

Weekly Mercury

3-25-1881

An Aborigine Gone.

Died—At camp near Berry Creek, March 15th, Wash-Kipee, aged about 26 years.

Wash Kipee was a half-enlightened aboriginal American, and until some five years ago was a temperate, industrious, trustworthy and very useful member of the community in which he dwelt. Then came to tarry in the neighborhood at intervals a very poor specimen of the white man's race—a lecherous lover of libidinous squaws. And this male individual has persistently plied the Indians with wine and whisky until they have become besotted, indolent, depraved and miserably destitute. Wash-Kipee the Indian is dead; his destroyer the white man still lives in contraversion of the theory of "the survival of the fittest!" Is retributive justice irrevocably banished from the earth?

SPECTATOR.

Weekly Butte Record

11-26-1881

An Indian Wedding.

Captain Dick, Chief of the Digger Indians of this neighborhood, understands the ways of the palefaces, or at least he knows their style of procuring newspaper "delicacies." This morning he came straggling into the RECORD office, carrying three fat mallard ducks, which he threw into the lap of our "chief," knowing, of course, that he is the biggest eater, except the writer, in town. Dick was well dressed, and is an intelligent redskin. He said that preparations are being made at the camp for a grand wedding, which will take place when the next new moon shines the brightest. Every squaw has been promised a new red calico dress and red handkerchief, for them to appear their sweetest. Invitations have been issued to the Indians north of Chico to be in attendance. The bride is the belle of the rancheria, and the fortunate suitor is one of the most promising young braves of the tribe. The feast will be one of the largest ever had here by the Indians, and to which we have been invited to attend. The happy couple will receive many presents.

Weekly Butte Record

5-27-1882

Indian Sally

Old Sal, an Indian squaw, had her shoes blacked at Ben Malbone's stand yesterday. She offered to kiss him for pay, but upon his refusal to accept the luscious offer, she planked down two bits and strutted off. Sal is well known by several families of town. She washes, irons and scrubs for either grub or old clothes. She is a queer bird—smokes cigarettes as well as our most fastidious young men, or chews "old navy" tobacco with as much grace as an old salt.

Weekly Butte Record

6-24-1882

Indians and Firewater.

Scarcely a Sunday passes by but what ten or a dozen drunken Indians can be seen in town, quarreling with every one they meet and making a nuisance of themselves. They procure their whisky from the Chinese, and the officers have experienced a great deal of trouble of late in making arrests. But officer Ben True succeeded in arresting a Chinaman, Ho Lung You, this morning for selling firewater to Indians yesterday. The prisoner will be punished severely—to the full extent of the law.

Weekly Butte Record

7-29-1882

RANCHERIA RACKETS,

Interesting Items of Indians—Drunks and Games—A Scandal.

About once a month, (every new moon) the Digger Indians at the rancheria on Rancho Chico, have a big match game of football, being joined in the sport by redskins from the reservation at Redding. On Sunday a match was played with great enthusiasm in the wild, untamed style characteristic of the "children of the forest." The life and animation to the game was produced by huge and frequent draughts of whisky, which had been procured for the purpose and occasion. The game was witnessed by a large number of men and boys from town. After a long and fearful struggle by both sides, the game was called a draw, and ended with a war dance and rough-and-tumble battle. It was a wilder scene than was ever witnessed at Donnybrook Fair, as there were plenty of bloody noses and broken heads, the Redding braves being victorious. When quiet had been restored by Captain Jack, chief of the Chico warriors, all hands partook of a feast of fish, fowl, deer, squirrels and rabbits. Yesterday the braves on the rancheria were "all broke up," and unable to go to work in the harvest-fields. The person or persons who furnished them whisky should be hunted up and prosecuted.

Sunday morning quite a lively scandal came to light in one of the "first families" at the rancheria. It was mostly a case of jealousy, but there were several points of real interesting scandal which we will not publish. A squaw by the name of Tokino was becoming too intimate with a brave named Halala, when the woman's husband heard of the goings on and kicked up a muss. He went to the wicked Halala and was about to "chaw" him up, when the last named redskin grabbed up a spade and using it as a weapon, split open the head of his enemy, making a fearful cut, from which, it is possible, he may die. A complaint has been made against the ferocious Halala, in Judge Hallet's Court, and he will be brought to justice.

Weekly Butte Record

2-3-1883

DIGGER DANCING.

HOW THE INDIANS ELECT THEIR GREAT MEDICINE MAN.

Yesterday the Indians on Rancho Chich had lively sport in their "sweat-house." A large crowd of people from town witnessed the dancing. The Diggers kept up their horrid yells until late in the night. This "sweat-house" is built in the shape of a hill, or mound, an entrance being had from a hole in the top. It is built of heavy lumber and covered with dirt. The air inside is almost stifling, but the Indians stay in the house for several hours. The occasion of the demonstration yesterday was the election of a medicine man, and the Indians were rigged out in their best dry goods. This election business with the Indians is conducted "on the square," the best man, physically, taking the office. There is no chance for casting illegal ballots, and they don't trifle with a Great Register. The two applicants take their places in the "sweat house," and at a given signal they commence dancing. It is not a graceful, gliding waltz, but is something after the style of a "Highland Fling," the Indians jumping and kicking until a person would think they would jerk their limbs off. The man who can stand this work the longest is the best man, and is elected. Yesterday the fun commenced in the forenoon, and was not finished until midnight. The jumpers gave out several times and had to be rubbed and bathed by their friends, and finally one of the bucks quit, saying he had all he could stand.

