

From Scott's River--The Indians.

We are permitted to lay before our readers the following extract from a private letter. It is addressed to a gentleman in this city:

CAMP ON SCOTT'S RIVER, Oct. 23, '51.

MY DEAR BROTHER: We arrived here by a tedious and in some respects dangerous march up the Klamath on the 21st, all well as to the men, and with the loss of only five mules out of my train, and about the same number of the escort party. From Durkee's Ferry on the Klamath I wrote you of my success in getting in and treating with some twenty-four tribes of the worst Indians in that quarter. Afterwards at Orleans Bar I arranged with four more, and left all quiet above. If the whites are only prudent, the difficulties may be said to be ended. I am now waiting here for the Upper Klamath, Scott's River, and Shasta tribes to come in, and if I can make a treaty with them, as I now hope to do, I may, I think, claim to have rendered "the State some service."

This is a very rich gold region, and contains about 3500 miners, many of whom are doing well—some extraordinarily well. I had no idea of the extent of the works about Scott's Bar. Every yard almost for three or four miles is either dam or race work. Yesterday, I am told, one company took out \$1600 for their forenoon's work!

Maj. Wessalls and his troops leave me here, to hurry back to Benicia, for fear of being caught out in the rains. I don't exactly like the arrangement, but I am not afraid to go alone with my little party of six or eight men. I hope to get through here in five or six days, and will push through either to the Sacramento or back to the coast at Trinidad, whence I will take a steamer for San Francisco.

R. McKEE.

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