

WILSON, Horatio
Weekly Mercury
1-19-1877

DIED.

At Cherokee, January 12, Horatio Wilson, aged 48 years, a native of England.

At Kerby's ranch, Beckworth Valley, January 3, 1877, Kate Bringham Kerby, aged 5 years, 10 months and 10 days.

At the same place, Jan. 3, 1877, Eva Kerby, aged 2 years, 2 months and 18 days.

Died.

Horatio Wilson, for a long time the book-keeper of L. Goodday, died of dropsy of the heart on Saturday last and was buried on Sunday. Deceased had just returned from a visit to the East.

STEVENS, Ada

Weekly Mercury

1-26-1877

Died.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Stevens had the misfortune to lose their only daughter, Ada, aged about four and a half years. She died last Wednesday morning after a long illness. She was a beautiful child and her loss will be sorely felt.

DIED.

In Oroville January 24th, Ada R. only daughter of George W. and Hattie S. Stevens, aged four years and six months.

At Ohio Flat, Yuba county Jan. 6, 1877, Alvira, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Conover, aged seventeen years and three months.

The Angel of Death has visited the home of our friends and called from their midst the spirit of a loved daughter and sister. It is said that "Death loves a shining mark," and it seems so indeed in this case; of a remarkably sweet and affectionate disposition, Alvira was loved not only by the members of the family circle; but by all of her associates, both young and old, who, with aching hearts and tearful eyes, assembled together on a beautiful Sabbath morning to pay the last tribute of respect to the lovely casket, which so short a time before, held the immortal soul of that dear one. Farewell, Alvira. It is hard to think that you will not return to those who loved you so, yet we know that though you cannot return to us we may come to you.

"Not lost, thank God, not lost!
Our darling one thou hast but gone before,
And we shall meet thee love in that fair land
When life's brief dream is o'er.

Not lost, our blessed one!
Not lost but safe on the Redeemer's breast
In that fair clime where death may come no
more,
The country of the blest.

Is it for this we grieve?
Is it for this the burning tear-drops flow?
And would we seek to call our darling back
To earth's dark scenes of woe?

We will not murmur more!
Father, no longer shall our hearts rebel;
Meekly we'll bow us to thy will and own
Thou doest all things well."

Forbestown, Jan. 22, 1877.

UNA.

MILLER, Mrs. James
Weekly Mercury
3-16-1877

Death of a Good Woman.

It is a sad and painful duty to record the death of "Auntie Miller," who died at the residence of J. McSmith, near Longs Bar on the 5th of February. Her kind and genial disposition, sympathetic nature and ever proffered aid in case of sickness and distress, endeared her, with a more than ordinary affection to all with whom she was brought in contact, and made for her warm personal friends throughout the county. The comfortless, desolate and gloomy country, were her peculiar care, and by her kindly manner and tender ministrations, she has soothed and cheered the last living moments of many fathers and brothers whose wives and mothers were far away, and whose hearts would be sad to-day could they know of her care for their loved ones. Out of the charity of her heart she gave bravely of what she had—active, energetic work, long night vigil, watches without rest, days of wearing toil—she gave always cheerfully and pleasantly, very, very often neither expecting nor receiving recompense. We all give sparingly of our funds at times, but how few of us are willing to extend charity at the cost of so much individual effort. Mrs. James Miller was a native of Scotland, immigrating to Philadelphia about the time of our gold discovery, and after a short sojourn there, came with her husband and daughter to this State, and has resided at or near Oregon City for about twenty years. Mr. Miller and his daughter, Mrs. Nesbit, will receive the sympathy of a host of friends in their bereavement.

DIED.

Died, at the ranch of J. McSmith, Mrs. Jas. Miller, aged 60 years, a native of Scotland.

DAVIS, Robert
Weekly Mercury
5-18-1877

DIED.

At Cherokee, May 13, 1877, Robert Davis, aged 76 years, six months and eight days, a native of Virginia.

Robert Davis was born in Harrison county, Virginia, November 5, 1800; died at Cherokee, Butte county, California, May 13, 1877, aged 76 years, six months and eight days. These dates note the beginning and end on earth of a long, eventful and noble life. When Robert Davis was but a youth his father, Jonathan Davis, removed with his family from Virginia to Ohio, and settled as a pioneer, in Champaign county. Having lived twenty years in Ohio, and having become himself a man of family, he removed to Illinois, and there remained, rearing a family, and having the happiness to see them go forth in life honest, industrious and useful men. Less than two years ago, in extreme old age, father Davis came to California, to spend his remaining days in peace and comfort with his son Ed. J. Davis, of Cherokee. Here his general health has been good for one of his age; but a slow decline came on, and on last Sunday morning, surrounded by family and friends, in quiet peace of mind, without pain or struggle, and in blessed hope and prospect of blissful immortality, he passed away from earth.

"How blest the righteous when he dies!

When sinks a weary soul to rest,

How mildly beam the closing eyes!

How gently heaves the expiring breast."

Father Davis has been for fifty years a regular member of the Methodist Episcopal church, and was a christian of thorough, consistent, practical piety. He leaves to his sons a precious heritage of a long and useful life, a noble character and many precious memories. His four sons who survive him are Wm. S. Davis, of Lassen county, California, James H., who resides in Yankton, Dakota Territory, and the other two are F. A. and E. J., highly respected and useful citizens of Butte county. Long may the memory of their fathers good example cheer them on in the way of life and usefulness.

JESSE WOOD.

WEEKLY MERCURY

FRIDAY.....JULY 6, 1877.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

Falling of the Flea Valley Flume—Two Men Instantly Killed, and two Others Wounded.

