

SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

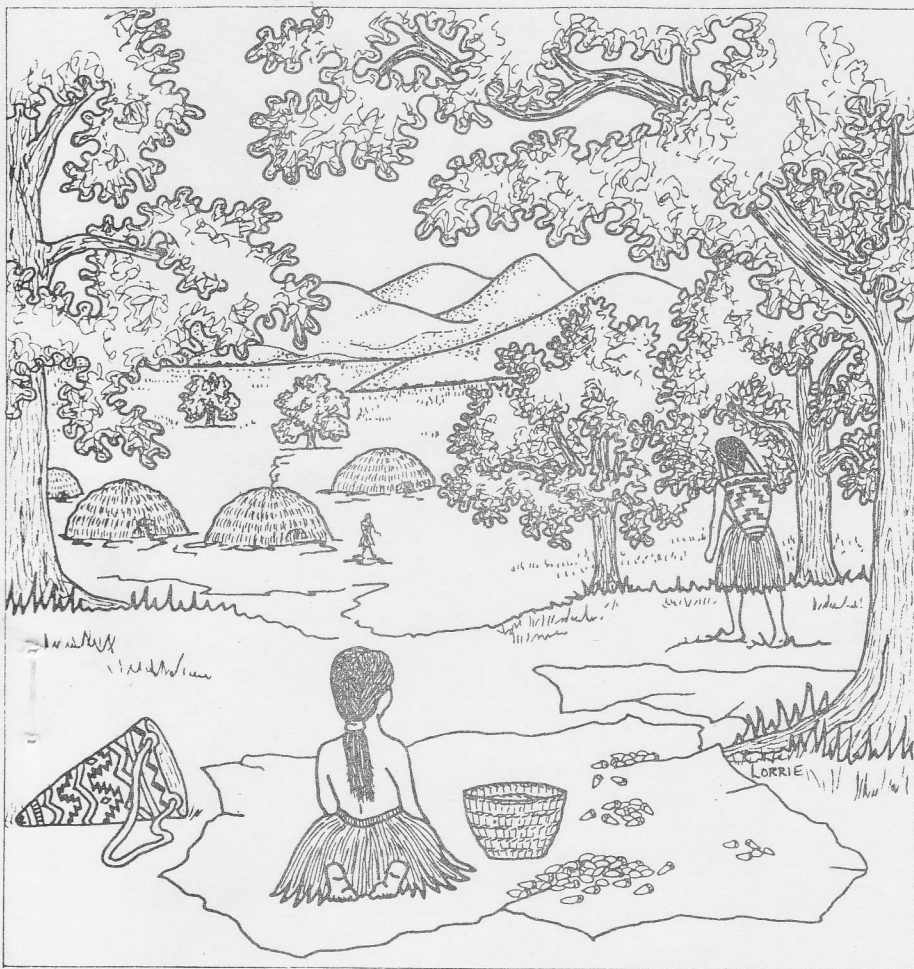
COMMUNITY MEMORIAL MUSEUM
OF SUTTER COUNTY
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NEWS BULLETIN

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JULY 1981



GATHERING ACORNS

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NEWS BULLETIN

Vol. XX, No. 3

July 1981

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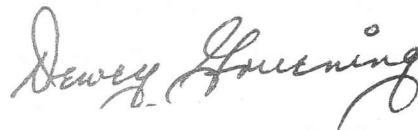
PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

It was a "full house" at the Yuba City Women's Club last April, where our members and guests enjoyed an excellent roast beef buffet supper. Walt Anderson presented a colorful slide show on the Natural History of the Sutter Buttes, and the comments of this trained and talented Naturalist always serve to explain and elaborate things we ourselves have casually observed over the years with but little understanding. Our thanks to Bee Brandt for the beautiful table decorations - fresh flowers from her own garden !

On May 17th some of us improved our Sunday afternoon by joining Butte County Historical Society members at Oroville Dam. Program Chairman Joe McGie had arranged a full tour of the big hydro-electric facility, from the look-out point atop the tower at the Visitors' Center to the huge rock caverns deep beneath Lake Oroville where six big turbines actually convert the power of falling water into electrical power. Our guide, Chuck Von Berg of the State Water Resources Department, explained the operations of this vast project, and the part it plays in our energy supply. Impressive.

Our NEWS BULLETIN Editorial Staff, chaired by indefatigable Raona Hall, is planning next year's issues. They hope to line up learned contributions from eminently qualified sources like Lola Case, George Garcia and Bill Greene, who have all now and again indicated inclinations but seem to need a little more urging. Earl Ramey suggested we investigate the histories of local businesses, many of which go back for generations. If you have information on "who, how, where and when" with regard to our early banks and breweries, farms and foundries, or wood processing and woolen mills, please contact someone on our Editorial Board. And of course, there's always intense interest in family histories, so if YOU and your ancestors or other relatives were active in our territory years ago, resolve right not to prevent this colorful information from being lost forever by jotting down the pertinent names, places, and activities which enlivened those times. Perhaps one of our future Bulletins will carry your contribution, and when it comes out, after you have re-read your own article, you can turn to the others in that issue with a new appreciation of what goes into such publications.

See you at our July meeting - and perhaps later IN PRINT!



Dewey Gruening

COMMUNITY MEMORIAL MUSEUM NOTES

Jean Gustin, Director/Curator

The Maidu Indian scene used on the cover of this issue of the Bulletin was drawn by Museum Assistant Lorrie Ramsdell. The drawing was used in the "History of Sutter County Coloring Book" published by the museum in 1979. Lorrie, a talented artist, did all the finish drawings for the book. The coloring book is still available for sale at the museum - a good buy for \$3.18 and a very appropriate gift for that someone of coloring book age.

The Museum Wine Tasting fund raiser, "Wine and Posies", was a success: one hundred and one in attendance - four bottles of Almaden Wine donated by Valley Products; a truly unique floral creation contributed by Yuba City Florist, in addition to twenty other lovely May baskets made by Museum Commission and Auxiliary members were raffled off - the State Archives Wine Exhibit gave us some information on the history of the wine industry - and, of course, wine was sampled and tasted. If you missed "Wine and Posies" this year, plans are already underway for "Wine and Posies II" in May of 1982.

On June 18, 1981, Jessie Saye received a beautiful doll for her second birthday. This doll was inherited by Mrs. Elizabeth Epperson from her step-mother, Jessie Saye Radman, and was given by Mrs. Epperson to the museum. At the museum the doll was given the name "Jessie" for her former owner. As this "Bulletin" goes to press, a Cake and Lemonade 100th Birthday Party is being planned for June 18, 1981, for Jessie the doll. We hope that many of Jessie's friends (and their dolls) will come to celebrate and get Jessie off to a good start on her second century.

Two interesting exhibits are in the museum for summer viewing - be sure to bring any visiting relatives, come yourself, and tell your friends!

Peking Glass, collected and loaned by Terry Ishimaru of Yuba City. The art of making this hand-crafted Chinese glass reached its peak in the 19th century. Beads and bracelets were exported to the United States from the early 1900s through the mid-1920s. The items in this collection were imported for sale at the time of the San Francisco Pan-Pacific Exposition in 1915.

Particularly popular in the era when women wore long necklaces of glass beads, it was also used to decorate other household items, especially sewing baskets. Peking glass had a short revival in the 1940s, but its manufacture was discontinued with the coming to power of the anti-art Communist government. Recently this glass was again being made in China, usually in the form of vases and dishes. The modern Peking Glass, however, lacks the bubbles and irregular form that added to the beauty and charm of the earlier glass.

Stores in Miniature, made and loaned by Barbara and Bob Brown of Marysville. Two miniature buildings, turn-of-the-century replicas, will bring back memories of days gone by. Accurately and completely furnished, one contains a general store with a doctor's office on the second floor; the other a saloon with rooms upstairs.

