

Letter from Orleans Bar.
ORLEANS BAR, Jan. 19th, 1864.
Ed. TIMES.—The sound of the Indian's
deadly rifle has again been heard in our
mist, and again it becomes the duty of
the journalist to record with his busy
type the sacrifice of a few more valuable
lives to the vindictive hatred of the prowling
savage. This community was some-
what startled on Sunday afternoon last
by the information that a band of "Hoopis,"
sixteen in number, had made an
attack on the trading post of P. F. Dun-
phy; six miles above the forks of Salmon
on the South fork and that there was ev-
ery probability that Mr. Dunphy, several
other white men and a number of Chinna-
men had been killed. Our informant
while on his way to this place heard dis-
tinctly, heavy and continued firing at the
forks of Salmon and it was conjectured
that the citizens of that place, who were
mustered to prevent the passage of the
red devils across the river, had had an
engagement with them.
— On Monday morning we received a dis-
patch from L. H. Moreh, Esq. stating
that a party of twelve men started on
Sunday morning about daylight for Dun-
phy's to ascertain what damage had been
done and to relieve some citizens who
were living in isolated and exposed situ-
ations. The Indians were lying in am-
bush at the east side of the bridge and
the party received their fire before they
were aware that they were in the vicini-
ty. One man was killed, one severely and
one slightly wounded.
The whites retreated under cover and
succeeded in preventing the passage of
the bridge by the Indians; the engage-
ment lasting till afternoon when the ene-
my drew off, apparently retreating up
the South Fork. A short distance from
the Forks they killed Jesse Staloun, Robt.
Roberts had wounded Albert Orcutt,
[Aaron Percell—Ed. TIMES.] who were
attempting to communicate with the par-
ty who were defending the bridge. It
is more than probable that by this time
the citizens of Sawyer's Bar and other
mining camps on Salmon are aroused and
in hot pursuit of the "Hoopis;" and al-
though they have no mountain howitzer
with them I venture to predict that they
will make that part of the country very
warm for the Indians should they over-
take them.
So it goes with us. A few more echoes
of the deadly rifle among the silent hills—
a few more splashes of blood—a few more
desolated homes and our adventurous and
tolling population will have slowly, but
surely, melted away before its implacable
ble foe. A few drops of ink—a few clicks

a few more plashes of blood—a few more
desolated homes and our adventurous and
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surely melted away before its implacable
liege. A few drops of ink—a few clicks
of the busy type and the fate of the vic-
tims is noted by the correspondent, re-
corded by the printer, and soon forgot-
ten; and indeed I am sorry to say that
this community, even with the knowledge
of the fact that their neighbors have been
butchered within twenty miles of them,
are scarcely yet awakened to a sense of
their peril.

I have to chronicle the occurrence yes-
terday of a wedding, the first I believe,
that has ever taken place at Orleans Bar.

The happy couple were Mr. S. H. Bird-
sall, a prosperous and highly esteemed
merchant of this place, and Miss Emma
Osborn, daughter of our worthy County
Treasurer. It was quite a romantic af-
fair, so many of the friends of both par-
ties being present that the ceremony took
place in the open air. It was a lovely
day and beneath the clear blue sky, in
the presence of Almighty God, and sur-
rounded by the grand old mountains that
have stood since the world began, that
this young couple pledged themselves to
share alike, each others joys and sorrows
till parted by the hand of death. The
ceremony was performed by the Hon. J.
T. Carey, County Judge of Klamath coun-
ty, and under the circumstances was rather
impressive than otherwise. The intel-
ligence from Salmon had been received
only a few hours previous. The faces
which gathered in a circle around the
principal actors in the scene, in con-
sequence, exhibited more or less of gloom
and sadness. It was not an unfitting time
for a young maiden to select a partner,
nor was it an unfitting one for a bachelor
to take unto himself a comforter amidst
the imminent peril of Indian warfare,
but that their joy may not be overbal-
anced their share of the sorrows of this
wicked world is the ardent wish of every
correspondent.

ORLEANS BAR.

P. S.—Since writing the above we have
learned that six men in all were killed
by the Indians, three of them being butch-
ered at Plummer creek—Manuel Frank,
G. G. Brown and a man named Teaters—
two on the trail near the Forks—Robt.
Reuberts and Jesse Stuleup—one John
Tenison, in the fight, and a number wound-
ed; Mr. Duppy escaped. We have also
learned that the citizens from Sawyer's
Bar and Geolville, some twenty-five in
number, overtook the devils about two
miles from the Forks on Monday morn-
ing, attacked them and took three guns
though they think they killed no Indians.
They were carrying three hitters so that
doubtless that number of Indians had
been wounded at the bridge on the morn-
ing previous—they attempted to cross the
bridge three times without success.

In haste, O. B.