Last Tuesday afternoon at fifteen minutes past two o'clock, a fearful accident happened on the line of the Flea Valley Company's flume about two miles below the mill which resulted in the instant death of two men, and the severe wounding of two others. It seems that the company were sending down bunched lumber, which had formed a jam at the place of the accident. Patrick Bacon, Richard Watson, Charles Campbell, Stevens and a Chinaman were sent to break the jam. They had loosed about twenty bunches and were pushing on them, and moving them from side to side in order to float them along, when Watson cried out, "Run, boys, for God's sake, the flume is falling." No second invitation

Watson, Richard BACON, Patrick

was needed. His earnest, startling voice was enough to tell them of danger. Watson and the Chinaman ran up the flume, while the other three ran down stream. The flume stood about seventy feet in the air over the bed of a rocky stream, now dry. The Chinaman reached a place above the break, and did not receive any injuries. Campbell says that he heard the order to run and did so, but heard no crash, neither does he seem to know much about it, only that he suddenly found himself on the ground. On arising, the first person that he saw was Stevens attempting to walk but soon falling to the ground. He saw Bacon lying under some timbers, one arm broken in three places, the other badly crushed, and the lower part of his head badly crushed. He extricated him, and went to Watson who was dead, having been hit on the back of the head by a falling timber. Stevens is badly hurt about the back and shoulders. About two hundred yards of the flume fell. As soon as notice could be carried to the mill, parties were sent after the bodies and took them to the mill. They were brought to town Wednesday and buried on Thursday. Patrick Bacon was a native of Ireland, about 30 years of age, and a single man. Richard Watson was born in Kentucky, aged about 28 years, and leaves a widow and one child to mourn his loss. He has been in the State only a short time. He had acquaintances at Biggs' Station.

Morgan, William

Weekly Mercury

7-6-1877

DIED.

At Cherokee, July 3d, William Morgan, aged 62 years, a native of Wales.

Dead.

We regret to learn of the death of William Morgan, of Cherokee Flat. He died on Tuesday night after a long illness. Mr. Morgan has long been a resident of Cherokee, and was well known by most of our citizens. He was an honest, out-spoken man who always aimed to do right. No man ever pretended to doubt the correctness of his statements, for he was extremely careful to speak the truth at all times. He leaves a widow, and one son and a daughter, both grown.

SWAN, Moses
Weekly Mercury
7-13-1877

DECEASED.

At Courtland, Sacramento county, July 9th,
Moses Swan, aged 76 years.

Mr. Swan was the father of Mrs. J. M. Brock
of this place. He was universally beloved by
all who knew him. At a ripe old age, sur-
rounded by loving friends, he passed on to the
better land to receive the reward of his labors
while here.

Note: Moses was father-in-law of J. M. Brock

BUNNELL, Sarah Jane

Weekly Mercury

12-7-1877

Sudden Death.

On Thanksgiving afternoon, it was nearly dusk, Mrs. A. C. Bunnell, wife of A. C. Bunnell who formerly lived near Dry Creek, fell fainting to the floor and in a few minutes was dead. The family now live near Paradise. She had been quilting most of the afternoon and was unusually lively, talking and laughing with her children who were about her. As the men were absent, she requested the girls to go out and milk the cows before it became very dark, and while they were gone, leaving only a little girl in the room, she suddenly exclaimed, "What a headache I have! I'm growing blind." And as she attempted to rise she fell to the floor. Her children were soon around her and she breathed easily, but showed no signs of consciousness, and in a short time breathed her last. She was a large, corpulent lady, 51 years of age. Heart disease is supposed to be the cause of her death. She leaves a husband and several children to mourn her untimely loss. For many years she has been a devout follower of the Redeemer, and a bright and shining light in the christian church. Of a lively and joyous disposition, she made those around her feel the same spirit that seemed to animate her. Her loss will be greatly felt by all who were intimate with her, but more especially by the children, whose very existence seemed bound up in her. Truly a good woman has gone.

DIED.

In Oroville, December 3, Frank Casper, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lauer, aged 4 years, 10 months and 25 days.

In Oroville, Dec. 4th, Wm. Henry, son of Patrick and Mary E. Riley, aged, 1 year and 3 months.

At Cherokee Flat, December 5, Andy Bligh, a native of Ireland, aged 55 years.

At Paradise, Nov. 29, Mrs. Sarah Jane, wife of A. C. Bunnell, aged 51 years.

Near Gridley, Nov. 26, James Kelley, of Boston, aged 46 years.

At Nelson, Dec. 4th, infant son of Oscar and Laura Nelson.

KRAUSE, Jacob
Weekly Mercury
12-14-1877

Man Shot,

In another column we give an account of the killing of one Jacob Krause, an insane man, by Constable Durett of Cherokee. It is an unfortunate affair, but one that under the circumstances seems to be justifiable. He had been for a number of years an inmate of the insane asylum, and was as insane at the time he was killed as ever he was.

Riley, John

Weekly Mercury

12-14-1877

The Killing at Cherokee.

CHEROKEE, December 10th, 1877.