Speaking of miniatures - members of the Museum Commission and Auxiliary are furnishing an early 1900s doll house. The three-story, 7-room and 1-bath house will delight girls (and boys?) of all ages. Tickets at 3 for \$1.00 will be sold and the drawing for the lucky winner will be at the Museum's annual Christmas party, "Trees and Traditions", to be held on December 11th.

Another date for your calendar - Museum Luncheon and Card Party, Thursday, September 17th.

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MT. LASSEN AND MT. ST. HELENS - A VIEW FROM SUTTER COUNTY

by Stephen C. Klein, Sutter County Librarian

Mt. Lassen's position as a unique geological feature of Northern California has been recorded in the earliest written reports of exploration of this area. To the aboriginal Californians, it was a mountain of special significance, and the nearby region was inhabited by several Indian groups. With the current interest in volcanic activity precipitated by the eruptions of Mt. St. Helens, local interest in Mt. Lassen has increased as well. This paper will outline some of the important historical data about Mt. Lassen and the Lassen Park region and then compare the eruptions of Mt. Lassen with those of Mt. St. Helens.

The Lassen Peak area was important to three native American groups: the Yahi-Yana, in the west; the Atsugewi, in the northeast; and the Northeastern Maidu, in the southeast. The southern areas of the region were visited most frequently by the hunters and food-gatherers, who sought deer, berries, seeds, nuts, and acorns. Obsidian was also collected to manufacture tools and projectile points. It is known through Ishi that his people migrated from the southern Cascade foothills to the Lassen region on an annual basis in order to take advantage of greater food supplies in the spring and summer - and to enjoy the cooler temperatures at the higher altitudes. The Northeastern Maidu had a village at Big Meadows (now under the waters of Lake Almanor) which was their closest settlement to the peak. The Atsugewi lived at Atsuge, or Hat Creek, but would travel through the Hat Creek valley to Lassen Peak. Archeological research has increased greatly in recent years, and extensive inventories and investigations continue to shed light on the earliest residents of the region.

As California was visited and settled by Spanish and Mexican citizens, the Lassen area was included in explorations and became home for the new immigrants. Don Luis Arguello explored the area in 1821 and named the

peak San Jose. Six years later, Peter Ogden passed through the region and named Mt. Shasta. Later that same year, Jedediah Smith explored nearby and changed the name from San Jose to Mount Joseph. Peter Lassen moved to the area in 1841. He received a land grant from the Mexican government, after becoming a Mexican citizen, and established a community called Benton City on his 22,000 acre ranch near the present-day town of Vina, in Tehama County. He renamed both Lassen Peak and Brokeoff Mountain as the Sister Buttes. Lassen was visited by John C. Fremont in 1846, and sought to secure new residents for his community. Two years later, he led a wagon train to California in hopes of encouraging settlement of Benton City.

The entire area was hit with gold fever concurrent with Marshall's discovery at Coloma. John Bidwell discovered gold in the Feather River, and Major Person B. Reading made a find in Clear Creek. One of the gold seekers was William Nobles, whose unsuccessful search for "Gold Lake" led him to find an easier route to California than the Oregon Trail. Nobles' Emigrant Trail passed through the northern portion of the park.

Peter Lassen was killed by an unknown person or persons in 1859. Indians in the area were moved by the militia to Round Valley Reservation in Mendocino County. The next 25 years were marked by the Indians leaving the reservation and returning to the Lassen area, only to be recaptured and returned. Incidents of murders of settlers and Indians continued throughout this period. In 1863, the party of Clarence King and C. Brewster was the first group to climb Lassen Peak. They confirmed earlier reports of steam in the mountains. In 1864, Major Person Reading led another group to the top of Lassen. Mrs. Helen Tanner Brodt was a member of this party, and was the first woman to climb the mountain.

Early settlers in the park area raised cattle, sheep, and horses. Lumber and mining were also major commercial activities until the Lassen National Forest was established in 1905. A hot springs resort was developed

northwest of Chester in the 1880's. The natural beauty of the hot springs and volcanic activity drew tourists to visit the area.

The waters of the region were of interest to local settlers who saw the need for electrical power and irrigation. Ditches, flumes, and aqueducts were constructed on various creeks and lakes within the park area. An earthen dam on Manzanita Lake was constructed by the Northern California Power Company in 1911. The project ran into problems, not the least of which was the mudflow from the 1915 eruption which entered Manzanita Lake. The project was abandoned.

Efforts to preserve the natural beauty of the United States were strongly supported by President Teddy Roosevelt. As part of his work, he established the Cinder Cone National Monument and the Lassen Peak National Monument in 1907 from lands already a part of the Lassen National Forest. On August 9, 1916, an act of Congress (39 Stat. 442) officially established Lassen Volcanic National Park.

The recent eruptions of Mt. St. Helens have drawn the attention of many people to volcanic activity in California. While earthquakes seem to be a common phenomenon in the Golden State, volcanic eruptions are relatively few and far between. The last series of such eruptions took place at nearby Mt. Lassen in 1914 and 1915.

The outbreak of the volcano began from a crater on the north slope close to the summit on Saturday, May 30, 1914. A witness to the outbreak was one Bert McKenzie of Chester, who happened to be looking at the mountain as it erupted. A forest ranger, Harvey Abbey, investigated on Sunday, and the forest supervisor made extensive reports to the Courier Free Press, the Redding newspaper.

The smoke and steam from the volcano were visible throughout most of the Sacramento Valley. Mud and rocks were expelled from the crater, and ashes settled on all sides of the peak. Visitors to the crater included forest service personnel, residents of the Lassen area, and Professor J. S. Diller, of the U. S. Geological Survey, who had extensive field experience in the Lassen and Shasta regions. One of the local residents was Benjamin F. Loomis, a logger, storekeeper, and amateur photographer who had the good fortune to capture on film a large number of scenes of the volcano in action.

The local newspapers of the Yuba City-Marysville area carried many stories which described Lassen's activity. One of the first reports suggested that the eruption was a geyser; that a frozen lake was melting into a fissure, and the resulting steam and ashes were caused by the water, rather than volcanic activity. The Marysville Evening Democrat of June 17, 1914, reported that a sightseeing party would be travelling to Red Bouff that weekend to view the volcano. It also noted that Lassen would become one of the greatest wonders in the United States, and that "the smoke from the volcano is said to be plainly visible from the Sutter Buttes." ¹

A follow-up story described this trip in detail. Frank Bevan, Frank Eastwood, Dr. Farrell, L. C. Roberts of The Appeal, and Harry Hosking of the Evening Democrat drove up to Red Bluff and up the Payne's Creek road to Morgan's spring, located some 14 miles from the crater. Guides, horses, and other accommodations were available at that point. The group took photographs and returned to Red Bluff where they viewed a motion picture of the eruption photographed a few days earlier. The newspaper article stated that the party had encountered car trouble, and recommended that three or four days be planned for such an excursion.

Later in July, 1914, another article reported that W. B. "Bill" Grow would be travelling in his Ford automobile to either Red Bluff or Redding to set up his telescope to observe the mountain at close range.

The current craze of purchasing Mt. St. Helens ash had its historical precedent in Mt. Lassen's eruption. A newspaper story reported that Red Bluff boys were selling lava rocks to the tourists, especially those who were passing through town on the railroad. The story concluded, in a tongue-in-cheek manner, "Mt. Lassen is certainly a godsend to dear old Red Bluff, as it will keep that drowsy city on the map for a few days at least."²

The eruptions of 1915 were no less impressive, and newspaper accounts report the damage from lava flows and mud slides. One story told how local residents viewed the scene from tops of high buildings. It also noted that "the tops of cars on the Western Pacific railroad today presented unmistakable evidence of the violence of the eruptions of Mt. Lassen."³

Another trip to the volcano was made by Frank Bevan, L. C. Roberts, and Fred Parks in June, 1915. This time they planned to travel by auto to Manton, Tehama County, and then up to the volcano. The article noted that an eruption was predicted for Sunday, June 6 and they would visit the peak on Saturday, June 5. Later that month, a feature article described the best routes to take to visit Mt. Lassen and recommended travel via Oroville through Magalia into Chester or through Bidwell Bar and Quincy to Chester.

