose course is onward, till the entire Continent shall acknowledge the supremacy of that Flag, now fluttering on the confines of the Pacific, emblematic of principles yet destined to sway the world.

The Indian difficulties in this upper country is the one absorbing topic of interest and conversation, and you must not be surprised if my letters partake more or less of the prevailing excitement. That unknown portion of the country designated, by miners, the "Pitt River Country," is supposed by many to be a rich mineral region, but such is the well known hostility of the numerous bands of Indians inhabiting it, that no successful attempt has hitherto been made at an exploration, and the "prospect" is yet to be made that will justify the sanguine expectations seemingly entertained by so many of the hard-fisted, red-shirted gentry. The few Whites who have daringly penetrated the mountains in search of stray or stolen stock, entertain extravagant notions of the mineral wealth of the country, and their stories extending far and wide throughout the Shasta Valley, Trinity and Klamath diggings, have created a deep interest in the movements of the few U. S. troops who are seeking an interview with the Pitt Indians. Their movements are as closely watched and as severely and freely commented upon and criticised as either Kewen or Marshall's attempts in the political way. The drinking saloons, (and Shasta is by no means behind her neighbors in the extent and number of these curses to our race,) are the general rendezvous of these unprofessional critics, many of whom having served in the ranks of a volunteer regiment, or danced an apprenticeship in the line of a dandy Independent corps, feel fully competent to criticise the movements of even a Napoleon or a Scott.

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The "science of war" thus ably discussed and
elucidated by full grown professors, meets with
many a supporter in the kind of audience likely
to be found hugging the chair of their profes-
sorship, and as the "speerits" circulate, arousing
the dormant energies of the citizens, lectures
upon tactics, the science of war, combination
and movement are heard from different parts
of the saloon that ought to be preserved for
the future use and benefit of those mistaken
students who are idling away their time within
the walls of West Point and the Ecole polytechnique
endeavoring to penetrate the mysteries of Vanban
and other great professors of their art. Their
opinions ought at least to find an echo in the
deliberations of our national Congress, for inas-
much as our government annually appropriates
large sums for the support and maintenance of
a class of people "whose trade is to kill and to
be killed to make a living"—(thus they are spoken
of by no less a man than Voltaire: "mon metier
est tuer et etre tue pour gagner ma vie")—and
these large sums could easily be saved by the
adoption of the system advocated by these
miniature Napoleons. But to return: I am per-
haps somewhat better informed than my friends
above alluded to (for I have taken pains to
inquire) touching the nature of the orders under
which the troops are now acting, and if the
policy of the administration, in reference to
the Indians, was understood by the people who
are now so loud in denouncing what they cannot
comprehend, I am persuaded they would find
but little to condemn, and much that is
praiseworthy and deserving of commendation.
The "Seminole war," hastily declared, and
carried on by an enormous expenditure of
life and blood, cost "Uncle Samuel" no less
a sum than *forty millions of dollars*, just
forty times the value of the whole territory
acquired in the end. Experience is a dear
bought lesson, but it has taught "Samuel" to
count the cost before rushing into an Indian
war, and negotiation, tact, and policy, are
all tried now before a "causa belli" is found.
"Uncle" has got his foot into it on the
Mexican frontier, and before extending his
operations to California, chooses to try what
virtue there is in negotiation; and if the
people of our State will lend their aid in
endeavoring to foster his policy by letting
the Indians alone until a sufficient length of
time has elapsed to test his skill, my word
for it, the entire State will be open to the
explorations of our mining population with-

DAILY UNION

SACRAMENTO, TUESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 2, 1851.