ED. MERCURY—As quite an excitement has been created in regard to the killing of a man on the 8th instant, and in justice to myself and others, I will give you the facts as near as possible. On the 5th instant, as Mr. John Riley was returning from a hunt and about two miles from this place, near the west branch of Feather river, he saw a man behind a tree with a pistol leveled at him over a limb. Mr. Riley at the time had a Henry rifle but did not wish to kill the man, and got over a point of rocks and went away. It was then reported that a mad man was running through the woods, and on the 7th Justice Willoughby issued a warrant for the arrest of said man and placed the same in my hands. On the 8th I started out, after asking Mr. Riley to accompany me. He (Riley) declined at first, but after some persuasion on my part agreed to go, stating that he did not believe the man would be taken alive, and he would not like to take any part in the matter. At the upper end of town we met Mr. J. Patterson and he with my son concluded to go with us. We struck the west branch at the mouth of Spring Valley ravine, and then had some talk with a Chinaman who said there had been a bad man at their camp three days previous, and that he had no house but lived under the rocks. After searching an hour or so in Spring Valley canyon we crossed the west branch. Here we were joined by Mr. Phelan and George McGiger, who were hunting game. We had not gone far down the river when some one said there is smoke coming out of the point of rocks on the other side of the river. We went on down until we got abreast of it and could see a sort of cave in the rocks, and I remarked that I could see a Chinaman's head peak out of the cave or hole.

One of our party hallowed and a man came out without hat or boots on, stood up very straight and gave a terrible scream or laugh and then went back into the cave. We then recrossed the river and went up to the cave. We said, "Come out, we are hunting and very tired and hungry." The man came near the mouth of the cave and set partially down. I stepped in and set down as close as I could to him. The rest of the party were outside. He said "Are you hunting?" Mr. Patterson said "Yes; is there any game around here?" The man said "Yes; I often kill them one and one-half miles with my pistol." I said "Can you hit them so far?" He said "They run that far before they fall." He had a Colt's Navy pistol on his breast in a scabbard. I tried to get closer to him by changing my position, but he kept his eye on me very sharp. The cave at this place was about two feet high and one and one-half feet wide. The men outside kept talking about hunting to draw his attention. At this time he lifted his left arm to hide his pistol from me and commenced to draw it with his right hand. I then grappled with him. I said, "Give up the pistol; you shall not be harmed." He said, "You son of a bitch you shall have all you want of it." At this time we were both down struggling for the pistol. Mr. Patterson was trying to help me, but the place was so small he could do no good. It was now life or death with me. The cave was so small my friends could not help me. He was frothing at the mouth like a tiger. He got the pistol under my ear and pulled the trigger, but the back part of my hand received the hammer. There was a fire in the back part of the cave and he had me partially in it. I had lost my grip on the handle of the pistol but had hold of the barrel with my left hand and had his left hand with my right. I said, "Give up or I will kill you; we are your friends." He said "Never." He then gave the pistol a twist and as he thought had it against my heart. He then yelled, "You son of a bitch, I have you now; you are a dead man," and pulled the trigger. The ball took a small piece out of my left hand and passed over my shoulder and came near hitting Mr. Patterson, who was trying to get in to help me. I think he left the hole and we struggled on. I was now pretty well worn out, with my eyes full of ashes and my throat full of smoke. I heard some one outside say "shoot him," and I looked back and saw my son pointing a double-barreled shotgun in the hole. I said, "Don't shoot, or you will kill me." I then said, "Riley, if you cannot come to my relief this man will get me yet." Riley crawled in on his belly on top of both of us, and got hold of the pistol and tried to wrench it from him. Then I let go to get my head out of the ashes and fire. Riley said, "He is getting the pistol from me; if you don't kill him he will kill me." At this I tried to get a shot at his arms but could not without hitting Riley. I was partly on my back when I shot him. I aimed at his heart. He died without a struggle. Under similar circumstances I would do the same again, if it was the last act of my life.

If any proof is needed in regard to the correctness of this statement it can be had by calling on Jacob Patterson, John Riley, James Phelan, George McGiger and C. L. Duret, all of Cherokee. Respectfully,

C. M. DURET,
Constable of Oregon Township and Deputy
Sheriff of Butte county.

CLOUSE, Hampton
Weekly Mercury
12-21-1877

His Right Name.

From L. H. Mecker, of Lovelock, we are informed that the right name of the man killed at Cherokee two weeks ago was Hampton Clouse, and that he had known him ever since he was twelve years old.

Weekly Butte Record

2-23-1878

Death of an Old Citizen.

Frank W. Day, for many years a citizen of Butte county, died at Pence's Ranch yesterday, after a lingering illness of several years. He had been for sometime employed in the capacity of a superintendent of the Flea Valley lumber yard at Pence's Ranch. He visited the Colusa springs about a year since, in hopes that their waters might be beneficial, but returned without hope to linger on until relieved by death. Mr. Day had been a prominent actor in the public affairs of the county, having filled the office of Sheriff for 4 years, and other positions, and always we believe, to the general satisfaction of his constituents. His first election as Sheriff was, as the Republican nominee in 1863, over the late lamented Dr. Phipps. He was re-elected on the Independent ticket in 1865 over the late B. F. Jones, of Oroville. He was assaulted by Chinamen in the lava beds of Oroville while collecting taxes in 1873, and beaten until he was insensible, which seemed to destroy his health and break down his robust constitution. He was a social, companionable man, and many a resident of Butte will pause in the rush and hurry of business to shed a tear to the memory of Frank Day.

SEXTON, Judge Warren T.
Oroville Mercury
4-12-1878
page 1 of 4

WEEKLY MERCURY

FRIDAY.....APRIL 12, 1878

Death of Judge Sexton.

