UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PUBLICATIONS
IN
AMERICAN ARCHAEOLOGY AND ETHNOLOGY

Vol. 13, No. 2, pp. 35-102, plates 1-20 February 27, 1918

THE YANA INDIANS

BY

T. T. WATERMAN

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS
BERKELEY

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PUBLICATIONS

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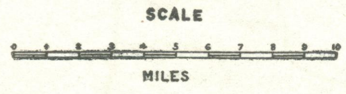
MAP OF THE

EASTERN SACRAMENTO VALLEY

SHOWING THE TERRITORY OF THE

YANA INDIANS

SCALE



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THE YANA STOCK

The present paper is an attempt to summarize the history of a small group of Indians in northeastern California. They are usually referred to as a ''stock'' for lack of a better term. ''Yana'' applies really to the natives speaking a certain group of dialects; and hence such a word as tribe, though in common use when referring to Indians, seems hardly appropriate here. The people concerned had apparently no political unity. The characteristic thing for the group as a whole is the linguistic bond, for in other matters, such as culture and physical make-up, these people exhibit relatively few differences from their neighbors. The stock is an important one, however, not solely for its own sake, but also because, for certain rather extraordinary reasons, a few members of it remained conservative much longer than the other Indians in California, retaining their primitive mode of life in a very unusual degree until 1908. I should like to recount the career of these Indians, from the date of the white occu-

pation to the present, with special reference to the one division which eventually became dissociated from the rest, and preserved what might be called its independence, for so long. The story is one that has a good deal of human interest. At the present time the whole linguistic stock is practically extinct, not more than a few dozen scattered individuals surviving.

The Yana territory lay in Tehama County, east of the Sacramento River, its southern margin some one hundred and fifty miles north of San Francisco. It was a rather compact area adjacent to the eastern border of the Sacramento Valley, but, on the whole, outside of it. Their original domain was a region some thirty miles in width, between the edge of the great valley and the Sierra crest. From north to south it extended about seventy miles. The Yana seem to have been somewhat crowded by numerically stronger stocks on every side, and to have been always more or less on the defensive. While occasionally referred to by various writers, they remained until recent years relatively little known. In their general mode of existence, their material culture, and their mythology, they may be considered a typical Californian people.

LITERATURE

The published materials used in the present study are listed in a terminal bibliography. Of these papers I should like to mention certain ones as especially important. The classical work on the Californian Indians is by Stephen Powers, *Tribes of California.* This monograph devotes several pages to the Indians we are dealing with, though under different names. His "Nozi" and "Kombo" tribes belong to the stock now recognized as Yana. What he has to say is highly colored and brief, but rather useful. Jeremiah Curtin, a famous author and linguist, who for a time was associated with the Bureau of American Ethnology, worked with the Yana and developed a good deal of sentimental interest in them, busying himself in their behalf in the east. In his *Creation Myths of Primitive America* there are thirteen Yana myths (the last in his series) and some information in the form of notes. By far the most important investigations however, are those of Dr. Edward Sapir, in recent years director of ethnological work in the Canadian Geological Survey. An early paper, *Yana Texts,* containing twenty-seven myths and a good deal of ethnography in the form of texts and notes, has recently been supplemented by a second paper on the relation of the Yanan dialects

with the dialects of other areas. A brief but highly important paper by Kroeber and Dixon, *New Linguistic Families in California,* deals among other matters with the general relation of Yanan with other languages.

Some of the information embodied in the present paper was obtained directly from informants who were personally familiar with the episodes discussed. The native geographical information especially was obtained in large part from Ishi, the last survivor of that group of Yana who remained in a primitive state. This informant died at the University of California in March, 1916.

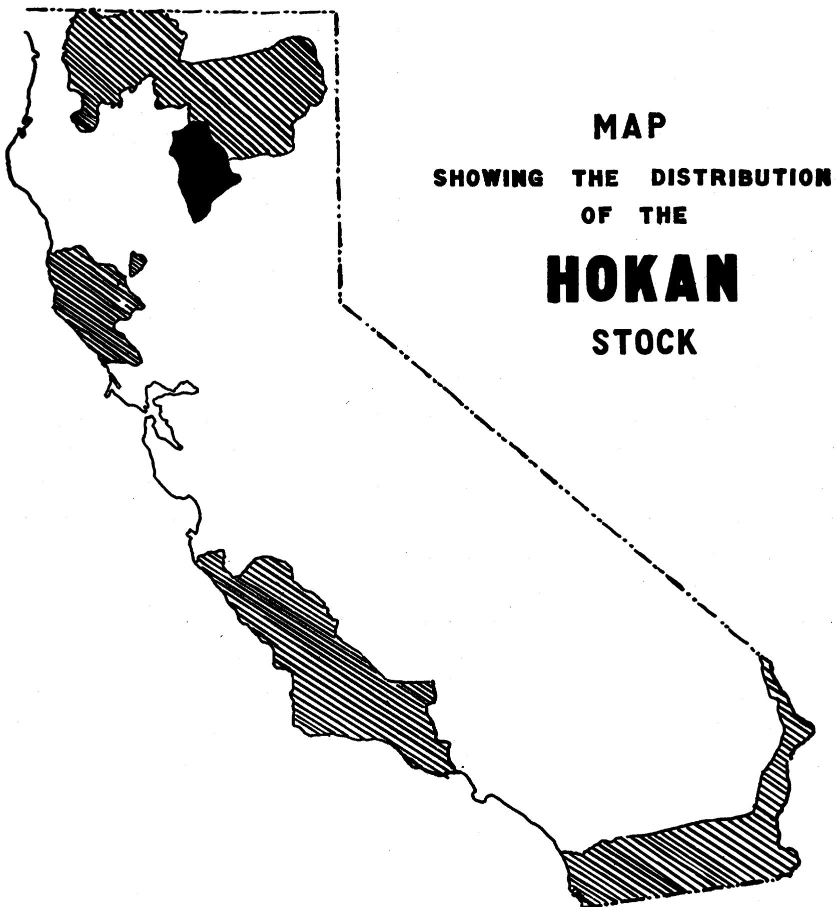
GEOGRAPHY AND HABITAT

No effort has been made in the present paper to go systematically into the matter of ethnography, although there is considerable information now available. Geography for our present purpose is incidental merely. In a general way, it is now known that the Yana, instead of being an isolated stock, as was for many years assumed, is one unit in a widely scattered group, the "Hokan" of Kroeber and Dixon. The conclusions reached by the last mentioned writers, as far as the Yana and related stocks are concerned, are illustrated in the appended diagram (map 2). The Yana proper, whose distribution is shown in solid black on this diagram, manifestly do not derive their importance from the extent of their territory, which is very cramped. Even within this limited area, there are now recognized four separate dialects: a northern, a central, a southern, and a Yahi. Of these, Sapir mentions three in his *Yana Texts* (1910, p. 2). The existence of the fourth, or Yahi dialect has been established on evidence made available since his paper was written.

The limits of these dialects are indicated on the appended large map, number 1. These boundaries are only approximately correct. In fact the exact lines of demarcation must remain highly conjectural. The actual amount of divergence between these dialects, and the relations between them, does not especially concern us here. It is enough to remark that the difference in language was considerable, and that along with it went a feeling of strangeness and hostility between the dialect groups. They certainly did not feel community of language-stock as any particular bond. The term "Nozi" used by Powers probably refers to what is now called the central group. The Yana still living about Redding recognize the term and apply it to themselves. The "Ḳombo" of Powers are the people who call

themselves Yahi. This term Yahi is itself a dialectic form of the word "Yana," and both terms mean simply, "people." The "Kombo" or Yahi were lost sight of for so long that they became at one time almost a legendary folk.

The external limits of Yana territory are also somewhat uncertain. Probably there was more or less overlapping, valley tribes going into the foothills on hunting expeditions, and the foothill peoples visiting the valley when they could, or when through starvation, they had to. There may have been extended periods of comparative quiet, when the hunting, fishing, and seed-gathering grounds were to some extent shared. At any rate, the Yana had their own names



Map 2. The distribution of Hokan languages in California. The area occupied by the Yana is shown in solid black.

for places many miles away in the territory of other peoples, far beyond the boundaries of the country which they themselves might be said to control. For example, there is a Yana name for Fall River Mills, on Pit River (map H–1).

Concerning the geographical features of the region in general, several remarks may be made. Yana territory stretches between two of California's best known streams, Feather River and Pit River. Both drain westward into the Sacramento. As a matter of fact, where the Pit meets the Sacramento, the Pit is the larger of the two. Above their junction the Sacramento is hardly more than a large mountain creek. This whole countryside rises gradually from the level valley bordering the Sacramento, having an elevation of three hundred or four hundred feet, to the high Sierras on the east, where the peaks reach an altitude of ten thousand five hundred. This whole region is dominated by Lassen Butte, known to the Yana as Little Mount Shasta (Wahkanupa). The character of the scenery in this part of California is largely derived from the fact that the formations are volcanic. The ancient lava flows extend clear to the level valley on the west. The southern part of the area, with which I am personally familiar, is on account of its volcanic nature extremely wild in places even today. Deer, for example, are still plentiful. The region abounds in cliffs and caves, and some of its gorges are picturesque in the extreme. Around Lassen Butte itself (called locally, by the way, as though it were "Lawson" Butte) there are still abundant signs of volcanic activity. The Lassen region was known to the Indians as P'ulp'uli, from the frequent occurrence of steaming hot springs. Quite recently, of course, Mount Lassen staged a fairly lively volcanic eruption. It is the only active volcano, I believe, anywhere in the United States. What the Indians would have thought of this eruption would be extremely interesting to find out. Unfortunately, as far as we know, none of them were left to witness it. It was through this region, by the way, that a famous emigrant road to the gold-diggings passed. It was known as the Lassen Trail, and traces of it can still be seen today. Bits of iron from the old wagons, ox shoes, and even an occasional wooden yoke are still to be found scattered along the ridges. A large number of people used it in the years just following the discovery of gold.

The large streams which bound this region, Hat Creek to the northeast, Pit River across the north, the Sacramento, and to the southeast the northern fork of Feather River, were all, I think, in

the possession of peoples alien or hostile to the Yana; except that the latter according to Sapir occupied one bank of Pit River for a short distance. Possibly the best way of describing the Yana territory would be to say that they were excluded from the valleys of the Sacramento, Pit River, Hat Creek, and the north fork of Feather River by more numerous and more happily situated Indian peoples. The boundary lines of the Yana area on the map therefore follow the watersheds between these streams. All of the places where the Yana made historical appearances (that is, where they had fights with the whites), are in the foothill region, below the line of the pine timber. This region of brush and rocks was their principal sojourning ground, and main reliance. They were emphatically a foothill people.

Authorities differ considerably concerning the border line of Yana territory in the Sacramento Valley. Powers says that their domain reached to within a mile of the Sacramento. Powell on the other hand says it stopped short ten miles from the river (1884, p. xxxvii). The truth is that no geographical features exist which would make the first of these two statements plausible. Sapir implies that the Yana dwelt in places along the river bank. In this he is almost certainly mistaken. The probability is that the strong and numerous Wintun who held the valley would not have tolerated Yana settlements. I feel convinced that the Yana territory really stopped at the line between the foothills and the valley floor, especially as the foothills are lava, and the terrain there is vastly different from that of the valley. In the absence of definite certainty on this point, I have placed the border line on the map at the thousand-foot contour. That seems to me to approximate the probable boundary line as closely as anything would, and it is at least something definite.

The total number of people speaking Yana was probably never large. Curtin speaks of three thousand. This may be in excess of the number actually existing at the time of the first white occupation, even counting all four dialects. In 1885 Curtin was able to round up about thirty Yana-speaking informants. Dr. Sapir in 1907 found only six or seven surviving. They were in the neighborhood of Redding, and around Montgomery Creek in Shasta County, and could give information relative to the Northern and Central dialects. The Southern dialect was in 1907 regarded as already extinct, and the existence of a Yahi dialect was not even suspected. This latter dialect was preserved for more than forty years by a remnant of the group, not exceeding four or five, who lived by themselves hidden away in the

southern part of their area. All over this region there are numerous ancient village sites, marked by the occurrence of the inevitable heap of black kitchen-earth mingled with bones and artifacts, which accompany primitive man's places of settlement the world over. Some of these Yahi middens are several yards in thickness. A great number of the caverns also show the results of long continued occupation. Such evidence of course gives no definite information on the question of population or positive antiquity. Some of the most favorable places, however, must have been occupied for many centuries. As late as 1885 some old Yahi brush lodges were standing on Little Antelope Creek (map C–3) though long deserted and falling by that time to decay. This place was a very old site, as shown by the existence there of a thick pile of refuse.

EARLY CONTACT WITH THE WHITES

It is really impossible to separate entirely the history of the Yana, during the early history of white occupation, from that of other groups. There was little understanding, on the part of the whites, of the linguistic and other distinctions between the Indian stocks, and little effort made to distinguish between them. In the very early chronicles of the state, the Yana do not appear by name. They existed, but they lived in the remote hills and did not visit the navigable rivers or the well traveled routes. I should like to recount a number of incidents connected with the relation between Indians and whites in this part of the state in the "early days." The Yana were not immediately concerned in all of them, but they felt the effects indirectly. These incidents moreover show the sort of things which happened in those days, and help to explain the subsequent attitude of the Yana toward the whites.

I may say in advance that their relations as a tribe with the whites began and ended in trouble. The earliest printed reference to Indian disturbances in this region is found in a *History of Butte County,* by Wells and Chambers, and is associated with the year 1851.

> Mr. Pence (this name occurs as Pentz in the government documents and on the maps) is affronted by a "Concow" Indian, who adopts a threatening and belligerent attitude. To put down this ebullition of aboriginal ferocity, and to render Mr. Pentz's person secure, the Concow chief was executed by hanging (Wells, p. 217).

The Concow Indians referred to in connection with this episode where the Maidu group living along Concow Creek (map G–12). This same Pentz played a conspicuous part in later events. For example

he next leads a party in the vicinity of Dogtown, on Little Butte Creek (map F–12):

1853.—Certain "Tiger" Indians steal cattle. Our friend Pentz leads a party in pursuit of them, and twenty-five Indians are killed near Dogtown. An Indian called Express Bill is captured and hanged. The whites in Dogtown refuse to aid the party. Later, when a "raid" on the north fork of Feather River is reported, Pentz leads a party into the field, and from forty to sixty Indians are killed.

