

THE SENTINEL

JOSIAH TURNER, Jr., Editor.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 23.

NOW WHAT?

In the case of the Ring against the Western Railroad Company, despite of Judge Tourgee and his injunction for bidding the treasurer to sign the appeal bond, the bond was given and the appeal taken. The question carried up, involves only the validity of the mortgage. If that is valid, then the Ring have the road, unless the State comes in and pays the few hundred thousand dollars which encumber the property. The suit will probably be decided before the meeting of the next Legislature, and it behoves the present body to make some preparation to save the road. Nor will it do to leave the matter entirely with the Treasurer, for Tourgee and the Ring will enjoin him, and he is known to take injunctions quietly.

Judge Waits once enjoined him from issuing bonds in the famous black mailing suit. Then he removed the injunction and said "Go ahead Dave." Of course the Treasurer must obey the Judge, but when those injunctions are flying about his head and the treasury, he should speak out and tell the public how the Ring Judges are ringing the treasury. The Treasurer once sold \$180,000 of bonds of the North Carolina Railroad Company belonging to the State for 65 cents in the dollar. The Ring purchased all but a few thousand of them. The bonds never sold before for less than par. After the sale above alluded to the bonds went back to par and are at par to-day. It is due to the Treasurer to say that the Governor approved the sale. It is due to the present Governor to say that Holden was the Governor that approved the sale.

MR. GUDGER ON PRINTING.

Mr. Gudger said he felt it his duty, as Chairman of the House branch, of the Printing Committee, to speak, as there was an imputation against that Committee. He said the committee in pursuance of law, and in good faith, made the contract with the News office. He believed the House to be satisfied with the contract, and knew he spoke the sentiments of every member of the committee in saying they could not, nor would not, if they could, recede from their contract. He regarded the many insinuations against that committee as false and unworthy of notice.

Which one, Mr. Gudger, is false and what are the many insinuations. Is it false, Mr. Gudger, that nine out of ten of your party were against the News having the printing? This is the only charge we have made against the committee. The Speaker of the House and the Speaker of the Senate said the action of the committee was an outrage, etc. Settle it with them, Mr. Gudger. As to your reciting the contract, we have stated that we were not hunting a job in the way of printing. We would not now take it upon any terms. All we desire is for a canvas of our friends to show you gave the printing to a Ring paper, and it was not, as stated by Mr. Waring, because the SENTINEL would not pop its whip over the Meritron boaster. We are determined, Mr. Gudger, to have Tom Scott out of the party on printing as well as on Railroads.

JOHN DODEN'S GREAT BREWERY AT HALIFAX COURTHOUSE IN 1827.—Dr. C. H. Jordan, of Roxboro, Person county, has made a valuable addition to "Hancockians," a work undertaken by P. Boulton, Esq., editor of the Danville Times, (himself a descendant of the Randolph family,) to perpetuate the incidents of the life of his great ancestor, already known, and to bring to light many others never yet given to the public. The contribution of our friend Dr. Jordan is an account of the meeting at Halifax Courthouse, Va., in the Spring of 1827, a vivid description of Mr. Randolph and his personal appearance on that occasion, with a synopsis of his great speech to the immense audience there assembled, on the then all-absorbing question of calling a convention. The first portion of this paper appeared in the Times of yesterday, to be continued in next week's number.

Dr. Jordan is one of the few men living who were present on the occasion of this memorable visit of John Randolph to Halifax Courthouse, and his account of the personal appearance, the meeting and the speech is given with the freshness and vigor of the writer's best days, and with the vivacity of an event of yesterday. We hope to find room for Dr. J.'s anecdotes hereafter.

PRESIDING OFFICER OF THE SENATE.

It is not proper for editors to criticize too severely public officials. We know nothing personally of the coming in or going out of the presiding officer of the Senate. "Observe" does, and hence we give him space in our columns to tell what he knows. Considering who selected Borgia, or "Broad Horn," as Dr. M. called him, and that of the 80,000 negroes who voted for him, hardly 800 of them could read; and then, too, considering the white material from which the negroes had to choose, they have done right well; better than when they put Tongue on the Bench. "Observe" most fails not to complete too much of the work of the sovereign negro in his new situation.

GOT THE OLD RASCAL.

The purpose of certain States, as we learn, is persuading Mr. Norwood to send the note addressed to him by Mr. Anderson, set to "get after Joe Turner." We are sorry when we get after us.