On an agricultural note, the vineyardists in Sutter County were hoping for a shift in the wind when the sulphuric fumes were emitted from the volcano. Mildew was affecting the crops because of a late rain, and sulphur treatment for the vines was an expensive remedy. The natural sulphur fumes would be beneficial, not only to the vines, but also to the fruit trees, as it would kill insects.

The comparisons between Lassen and St. Helens are interesting to those of us who seek to understand something of the human condition. In both instances, the magnitude of the eruptions was made very clear through photographs taken in the immediate region. The entrepreneurial activity of those who wanted to capitalize on the ash and/or rock is a consistent trend. And the

2 Marysville, California, Evening Democrat, June 20, 1914, page 1

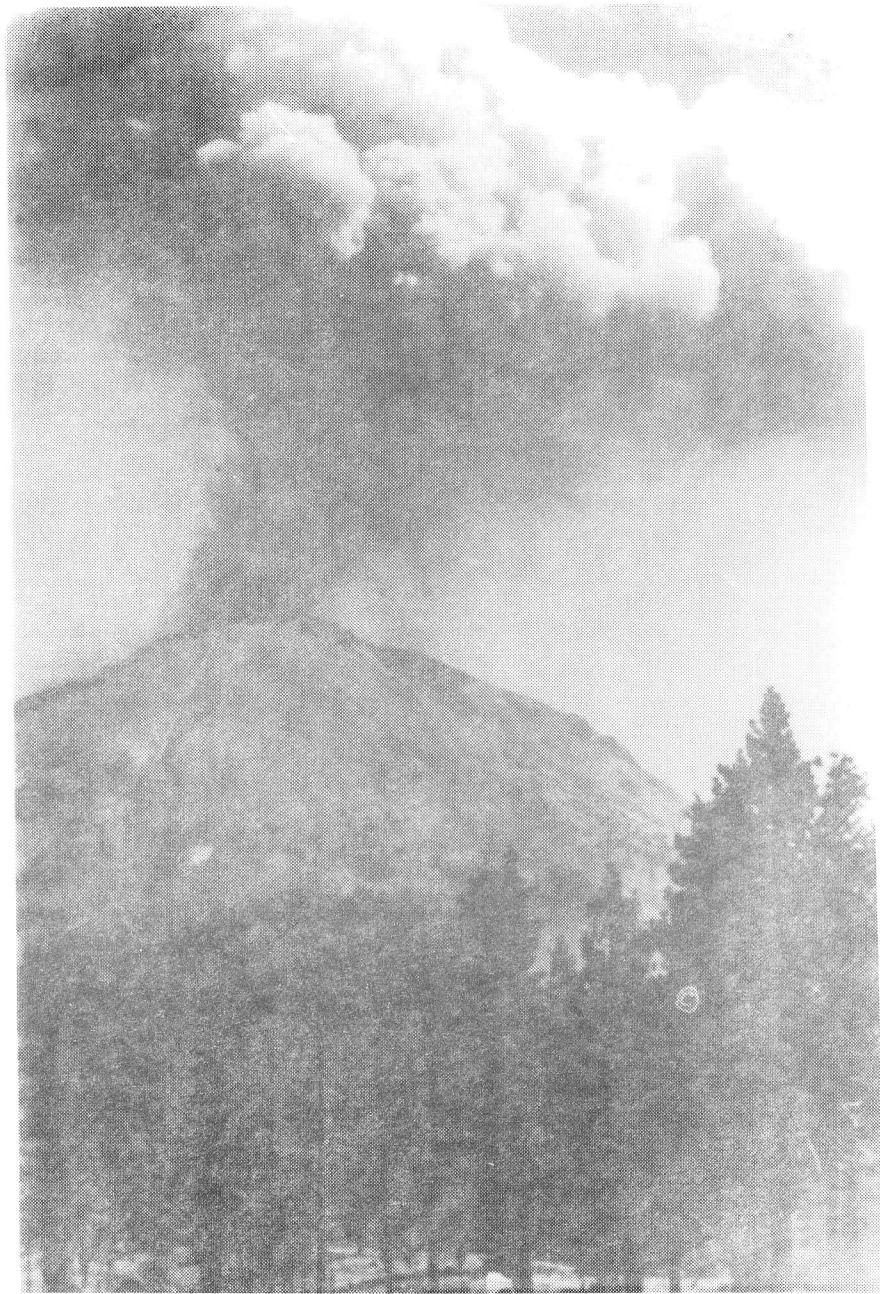
3 Marysville, California, Evening Democrat, May 25, 1915, page 1

great amount of study on the volcanoes led by the immediate response of the scientific community shows us how striking such natural phenomena are to all who walk on the thin crust of the Earth.

Of course, a visit to Lassen can be a day trip from Sutter County via State Highways 99 and 36. The geological formations and minor volcanic activities are well-worth the time for such an exploration. As you peer into the crater, or watch the bubbling mud, you may wish to remember that no one expected the eruptions in either 1914 or 1980.....



LASSEN PEAK ERUPTION, MAY 22, 1915



MT. LASSEN ERUPTION, 1915 OCTOBER 6,

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May 22, 1915

June 3, 1915

June 10, 1915

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June 4, 1914

June 17, 1914

June 20, 1914

June 22, 1914

July 3, 1914

May 21, 1915

May 25, 1915

June 4, 1915

June 15, 1915

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Special thanks to Elizabeth Ann Hallum and the staff of the Lassen County Free Library, Susanville, and to Allan Siegel and the staff of the Tehama County Free Library, Red Bluff for their assistance in researching this paper.

THE ASSOCIATION FOR
GRAVESTONE STUDIES

A REQUEST FOR COLOR SLIDES

The Association for Gravestone Studies, organized at Dublin, New Hampshire in 1977 to help create awareness of the importance of gravestones as a vital and rapidly disappearing part of our national heritage, is seeking high quality 35mm slides of early California gravestones for inclusion in an educational slide and tape presentation.

Please look through your slides or visit your local cemetery and photograph a few stones which you think will help illustrate the use of gravestones to study symbolism, calligraphy, religion, geography, immigration patterns, folk art, disasters, attitudes toward death, political views, occupations, local events, etc.

Slides cannot be returned so have a duplicate made or photograph the stone twice if you want to keep one for your files. Each slide should be identified by county, city, and name of cemetery. Send your best slide or slides to:

Mary-Ellen Jones
Regional Representative, AGS
2 Los Amigos Court
Orinda, CA 94563

GLEANINGS FROM CALIFORNIA IN '53

California Indians

This is the second excerpt from California in '53 published in the News Bulletin. California in '53 is a compilation of journals written by Henry Clay Bailey, an early California pioneer. An intelligent and perceptive observer, Mr. Bailey graphically portrayed social, economic, and political conditions that he experienced in California during the 1850's and 1860's. Since the author's prose is so descriptive and colorful, the editors have reprinted the journals just as he wrote them even though they contain a few minor and excusable errors.

The Indians Mr. Bailey described no doubt include the Southern Maidu and Wintu tribes of Sutter and Colusa Counties. The term "Digger" is a derogatory epithet that included California Indians in general rather than a specific tribe.

SACRAMENTO VALLEY INDIAN LIFE

I propose to tell, as well as I can remember, how the Indians lived in their homes, how they spent their time, and all about the Indian children.

An Indian home was so unlike our homes as to hardly entitle it to the name. Their home was all out-of-doors except at night, or when it was raining. In warm weather the Indians were out-of-doors most of the nights.