It was usually the case that, as here, the whites never proceeded against the Indians of their own neighborhood. None of the pioneer communities held any grudge against their own local aborigines. The massacres were practically always the work of a small group of unauthorized whites, acting against the Indians of some other locality. A distant Indian was a bad Indian, it seems.

A few years later the Yana proper, probably the Yahi division, appear in local history. This group, the most southerly of the Yana peoples, made their home on and about Deer Creek (map D–10) and Mill Creek (map D–9) and are often referred to as "Mill Creeks." They seem to have been, compared to other Indians, an independent and warlike group. At any rate, a party which invaded their haunts came out with that impression.

1857.—In the vicinity of Tehama (map C–9), Indians raid the valley and cause much uneasiness. People are said to have been killed, houses fired, and stock driven off. A party of whites files into the hills to visit retribution on the Indians, traveling up the Lassen Trail. In the vicinity of Bluff Camp (map 8–F) they run into an ambuscade, and make a sudden exit to the valley (Anderson, pp. 4–5). Later another party chases the Indians, who have stolen some mules, and finds them hidden in a cave near the head of Dry Creek (map F–9). Although fired upon, the Indians escape. The mules, however, were killed and eaten (Anderson, p. 8).

It is, I think, worth comment that the Indians took from the whites for culinary purposes not only oxen, but also horses and mules. Such livestock was always killed and eaten. Mule meat they are said to have preferred. The author of the above account points out that when the Indians took refuge in one place, they always hid their "jerky" (dried deer or mule meat) somewhere else. If chased out of their camp, their supplies were where they could be visited and utilized later. It is said that at this time General Kibbey sent a company of United States cavalry to operate against these Indians, and that the cavalry also were surprised and chased to the valley. I can find no record of any such occurrence, but if true, it proves that these Mill Creek Indians were active and bold.

From this time on they seem to have been most belligerent. They certainly drove off and destroyed a good deal of property, and several

rather atrocious murders of white people were committed by them. I want to say at the outset that these murders by the Indians, murders for example of women and children, were not one whit more cruel or pitiless than the murders of Indians by whites. I incline wholly to the belief that the whites started everything of the sort. They were certainly, in the general nature of things, the aggressors, pushing constantly into Indian country. It must be remembered that as late as 1861 Indians according to California law could be indentured, that is, practically enslaved (U. S. Office of Indian Affairs, Rep. of the Com'r. for 1861, p. 147). Statements by white pioneers prove conclusively that many of their number were strangers to mercy or humanity where Indians were involved. I believe therefore that the murders the Indians committed were in the nature of plain, old-fashioned revenge. The Yahi seem to have differed from all other Indians in this part of the region in having opportunity, or seizing opportunities, for the revenge they considered themselves entitled to. In my opinion their opportunity lay in this, that they inhabited a very rough region, little traveled and unknown, with endless possibilities for hiding; and moreover, having been pressed for generations by the valley Indians, they had learned the art of "hit and run away." Every account refers to their extraordinary skill in getting clear. This was true even of the last remnants of the stock, who lived a wild life to within the last few years. So much for the general setting. The Yahi throughout the opening period of their history were getting justice as best they could with weapons and swift legs.

In the meantime Indians far and wide were visited with blame for the acts committed by the Yahi, and many inoffensive groups were removed from the country. The Indian population rapidly diminished. I strongly suspect that the unreconstructed belligerency of the Yahi during this period was largely due to the increased difficulty of their life. Hemmed in more and more in their lava hills, and cut off more and more from acorn grounds and fishing places, they probably visited the valley and stole livestock to escape famine and actual starvation. Hounded by the whites for these offenses, they turned on pursuing parties on many occasions, profiting by surprises, and relying on their skill in evasion to get them off.

A number of such events concerning the Yana are crowded into the years 1858 and 1859. For example, one hundred and eighty-one Indians along Battle Creek were removed to the Nome Lackee Reservation, twenty miles east of Tehama on the west side of the valley (U. S.

Office of Indian Affairs Rep. of Comm. for 1858, p. 289). Most of them were diseased, presumably with venereal ailments judging from the phraseology used. They probably spoke Southern Yana, and this removal may account for the disappearance of the Southern dialect from the scene. The Indians thus concentrated at Nome Lackee were scattered prior to the year 1861. The reservation buildings as a matter of fact were wrecked, and the site practically abandoned. Probably few if any of the Battle Creek people returned to their own territory. So we witness here the exit from history of one Yana dialect.

In the following year (1859) the Yahi were involved in several episodes which I should like to recount in some detail. The first one is a campaign organized against them under the name of "Mill Creek Indians."

1859.—Raids by Indians become constant. A fund of $3,000 is raised to finance a campaign against them, and placed in charge of a storekeeper named Cohen at Mayhew stage station, on Deer Creek. Three well known characters are members of one party, namely, "Hi" Good, who appears continually in subsequent chronicles, a man named Breckinridge, and R. A. Anderson, the author of a work much quoted in the present paper. The "company" moves up the Campbell trail, just north of Pine Creek (map E–11), to Deer Creek flats (map E–10), and then northward right through the Yahi haunts. No Indians however are seen. Moving to Black Buttes on Mill Creek, the company goes in to camp on the north side of the stream. Meanwhile a large number of the very Indians they are seeking, are camped in hiding under a point of rock a little down stream. These Indians send one of their number to shoot into the white camp with a rifle once in a while, to keep everybody's attention occupied, while the remainder of the redskins fell a tree, cross upon it to the south side of the stream, and get away. They were mostly, from the footprints, women and children.

Next day the party of whites picks up the spoor of ten or a dozen warriors, leading northward toward Paine's creek. This part of the band are pursued by the whites to Battle Creek Meadows (map G–7), then further to Lassen Butte, then clear into the cañon of Hat Creek (map G–2). Here the Indians turn back, and the whites follow them over the same ground, but keeping somewhat to the west of their up-track. The Indians embrace an opportunity to kill a "bullwhacker" (ox-driver) near a sawmill northwest of Red Bluff. The whites finally halt on the Keefer ridge (map F–11), between Rock Creek and Chico Creek (Anderson, pp. 10–20).

Somewhere during this chase the whites were evidently thrown completely off the scent. They lost their quarry, probably somewhere in Deer Creek. They maintained however their purpose of killing some Indians. On the ridge to the south of Chico Creek, near what is now the Forest Ranch (map F–11), in what is probably Maidu territory, they found a camp of Indians. That these were not the Mill Creeks they had been pursuing is amply proved by the fact that

meanwhile, the Mill Creeks themselves were visiting Anderson's own farm on Deer Creek and taking away everything on the premises (Anderson, p. 37). The dealings of this white force with the Indians encamped near Forest Ranch are worth recounting. To quote an eyewitness:

"After a careful study of the ground, we returned to our camp. On this return trip we ran upon an Indian scout and after a long hard chase, killed him. We carried his scalp to camp with us, this being the first trophy we had taken in the campaign. . . .

It was a weary climb out of Chico Creek cañon in the darkness, but we made it and succeeded in surrounding the hostile camp before daylight. . . . As the gray dawn melted into daylight, the outlines of the camp became clearer. It was evidently a permanent meeting place, as there were signs of its having been frequently occupied. Directly in front of me and standing something like a hundred yards apart, were two lofty pine trees, trimmed of branches except for small tufts of foliage on their tops, and, what was my surprise, as the heavens grew brighter, to behold a large American flag depending from the top of each tree. . . .

Then a man emerged from a cluster of little firs and came shuffling up the trail directly toward where I lay. Captain Breckinridge had not yet given the signal to commence firing, so I slipped around my tree in order to remain hidden. As the man approached and passed me, I perceived that he was not an Indian, but a Spaniard. However, birds flocking together on this occasion were to be considered birds of a feather. The man had got but a few paces past me when Hi Good spied him. In a moment Good's rifle spoke, and the Spaniard, wounded, sprang back toward the camp. As he ran another rifle over on the other side of our circle cracked, and he fell dead.

The camp was roused. In a twinkling, up the Indians sprang, men, women, and children, and as if with one impulse they swarmed up the slope directly toward where I lay. . . .

Soon we came in possession of the camp. There was not a bad Indian to be found, but about forty good ones lay scattered about.

Two barrels, partly filled with whiskey, were in the camp, as well as other evidences which pointed to the fact that whites had joined with the redskins in the recent celebrations" (Anderson, pp. 23–24).

It is perfectly certain that a party with women and children and two barrels of whiskey, had not been to Lassen Butte and back. Nor would the belligerent Yahi have occupied a permanent and public camp, to say nothing of getting drunk. The stealing of Anderson's horses while this is going on, gives them an alibi in any case. So the Indians killed, were not the Indians the party of whites had been chasing. An incident recounted by our author on a subsequent page explains the presence of the Indians at this resort. Going into a mining town on Butte Creek the next day, the party finds wounded Indians, and an angry storekeeper named Wallace. He says that his own squaw had been wounded in the "fight" of the day before, and that he himself had been an inmate of the camp only one day prior to

the killing. In other words the whites and Indians of this vicinity had been having some sort of a "jamboree." However reprehensible their action may have been in getting drunk, there is no question but that a lot of "tame" Indians, well and favorably known to their white neighbors along Butte Creek, were shot down in cold blood. In other words, forty murders were committed.

A short time later another party of whites locates an Indian camp on Deer Creek, two miles above Tom Polk's cabin (map G–9). The Indians (in this case, Yahi) when attacked, hide in water waist-deep, under an overhang of the bank. A "Doctor" Indian (who appears in various fatal episodes, apparently having as many lives as a cat) fights a lone battle and is killed. The rest surrender. The captive Yahi according to Anderson are taken to the Nome Lackee Reservation. I have been able to find no other mention of them. Meanwhile, and up to the middle of winter, other Yahi Indians uninterruptedly raid the valley, the disturbances reaching the ears of the Office of Indian Affairs (Geiger, *in* Report for 1859, p. 438). Anderson says that though many Mill Creeks were killed, their number did not grow smaller. He thinks they were continually reinforced by renegades from the outside. This is probably a mistake. The secret was that the Yahi had a knack of getting other people killed in place of themselves. On a number of occasions during this period they were seen, but I know of no incidents worth recounting.

They were, however, "making themselves felt," and this continued through several years. In the year 1862 several important events occurred, which are often spoken of in the region even yet. On the eighteenth of June a meeting was held at Forks of Butte (map G–11) to formulate grievances against the Mill Creek Indians. They were said to have admitted a number of murders. Twenty-four men volunteered to proceed against them *vi et armis*. Almost while this meeting was in progress, a certain Thomas Allen, teaming for J. L. Keefer, was killed by the Indians. Apparently on the same day, a party of the Yahi (probably the same individuals) ran across the children of a family named Hickok, living on Rock Creek (map E–11). A girl, sixteen years of age, was shot to death with arrows, and along with her, a sister of fourteen. A boy somewhat younger was carried off (Wells, p. 218; Anderson, p. 54). The boy according to Anderson was stoned to death, while Wells reports that his toes and fingers were cut off. Other authors allude vaguely to cremation. This murder has never been forgotten to the present day. News of it at the

time rang across the country-side. Hi Good and another well known character, Sandy Young, boss *vaquero* for the Bidwell Ranch at Chico, went after the Indians and are said to have killed eight. (Whether the eight were Mill Creeks or not is another matter; for a few years later the Mill Creeks are still apparently as strong as ever.) Leland Stanford wrote to General Wright (of the Military Department of the Pacific) concerning these outrages, and troops were dispatched to operate against the Mill Creeks (War Records, vol. 50, part 1, p. 1162). There was much talk of killing all the Indians in the country, and the U. S. troops had orders in this connection to protect peaceable tribes, such as the Big Meadows people, from hostile Indians and from unauthorized white organizations (*ibid.*, part 2, p. 28). It was not clear to the military authorities just which Indians had committed the murders spoken of. In September some United States cavalry operated through Battle Creek, Antelope Creek, Mill Creek, and Deer Creek, finding only "signs" three weeks old. The officer in command, Captain Henry B. Mellen, reports that all the settlers believed that the Indians should be utterly removed from the country. The military forces apparently did not get into contact with the Yahi, though they scouted all through their country. The Indians were evidently in hiding somewhere, and probably had the troops under observation every moment of the time.

In the meantime, in August of this year, the Yahi visited Anderson's place and took the horses from his barn, setting it on fire. When he ran out, the rocks were still wet from the wash where they had forded the creek. Being followed, they ran up Dry Creek toward the cliffs of Mill Creek. When he saw them for a moment, they were trying to repack one of the horses with "plunder" they had taken. This plunder consisted of corn and other garden truck, which would seem to indicate that the Indians were very badly off at this time. Otherwise they would not have risked their lives for the sake of a few green vegetables. Conditions after that grew rapidly worse for them. Even the Yahi were not able to escape as they had up to this time. In June of the following year (1863) they stole horses belonging to Solomon Gore, but were followed by a party of whites. They took one of the animals up the almost perpendicular defile opposite the mouth of Sulphur Creek, in Deer Creek cañon (map E–9). It is folklore in the country that the horse hung on by his teeth. The marks could be seen on the bushes!

The pursuing party crosses Little Dry Creek, Big Dry Creek, and reaches the cliff of Mill Creek cañon. From this cliff they see objects moving on the

slopes below, and finally make them out to be Indian women gathering grass seeds. They hurry downward as secretly as possible, and get within a few hundred yards of the women. Suddenly an Indian lookout on the cliff behind them, gives a warning shout. The whites follow the flying squaws over the brow of the slope and come in sight of their camp. Here they are trying to pack a horse. There are a number of men. Being charged by the whites, the Indians scatter. Under a pile of new quilts the whites find an Indian boy who has slept through the battle. They leave him unharmed, and staring after them. Seven or eight Indians are killed (Anderson, p. 64).

Feeling was apparently very strong at the time against redskins of all descriptions. Five Indians, affiliations unknown, were hanged at Helltown (map F–12) on suspicion of having committed robberies (Wells, p. 219).