"Judge Sexton is dead!" was the single sentence repeated in our ears time after time last Thursday afternoon. The story, though short, was but too true. He died at his residence in this town on Thursday afternoon, April 4th at four o'clock, surrounded by his family. The news quickly spread from house to house and the busy, bustling town soon became quiet. Men had no heart for business. Our older citizens who had known him since '49 and '50 met in groups to talk over what was best to be done about his funeral. The flags were at half mast in every part of town. Never have we seen such a change take place in a town in so short a time. For years and years he had been the "power behind the throne," the one man to whom every one went in the day of his trouble. In the hot political contests he was the general who planned the campaigns, strengthened the weak points and generally achieved a victory for his friends. On Friday morning the Bar met at the court room and organized by the appointment of A. Maurice Jr. Chairman, and John C. Gray, Secretary. A. Maurice, J. M. Burt and L. D. Freer were appointed a committee to make the necessary arrangements for the funeral, and Messrs Hunter, Burt and Jackson were appointed a committee on resolutions to report on the first day of the May term of the District Court. Sheriff Sprague was appointed marshal. The hour for funeral service was fixed for 10 o'clock on Saturday the 6th, and Revs. Jesse Wood and G. C. Cummings invited to conduct it.

HIS LIFE.

There never has been a man in California who occupied a prominent position in the state as long as Judge Warren T. Sexton did, who did not leave more material behind him concerning his early life. The Judge rarely spoke of his boyhood days, though we have heard him declare that he was a foreigner, having been born in New Jersey. From the best information that we can get, we find that he was born in Warren county, New Jersey, in 1822. That while still a young boy his father moved with his family to Michigan and there engaged in building railroads by contract. We have often heard Judge Sexton speak of his part of the work and the severe labors that he was called to perform at times. While still quite young he fitted and entered Ann Arbor University with the intention of graduating from the College of Letters. It was while attending this now celebrated institution that he gained that knowledge of the ancient languages, particularly Latin, that made him authority on all disputed points. Caesar, Sallust and Virgil were familiar authors with him. During the latter part of his junior year, his father failed in business and young Sexton was compelled to leave college and strike out for himself. It was at this time that the gold excitement began to sweep over the West. He was among the very first to turn his steps to the new country. He joined the Wolverine Rangers under Capt. J. D. Potts, of Red Cliff, and crossed the plains in 1849. We hear of his being here as early as October 1849. His first and only mining was done at Long's Bar between that time and the time of his entering upon the discharge of his duties as County Clerk at Bidwell Bar, July 17, 1850. On the 4th of the following October we find him at Hamilton, the county seat having been removed there filling the office of County Clerk to the Court of Sessions. He continued to reside there until August 10th, 1853, when he went with the county seat to Bidwell's Bar. He held the office of County Clerk until he took the office of District Attorney in 1853. The early records of the Courts of this county are all in his well known hand writing. One familiar with his writing during the closing years of his life would not need to inquire for the books written up by him. The writing speaks for itself. Every word is well written, each letter perfectly formed, and each punctuation mark in its proper place. Everything he did was well done. Care and neatness were shown throughout his entire writings. In December 1875 he wrote for the MERCURY an article entitled, "A brief glance at the Past

present of Butte County," which is to-day the only authentic history of the county, and should be preserved for future reference. The manuscript was the admiration of the printers. No change was made, for none was needed. It was perfect as it came from his pen. He held the office of District Attorney one term of two years and then formed a law partnership with Judge Charles F. Lott. At the time he entered upon the discharge of his duties as County Clerk, he began to read law. He found no one to assist him in the discharge of his duties, and had but few books to refer to. No two lawyers gave him the same advice upon the same subject when he made inquiries of them concerning his duties and he determined to learn them for himself. So well did he succeed that very many of his forms have been adopted and are in use in this State to-day. During his partnership with Judge Lott he rarely appeared in court to argue either questions of law or fact. He had no desire to speak in public. He was naturally timid and diffident. We have often heard him remark that he thought he had left the imprint of his fingers on the table in the old court room at Bidwell's Bar, as he held to it on rising to address the jury or the Court. While Judge Lott did the talking, Judge Sexton gave his attention to the preparation of the case, and it was prepared with the skill of a master hand. In 1857 he was elected District Judge, beating Judge Lewis by a large vote. He was re-elected in 1863 and again in 1875. In 1879 he was defeated for the same position by Judge Lott. It will be seen that he has held the position of District Judge fourteen years and three months. The last time that he appeared in court was on the 16th of March last. He was hardly able to walk up the stairs leading to the court room, but when on the bench he sat as erect as ever listening to the argument of counsel. The session was short. He ordered the Sheriff to adjourn court sine die. After all had passed out of the room save Dr. Green, the Clerk, he buried his face in his hands and exclaimed, "Thank God, it's over," referring to the term of the court. Judge Sexton was married at Rough and Ready, in this State, November 14th, 1855, to Miss Z. Stevens, who survives him. He also leave two children.

SEXTON, Judge Warren T.

Oroville Mercury

4-12-1878

page 2 of 4

THE FUNERAL.

Saturday morning at 10 o'clock was the hour fixed for the funeral to take place, and long before that time the town began to fill up with strangers. They came from every direction. An extra train from Marysville brought up the members of the Bar, Mayor Rideout, Hon. J. H. Jewett and many other prominent men. C. A. Garter and ex-Sheriff Cushing came from Red Bluff. From Chico ex-County Clerks, Gilkyson and Robinson came. The old residents of the county, those who came in '49 and '50 were in attendance, and many a tear was shed by them over the remains of him whom they almost worshiped. The Court House was draped in mourning from foundation to capitol. The desk where he sat for so many years was draped in mourning and then covered with white flowers, presenting a beautiful appearance. The Sheriff was assisted by Mrs. Geo. W. Stevens, Mrs. James C. Gray, Mrs. D. K. Perkins, Mrs. Wm. DeMott, Mrs. John B. Hewitt, Miss Sallie Sparks, Miss Mamie Hundley, Miss Hattie McKillop and Miss Jotie Drake, and never have we seen flowers woven into more beautiful figures and shapes than those that decorated the coffin, the bench, the windows and the doors. At half past ten the pall bearers entered the Court House, under the charge of A. Maurice Jr., who had been selected by the attorneys as their marshal. The pall bearers were ex-Supreme Judge, I. S. Belcher, Hon. G. G. Clough, Judge of the Twenty-second Judicial District, C. A. Garter,