Their houses were circular, scooped out about two feet deep, from ten to twelve feet across, and arched over with poles, brush and tules, covered five or six inches deep with dirt, with a hole in the top and on one side.

In bad weather all the family were confined to those miserable holes. They smelled bad from the outside. I was never inside.

A primitive rancheria of four or five hundred population would be a curiosity now, worth going many miles to see.

Indians had no regular hours for anything, like we have. They were always going and coming; always cooking and eating; always seemed to have something to do. Every item of their domestic work was going on at any and all hours of the day. Some were pounding acorns, wheat, barley or wild seeds in their mortars; others were preparing it to eat in all its different ways.

A basket of seed mush or a cake of acorn bread was always lying open for any or all to eat, when they liked.

The Indian mother was a busybody, never idle, in a hurry, or out of patience. I have mixed freely with them a great deal, but never was able to detect any unharmonious discord. They talked little, but always good humoredly. Although one hundred campfires might be located a few rods apart and all in use, the same almost automatic stoicism prevailed the whole camp. They might be engaged in many different duties, but the whole moved almost with the even motion of some great machine.

All their cooking was done outdoors but at no special hour. The children, though many, never seemed to be in the way or any trouble. The babies seldom cried, nor did they laugh much. Neither did they play games as white children do, but delighted in the water. Almost all the fun of an Indian child's life was confined to the water, and none ever was, or ever will be able to get more out of it than he did.

Let about one hundred Indian children get in the river, and all the pent-up stoicism was gone, and a noiser, jollier, happier set I have never seen. They were as much in their element as on land and could swim far better than run. The valley tribes were poor runners compared with the southern mountain tribes.

The babies learned to swim before they could walk and as soon as they could get to the river they took to the water like young ducks. Children from fourteen years of age down spent at least half their time in the river during the warm weather. I have but little doubt that all of our boys and some of the girls would do the same under similar conditions. There was no danger of drowning, though the water was twenty feet deep; and, for many of them no trouble dressing or undressing.

The antic and didos they performed were a sight to see and enjoy. This was one lone vent for all the pent-up vivacity of the young Indian and none ever surpassed them in this, their one known avenue to fun.

In their camps they never ran races, played at any ball games, nor quarreled or fought like other children.

In the summer season half or more of the Indians left the rancheria and scattered over the valley gathering their food supplies and other things they needed. They traveled in bands of forty or fifty, gathering acorns, wild seeds, wild hemp to make rope and twine for nets and such clothings as they wore before the whites came.

To me the Indians were an interesting study, and, so far as I ever tested them, with one exception, honest.

The men never quarreled, neither did the boys or women. If a dozen came around and one was given a biscuit, all had an equal share of it. I never saw a child punished. Though the mothers were kind and affectionate, the children did not presume on their forbearance.

It was interesting and pleasant sight to see those nomadic bands wandering over the loveliest landscape, I ever saw, as free from care as the birds in the trees; always cheerful and good humored, without any apparent design or place to stop or any object to be accomplished--just moved by the same cause that always keeps the birds in motion.

I feel quite sure they drank in and enjoyed the beauties of their surroundings to no small degree. The children carried flowers in their hands, the wild poppy being their favorite. They wandered here and there, free from toil and care, without anxiety for the future, as they did not have to slay in order to eat. One of their foods was the wild clover, as were several other plants, and they seemed very satisfying.

No four-footed animal ever grazed more satisfyingly in a clover patch than a band of nomadic Indians. The ground was all the bed they wanted; the trees and sky all the cover.

Of all the Indians tribes that I have any knowledge of, the Sacramento tribes were by nature the best provided for. They had no enemies, until the white men, coming in the guise of friends, brought misery and destruction and almost, if not entire annihilation.

It is one of the laws of nature that the primitive forest growths must pass away, that the more useful and artistic may take its place; that the land may yield its crops of grain, fruits and other products necessary for an advanced civilization. The Indians seemed to be subject to the same law--either they must quit being Indians or pass off the stage.

In 1853 some brothers named Richardson lived on the river three miles from our house. They raised the first vegetable garden in that part of the valley. They made considerable money, but wanted to get cash quicker and easier. With some others, they established a camp near an Indian village about sixty miles from Colusa, and went into the slave traffic. While part of them were out on the hunt for small Indians, some stayed at camp to take care of those brought in until enough were on hand to be on a selling tour. All but one of the Richardson boys went on a hunt one day. He was left to guard two Indian boys who were about ten or twelve years of age. The young redskins were kept tied, and when five or six more were brought in they were to be taken in a wagon over the country and sold to anyone who would pay fifty dollars for one.

How it happened no one knows, but when the hunters returned they found the Indians gone and Richardson with his head cut off with an axe. It was supposed he went to sleep and the boys by some means got loose, secured the axe, cut his head off and then cut dirt for the high mountains.

THE DIGGER INDIAN

HIS GENERAL APPEARANCE AND HOW HE LIVED

The American Indian, like the buffalo, is fast passing away. Not many decades will pass till the Indian in all his tribal relations will be a thing of the past. The Indian has gone forth to be a white man or die.

As their numbers decrease and extinction approaches, the interest in their history, habits, tradition, religion, and in fact in all that in any way appertains to Indians seems to increase in an inverse ratio.

From my earliest recollection, I have felt the keenest interest in the Indian stories as told by the actors on their side of the scene, many of which showed him in his best light.

To the present time I have read and often reread all the literature treating of the Indian, regardless of the pros and cons discussed. After all my studying through all kinds of literature and nearly twenty years of close observation and intimate contact, I feel free to say I don't believe the primitive family has had a fair shake.

Their worthlessness and cussedness have been over estimated while their virtues (for they had some; if not abnormally developed, the germ was there) have been minimized.

There are several strikingly developed characteristics in the Indian makeup that seems so far as I have ever read or observed, to be common to all tribes.

All are stories of the extreme order and are almost without nerves. Consequently they suffer less from the same cause than most tribes of the earth. They seem almost if not entirely devoid of sympathy for another's suffering. I have seen their medicine man practicing his art in a way that caused intense pain and of the most nervous kind, and when his patient would

squirm a little he would laugh as though it was the funniest thing in the world.

The family bond is strong and their generosity in their way profuse. When the squaws came around the house and one was given a biscuit all had a piece of it, regardless of the number present.

I don't think our government dealt with the Indians along the best lines for either party.

The Indians seemed to instinctively regard the white man as an enemy and would never fully trust him until, by the best possible evidence, they were convinced to the contrary. But once their confidence was fully gained, I never had one deceive me or misuse or abuse my confidence.

I never knew but one but what used both whiskey and tobacco. Of all men, when their sprees are over, they hate worst the man who sells them whiskey. And of all the unhuman, beastly sights in human form, a drunken Indian takes the cake. He is absolutely beyond conception, and repulsive beyond description.

When I went to Grand Island in '53, there were on the river three Rancherias of 500 or more Indians each. One was three, one nine and the other twelve miles distant. They were still in their primitive state and to a raw tenderfoot were sure enough revelation. On the Isthmus we had seen some pretty scanty clothing, but no fig leaf stage when we came, at least the male contingent.

The female dress consisted of a kind of skirt of two parts, made of wild hemp, reaching not quite to the knees and plaited in a knot at the waist. It was allowed to hang loosely before and behind with ample space between the two sections. The front being used for a cushion when sitting.

In the rancheria the men dressed in the Georgia Meyers uniform, minus the necktie and spurs, though to their credit they always dressed up when they went visiting their white neighbors. Their dress consisted of a

very abbreviated loin cloth made of several materials. The children dressed in nature's uniform, fine and simple.

There was one thing noticeable about Indians. They were much more uniform in size than white people. The men were seldom more than five feet ten inches, and seldom under five feet eight inches and very uniform in flesh. I never saw a fat buck in a rancheria or a lank, rawboned one.

