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, 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?"

It is not "barbarous cruelty" in the Whites to take possession of territory that for a long
forever closed our eyes. "Have you another religion also?"

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 the 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-fated, red-shirted gentry. The few Whites who have daringly penetrated the mountains in search of strayed 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 Bitt 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.

The "science of war" thus ably discussed and...
The "science of war" thus ably discussed and
culminated by full grown professors, meets with
martially a supporter in the kind of audience likely
to be found hugging the chair of their professorship, and as the "specrists" circulate,
arguing 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 Van Buun and other great professors
of their art. Their opinions ought at least to
find an echo in the deliberations of our national
Congress, for inasmuch as our government
annually appoints large sums for the support
and maintenance of a class of people "whose
trade it is to kill and to be killed to make a living"—(thus they are spoken of by no less a
man than Voltaire: "mon métier est tuer et être
tué 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 perhaps 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 Sam-
uel" 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 "censsou, call!" 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 share in endeavoring to foster his policy by letting the Indians alone until a suffi-
cient length of time has elapsed to test his skill,
I may say, the entire State will be open to the
exploitations of our mining population with-

California chooses to be 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 without the now necessary accompaniment of an Indian arrow and war-whoop, betraying the watchfulness of an unrelenting foe. The idea prevails that the troops have been sent forward to make war upon the Indians. Such is not the fact. The troops are here for the purpose of escorting and protecting the Indian Agent in the exercise of his functions, and are instructed not to act on the offensive until the Agent declares his inability to further prosecute his mission, then, and not till then, will the troops undertake to punish such tribes as prove intractable and inclined for war. This is the true policy, founded on experience and philanthropy, and should meet with the encouragement of every true Christian land patriot, and in the end will be productive of immense good to the interests and well-being of California. Whenever it has been tested, the happiest results have ensued, and let us look at the good likely to flow from its adoption here. The treaty recently made at Reading's Ranch is signed by "Nump-to-ra-ha-ma," an important Chief, governing the "W-y-lac-kies," a numerous race of Indians residing upon the foot hills of the Sierra Nevada, to the north-east of Reading's. This Chief, with a number of warriors, acting as spies and guides, has accompanied the troops to the Pitt River country, and has sent runners in advance inviting the Pitt tribes to a conference with the Agent. Should a treaty be made with the hostiles, much will be due to his influence; should the hostiles decide upon war and robbery, "Nump-to-ra-ha-ma" is on hand to guide the troops and point out the hiding places of the Pitts. Had the policy advocated by the "Saloons" been adopted, instead of friends able and willing to render effective advice and assistance, the "W-y-lac-kies" would have now been numbered amongst our most bitter and unrelenting foes. Much praise is due to Major Reading for the able and judicious policy he has ever pursued towards the Indians, and to him are we now indebted for the friendship of "Nump-to-ra-ha-ma," who says that he has ever found Reading a man of his word, and ready at whatever cost to redress a wrong, or aid a friend.