In July a party of Indians "on the war path" passed through the Clear Creek country (map F–13) midway between Chico and Oroville. They are said to have been Mill Creek Indians (that is, Yahi) though Clear Creek is to the south of Butte Creek, and Butte Creek itself is probably outside of the Yahi range. In any case, these Indians fell upon members of the Lewis family of the neighborhood. The oldest boy was shot with a rifle, while a younger boy, along with his sister, Thankful Lewis, was carried off. The little boy soon grew leg-weary and was killed, pitiful as that may seem. His sister managed to escape, and lives today, as Mrs. Carson, in the vicinity of Chico. Luckily she has written a story of her terrible experience, about which many accounts are current in the country (see bibliography). A party of whites, roused by the incident, picked up the trail, or a trail, and followed it to Deer Creek cañon, across this cañon, and up the defile just spoken of, on to the pine flat beyond, killing one Indian. In this country the Indians scattered, taking advantage of the abundant cover, and the chase was over.

Mrs. Carson mentions (page 3) that two of the Indians had their heads all tarred and were "terrible to look at." It is unnecessary to discuss their pitiless behavior toward these white children. At the same time it is to be recognized that cutting the hair short and putting pitch on the head is the Indian custom when in mourning. Two Indians of this party, then, had recently lost relatives. It is possible that some of their children had been killed, and that they were bent on enslaving some white children by way of satisfaction. Otherwise it is hard to imagine why they should have gone to the trouble of dragging away the Lewis children, who could be of no practical advantage to them.

As a result of the incident involving the Lewis children, a meeting was called at Pentz's ranch, to take measures for the permanent

removal of all Indians from the country. Of some three hundred and fifty Indians then concentrated at Yankee Hill (map G–12), four were hanged. A pseudo-military organization known as the Oroville Guards took the field, and hanged four more Indians at Dogtown (Wells, p. 20). Mr. Lewis, father of the captives, killed two "bad" Indians at Bidwell's, one of them supposed to be a Mill Creek (Carson, p. 4). This episode is also mentioned in the War Records (*ibid.,* part 2, p. 874). Meanwhile G. M. Hanson, agent for Indian Affairs for the Northern District, wrote frantically to General Wright of the Department of the Paicfic, under date of July 27, 1863, stating that there was great excitement in Chico, and asking that troops be sent to aid him in collecting, protecting and removing the Indians. Armed whites, according to Hanson, were threatening all Indians with a general extermination.

The general effect of these factors was the inauguration of measures to collect the Indian population from all the regions we have been considering, and take them away to reservations. As remarked above, Nome Lackee Reservation, twenty miles from Tehama, was by this time abolished. The project was therefore formed of collecting all the Indians (who numbered probably a thousand) and conveying them to Round Valley in Mendocino County, a reservation called at that time Nome Cult. This was actually done, after a fashion. There is some uncertainty about the identity of the people behind this enterprise. Certain army officers thought the whole idea was the work of Secessionists, and designed to embarass the government. The moving spirits in it are referred to as evil-minded. The intentions of the government in consenting were as usual, good, and even the Indian Department meant no harm. At the time the feeling among well disposed people in general was that the Indians would have no peace as long as they were mixed in with whites. The fact is however that during this agitation the Indians were hastily gotten together. Proper provision for transport was not provided; the people loudest in demanding the removal of the Indians were the most reluctant to do anything to further it, and no provision for the newcomers was made at the reservation in Round Valley. The whole undertaking resulted in excitement, confusion, expense, discomfort for the Indians, and nothing more. Nothing was done that could in any way solve the problem. I shall not recount the details of this enforced migration. The War Records give the correspondence and reports concerning it. The liveliest part is a quarrel by letter between the

army officer commanding Fort Wright, near the Agency in Round Valley, and the supervisor at that reservation; a correspondence in which the remarks of the Indian supervisor are the most dignified, but those of the army officer the most explicit and pointed. Captain Starr, who escorted the Indians on their march, left Chico with 461 Indians, and arrived at Round Valley with 277. Of the whole number, 32 died on the way, and 150 were left sick along the trail, to be brought in gradually, as their condition permitted. After all was over, General Wright, in a letter dated October 2, speaks in general of the impossibility of keeping Indians on the reservations to which they may be assigned. (*Ibid.*, part 2, p. 637). Probably some of these transported Indians got back to the vicinity of Chico almost as soon as the troops did.

In the meantime the only Indians not affected by the measures taken, were the Yahi who started the trouble. Early in the year 1864, Captain Starr at Camp Bidwell, near Chico, is warned to expect an attack from them; an attack probably not to be directed against the troops themselves, but against outlying homesteads. He is directed to apprehend their leading men and send them to Alcatraz Island, to be confined in the military prison. This order was a very cool one. The captain might as well have been ordered to apprehend the Northern Lights. During the year troops did scout extensively through the hills, but did not see any Indians.

Throughout this period the people at Cherokee Flat (map G–13) were incensed against a group of three hundred Indians between the north and middle forks of Feather River, near Berry Creek (map I–13). The Indians concerned here were undoubtedly Maidu, not Yana at all, and the probabilities are that they had never been at the bottom of any disturbances. It seems altogether likely that they got the blame for what were really Yahi activities.

About this time, in August, 1864 (Curtin, p. 517), some white people were murdered in the northern part of the Yana area. The names of Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Dirsch are mentioned in all the books. The exact location of their homes I am uncertain about. Mrs. Dirsch lived however somewhere near Millville (map C–5), and according to a private informant, on the road to Ball's Ferry (map C–6). In addition to the murders, a number of horses were taken, some of them, according to one informant, from "west of the river," (presumably Cow Creek). Three horses that would not swim the river were "cut all to pieces" and *shot with arrows,* and returned home in that condition. The others, according to information, were recovered

in Mill Creek cañon. If all this is true, the Indians concerned were certainly Yahi. The use of arrows points in that direction. The date is somewhat uncertain. One informant places the occurrence in 1866. Curtin places it in 1864. In any case, the incident brought destruction on the heads of the northern Yana. I am once more uncertain as to how many Indians were killed. Two companies of whites operated, and Curtin tells in detail how they shot this woman, and murdered that Indian child, and all the rest (p. 517). He says that, among other episodes, twenty Yana were killed on Cottonwood Creek, and three hundred, who were assembled for a ceremony, on Oak Run (map C–4). A private informant mentions a "killing" on Bear Creek (map C–6). Whatever may be the number who were actually killed at this time, the undoubted fact remains that after this period only remnants of the Yana people survived. The Indians were killed in the presence and over the protests of their white employers; women were deliberately shot down; and one white man callously exhibited four hundred dollars he had taken from the bodies of dead Indians, who were fresh from laboring in the harvest fields. A few were saved through being secreted by friendly whites.

A number of Indians were killed in the southern part of the territory as the result of the death of Mrs. Dirsch. Just north of Dye Creek and some four miles from the valley floor, there is a bold, rocky promontory. In a cave a mile or two up the ridge from this "point" of rocks, some thirty Indians were cornered, probably in the year 1867. They are said to have been caught *while returning from the Dirsch raid.* Indians located in this country were certainly members of the Yahi group, and if they really had been to the north, and had been the perpetrators of the Dirsch murder, the killing of the inoffensive northern Yana who happened to live in the vicinity of Mrs. Dirsch's home, was doubly unjustifiable. The vicinity of the cave where these Indians were killed has been called Campo Seco, or Dry Camp, because some of the Bogard family had a sheep pen here, to which water had to be transported. The details of the killing do not matter so much. The point is that the Indians were traced into the cave and shot down. The marks of the bullets are still to be seen on the rocks. In 1869 the side hill (visited at that time by Mr. Norvall) was still covered with skeletons.

At this point we may consider the history of the Yana closed, excepting only the Yahi division. After this time, the most important events happening in the northern part of Yana territory, are the visits of ethnological investigators such as Curtin and Sapir.

THE YAHI MEET DISASTER

We may center our attention therefore on the Yahi. They prolong what may be called the tribal history for half a century. About this time however a catastrophe overtook even this part of the tribe. They allowed themselves to be surrounded by an armed party of whites on the upper waters of Mill Creek. The whole affair began with the killing of some white people on Concow Creek, far to the south of Yana territory (map G–12). A Mrs. Workman, together with her hired man John Banks ("Scotch John"), and a Miss Rosanna Smith, a new arrival from England, were all murdered. There are said to have been atrocious details, but no one has discussed them. I can hardly imagine the Yahi proceeding so far from home for devilment, but in any case they were again credited with the outrage. About this time the peaceable Indians at Big Meadows (map J–7) were attacked by "wild" people, and some women carried off. The trail picked up at Big Meadows, is said to have been followed to Mill Creek. A party of seventeen whites, some of them the bitterly resentful neighbors of the murdered women, found another Yahi trail on Deer Creek flats (map E–10), which they followed up. I quote subsequent occurrences from an eyewitness:

August 15, 1865.—We decided to move forward just in time to get the camp surrounded before the break of day. Hi, with six men, was left to advance upon the camp in the same manner that he and I had already adopted, while I took the balance of the force for a detour which would bring us against the Indians from the up-stream side.

We had a difficult climb for we were compelled to swing some distance up the rough hillside in order to avoid springing an alarm, but made it successfully. As day began to peep over the high walls of the cañon, I found myself lying about thirty feet above one of the three little knolls that had served us so well as landmarks. I had left orders for Hi's party to lie quiet and let us make the attack. This would throw the Indians onto the bar next the open ford where they would be completely at the mercy of both our forces.

It grew lighter and still no sound disturbed the morning excepting the incessant murmur of the nearby stream. Henry Curtis was close to my right. Suddenly he chirped like a bird. I glanced toward him and saw him pointing toward the top of the knoll. Turning my eye thither I was just in time to see the half-breed Billy Sill lowering his rifle in a line with my head. I rolled behind a tree and the half-breed knowing that he was seen sank out of sight behind a rock. I had ample time in the glimpse I caught of him to see that he still wore the white shirt.

Almost on the instant that he disappeared Good's rifle cracked and the fight was on. We crowded forward and poured a hot fire into the Indians from up stream, while Good's men hammered them from below. Into the stream they leaped, but few got out alive. Instead, many dead bodies floated down the rapid current. . . .

This battle practically ended the scourge of the Mill creeks. I had often argued with Good regarding the disposition of the Indians. He believed in

killing every man or well grown boy, but in leaving the women unmolested in their mountain retreats. It was plain to me that we must also get rid of the women. On this occasion the Concow people were intensely wrought up over the horrible atrocities practiced by the Indians on the white women whom they killed, and I had told them that they were at liberty to deal with the Indians as they saw fit.

While ransacking the camp after the battle was over a little child possessing six toes on each foot was found. Hi Good at once took a notion to the child and said that he wished to take it home with him. Knowing that he had odd tastes about such things, I consented. Whereupon he declared that he must take along a squaw to carry the child. I asked Curtis what his pleasure was in the matter and after consulting with some of his own party he grudgingly agreed.

The woman selected for the purpose was slightly wounded in the heel. She packed the youngster in stolid silence up the long hill and over its crest into Twenty Mile Hollow. Here however she became sullen and refused to go a step farther. I gave her over to the Concow people and they left her to swell the number of the dead (Anderson, pp. 78–80).

Mr. W. J. Segraves, to whom I am indebted for much information, tells me that he was in person at the scene of these events some time later, and that there were forty or forty-five skeletons on the ground.

An Indian called Big-Foot Jack, who got his name from having one large and one small foot, was at the time considered to be the leader of the wild Indians. His track was never seen after this time, so the presumption is that he was killed.

THE PERIOD OF CONCEALMENT

These events were considered at the time to have put an end to the Yahi people. The destruction however was not absolute. The author just quoted mentions that several men and women escaped, and he voices the opinion that at the time he wrote (in 1909) they were still living "somewhere" in the mountains. We now have positive knowledge that a group did survive. As a matter of fact I have found accounts of a good many episodes, in the period between 1865 and 1908, in which white men are described as having happened upon these Indians. I may remark that practically throughout all the latter half of the nineteenth century very persistent stories were in circulation concerning the continued existence of "wild" Indians just east of the Sacramento Valley. Some such incidents have been recounted to me by men who took part in them, men whose statements it is impossible to doubt or question in any way. Some of these I will recount in a moment. Such people told of their experiences at the time when the incidents occurred, but were mostly set down as plain liars. Accounts of encounters with wild Indians were even printed in

the papers. Ethnologists such as Dixon, and later on Kroeber, were interested in similar stories, and often looked for corroboration. In general however people listened with skepticism, and all such tales, however warmly presented, were set down as mere invention or the survival of an old tradition. It is a curious example of truth seeming stranger than fiction. In dealing with the history of the Yahi I may proceed to describe therefore what might be called a period of retirement. Through their last survivor we know something of the life they led through this period, and something of their dwelling places. The main point is that the few survivors reverted more and more to their old mode of life, hunting with the bow, and keeping as much out of sight as possible. They were seen only by accident. Through this period they were probably the most nearly primitive of all the North American Indians.

Certain details of their life are interesting and may be discussed briefly here. The Indians took up their abode at first in the cañon of Mill Creek. They never were known to commit another murder, though once or twice, as we know now, they tried to: that is, they shot arrows at whites who were pursuing them. They gradually came to realize that their only chance of security lay in concealment. In the winter time they lived as best they could along Mill Creek. Fish they obtained with the spear (plates 5–9) of the usual California two-pronged type, armed with gigs. Acorns they gathered in a number of places, and when the crop was good these probably formed a very important part of their subsistence. Deer they hunted with a device consisting of a sort of a decoy, or more properly a disguise, which they wore, simulating meanwhile the actions of a deer. A deerskin blanket was part of the outfit, and on top they put a stuffed deer head. One of these objects is shown in a subsequent paper in this series. They sometimes hollowed out the horns to make them light, and got the whole thing up in as convincing a manner as possible. By so disguising himself, the Yahi hunter was able to approach near enough to deer to get a "dead shot" with a bow. The last survivor of the tribe was extremely skilful at imitating the bleat of a young fawn, and had moreover practiced himself in the art of imitating the actions of the deer in rubbing its horns on the brush. He could really put up a most plausible mimicry. I presume such devices never actually deceive the animals. They seem rather to fill them with curiosity, and they approach to see what is going on. A friend of mine who has a good deal of skill in such matters tells me that wild

animals depend more on their noses than their eyes, anyway. The scent of a man will send them careening; but, on the other hand, if the hunter will approach up wind, wild creatures often exhibit the blandest naïveté. The Yana at any rate worked these methods with considerable success. They also snared deer, with a noose made of milkweed fiber (plate 17). To prevent the animal from going clear through, they laced fine string across after the noose was set. They were fairly good bowmen, and killed even wildcat and bear. In the summer time they ranged as far east as the summit of Mount Lassen (map H–5) on the upper slopes of which they hunted, secure from intrusion. The journey took four nights' travel.

