

The Northern Crown

Feb 1917

By

Anna Morrison Reed
1849 - 1921

The Story of Indian Charley
1832 - 1917



Charles Morrison
(Oregon Charley)
1832 - 1917
Wyami Indian

"Indian Charlie" was made an orphan, by the massacre of his parents, and the most of his tribe, at Beatson Hollow, a shallow canyon in the tableland of Butte County, a few miles from the present town of Oroville, which was then called Ophir.

The massacre took place in 1853, and was the result of a night attack upon the "Wyamis" by the "Picas," a warlike mountain tribe, that in the earlier days, made many raids on the more peaceful tribes of the valleys. So fierce were they that the miners named them the "Tigers," in recognition of their murderous attacks upon surrounding tribes.

"Charlie" having no surviving relative except a young sister, was taken by Mr. Morrison to rear and instruct, as general help, and was still farther taught by Mrs. Morrison and became an efficient and devoted servant to the family. His life has been an unusual one, touched by both romance and tragedy, and through the long years, he has preserved a personal pride of character and the respect of all who have known him. Although he is only a poor Indian.

He has always had all the employment he needed, and with his second wife, his son and grand children, was living near Cherokee Flat, in the spring of 1915 where the writer saw him and secured the picture which appears with this.

He is the last surviving "Wyami" as his wife is a "Chino" and his son consequently not a "full blood" of his tribe.

The "Wyamis" were a superior race of Northern California Indians, with traits not possessed by the "Totos," the "Chinos," the

"Alolopas," "Unos," "Chesses" or "Concows." And resemble in no way the warlike "Picas." It is a historic fact, though little known, that Fremont the "Pathfinder" once made a trip to the Hawaiian Islands, and brought back a number of Hawaiians who settled in the region near where the Feather river flows into the Sacramento.

The "Wyami" Indians showed unmistakable signs of Kanaka origin, their complexion was much fairer than other California Indians. Their language was similar to that of the Hawaiians, and their native songs resembled the Hawaiian music.

As a little girl, the writer heard these Indians use the Hawaiian words of greeting: "Aloha Oie" and "Aloha Nui."

They could learn and sing the White Man's music, and one in particular, "Stovepipe Charlie," could whistle and sing all of the popular tunes of the day. It is to be regretted that so much of interest has been disregarded by those who could have preserved the actual history of the California Indians, and that writers of a later day have tried, and are trying to write of things of which they could not possibly have any personal knowledge. It is not fair, this mixing of facts and fiction, and confusing and misleading to the honest student of our early history.

Sometime in the late fifties or early sixties, agents of the government gathered up the Indians of Northern California, and took them to the Round Valley Reservation, in Mendocino county.

There was much injustice mixed with this move for the "good" of the Indians.

"Charlie," and his family—a wife and two little children, were taken almost by force, away from the Morrisons who had cared for them so long, and dragged unwillingly to the Reservation.

There, shortly after their arrival the two little children died, and "Charlie" and his wife ran away from the reservation, and travelling only by night, made their way back to the home of the Morrisons, where they arrived half starved, exhausted and foot sore, and for days hovering between life and death, but finally revived under the kind ministrations of Mrs. Morrison.

The wife never fully recovered from the grief and the hardship incident upon this experience, and finally died from its effects.

"Charlie" remained with the Morrisons, their faithful servitor, until the 12th day of May 1864 when circumstances over which none concerned had control, separated them.

But the faithful Indian has been remembered, and the family that were his benefactors, have never been forgotten by him.

Several times during the lifetime of Mr. Morrison, "Charlie" made long journeys to visit the family, and one, at least, of the Morrisons has kept in touch with the knowledge, of the whereabouts and well being of "Charlie."

Death and time make many changes—for years the winds of

autumn have swept the falling leaves over the grave of Mary Morrison,

After her long struggle to make tolerable the life of her dear ones, and make a HOME in the wilderness, she has found "sleep after toyle—Porte after stormie seas."