Red Bluff, District Attorney Freer, J. M. Burt, P. O. Hundly, John C. Gray and County Judge Safford, all members of the Bar except the latter. The services were opened by the choir singing the Judges favorite song, "Gathering Home." Mrs. LaMonte presided at the organ, and Mrs. James C. Gray, Mrs. S. S. Boynton, Wm. Armstrong, of Chico, Charles Gummow and Jerome Foster formed the choir. Rev. Jesse Wood read a chapter from the Bible and made a fervent prayer. Rev. Father Cummings spoke fifteen minutes. He referred to the fact that he had been one of the earliest acquaintances of the Judge in this State. That in December '49 they passed two weeks together, during the time of a flood, in the garret of a house in the city of Sacramento. That their acquaintance ripened into friendship and continued up to the day of his death. He spoke of his long career in public life, and that no man could call in question a single one of his public acts. The procession was three-fourths of a mile in length and was one of the most grief-stricken that ever moved through our streets. The services at the cemetery were performed by Rev. Mr. Wood. The grave received all that was mortal of the beloved Judge. We shall not attempt to write of his varied and extensive learning, of his career as a jurist, or of his great worth as a citizen. These are well known to our readers, for his name has been as familiar to them as that of any other man in our State. On the bench he was dignified without being severe. To the older attorneys he was uniformly polite and attentive. He expected them to come with their cases well prepared for trial, and if they did not, through their own carelessness, but little mercy was shown them. To young attorneys, or those just entering upon the practice of the law he was a friend indeed. He assisted them by every means in his power consistent with a proper discharge of his own duties. It fared hard indeed with the old practitioner who attempted to take an unfair advantage of the novitiate. He usually received such a drubbing that one would last him a lifetime. No doubt he was led to do this by the recollection of the trials of his early days at the Bar, when trembling and diffident he rose to present his case, only to find himself a target for the squibs of those long experienced in the business. Aside from this, however, his kindness of heart, his great desire to stimulate the ambition of young men, to see them succeed in life, caused him to sweep every barrier from their pathway that he could. Our citizens were accustomed to go to him so often and so freely for advice upon almost every subject, no matter how trivial, that each feels that his own particular friend has been taken away, and he feels lost and sad. Death, ruthless, ever dreaded Death, always robs us of our brightest jewels. The bright eyed, intelligent boy, the pride of his father and mother, sickens and dies, and is laid to rest, while the deformed, stupid brother remains to remind his parents of his hideousness. So too, in the other walks of life. The noble, honest, uncorruptable Judge, is gathered to his fathers, while the base, dishonest, and bribe-taking remain to vex and plague mankind. Death gathers the fairest first, but in the end, all.

[For the Mercury.]

Judge Sexton.

The Mercury for this week contains a lengthy biographical sketch of the life of Judge Sexton. This being written by a brother lawyer, doubtless does full justice to his professional talent and legal ability. Our acquaintance with the Judge, extending through some twelve years, was based chiefly upon his love for general literature, and having had occasion many times to mark his varied and extensive reading, we would, in writing this, but pay one more tribute of respect to his honored name. History was his favorite study after the law, and with it his acquaintance was minute. The histories of Greece and Rome he seemed to know intimately, and the names of Aurelian, Tacitus and Hadrian were as familiar to him as the names of Cromwell, Napoleon and Washington are to most readers. In the presence of several one evening we heard him talking upon the Athenian orators and their names seemed to be packed away in his memory in such order that they came instantly to his tongue and it appeared no more of an effort to compare them and their style than it would for a well read Englishman to compare Burke and Chatham or Fox and Sheridan. Happening to ask the Judge one day who followed Edward III he replied at once, Richard II, and then said: "I think I can give every one of the English sovereigns in regular order. Come into the library a moment and I will see." Opening a drawer he took from it a sheet of blue legal cap saying: "I wrote those off fifteen years ago and I think I know them yet." While I held the list he repeated correctly every name from William the Conqueror down to Victoria, and in nearly every instance gave the number of years that each reigned. Handing me the paper when I rose to go home the Judge said: "You may have that list if you wish, for I think I can remember them the rest of my life, and will probably never look it over again." Dozens of such illustrations might be given, but it would make this article too long for publication. Natural history was one of his favorite studies, and he was acquainted with the works of Agassiz, Audubon, Carpenter, Darwin, Huxley, Goodrich and Figuer, and doubtless with others. His reading was close on the various divisions of natural history, and it was quite difficult to name a bird that he could not describe or describe one that he could not name. Once while reading on "Alternate and Equivocal Reproduction," I called the Judge's attention to it. "O yes," he replied, "you will find that treated of in 'Gould's Principles of Zoology,'" and he entered into an explanation of the subject which seemed to make it as clear as day. So it was with all he read, he mastered the subject fully and laid it away in his memory ready for instant use. His shelves were adorned with the best works on Ornithology, Ichthyology, Botany and the various other subdivisions of natural history, and they were often referred to. He cared but little about reading works of travel unless written by scientific authors. In reading fiction he selected only the masterpieces, such as would bear reading over and over again. Among the leading English and American poets his reading was extensive; with Milton and Shakespeare notably so. Longfellow and Whittier he often read and admired, and could quote freely from Byron and Scott, yet he seemed to place Burns ahead of them in some respects and

SEXTON, Judge Warren T.

