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The Indian Agent.

Mr. Johnson, agent for the United States Government, has been engaged in visiting the Indians in Northern California for the past few months. He is now in this city, preparing to make a tour through the Indians in Central and Lower California. From a hasty conversation with Mr. Johnson, we have learned a few particulars of the present condition of the Indians, which will interest many. First, we will give a list of the tribes visited by him, commencing with

The Hock tribe,—number, 70 to 100—located at Hock Farm, on Feather river.

The Yubas,—number, about 180—located at the mouth of Yuba river.

The O-lip-as,—number, 80 to 100—located about thirty-two miles above the mouth of Feather river. There is another rancho near by, called the Bogars.

The Jolibos,—number, 150—located at the foot of the mountains, on Feather river, about sixty miles above

Yuba City.

The Erskines,—number, 60—located on Butte Creek, near Lawson's Ranch.

The Ma-chucks,—number, 70 to 90—located in the same valley.

The Cush-nas,—located on the Rio Chino, near Bidwell's and Potter's, on the south branch of the Yuba.

The above tribes all speak a similar language, though in the pronunciation words vary. They use many Spanish, French, and English words, which are corrupted by an indistinct, guttural articulation.

Mr. Johnson took much pains to learn the wants of this people, and to inquire into their customs and belief. At first he labored under great disadvantages, for the want of a good interpreter. But he has latterly come to understand their language sufficiently for all practical purposes. The Indians generally complain that the pale-faces are occupying their fishing places, overrunning their country, and rapidly taking from them the resources that have heretofore been their support. They have got the idea that their support is due them from the United States, as an indemnity for their lands. Mr. Johnson has assured them of the desire of our government to remain at peace, and he thinks, by

to remain at peace, and he thinks, by a proper course, the most friendly relations will always exist between them and our people. They are a harmless, inoffensive race, disposed to be satisfied with a bare pittance. It appears to be a part of their religion, to avenge the murder of any of their number, by killing the first white man they see, whether guilty or not. This will account for the murders of so many of our people who were not guilty of misusing the Indians in any way.

Mr. Johnson heard reports that a general council had been held among the Indians, for the purpose of forming a plan for the extermination of the whites. Upon inquiry, he has ascertained that no such movement has been made. A grand national feast,

according to their custom, has been held this summer, and several tribes, with their chiefs, men, women and children, met and engaged in their peculiar ceremonies, and then returned to their respective ranchos.

Mr. Johnson's observations have caused him to recommend to Government the establishment of three depots in Northern California, for furnishing the Indians with yearly or half yearly supplies. He takes it for granted that the Indians are entitled

granted that the Indians are entitled to something for their lands ; that their customs are so much broken up by the whites, that they cannot subsist as formerly , and unless something is done for them, they will be forced to steal from the whites, or starve, when another winter arrives. It will be useless to make periodical instalments to them in money. They have no conception of its value. If any one of them happens to have any, no matter how much, he is sure to get rid of it all at the first store he finds. But at the depots established by Government, the Indians should be supplied once or twice a year with cheap clothing and small supplies of provisions. Their wants are very small, and it will not be expensive to meet them.

FUNERAL OF SHERIFF MCKINNEY.

—The sad death of Mr. Joseph McKinney, Sheriff of the county of Sacramento, spread a gloom through our community. At the report of his murder, night before last, the citizens roused in arms and the excitement was intense.

He was a man beloved by all for his virtues and respected for his bravery. Not a better man could have been selected by the people for the responsible duties of the Sheriffalty. He was bold, prompt and determined, and deserved according to human

and deserved, according to human wisdom a happier lot than has fallen to him. He had scarcely been married four months when the withering hand of death snatched him from a most affectionate wife, and from an interesting sphere of domestic usefulness. The community have lost no ordinary man in Mr. McKinney, and their appreciation of his worth was amply manifested yesterday afternoon.

His funeral, although it took place from the Fort, was very largely attended, not only by friends on horseback and in carriages, but by large numbers on foot.

We understand that the Common Council had the general charge of the obsequies, but the body was buried under Masonic honors, and was of course under the immediate charge of the bretheren of the Order. They of course preceded the hearse, which was followed by a long file of carriages. The militia, under Capt. Sherwood, came next, and then about a hundred citizens upon horseback.

The ceremonies at the grave were truly impressive. They were conducted in an eloquent and feeling manner by Judge Willis, and after the coffin was deposited in its final resting place, many were the sprigs of ever-

place, many were the sprigs of evergreen that were thrown into the grave—silent, eloquent tokens of the fellowship of numerous brethren.

The whole scene at the cemetery was truly distressing. His afflicted wife, his bereaved relatives, his friends, were standing at the edge of the grave, and the effect of their grief and the solemn and impressive ceremonial hushed the crowd to breathless silence, and brought tears to many an eye.

Silently the body was deposited; the prayer was offered; the responses rose from hearts touched with sympathy, and the crowd departed, leaving behind them the remains of one whose name will ever live in the memory of the true lover of the common weal of our neglected State.

Dr. Briarly commanded one of the parties who under the Sheriff surrounded Allen's house night before last; and we are happy to state that Messrs. Turner and Anthony behaved with distinguished valor during the affray.

Thanks to Gregory's New York and California Express, for promptly delivering letters and papers at our office last night.

The two men who were shot behind the bar, in the house of Allen, at Brighton, on Thursday night were named M. Kelle

on Thursday night, were named **M. Kelly**
and **George Washington Henshaw**. **Kelly**
was from **Ray county, Missouri**; **Henshaw**
from **Clinton county, Missouri**.