Weekly Butte Record

6-14-1884

INDIAN BALL PLAYERS.—A novel and interesting baseball game was played in Chico yesterday by Indian clubs from Redding and the Rancho Chico. The Redding Indians came down dressed in gay uniforms, were met at the train by the Chico Indian Band, and escorted to the ground, a short distance from the rancharia. The Indians are good ball-players, strong and active, and thoroughly understand the rules governing the game. The Redding red men played well, but were no match for the Chico Diggers, as the latter won the game by a score of 9 to 3— a pretty good score. The noble red man is fast becoming civilized, and it was surprising to some of the white ball-players present to witness the knowledge they displayed of the game. After the contest each side gave three cheers for their opponents, and the visitors boarded the train and departed to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," played by the band.

THE INDIAN CONCERT.—Misses Birdie Bernard and Nellie Reavis of this city have consented to assist in the Indian concert, mentioned in the RECORD of yesterday. These young ladies are known to be sweet singers, and the bare announcement of their appearance in public will insure a good turnout of our music-loving citizens. The concert takes place at Bidwell Hall next Saturday evening.

How the Digger Indians Appear in Public—
Their Musical Training.

Only a few years ago the Digger Indians of the Pacific Coast were considered the lowest and most ignorant people among the red men, and they were commonly known as "the root diggers." They were never a very savage race, but always a lazy, dirty class who lived in caves and the rudest houses. For a few years past the Digger Indians living on Rancho Chico have been educated to our ways of living, having been taught to work and instructed in the use of machinery, and as a result they are among the most industrious laborers on General Bidwell's vast possessions. General and Mrs. Bidwell have shown great pains in educating the "children of the forest," so that they can now read and write almost as well as the average class of white people. The Indians have comfortable homes at the rancheria, where they also have a church and school. It is a common saying that "the Indian has no music in his soul," but this is a mistake, for on Rancho Chico the Indians have a well-drilled band of musicians, who have been ably instructed in this art by Prof. Chas. Klein. They read music very readily, and perform difficult selections from the best composers. Their band is composed of ten or twelve young men, large, intelligent-looking fellows, who seem to have a passion for music.

For several weeks past the Indian men, women and children have been under the instruction of Mrs. A. C. Broyles and Mr. B. F. True, who undertook to train them for a public concert. The entertainment took place last Saturday evening at Bidwell Hall, which contained a large and fashionable audience. Perhaps the novelty of such an entertainment drew out the greater portion of the audience, but all who attended were highly pleased. No doubt there never was such another concert ever given in this country. To take a class of people who have always lived as barbarians and train them into good manners, and teach them to sing and perform difficult musical selections is indeed something wonderful. Besides the efforts of

Mrs. Broyles and Mr. True, the success of the entertainment was largely due to the assistance of Prof. Chas. Klein, leader of the band, Misses Lizzie Crew, Maud Blood and Birdie E. Barnard, the two former young ladies giving instrumental duets and solos, and the latter entertaining the audience by her sweet voice. She first sang a solo from Perrott in such a captivating manner that she was recalled, when she sang a ballad. The following programme was rendered by the Indians:

Selection by the band—"Marching Through Georgia."

Indian school, song—"What a Friend we Have in Jesus."

Quartette, little Indian boys and girls—"We Shall Meet."

Selection by the band.

Native song by the tribe.

Bass solo—"America"—by Austin, (a blind Indian.)

Indian school, song—"Rally 'Round the Flag"

Native song by the tribe.

Band selection.

Indian solo.

Band selection.

Indian school, song—"Pull for the shore."

Native song and chorus.

Indian school, song—"Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh."

Indian song.

The natives have powerful voices, deep and rich, those of the males being especially fine. The native songs were very entertaining. Twenty-five or thirty men, women and children would take their places on the stage under the direction of two old men, who, when they had their class arranged, would give the signal for singing by striking the palms of their hands with a thin board or shingle. At the end of each stanza in their songs, the singers would stop suddenly and wait for another signal to begin. They would stop long enough between each stanza for a person to count fifteen. The concert was a success in every feature.

Butte Record

7-12-1884

The Overland Monthly of July contains an interesting article on the Concow Indians, which tribe inhabited Butte county in early days. M. H. Wells, of Yankee Hill, is spoken of by the author in the highest terms as the defender of the Indians against the white settlers who wished to exterminate them.

Weekly Butte Record

7-26-1884

A number of Indians came down from Shasta county on Sunday, bringing with them lots of whisky. They divided the fire-water with the Chico Indians, and all got gloriously drunk and commenced fighting among themselves three of them finally being locked up in the city prison. They were unable to pay a fine of \$5 each, and are now serving the town in the chain gang. The northern Indians say they can easily get whisky in Redding, and the authorities there do not molest them while they are drunk, and think it rather mean that they should come to Chico on a picnic and land in the calaboose. The red men find it a hard matter to procure whisky in Chico, as the officers are constantly on the watch for offenders of the law in this respect. The Chinese have become frightened at the manner in which some of their countrymen have been punished for this offence, and it is now a difficult matter for an Indian to get whisky in Chinatown.

Weekly Mercury

12-11-1884

Dr. Jenkins, physician to the Infirmary, assisted by Dr. James Green, amputated an Indian's arm yesterday at the Hospital. The Indian, a young fellow living at Yankee Hill, while hunting, dragged his shot gun muzzle toward him through the bushes, and the hammer striking them, very naturally fired, and the load entered his arm.

The large barn on the old Vinton place near Pentz, was blown down on Sunday.