

SCOTT, Mary (Indian)

Oroville Register

3-7-1895

Drowned in the Feather.

Feather river now and then claims a victim and its last one was an Indian woman named Mary Scott, who with her husband lived near Mrs. Rose Foreman's ranch above Bidwell Bar.

On Monday Mary received word that her aunt who lived at Cherokee was very ill and she desired to go over to see her at once. Her husband tried to persuade her to go via Oroville as she had a riding horse but Mary said it would take too long and that by crossing the North Fork she could reach Cherokee in a few hours.

The two went down to the river where a young Indian named Billy had a small boat. The stream was very swift here but he thought he could take the woman safely across. She was quite large, weighing 260 pounds, although she was only twenty-five years old. When the boat reached the middle of the stream it began to sink, and Billy finding that he could not manage it jumped into the water and swam ashore. Mary could swim well, but her clothing encumbered her and she would not attempt to follow her companion, but sat in the boat which continued to sink until the water was up to her arms. Her husband threw off his boots and clothing and tried to save her, but could not owing to the powerful current and the woman was quickly drowned.

Her body floated down the stream until it landed on the rocks just above the bridge at Oroville. Dick, her husband, followed down the river on Monday as far as Bob Moore's home and back on Tuesday along the edge of the river until he saw the remains on the rocks, when he waded in and brought the body ashore. Coroner Woodman and undertakers Sovereign & Topping brought the remains to town and on Wednesday they were buried.

MAHUKA, Edward (Indian)

Chico Enterprise

3-22-1895

Edward Mahuka.

On Thursday afternoon at the Indian village occurred the funeral of Edward Mahuka, who came to California in 1839, when but eleven years of age, and engaged in gold mining on the Feather river, and as far north as Shasta, but finally abandoned mining for fishing on the Sacramento and Feather rivers, until seized with sickness which resulted in his death on the cars as they were steaming into Chico. Knowing death was near he asked to be brought to Chico for burial, some of his family living in the Indian village adjacent, and some buried there.

With him were James Kalua and wife, Thos. Lewis and wife, his step-daughter, niece and adopted son, Albert Mahuka. Who was this adopted son? Eighteen years ago while fishing on the Sacramento river Mr. Mahuka saw a white woman about to strangle her infant and throw its body into the river. Hastening to her he begged the babe which his Indian wife took to her heart, and having just lost her infant, nourished it as her own, and most lovingly have they cared for him, sending him to school, and now he inherits by his father's will, nets, boats, business.

Touching was it to see the grief of this youth at the loss of this more than father to him, for without ties of blood or race he was given the place of son in its best sense. Looking into the grave where this man lay by the side of his wife who had shared his Christ-like death, and hearing from his young countryman who had come to his burial, the story of his tender care of him, also, how despicable seemed barriers of race or condition and how royal the humble dead in this humble grave at our feet.

"In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these * * Ye have done it unto me." A FRIEND.

Buried in the Mechoopda Rancheria Cemetery, Chico, CA

Oroville Register 6-20-1895

Sold Liquor to Indians.

Ali Toy, the heathen Chinese of Chico, with his smile so childlike and bland was caught some days ago selling liquor to one of the aborigines. Monday he was brought before Judge Gray and after scrutinizing with some care the countenance of District Attorney Sexton whom he had been told would prosecute him he promptly said he would plead guilty. Judge Gray thought best to impose upon him a three year's sentence in hopes of effectually breaking up the practice among the Chinese of furnishing liquor to Indians.

POMPEY,

Chief of Mooretown and Cascade Indians

Oroville Register

7-4-1895

Died From the Fall.

Pompey, the Chief of the Mooretown and Cascade Indians has passed to the happy hunting grounds of his tribe. A day or two ago he was in a pine tree cutting off a limb when his ax slipped and accidentally cut the limb on which he was standing causing it to break and like McGinty down went Pompey, breaking his neck and killing him instantly, thus causing deep sorrow among the red men.

Halala (Rancheria Indian) Weekly Chronicle Record 9-7-1895

AN INDIAN KILLED.

Halala Struck by a Train Early Yesterday Morning.

Halala, a well known Rancheria Indian has gone to his happy hunting ground. He was killed by the California express yesterday morning about 125 yards above the Rancheria crossing.

Some of the Indians found his remains lying by the side of the track early yesterday morning and Deputy Coroner Burroughs was notified. The body was removed to the undertaking parlors and an inquest was held.

Halala was evidently drunk when the accident happened, for two quart bottles containing gin was found near by. He had drunk about a pint of the stuff. When the fender of the engine struck him, he must have been using the rail for a pillow. The fender struck him in the back of the head breaking the neck and exposing the brains. It is not known whether it was the north or south bound train that killed him.

Several months ago Halala filled up on China gin and went to sleep on the track. He was struck by the train and his scalp was horribly cut.