After some years they were compelled to abandon Mill Creek because of the increasing settlement of the whites. I do not know exactly when this happened, but they were on Mill Creek as late as 1894 (see page 60 below). Toward the latter part of their history, at any rate, they were living in the cañon of Deer Creek (map F–9; plates 10, 11). This whole cañon is extremely wild. The lava cliffs are very abrupt, so abrupt that in most places one can get down only with a rope. Between the cliffs and the creek, far below, the rocky and boulder-strewn slopes are covered with the densest imaginable thickets. Just at Sulphur Creek there is a gradual descent, and a trail, which crosses Deer Creek and surmounts the cañon wall a couple of miles upstream. At the junction of the two streams there is the old Speegle homestead. Upstream and downstream from this, however, the cañon is wild and comparatively impenetrable, a wilderness of rocks and undergrowth, masked by clumps of pepperwood, and encircled by the towering cliffs. This whole countryside including the cañon has been exploited only as a stock range, and the livestock did not and could not penetrate these rough stretches. An occasional wandering cowboy or hunter might pause and view the wilderness from the edge of the cliffs above. In fact this often happened. The jungles were never actually invaded however, and both above and below Sulphur Creek the Indians had little villages. I have seen both of them, and they were so skilfully disposed among pepperwoods that they were practically invisible. The thickets in the trough of the cañon never were explored until the arrival of a new factor in the country—engineers surveying for power sites. It was due to a party of engineers that the Indians' encampments were finally discovered.

Toward the latter part of their history they were given, not to open violence, but to the robbing of cabins when the owners were

away. I do not know the reason for this behavior. It involved always the risk of discovery, and the possibility of being shot down. There were some white men in the region who would have welcomed the chance to kill an Indian. I might explain that robbing cabins is more serious than it sounds. In the spring the cattlemen carry into the hills on pack trains quantities of provisions, for the subsistence of their *vaqueros* during the annual "round-up." For a number of weeks everyone is busy riding over the hills and into the gullies, and routing out the cattle for branding, and to be driven to the valley for sale. The necessary supplies are usually "cached" at long intervals at some shanty, and used as needed. Anyone, whether he is the proper owner or not, is at liberty to use this food if he needs it. Stockmen ride far and wide in their business, and there is a sort of freemasonry among them. "Grub" is more or less community property. When Indians were concerned however it was different. Aside from the fact that they were outside of this freemasonry, they never were satisfied with enjoying or pilfering a meal or two. They habitually gathered up the whole stock, which they found in a cabin, and carried it off bodily. Such incidents caused endless inconvenience and loss to the cattle owners. Often a round-up had to be interrupted, while everybody rode off to the valley for food. A delay of several weeks might be entailed, and the cattle collected might meanwhile scatter to the most inaccessible places, leaving all the work to be done over again. The Indians sometimes took even the barley intended for horse-feed. Canned stuff they avoided. It has been suggested that they may once have been poisoned by some that had spoiled; or that they did not know how to open the cans. My experience with the last survivor was that he liked nothing soft or semiliquid, and most canned provisions are of this nature. He thought such food produced a discharge from the mucous membrane, like a bad cold. His objections seemed to be based about equally on esthetic, hygienic, and moral considerations. Such a dislike as he had for gruels, soups, sauces, eggs, milk and other soft provender amounted to a positive avoidance. It is I think highly typical of these Indians that in robbing a camp they should take away the barley, but leave behind the canned corn. In later years sheep became common in the hills, and the Indians often increased their food supply by shooting or snaring stray ones. When their village was invaded, numbers of sheepskins were found.

The Indians seem to have begun this sort of thing in 1885. At least it was habitual with them after that date. Certain camps and

cabins they robbed with some regularity every spring; for example Elijah Graham's cabin on Deer Creek. Any one of several reasons might have driven them to this course at this time. Their best hunters may have died, for example, or the increasing number of campers and hunters, to say nothing of permanent settlers, may have made the game wilder. They seem to have committed their robberies always in the spring. This probably followed from the fact that their previous summer's supply of dried fish and acorns was always exhausted by that time, and it was still too early for their trip to Mount Lassen, which would be still covered with snow. Spring was regularly a time of scarcity with all Indians, and this small group, hemmed in by whites of whom they had a deathly fear, must have confronted utter starvation every year.

I shall proceed to recount briefly the instances where these Indians were seen, or where their traces were found, from the time of the tribal killing described on a previous page, to the breaking up of their village by surveyors in 1908. Toward the latter part of this time at least, the group consisted of Ishi, his sister or cousin, his mother, who grew to be very old, and an old man not his father. The reduction to this number was however very gradual, as the following incidents will show:

1865(?)—After the killing at the "three knolls," three Yahi women, two men, and a number of children present themselves at Hi Good's place on Dry Creek and say that they are ready to be taken to the reservation. They later run away however to the hills (Anderson, p. 83).

1868.—Thirty-three wild Indians (presumably Yahi) are killed at Campo Seco. (Information from D. B. Lyon.)

March, 1870.—Mr. W. J. Segraves loses some beeves, which are "run off" at night. Having been warned against Indians, he sends for Hi Good, and the two, accompanied by George Spires and Bill Sublett, trail the Indians with dogs. Some difficulty is encountered, as the dogs sometimes follow the trail freely, and sometimes refuse to follow it at all. They finally lead the party into an Indian village or "campoodie." There are several huts in a sort of round meadow, hidden away in a clump of pepperwood (laurel). The village is near F–8 on the map, on Mill Creek, about 25 miles from its mouth. The huts themselves are round or oval, and made of pepperwood boughs. In the village the only live animal is a dog, who is not friendly but makes no noise, and soon vacates. Here Segraves finds the bones of his beeves. There is nothing of much interest in the camp. The Indians seem to have most of their property with them.

The next day as the party is following the trail of the Indians further up the creek, they suddenly see a considerable band, some fifteen in all, returning. Good and Segraves hide behind a tree. Several Indians leave the main party, and when they finally approach the white ambush, only six or seven women, along with one old man, are left. This man is described by Segraves as "the Old Doctor." He was very old and had only one hand. I quote the rest verbatim:

''As the Indians came abreast of us, we motioned to the squaws to squat down, so as not to be in the line of fire. One old woman, when she saw that the group was covered, immediately did so. A young woman, next in line, freed herself of her pack in a flash and started to run. The old woman grabbed her by the dress and prevented her, evidently thinking that she would be shot if she tried to escape. A little girl was also with the old woman, and was held by the hand. The Old Doctor, however, tried to get away. Good did the shooting, while I 'called' the shots. The first two missed. At the third I called 'distance!' (meaning that the range was exactly right). At the fourth shot, the Old Doctor collapsed. The weapons we used were sixteen-shot Henry repeaters, a new weapon at the time. The Indians in this party were loaded down with acorns and similar truck.''

The only Indians actually captured at this time are the two women just mentioned, and the small girl who was with them. The rest fly into the brush and disappear. A short time later an old man comes in. He evidently has failed to hear the shooting. A young fellow, said to be Ishi, is with him, but is too wild to approach closer than two hundred yards. Being unarmed, they are not fired upon. That night the party camps at the ''campoodie.'' Next day the old man offers to bring in his relatives, and is taken back to the scene of the Old Doctor's death. The Indian, loudly calling on his people, asks permission to mount a boulder in order to look about. He seizes the opportunity to jump down on the other side of the boulder, and gets clear away.

Two weeks later the old man comes in the night-time to Segraves' cabin with eleven other people, four men and seven women. The fourth man is Ishi. He is at this time about sixteen years old and is lighter in complexion than the rest(Segraves visited Ishi at the University and positively identified him as the same person. This would make him sixty-two years old at the time of his death). The old man is thought to be Ishi's father. They make a formality of surrendering their bows to the number of five. These are about five feet long, and so strong that Segraves cannot unbend them. The whole party are taken down to Good's cabin; but he is away in Tehama. While waiting around for him to return, George Spires takes a sudden notion to weigh himself on a set of steelyards. He throws a rope over a limb to suspend the steelyards by, when the Indians take a notion that they are to be hanged. So they all run away and are never seen again. (This episode is described in Powers, but not accurately.) The only ones finally remaining in captivity are the two women and the little girl who were taken at the time of the Doctor's death.

These three are handed over to a white man named Carter, living about a mile from Acorn Hollow (map D–10) on Deer Creek. The young woman about this time gives birth to a baby, who is called Snowdrop (Powers gives this same incident, in highly colored form). The white man was not her father, but one of the wild Indians. The little girl who was captured with the old woman is called ''Muchacha.'' Both she and the mother of Snowdrop are thought by Segraves to be Ishi's sisters. Nothing is known of the final disposition of these people. (Information obtained from Mr. W. J. Segraves of Susanville, in 1915.)

1870.—An Indian boy living with Good ''hooks'' his cache of money. Good is very angry and threatens to ''settle'' with him. Shortly after that the boy murders Good with a rifle. The body he drags by the feet with a lasso from his pony, and buries it under some rocks. A Mr. Brown (who had a stage stable at the ford one mile northeast of Vina), Andy Post, and Sandy Young, previously mentioned, found the body by the odor four days later.

The murdered man's hair was also sticking out between the rocks. Possibly this Indian boy is the one described above as having six toes. He was executed by Young. (Anderson, p. 83; private information from Mrs. G. W. Williams at Tehama; Wells also refers to this incident).

1870.—During this year and occasionally in after years, Mr. Norvall, working for A. C. Weed, occasionally sees sheep with arrows in them. In one case, the arrow was sticking in the sheep's wool, the sheep himself being unscratched. (Information from Mr. Norvall, 1915.)

April, 1871.—J. J. Bogard, Jim Baker, Scott Wellman, and Norman Kingsley are camped at Wild Horse Corral, in Morgan Valley (map G-7). They are busy ''running'' cattle. They find where the Indians had wounded a steer. They follow the animal, the trail being made plain by the blood. They finally pick up a broken arrow. When they come onto the Indians, the latter ''skip.'' Being pressed for time, instead of skinning the animal, they cut off chunks of meat, tear the hide off, and throw it into the brush. The next day the whites trail the Indians with dogs, and corner them in a cave, and kill about thirty. In this cave there is ''about a ton'' of dried meat.

In the cave with the meat were some Indian children. Kingsley could not bear to kill these children with his 56-calibre Spencer rifle. ''It tore them up so bad.'' *So he did it with his 38-calibre Smith and Wesson revolver.* (Information from Mr. Norvall, 1915.)

It was evident soon afterwards that even this was not the final end of the Yahi, for the bodies of the slain Indians disappeared. The Yahi had a tribal custom of cremation. Evidently the bodies were disposed of in this or in some other way. The tender sensibilities of the fellow who preferred to shoot babies with a 38-calibre revolver are certainly worthy of remark.

1878.—Rafe Johnson, son of ''old Peg Leg'' Johnson, in company with Jim Melick, lassoes two squaws near Black Oak Mountain (map E–8). An Indian man is shot through the thigh, and a child is shot through the ankle. One of the women ''is taken to Nome Lackee, the other to Redding.'' [There is an evident mistake here, as the Nome Lackee Reservation was abandoned long before this. Possibly the woman was taken to Round Valley. Information from D. B. Lyon, 1915.]

February, 1885.—The Indians rob Norvall's cabin, at the head of Little Antelope Creek (map D–8). At the same time they rob Girt's cabin, four miles away. (Information from Mr. Norvall, 1915.)

April, 1885.—Mr. Norvall one day approaches a cabin on Dry Creek. Hearing noises inside, he goes around in back. Four Indians were jumping out of the window. Seeing him, they all got in a row, and stood waiting for developments. A young woman is wearing three old jumpers, with the addition of little else. An old man has an old overcoat and an old rifle barrel. There are two young fellows, one of them with a crippled foot. ''Rafe Johnson did that,'' remarks Mr. Norvall. The woman points over toward Mill Creek and says ''*Dos chiquitos papooses* (Spanish jargon, meaning two small children). Inside the cabin they had piled up a lot of discarded clothing, evidently preparing to carry it away. Mr. Norvall treats them in a friendly way. (Information from Mr. Norvall, 1915.)

October, 1885.—The Indians slip into Norvall's cabin while he is away, and leave two baskets. (These baskets are now in the University Museum (for

one of them see plate 15). This is probably a result of Norvall's friendly bearing in the previous episode. (Information from Mr. Norvall.)

Autumn, 1885.—Sheep are found with arrows in them. (Information from Mr. Norvall.)

1889.—Mr. D. B. Lyon, a young boy at the time, is hunting deer up Big Antelope Creek, 16 miles east of Red Bluff (map E–8). He moves about an isolated patch of buckeye brush which lies in a gully, under a rock cliff. The dog hears something moving and goes in, but a moment later comes out afraid. Whatever is in the brush makes noises like tomcats fighting. (His idea at present is that the Indians did it, trying to scare him away.) Instead of running, he throws a rock into the brush to ascertain what is making the noise. The rock hits an Indian, who grunts. One thing leads to another, and Lyon finally goes in to rout out whatever is there. There is open ground all around, so the quarry insists on keeping among the buckeyes. He finally presses them close, and suddenly stumbles over packs, which they have dropped. Then he knows they are Indians. One of them has been carrying half a dozen sheep legs; the sweat from his hands is still on the wool. They also drop a sheepskin. Lyon stops and kicks this stuff over, to see what it is. They suddenly fire three arrows at him, one of them grazing his hat brim. One of these arrows breaks off against a rock just in front of him. Another he picks up and keeps. He takes time also to pick up a small cloth bag which afterwards is found to contain an interesting arrow-making outfit (see plate 14; the specimens are now at the University Museum). At this point Lyons considers that his curiosity is satisfied, and he very properly withdraws.

(Mr. Lyon's explanation of the incident is that the Indians were traveling across country, and hiding in this patch of brush during the daytime.)

1894.—Elijah Graham gets exasperated at the persistent robbing of his cabin, and to punish the thief, leaves there a lot of poisoned flour. To avoid accidents, he writes a plain notice that the flour is poisoned and leaves it where it must be seen. The flour nevertheless is taken. This he cites as proof that there are Indians in the country, to whom the robbing of cabins is due, but hardly anybody takes him seriously. Whether this episode reduces the number of the Yahi or not, we do not know. (Information from D. B. Lyon.)