Their muscular strength was not great, but their endurance was incredible. The distance an Indian could carry, without rest or stop, a load which was all he could stand under, is hardly credible to one who has never seen it. They carry all loads on the head or forehead band, never on the shoulder.

The squaws did all the carrying, except game. They always used the forehead band and carried it in a pointed basket, inverted cone shape, eighteen inches deep and same in diameter across the top of the load.

The primitive squaw was, I don't know what, just a squaw; nothing else. There was nothing else like her or even approaching a resemblance. Her average height was not more than five feet five inches, and more likely to come under than go over that.

The squaws had heavy heads of coarse hair, cut bang fashion to an inch above the eyes, and the back hair hung to just below the base of the skull when not done up. They dressed their hair something after the Elizabethan style except that they strove for width instead of height.

The hair was dressed with some substance resembling tar and was made turban shaped, flat on the top and extending an inch or more all around and so covered the head that no hair was visible.

The cheeks were covered with the same substance as the hair from the eyes to the corners of the mouth, some solid and others in stripes. The chin was striped with a different color, generally a bright green or yellow a half inch wide, equal spaces between.

They had big black eyes with large white circles, huge mouths, and were always laughing. And weren't they daisies? I never found out how long a done-up head lasted or whether it was for ornament or utility.

The young squaws, most of them, had shapely hands, arms and feet. I have seen a few hard to surpass in shape and symmetry. But at twenty years of age the last vestige of shapeliness had disappeared and flesh began to accumulate. Fairly fat squaws were the rule.

Truly they were nature's children when uncontaminated by their white brothers, but whose contacts soon brought distress and rapid extinction.

Under this rough, almost repulsive outside there were hidden some good traits capable of developing astonishing results.

I always had a warm place in my heart for the Indian and close contact failed to destroy it.

WHAT THEY LIVED ON AND HOW THEY GOT IT

In attempting to write about the Indian life and habits and all that appertains to them, I find it hard to condense in six hundred words a record entitled to at least double that number to make it complete.

The Sacramento Valley was by its natural products an Indian Paradise. It abounded in food supplies. Game and fish and supplies for their domestics were abundant and easy of access.

For a house they scooped out the dirt about eighteen inches deep in a circle form; made a framework of logs and poles about three feet high on the outer rim, and eight in the center; cone shape with a hole at the peak; covered the frame with tule and that with dirt, with a hole two by three feet for a door. These houses were warm, dry and well perfumed, after a way peculiarly their own.

For food they had endless fields of wild oats, and numbers of seed-bearing plants that yielded unlimited supplies. The gathering season extended through several months.

When the seed season was past, the acorn season began and lasted indefinitely. Many tons were gathered and stored for future use.

All this variety of food was ground in a mortar burned into an oak log, eight or ten inches in diameter and six to eight inches deep, with a stone pestle pointed at both ends; one more pointed than the other. In it they ground their acorns, flour, and oatmeal.

They hulled the acorns with their teeth, pounded them into a coarse flour, and soaked them in their baskets till the tannin was well absorbed. They then put the soupy batter in excavated holes in the sand, to drain off the water and let the cakes dry hard.

I have seen their cakes about the size of a five quart milk pan, three inches thick, a rich yellow color, looking rather appetizing. In many respects it resembled pound cake, but there the likeness ended. Prepared after this style it was good for any length of time.

The oats and other seeds were prepared the same way and made into a thick mush and eaten with fingers or a mussel shell.

When the spring came and the wild clover with a few inches height, they would go out to graze. The quantity they could eat was marvelous. They also ate large quantities of the white part of the tules stocks. These were their chief food.

At the right season they gathered vast quantities of bird eggs and had birds and eggs at the same meal. The more bird there was in the eggs, the better they were pleased. It did not take long to gether half a bushel of eggs in the tules in bird season.

Another inexhaustible food supply, when on the river, was the freshwater mussels. It took only a short time to dive to the bottom and bring up half a bushel; pile some brush over them, and have a clam bake.

From the last of February till May, the Indians feasted on wild geese. They caught vast quantities with a very ingenious net. I am confident I have seen at one time more than five hundred geese in one train of bucks on the way to the rancheria. I never counted a pack, but have seen a train nearly four hundred yards long and every buck loaded.

When an Indian eats goose he always takes them in pairs. He has one on the fire while he feeds off the other. He keeps changing until both are gone. He never draws them or does any unnecessary picking--leaves that for the fire.

Salmon were caught in abundance during the run. Sometimes sturgeon were taken too. We could buy a twenty-five pound salmon for a quart of flour. They were the finest fish I ever tasted.

In the fall, when the tule lands were drying, the waters were full of fish of all sizes from ten pounds down. They could be caught in any quantity with the hands, and with but little trouble. Then the rancherias all moved on to the fishing grounds two miles from our home, to dry fish. And such quantities of fish I never expect to see again.

Like the geese, they had to be estimated by the acre and then two figures used. All the willow brush was hung full; all the open space was covered, every place that would accommodate the fish was utilized.

With probably five hundred Indians hard at work seven days in a week, with no trouble to catch them, a goodly number of the fish could be cared for.

The smaller ones they dried whole; the larger they split in the back. The Mahalas were quite expert. They squatted on the ground and took a four pound fish in the left hand, held it down with big toe, and with one slash opened the fish.

The plant they used for all their nets and clothing grew wild along the edges of the tule--a species of hemp that bore a fine quality and fair quantity of lint. They gathered the stalks about four feet tall and crushed them with the front teeth; then separated the lint with the thumb nail. It was very strong and out of it they made all their twine and ropes used for all purposes. I have seen many squaws whose teeth were worn to the gums by breaking hemp.

THEIR MECHANICAL ARTS AND PRODUCTION

I will attempt a short description of the Indian headdress, but no more. It was made of the scalp of the red-headed woodpecker, and large enough to cover the whole head. So ingeniously were these scalps put together that no one born outside could tell where the different pieces were joined. All the feathers laid as smooth as when on the skulls of the birds.

It was queer and never to be forgotten sight to see half a dozen of these moving figures, the motive power being invisible, a queer commingling of sounds with the grotesque headdress of the leaders and from one or two or three hundred Indians following in a long straggling line, often a quarter of a mile long. They were happy.

None of the Sacramento Indians made pottery. They did all their cooking in baskets or on the open fire. The squaw was a busybody, but it was about her own matters. They were always engaged at something.

None of the tribes attempted agriculture.

The men also had arts of their own and worked at them with the same persistence as the squaws. Most of them had bows of very fine quality, made of manzanita and covered on the back with sinews so neatly as to look like a part of the bow. The bows were about three feet long and carried an arrow a long way. I have shot an arrow straight up out of sight. They took great pride in their bows and arrows, but never killed anything but small birds to get their feathers for ornaments.

They made some pretty ornaments out of abalone shells brought in by the Indian merchants. They polished and cut them after their own designs and displayed far more artistic taste than the workman's appearance promised.

They made perfect and pretty arrow heads out of volcanic glass.

An Indian's wealth was counted in beads; they were the basis of all trading. They were many kinds and each kinds of either stone or glass. Sizes made no change in price.

They were all strung on twine and packed in hogsheads as crockery is shipped. A hogshead of beads at a dollar a pound brought some money.

Only glass beads were used for ornamental work.

Up to the early '50's twine and rope were standard wealth, but when trade began to open the home product soon gave place to the imported.

And so another American product perished for the lack of a protective tariff.

THEIR RELIGION, SUPERSITIONS AND BURIAL RITES

The American Indian remains a problem almost as much today as when he was first discovered. The archaeologists are far from a unit in their conclusions and can only give individual theories regarding his origin, distribution and different degrees of savagery or civilization.

None of his traditions reach to a beginning. The best of them only reach an undefined past where all is lost. He has left many relics of his part history by which we may formulate a fairly probable theory, but his hieroglyphics where found remain unsolved.