Oroville Mercury

4-12-1878

page 4 of 4

Milton I would unhesitatingly name as his favorite. He read by subjects rather than authors, and always wished to have two or more authors to compare on the same subject. In selecting his books he always made it a point as far as possible to procure all the writings of an author. As we have often heard him say he wanted everything the author had written. One line of study in which he had read deeply was geology. Dana, Buckland, Lyell, Figuier, Murchinson, Hugh Miller and Darwin were his favorite writers on this subject, though he read every work on it he could obtain. His knowledge was not confined to books alone, as an instance I recall will illustrate. While traveling in Plumas county some years since, in 1868 I think, a dispute arose respecting the rock known as ophiolite. One gentleman said he didn't believe the Judge could find a specimen of it in the county. "Not find, any in the county?" replied the Judge, "why, sir, I can point out to you two fine examples of it in a cliff between here and Quincy." Then as we rode along he described the place in detail where the ophiolite was situated, told which side of the road and about how high up on the face of the cliff to look, and when we reached the place asked the driver to stop, and then pointed out to us the two veins he had described. It is needless to point out all the branches of study wherein he excelled ordinary students. He easily grasped a subject and seldom left it until he was master of its most important features. Books were a passion with him and he believed a library was a necessity not a luxury. In the language of one of his favorite authors—Macaulay—is an expression that the Judge might have appropriately used as his own. "These are the old friends who are never seen with new faces, who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity. Plato is never sullen. Cervantes is never petulant. Dante never stays too long. Demosthenes never comes unseasonably. No difference of political opinion can alienate Cicero. No heresy can excite the horror of Bossuet." No man could have been kinder about lending his books though he treasured them so highly. To half a dozen different ones I have heard him say. "You are welcome to any book I have in my library. Read when you like, and keep a week or a month just as you please." He knew the position of every book in his library and could find one in the dark almost as readily as in the light. An incident will show how kind he was to others about books. Visiting an acquaintance some time since I noticed a small volume with the name W. T. Sexton written on the fly-leaf of it. My friend seeing me look at the name said: "That is a book Sexton gave me. Once while teaching up in the hills I was introduced to the Judge and happened to ask him if he knew the author of the 'Vestiges of Creation.'" "No, sir," he replied, "nor does any one else. It is not known who wrote it," and he went on to give a history of the book itself. When he concluded he said: "Now I have two copies of the book and if you will read it I will give you one copy the first time you come to Oroville." "About six months afterwards I came to Oroville and when some one introduced me to the Judge again he said: "You are the young man that inquired about the 'Vestiges of Creation,' now if you would like to have the book we will go and get it." I went with him and after presenting the book to me he gave me permission to take any of his book, read them at leisure and return them whenever convenient." Southey expresses in one of his poems an idea that would aptly have applied to him who has so lately left us:

"My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.
My hopes are with the dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust."

He wrote for the press easily and fluently, seldom having to re-write a page the second time. As an example of his power over language, I quote a sentence from his "History of Butte County" and believe it would be difficult for any one to select a more beautiful and polished sentence from the writings of our best authors. "Even from where we write, on looking to one side we see an immense tract of such lands, some of them once covered with orchards and vineyards, but which now look as though the Angel of Desolation had stamped his foot upon them and cursed them forever and forever. Even "God's Acre" has been desecrated, and the mouldering bones of the slumbering dead, have been ruthlessly torn from their resting places where they had been laid by kind and sorrowing friends and scattered broadcast over the fair surface of the earth, to bleach and whiten in the face of Heaven, in order that some miner might make an attempt to satiate his accursed thirst for gold." Lest my mining friends should forget the article to which I allude, I will say the miner's cause is pleaded in language almost as beautiful and fully as forcible. To this I will add no more. By others the life of the honored dead will be ably written, and to their labors I have joined my tribute of respect. Let us believe with the poet:

"There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian
Whose portal we call Death."

Wolf, Abraham
Weekly Mercury
4-26-1878

Death of a Pioneer.

Another pioneer has answered to the long
and call. Abraham Wolf, of Cherokee, a na-
tive of Barvaria, aged 51 years, died last week
at Cherokee. He was a merchant, having fol-
lowed that business for many years. He came
to this State at an early day, living most of the
time in Butte county. He was a man of whom
every one spoke well. Quiet, unassuming,
strictly honorable in all of his dealings, he
died regretted. We have known him for a
number of years and knew that he was all
that his neighbors claimed him to be. One by
one our honored pioneers are passing on to the
better land, leaving behind pleasant memo-
ries.

CROSETTE, Mollie Tilden

Chico Enterprise

5-24-1878

DIED.

In Chico, May 18th, Willie Tilden, son of Geo. H. and Isabel L. Crosette, aged 5 years and 2 days.

In Chico, May 23d, Mollie Tilden, daughter of Geo. H. and Isabel L. Crosette, aged 3 years 3 months and 2 days.

The whole of this community deeply sympathize with the bereaved parents, in this hour of their affliction. Two bright and lovely cherubs, the light and joy of the household, transplanted to the heavenly land, where sorrow is unknown. It appears sometimes that our burdens are greater than we can bear but a loving Father ruleth over all, and ordereth all things aright.

CROSETTE, Willie Tilden
Weekly Mercury
5-24-1878

DIED.

In Chico, May 18th, Willie Tilden Crosette, aged 5 years and 2 days.

Sad.

On Saturday last, Willie Tilden, a little five-year old son of Geo. H. Crossette, editor of the Chico Record, died after a few days sickness with diphtheria, and as it is said that misfortunes never come single. a younger child, Mollie, expired on Thursday, having been afflicted with the same malady. This is a very sad affair, and, while we deem it proper to humbly bow to the decrees of Providence, we most heartily sympathize with our brother and his family in this their hour of affliction.