1894.—Mr. Lyon and his brother find what they at first take for a bear track, near Mill Creek, above Avery's (map F–8). It turns out to be a barefoot human track, very wide across the toes. The individual evidently has not worn shoes, for his foot is very calloused, with cracks across the bottom. They follow up his tracks, but the Indian evidently finds he is being pursued, for he jumps from the top of a bluff into the top of a tree, and escapes. Lyon remarks to his brother that he would not make the same descent for any sum. (Information from D. B. Lyon.)

1906.—The cabin at the Occidental mine, operated by Mr. Gillenwater with two employees, is robbed. Among other things, what is called in the country a "war bag," in other words, a U. S. Army dunnage bag, is taken. (Information from M. C. Polk.)

1908.—W. D. Polk and K. Crowder are camped at the Speegle place, where Sulphur Creek joins Deer Creek. They go down Deer Creek a mile or so, and anticipating an Indian visit, one of them slips back along under the edge of the bluff with a "30–30" rifle. The Indians as a matter of fact are just preparing to carry off the eatables out of the cabin. They take alarm, and dash across Deer Creek. One of them in his haste drops his headgear, which the whites pick up (plate 18). Nothing is left in the cabin but a little rice and some canned stuff.

An effort is made to track them up, but they are too cunning. They step only on rocks, where they leave no footprints, and take to the water so they can not be followed with dogs.

DISCOVERY OF THE YAHI VILLAGE IN 1908

This brings the history of the Yahi to its final phase. The next event is the breaking up of their village. I should like to give an account of that, and tell something more of its situation. The episode begins with a survey of the lower part of Deer Creek cañon by a party of engineers for the Oro Water, Light and Power Company. I have heard accounts of the events from several of the people who took part in it. As usual, it is somewhat difficult to get an account that is absolutely consistent and coherent.

The Power company was considering the erection of a dam just below Sulphur Creek, and were surveying a ditch which was to convey the impounded water down the cañon to a projected power plant somewhere below. This ditch was to follow the south bank of the creek, through some extremely difficult country, mentioned above. The surveying party was working some three miles below Sulphur Creek, engaged in brushing out a line. On the evening of November 9, 1908, two young men, Alf Lafferty and Ed Duensing, were returning up-stream to their camp about sunset. By the margin of the creek they suddenly saw a naked Indian standing on a rock, armed with a long spear. The Indian was undoubtedly looking for his supper with a fish-spear, but his wild look startled both men. When he suddenly caught sight of them, being probably startled himself, he gave what they described as a vicious snarl, and brandished his spear. They had been searching for a crossing place, in order to strike an old Indian trail which leads up to the other side of the stream. When the Indian snarled, as they tell the story, any crossing place looked good to them. They waited for nothing further. When they got to camp their story was received with varying emotions. Most of the party were boundlessly pleased with the account as a work of fiction. J. M. Apperson, however, who had been convinced for a long time that Indians actually were at large in this region, went down stream early next morning to see what he could find. Along with him went Charley Herrick, who whiled away the time as they walked professing profound disbelief in the whole thing. When they went on the south side of the creek, and began working through the thick brush on the steep hillside above the stream, an arrow was shot at them, narrowly missing Apperson. After some debate they turned back.

In the meantime the surveying party went back to work, chopping out their survey line. About ten o'clock in the morning they suddenly walked into an Indian encampment or village. Two Indians, running as if for their lives, were actually seen—one of them an old man, who was helped along by a middle-aged woman. They escaped over a rock "slide" and vanished in the direction of the cliffs. This fleeting glance is all we know of these individuals. They have never been seen again. Their actual fate is still unknown. In camp was found, under some blankets, a partially paralyzed old woman, frightened nearly to death, unable to move. The whites did what they could for this old person. She asked in a few words of broken Spanish for water. Apperson gave her a drink out of a canteen which was lying there, having

been filled evidently at the creek below. She trembled violently, though they did their best to reassure her. The whites then helped themselves, mainly in a spirit of curiosity, to the contents of the camp—bows, arrows, skin blankets—and after prying about, went back to camp for dinner. When they returned next day, to satisfy their further curiosity, no Indians were about, and even the old woman was gone. Her people evidently returned and carried her away to some other shelter. Where this was, we do not know. Some effort was made later to find these Indians, but no sign of them was seen. They evidently considered that the whites were still after them, and hid themselves away.

A number of points in the arrangement of the camp and the position of the lodges may be worth mention. The village consisted of three structures. One was a shelter of pepperwood boughs, with a framework of rough poles. This was just under cover of some large laurel trees. In front and somewhat to one side, was a lurking place under some very heavy brush, where someone had sat for years making arrow-points by chipping glass. The Yahi learned long ago that glass worked more evenly than obsidian, and the supply being more available, their arrow-points were regularly made of it. The bottles they picked up around foothill camps. A bushel or more of minute glass chips had accumulated here. Some distance to the east was another shelter, heavily smoked and showing marks of very long occupation, made of pieces of driftwood (plate 11), an old wagon canvas and some odds and ends. Both structures were in the midst of a perfectly impenetrable jungle. A third structure consisted of a framework of poles, lashed together with bark, the whole very firm and strong. A few feet above the ground was a series of cross-sticks (plate 12). It was evidently to be covered with a thatching of laurel. someone has suggested that it was to be used for smoking salmon. All of these lodges were of tiny proportions, but rather cunningly put together. They were of a simple *A*-shape. Between the lodges the brush was as dense as could be, but a fairly clear trail wound in and out through the undergrowth, connecting them. Near the first house, but somewhat closer to the creek, was a circular pit, a yard or more across and about as deep. This the Indians packed full of snow in the winter time. The melting of this snow supplied them with water for a while, and saved the labor of going to the creek, which roars along the floor of the cañon some five hundred feet below. There was also involved in every trip some risk of discovery. They called the camp in their language *Wowunupo'mu tetnA*, "Bear's Hiding Place," probably because there were bear dens in this wilderness of brush and boulders before the Indians took up their abode there. Across the creek, and less than a mile above, there is a fine little flat beside the

stream with remains of old Indian house-pits. This was the Yahi village of Tcapa'launa, inhabited before the days of the Yahi troubles. Probably Indians had never lived at Bear's Hiding Place until the last remnant of the tribe took up their abode there.

The village site has now been visited by a number of people, scientific and otherwise. I think they will all agree that the placing of the lodges was the work of people who were not only desperately anxious to hide themselves, but who knew thoroughly well how to do it. The houses were built where they were invisible from the cliffs on either side. The Indians passed down to the creek, which was very important to them on account of the fish in it, under the shelter of a growth of laurel. Thus they could move about and still remain hidden. Moreover, they avoided making visible trails, especially near the water. The little path that leads down from the lodges under and through the thicket, ramifies and disappears as it approaches the stream. In other words, they went down by different ways, to avoid making one conspicuous pathway. In making the needful paths through the brush, they bent aside the necessary twigs. Cutting or breaking them would have made the path much more conspicuous. I doubt if an observer on the cliff would ever have seen the Indians if he had been looking directly down upon them. Altogether, the place and its selection showed considerable evidence of craft, and to the wandering hunter or rider on the mountains round about, the locality would have looked always like a genuine bear's hiding place, for all the evidence of human habitation to be seen.

Ishi it will be observed was not seen. He probably discharged the arrow which almost wounded Apperson, and was undoubtedly present, and possibly waiting for another good shot, when the camp was actually invaded. The whites were armed with revolvers, and Ishi, being a belligerent, probably kept just out of sight, which was of course in conformity with the best military strategy. The property taken from the camp is now largely in possession of the University. The most picturesque specimen is a blanket or cape of wildcat skins. The remainder included furs, rope, bows, arrows, and baskets. It is somewhat pathetic to reflect that this material, taken in mere curiosity, may have meant the difference between survival and destruction to the poor Indians. Certain it is that as a group they were never heard of afterwards, and all of them but Ishi may have lost their lives as a result of the fatigue, hunger, and exposure entailed by leaving their camp. Apperson went through his pockets at the time trying to find something that he could leave as a present, to prove to them his friendly intentions. He had nothing however, and when he came back they were gone.

The encounter with the Indians made a considerable stir in the press. Some hope was felt at the University that the group might be found again sooner or later. It was thought that the members of the group might be able to supply many details concerning the life and

culture of the Yana peoples, and would certainly supply information concerning their own language and the linguistic geography of the region. Several efforts were made to get in touch with people who might encounter the Yahi, and one expedition was sent into the field to locate them if possible.

October, 1910.—Mr. Walter Hunt and T. T. Waterman camped for three weeks in Deer Creek cañon, making a reconnaisance of the region in the hope of recovering their trail. On this occasion the little village at Bear's Hiding Place was visited, and some photographs taken. Nothing could be done in the way of following the Indians up, for they had disappeared, leaving no trace.

HISTORY OF THE LAST SURVIVOR

Such was the tragic end of the last remnant of the Yahi tribe. Except for one individual, our account closes here. The members of the tribe who were seen at this time seem to have perished from cold, hunger, and exposure, without ever returning to their camp.

August, 1911.—Nearly three years later, at a slaughterhouse four miles from Oroville, 32 miles away, very early one morning there suddenly appeared from nowhere a naked Indian. His only garment was an old cast-off undershirt. He was thin, hungry, greatly worn, and of most unusual appearance. The people in charge of the premises telephoned to the sheriff and reported with some excitement the presence of a ''wild man.'' No one, Indian or white, could make him understand a word. The sheriff of Butte County came out, took the wild man in charge and gave him, as the most available lodging, the insane cell of the jail. When the news reached the University, the appearance of this strange Indian was at once connected with the Yahi tribe of Deer Creek, in which the Department of Anthropology had long been interested. It fell to the lot of the present writer to journey to Oroville to identify him. Our only resource was to ''try him out'' with a vocabulary in the Nozi dialect, since there was no material in existence in what was thought to be his own proper language. The first impression received of the wild Indian was the sight of him, draped in a canvas apron they had hurriedly put on him at the slaughterhouse, sitting on the edge of a cot in his cell, still uncertain of his fate, and answering in a few words of Yana all questions, hundreds of which were being fired at him in English, Spanish, and half a dozen Indian languages, by visitors of all complexions. The present writer's amateur attempts at Yana were equally unintelligible to him for a long time. An agreement was finally reached, however, on the word for the material of which his cot was made, *si'win'i*, or yellow pine. His face lightened up at this word, though he evidently could hardly trust his senses. These were perhaps the first intelligible sounds he had heard from a human being in three years.

There seemed to be little point in letting this individual remain in jail. He was not charged with anything, and it seemed highly desirable to bring him to the University, where facilities for recording information were better. The county authorities at Oroville were most benignantly disposed toward the Indian, and were most con-

siderate in every way. As soon as it became evident that the "wild" man was of Yana extraction, they sent a young officer to Redding to bring down an old survivor of the Yana people there. This was Sam Batwee, who had been informant for Curtin and later for Sapir. Batwee was to be interpreter and companion for our wild man. He evinced a patronizing attitude, which developed *pari passu* with cordial symptoms of dislike on the part of Ishi. Later on it was a curious spectacle to see these two surviving representatives of an almost vanished race treating each other with the most distant politeness. They never learned to care for each other. Poor old Batwee wished to impress his importance on the "wild" man, while the wild man looked upon this civilized Indian as neither Indian nor white. He seemed to object most of all to Batwee's taste in wearing a beard. There was a good deal of divergence between their dialects, besides, which made communication somewhat laborious. Batwee had very little tact or adjustability, and Ishi regarded him as a tiresome old fool, though he was too polite to say so. A factor still more important was this, that the Yahi had learned to view all other peoples with suspicion and hostility. It was interesting that he should be readier to make friends with whites than with other Indians like himself. The Yahi had apparently been utterly isolated for a considerable time even before their tribe became so much reduced.

Ishi's appearance at the time of his capture is shown in plate 1. His apparel there consists of an old slaughterhouse apron of canvas which the people put on him when he was first found. His strength was much reduced at this time through hardship and lack of food. He had wandered in the hills apparently living on what he could pick up as he went. For some time his most substantial food had been manzanita berries. On the point of absolute collapse, he came to the slaughterhouse to look for food. The dogs barked and attracted the butchers, who were just getting up. When first seen, Ishi was crouching on the ground in the corral, with the dogs sniffing about him. The exact route of his wanderings is still unknown. His hair he had singed off close to his scalp, throwing water on with his hands to keep from burning himself. This is (of course) the Indian custom on the death of a relative. His solitary condition seemed to indicate at the time that all his relatives had died. Aside from emaciation and some diminution of energy, his condition at that time was perfect. His feet, which had never seen a shoe, were fine examples of what the human foot should be. They were modeled in plaster by the

Department of Pediatrics of the Medical School as examples of perfect and undeformed feet. Shoes, by the way, he hated, explaining that they might trip him up. He little by little recovered his spirits, and in the last years of his life was serenity personified.

I should like to tell something of my acquaintance with Ishi, especially those incidents which illustrate the character of the man and shed light on his peculiar viewpoint. I may begin by speaking of railroad trains. In bringing him down to the University, where his home was to be for the rest of his life, it was necessary to take the train. One fine morning found Ishi and myself, and an attendant Indian and some hundreds of interested pale-faces, waiting on the platform for the train to come in. As Number Five appeared in the distance and came whistling and smoking down the humming rails in a cloud of dust, Ishi wanted to hide behind something. We were standing some distance from the track as I feared that he might be afraid of the engine. He had often seen trains. Later he told us in his own language that he had previously seen trains wandering by in the distance. But he had not known they ran on tracks. When he saw them he always lay down in the grass or behind a bush until they were out of sight. He visualized a train as some devil-driven, inhuman prodigy. Security lay not in keeping off the right-of-way, but in keeping out of sight.

Here is another fact that illustrates his personal attitude. To a primitive man, what ought to prove most astonishing in a modern city? I would have said at once, the height of the buildings. For Ishi, the overwhelming thing about San Francisco was the number of people. That, he never got over. Until he came into civilization, the largest number of people he had ever seen together at any one time was five! At first a crowd gathering around him alarmed him and made him uneasy. He never entirely got over his feeling of awe, even when he learned that everybody meant well. The big buildings he was interested in. He found them edifying, but he was not greatly impressed. The reason, as far as I could understand it, was this. He mentally compared a towering twelve-story building, not with his hut in Deer Creek which was only four feet high, but with the cliffs and crags of his native mountains. He had something in some way analogous stored up in his experience. But to see five thousand human beings alive at once was something undreamed of, and it upset him.