There is a marked unanimity in many of the characteristics of all the tribes, and none more marked than his religion. Their religion approaches nearer the theology of our Bible than of any other heathen people when found in their wild state.

The Indian theology had the same two elements of rewards and punishments as ours. But, as is common to all heathens, their ideas were crude and poorly defined, yet in substance were identical with ours, and their simple faith in some instances is pathetic.

A well authenticated incident which is the prototype of many others of a like character, occurred when the great northwest was an unknown country. A white man and an Indian were together in unknown regions and for three days had had nothing to eat. Though they were in a game country, no game had been seen. At last the Indian said he was going to make a sacrifice and invoke the Great Spirit.

After the ways of his people he prepared a sweat house, and altar and his offering. When all was prepared he entered and commenced his devotions and at the proper time offered the following prayer.

"Oh Great Spirit, hear, thy children, we have gone long without food. The deer and the turkeys are thine. Oh, let us not die. Thou knowest how I love tobacco and how hard for me to get it yet here I offer to thee all I have. Oh, hear us and give us food. "

The idea of sacrifice attaches to all Indian theology in some sense. The Sacramento Indian had no religious rites unless his fiestas were in some way a religious affair.

The Indian creed was plain and simple. If he was good at death he entered a place with all the good things of the Indian's idea of good. If bad according to their code of good and bad, their code differed from ours in many particulars, he was banished to a place where he suffered all the ills and hardships of Indian life without respite.

At the death of an Indian all his belongings were buried with him and a season of mourning was kept up for a stated time. As to noise, it was sure enough mourning and was kept up by relays. Five or six in number would sit

on top of a log and at intervals send forth the most lonesome, dismal, prolonged howls.

A round hole was dug and the body was doubled as near into a ball as possible by bending the back and drawing up the knees and warpping rope around so as to confine the body in the least space possible.

All of his belongings were buried with him. Every bead was believed to give protection one day on the way to the happy land. While the beads held out the spirit was safe from evil. It was a kind of abbreviated purgatory minus the third party.

Until corrupted by contamination with the whites the Indians were a harmless, happy people. They were simple in their habits, and, so far as I ever saw, kind and affectionate and free from the cruelty generally supposed to be attached to the Indian race.

In many things they were far different from the tribes along the state line and in Mexico. The countries are so different that a forced difference was a necessity. In the one it was a hard fight to live, while in the other food had only to be gathered. All parts of the year had their abundance of special supplies.

THEIR DOWNFALL

When I try to recall at this time the Indians of the Sacramento Valley as I first saw them nearly fifty years ago and as I last saw them fourteen years later, the wreck and ruin of so short a time is far from pleasant to recall.

Though unpleasant and almost repulsive to look at, a closer acquaintance and observation showed there was more good in them than outward appearances indicated. As they discarded their aboriginal habits and ways of living and assumed those of the white man, they were doomed to early extinction.

As soon as white women began to come and the squaws saw their ways of dressing, they, with the exception of a few very old ones, discarded the primitive hemp skirt and adopted the others which were made of almost any kind of material that came to hand. They also adopted the shirtwaist. If not exactly after the present pattern, it was the best known at the date and all things improved with age and familiarity, except possibly a bad temper.

With the ability to supply their wants from the stores, they soon ceased to produce many things deemed indispensable in their wild state. By the use of money easily obtained, they were able for a small sum to procure what would require much labor and time to produce. They also became more and more negligent in gathering their wild food supplies. As wheat and barley fields extended, they depended more and more on gleaning the fields and threshing floors.

The men followed along the same lines. In a very few years most all had shirts and an Indian without some kind of pants was rare.

Clothing was easily obtained from town, and from the ranchers they received cast-off garments that the owners were glad to get rid of, if no better motive moved them than to help clothe the Indian families.

It was often amusing and entertaining to see some of the Indians after an excursion to the towns. A buck would be dressed in all the shirts he could get; one on top of the other so long as he could get them on, regardless of color or cloth. Some of them cotton, some wool and a few biled shirts for variety and pants worn after the same plan, and possibly a plug hat to top out with. So togged out, the average buck was ready in his heart to repeat:

"Some may be blest, but I am glorious

O'ver the ill's and life victorious. "

"Heap big Injun". And so he was in build and his own estimation.

After white women got fairly plentiful the squaws often made a more ludicrous appearance than the bucks, by putting of a number of dresses intermixed with shawls and any other cast-off female apparel. They preferred carrying them on their back rather than in a bundle.

This silly and often ludicrous and apparently harmless practice, was to the simple Indian as destructive as opium to John Chinaman.

It was destructive along several lines. First, they had no idea of regulating their dress to climatic conditions. A hot day would find them dressed three or four layers deep and a colder one would find them in nature's uniform.

Were it possible, the Indians would gamble their souls away. They were inveterate gamblers during all their idle time when two bucks sat down to gamble they may have been both clothed four layers deep, but when they quit one had on all the duds. Such practices soon began to tell on their health. The squaws suffered less along this line than the bucks, but met more dire and sure destruction along worse and more certain lines.

Loathsome and to them incurable diseases in a short space of time swept from existence the whole band at Colusa, except a few that had been incorporated into the white homes. In a short time they had so nearly gone that their homes were burnt by the whites, and no attempt ever made to rebuild them. The few left joined the other two rancherias.

Colusa was the head of navigation on the river and was filled with teamsters, Mexican packers and the usual floating frontier population. The two rancherias lower down the river suffered little if any from the same cause as the others, but more from whiskey.

It was the same old story of all our Indian care and protection. It is a sad, pathetic story--the decline and almost entire extinction of the American Indians. But such seems to be the order of the universe; "Take

the one pound from him who has none and give it to him who has ten." The world needed their lands for a civilization beyond their ken or ability to adopt.

There were only two ways to solve the problem--intermix or destroy. The Anglo-Saxon chose the latter and the Latin, the former. In existing conditions in North America and South America is the answer as to which was the better policy.

I think more than sixty per cent of the deaths were from lung troubles. A band would come to the house and sit around, according to their way of visiting, and talk, while several would be coughing a little and looking drowsy. In a few months they would cease to come. Inquire for them--gone was the answer, with a mournful cadence and a look pathetic to see.

They seemed to realize they were doomed and each and all only waiting for the call. The interruption and abandonment of their aboriginal habits, and the attempts to adopt the white man's methods proved their ruin.

By some perverse law of nature the wild tribes always adopt the worst feature of a civilization to the exclusion of the better. With one exception, all the Indians I ever came in contact with, were lovers of whiskey and tobacco. They will go to any extreme for whisky when once they get a taste. The large profit on the whiskey trade conducted by bad men has been a large factor in the Indian's destination, regardless of law or right.

In the great flood of '62-3 the smallpox entered among the remnant left and killed more than half. Their suffering was terrible. My boy, Lopez, told us the whole story.

Eighty or ninety per cent of the valley race died in attempting to escape disease. Many left their huts and camped as best they could where a high piece of land could be found. Of course, the disease soon revealed itself. So the poor wretches shifted around from place to place, the number diminishing

all the time, until by April, when bad weather and smallpox were gone, less than two hundred Indians were left.

When I went on to my ranch it had skulls and other human bones scattered over a good part of it, with a tradition of a great battle. I don't doubt the truth of the fight--only the participants. Instead of Indian against Indian, it had been Indian against smallpox.

The Sacramento Indians were as harmless, contented, happy a set of people as ever lived. They were as peaceful as sheep and never even fought among themselves.

LOPEZ

A Colusa Indian is surely a good subject for a character sketch. There are peculiar characters among the Indians of the various tribes as among any other people. We frequently get some insight into their real characters.