Two months ago he and another Indian were arrested by Constable Chubbuck for being drunk. They had bought gin from a Chinaman in the new town.

The Coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death. The remains were removed to the Rancheria where the interment will take place.

The engineer of the Oregon express saw the body lying by the side of the track. He stopped the train and the body was removed a few feet from the track. The conductor of the train whose division ends at Red Bluff came down on yesterday morning's local and reported the matter to agent Williamson, but this evidence was not introduced at the Coroner's inquest.

Oroville Register 11-7-1895

ANOTHER MURDER.

Bill Tom The Indian, Killed by Harry Lorraine.

Friday's Democrat says that Harry Lorraine a Swede shot and killed Bill Tom the leading witness in the Waller trial. Lorraine's story is that he went with a man named Hughes to help the Indian build a cabin and that he and Hughes after drinking freely got into a fight. Then Hughes made a rush for a rifle but that he got it first and knowing there was but one cartridge in it tried to fire this into the air but the lock caught in some and the bullet went through the body of Tom who was stadding some distance away and who had no part in the fight.

Constable Irwin who arrested him says the murderer told him a different story and it is evident there will be another expensive murder trial in Yuba.

Death at the Indian Village.

On April 14, Nopanny, wife of Billy Preacher and daughter of Chief Luckyan, passed to her heavenly home.

She was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and once a delegate from the Indian Missionary Society to the Ladies Presbyterial Society, on which occasion the dignity and propriety of her deportment were unsurpassed by any.

Her father was chief when General Bidwell came to Rancho Chico, and is described by him as of superior intellect, dignity and amiability, which traits his daughter inherited.

A lady who knew her in 1855 describes her as then a young mother. "A perfect bronze, clad only in a skirt of tule;" yet this woman learned to speak and read English; to sew beautifully, and to be an expert housekeeper. Her home has been one of those always exhibited to visitors. Nor has any white wife ever admired or honored her husband more

Nopanny had many warm friends in California and the East who have personally known her, and whose messages of love (and gifts) have been tributes to themselves as well as to her; and that one who was an earlier resident here than any white person and so brave and good should pass away "unhonored and unsung" seems too unjust to be allowed. For 21 years she has been my friend and counsellor, hence this tribute from one who loved and revered her

A. K. B.
Rancho Chico

NOPANNY

(daughter of Chief Luckyan)

Chico Enterprise

4-24-1896

Note:

AKB is Annie K. Bidwell

Oroville Register

10-1-1896

Two Young Indian Boys Shot in the Face at Concow.

Tuesday afternoon Deputy Constable Williams brought down from Concow a man named C. M. Laney. This we are informed is the same man who was brought here last fall for making an attack upon Mr. Wright of that place. He was then called Col. Laney.

We do not wish to prejudice the people against the prisoner and hence give the bare facts as told to us by the stage driver Zumwalt and others of Cherokee. Laney has been herding goats for a party at Concow and often carried a shotgun with him during the day. Toward evening on Monday he was coming home when he saw two Indian boys fishing in the creek or ditch. The water had been turned out of the ditch and they were fishing in one the holes. It is reported that Laney without provocation fired at the two boys, one being about fourteen and the other only ten.

The eldest boy was struck in the eye and blinded in that eye and will probably die from the wound. The other boy was also shot in the face, but his wounds are not so serious.

H. F. Bader and J. H. Anderson went from Cherokee to Concow to arrest him and we presume they did so and brought him to that place but Deputy Constable Williams brought him here Tuesday about two o'clock.

If the reports concerning his attack are correct we have no doubt but what he will be severely dealt with.

Unknown Indian
Oroville Daily Register
9-3-1897

Sure Death.

A German miner named Adam Nipshew, who owns a mining claim near Yankee Hill has for a partner a half-breed Indian. Yesterday Nipshew soon after breakfast left the cabin and went to the mine. His companion remained to do some work in the house, but in a short time heard a report and ran to the claim to see what was the matter. He found his partner had blown off the top of his head. He had taken a stick of giant powder and held it in his teeth and then exploded the powder. His death was instantaneous. He was aged 63 years and had lately been despondent and this is the only reason for his rash act.

HONE, Mrs. (Indian)

Chico Record

9-30-1897

An Indian Woman Killed.

Mrs. Hone, a full blooded Indian woman, was run over at 3 o'clock, Saturday afternoon, at Castella.

She attempted to alight from a train while the cars were switching and her dress caught and threw her in front of the moving train. Her body was cut in two at the waist.—Red Bluff *Sentinel*.

TOLEY, Dick, Indian
Oroville Mercury
10-1-1897

"Scarface Dick" Dead.

The body of an Indian named Dick Toley, better known as "Scarface Dick," was found on a trail three miles east of Browns valley on Wednesday. He was known as a bad Indian and was once under arrest, charged with murder.

James Phelan and George Smith arrived in Marysville at 11 o'clock that night with the remains, which they had found on the trail near Scott valley. He was lying on his back and an examination of the body showed that there was a bullet hole in his body three inches above the naval.