Generally speaking, which is to be considered more interesting and surprising, *per se*, an ordinary trolley car or an automobile? For Ishi, the trolley car, every time. I stupidly expected him to grow excited over his first automobile, as I did over mine. To Ishi, of course, both were miracles, plain and simple. Both the auto and the street car were agitated and driven about by some supernatural power; one as much as the other. The street car, however, was the bigger of the two, it had a gong which rang loudly at times, and moreover was provided with an attachment which went ''shoo!'' and blew the dust away when the air-brakes were released. Ishi would watch trolley cars by the hour. Electric lights, door-knobs, safety-pins, typewriters, he considered curious or wonderful according to some mysterious standard of his own. Getting water by turning a knob pleased him boundlessly. On the whole it was a limited number of simple things that gave him most astonishment.

Aeroplanes, by the way, he took quite philosophically. We took him to Golden Gate Park to see Harry Fowler start to fly across the continent. When the plane was trundled out and the engine started, the Indian was surprised and amused at the uproar it created. The machine was finally launched, and after a long circuit, soared back over our heads. As it came overhead we

particularly called his attention to it. He was mildly interested. "Saltu?" he said interrogatively, nodding toward the plane a thousand feet skyward, "White man up there?" When we said yes he laughed a bit, apparently at the white man's funny ways, and let it pass. Either he was ready to expect anything by that time, or else his amazement was too deep for any outward expression. Like most "nature-people," he was inclined to preserve his dignity in the face of the unfamilar or the overwhelming, giving very little sign. Under equivalent stimulation of course the pale-face dances about and squeals.

Ishi was, however, jarred completely out of his equanimity by a window-shade. On the morning of his second day at the Museum, I found him trying to raise the shade to let the sunlight in. It gave me a queer feeling to realize that never in his experience, either in his cañon home or in the Oroville jail, where he spent his first thirty hours of civilization as an honored guest, had he encountered the common roller shade. He tried to push it to one side and it would not go. He pushed it up and it would not stay. I showed him how to give it a little jerk and let it run up. The subsequent five minutes he utilized for reflection. When I came back at the end of that time, he was still trying to figure out where the shade had gone.

Concerning foods he had certain prejudices which he was never able to overcome. For example he politely asked to be excused from gravies and sauces. He did not take at all kindly to the notion of boiling food. Fried, baked, roasted, broiled, or raw food he could understand. He did not like those processes which lead to semiliquids. No milk, if you please, for Ishi, and no eggs unless they were hard boiled. All such things, he said, lead to colds in the head! The real basis of his dislike seemed to be their esthetic effect. I have often wondered since just how far our eating habits might be considered messy. Ishi wanted his food dry and clean appearing. For drink he liked only transparent beverages, that could not have anything concealed about them. Tea was his idea of the proper drink. An enthusiastic chef once gave him some claret when nobody was looking. From all accounts he did not care for it. It turned out later that he thought it was medicine.

In all his personal habits he was extraordinarily neat. At his first dinner he behaved as many another man has done under similar circumstances. He waited patiently until someone let him know, by setting the example, whether a given dish was to be consumed with the aid of a spoon, a knife, some other kind of contrivance, or with the fingers. Then he calmly did likewise. His actions were always in perfectly good taste. Even during his first days in civilization, he could be taken comfortably into any company. He had a certain fastidiousness which extended to all his belongings. His effects were kept carefully in order. Not only his apparel, but his arrow-making appliances, his bow, and his other impedimenta, were always in perfect array. During the time he lived at my home a certain member of my family urged me to model my own behavior in such respects after the Indian's shining example.

Ishi moreover was remarkably clever with his hands. In his own way he was a fine workman. He made bows of perfect finish. He could chip arrow-points to perfection out of any of the materials which give a conchoidal fracture—obsidian, flint, agate, or bottle-glass. Some of his handsomest specimens were made of bromo-seltzer bottles. No more beautiful arrow-points exist than the ones he made. His finished arrow, including point, shaft, and feathering, is a model of exquisite workmanship.

On the whole he took very kindly to civilization. He seemed apprehensive at times lest we might send him back ultimately to his wilderness. Once when we were planning with much enthusiasm to take him on a camping trip, to

revisit with him his foothill home, he filed a number of objections. One was that in the hills there were no chairs. A second was, that there were no houses or beds. A third was, that there was very little to eat. He had been cold and gone hungry so often in the hills, that he had few illusions left. In camp, however, he proved to be a fine companion. He could swim and wash dishes and skylark with anybody, and out-walk everybody.

He convinced me that there is such a thing as a gentlemanliness which lies outside of all training, and is an expression purely of an inward spirit. It has nothing to do with artificially acquired tricks of behavior. Ishi was slow to acquire the tricks of social contact. He never learned to shake hands but he had an innate regard for the other fellow's existence, and an inborn considerateness, that surpassed in fineness most of the civilized breeding with which I am familiar.

For a number of years Ishi lived at the Museum. Finally through the action of the Regents of the University he was appointed Museum Helper; so that for the last years of his life he was self-supporting. Here he served as a ready informant. A considerable mass of material was obtained from him concerning the ethnography of his tribe. He never learned to speak English correctly or fluently, and the difficulties of mastering uninterpreted Yahi incidentally to other duties were too great for the members of the Department. In the summer of 1914 Dr. Saxton Pope and two members of the Department of Anthropology spent four weeks with Ishi in his original haunts. A good deal of information was thus obtained. Luckily for the University, Dr. Edward Sapir of the Canadian Geological Survey was enabled to work with Ishi for a number of weeks in the summer of 1915. Dr. Sapir already had some mastery of the other Yana dialects. His work with the Indian was primarily linguistic and resulted in a remarkable series of texts. Ishi's life came to an end on March 25, 1916, as the result of an oversusceptibility to tuberculosis to which he never developed the slightest immunity.

A final word about Ishi himself would be in place, but I find it difficut to say the right thing. It was patent that he liked everybody, and everybody liked him. He never wished to go back to the wilds, naturally enough, for there was nothing to go back to. He had however, to be reassured repeatedly that we had no intention of sending him back. As a matter of fact I think the closing years were far the happiest of his life.

CONCLUSION

It is only fair to certain of my informants to say that evidence has been advanced to prove that "wild" Indians have been at large in the Deer Creek and Mill Creek region even since Ishi came into civilization. I might give a couple of examples of this evidence:

1911.—Informant, hunting in Mill Creek cañon, finds on a sand bar a barefoot track, by a tiny smoldering fire. The sand was damp, and the track was fresh. The place was about seven miles above Avery's. The footprint was made by a person who had never worn a shoe. (Information by F. W. Grimm, of Red Bluff, 1915.)

1912.—Mr. D. B. Lyon enters a clump of heavy brush up Dry Creek. In the center he finds a bed made of twigs. The twigs had been gathered from

the *inside* of the clump. There were no marks on the outside that the brush had even been entered or disturbed. No white man, according to the informant's belief, could conceivably have had any motive in preparing the bed, in its situation.

1913.—John Moke, of Chico, and his daughter find in a cave on Mill Creek signs of "Indian" occupation. In 1914 the University party took Ishi into the cave, which was as far as we know in the same condition, and he said no Indians had been there since the "old people" of former generations had lived there, and smoked the ceiling with their cooking fires.

I presume this matter is still one in which a person is entitled to his own opinion. Personally, I cannot convince myself that any Indians survived the breaking-up of their village. Ishi says himself that his "sister" ran in one direction and he went in another, and he never saw her afterwards. He showed interest in the stories of Indians still at large, but seemed to have few hopes in that connection. Conversation on that subject always left him in a fit of depression, from which it took him some time to recover.

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

A number of persons were good enough to supply direct information from notes and personal experiences, concerning the events mentioned in the present paper. Thanks in this connection are due Mr. Richard Gernon, Mr. F. W. Grimm, Mr. Chris Kauffman, Mrs. Ludwig, Mr. D. B. Lyon, Mr. L. L. McCoy, Mr. Norvall, and Mr. Owen, all of Red Bluff; Mr. M. C. Polk and Mr. J. McCord Stilson, of Chico; Mr. W. J. Segraves of Susanville; and Mrs. G. W. Williams of Tehama. The following list includes the printed works cited:

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EXPLANATION OF PLATES

PLATE 1

Ishi the day after his capture at Oroville. He has been dressed in a slaughterhouse apron. His hair is burned short in mourning and there are strings through perforations in the lobes of his ears. There is also a hole through the nasal septum for accommodating an ornament, but the ornament itself is not visible in the picture.

THE LAST YAHI

ISHI AT THE UNIVERSITY, OCTOBER, 1911

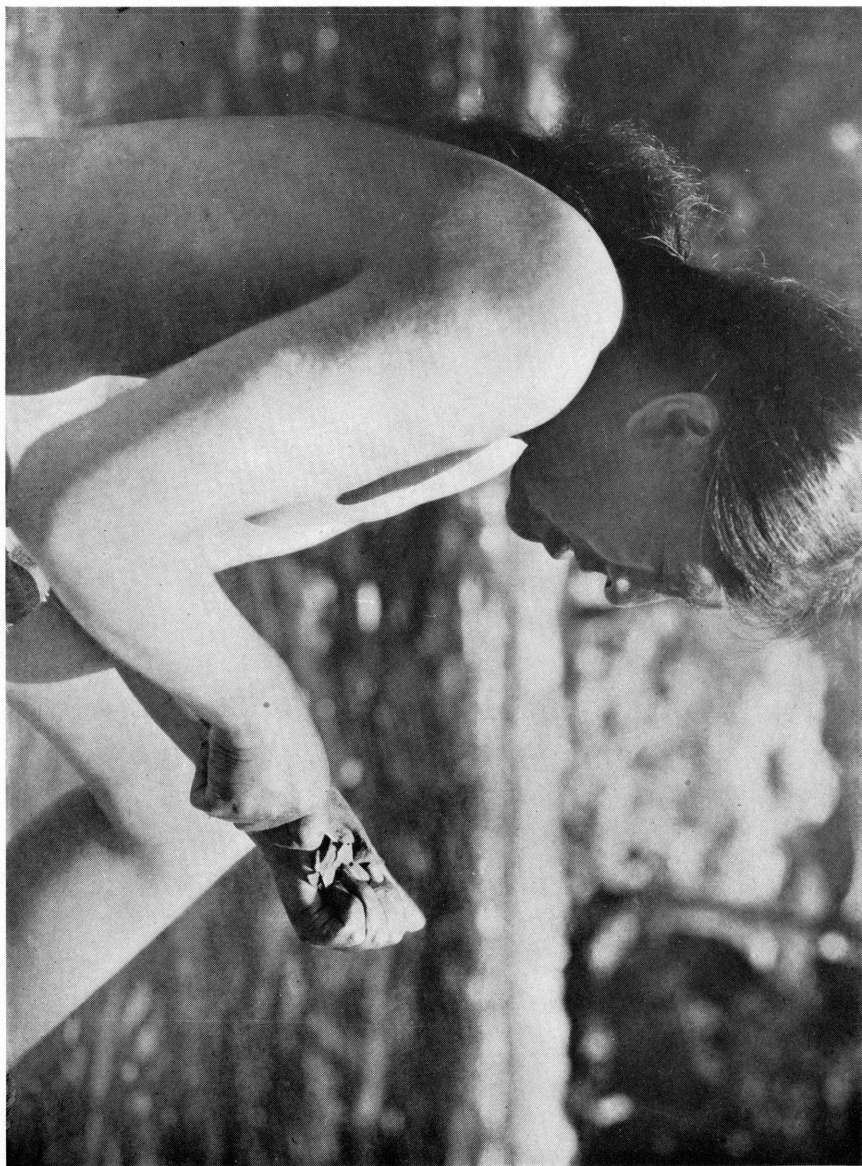
PLATE 3

Ishi shooting. Photograph taken near Deer Creek in May, 1914. The bow and arrow were made by him in San Francisco.

SHOOTING ON DEER CREEK

PLATE 4

Ishi flaking an arrow point. This photograph was taken on the bank of Deer Creek in 1914. Ishi has allowed his hair to grow long.

