

On Monday morning the 18th inst. Mr. Arthur Wigmore of St. Louis Mo. an Irishman by birth, was killed at the lower Ranch area, on Weeott river about a half mile from his house. A friend writing to us says "Deceased with three others went to the Ranch area about sunset on Sunday, to arrest an Indian who had a few days previously robbed Mr. Hawks' house; they did not find the guilty one and attempted to arrest his father—the Indians resisted and the company were unable to arrest him. Next morning Monday, the deceased returned to the Ranch area to get a rope he had left there; upon his not returning, on Tuesday, a company went in search of him when they were informed by some of the Indians that Wigmore was killed and his body thrown in to the slough. On Wednesday his friends found his body some distance from the water, where he had been dragged by the Indians. He was shot with a shot gun in the right side; all the back part of his brains were knocked out, apparently with an axe; his jugular was cut through; he had thirteen other wounds, either of which, were mortal. Such was the finding of the jury of citizens, thirteen who aided in the examination."

An Indian named Billy is charged with having shot Mr. Wigmore; however there are many stories afloat in regard to the matter. All concur in saying that Mr. Wigmore was a peaceable, industrious and sober man. The Indians have all fled from their Ranch areas into the mountains. On Thursday night the citizens of Eureka held a meeting and passed resolutions, pledging themselves to co-operate with the citizens of the lower end of the county in their endeavors to arrest the supposed murderers or punish the traitors. A party went from this place yesterday in pursuit of the Indians, whom they found on the North Bank—they promised to hunt up the murderers of Wigmore and bring them to Eureka, dead or alive. A correspondent asks, "Will those who are vested with authority paid by the Government aid in bringing the murderers to justice? And will not pistols and ammunition be sent to the Indians?"

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Since writing the above, we learn from Mr. Robinson, that he and two others, on Thursday went up Bel River above the first Fishery and took between twenty and thirty friendly Indians, who came with them and expressed a willingness to assist the white people in arresting the murderers, while with the Indians. Mr. Robinson, spied a party of nine or ten white men, on the opposite side of the river, going towards the ranches of some friendly Indians—he wrote a note and despatched it by an Indian, requesting them to come to him; they received the note, and instead of coming to him pursued their course to the ranches where they commenced shooting the unarmed Indians, two of whom were wounded. Mr. Robinson and companions upon hearing the firing, hastened to the place and induced them to stop shooting. The Indian men ran off, leaving their Squaws at the mercy of the white men. One of the men caught a Squaw and dragged her across the river, and into the bushes; her screams were heard at some distance. Mr. Robinson finding he could not control the party, left them bringing back his two companions and two of the other party. The balance pursued on after the Indians. The details of the affair are disgusting.

**MATTOLE RIVER AND VALLEY.**—Mr. Hill, on his last trip down the country found a large river hitherto unknown to the people of this section—called by the Indians Mattole, which he says is larger than Bel—Wecott River. The Indians had apparently never seen a white man before. Mr. Hill had with him Indians from the Bay who interpreted for him; the Mattole Indians had no knowledge of any settlements below them: upon the assurance of the Indians he had with him, the wild ones came to him. Mr. Hill struck the river a few miles from the Ocean. He describes the