They searched in the vicinity and fifteen feet from where the body lay found the cylinder of a revolver in which there were two empty shells, one of which had recently been discharged. It was ascertained at Browns Valley that he had been chopping wood on the Richards place with two other Indians, one of whom had a revolver.

Feather River Bulletin
5-11-1899

Kind People.

The editor of this paper desires to return thanks to the many friends on the North Fork, who, during his recent trip to that section, manifested such a kindly interest in the object of his trip and rendered him generous assistance, especially Mr. Evans, Foreman of the DeLong mine, who left nothing undone to aid our mission. We also desire to acknowledge the kindness of Messrs. J. W. Taylor, Wm. Peachy, Louis Deering, Henry Cook, Chas. O. Cook, Fred and Chas. Rogers, David Johnson, Wm. Johns, David Gramp and Fred Johnson. The spirit manifested and the aid rendered by these open-hearted gentlemen will never be forgotten.

CAPTAIN JOHN PASSES AWAY

Life of One of the Oldest Natives
Comes to a Close

Brief Biography of the Honest
Old Fellow Who Lived Nearly
One Hundred Years

Tonoka, or "Captain John" as he is best known, died at the Indian village on Rancho Chico at an early hour yesterday morning, at the age of about 96 years. He was a familiar figure on the streets of Chico, known to every merchant as an honest, genial old fellow, and many treated him charitably. He leaves a wife, to whom he was most devoted.

Capt. John was buried at the Indian village on Rancho Chico yesterday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Durham attended the funeral, Tonoka having been born in the Indian village located at the place now belonging to W. W. Durham—called by the Indians, "Eskin." This village was one of good report. General Bidwell says that he thinks Tonoka was there when the first white settlement began on Butte creek in 1844. Later Tonoka removed to the Mechoopda village on Rancho Chico, and about 1875 his son, then a lad of some twelve or fourteen years, became a pupil in Mrs. Bidwell's Indian Mission School. He also became a Christian. Tonoka had long been a regular attendant at the mission services, and since his illness this winter has longed to go to his good home.

TONOKA, "Captain John"
Chico Record
5-16-1899

He was proud of his home at the Indian Village, especially of his apricot and peach trees and little vegetable garden of his own planting.

His workmanship in Indian curios was remarkably beautiful, especially the great belts of the tiny red feathers of the woodpecker and the fine brilliant feathers of the wild duck, woven into formation of wild hemp, and ornamented with beads. These belts he valued at \$150 and their beauty warranted the price. He also made blankets of the down of the wild swan, in some way both sides of blanket being equally covered with this fine down.

Mrs. Bidwell officiated at the funeral service, and drew lessons from his life that were pretty and practical.

Oroville Mercury

11-1-1899

BIG INJUN BURNING.

Native Sons Have Their Annual Burning
at Berry Creek.

BERRY CREEK, October 30.—The great event of the closing season, the annual Indian burning has come and gone. All the Indians of the surrounding country were present, dressed in their best Sunday suits. The Indians from far and near had brought sacks of flour, clothing, bear skins and trinkets to be burned for their dead friends who had passed on to the spirit land. The night was cloudless, raw and chilly, the ground was wet and in many places muddy, yet these these sons of the forest met at their old burying ground on old Bloomer Hill, thinly dressed, many being barefooted, to show their faith by their works and sacrifice to the dead. Huge pine log had been heaped together, set on fire and into this fire was thrown nearly all the hard earnings of a year.

Every article of clothing, the principal part of which were light colored, were strung from the bottom to the top of long poles fastened firmly to the ground. These decorated poles, in the night time, under the star light, stirred gently by the wind, looked quite ghost-like and added to the weirdness of the scene. The last thing to be burned was a rude, hideous looking figure of what they call the "conkena" or devil.

When the devil was started toward the fire, the screams and antics of the Indians were beyond description, such as to make night hideous. Many of the older Indians tried to jump into the fire, but were restrained from doing so by the younger and less excitable ones. As long as the devil burned, the awful confusion and noise continued and died out only when his satanic majesty had been completely annihilated. Satisfied that for a season their enemy had been destroyed, completely exhausted, they lay down to sleep and rest. That they were in earnest in their belief of a future existence cannot be doubted. The big tears rolled down their cheeks and their pitiful wailing could be heard a long distance. One Indian said there would be only a few more burnings, that the tribe was fast dying out, and in a few years they would only exist as a memory.

Nearly all of the white people of the neighborhood, men, women and children were there. They stood around all night and left only when the sun was painting red the eastern sky. The crowd of whites were orderly, well behaved and orderly and seemed to be in sympathy with the Indian in his sorrowful sacrifice. The photograph fiend was there as usual with his camera and took by flashlight a picture of the leading Indian chiefs. These pictures we expect to see for sale in all the show windows of Oroville. J. L. R.