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Murder of Mr. Blanchard.

The *Sacramento Transcript* of Saturday, the 14th inst., contains the intelligence of the murder of Mr. Horace A. Blanchard, by the Indians, on the North Fork of the Feather river. The account is painfully interesting to us, as the deceased was intimately known to us. In company with the junior editor of this paper he arrived upon the Pacific coast about fifteen months since, by the Rio Grande and Gila rivers—suffering, in common with the rest of the immigration by that route, who endured, at the time, every kind of hardships and suffering. He possessed a most amiable disposition in every respect, was an agreeable companion and a courageous gentleman, beloved by all of his companions. We deeply deplore his loss. He was a native of Boston, Massachusetts, but had been located in St. Louis, Missouri, for several years previous to his departure for this country in search of fortune. Poor fellow—he reposes beneath those golden sands which he struggled so energetically to reach. The following is the published account of the affray:

BIDWELL'S BAR, September 8.

Messrs. Editors:—Our community in this part of the mines have been thrown into great excitement, caused by one of the most cold-blooded murders it has ever been my misfortune to relate. Of course the Indians are the perpetrators of it. The facts are these:

Two miners, a Mr. Horace A. Blanchard, a most estimable young man, and a Swede, John Ferdinand Holengreen, were at work on the North Fork of this river, (Feather) ten miles from this place, and had been there for some three or four weeks, apprehending no danger, as anteriorly the Indians had manifested not the slightest hostility. On the night of the 5th ult. they had retired to their rude beds—blankets spread on the rocks—when, about 11 o'clock, the Swede, hearing a noise, raised up to see what it was. He saw an Indian standing on a rock, about fifteen yards from him, and at the same time received a

arrow in his breast. He immediately seized his rifle and fired at the Indian, without effect. This caused Mr. B. to start up, and, as he did so, he was also struck by an arrow from another Indian, in the abdomen. He immediately fell back, telling the Swede he was severely wounded, and begging him to come to this place for medical aid. The Indians retreated as soon as the Swede fired. He remained with Blanchard an hour or so, and, finding him unable to walk, he put him in a crevice of a rock, where he thought the Indians would not find him, and left for this place. As he was very weak, owing to loss of blood, he came very slowly, and was soon overtaken by the Indians, who pursued him nearly to this place. He was able to keep them off by firing at them every time he could get a sight at one of them, and they being fearful of fire arms, kept at too great a distance to harm him. He arrived here about day break, and immediately about twenty men started, well armed, accompanied by a physician. They arrived there about 11 o'clock, and found Blanchard in a condition that would have caused the hardest heart to bleed. We beheld our friend sitting or reclining against a rock in the hot sun, ghastly and pale from loss of blood; the broad river running not farther from him than his own length—he suffering intolerable thirst, but unable to reach the water. He had left his hiding place in the rock after daylight, to get some water, but being unable to reach it, or to get back, he fell against this rock, and had not been there long before five Indians appeared on the other side of the river, and seeing him, they immediately swam across, got on the rocks and deliberately shot their arrows deep into the poor fellow in three other places—two in the back and one between the neck and shoulder, which reached the lungs. Those arrows which he could reach, he pulled out, and in pulling them, left the points in the wounds. One of them in his back, which he could not reach, was there when we arrived, and required quite an effort of a strong man to pull it out. As we had no surgical instruments with us, a litter was immediately made, and he was brought to this place on the shoulders of four men and taken to the hospital, where every aid was rendered, but in vain. He breathed his last the next morning about sunrise, mortification having taken place.

It may be consoling in some degree to his friends to know that every attention was afforded him that could be, and that he was borne to his long home by many friends, who deeply mourn his untimely fate. The Swede's wound is not dangerous. Quite a number of men leave this place to-night for the ranchos of the Indians, and it is very probable you will hear more of them, for many of them go with stern brows. Mr. Blanchard was a native of Boston.

About noon to-day, as a Frenchman was crossing the ferry at this place, in getting out of the boat, the

the ferry at this place, in getting out of the boat, the
trigger of his gun caught, which caused it to go off,
lodging the contents in his thigh, severing the artery
and breaking the bone, which will, as his physicians
say, cause his death in a short time. Very respect-
fully,
R. A. CLARKE.
