

### The Murder of Bellew.

We made a notice, last week, of the recent depredations of Indians on the Honey Lake road, and the murder of a teamster—Bellew. The following circumstantial statement is made by A. T. Clark, who was in the train with B. The supposition is that if they had continued together the Indians would not have molested them—so cowardly are they. They make a practice of killing teamsters and travelers when they find one by himself. None of the men, strangely enough, were armed. The Indians might just as well have had them all. Clark says:

I was coming from Chico to Star City with four teams; three of them mine, one of them J. W. Bellew's. At Granite Creek one of my teamsters took sick. I had to double wagons, and as I could not travel as fast as formerly, Bellew went ahead till we got to Rabbit Hole, which I reached about 11 o'clock p. m. on Friday, Nov. 3. Found no hay. We rested till next day, 10 a. m. The station keeper told us that he was expecting a load of hay from the river. Bellew said he would drive on, and when he met the hay he would get some of it, and stop at Cedar Station—13 miles from Rabbit Hole.

When I reached the summit, four and a half miles from Cedar Station, I saw Bellew about three miles ahead, and about one mile from the narrow defile close to Cedar Station—at this time the sun was about fifteen minutes high. When I got within two miles of the Station, I saw a smoke gathering in a kind of vapory cloud off to the right of the road, and supposed that Bellew had started a camp fire. Soon I saw flames very high; still thought it was Bellew.

Kept on under this impression till I got within forty steps of the wagon, when I found that it was on fire. The wagon was almost consumed, and falling to pieces. It was loaded with butter, molasses, and whisky, for Luff, of Star. The whisky, melted butter, and molasses, were all running in streams down the road. Saw at once that it was the work of Indians. Found that they had taken off the wheel cattle and driven them away—retreating south over Antelope Mountain. I reached there about 8 o'clock p. m. I hurried on past Cedar Station to Willow Station, five miles further, and roused the keeper; got him a horse from a teamster there, and started him to the river for assistance. This was about midnight. I staid there till daylight, then went back to the summit to see if I could see my teams. Found them all right. It was not long before men came from the river, and with them I went down to the burnt wagon—getting there about 8 a. m.—and found Bellew's wagon in this condition: The wagon and load completely burned to the ground; the wheel cattle gone; the remaining four yoke of cattle hitched to the tongue, which they had carried off, and grazing round in the brush.

Found Bellew's body about one hundred yards from the wagon. He had run back towards us. We did not see him as we came along, as he laid on the right side of the road and we were on the left of our cattle, driving. We found him naked, shot with six or eight balls and as many arrows; body cut open, and entrails strewn over the ground, and other portions of the body subjected to all the other disgusting mutilations practiced only by these savage monsters.

We took a wagon sheet, wrapped the body up in it, and brought it to the Humboldt river. Procured a coffin, and had the body decently buried at Clark & Bell's, on the Humboldt, at 10 a. m., of the 8th.

Bellew was a man of family; wife and six children to mourn his loss. They reside within three miles of Dog Town, Butte county, California.