

A Chapter of Indian Atrocities

It again becomes our duty to chronicle a most brutal murder by Indians within the bounds of this country. Harassed beyond measure by the predatory red devil during two years past, the settlers on the border had just begun to enjoy fancied security as the result of the Indian campaign, and the recent acts of the Indian Superintendent of this State. But as many expected and predicted, the time of perfect security has not yet arrived, as will be seen by a perusal of the following heart-rending yet truthful narrative, which is furnished us by Mr. David Gibson, brother-in-law of the

Last Friday morn-
ing and two other
men, on a ditch
at Hay Fork canoe
Gibson's store,
from the latter
the scene of
Mrs. Francis,
plary young man
test, returned to
for blasting purpo
few minutes when
and Mr. Francis hastene
riving there he was confronted
who fired upon him, two bullets barely missing
him. He, as well as the two remaining men, es-
caped to Gibson's and gave the alarm. A party
immediately started for the cabin, near which
the found Hessig's dead body. Two bullets had

immediately started for the cabin, near which
the found Hessig's dead body. Two bullets had
done the deadly work, but not satisfied with this
the fiends had nearly severed the head from the
body and mangled it in the most inhuman man-
ner. This done, they burned the blankets, scat-
tered a keg of blasting powder over the ground,
and carried with them all that could be of any
use. The same day a company composed of Ed.
Swift, Amos Marshall and one or two others from
Douglas City, who happened to be in the Valley
at the time, and a number of citizens of Hay
Fork, started in pursuit of the murderers, and at
last accounts were on their track. There will
be no prisoners taken if they are overhauled.

Thus another good and worthy citizen has fall-
en, the victim of savage barbarity. It has been
well known for weeks that some sixty Indians
were encamped along Trinity river between the
mouth of Weaver creek and the mouth of Rush
creek. Expressman Ponteur informs us that last
Thursday or Friday a party of Indians from the
lower river passed the "Corral," back of Cox's
Bar, going in the direction of Hiampom. Judg-
ing from the fresh tracks they numbered about
a dozen. "Cock-eyed Jim," the murderer of
George Wheelright, has been seen at Lewiston
and Douglas City within a month, and a number
of other old offenders are known to be within
the county limits. That these so-called "friend-
ly" Indians are guilty of many of the inhuman
deeds committed in the county during the last
two years, or that they are in constant commu-
nication with hostile ones, there is no room for
doubt. That vagabond white men in certain sec-
tions of the county are supplying the common
enemy with ammunition, there are enough who
believe. That there are white men who live
with Digger squaws, and continually harbor
Indians about their premises, we all know. In
our opinion here is the sequel to the mischief.—
Wherever a white man and squaw occupy the
same house we may rest assured that to a great-
er or less extent sympathy must and does ex-

our opinion here is the sequel to the mischief.—
Wherever a white man and squaw occupy the
same house we may rest assured that to a great-
er or or less extent sympathy must and does ex-
ist for Indians. Candidly, we say to our read-
ers now that it is the bounden duty of each
good citizen to make a target of every Digger
who shows himself. This will yet prove to be
the only certain way of eradicating the evil.—
And every white man who lives with or harbors
an Indian squaw about his premises should be
frowned down and shunned by good citizens.—
We never yet have had occasion to record the
loss of life or property of one of that class known
as "squaw men." It is the innocent who al-
ways suffer. Kill every Indian within the coun-
ty boundaries to-day, and it would not be suffi-
cient atonement for the life so brutally taken at
Hay Fork last week. The time may not be far
distant when the names of those who live and
cohabit with Indian squaws, and who harbor
and afford aid and comfort to "friendly" In-
dians will be made public. Such a list has been
officially ordered, and it is being made up.—
And any person who will furnish information
~~which will convict a~~ white man of furnishing am-
munition to Indians will be paid the sum of ONE
HUNDRED DOLLARS. Who can do it?

If anything, even more distressing details of
savage barbarity come from our neighboring
counties. In the *Shasta Courier* of Sept. 10th
we find the announcement of the murder of near-
ly a whole family by the savage foe. The house
of Wm. Allen, who lives on Big Cow Creek, 30
miles from Shasta, was attacked by Indians on
the 8th, his wife and two children killed, and an-
other child so badly injured that there was little
hope of life. Henry Winkle, who came from
Shasta on Monday, tells us that those who visit-
ed the scene of murder describe the spectacle as
most appalling. After being shot the poor wo-
man had battled bravely to save her little ones.
Her hands, clenched in death, were filled with
hair and beads, torn from the persons of the sav-
age brutes in her dying struggle.

In the *Humboldt Times* of last week we find a
communication from Orleans Bar, dated Aug.

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In the *Humboldt Times* of last week we find a communication from Orleans Bar, dated Aug. 30th, which gives the particulars of another inhuman murder by a young Indian. A little orphan boy named Varian was left alone at the house of his guardian, eight miles above Orleans Bar, for a few hours. The occupants finally returned, but the little fellow was missing, and a rifle and some ammunition left in the house were gone. Suspicion immediately rested on a young Indian, who was known to have passed that way. A party from Orleans Bar, under Sheriff Brown, went in search of the child, and a number of Indians started after dark in pursuit of the supposed depredator, who was taken and delivered up the next day. We let the correspondent tell of the finding of the child: "After a little persuasion the Indian took them first to the place where he had cocked the rifle, then to a gulch about one hundred yards below the 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 not a dry eye among that rough, stout-hearted party of men. The devil incarnate who did the deed exhibited the most stoical 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 last outrage we have heard of is narrated in the *Copper City Pioneer* of the 10th, the editor of that paper being one of the party who visited the scene of murder. Mrs. Jones, residing about four miles from Copper City, was murdered the day following the killing of Mrs. Allen and children, and it is supposed by the same band of Indians. A rifle shot had killed her, after which her face and head were mutilated in the most horrible manner. A little girl who was living at the house saved herself by hiding in the bushes near by, and finally escaped to the house of Mr. G. Belcher, about a mile distant. The Indians carried off or destroyed everything of value which the premises contained.

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Let those who sympathise with Indians read the above bloody record, and then ask themselves what incentive, further than natural savage brutality, caused the taking of those six innocent lives? If there is any other, it grows out of bitterness existing towards the white race from having been robbed by a degraded few of their women and children. And for the acts of this class the innocent always suffer.

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RUG STORE.

Professional Cards.

Weekly Trinity

IFFIN,

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