

*Camp Stockton — the 4th at Nappa — Sacramento Valley — Crops — Oregon Emigration — The Fourth at the Fort — Gen. Kearny — The Weather — Indians — Schooner Sacramento, &c. &c.*

FORT SACRAMENTO, JULY 13, 1847.

SIR.—I left your city on the 2d ult., and arrived at Sonoma on the ensuing 3d, after a very disagreeable passage across the Bays in a whale boat. Early on the morning of the 4th, we were in the saddle for Nappa; a delightful ride of a few hours brought us to the camp of Commodore Stockton; the gallant Commodore was absent on a visit to the Pueblo Valley, all hands were busy making preparations for their trip to the States over the mountains. The camp was beautifully arranged; near the Commodore's tent the *flag* was flying, and I hope that flag may protect the camp until they arrive on the banks of the Missouri. The Bowery Boys would say, the Commodore is "doing up things brown," he allows no one to go over with him, unless under his pay. His tent is arranged very much after the style of the ancients, bedsteads, chairs, &c; the man in the *claret coat*, remarked that all those things would do very well in the "tent scene," on the Park Stage, but he doubted whether it would pay on the Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains, I am told this *passage* over the mountains, will cost the Commodore five thousands dollars.

At 12 o'clock, I walked over a beautiful prairie to the camp of our old friend George Yount, Esq., (you will please recollect this was the glorious Fourth of July, so frequently spoken of by poets,) this camp I can assure you entirely eclipsed the Commodore's; in a beautiful little cove surrounded by mountains, long tables were set under most splendid oak trees, groaning under the weight of all the "delicacies of the season," and very frequently a bottle of California wine. Setting and standing in groups under the beautiful oaks, were some one hundred and fifty beautiful ladies and well-dressed men, and all of them Anglo Americans much to my astonishment. In another part of the camp was a large number of native Californians, descendants of Red Jacket, or some one else, barbecuing several and sundry pigs, hogs, sheep, ~~deer~~, elk, oxen, &c. [going the *whole hog* you will recollect Sir.] At two o'clock, the company sat down to the first Fourth of July dinner in California; in the centre of the table the ladies (God bless them,) had placed a large cake which supported a beautiful silken "Star Spangled Banner;" it was one of the most agreeable pick nick parties I ever had the

excepted. This dinner was given at the expense of Gen. Yount, Esq., and most beautifully got up by the ladies of Napa Valley.

Early on the morning of the fifth I again took the saddle for the great Sacramento, and on the seventh arrived at the Fort. As comparison is generally considered odious, I will not speak of the great superiority of this extensive and beautiful valley over every other part of California. What will the farmer of the New England States think when I inform him that one *farmer* in this valley cuts two thousand acres of wheat this year, which if carefully harvested will yield over forty thousand bushels of the best wheat on the globe? Our little ten acre western farmer would say, that it was decidedly a large "crap;" and the most of this enormous crop is cut with the sickle by the wild Indian; some half a dozen of the *tame* Indians have this season been taught the use of the cradle, and use it as well as the white men of the East.

On my way up I met the Oregon emigration, consisting of 80 odd souls on horseback, they inform me that the past season in Oregon has been very unfavorable for the farmer, and that there will be hardly wheat enough raised in that country for home consumption. In this party I found several that had left California for Oregon some year or two since, and had returned to live here perfectly satisfied; among others was a Mr. Keyes, who was induced to write and publish June 19, 1846, to induce emigrants for California to turn to Oregon, a letter, a copy of which you will find in your file No. 8, in which among other things, he says, "I have seen enough of Oregon to perceive that it is the best grazing country of the two, and for agriculture they wont compare," he has returned to California to reside—"nuff sed".

A National salute was fired from the bastions of this fort on the Fourth of July in honor of the day. General Kearny arrived at this fort on the thirteenth of June, and was saluted with the big guns by Lieut. Anderson, of the New York Legion, in command of the garrison. Gen. Kearny and suite arrived at the fort with Capt. Sutter on the 14th, he moved camp for the United States, on the 16th of June, Capt. Sutter and the gentlemen of the fort

accompanied them a few miles on the road and took leave of them, wishing them a safe journey; it was decidedly the best arranged camp I ever saw; the General said he would make the trip in seventy days, he has an excellent pilot Mr. Fallon an old mountain man, they are now beyond Fort Hall and will reach the States early in September. Lieut. Radford U. S. N., late of the Sloop Warren, the universal favorite of San Francisco and the California coast generally, was in the General's mess on his way to the United States, he was in fine spirits and looking well. I have just been informed that Commodore Stockton will not move camp for some four or five days, I am fearful his animals will suffer much for grass, as the early emigrating companies will have used it all before he reaches the plains.

The weather in the Sacramento valley is most delightful, warm, pleasant days with cool nights. Some Californians I am told have been at their old game, committing horrid outrages on the defenceless Indians, killing, taking prisoners and making slaves of them, I forbear mentioning names and particulars at present, the Sub Indian agent has sent his report to our worthy Governor, and there is no doubt, but he will handle the wretches without gloves.

"The quickest trip on record," as newspaper men say in the States, the Schooner "Sacramento," Tokatiepe master, made her last trip from your city to New Helvetia in less than 40 hours, he will soon put her "through by daylight."

Yours, &c.

SACRAMENTO.

It is with assurances of the correctness of the annexed description of Bear River region that we present it as an article of interest. It is from a new work entitled "Scenes in the Rocky Mountains," by a resident of the New England States:

The country contiguous to Bear river, back from the valleys, is generally rugged and sterile. Sometimes the surface for a considerable extent is entirely destitute of vegetation, and presents a dreary waste of rocks, or clay hardened to stone-like consistency by the sun's rays. Now and then a few dwarfish pines and cedars meet the eye amid the surrounding desolation, and occasional clusters of coarse grass intervene at favouring depressions among the rocks.

The landscape, as a whole, possesses a savage wildness peculiar to itself, and bears strong indications of volcanic action. The mountains are not so high as those of other parts, but are far more forbidding in their aspect. The