

SHOWING HIM UP.—The papers below, that are so extremely sentimental just now on the subject of the Diggers in the northern part of the State—rivaling the most flashy yellow-covered literature in their admiration of the characters of these degraded specimens of humanity—received considerable aid and comfort from the communication of one Lount, of Pit-River valley. The Shasta Courier pitches into this Mr. Lount—or Lount—it remarks his name should read—and also the class of papers referred to. He grieves over the killing of some squaws and children in an attack on a rancheria in that section and complains of the removal of the Indians to the Mendocino Reservation.—The Courier says, that the killing of squaws and children resulted from the manner in which the whites were obliged to attack the Indians, and not from choice: shortly after Messrs. McElroy, D. Wells, Callaghan and John Rizer had been butchered by these Indians, a brother of McElroy headed a company who surrounded and stormed their camp about daylight on the morning of Sept. 3d. This is the only mode that ever proves successful in capturing or killing the fighting portion of the California Indians. Unless they are taken unawares, many of the bucks always escape to the mountains and woods, leaving the squaws and children behind. Therefore, in order to get the warriors, they have to be attacked while in their rancherias. This being true, squaws and children must frequently be killed. This was doubtless the case in the storming of the rancheria near Roll's Ranch.—In regard to Mr. Lount's complaint on account of the removal of the Indians, the Courier comes back on him in the following

In regard to Mr. Lount's complaint on account of the removal of the Indians, the *Courier* comes back on him, in the following manner:

Doubtless, in removing the Pit River Indians to Mendocino, Gen. Kibbe deprived this fabricating Lount of his squaw. Hence his tears.

The public should not forget this fact: This company of whites, as soon as organized, repaired to the scene of the murder of McElroy and the others, and spent a week or more in diligent investigation. By patient search they trailed the murderers directly into the Roll rancharia. Thus was the fact established that while these Indians were being fed and protected by the general Government, they were stealthily murdering white citizens. Indeed, at the time they were attacked, preparations were in progress for the celebration of their success, in murdering Callaghan and boy and Wells and McElroy, by a big dance.

The public should, also, not forget this fact: that in every instance, the men who make these complaints against the volunteer companies, have been struck in the "apple of their eye." They have been deprived of their squaw-wives. Hence their anger—hence their tears. Poor Lount, his lovely Mary Ann Digger has doubtless been sent to Mendocino by the inhuman Kibbe. She will never again grind acorns and prepare muck-a-muck for her loving Lount. Never again, beneath the umbrageous oak, of a bright summer day, will she feast upon his head vermin. Inhuman Kibbe. Cruel soldiers. Unhappy Lount.