A Southerner was heard exultingly to say: "We have got the old rascal," meaning the editor of the *Advertiser*. We will see if he doesn't do it again. Mr. Norwood's note when the committee report,

THE MODOC CAMPAIGN.

The Tide Turning—The Indians Wronging Among Themselves—The Privileges of Our Troops—Greens Roads Bleated with Snow—Gen. Gillen Without Official Notification of Peace Negotiations.

Telegram to the San Francisco Chronicle.

HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD, HOT SPRINGS, Feb. 7, 1873.—We are informed that a stage has been ordered to be in readiness at Yreka, to bring the peace commissioners to the front, and it behoves the present body to make some preparation to save the road. Nor will it do to leave the matter entirely with the Treasurer, for Tourgee and the Ring will enjoin him, and he is known to take injunctions quietly.

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The general goes to the Lost river to-day to relieve Gen. Weston, and to assume command of all the forces in the field. He will return to this point in a day or two, and after that all operations will be conducted from this direction.

The Oregon roads are all block'd with snow. The troops from Vancouver and from Camp Gaston are still buried in the snow somewhere. We have not heard a word from them in a week.

There are no further indications of Jack's part to talk. The Indians here—Old Sheep-eye's family—are delighted that a peace commission is coming. They say Jack makes a heap big peace with Square Steel; he want big wash (big talk).

The general has established a line of couriers to Yreka, and communication is now quite easy.

THE SITUATION.

HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD, BUTTE CREEK, Feb. 1.—The march to the front has been greatly impeded by a terrible snow storm, which has been raging since yesterday at 1 o'clock. The troops from San Francisco, accompanied by General Gillen, marched from Little Shasta yesterday and encamped in the afternoon at a sawmill near the summit of Butte Creek mountain, having traveled about twelve miles. The snow began falling soon after noon and continued, with slight interruption, until 3 o'clock this morning. The storm brought with it the first real discomforts of the campaign. The soldiers are without camp equipage, except little shelter tents, and those, of course, burnish but a slight protection from the rigorous blast. Many of the soldiers managed to find shelter in the sawmill, but the rest were compelled to burrow down in the snow and ice like rabbits. The officers had tents and managed to make themselves comfortable, but the camp on the whole was rather

A CHERLESS PLACE.

This morning the march was taken up and continued to Ball's ranch, at the foot of the mountain. This was the most severe day's tramp of the campaign. The snow on the mountain is at least six inches in depth, and the troops plodded wearily through it for fifteen miles, and came to Ball's nearly given out. The greatest difficulty is with the teams, which are in danger of being mired at every mile. The road on the eastern slope of the mountain is almost impassable, being full of mud, springy places, into which the wagons sink up to the hub. The teams are, many of them, tight and worn down, and when they do come to these places they invariably get stalled. Then comes the usual doubling up of horses and the inevitable swearing of the teamsters, all of whom either ends up in the mud or breaking down altogether. To-day two wagons broke their axles and were obliged to unload. The consequence of all this to-night is that the wagon train has not yet reached Ball's and may not get in until to-morrow.

THE HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD.

Two hospital ambulances have had no trouble. The former is an arrangement rigged up by Capt. Dohen to bring General Gillen out to the front. Capt. Dohen is anxious to win military renown and thinks the only way to get it is to attack himself to an army. So, when Gillen arrived at Yreka, he hitched up four fine horses to a light spring wagon and volunteered to make it the headquarters ambulance and bring the general and party out to the front.

The general kindly invited the Comptroller to accompany him, and Mr. Dohen invited two friends to occupy seats and pilot the party through. They are jolly good fellows and help to make the trip as pleasant as circumstances will admit. Dohen accompanies the party on horseback, hauls up fresh beef from his own herd for the use of the troops, and makes himself invaluable in many ways. The troops to-night have fallen into more comfortable quarters than they have had since the march began. Mr. Ball told the general to turn the men all loose in his barns and hay mows. It is now

SHOWING FURCIL.

and the privilege is little less than a blessing, for were they not given shelter to-night they must have suffered extremely. The ranches all along are very kind, but considering the danger from fire, etc., the action of Mr. Ball is throwing open his barns cannot be too highly commended. The men thus far have not shamed any of the privileges granted them, and have won the reputation of being quiet, orderly, and not in the least troublesome. They have not molested a cow's worth of property, but everything they use is paid for with scrupulous promptness.

