

RIDGE, John Rollin

Weekly Butte Record

10-12-1867

DEATH OF JOHN ROLLIN RIDGE.—This gentleman, very generally and favorably known throughout the State, as a man of acknowledged literary ability and poetical worth, died at Grass Valley, Nevada county, on the 5th instant of brain fever. At the time of his death, and for some time prior to that event, he was editor of the *Grass Valley National*. He had been connected with various papers of the State, and was the author of several popular works, and numerous poems. He was a man of good education and generous impulses, gentlemanly in his deportment, and warm and reliable in his personal friendship. He claimed to be the rightful chief of the Cherokee nation, in opposition to John Ross, whose supremacy was established in turmoil and blood, resulting in the death of the father of the present subject, and the defeat of what was known as the Ridge party. At the close of the late war, Mr. Ridge visited Washington with the hope of re-asserting the claims of his family in the Cherokee nation, but the rival Ross faction, who had dragged his father from his

bed at midnight, and murdered him, were too accomplished courtiers and politicians to be caught in a minority, and were favorable to the rebellion when that held sway in Arkansas, and the first to give adhesion to the General Government, when the rebellion gave out signs of decay. The attachment then shown to him by the Cherokees in Washington is said to have been something remarkable. His funeral took place at Grass Valley on the 7th, from Emmanuel Church, and was largely attended. The remains were escorted to the Church by the Independent Order of Knighthood, of which body he was a member, and the Grass Valley Circle of the Fenian Brotherhood, the impressive burial service of the Episcopal Church was conducted by the Rector, Rev. D. D. Chapin, after which the long procession proceeded to Greenwood Cemetery, where the last sad rites were held, and all that was mortal of John Rollin Ridge was consigned to the tomb. The large concourse of citizens and friends who were present, the heartfelt sorrow that was manifested, and the sober quiet that existed throughout the town, all the stores and places of business being closed, testified the esteem and respect in which the deceased was held by all who knew him. He leaves an accomplished wife and one daughter, who have the sympathies of numerous friends.

John Rollin Ridge is the author of *The Life and Adventures of Joaquin Murieta, the Celebrated California Bandit* (1854), one of the first novels ever written by an American Indian.

Weekly Butte Record

10-19-1867

HOW A WOMAN FOUND HER LONG-LOST CHILDREN.—Since the prevailing Indian troubles commenced, an Indian camp was captured, together with a number of prisoners, including squaws and some half a dozen white captives, boys and girls, from five to twelve years of age. Word was sent throughout the country, inviting those who had lost children to come to the camp and identify, if possible, their children, as none of them could give any account who their parents were, or where they were taken from, so young were they when taken captive by the Indians. Numbers went to the camp—many more than there were children—and of course many returned with heavy hearts at being unable to find their lost ones. Among the number who went hundreds of miles to the camp, was a mother who lost two children—a boy and a girl, one three and the other five years of age—years ago. Efforts were made to persuade her not to go, and so long a time had elapsed it was certain she could not identify her children, even if they stood before her. But she could not rest—she must go, and go she did. On arriving at the encampment, she found the captives ranged in a line for inspection. She looked at them first from a distance—her anxious heart bounding in her bosom. But she did not see her children—at least she saw nothing in the group that bore the slightest resemblance to her baby boy and girl as they looked playing about her door step. She drew nearer and peered deep into the eyes of each, who returned her look with a stony gaze, yet anxious one—they too, hoping to see something in her that would tell them that she was their mother. She looked long and steadily at them, as her heart began to sink and grow heavy in her bosom. At last, with tears and sobs, she withdrew, and when some paces off she stopped and turned about quickly, as, apparently, a thought had occurred to her. Drying her eyes, she broke forth in a sweet hymn she was wont to sing to her children as a lullaby. Scarce a line had been uttered, when two of the captives—a boy and a girl—rushed from the line, exclaiming: "Mamma Mamma!" The mother went home perfectly satisfied; she had found her long-lost children.

Butte Record

11-16-1867

INDIAN DEPREDATIONS IN SURPRISE VALLEY.—
The *Susanville Sage Brush*, of November 2d, says :
The latest advices from Surprise Valley represent the Indians as being very troublesome in that quarter. They have made several raids into the valley, stealing stock and grain, and would seem to be laying in a supply for winter. A body of them made a descent a short time since upon a quantity of grain recently threshed, and after cutting open and emptying a large number of sacks of barley, refilled them with wheat to an amount of one hundred bushels, and decamped to their winter stronghold in the region of Goose lake. These are the same Indians General Crook had the fight with.