In the fall of 1855, there were fifty or more Indians camped on Grand Island in our pasture near the house. During the afternoons, wife and I visited them frequently. Our attention was attracted to a boy seven or eight years old whose general make-up was more like a mythical Brownie than a boy. He was all stomach and head. The remainder of his anatomy, legs, arms and chest, seemed to just be clinging to these two parts. He was skin and bones, and his large black eyes had a most forlorn and pathetic expression.

On inquiry, we found he had no parents. Both parents were dead and his uncle had charge of him. We asked his guardians, old Lewis and Sue, to give him to us. That they were only too glad to do, and told us that his name was Lopez.

We went home an Indian richer and with one more added to the household. It did not take long to crop his hair, give him a general scrubbing and get some clothes on him, (though neither tailor cut or made) after which we

had a nappy, contented Indian. By giving him plenty of food, pills and quinine, we soon had a sleek, fat, shiny, happy boy all our own, for the present at least.

Lopez grew and flourished apace, and soon, with his store clothes and boots, began to put on airs with his old chums. When they came around he shunned them as far as he could. After a few visits to the rancheria, as far as he could, he turned his back on the whole tribe and started out to be an American.

We were well pleased with him, as he soon learned to wash the dishes and do chores around the house, and seemed delighted to get praise for well doing. As long as he tried to be an American, he was about the same as any boy of his age, except that he never got into mischief as most boys do. He was anxious to learn the alphabet, making the letters on anything he could find, and did fine work. He could beat me from the start.

Teaching him to shoot a shot gun and ride the horses added greatly to his contentment and pride. The second winter I put him to plowing and never saw a boy prouder of his achievements than he.

He now felt so far above his old comrades he would not talk to them when he could help it. I was congratulating my self on my acquisition, as he was worth about twenty dollars a month, and I now felt fairly secure in my possession.

But, "The best laid schemes of mice and men gang oft alee, and leave us nought but grief and pain for promised joy. "

All went well for about two years. He then periodically wanted to go the rancheria, at first a month or two between visits. I had no objection to this, as he always went Sunday morning and came home Sunday evening. And then Monday morning and maybe Tuesday. The Indian microbe in him was working with a sure result in the near future.

I had to go after him twice and had trouble to find him the last time. But he came home peaceably and worked as well as ever. At last one Monday morning he failed to appear.

I waited two days and went to look him up, (I was stuck on that Injun) but the other Indians would not tell me where to find him. Wednesday afternoon I found him with a band of young bucks. When I hailed him and told him to get in my horse behind me, he started to run. I soon caught him on my horse and a few good strokes of an oak limb stopped him and brought him to terms.

But I knew he was a goner and tried to make a compromise. I told him if he would stay till I could get done plowing I would give him a new suit of clothes, a little money and good will. He stayed a few days and left, I did not see him for more than a year.

One evening just about dark, he and his Mahala (named Sue, and something of a belle) came in drunk as sailors, and in a wonderful good humor. He was going to work for me and milk while Sue worked in the house. They were the only good humored drunk Indians I ever saw, as usually they are ugly.

We told him to go into an old dry cellar to bed and in the morning we would see about it. Instead of the cellar, they went into the hen house and located just under the roosts. Next morning just after sun up they came out of the hen roost, the worst cowed and ashamed couple I ever saw.

Well, if they were not a sight to see, I give it up. Nor did they need any extra perfume to make their presence known. Poor creatures, we could not but feel sorry for them, they looked so humiliated and forlorn.

They soon left. That was their last visit to our home. But Lopez's training was quite a factor in his future life. He never lacked for a job if he wanted it. He was a good farm hand along all lines. He was trusty and could handle horses as well or better than many white hands did.

My wife visited our old home about ten years later and saw Lopez and Sue. They had a good, rough board house fairly furnished; a cook stove and sewing machine.

Lopez had just sued the Justice of Peace of the township for wages due him and had beaten him and received his cash. He had not lost all his American ideas. He was well liked and conducted himself well as the average citizen.

I learned from him and other cases, which came under my observation later, that it is just about as easy to change an Indian's color as his nature. It makes no difference under what conditions he grows to maturity, or how he is separated, when the time comes he is about as sure to turn out to be a genuine Indian, as a tadpole is to grow into a frog.

I never knew but one exception and he was a Truckee Indian brought from Nevada.

I knew two girls stolen from Clear Lake, sixty miles west of where we lived. They were raised almost from infancy by wealthy people and had all they wanted. In 1858 the people left and came to Colusa. About a year after they came, one morning the girls were gone and had got about half way to Clear Lake before they were overtaken and brought back. But it was no use; the Indian was beginning to assert itself and no inducement could keep them. Though they had always been well dressed, I have no doubt that in two days after they reached their old home they were as dirty and greasy as anyone in the rancheria.

JACK LONG'S CHARLEY

Charley was a Truckee Indian, an entirely different tribe from the Sacramento tribes.

Jack Long, a cattle dealer, and at that time quite wealthy, while driving a herd of cattle from Missouri, bought Charley from his tribe on the Truckee River in the early 50's for a pair of blankets.

He was about ten years old and a very bright and light colored boy. He was the only Indian I ever knew to abandon his Indian instincts and remain content with the whites. I am inclined to attribute that to his far removal and inability to ever see or communicate with his tribe.

However this may be, Charley ignored all Indian ways and Indian folks, even to tabooing all the Indian boys, even more so than the white boys of the country did. He was fond of playing with the white boys and entered into all their games with all the gusto of a real boy. He was somewhat a favorite with his play fellows and injected into some of their sports a strain of the Indian sports. The mountain tribes were far different from the valley river tribes along that line.

I had a nephew, Walter, living near Charley's home, and they were great chums at all boy's sports-fishing, wrestling, etc. We were on a visit there when Walter was about seven years old. His cousin, three or four years older, was about the same age as Charley. During mid-summer he took his cousin to have a good day's fun up and down the river.

How it happened, we never found out. But by some mischance, Walter fell over the bank, which was about twenty feet high, into the river and near the bottom caught under a root extending into the water. He would surely have drowned in short time but for Charley's quick conception and diving ability. He instantly comprehended the situation and acted as quickly. He dove for him, broke his hold and soon had him on the bank, and, in a few minutes, as well as ever, except for his wet clothes.

They had determined to keep it a secret and took an hour or more to get dry before coming home.

It was some time before any of us heard about it. After we did I felt more interest in Charley and valued his friendship. He soon got big enough to vaquero and felt much elated on a good horse with leather leggings, riata and spurs. Mr. Long was fleshy and too old to ride and had a nephew named Galbraith, who did most of his riding.

Galbraith and Charley were seldom parted long at a time. They spent most of their time in the saddle and were great chums. To all appearances, had they been brothers the attachment could not have been closer.

As time went on, Long got sick and began to droop and made considerable demands on Walter and Charley's time. They were not so often seen together on the range.

Mr. Long continued to droop and ere long to his bed, so one of them had to stay at or near the house all the time. As was the general issue of the times when one went to bed he went there to die, and this was no exception. Mr. Long died and left the two alone.

Not long after the death of Mr. Long, Walter got married and all the surroundings seemed bright. But the future had trouble in store.

From different causes the property began to dwindle away and though Walter and Charley made a hard fight with their stock, which was their only source of income, the country had become overstocked and prices went down, with the stockmen still holding for better prices.

The range had become so overstocked the cattle could not get fat enough for beef in the summer and the death rate in winter exceeded the increase in summer.

The result was that, despite their best efforts, they soon found themselves on the border of poverty, and soon passed the border and entered into full possession.

Now Charley showed off in his best light. Instead of deserting his old friends in their misfortune, it only strengthened the ties. He hired out at anything he could get to do and turned in all his wages to the common fund, buying only his clothes.

As the years went on and the family had additions, Charley stood at his guns and made the best fight he could. After a while they left our section

and the last I heard from them they were some miles beyond Colusa toward the mountains.

Walter was dead and Charley still at his guns holding the fort for the widow and orphans.