"Indian Charlie"—the only material help she ever had, in her unusual labor, and her long endeavor, stands at the threshold of the other land, that must ever seem a place of shadows to those of his race. And to enter which all must pass through "the valley of the shadow of death." All that was best has perished—or is perishing.

While mute and cold, yet eloquent; under shine and shower, and the endless round of marching stars, stands for all time this most unique memorial of a Pioneer Mother—the stone fence built by Mary Morrison.

Anna Morrison Reed

The Northern Crown, February 1917

INDIAN FRIEND OF PIONEERS ASKED WHITE FUNERAL

Charles Morrison, one of the well known citizens of Oregon House [City] died last evening. He was a noted character in the district. When a small boy his parents were massacred in an Indian raid. He was adopted and raised by the late Guy Morrison, whose daughter, Anna Morrison Reid [sic] the authoress, has frequently written of him.

He was raised as a white man and adopted their ways, raising a family of which only a son and several grand children now survive. He asked to be buried in the Oregon City cemetery among the pioneer friends of his youth, men whom he saw die and who were his boyhood playmates. His last wishes will be respected and the sons of his dead pioneer friends will dig his grave in the midst of those of their fathers.

He and his wife, who died a few years ago, for the past twenty-five years never neglected attending the funerals of the pioneer residents. He was a well known character in the district and was universally loved and respected by all who knew him.

Oroville Daily Mercury, December 29, 1917

[Leland Scott, a grandson of Indian Charlie, was living on Table Mountain, north of Oregon City, in 1963. — Ed.]

5-8-1917

ALL INVITED TO OREGON CITY PICNIC

To correct a report that has gained considerable circulation, the committee on entertainment for the coming picnic and dance to be held on the school grounds at Oregon City, on May 12th, wish to announce that the public in general is invited to attend, instead of only a selected few as report has it.

A basket lunch is to be served in community style, is part of the program. Outsiders desiring to dine alone can do so under any of the many shade trees.

All former pupils of the Oregon City school, over the age of twenty-one, are requested to be present to take part in the meeting called for the purpose of organizing a society among its members. The meeting will be called to order immediately after lunch. A part of the business of the society will be to hold an annual picnic and reunion, and other amusements as the committee on entertainment might prescribe.

As soon as it gets too dark for picnicing on the green, all will resort to the schoolhouse, where dancing will be indulged in until 12 o'clock p. m.

Don't forget to bring your well filled basket.

R. J. STRANG,
Chairman entertainment committee.

5-14-1917

YEARS OF LONG AGO RECALLED AT PICNIC IN OREGON CITY

Schoolmates of Early Days Form Organization — Named From Early Indian Tribe

OREGON CITY, May 13.—The gathering of old schoolmates and friends at the Oregon City school house and grounds yesterday was fairly well attended, although the threatening weather of the day before had considerable effect in lessening the attendance. The spirit of the occasion was evidenced in the countenances of all present. Lunch was served community style during the noon hour and such a lunch it was! One suitable for the gods, and hungry ones at that, providing they would care to eat such things as roast pigs, roast turkey and chickens galore, along with the finest kinds of fruit, salads, combination salads, sandwiches, pies, cakes, nuts, and fruits of the season.

The table not only groaned, but threatened to lie down under their burden of good things.

Society Is Formed

Shortly after lunch the old schoolmates repaired to the school house to form a society of those who formerly attended the Oregon City school and were twenty-one years of age.

The meeting was called to order by Robert J. Strang, who, after explaining the purpose of the meeting, announced that the nomination of a temporary chairman and a temporary secretary was in order. James G. Nisbet was elected chairman, and Ed H. James was elected secretary.

Officers Elected

The following officers to serve the ensuing term, or until their successors are elected, and qualified were:

President, Robert J. Strang; first-vice-president, James G. Nisbet; second-vice-president, Maggie M. Lynch; corresponding and recording secretary, Ed H. James; treasurer, Hettie Jones; marshal, Thomas H. Davis.