A good deal of anxiety is being felt now about the Camp Gaston troops. The road they are coming is a hard one at best—so hard, indeed, that wagons cannot come over it, and all the troops supplies are coming on pack mules. The Salmon range of mountains, over which the trail leads, is a cold, bold place, covered with deep snow the winter through. It is now feared that unless the troops are already across that range this storm will send them out. They can come across this mountain—the Butte creek—without difficulty, if the snow does not come too deep.

AT THE FRONT.

Everything is quiet at the front. Col. Whisnant has probably heard that he is to be superseded in command, and is therefore resting on his oars. The troops there have not changed position, but are resting quietly in camp. Whatever hope of peace was raised by Capt. Jack's invitation to come to his camp, he has been blotted. On Thursday General Durrah accepted Jack's invitation and went to the top of Van Buren's hilltopper, looking the last bid. From thence they went down to Jack's bar, and invited the chief to come to them. Jack refused to this, but said he would see them in the same place to see them at their first interview. He had, in wanted to talk, but he would not trust himself in their lodgings away from his men and his camp. Fairchild thus suspected that treasury was intended, and he and Durrah refused to go

any further. Jack still stippled to come out, and so the negotiations were broken off. It is thought now that the Indians did not mean treachery, but only wanted to find out if the whites were willing to talk with them at all. The squaw who came out to Fairchild's house says that the Indians are quarreling and quarreling among themselves.

From her account it seems that the Modocs are divided into small tribes, and they have not for a long time been very friendly with each other. When the war broke out they united and made common cause, but the old differences are springing up now, and the camps divided against itself. There are two parties in it—a peace and a war party. Capt. Jack, Square Charley, Bigown Charley, Hooker Jim, and others are in favor of fighting until death, while Shack Nasty Jim, Black Jack, and a big, powerful Indian, named "Greasy Boots," all of Old Sheep-eye's band, are in favor of going to the reservation and making peace. This last party all belong to the band which formerly lived at Dorris' house, and it will be remembered they once started for the reservation, but were turned back by a lot of Oregonians at Bob Whittle's Ferry on Klamath river. They joined Capt. Jack, but from this, but from what the squaw says they are now tired of war and want to quit. They got into a quarrel the other day with Jack's party and tried to leave the lava bed, when Jack's men fired upon them, wounding Greasy Boots pretty severely. The squaw says that although these Indians may not be able to desert Jack, yet they will not fight any more, come what may. There is another party in the camp also opposed to Jack, and the disagreement arose out of

THE ATTACK ON CAPT. BERNARD'S CAMP, on the 25th ult. The squaw says that Capt. Jack was violently opposed to this attack, and this statement is believed by Fairchild, for Jack told him at their interview that on no account would he attack anybody—troops, nor any one else.

If he was attacked he would fight, but not otherwise. The party which made the attack on Bernard was led by Nika Jim, and numbered more than one half the band. Capt. Jack protested against the fight, but was overruled, and as his authority is not absolute he was obliged to give in as gracefully as he could. The battle came off and the Indians were pretty badly whipped—a circumstance which has tended to heal the differences arising out of it.

All these things go to show that the Modocs are losing their chief element of strength, and that is unity. If they do not keep together they will make but a poor showing in the next battle. General Gillen talked with a number of ranchmen hereabouts to-day, and said not a man they say that the war could and should have been avoided. These are all men who expect to make nothing out of it, and have no other interest save a desire to have their property protected. Several of them told the general that they had never had any difficulty with the Modocs; had always lived in peace with them; and could wish for no better or less troublesome neighbors than they had always proved themselves to be. They say that to the best of their knowledge the Indians never killed a single animal of these herds while they lived on the Lost river, nor ever interfered with their property in any way, which, as Eben Ball puts it, "is a d—d sight more than we can say of a good many white men up to that country."

APPLEGATE'S HALF-BLANKETS.

In a former letter from this country I stated, on the authority of Fairchild and others, that when Capt. Jack and his band were taken to the Klamath reservation three years ago, they were given but half a blanket each—one blanket being cut in two and made to serve two Indians. "Gen." E. L. Applegate, the distinguished orator from Oregon and Indian agent general, came out in some paper and denied this strenuously, accusing me of malicious misrepresentation, etc. To-day I talked with three separate men, who each tell me that they have seen these semi-blankets in the hands of the Modocs that Capt. Jack and others brought them to these men after they had got back to the reservations, and held them up as proofs of their assertions that they had never interfered with their property in any way, which, as Eben Ball puts it, "is a d—d sight more than we can say of a good many white men up to that country."

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