

Letter from Orleans Bar.

Orleans Bar, Aug. 31, 1864.

Ed. Times—You are again called upon to chronicle another murder by Indians, which for atrocity and cold blooded cruelty can scarcely be paralleled in the annals of border life, the circumstances of which, briefly stated, are as follows:

Yesterday evening information was received at this place that little Alfred, son of the late Emma Varian, was missing from the house of his guardian, Mr. J. Houghton, who resides on the "Klamath," about eight miles from Orleans Bar, and that a rifle and some ammunition had been stolen from the house. It appeared that the child, only about seven years of age, had been left alone on the premises, by a man whom Mr. Houghton (who is away from home) had left in charge of his place, and who after an absence of only two or three hours returned and found the little fellow missing. After a fruitless search of twenty-four hours it became nearly certain that he must have been killed, and suspicion at once rested on a young Indian living about twenty miles above here, who had been sent with a letter to a person in Orleans on Sunday morning, and which he failed to deliver. The Indians in this neighborhood were informed of the facts in the case, and they with praiseworthy alacrity sent several of their number after dark last evening to catch the supposed depredator. Mr. Sheriff Brown, Judge Catdy, and several other gentlemen, immediately started in pursuit of the child, but did not succeed in finding him until this afternoon, when the Indians brought in the murderer, who after a little persuasion took them first to the place where he had cooched the rifle, and then to a gulch about two hundred yards below Mr. Houghton's house, where he had buried his poor little victim. When the body was dragged from beneath an immense pile of stones, with the skull shockingly crushed in, apparently with a hatchet, there was scarcely a dry eye among that rough, stout-hearted party of men, and it reflects no discredit on them. The devil incarnate who did the deed exhibited the most stolid indifference, and even smiled on the little innocent, upturned face that slept in death. Respect for the officers of the law who were present only prevented his receiving a befitting punishment on the spot. The party returned here about dark this evening, and the murderer is safely lodged in the county jail to await the formalities of the law.

The Indians were greatly excited, and asked that the murderer be hanged immediately, as they were fearful that he might possibly escape. W. M. T.

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