This is but one incident of many of like character proving the stability of the Indian character regardless of the channel it runs in. In hatred, revenge, gratitude or love we find the purpose, we find the same dogged persistence pursued that is seldom, if ever, changed till death makes the change.

Among all his dark and viscious traits of savagery there are some rare and shining jewels, if we have time, patience and the inclination to hunt them out of the rubbish.

OLD HARRY, GENTLEMEN:

The subject of this sketch had many of the points of a real gentleman, though expressed after the Indian way.

Old Harry was near or quite six feet tall, square shouldered, rather lean in flesh and straight as an Indian; a man of fine carriage, always neat in dress and person. Strangest of all, he never used tobacco or drank whiskey. He was the only Indian I ever knew who did not use both when obtainable.

He was a great friend of our children and they loved to see him coming, for it always meant some kind of a treat.

We were his bankers and held his treasures on deposit in our store-room. They consisted of all kinds of Indian wealth. There were nets of all kinds for birds or fish, many kinds of fancy bead work, a great number of fiesta paraphernalia, some of which would bring more than a hundred dollars in the open market today.

One piece is worthy of special notice. It was a headdress made of the pelts from the red-headed woodpecker. It covered the head from the forehead to between the shoulder blades, where it terminated in a diamond point.

It was so ingeniously put together that the joining could not be seen on the outside. It was the appearance of being a solid piece. It was a marvel for design, execution and beauty. It made a grand cap sheaf to a fiesta uniform.

As he sat and laid out all his treasures after the manner of a Jew peddler, the children stood around enjoying the show, asking questions and praising the beauty of some of the works.

He was an expert diver and swimmer. He recovered a twenty dollar coin from the Sacramento River in twenty feet of water. My partner dropped it on the bank twenty feet high and it rolled into the river. He found it the second trial, though he had only one eye. He had lost one from smallpox.

We were always sure of a part of the first spring salmon caught. It was Harry's treat and he enjoyed it as much as we did. He also brought us the best of all he had or what he could get that we wanted.

A comradeship which we loved to encourage, existed between him and the children. He was differential, but never patronizing. With men he claimed equal manhood, but with the children he was a child as harmless and simple as they.

We decided to go east. Two months before we left, I told him we were going away. He said not a word, but a sadness came into his eyes, both gratifying and sad to me.

Two days before my sail, Harry came to get his treasures and tell us goodby. As he did so, tears ran down his cheeks; that was all, no words. And his were not the only wet cheeks. I guess all of us took a hand.

Now, after so long, as I write and recall old Harry and many other scenes past, Indian incidents, most all of which are pleasant, I find tears close to the surface. It is hard to dismiss the thought that they were entitled to a better fate.

INDIAN SLAVES

Not many of the present generation of Californias know that in the early '50's a regular slave trade was carried on in the mountains bordering the upper Sacramento Valley, from Clear Lake to Strong Creek. Although on a small scale, it was in all respects similar to that practiced by the Arabs of the present day.

Vicious and desperate characters, for the ready gain to be obtained by the trade, would locate a small band of Indians, make a sudden dash upon the camp, revolvers in hand, shoot as many of the men as possible, and sometimes the women, too, and scatter the rest of the band.

The raiders would then catch all the boys and girls between eight and fourteen years of age who had remained near the camp. Then they would start out for the market, perhaps to fill orders they had already obtained. These men would stop at nothing in their greed for gain, and in their eyes their captives were legitimate merchandise.

During the years in which this traffic in human chattels flourished, there was an almost unlimited demand for them. They were sold all over Sacramento County, and in some instances were taken as far as San Francisco. From 1854 to 1858 the trade was quite active, and this especially during 1855 and 1856.

Up to the latter date the authorities had taken no cognizance of what was going on, but about that time the newspaper directed public attention to the traffic, the more zealous advocates of the doctrine started an agitation against the California slave trade. They were assisted by the best men of all parties.

in 1857 a general crusade was under way. Few if any arrests were made, but many captive Indians were restored to liberty. Whenever it was possible the rescued Indian children were returned to the camps from which they had

been stolen, but where this could be done they were turned over by the county supervisors to citizens who could give bonds for their proper treatment, the boys being bound over until they were twenty-one and the girls until they were eighteen.

The decline of the traffic in Colusa County dates from 1856. In that year the last lot of captives were publicly offered for sale in the northern part of the Sacramento Valley.

One farmer who was particularly outspoken against negro slavery bought a one hundred and twenty pound boy at the sale and saw nothing wrong in it. In justification of his act he said he feared the boy would fall into worse hands, as someone was sure to buy him.

The last raid on the Indian camps in Colusa County, and, I think, in the state, was made in 1856, or 1857. The sheriff received word that a band of slave traders were camped in Cartenas Valley, near the line between Colusa and Yolo counties, with a gang of captive Indians.

A neighbor of mine who saw this band of helpless prisoners described their condition as most pitiable. There were more than a dozen of them all tied together by a long rope and forced to walk in single file.

One of the raiders rode ahead on a horse with the end of the rope attached to his saddle. Some of the captives were in a miserable condition, being footsore and barely able to walk, but still their relentless captors forced them to continue their march into bondage.

As soon as the sheriff could gather a posse he started the place where the slave traders were reported to be in camp with their captives, but the men had received warning of the coming of the officers and had decamped with most of the Indians.

At the place where the camp had been located, the Sheriff found six Indians ranging in age from ten to twelve years, who had been left behind.

The young redskins were taken in charge by the officers, then later all bound out to citizens of the county. There was never any difficulty in finding homes for these wards of the county. On the contrary, they were always in great demand, for the very conditions that made the slave trade profitable served to open homes of the farmers to the Indian children.

At that time the conditions of California ranch life were peculiar, to say the least. Then, as now, the women on the ranches were confronted with about twice as much work as they could do, and to get hired help, even Chinese, in that part of the state was well nigh possible.

John Chinaman had not at that time invaded the servant girl's domain as he did a few years later. The result was overworked wives and unamiable husbands, for it did not improve the temper of the men to be half rancher and half domestic.

Under these circumstances it was not unnatural that longing eyes should be turned to the idle, half starved Indians, who were always, except during the goose and acorn seasons, on short rations. How much better it would be for the young redskins if they had someone to feed them and cloth them.

Thus the white men and women argued. But no kind of reasoning could convince the Indian of the benefits to him to be gained by the deal. He was an Indian, and proposed to remain one despite all argument and reasoning to the contrary.

The Indian hunters carried their captives as far as possible from their homes, and, not infrequently, having killed the parents of the children, they retained the slaves with little trouble. Warm clothing, a bed and plenty of food, with usually good treatment were strong factors in weaning the young savages from their old lives.

So far as my observation extended, contentment and apparently perfect resignation was the result until manhood or womanhood was reached, when all the Indian instincts seemed to return and no influence, moral, mental, or physical, could induce them to remain in the positions they had in many instances esteemed highly during their childhood. It is only just to say that the kind treatment accorded the Indians was almost universal.

It is hardly possible for Californians of the present generation to comprehend fully the trials and tribulations of the wives and mothers of pioneer days. When from five to ten or twenty miles intervened between neighbors, with all clothes to be made by hand, water to be carried, and a hundred and one things pertaining to the household to be done in the most laborious way and under the most unfavorable conditions, is it any wonder that prosperous farmers were ready to invest fifty dollars in at least a hope of future help?

This was the standard price for the young redskin, a small sum at that time when compared with the relief expected, and farmers gladly paid it. As a rule fair success attended the experiment.

The young Indians were adept in caring for and amusing children; they were clever in inventing amusements and enjoyed the sport almost as much as their young charges.

But when it came to washing dishes or clothes or doing other household drudgery, there were usually protests, particularly from the boys. On the whole, however, the young servants materially lightened the burdens of the women of the house, besides giving assistance to the man in the fields.