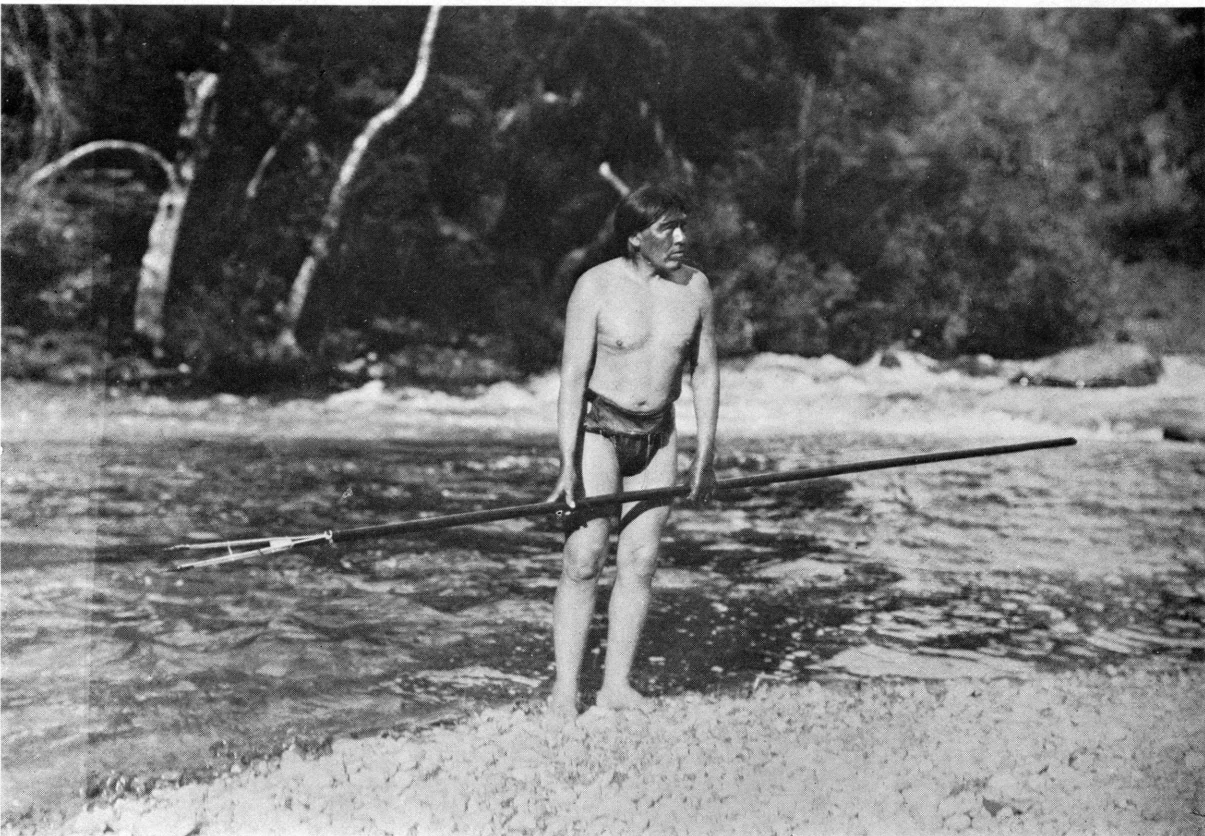


FLAKING AN ARROWHEAD

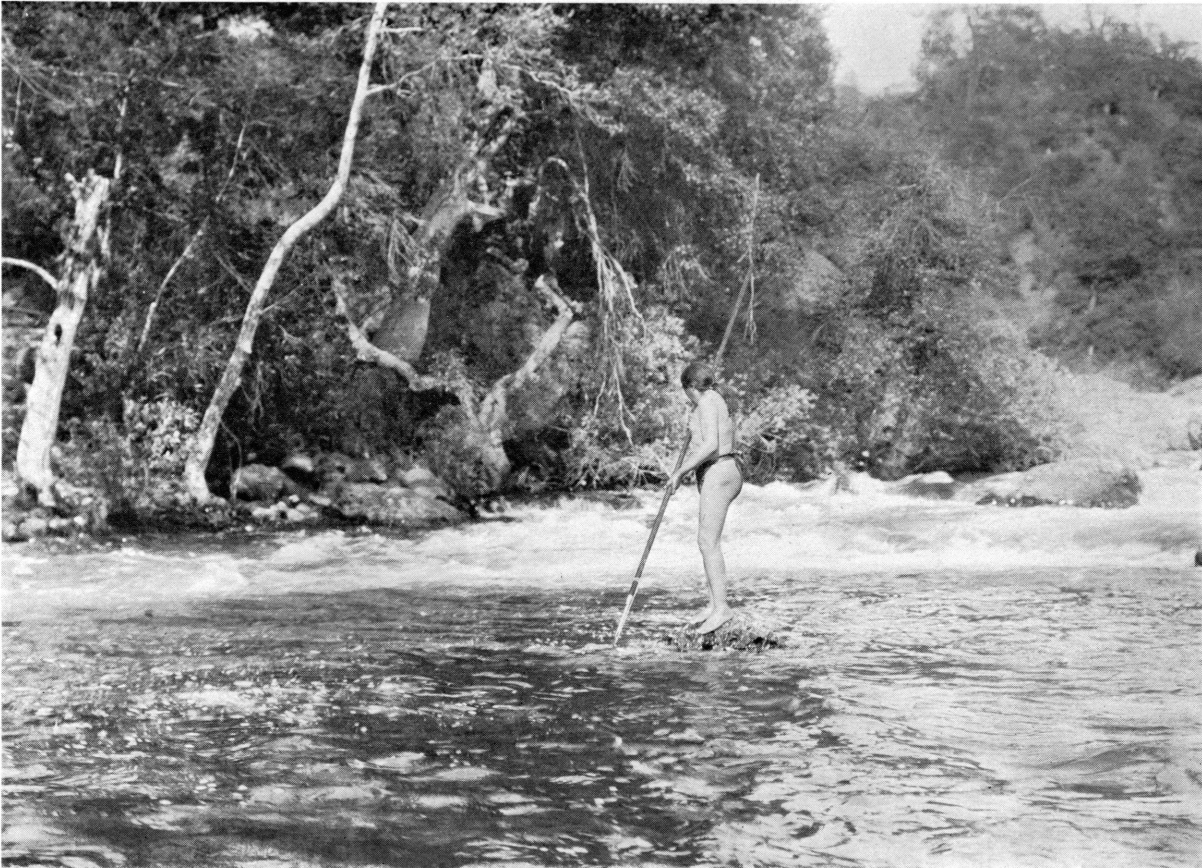
PLATE 5

Ishi sitting with his salmon harpoon by Deer Creek, near the mouth of Sulphur Creek. The harpoon was made on the spot.

ON DEER CREEK WITH THE SALMON SPEAR



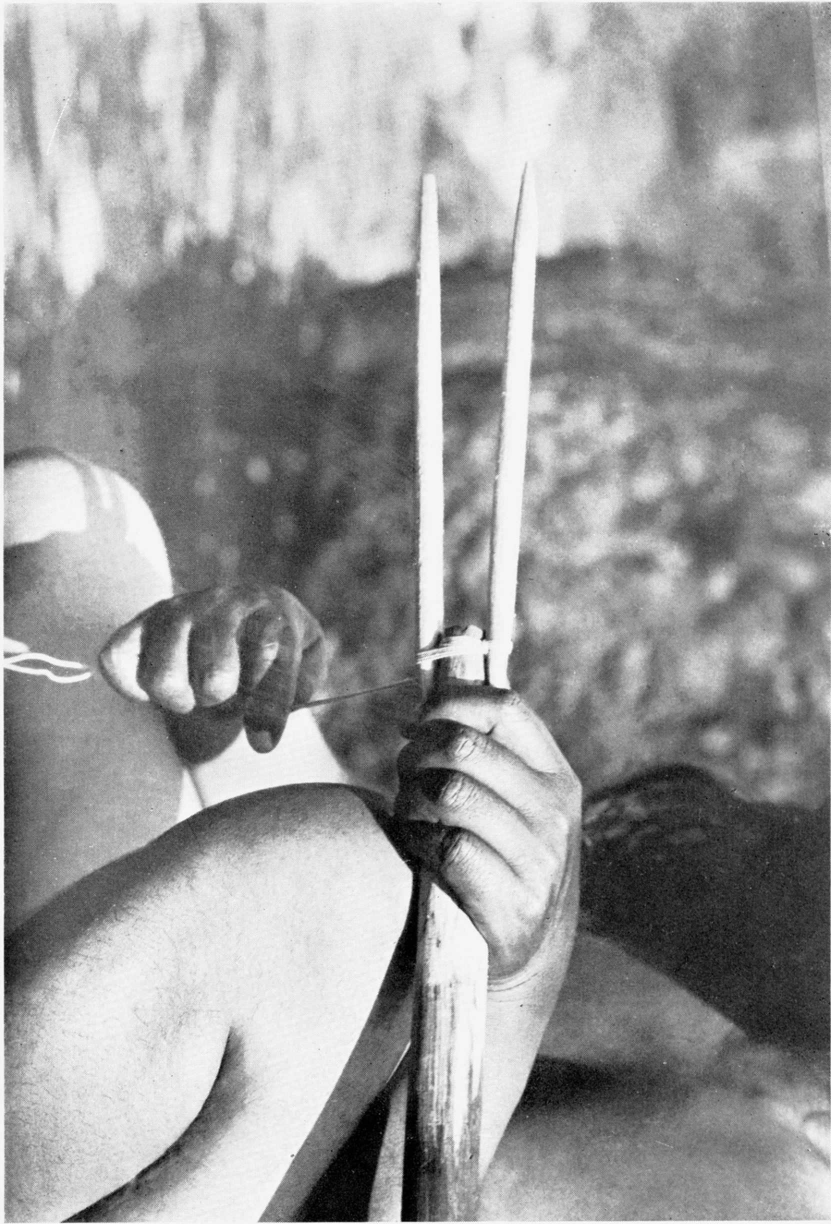
DEER CREEK, MAY, 1914



SPEARING SALMON

PLATE 8

Lashing the prongs to the shaft of the salmon harpoon.



LASHING THE SPEAR

PLATE 9

Fig. 1.—Preparing to put together the salmon harpoon.

Fig. 2.—Two pairs of toggle-heads for the salmon harpoon. These specimens were found in the last Yahi camp in 1908. They are now specimens 1–19574–5 in the University of California Museum of Anthropology.

Fig. 1

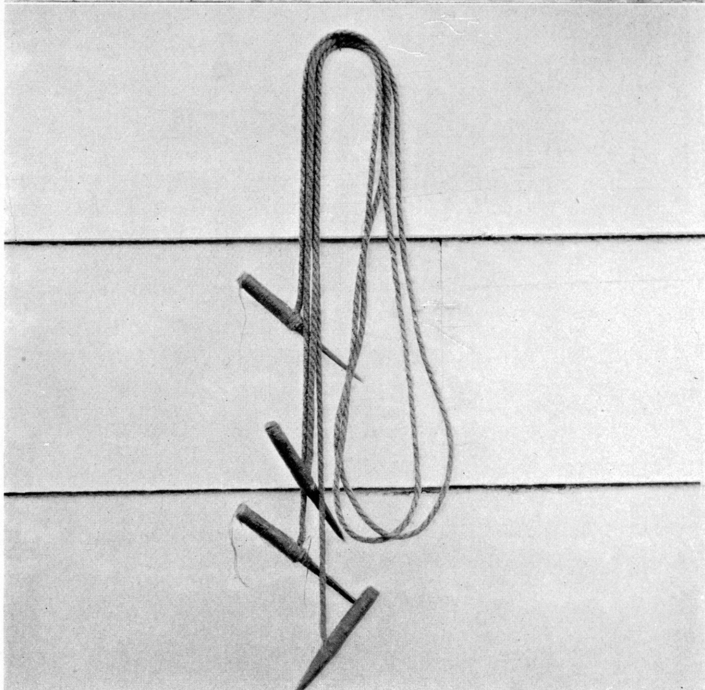


Fig. 2

TOGGLE-HEADS AND ASSEMBLY OF PARTS

PLATE 10

Fig. 1.—View across Deer Creek cañon in the region of the camps most recently inhabited by the remnant of the Yahi.

Fig. 2.—Cliffs at the rim of Deer Creek cañon, opposite mouth of Sulphur Creek. The rock and brush in the foreground are typical vegetation. The base of cliffs such as these is often from 500 to 1,000 feet above the stream.

Fig. 1

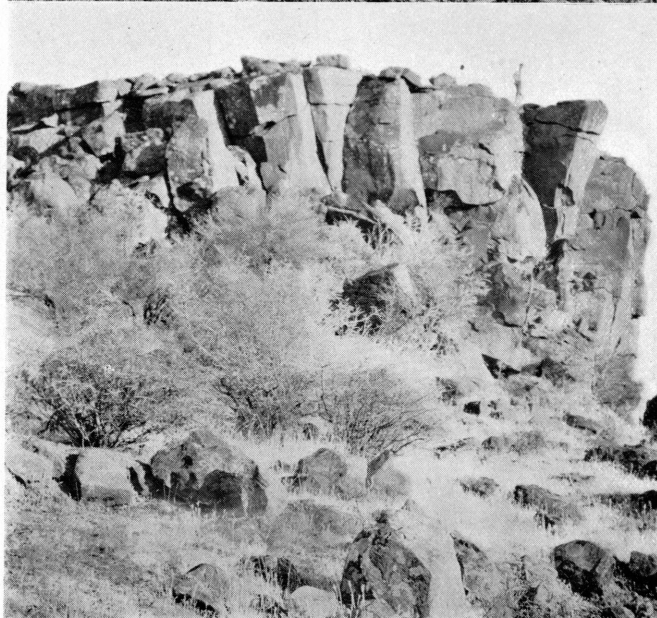


Fig. 2

DEER CREEK CAÑON, THE YAHI REFUGE

PLATE 11

Fig. 1.—A glimpse of Deer Creek in its cañon.

Fig. 2.—Remnants of a hut at ''Bear's Hiding Place'' on the south side of Deer Creek some three miles down stream from the mouth of Sulphur Creek. This is one of the three structures in which the remnant of the Yahi were discovered in 1908. The photograph was taken two years after the abandonment of the site.

Fig. 1

Fig. 2

''BEAR'S HIDING PLACE'' AND HUT

PLATE 12

Fig. 1.—Framework of another house in the same camp. Also photographed after it had stood vacant and the brush-covering had been blown away.

Fig. 2.—Interior of same, showing the cross-sticks for smoking or drying food.

Fig. 1

Fig. 2

HUT FRAMES

PLATE 13

Fig. 1.—Ishi on a rock slide below the cañon rim and above his peoples' camp at "Bear's Hiding Place" on Deer Creek. The photograph was taken in May, 1914.

Fig. 2.—The thick clumps of pepperwood among which the little houses at "Bear's Hiding Place" were concealed.

Fig. 3.—A cave in Deer Creek cañon some miles up-stream from the mouth of Sulphur Creek. This was at times inhabited by the fugitive Yahi. A bear skin now in the University of California Museum of Anthropology was taken from this cave many years ago. At the time this photograph was taken Ishi described how he spent a night shivering after arriving at the cave and finding his expected blanket gone.