ALLIS, Peter
Weekly Butte Record
5-25-1878

A Body Found.

Some time ago word was received at this office that Peter Allis was missing. Mr. Allis has lived for some time in the Big Bend of the West Branch, where he was engaged in the business of mining. Deputy Sheriff Duret, of Cherokee, examined the vicinity of Big Bend when he first heard of the disappearance, but could obtain no information of any importance from those who live in the neighborhood. Duret became convinced in his own mind that Allis had been made away with, but could receive no clue on which to work. Three weeks ago, in Oroville, the officer informed a representative of the RECORD that he would yet find out all about the matter, although it might take him a year, and requested that his suspicions be not published as a news item. In accordance with the officer's wishes, no mention has heretofore been made of the matter, but as the body has been found we consider ourselves no longer bound in secrecy. It seems that the officer procured assistance and searched diligently for the body for about two weeks, but without success; but a few days ago, when in close proximity to the cabin where Mr. Allis lived, some wild hogs were found uprooting a body from the earth, which was immediately identified as being that of Mr. Allis. Whether robbery was the object of the murder or not is not known, because it is not known whether the old man had any money in the cabin or not. But there are some who seem to think that it is a part of the old vendetta which is known to exist among a certain class in that section of the county. Whether the perpetrators of the deed will ever be discovered is a question, although suspicion points very strongly, so we are told, against certain parties who are under surveillance at present.

Delf, Harry

Weekly Mercury

6-21-1878

Death of Harry Delf.

Harry Delf, a pioneer of Butte county, having been engaged in early times in mercantile pursuits at Cherokee Flat, died at the County Hospital, on Sunday last. He was at one time in good circumstances, but he was struck with paralysis about two years ago, and spent all his money for medical aid. He was a native of Denmark, and aged 51 years.

WEEKLY MERCURY

FRIDAY..... JUNE 21, 1878.

Another Suicide.

Not a week has passed during the last month but what we have been compelled to perform the painful duty of chronicling the suicide of some poor unfortunate. It is with the profoundest regret that we announce the death by his own hands, of John Hopkins, a gentleman well and favorably known in this county, who has lived near Cherokee for nearly twenty years. On Monday last, about 8 o'clock A. M., the body of this unfortunate man was discovered swinging to a tree, in Beatson Hollow, and life, of course, was extinct. On Saturday he visited the house of Thomas Jones, near Cherokee, and ate dinner with Mr. Jones. He, while here, wrote a note to his brother, requesting him to meet him in the hollow where he hanged himself. At 1 o'clock on Saturday he left the house, and was not seen alive afterward. The note to his brother indicates almost conclusively that he was demented at the time it was written. His actions while at Jones' house were noticeably strange and unusual. It seems that he made several efforts to hang himself with two shirts, failing each time on account of the shirts not being strong enough, until finally, after cutting his arm with a knife, severing an artery and also cutting his throat some, he took another shirt, and, with the three, he succeeded in making a rope strong enough to hold his weight. Blood was traced to a stream of water 30 yards from the tree from which his body was suspended, and it is supposed that he went there to get a drink of water. A book was found on his person in which he expressed the wish that his body be interred in the ground near the tree to which he was hanging, and that there be no tomb or monument or anything erected to mark his memory. 'Squire Willoughby, of Cherokee, held an inquest over the body, and the cause of the act was assigned by the jury to insanity. Mr. Hopkins was always a quiet, peaceable fellow, and was universally esteemed by his acquaintances. He had many noble traits of character, and was considered one of the best miners in the county. He left all his property to the children of his brother. Green be the turf on the grave of poor John Hopkins.

FOSTEN, Mrs. Charles (Emma)

Butte County Register

8-23-1878

CHEROKEE NEWS.

CHEROKEE Aug. 31, 1878.

We are having very pleasant weather since the rain of last Wednesday, with hopes of decided sanitary improvements as our place has been very sickly this summer.

We were very much shocked to hear of the sudden death of A. Maurice, Jr., of Oroville, on Saturday, last; and again the following day we were surprised by the announcement that one of our old residents was found dead on Sinclair Flat, about three miles from this place and upon investigation the report proved too true. James Murdock who has been working for John Welch in his mine on Sinclair, left this place about 4 o'clock A. M. Tuesday, 18th inst. to go to the claim and was not seen again alive. He was found under a bush, about a half mile from the claim on Sunday, having been dead six days when found. It is supposed he became overcome with the excessive heat which caused his death. Decomposition was so far advanced that he was buried where he was found.

Mrs. Chas. Fossen, of Oregon City, dropped dead at her residence last Friday morning.

Within the last two weeks there have been several deaths in this place, among the number E. A. Pierson lost his two only children, Willie and Abby, aged about 15 and 13.

Your humble servant and family are enjoying more than usual good health, as I've not had a chill for a fortnight past.

The Republican Convention to nominate a candidate for the First Supervisor District, met here Saturday. Rufus Moore, of Dry Creek, received the nomination, and will be elected, as he is a number one man.

JED.

PIERSON, Willie & Abby
Butte County Register
8-23-1878

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JED.

FRANCE, Dr. G. W.
Weekly Mercury
9-6-1878

The Late Dr. G. W. France.

