Indian Murder. — On Monday morning the 18th inst. Mr. Arthur Wigmore of St. Louis Mo.—an Irishman by birth, was killed at the lower Rancharee, on Wecott river about a half mile from his house. A friend writing to us says “Deceased with three others went to the Rancharee 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 Rancharee 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 into 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
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, nineteen 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 Rancheres 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 tribe. A party went from this place yesterday in pursuit of the Indians, whom they found on the North Beach—they promised to hunt up the murderers of Wigmore and bring them to Eureka dead or alive. A correspondent

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 have the conscience to be dealt with for their ammunition of the law?”

Since writing the above, we learn from Mr. Robinson, that he and two others, on Thursday went up Kiel 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 rancheria 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
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Mr. Robinson spied a party of nine or ten white men on the opposite side of the river, going towards the rancheria 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 rancheria 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.