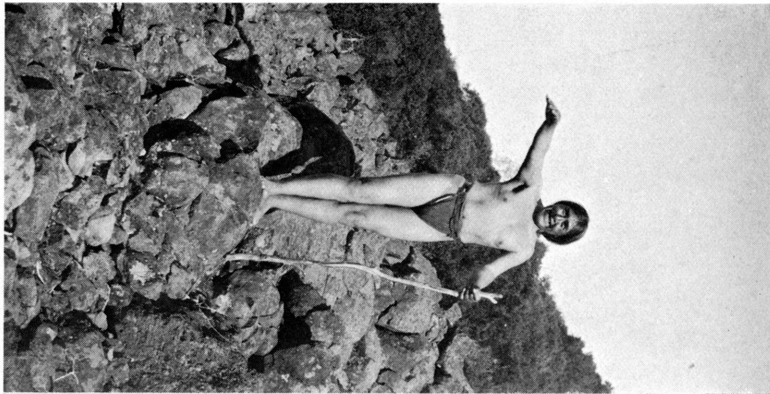


Fig. 1

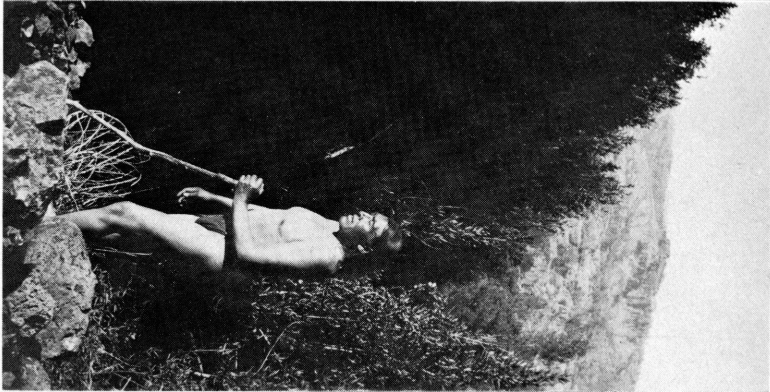


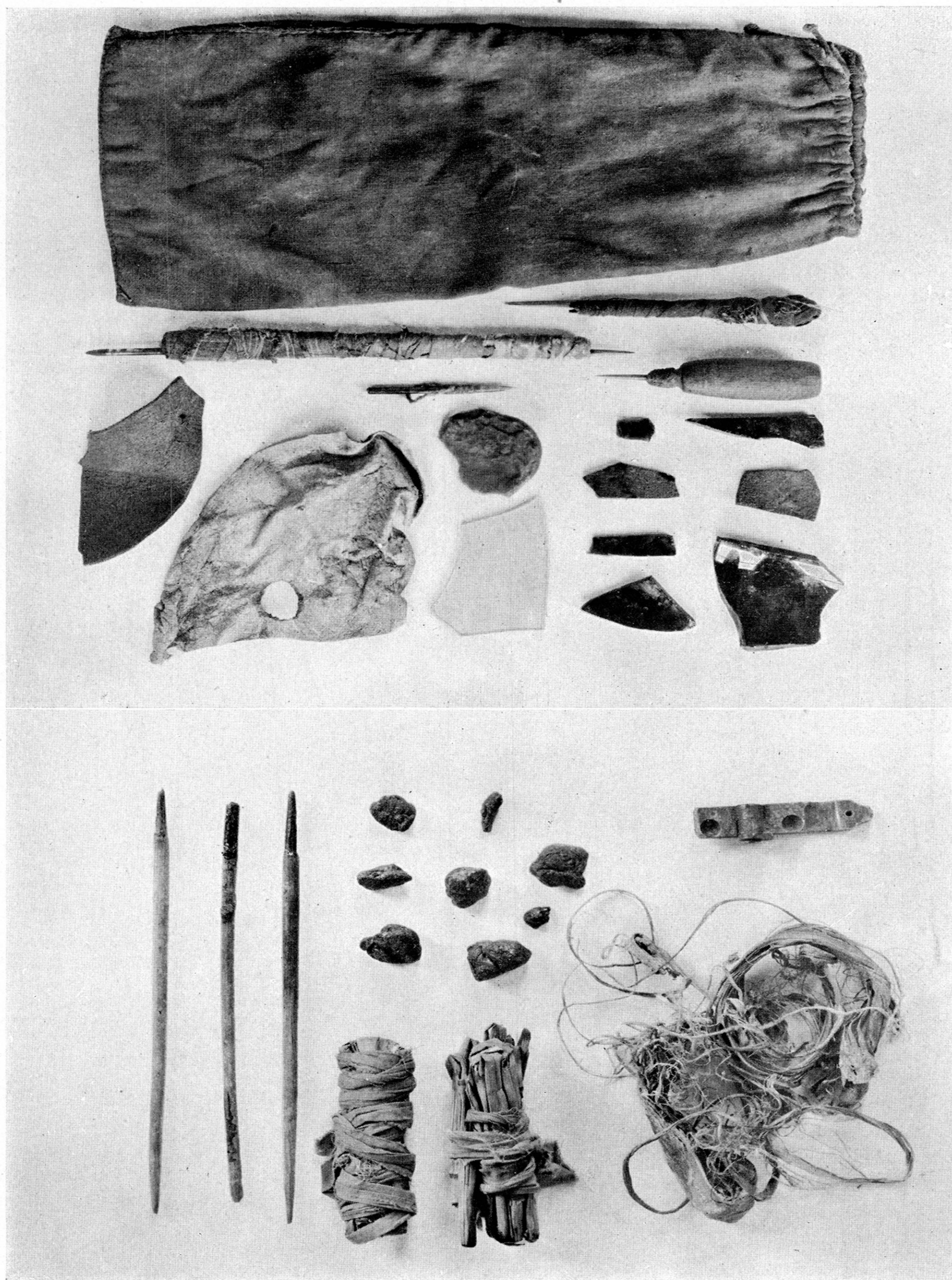
Fig. 2

Fig. 3

ISHI ABOUT HIS OLD HAUNTS

PLATE 14

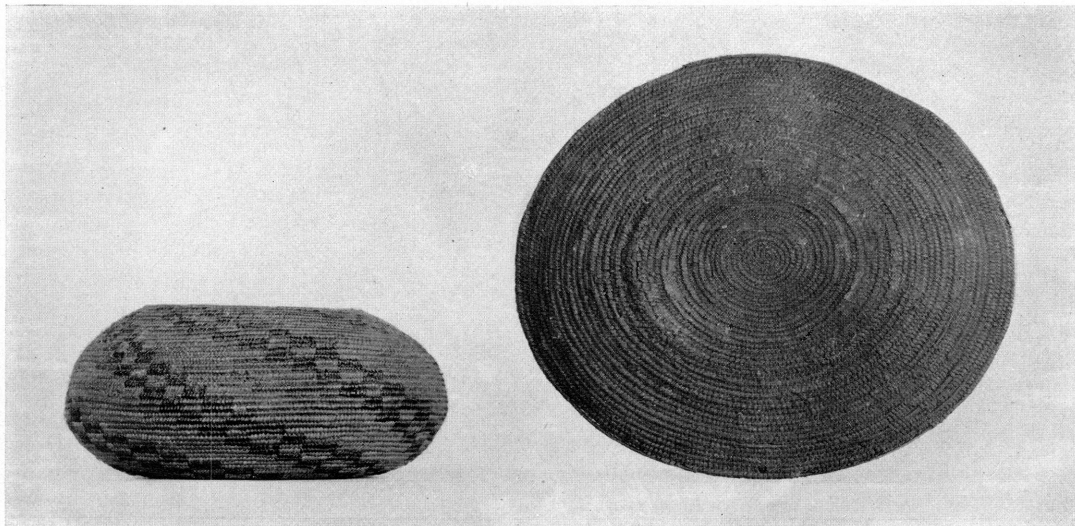
Arrow-making outfit taken as a trophy by D. B. Lyon when he ran upon a party of Yahi Indians in a thicket and had three arrows shot at him. The specimens are now at the University of California Museum of Anthropology. The outfit includes two arrow foreshafts, sinew, scouring rush for smoothing arrows, lumps of pitch and paint, part of an old gun lock, chips of glass and chinaware from which arrowheads were to be made, a stick for pitching, iron awls for chipping, skin pads to hold the glass while being flaked, and a pouch to contain the set.



YAHI ARROW-MAKING OUTFIT

PLATE 15

Two Yahi baskets. The smaller was left at the cabin of F. D. Norvall on Mill Creek by several Yahi Indians whom he had encountered and treated kindly. It is deposited in the University of California Museum of Anthropology. The tray was taken at ''Bear's Hiding Place'' in 1908 and forms number 30 in the J. McCord Stilson collection at Chico.



YAHI BASKETS

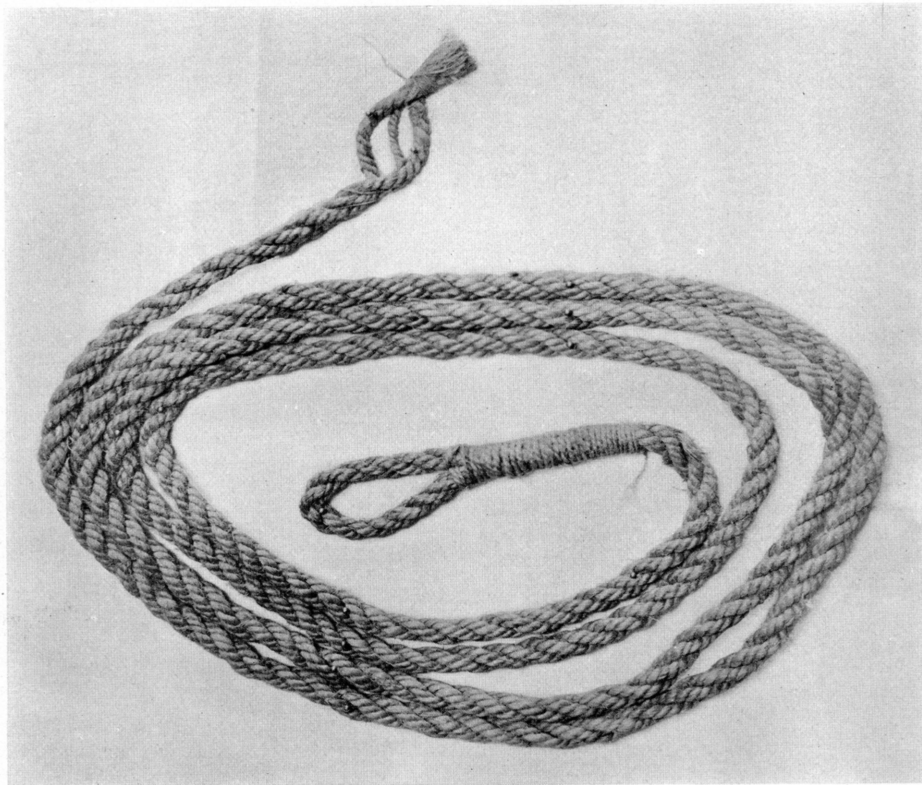
PLATE 16

Moccasin of deerskin sewn with sinew. This was taken from the Yahi camp at ''Bear's Hiding Place'' in 1908. It now forms number 32 in the Stilson collection. The shoe was too small for Ishi's foot and must have been worn by one of the women of his group.

YAHI MOCCASIN

PLATE 17

Deer snare found at ''Bear's Hiding Place'' in 1908. It now forms number 7 in the Stilson collection. The tapering rope is twisted of three somewhat unequal strands of milkweed or perhaps Indian hemp. The heavy end is spliced into a loop for the running noose.



YAHI DEER SNARE

PLATE 18

Fig. 1.—Hat patched of many fragments by a Yahi Indian and abandoned when he was surprised in an attempt to rifle a cabin on Deer Creek. This hat is now specimen number 1–19581 in the University of California Museum of Anthropology.

Fig. 2.—Much worn blanket or cape of strips of twisted rabbit skin with double weft of twine. Most of the fur has been rubbed off. Thongs near each end served to tie over the breast. The piece is about large enough to keep the back and sides warm. University of California Museum of Anthropology specimen number 1–16602. From "Bear's Hiding Place."

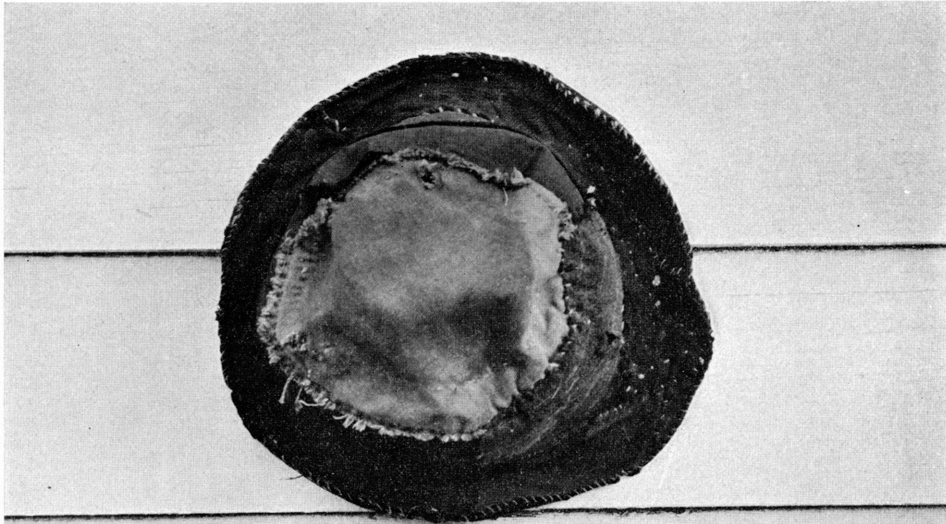


Fig. 1

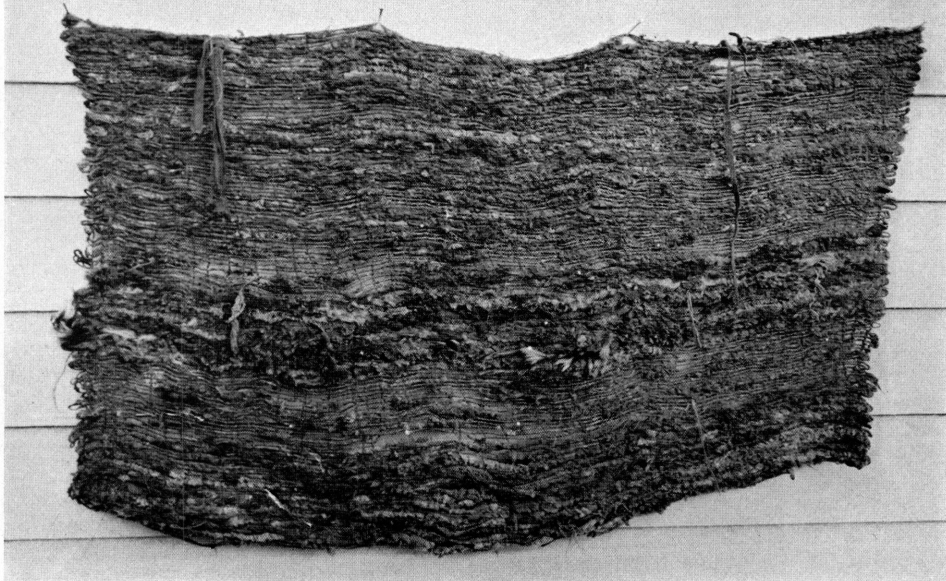


Fig. 2

HAT AND RABBIT-SKIN CAPE

FLAYING A DEER

PLATE 20

Stripping the large back sinews from the carcass of a deer. These sinews were valuable to the Yahi for backing bows and making bowstrings. One hand draws the cord while the other guides the knife in cutting loose the adjacent muscles.

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