

SHASTA—The *Courier*, of Nov. 20th, chronicles the subjoined intelligence:

A number of white men, one day during the week, hung two of the Indians who were engaged in the affray of last week on the upper Sacramento, in which McGowan lost his life. The Indian boy who shot McGowan came to town and delivered himself to the Sheriff, and is now lodged in jail. He formerly resided with Gilbert, of this place, and says that he shot McGowan in order to save his own life. We have not heard whether any steps have been taken towards the arrest of the parties engaged in the unlawful hanging of the Indians.

We learn that last week a party of Indians drove off some of Samuel Lockhart's stock, and, being pursued, made fight, the result of which has not reached us.

Several Indians entered a cabin on Rock creek, a mile or two from town, on Thursday night, and beat two miners quite badly with clubs.

Miss Sherwood, from up town, a few nights ago, accompanied by a portion of her friends, visited the saloon of Jane Golden, residing down town, and battered that person's head in a most shocking manner with a bottle.

The *Republican* gives the following account of the hanging of the Indians referred to above:

The accused were Nep, who formerly lived with a citizen of our town, and his partially blind and decrepid old father. Of course, the accusation was conviction, and they were sentenced to be hung to the first tree that could be reached. The tree was soon found and a table was placed under one of its limbs. On reaching the fatal spot, Nep addressed the Diggers who were present (about one hundred and fifty) and asked them if they intended to let the whites hang him and his father. They seconded the verdict of the whites. Nep then denounced them as cowards and stated that he had no wish to live longer. He then led his sisters to the table and bestowed them upon those of his tribe (his father was a chief and he was acting in his stead) who promised to protect them. At the same time he distributed all that he possessed among those who sympathized with him. Then mounting the table he

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Nep called for a handkerchief to bandage his eyes, and, when all was announced as ready, he jumped from the table. The rope was too long and his feet touched the ground. He immediately raised his feet. A draw was made upon the rope and the limb broke—the Indian falling to the ground about half dead. He was again drawn up and strangled, and vengeance (or jealousy?) was satisfied.

# SACRAMENTO DAILY

SACRAMENTO, MONDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 22, 1858.

AND ASSAYING HOUSES,

SACRAMENTO DAILY UNION.

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THE GREAT BATTLE BETWEEN MORRISSEY AND HEENAN.

right, which staggered him, but Heenan was too weak to take advantage of the temporary stupor of his foe. They came together and Heenan was thrown.

*Round Ninth.*—It became to be evident that it was all up with the Benicia Boy, who was rapidly sinking while Morrissey was less distressed than at the conclusion of the second round. The latter planted a heavy