The name given the society is that of the old Indian "Camopdi" or village which was located in the early days, on the spot where the festivities of the society are to be held annually, namely: "The Enmeto School Club of Oregon City." The name "Enmeto" is of Wyami origin, meaning "Beautiful Spot." The Wyami's were the tribe of Indians who lived in this neighborhood, now practically extinct.

The day set for the regular meeting and festivities of the society, is

the second Saturday in May of each year hereafter.

In accordance with a provision of the constitution adopted by the society, the president appointed the following committee on entertainment, namely: Albert Grummet, Gordon Nisbet and Charles Johnson. The committees on finance and printing were also provided for.

Many Letters Received

Many letters were received from absent schoolmates, expressing their regrets for not being present at the first meeting of the club, but assured those present that the best feeling of their hearts and thoughts were with them, and would endeavor to be with them in person at the next annual meeting, which will be on the second Saturday in May, 1918.

At the close of the meeting, thirty-one members signed the constitution, and paid their dues for the following year.

Dancing commenced at 4:30 in the afternoon in the school house, where they danced all night until broad day light, and went home with the girls in the morning.

Reminiscences of the Past

A delightful talk was given the club by one of its members, Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed, of Ukiah, Cal. Oregon City being where she spent her childhood days, and where she attended her first school. Her talk was much appreciated by all, among other things she said:

"Life is but an hour of brief greetings and farewells, and I am glad to be a moment with you upon this occasion, so full of historic interest, and worthy intention.

"We, who have lived to see the evolution in transportation, from the pack mules to the automobile, and in the methods of mining, from the pick, pan, shovel, and rocker to the ponderous dredger, should have learned something by experience and observation, and should be glad that we were not born sooner. For we have lived in a wonderful State, in a wonderful time in the world's history.

"We have all heard much of the prophet, who has not honor in his own country, but very little about the lack of appreciation of the prophet, for the land in which he lives.

"Through the long days of my absence from Butte County, my memory has been faithful to its charm, and alive to its wonderful possibilities.

Just fifty-three years ago today, my father and his family moved from Oregon City to the vicinity of the Kentucky ranch, near Honcut. Afterwards, removing to Yuba county. I have only regretted that he left Butte county once—and that has been always.

Shuttles

"But shuttles as we are, in the remorseless hand of fate, we are thrown to and fro, where she wills, in the wondrous web of life. And I am thankful that in the weaving of the fabric, the standards reach sometimes to my old-time home, endeared to me by many memories, and where I received the first impressions and inspirations of my life.

"In this time of selfishness commercialism and threatened strife, it is an unusual thing that chiefly brings us here today. A mission of sentiment to take measure to bring old friends back into unselfish association and give some reverent care to the graves of our long neglected dead.

"Among our relatives and neighbors of the past, who sleep the long sleep, upon the hillside, near Oregon City were men and women of worth and distinction in their time; honest, able, and thrifty pioneer citizens.

"They lived their day in services and usefulness, and above all else, in the kindly sympathy and good fellowship that marked the character of our early pioneer people.

Albert Grummet—kind neighbor and friend. I remember when his wife came from far away Germany to be the bride of that good man in a strange land.

"The dainty things she wore, provided in that far off home, bright and new to my childish eyes.

"The chest from the old country, full of her own handiwork, knitted, and crocheted, and embroidered with a dream and hope in every stitch of the strange land, and new life to which she was going. These were indeed a treasure, and looked with delight as they were displayed on the occasion of my mother visiting her, with a pardonable pride by their owner, who belonged as did my mother, to a class of women, nearly obsolete now, whose greatest ambition was to make a home, to be the wife of a good man, and mother to his children.

"H. J. Morrison, buried in 1865, was my uncle. He represented Butte county in the State Legislature as early as 1858, was also supervisor, elected more than once I believe. He was respected and trusted by all who knew him, and is not forgotten, although he has slept in the grave for fifty-two years.

"His wife and little Jesse, my favorite cousin of long ago, lie beside him.

"There are many others, dear in memory to those gathered here today. And I feel that it is a privilege to be with you, to give testimony to my loving remembrance of those gone before.

