

Particulars of the late Indian Disturbances.

SHASTA, Feb. 25, 1852.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In my last communication to you, dated the 7th inst., I dwelt mostly upon Indian depredations. Since that time, as well as most of the time before, I have been in the mountains, returning last evening. This also must be filled with Indian depredations and murders. I cannot tell more than half, which is more than enough to make the heart sick and the hand weary.

On Monday last, the 22d, two men going from Reading's Bar, on the Trinity, to Indian Creek, distance eight miles, when about two miles from the Bar saw an arrow lying on the trail, which on picking up, they found to be covered with fresh blood; at the same time they saw a mule with cargo, near the trail, but no man about; on approaching the mule it ran with great violence, as if much alarmed, and threw a part of its cargo. After pursuing the mule for about a mile, they succeeded in catching it, when repacking the cargo they took the mule with them to Indian Creek. The circumstance causing some suspicions of foul play, the next day (Tuesday) one of the men who found the mule, and another man, went down to the place where the arrow and mule were found, for the purpose of solving the mystery. On searching further, they found two more arrows, and the body of a man near the margin of the Creek. They immediately returned to Indian Creek and reported what had been seen, when a committee, of whom your correspondent was one, was appointed to go and hold an inquest and bury the body. On Wednesday morning we went down to discharge our duties, when we found the body had been removed to Reading's Bar and buried. The body proved to be that of Capt. John Gilmore. He was from one of the Eastern States, and a partner of Samuel Francis, from Providence, R. I., and kept the trading post and public house at the crossing of Clear Creek on the Trinity trail. Capt. G. and

of Samuel Francis, from Providence, R. I., and kept the trading post and public house at the crossing of Clear Creek, on the Trinity trail. Capt. G. and partner had, within a few days, sold out their stand and were closing up their business preparatory to returning to their families, which they intended to do in a few days. Capt. G. had packed five animals and gone into the mines, and when on the trail to Indian Creek, was shot by the Indians, who, it is believed, were lying in ambush for a good opportunity to rob. Where the body was found twenty more arrows were picked up, besides a club with which his head had been beat and his teeth knocked in, from which I picked hair. The body had six arrow wounds in it. A purse containing about \$125 was found on the body, and the trail where the Indians had taken away the animals with their cargoes into the mountains, was struck immediately opposite where the body was found. Capt. G. was known and highly esteemed in this community, and his death, and the mode, has caused a deep sensation. He must also be known to many in Sacramento City.

A Mr. Doty, from St. Louis, I learned to-day was killed by Indians this week, between Whisky Creek and French Gulch. A man who was in company succeeded in making his escape.

Intelligence has just come in that a body is lying near the Back-bone, filled with arrows, with the throat cut.

On Indian Creek, the Indians in robbing a tent, shot an arrow into a bunk where the blankets were folded in such a shape as to have the appearance of a man lying there.

Many other rumors of Indian murders are rife, but I know of no more for the last week, which I consider authentic.

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I might fill your paper with accounts of robberies in every direction, and of the most daring nature; coming into our town and stealing cattle and beef; but the details are too tedious, and the number too great. Imagine the worst, and you must fall short of the reality.

Many persons are missing, and much apprehension is felt for their safety, but as their fate is not fully known I refrain from mentioning names. One man, who has been missing for several months, has recently been heard of by his family, now in this place, and who have long been here awaiting his return, but in his place comes the intelligence that he was killed by Indians, with one other man at the same time, on Salmon river. His name was James S. Bradley, from Iowa. He has left a wife and one child, a boy about five years of age.

On Thursday last, the body of a Frenchman, named Victor Huet, was found near town. He has been missing for about three weeks. When last seen he was in company with another man, and was known to have in his possession \$700. When found there was no money about the person, and two ball wounds were found on the body; one in the chest and the other in the leg. Mr. Huet had a short time previous to his death completed a fine building in the upper part of our town.

During the past week, a man by the name of Cleary, while with a party, prospecting, near the head of South Trinity, was so badly wounded and torn by a grizzly bear, that he died before his companions could prepare a litter to bear him to camp. It is reported that the bear would take Mr. C. in its mouth, and shake him as a dog would a fox, biting him upon both sides from his arms to his hips.

Last evening (Saturday) the stage was upset while descending a hill, two or three miles below here, and a lady had her arm broken. I have heard of no farther damage.

A meeting was called to-day (Sunday) for the purpose of taking measures to check Indian depredations, but not a merchant, officer, or one of the so-called principal citizens of this place, made his appearance, and consequently no meeting was held. I shall have more to say on this subject at a future time.

The condition of the mines here appears not to be properly understood with you, and I will take an early opportunity to write something about them, and deal less in the horrible.

MINER.

YUNION

MORNING, MARCH 10, 1852.