In our last issue we referred briefly to the life of the late Dr. France, of Cherokee Flat, and, as the doctor was well and favorably known in Butte county, we this week present additional particulars, which we obtained from a gentleman who was well acquainted with him during his life time. Dr. France was born in Baltimore, Maryland. While yet a young man, he removed to Washington, D. C., and graduated at the Georgetown University. He subsequently studied medicine with Dr. Smith, Professor of Surgery in the University of Maryland. He attended lectures in this institution, and received his diploma with the graduating class of 1852. He resided on the Eastern shore of Maryland until 1862. He attended lectures at the University of Kentucky and took an "addiendum" degree from that institution. Shortly afterward he entered the Federal army, and was in the field one year, when he was appointed to take charge of the hospital in Nashville, and he officiated as Surgeon in Charge of Hospitals 7 and 11 until the termination of the war, when he was ordered to the Pacific Coast and stationed at Fort Vancouver. He was subsequently stationed at Yamhill Reservation, where he remained until 1866, when he resigned, and in a little while he commenced practicing in Oroville. With his career in Butte county, to which we referred in our last, all old residents are familiar, and we only regret that we have neither the space nor the time to go into the details of his life, for it was one of unusual interest, and one from which young men ambitious to make their mark could learn lessons that would be highly beneficial to them.

FRANCE, Dr. George Willett

Weekly Mercury

9-6-1878

Funeral of Dr. France.

We, in company with Jas. C. Gray, one of Oroville's most enterprising merchants, went to Cherokee Flat, on Sunday last, to attend the funeral of Dr. G. W. France, an account of whose untimely death appeared in the last issue of the MERCURY. When we arrived at our destination a large crowd of people were assembled at the residence of the deceased, where ceremonies were conducted by the Rev. Jesse Wood, of Oroville. The procession, at about half-past 9 o'clock, formed and solemnly moved towards the Glass Cemetery, where the last sad rites were performed and the remains consigned to the grave. The high esteem in which the doctor was held, both as a physician and a citizen, was attested by the large concourse of people that attended his funeral. There were present a number of persons from Chico, among whom we noticed Geo. H. Crosette, of the Record, and Charles Faulkner, Cashier of the Bank of Butte county. The family of the deceased have lost a devoted husband and a kind and affectionate father, and the community in which he lived a good and honorable citizen and an able physician.

France, Dr. G. W.

Butte Record

9-7-1878

Death of Dr. G. W. France.

A telegram from Louis Glass, Esq., to Chas. Faulkner, received to-day, announces that Dr. G. W. France, of Cherokee, died this morning, the stroke of paralysis, mentioned in our issue of yesterday, having proved fatal. His funeral services will take place at Cherokee at 9 A. M. to-morrow.

Paralytic Stroke.

A telegram from Louis Glass, Esq., of Cherokee, to Chas. Faulkner, of Chico, announces that Dr. G. W. France, of the former place, experienced a stroke of paralysis yesterday, and is still in an unconscious condition to day. But little hope is entertained of his recovery. Dr. France has been a practicing physician of the county for the past twelve or fifteen years, and for some years past a resident of Cherokee.



LEOPOLD, C.
Weekly Mercury
9-13-1878

Found Dead.

On Sunday morning last, a Frenchman named C. Leopold was found dead in his cabin, near Oregon City, about seven miles from Oroville. Upon being notified, Coroner Washburn went over and held an inquisition, and the jury concluded, from facts elicited, that deceased was a native of France, aged 56 years, and that he came to his death on or about the 8th instant from the effects of excessive drinking of alcoholic spirits. Leopold, we are told, mined at Bidwell's Bar, some 25 years ago.

MORRISON (DURKEE), Mrs. Mary E.

The Weekly Mercury

10-25-1878

Another old time friend has passed from our midst. Mrs. M. E. Morrison, wife of the late H. J. Morrison, weary and worn with the struggles of life, willing and glad to go; for the past few years her life has been overcast with trouble, tossed and buffeted by the waves of adversity; at last she was cast heartbroken and almost helpless on the shore. To but one, among all of her children, was given the sorrowful satisfaction of being with her in her last moments. The weary heart is still, the tired frame at rest, and the busy hands lie quietly clasped. Her spirit is now with the loved ones gone before. Her ashes rest beside those of her husband and son, at Oregon City.

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WELSH, Lincoln G.

Weekly Mercury

11-8-1878

Fatal Accident.

Saturday last, Lincoln G. Welsh, aged 14 years, son of P. R. Welsh of this city, received injuries which resulted in his death the following day. The particulars of the sad affair are as follows: Lincoln had been sent by his father to bring some stock up from the latter's ranch five miles down the river. In driving the animals through the gate one of them turned and started to run along the inside of the fence, instead of passing out into the road. The youth started to head off the beast and while so engaged a drove of hogs rushed out of a small brush thicket, and, coming in contact with the horse Lincoln was riding, caused that animal to fall, throwing the rider to the ground with such violence as to cause a fracture of the boy's skull. The unfortunate youth was picked up in an unconscious condition and immediately brought to this city. Drs. Miller, Achuff and Foley were called in, but could do nothing; the sufferer lingering in a state of insensibility until Sunday noon when death ensued. Funeral services were held at the Congregational church, Monday, at 2 P. M. The deceased was a bright and promising youth. Mr. Welsh has the kindest sympathies of this community in its sad bereavement.

DUENSING, Adolf
Weekly Mercury
12-20-1878

DIED.

In this city, December 18th, 1878, St. John Jackson, aged 62 years.

At Durham Station, December 16th, Martin Faber, aged about 61 years.

In this city, December 13th, Adolf Duensing, aged 29 years.

At the residence of his son, eight miles below this city, December 18th, Joseph Farnan, aged about 90 years.

Large Funeral.

A large concourse of our people, and many from neighboring villages attended the funeral obsequies of Adolf Duensing, Sunday. The body was interred at Thompson's Flat. Oroville Lodge No. 59, I. O. O. F., of which deceased was a member, conducted the services.