"Let us fittingly perpetuate their memory. It should never be that in the midst of the toil and conflict of the world, we do not sufficiently remember our dead. For if memory is—as many believe—the link between that better world and this, they may sometimes long for our remembrance."

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MORRISON, Charles
Oroville Daily Mercury
12-29-1917



Charles Morrison
(Oregon Charley)
1832 - 1917
Wyami Indian

April 8, 1918

The Sacramento Union

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA, MONDAY MORNING, APRIL 8, 1918.

Encounter Good Ore in Keystone Property

**Believed Old Vein in Oregon Gulch
Mine Has Been Recovered.**

Special to the Union.

OROVILLE (Butte Co.), April 7.—
The true Fisher vein is believed to have been struck at the Keystone mine in Oregon Gulch, owned by W. T. Baldwin of this city. Jack Upton, superintendent of the mine, struck the new ledge and immediately called Baldwin out to see it. The ledge is widening out and considerable coarse gold has been taken from it. Both Upton and Baldwin believe they have made a rich strike of quartz and that the Keystone will be one of the best paying mines in the state.

That the true Fisher vein, the old original vein, has been struck both are reasonably sure. Prior to this time Upton and his men have been working on later formation ledges, but the original old formation has been hit at last. They have struck iron capping, which is almost invariably in ledges carrying good values. The ledge will be followed up until it is known just what the prospects are. The fact that the ledge is widening is a good indication, the miners say, of a rich strike.

Baldwin has two mills on the ground, a five stamp and a three stamp coupled together. Both will soon be dropping on quartz from the new ledge and will prove whether it is as rich as is expected. Experts who have examined the new ledge believe it is a rich one.

DEATH CALLS OLD RESIDENT OF BUTTE CO.

Mrs. Dorette Louise Fischer, age 77, one of the best known pioneer matrons of Butte county, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Minna Stroever, of 920 Spencer avenue last Saturday evening at 9:15 o'clock, after an illness of about four weeks.

Mrs. Fischer was born in Germany, in the town of Setterbrook, in 1843. After receiving her education in that country, the deceased sailed for America when but 14 years of age. The trip across the ocean was made in a sailing boat, steam vessels being unknown to man at that time. After landing at New York and remaining in the eastern states for a time, Mrs. Fischer sailed for California, coming by way of Panama. After a short stay in San Francisco, Mrs. Fisher came to Butte county, where she remained until her death.

In 1864 the deceased married Thomas Hanke, at one time a well-known mining man of this section. Four years after the happy event Mr. Hanke was killed. Some years later the deceased became the wife of Theodore Fisher.

FISCHER,
Mrs. Dorette Louise
Oroville Mercury
5-3-1920

A legion of friends and sorrowing relatives are left to mourn her death. She was to all who knew her a woman of kindness.

She is survived by one sister, Mrs. William Going, of Nebraska, and the following children: Henry Fischer of Chico; Charles and Theodore Fischer of Oroville, and Mrs. Minna Stroever of Oroville, and three grandchildren: Carl and Clara Fischer of Chico, and Louis T. Stroever, who at present is in Englewood, New Jersey.

Funeral services will take place Tuesday, May 4, at 1:30 o'clock, from the undertaking parlors of Reynolds and Thomas. Services will be held under the auspices of the Christian Science church. Interment will be in the Oregon City cemetery, where the family plot is located.



JAMES, Catherine (Katherine)

Oroville Daily Register

10-19-1920

CATHERINE JAMES IS LAID AT REST

Many relatives and friends attended the funeral of Mrs. Catherine James, well known Oregon City pioneer matron who was laid at rest in the Oregon City cemetery yesterday at 10 o'clock.

The large number of beautiful floral pieces were evidence of the esteem in which the deceased was held by all who knew her.

Rev. J. J. Hynes officiated.

The pallbearers were Charles Fisher, Lew Jones, John Logue, J. G. Nisbet, R. J. Strang and H. W. White.